

TWO PICTURES BY A NEW ARTIST.

The moment he entered the aperture of our cave we felt we were in the presence of a genius.

The heavy, ponderous tread of those large protruding feet denoted the superior physical development which invariably accompanies the powerful intellect.

"Want any pictures for GRIP?"

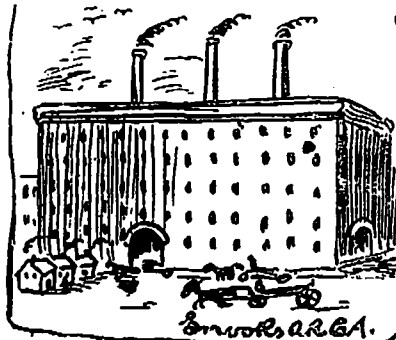
Could anything be more opportune? Here we were sweltering under the combined heat of Old Sol and Peck's Sun. Our staff of twenty-nine trained artists were spending their two weeks' vacation at the Island. Pictures just at this moment were more to be desired even than ice-cream. But we did not wish to appear too anxious, and so with great dignity we invited the stranger to be seated. On his way down to the inverted paste-pot his hand sought his capacious breast-pocket, from which he produced an extensive piece of "double elephant."



"This," said the artist, "is a beautiful and faithful representation of one of those calm pastoral scenes which about the summer of 1881 were so frequently to be found in Ontario. The moss-covered and dilapidated-looking building in the back ground might at first glance be mistaken for an old English Abbey of the fourteenth century. Such, however, is not the case, for within those crumbling walls at one time was heard the hum of machinery, and where now nought breaks the stillness but the creak, creak of the cricket, or chirp of the birds, the voices of hundreds of workmen and the tramp of many feet reverberated from floor to ceiling. But now the peaceful quiet of this delightful spot is indeed charming. How inviting that clump of trees. Beneath its shade repose the lowing herd, and in the branches overhead the music of a myriad feathered songsters adds to the entrancing—"

"All right," we said, "the exceeding great beauty and depth of finish of the picture is quite evident to our artistic eye."

The artist continued: "To find a subject for a companion picture I travelled several years. I visited the large manufacturing centres of England and Europe, but all in vain. At last, despairing of securing an appropriate subject, I came to this Province. An article in the Toronto Mail directed me



to the spot where I produced this picture. A careful study of the drawing will convince

you that it is a true illustration of industrial life. The animated scene here depicted becomes the more apparent as we view the calm and holy quiet of the former picture. The large iron structure with its tall chimneys, gigantic domes and gorgeous minarets, is a standing monument of the untold wealth and prosperity of your country. Within are fifteen hundred operatives, all happy and contented. And so they should be, for they are liberally paid and have only to labor six hours per diem."

Here we took occasion to remark that the domes and minarets were perhaps a little out of place, but our words were useless, and the stranger proceeded.

"The long row of neat and cosy cottages to the left have been erected for the employees in the factory, and are given them rent free. The company think not of amassing wealth for themselves. Their only anxiety is to provide employment for the people. The numberless drays and vehicles hurrying to and fro are laden with the fruits of the workmen's hands. Everywhere is life and animation. A most striking contrast to the serene and peaceful hush which pervades the other scene. Yes, sir; would you believe it? Both pictures were drawn upon the same spot, the former exactly two years before the latter."

"How much?"  
 "Twenty cents."  
 "Here you are."  
 "Thanks."



MONTREAL'S SENSATION.  
 Portrait of the newly arrived emigrant who was believed to be Carey.

GRIP'S FABLES.

FOR ALDERMEN AND THE VERY YOUNG.  
 THE OBSERVANT YOUNG MAN.

A Certain Young Man once upon a Time gained for himself a Great Reputation on account of a Habit he had of Turning his Head first to One Side, then to the Other, and then Looking Back over his Shoulder, and again Peeping up every Street he crossed, and so on; for the People were Amazed when they Beheld him and said, "Lo! this must be some very Acute Observer, and he is probably some Author, or perhaps a Reporter on the Mooch for Items, or possibly he is some Great Philosopher who sees on every hand Ad-di-ti-on-al Evi-dence of the Folly of Mankind;" and they stood Afar off and Regarded the Youth with Awe. But the Young Man was far too well Dressed to be a Philosopher, or even a

Reporter, for he was got up Rogardless of Expense, as Circus Posters and Old Fashioned Journalists say. Then what was he? This was a Mystery, till One who Knew him was asked who he was and why he Looked on all Sides of him as he Progressed through the Streets: and the one who knew him said, "Lor bless yer, he ain't no Perlospiper nor yet Reporter; he's a Dead Boat, and he looks round that way to see if there are any Duns in Sight so that he may give them the Grand Go-by: dy'e Tumble?" And they Tumbled.

MORAL.

Things are not what they seem.

THE TELEGRAPHERS' STRIKE.

LATEST NEWS CONCERNING THE TROUBLE.

STATEMENT BY MR. DWIGHT.—The strike has not caused us the slightest inconvenience. All our offices are working as usual, and messages are despatched with the utmost regularity. Indeed, were it not for the statements that appear in the newspapers, we would scarcely be aware that a strike had ever occurred among our operators. It is true that in some of our offices the staff has been a little reduced in numbers, but this is to our advantage. The volume of business is quite as large as formerly, and the outlay in wages is appreciably less. Business men are complimenting us upon our ability to resist the high-handed demands made by the operators.

STATEMENT OF OPERATORS ON STRIKE.—It is only a matter of a few days, and the Company will be at our feet. Business at the principal offices is dreadfully behind. Grave fears are entertained that an opposition line will be constructed. Business men who are compelled to make daily use of the wires, and whose interests are consequently suffering, are justly indignant that our very reasonable demand was not complied with. The loss to the Company is enormous. To have immediately given us the advance asked would simply have been carrying out the first principles of economy. As it is, the annual meeting of the shareholders will perhaps be the scene of riot and bloodshed. Cause—no dividends.

O, WHO COULD RESIST, ETC.

In reply to:  
 THE DAILY TELEGRAPH—THE WEEKLY TELEGRAPH.

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 16, 1883.

ESTEEMED COLLABORATEUR,—We do not grow fat. Why? Because we do not laugh. Why do we not laugh? Because we never see GRIP. Why do we never see GRIP? This last question your mail clerk must answer. Regularly is the Telegraph mailed to you, and regularly does GRIP fall to reach us. Why is this thus, and will you not see that hereafter it is otherwise? What if strawberries are 10 cents a box, with big ones all the way to the bottom? Can the fruit of the soil fill the place of the product of the mind? Nay, verily. Therefore send us GRIP.

DAILY TELEGRAPH.

We beg to notify our maritime contemporary that the aforesaid mail clerk's life insurance was promptly paid over, and GRIP will now go regularly to the Telegraph sanctum.

Those who attempt to climb a greased pole for a prize seldom make ascent in the operation.  
 —Wheeling Leader.

Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo N. Y.