

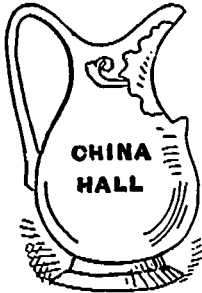


The gravest beast is the Ass.
 The gravest bird is the Owl.
 The gravest fish is the Oyster.
 The gravest man is the fool.

QUID PRO QUO.

Chapleau.—MY LITTLE DEAR, I'M THE GOOD, PIOUS GENTLEMAN WHO GAVE YOU THAT BEAUTIFUL CARDINAL; NOW, WON'T YOU DROP THAT NASTY RIEL DOLL AND GIVE ME A NICE POLITICAL KISS?

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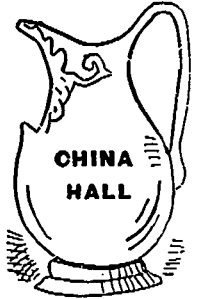
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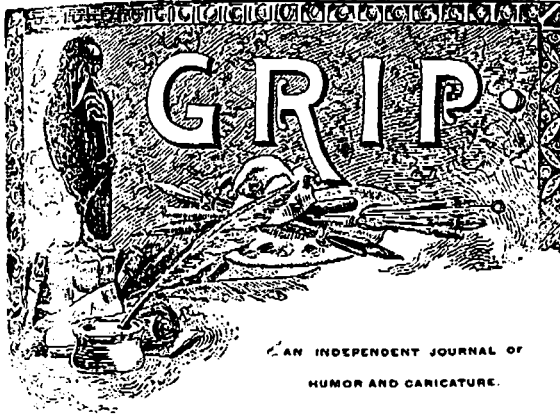
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J. V. WRIGHT EDITOR.

VOL. XXVI. TORONTO, JULY 3RD, 1886. No. 26.

Remittances on account of subscriptions are acknowledged by change in the date on the printed address-label—in the issue next after our receipt of the money. The date always indicates the time up to which the subscription is paid. We cannot undertake to send receipts aside from this.

GRIP'S SUMMER NUMBER.

THE Summer Number of GRIP will be published about July 12th, and will surpass any of its predecessors in literary and artistic merit as well as in typographical appearance. It will contain contributions by several distinguished artists and writers, and will be accompanied by a supplement plate representing a group of leading Conservatives of Canada. This plate alone is worth a dollar, being a splendid specimen of lithography. Our subscribers will receive the Summer Number as a matter of course; to non-subscribers the price will be (with plate) 25 cents. As the plate cannot be sent through post with the paper, subscribers desiring it will please remit 5 cents for postage, when it will be sent separately in a pasteboard tube.

Comments on the Cartoons.



THE POLICY DEFINED.—At last Mr. Blake has done the wise and prudent thing—he has taken GRIP'S advice and proclaimed his policy in distinct and unmistakable language. In a speech at Owen Sound (which no Canadian can read without a thrill of pride that our country has produced an orator capable of making it), the Reform leader frankly stated the issues upon which he proposes to fight the next election, and the subjects which will claim the early attention of his Party should they be entrusted with power. The platform thus laid down is an ample one, and contains all the matters which are of immediate importance. It ought to command the support of a vast majority of the electorate, and it probably will, having the advantage of such an exponent. The speeches which Mr. Blake has been making of late—aside from their political importance—

have been marked by characteristic sincerity and loftiness of tone, and in the matter of eloquence will compare favorably with those of England's Grand Old Man. Now that the issues have been defined, these splendid efforts are likely to be doubly effective. All that the Government can do to break their force is to raise a dust on side issues, and this they are already busily engaged at.

QUID PRO QUO.—In an address at Laval University, Quebec, the other day, Hon. W. Chapleau is alleged to have said:

"He did not desire to make political capital at the present time and place, but he would repeat a fact which was no longer a secret to any one, and that was that it was through the instrumentality of the Federal and British Governments that

Canada now had a cardinal. The Home Government had informed the Vatican that such a promotion would be received with pleasure. 'Last October,' said Mr. Chapleau, 'several persons had asked me confidentially to interest myself in the nomination of a Canadian cardinal. I did not hesitate a moment. I spoke of the matter to Sir John Macdonald and asked him for his aid. He was then about starting for England, and after a long conference the Premier told me that Archbishop Taschereau's promotion was a happy thought—the nomination would honor the Canadians and would serve to increase their country's importance in the eyes of other nations. "You leave," continued Sir John Macdonald, "a very eminent Pope in the person of the present Pontiff. Two great European Protestant nations owe him gratitude for having shielded the crowns of their sovereigns against Socialism and Nihilism in Germany and Fenianism in England. I will attend to this matter during my stay in London, and I will surely be successful." During the month of December I wrote to Sir John urging him to push the matter, and I had the pleasure of learning that the best will and most earnest co-operation had been promised to him by those whose aid we had sought.'

When we read this barefaced bid for votes we had to turn up the paper to assure ourselves that it was not some fanciful production of the *Globe's* Ottawa correspondent. But no. It was the *Mail*, which thus furnishes one more proof that it is as much lost to decency as the minister who made this speech. We wonder what Cardinal Taschereau thinks of this insult to his face.

HIS LAWYER'S SOUND ADVICE.—Mr. Gladstone knows the value of simplicity and definiteness in a political campaign, and he is determined that in the present crisis the people shall understand that the issue is squarely between conciliation and coercion. The law of brute force having hitherto failed, Mr. Gladstone proposes to try the effect of a practical application of the Golden Rule to Ireland. The success of his opponents depends on the obscuring of this plain issue.

A REPLY EXPECTED.—His Grace the Archbishop having been respectfully called upon by one of his esteemed Protestant friends to state plainly whether he claims the right as a prelate of the "one true church" to interfere in the educational affairs of this Province, has vouchsafed a reply which leaves the puzzle greater than ever.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH.—Now that the session of Parliament is over we are glad to observe that the Premier's practical Christianity is getting a little exercise. He officiated at the laying of a Methodist corner stone the other day, and, in his new character of *Fidei Defensor*, said:

"It was desirable that the Churches should be united to fight the torrent of infidelity and atheism which was flooding the world. (Applause.) There never was a time when there existed greater necessity for united action on the part of those who subscribed to the Apostle's creed. (Applause.)

These sentiments are sound, and the united action in question ought to have the effect of driving a good many practical infidels and atheists out of the House at Ottawa.

A STINGER.

We love the United States of America better than any foreign land, its people better than any foreign people, its laws, its institutions and its government better than the government, institutions and laws of any other country. In any controversy with any other government or people, we shall think our side right and theirs wrong. —*Argonaut.*

The United States of America, their people, laws, institutions and government, are greatly obliged to you for your preference, but this would be more gratifying if you had not confessed that your brain is in the service of your heart, your judgment the concubine of your feelings and your attitude with regard to any international dispute discoverable in the register of your birth. The favor of a man to whom the discreditable sentiment "Our country right or wrong" is not a sufficiently muddy pool for his intellectual wallowing—who aspires to the deeper degradation of possessing a mind capable of believing his country always right—the favor of such a man carries with it no presumption of merit in the country, person or thing favored. Is the power to discriminate between right and wrong, truth and error, justice and iniquity, so disagreeable to your taste or unprofitable in your business that you hold it subject to the orders of a cabinet minister or a Congressional majority? Patriotic contemporary, you have the honor to be a fool. —*San Francisco Wasp.*

Well stung, Mr. Wasp, we commend your pointed remarks to the fools of partysim in this country, who always vote straight but *argue not*.

A TOUCHING instance of complete submission to the all-prevailing fallacy that the average editor does not merit credence in what he says in a business puff, is furnished by the young man of a Brantford paper who, in the wind-up of an elaborate article on a bankrupt store, says:—"We bespeak for Mr. Robertson a visit to his store, and a perusal of his advertisement, which will be found on our last page."

(All rights reserved.)

Sunset.

THE glorious sun
His race has run
And ere he sinks from sight,
Arrayed in gold,
Fold upon fold,
He bids the world good-night ;
And sea and sky
Commingled lie
I nameless colors dyed ;
The molten mass
A sea of glass
In purple glorified.

And still anon
Temple and throne,
And towers of amethyst,
And halls of blue
Heave into view
In islands of the blest.
A spirit fills
The great old hills—
The monarchs old and hoary—
They nearer draw
In joy and awe
To gaze upon the glory.

And how I stand
In Wonderland,
Inhaling at each pore
The soul's pure wine ;
With joy divine
My spirit's running o'er ;
For oh, despite
The weary weight
That on my heart hath lain,
This glorious sight
Of pure delight
Revives my soul again !

All trifles, all !
The mean and small
Are from my spirit fleeing ;
Thoughts great and grand,
Lift and expand
And broaden out my being !
While waves of song
Tumultuous throng
And through my spirit roll.
O, could I shout
The lyric out
That's surging in my soul !

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. IV.

ALL preliminaries then having been arranged at the meeting of the Junior Pickwicks, and strict injunctions having been given to each of the four representatives to take copious notes of everything they saw or heard when abroad, it was settled that they should sail, should the consent of the elder Coddleby to his son's accompanying the other three be gained (and it may here be stated that that gentleman threw no obstacles in the young man's way, being rather anxious, in fact, that the lad, as he called him, should see something of the world) in the steamship *Chinaman*, which left Liverpool for Canada in ten days from the date of the memorable meeting of the club which has been herein described ; the intervening ten days to be spent by the four delegates in providing themselves with all necessaries for an undertaking of so

great importance and magnitude, and in bidding adieu to any relatives or friends to whom they might wish to say farewell.

These things having been duly settled and the hour growing somewhat late, the ever memorable meeting broke up. Speckleby imploring Mr. Yubbits to be sure and send him the first scalp he took. "No, but really, Speckleby," the redoubtable Nimrod replied, "do the Indians go about tomahawking people over there?" "Do they?" answered Speckleby in affected surprise; "You'll see whether they do or not. I thought you didn't appreciate the danger of this trip, properly, when you consented to go so readily. Still, old fellow, *you* needn't be afraid; a dead-shot like you could just stand and pot them like rabbits. *You're* all right, but I wouldn't care to be in Coddleby's or Crinkle's shoes. A poet hasn't much chance against a real hungry savage unless he gets a chance to read some of his verses to him, *then* the chances are against the Indian, but these red fellows, I'm told, don't give an enemy much time to get his book out of his pocket. If I were you I'd learn a few of Fenimore Cooper's Indian speeches about 'pale-faces' and 'the great mother,' and so on, by heart. You might find 'em useful to check those dingy braves whilst you were putting a fresh cartridge in your gun,"

"Come now, Speckleby," said Yubbits, "it isn't as bad as that, is it?"

"Well, you'll have a chance of judging, but I'm afraid it is," replied the jocular little man, seeing that the other was beginning to look rather pale. "You'll be the most likely one of the party to meet the warrior in his war paint, as it is to you we look for specimens of the birds and so forth of the great Western Continent, and you will have to penetrate the vast solitudes of the virgin forests in pursuit of game, and it is in such spots that the red man lurks ever on the look out to capture the white man and lead him to the most horrible tortures."

It was evident that Mr. Yubbits did not at all relish this conversation for he turned abruptly away and rang for a brandy and soda, a luxury in which a large number of the other members were indulging, discussing meanwhile the great benefit that would accrue to their club as the result of the proposed expedition.

It is true that the greater portion of them appeared to hold most hazy opinions about the country to be visited by their four gallant representatives, but those opinions were not a whit more hazy and undefined than those held by a vast number of Englishmen, whose vague notions concerning Canada may be sometimes seen expressed in the public press and other literature of England.

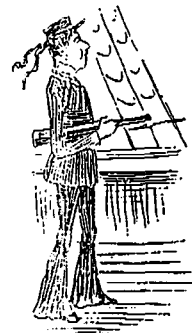


Some ten days after the events just recorded, the day being the 15th of May, 18—, the Blue Comet Line steamship *Chinaman* passed out of the Mersey on her way to Canada. The gallant vessel had now reached the waters of the Irish Channel, and friends who had come

on board to take farewell of those who were leaving England, and who had accompanied them so far, had returned to shore by the last tug, and the only link that bound our Pickwickian adventurers to their native land was removed. As Mr. Vereker Yubbits remarked to his companions as all four of them stood on the quarter deck together, fondly gazing on the now fast receding shore, "We are in for it now, and it is no use attempting to jib." It must not be supposed, however, that there was any wish to "jib," as the sporting Yubbits expressed it, in the breast of any one of the devoted four, although it must be confessed that Mr. Coddleby experienced a strange sensation underneath his collar-stud as he saw how rapidly England was being left astern, out whatever misgivings he might feel on the score of the wisdom of his embarkation in this expedition, he kept quietly to himself and gave no sign that he considered that he had done rather a rash and foolish thing in coming at all.

Perhaps it is only natural that four young men who had never till this moment been out of sight of their mother country, should feel a slight despondency when they found themselves for the first time bounding away over the ocean to a land several thousand miles distant, but these gloomy sensations were far outweighed by the thoughts of the novelties they expected to witness in the new world, and by the conviction that so large a portion of the inhabitants of the universe was to reap the benefits of their investigations, to say nothing of the honor that had been conferred upon them by their fellow members of that glorious association to which they belonged.

The bustle and confusion which had prevailed on board the *Chinaman* on first leaving Liverpool was rapidly subsiding and order and quiet were taking their place, though as the vessel proceeded further out to sea the gliding peaceful motion which had characterized her passage down the river was hourly becoming anything but gliding and peaceful, being in fact the very reverse of what is usually understood by those terms, and as a stiff nor'-westerly breeze was blowing, she was soon rolling about and pitching in a manner most decidedly opposed to the comforts of those unaccustomed to "go down to the sea in ships."



Mr. Yubbits, before long, began to repent of the boastful tone in which he had spoken, when on shore, of his own contempt for those uneasy sensations which usually beset a landsman on his first sea-voyage. "I have been a great yachtsman in my time, you know," he had said to his admiring comrades, as he strutted about with an assumed nautical roll which was very unlike the genuine article, "and I fancy my days of seasickness are over; at any rate, even should a man experience a feeling of that complaint

commonly termed *mal de mer*, a strong determination and a firm effort of the will can always be relied upon to dispel any such sensation. A man with great will-power can do anything, and I flatter myself that I possess it in a somewhat remarkable degree."

It would seem, as he stood on the deck of the *Chinaman* with his three companions, that he was inwardly wondering whether his will power was as fully developed as he had asserted it to be, and whether, if so, it possessed the desirable qualities he claimed for it. Of one thing there could be no doubt, and that was that Mr. Vereker

Yubbits was uncommonly pale, which being remarked by Mr. Bramley, the former had laid it to "that confounded lobster salad we had at luncheon," whereupon the poet Crinkle, who was by far the most cheerful of the whole party, had suggested that if that was the cause, his friend seemed to be well on the road to get rid of it; at which Mr. Yubbits looked the very keenest daggers at the other, but affected to smile complacently.

The four adventurers, if such a term may be applied to them, had come on board with an immense amount of baggage, or luggage as it is termed in England, and the task of looking after this had in a great measure diverted their thoughts from other subjects; but now that they had seen everything safely stowed away, it was evident that the jocularity and high spirits of our heroes were merely assumed, and that misgivings as to their own wisdom would come stealing unbidden into their breasts.

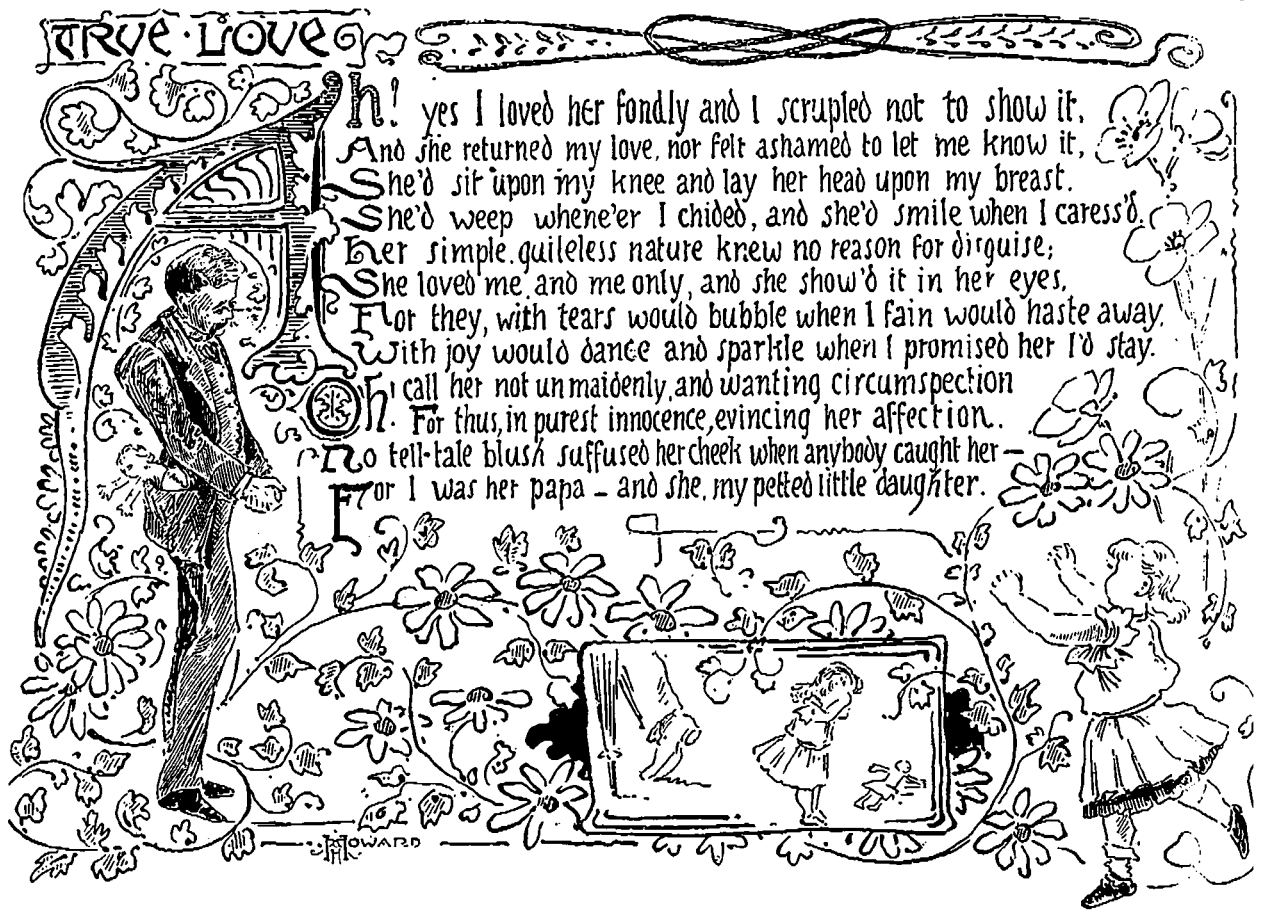
As has been said, the whole four were grouped on the deck, and there was evidently something in their appearance that differed from that of the ordinary run of passengers, for old travellers who had crossed the ocean many times could not refrain from smiling as they looked at them, and the second officer was heard to whisper to one of his subordinates that "something his eyes if he'd ever seen four such Johnny

Raws in *his* somethinged experience," to which the other had responded that they "*did* seem to be a sanguinary green crew, something *his* eyes, if they didn't," and yet a casual observer would not probably have noticed anything particularly remarkable about their appearance, except, perhaps, that of the redoubtable Yubbits, who was attired in a blue pea-jacket, and with a multitude of brass buttons in front and on the cuffs, and pantaloons of the same hue, made very tight in the thighs and extremely wide at the lower end of the legs, the whole being surmounted by a glazed straw hat with a ribbon ends streamed away in the breeze; his costume, together with an immense telescope which he carried under his arm, occasionally putting it to his eye in an attempt to scan the horizon, regardless of the fact that he had forgotten to remove the cap at the larger end of the instrument, that gentleman firmly believed would impress any one who might see him with the fact that he was a thorough-paced sea-goer if not a retired officer of Her Britannic Majesty's navy, or a lieutenant, or possibly an officer of higher rank in the same glorious service, on leave of absence. He also made use of several nautical phrases in his conversation with his fellow-voyagers, who appeared to regard him as an authority as great in maritime affairs as in matters pertaining to sport, and they appealed to him for information on every subject that came under their notice.

"What an extraordinary looking vessel," exclaimed Coddleby, who was gazing out to sea, as his eye lit on a fishing smack making for the English coast, which was by this time nearly if not quite out of sight, "what is it, Yubbits, out there over the stick in front of our ship?"

Mr. Yubbits, who had been gradually growing paler and whiter all the time as the rolling of the *Chinaman* increased, but who was heroically endeavouring to exercise his indomitable will-power to disperse the uneasiness he evidently felt, raising his telescope, which he rested on Mr. Crinkle's shoulder, to one eye whilst he held his hand





Oh! yes I loved her fondly and I scrupled not to show it,
 And she returned my love, nor felt ashamed to let me know it,
 She'd sit upon my knee and lay her head upon my breast,
 She'd weep whene'er I chided, and she'd smile when I caress'd.
 Her simple, guileless nature knew no reason for disguise,
 She loved me, and me only, and she show'd it in her eyes,
 For they, with tears would bubble when I fain would haste away,
 With joy would dance and sparkle when I promised her I'd stay.
 Oh! I call her not unmaidenly, and wanting circumspection
 For thus, in purest innocence, evincing her affection,
 No tell-tale blush suffused her cheek when anybody caught her—
 For I was her papa — and she, my petted little daughter.

over the other, took a prolonged look at nothing, the cap of his glass being still on, and pronounced the strange sail to be a schooner rigged corvette." This remark, which was received with much deference by Mr. Coddleby, was



overheard by one of the officers of the steamer who happened to be passing as it fell from the nautical Yubbits' lips, and being of a humorous and joking nature he stopped, and taking in the situation at once, remarked, "Ah! I see, sir, *you've* not spent all your days ashore." Mr. Yubbits was highly gratified, and smiled with an air of superiority on his companions, as the officer continued, "but the most experienced of us are liable to be mistaken at times. You never cruised in the China seas when you were in the service, sir, did you?" Mr. Yubbits, still

more flattered and gratified, confessed that he had not, though his tone was intended to imply that he had cruised in all other waters *but* the China seas.

(To be continued.)

A SCOTCH GEM FOR HUGH AIRLIE TO POLISH.

I WAS sitting on a bench, on Phillip's square, about eight o'clock on Wednesday evening last, listening to the music of a Hieland pipe, when two sons of old Scotia,—attracted, no doubt, by the music, met on the gravel walk at my feet. "Aweel Awndy, hoo are ee the nicht," said the old man. "Brawly, Dawvid, hoo's yersel?" replied Andy. "Ooch, nae sae bawd mon," replied David. "Wull ye hae sum," handing Andy a snuffbox. Andy took the snuff, and in handing back the box, let it fall. "There David, mon, it faas doon accordin' tae the principles of gravitation—the larger buddy attracts the sma' yer." "Gae waa, mori," said David, "dinna speak sic buff—hoo cud a thing faa oop? It maun faa doon."

T. H.

ISN'T this international finny fuss between Canada and the States somehow traceable to the fiscal policy of the Ottawa administration?

THE Ottawa Parliamentary Picture Gallery needs a few more portraits, and we shall have a Legislative as well as a Police Rog—. But, no matter!

THE KHAN'S BEVERAGE..



ANY drink lager, whether peasant or banker,
While some are addicted to brandy and gin.
I admit that for drinks of that kind I don't hanker,
And for whisky or beer I don't care a pin.
For I've got a bev'rage as ancient as splendid,
Which many, no doubt, will sneer at and spurn.
With "sweetness and light" my tippie is blended—

A bowl full of buttermilk fresh from the churn.

Friends and companions I preach a revival
And now from my lips this true lesson learn.
There's no drink on earth can compare with or rival
A bowl full of buttermilk fresh from the churn,
In mud or in mire you never will wallow,
And you'll save all the wages you honestly earn.
If—whenever you're dry you'll take for a swallow
A bowl full of buttermilk fresh from the churn.

The Khan.

"WHOSE OX IS GORED."

A CHASTEY-WRITTEN leader in the *London Advertiser* thus starts out:—

"Mr. Mills, on a motion for going into supply, moved that the present mode of constituting the Senate was incompatible with the federal system of government; that it made the Senate independent of the people, and that such changes ought to be made in the British North America Act."

And so forth and so on, in Mr. Mills' own peacefully interminable style.

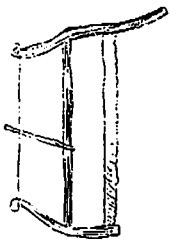
A few sentences down and we find this pensive observation:—

"At the present time the Reform party have but four representatives in the Senate out of 24 from Ontario.

As Dr. Barr once exclaimed, in the course of the brilliant peroration of a Legislative Assembly speech: "Yes, Mr. Speaker, the pruning-knife must be applied no matter whose ox is gored!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A NEW APPLIANCE FOR MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT.



AMONG the long-established and old-fashioned business concerns in a city one may often find the transition between store and museum. Many articles out of date, abandoned by fashion, or discarded through improvement encumber dusty shelves. It was in one of our very big, very old and very conservative stores in the hardware line that we recently spent an hour, rummaging about

with all the pleasure of a boy ransacking a garret and coming upon things he had long forgotten. But we must not anticipate.

Before development had brought the natural man as far from his primeval simplicity as he is now. Work and exercise were one, they were not the different and distinct things they are to-day. In remote antiquity, digging, building, sowing, reaping, and the care of beasts provided mankind with sustenance, and at the same time made all appeals to dumb-bells, Indian clubs and patent lifters quite unnecessary. Progress, however, has in recent generations given us large classes of men leading sedentary lives, hence

the birth of exercise, as a thing apart from work,—hence a stated movement of muscles not directed to use, or profit. Exercise took the natural man as it found him, and as it was easier and pleasanter for him to move his legs than his arms, the already strong leg was made stronger, and the feeble arm suffered slight to its loss. The consequences, as the historians of many battlefields and other encounters have chronicled, have been deplorable.

To correct a baneful tendency whereby exercise leaves weakness to its debility, and confirms strength in its might, nothing is wanting but the adoption once more of a device such as we saw in the hardware store the other morning. A device which fashion's waves have in their folly stranded on the beach of the forgotten;—namely, the bucksaw. In the preparation of beech, birch, maple or tamarac for fuel or other useful toil, the bucksaw or other implement for which it may stand as type and symbol, reunites dis severed relations between work and exercise, and, by giving exertion aim, lends it pith and interest. In our degenerate times walking, running, baseball, lacrosse, 'cycling have all made legs firmer, swifter, and left arms to flabbiness. This, perhaps, has had something to do with the parallel decline of conviction into mere opinion, which our moralists mourn. Let argument resume the courage which accompanies firm biceps unallied with legs disproportionately developed. Then, and only then, will cowardly revolvers be flung away, for they are never held in broad, big hands convertible into persuasive fists of manliness.

ARTISTIC.

A CARVING IN WOOD.

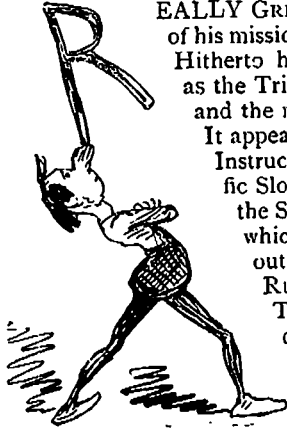


A BEAUTIFUL effort in carved wood lies before us. Its main surface is much such a cylinder as Archimedes of old studied with delight and profit.

At either end of this graceful curve, the body of the carving contracts only to expand again toward extremities exquisitely rounded off. Does not reminiscence tell us that we have seen some such carving as this before? Do not its symmetric outlines thrill memory's fibres until the impressions of childhood live again? Yes, it was just such a deliverance of true artistic method as this which an indulgent, but competent parent used years ago to aid the in the construction of biscuit and pie.

Thou dear old rolling-pin! Thou wert token, emblem, implement of an art more precious than any which employs piano-key, crochet-needle, palette or ceramic glaze. What after all is rude man but a selection from meals, and if husbands are so largely becoming circumstances over which wives have no control, is it not because of the neglect thou sufferest at the hands of those who should never have let thee drop? Now that the biscuit and pie which should be as cement to households, are left to be tempered by untaught Bridget or Katrina, morsels which should be full of strength and comfort are agents of dyspepsia, dissension, disgust. Welded in the fair palm of wifehood thou art a sceptre whose wholesome, kindly sway finds its realm, contented, loyal: brandished by the muscles of serfdom, thou art a weapon of offence, a weapon for disunion, discontent, dismay so great that men resort to clubs.

AHEM!



EALLY GRIP begins to feel the importance of his mission. It is wider than he thought. Hitherto he has merely regarded himself as the Tribune of the Canadian people, and the mentor of Canadian statesmen. It appears, however, that he is also the Instructor in Cartoonery of the Pacific Slope, judging from the issue of the *San Francisco Wasp* of June 19, which reproduces (of course without credit) our cartoon on Home Rule, published on May 8th. The trifling alterations introduced lessen the force of the picture, but we don't grudge it. We are glad to see our contemporaries improving, by whatever means.

EASY-GOING ESSAYS.

BY OUR HAPPY-GO-LUCK PHILOSOPHER.

NOTICE:—B.A.'s, M.A.'s, LL.D.'s, scientists, and other ists and gists, professors of the various ies and isms, schoolmarms and masters, deeply read persons (colored or white), men of letters (excepting *belles' lettres*), and all and sundry concerned, are specially warned against perusing any of these essays, as they are written regardless of rule or expense, and well calculated to shock the susceptibilities of all such who may foolishly read them.

I. WHISTLERS AND WHISTLING.

The late respected Ben. Franklin was the first to inculcate upon the minds of the young the folly of paying too dearly for one's whistle, and adduced many terrible examples of daring recklessness in this particular. But there are two sides to any question, and it is probable that even the owner of a whistle, natural or acquired, may be the richer and better off for its possession.

It is an acknowledged rule not to holler until you are out of the wood; but what a precious relief it is to a bursting bosom if the owner thereof has a whistle with him, a decent sort of a whistle, say like the upper notes of a steam calliope, and which he is not afraid to use. What a happy release for the pent-up feelings of that bosom!

Then, again, what would become of the young and industrious lovier, who, when calling out his girl for a three hours' chirp by the front gate, has to carefully reconnoitre around the house with one eye on the look-out for the bulldog, and the other ditto for the regulation indignant papa with a big club and heavy soled boots, if the lovier could not raise a sweetly toned whistle, which, if piped aright, would linger around his darling's ears to the tune of "Meet Me at the Garden Gate," or anything as nice or as significant. Like the man in the wood, this prospective prop of the nation dare not holler, but with that sweet penetrative whistle, to him life is a calm without bulldogs or baseball clubs.

There is a notion abroad that when the faithful Blondel discovered his majesty Dick the Lion in a sideshow menagerie, that Blondel made known his presence by singing one of those slapbang champagne Charlie songs which always brought tears to his majesty's eyes when sung with appropriate accompaniments—one glass of champagne extra dry for each verse and two for the chorus. We brand this a wicked perversion of the truth. The solid facts are these and can be relied on. When

Dick sat on the throne, and Blondel basked in the sunshine of royal favor, the twain possessed powerful piccolo whistles, of home manufacture, which they were extremely fond of using, and many were the bouts of whistling which took place betwixt them. This was wise practise; lung testers were unknown in those days. One tune they loved to distraction. It was called, "Whistle and I Will Come to Thee, My Ladde." Blondel, when searching for his royal boss, went around whistling this tune in the highest key consistent with the retention of his tonsils, until he struck the sideshow in which Dick the Lion lay caged. Blondel whistled a few bars, his majesty whistled several bars in reply, and then together they whistled, with so much force and feeling that they whistled all the bars out of the cage, thus enabling the king to scoot, which he did to the tune "I'm English, You Know."

Did you ever think of it? There are actually dwellers on this peaceful planet who never whistle until obliged to whistle for money owing them. We will not say with what joy they do this; or estimate how much of the money comes for the whistling, it would encourage the noble art too much. By the way, there is a Whistler who makes nocturnes out of powder blue and dabs of silver, and those nocturnes a fellow sick occasionally. Whistler may make money out of them, but the H. G. L. Philosopher doubts, with an exceeding great doubt, whether he can scoop in the shekels as fast as does the human piccolo in a dime museum.

We might with advantage enter upon the consideration of the tin whistle, as operated by a small boy of double lung power, and its effects upon society. But we will not. The subject stirs up unpleasant recollections. When a small boy we speculated on a tin whistle, and went around the block tooting the sweetest tunes our intensely musical minds could devise. We succeeded in cultivating a love for whistling amongst our neighbors, but it was not of a musical nature; it was for—the dogs. The result was anything but satisfactory—at least, to us. We couldn't sit for several weeks. Whistle (from the bo's'n) Next Dog Watch.

THAT HAT!

A KIND and learned friend in Quebec writes us as follows:—

"You are usually so correct in all your drawings, I hope you will allow me to direct the attention of your artist to the tassels of Cardinal Taschereau's Hat. There ought to be five rows; the fourth row indicates an Archbishop, the fifth a Cardinal. You will do doubt be drawing a Cardinal's hat again, so you may as well be correct as not, as hats and tassels have their meaning."

Of course we stand corrected and will hereafter be careful not to rob his Eminence of the fifth row to his tassel. Fact is, we hadn't time to study up the millinery, as Sir John didn't notify us that he was going to give Quebec a cardinal.

THE PARTY WE BELONG TO.

THE *Belleville Intelligencer* has made a discovery, that GRIP is a thorough paced partizan sheet, and that it is subsidized by the Mowat government with contracts. Yes! we thought GRIP was tolerably impartial, and that it hits both political parties some very hard raps. * * Nor are we aware that GRIP has been subsidized. The company publishing it tendered for certain public printing, but they surrendered it because there was no money in it. The *Intelligencer* is not doing honor to its name.—*British Whig*.

THE *Whig* is wrong. GRIP is a "thorough-paced partizan,"—belonging to the Party that is down like a thousand of brick on blind-share jobbery and corruption. The *Intelligencer's* wrath is perfectly intelligible.

We must take care not to be led away by the Tories from the practical present questions which show the line of demarcation between the Parties, and upon which the election is to be fought!

TORY POLICY.	BLAKE POLICY
C.P.R. (POLITICAL PLAN)	C.P.R. (BUSINESS PLAN)
NORTH WEST MISMANAGEMENT	NORTH WEST MANAGEMENT
DEPENDENCE OF PARLIAMENT	INDEPENDENCE OF PARLIAMENT
PROVINCIAL RIGHTS IGNORED	PROVINCIAL RIGHTS DEFINED & PROTECTED
NO RECIPROCITY	RECIPROCITY
EXTRAVAGANT EXPENDITURE	ECONOMY
INCREASE OF DEBT	DECREASE OF DEBT
"PROTECTION" (TO THE RICH)	EQUALIZATION OF BURDENS
WHISKEY LEGISLATION	TEMPERANCE LEGISLATION
FRANCHISE FRAUD	RESTORATION OF PROVINCIAL FRANCHISE
REVISING BARRISTER	ABOLITION OF ASSISTED EMIGRATION FRAUD
ASSISTED EMIGRATION	ELECTIVE (IF ANY) SENATE
TOOL SENATE	REDRESS OF GRIEVANCES
PROVINCIAL SECESSION	AMENDMENT OF CONSTITUTION
"BOY"-ISM	TREATY POWER
BRIBERY	EXTRADITION
SCANDALS	COPYRIGHT
BLIND'S HAREM	MERIT, NOT FAVORITISM IN CIVIL SERVICE
TESTIMONIALS FROM CONTRACTORS	REFORM OF SUPERANNUATION ABUSES
TIMBER STEALS	MANKIND SUFFRAGE
NEPOTISM	PROHIBITION TO COME
REBELLION	
STARVATION OF INDIANS	
LYING	
ETC.	



J.W. Beal 6/17/07

THE POLICY DEFINED!

(See Blake's Speech at Owen Sound, June 17.)



SOME BASSOES OF THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

BY ONE OF 'EM.

ADVICE TO A PRINTER

(WHO HAS BEEN WRITING POETRY FOR THE PAPERS).

BEWARE, my friend. It is not safe
To jingle rhymes, whilst thou
Dost click the types and fondly chafe
Thy chin, with self-pleased bow.

Stick, man, to thy "composing stick"—
Yet ne'er "compose a line,"
Keep a pecked eye on "guiding Nick,"
And this "brass rule" of mine:

High on thy three-legged stool, sit down
Before the cases twain;
Then "Follow Copy!"—yea, thou clown,
Compose thy heated brain.

Scant "furniture" adorns thy mind,
More like art thou to groan
A "galley"-slave, than, dying, find
Fame's most "imposing stone."

VARIETAS.

WHY NOT FOR ONE AS WELL AS FOR THE OTHER?

THERE have lately been "great carryings on" in the city and Province of Quebec—especially the former—on account of Canada having got, at last, a cardinal of her own. The following news, which we have received by tellinfun from the ancient capital, tell us of others which form a most suitable succession, as they were connected with events of as great importance to Canada.

The Speakers of the two Houses stated that they had received letters from the following persons with requests to convey officially to the members the news contained therein:—

From Tommy Granny'spet stating that his grandma had given him such a beauty of a humming top.

From Richard Happyfather stating that baby can now say "Pa" and "Ma."

From Norah O'Flaherty stating that her "mistriss" had given her an "illigant" bonnet.

The reading of these letters was received with great applause. When order was restored—a very difficult thing, as the joy of the members was so great—it was nnanimously resolved to present a joint address to each, to be presented to them next day. The Houses immediately after adjourned in honor of the events.

The Field Battery fired a salute of 19 guns in honor of each. Flags waved in all directions.

Next day, the two Houses of Parliament presented joint addresses to each of the persons aforementioned. The Speakers and other officials were in their robes. The mace was borne in procession. Parliament also returned thanks to Tommy's grandma and Norah's "mistriss."

Tommy, Richard and Norah sent messengers to the Governor-General and Lieutenant-Governor with news of these events which are of so great importance to Canada.

Gossip.

UMBRELLAS enjoyed a wide spread popularity during the first half of this week.—*Ex.*

WHY is a bald-headed man like a greyhound? Because he makes a little hair go a great way.

THE Will of the people (Liberal definition)—Will Gladstone.

A Will-o'-the wisp (Conservative definition)—Will Gladstone.—*Ex.*

THE ALDERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

AN ISLAND ROMANCE.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah, his extreme of fate has come.
He stands before it deaf and dumb."

JONAS ITEM is the editor of a great literary weekly—or the weakly editor of a great literary—no matter which.

One day, in the height of the season, Mr. Item took passage on the York Street ferry for Hanlan's Point.

Amongst his fellow passengers was a lovely being, at whose first casual glance the great journalist's heart capitulated. He would have sacrificed his editorial position on the spot for the privilege of one word with the charming creature. He longed for the old boat to sink, so that the young lady would throw herself upon him for protection. But no such contingency arose. As the steamer approached the island wharf the desire to make an impression upon the beautiful passenger became more intense, and Jonas had begun to invent an excuse for addressing her, when fortune unexpectedly placed the opportunity before him.

As the people landed, a favoring zephyr playfully picked the best "tip," from the fair one's hat, and tossed it gently into the shimmering sea. In a moment Mr. Item had recovered the truant feather and restored it to its owner. She smiled her gratitude so sweetly as to fairly intoxicate him with pleasure, and in a short time they were conversing quite familiarly.

"Miss ———."
"Wardheeler."

"Ah, yes; Miss Wardheeler, is it not criminal that the City Council does not compel the boat owners to place railings on these wharves?"

At this, (as any one would consider) very innocuous remark, Mr. Item's fair companion flared up indignantly, and vehemently replied:

"You forget yourself, sir; I wish you good-day!"

CHAPTER II.

"The two sat side by side in the twilight,
Like two loving birds in one nest."

At the opening of this chapter, Mr. Jonas Item is walking leisurely along the pavement on the west side of the island. A short distance in advance of him is Miss Wardheeler. Why had she so unceremoniously dismissed him at the end of the last chapter? He cannot make it out. Yet he will not bid farewell to his love-dream.

The wind had now increased to a gale, and people and things were blowing about promiscuously. A tremendous gust tears up a tent near by and carries it towards the lake, snatching up our heroine in its waywards flight. Again our hero gallantly rescues her as she and the enveloping canvas are about to disappear into the raging billows. Again she pours forth her grateful obligations to him, her deliverer. Fortune has deigned him one more chance. Again they become confidential, and discourse on themes celestial and terrestrial. They walk along one of the paths that lead down to the pebbly beach. The arching pines shake their aromatic fringes to the ground, while the birch branches glitter in the sunshine like silver filigree work. The face of nature, always beautiful here, seems to Mr. Item's enraptured senses clothed in super-natural glory. Vernona—she had confided to him her name—pressed his arm with a suggestive fondness. His heart glowed with the fervor of a long dormant passion. The time and place seemed specially prepared for his

wooing, but in order not to precipitate the momentous question, he proceeded to dilate upon the beauties of the surroundings. Fatal step.

"Vernona," said he, "sit down on this mossy cushion; nature has decked it with her own velvet for you. What a shame that the City Council does not take some steps to protect this charm——"

"Mr. Item," she screamed, "your remarks are exceedingly offensive. Will you release my hand at once, and permit me to rise?" and she vanished down the footpath like a shooting star.

CHAPTER III.

"But like the inconstant waters
Those glances still have rolled;
Beware the floods, fair daughter,
For the wave is false and cold."

FOR some time Mr. Item remained where he had been so cruelly abandoned by the lovely girl. He seemed to be utterly dazed, and acted as one in a dream. Suddenly he started as if he had received an inspiration, as indeed he had. A theory had come to him which fully explained the girl's strange conduct. Was she not an alderman's daughter?

He resolved for the time being to suppress his editorial tendency to criticize. But he would yet win this angelic being, and with determination in his eye and sand in his shoes, he started for the boat. Fortune again favored him. He found himself on the same ferry as Miss Wardheeler, and before the steamer reached Yonge Street slip he was her accepted. All previous misunderstandings had been effaced from memory, and the blue ethereal of their happy future was apparently cloudless. The wedding was to take place when Mr. Item's salary was advanced to a sum which would warrant the increased encumbrance.

But relentless fate had decreed otherwise. As Mr. Item handed his betrothed out of the gangway she stepped upon an innocent pork-rind and slid into the "drink." Once more she was rescued by Mr. Item himself, and as he was about to hand her into a hack which he had summoned, his feelings found vent.

"How disgusting," he exclaimed, "to have this foul sewer discharging itself right here. It is simply reprehensible in the City Council to per——"

"Mr. Item," screamed Miss Wardheeler, "leave me forever!" and she slammed the cab door violently, while the sewage of the city oozed from every crevice of the vehicle.

She was lost to him for ever.

He had forgotten that her beloved father was an Alderman.



RECORD OF THE STRUGGLE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL PENNANT

June 28, '86.

98 GAMES IN THE SERIES.

Club.	Won.	Lost.	Club.	Won.	Lost.
Toronto	23	12	Hamilton	19	14
Syracuse	21	11	Buffalo	13	18
Utica	19	12	Oswego	9	26
Rochester	19	12	Binghamton ...	8	25

Teacher—"What is the difference between the body and the soul?" *Johnny* (vacantly)—"The body is mortal and material; the soul—" *Teacher* (impatiently)—"Yes, and the soul?" *Johnny*—"The soul is immortal and immaterial."

HOW A DUDE CAUGHT COLD.—"Caught a bad cold, I see; how did you get it?" "In one of these bweastly street cars, dear boy." "Sat beside the open window, eh?" "Ah, no." "How then?" "I caught it in the cars sitting next to a wet nurse, don't chew knaw."

"I suppose you have had many prominent men for patients," said a gentleman to a dentist. "Oh, yes; and I have found that their tongues, in most cases, resembled their teeth." "In what respect?" "Because they have been stopped by gold."—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

A ROBBER met a coal dealer on a lonely road and stopped him. "Your money or your life," said the robber. "Who are you?" asked the coal dealer. "I'm a highwayman," replied the man. "Good enough," continued the coal dealer, "I'm a low-weight man. Shake. We should be friends. And they were."—*Port Plain Free Press.*

A YOUNG dandy was asked if he would like to be introduced to a certain young lady. "Oh, yes," said he languidly, "trot her out." The lady overheard the remark, and when he was presented, she adjusted her eyeglasses deliberately, and slowly scanning his clothing, from boot to collar, waved her hand, and carelessly said, "Trot him back."

THE BOOT WAS ON THE OTHER LEG.—"Massa says you must sartin pay his bill today," said a negro to a New Orleans shopkeeper. "Why, he isn't afraid I'm going to run away, is he?" "Not 'zactly dat, but look heah," said the darkey, slowly and mysteriously, "he's going to run away himself, and darfore wants to make a big raise!"

"ARE we all here?" inquired Mr. Brutal Brown of his landlady the other morning at the breakfast table. "I think so, one—two—three—four—yes, you are all here I believe," and she smiled sweetly, "why?" "Nothing mush, only I see by the morning paper that a human skeleton was picked up just outside the city limits." The smile vanished.—*Merchant Traveller.*

"I INTENDED to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water," said the wife of Professor Nottlehead, looking up from her sewing. "You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," rejoined the husband. "I wish you would pay some little attention to rhetoric; your mistakes are embarrassing." Some months later the professor said: "My dear that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock." "Ah!" she replied; "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock we couldn't tell what time it is. I wish you would pay some attention to rhetoric; your mistakes are embarrassing."

YOUNG man, never marry a girl who chews gum. Her jaw will work just the same after marriage.

Wife—"How long would a fish be that would weigh twenty pounds?" *Husband*—"That depends. Why do you want to know?" *Wife*—"Why, Mrs. Jones says her husband caught a fish the other day that would weigh twenty pounds, and I was wondering how long it was." *Husband* (carelessly)—"The fish was about four inches long."

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WALTER S. LEE, Manager.

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A natural repugnance to publicity deters many from giving testimonials. A list of many citizens of Toronto who have received permanent benefit from its use is kept at the various CASTALIAN Depots.

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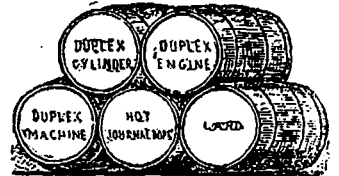
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CATARRH, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby the above diseases are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet, describing this new treatment, is sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 300 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*The Star.*

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SIR JOHN LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF A NEW METHODIST CHURCH.



A POINTER.

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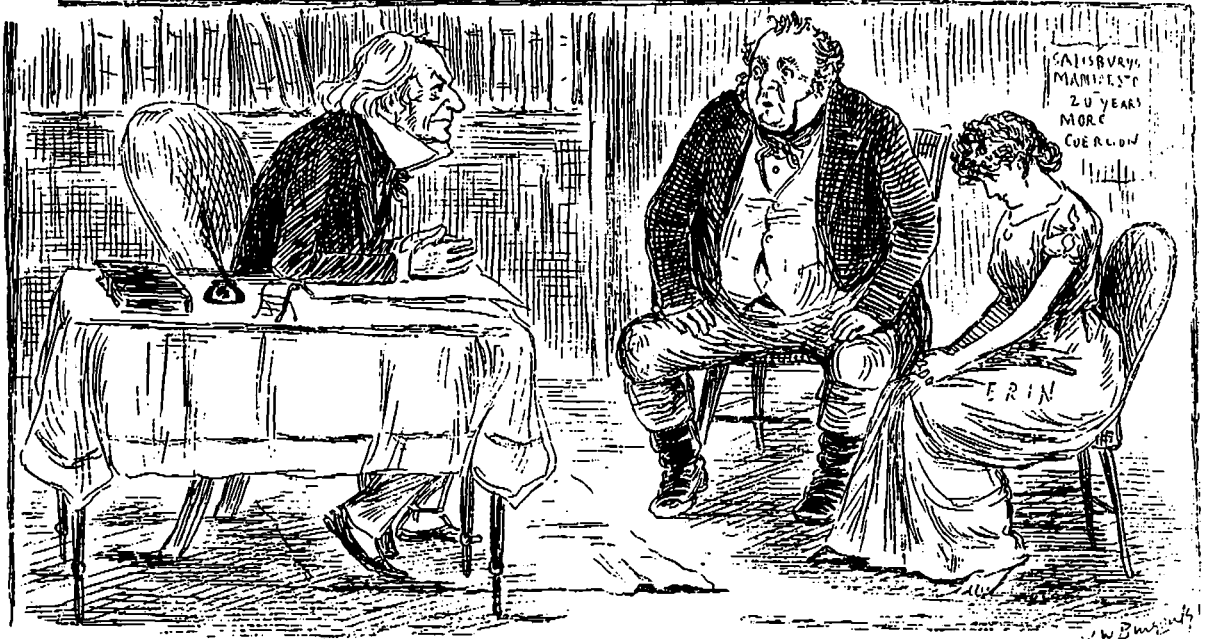
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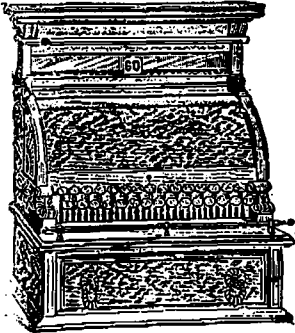
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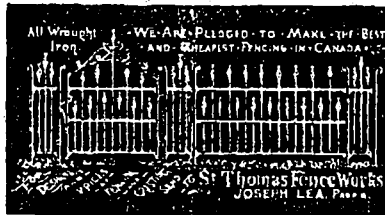
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