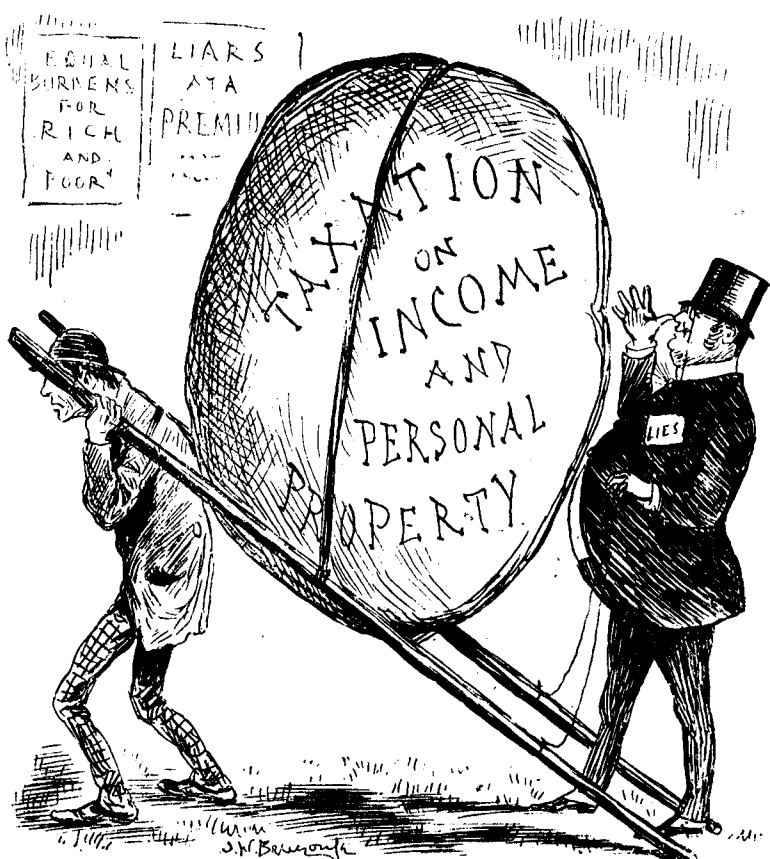


GRIP

EDITED BY J. W. BENGOUGH



The gravest beast is the Ass,
 The gravest bird is the Owl,
 The gravest fish is the Oyster,
 The gravest man is the fool.
 J. W. BENGOUGH

DIVISION OF LABOR

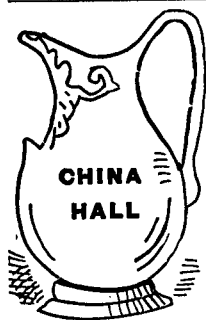
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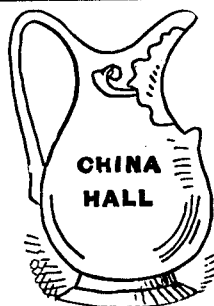
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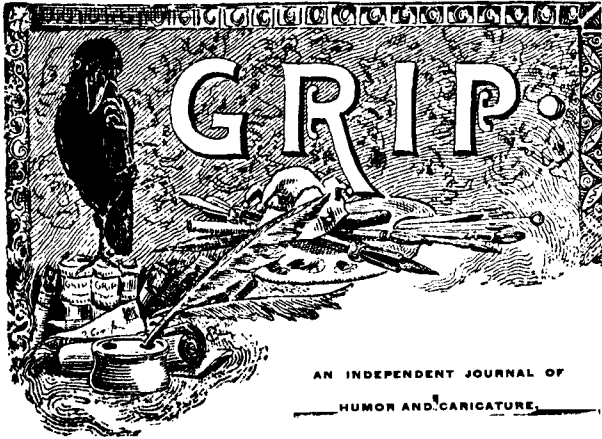


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J. W. BENGOUGH

EDITOR.

Vol. XXVII. TORONTO, AUGUST 7TH, 1886. No. 5.

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.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

OUR friends are reminded that the magnificent lithographed plate, "Prominent Conservatives," issued as a supplement to Midsummer GRIP, will be sent to every subscriber applying for same and enclosing five cents for postage.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

SINCE the enlargement and typographical improvement of GRIP, this paper has taken a firm position in the front rank of comic journalism, and is regarded by Canadians generally as an honor to the Dominion. Having achieved this proud position, it is now GRIP's purpose to extend the field of his beneficent labors, and to visit weekly thousands of homes in which he has hitherto been a stranger, except by reputation. To this end it has been decided to resume the former subscription price of **\$2 PER YEAR**, and the former charge for single numbers of **5 CENTS PER COPY**. The paper will remain in its present form, 16 pages, and it is now absolutely the *cheapest* humorous journal in America. The new terms go into effect with the present issue, and subscriptions already received at the \$3 rate will be credited in extension of their respective terms. We feel confident that this departure will give us immediately a much increased subscription list, although our list as it now stands is greater than that enjoyed by any weekly periodical in Canada.

Comments on the Cartoons.



JOHN A. CRUSHED.—The leader of the Conservative party has managed to weather the Grit storm for a good many years, but he is crushed at last. He has quite lost the confidence of the American papers, and is being roundly denounced as a bad and reckless man. And yet he doesn't seem to know he is "done for." There can be no question now that John A. is thoroughly case-hardened. Instead of lying down flat in humiliation, as a crushed man should, he sets his leading organ to "sass back" at Uncle Sam, and to insinuate broadly that American disapproval is accounted for by the fact that he (Sir John) persists in running this Dominion to suit the Canadian, and not the Yankee, interests.

"DIVISION OF LABOR."—The *Globe* deserves the thanks of those of us who pay our income and personal property taxes squarely and honestly for its scathing exposure of the rotten system by which so many are allowed to escape their just share of the public burden. In general terms it may be said that the wealthy classes shirk their duty altogether by means of statements which only a keen casuistry can dis-

tinguish from lies, and that the poorer classes, and those whose personal statement is not required have to carry the whole load. A radical change in the system, to secure something like equity is imperatively demanded, and we hope soon to see it propounded.

MAKING SPORT OF THE SCOTT ACT.—The farcical failure of the Scott Act in many constituencies is chargeable directly upon the Local Government, which is manifestly under the control of the liquor interests. Cases can be named in which inspectors who themselves patronize the illegal rum shops have been appointed to office and retained in spite of earnest protests on the part of Reform temperance deputations. The mistake Mr. Mowat is making will, if we are not greatly mistaken, be brought home to him with some emphasis at the next election.

NARY A NIBBLE.—Sir R. Cartwright is still fishing for a nomination, but up to last accounts, it was poor weather for bites.

THE BITTER DOSE—The appointment of Lord Randy Churchill, the parliamentary gadfly of Toryism, as leader of the House of Commons, is a sickener for the Liberal Unionists, who have for the time being ranged themselves under his direction. Salisbury has always been noted for his mastery of sarcasm and irony, but this is the grimmest joke he has ever perpetrated. If Churchill doe-n't get his reins tangled and upset the coach in the session, it will go far to prove that the age of miracles is not yet past.



HUMBBUG;

OR, ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.

OUR SALE AND EXCHANGE COLUMN.

Any subscriber may use this column for one insertion, after that, two dollars a line.

HAVE a splendid magic lantern, casts a circle as big as a week, the slides consist of Orange tinted views of Home Rule, and other political questions, The Bottle and its Lessons, Vinegar and its Uses; and odd lots. —**TOMMY SMITH.** Toronto.

WILL give a Lawyer's Reputation, with fees attached; several volumes of North-West Speeches and a whole pile of Returns, for a Good Serviceable Policy.—**B. LAKE,** Ottawa.

MUSIC for sale, cheap: "Sing, I've got the Boodle," by the Bov; "What a Gay Old Man am I," by John A.; "Is there Limit to my Yearnings," by Timber and others. Reason for sale: failing powers; leaving the business.—**THE BOV,** Toronto.

A GRAND offer, free, a Splendid Remedy for the Drinking Habits of the Country. Excellent opportunity for John A., or Edwin B., either gentlemen apply to Prohibition Party, Canada.

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Heroes.

O LIBERTY! thou glorious thing,
Inspire my tongue and pen,
Vouchsafe thy spirit while we sing
Of high heroic men.
Say not the old heroic age
Is wholly passed away,
And that the hero saint and sage
Unknown are in our day,

For there are high heroic hearts
From money-worship free,
Hearts stout and brave that never have
To Mammon bent the knee.
Yes, we have heroes, tho' they're few,
Who lead a manly life,
Are to themselves and honor true,
Where all dishonors rife.

Great earnest souls, that here in time
Have scaled the heights of duty,
And caught some tone of the sublime
Immortal realm of beauty;
Who find no nobler work to do,
(A work the great world shuns)
Than bringing hope and solace to
Earth's poor downtrodden ones.

True men, of what the world calls birth,
And yet despising some
Of those who proudly walk the earth,
As but its titled scum.
Men who despise wealth's heartless game
(Too few are they alas)
And have to blush for very shame
Of deeds done by their class.

Yes, we could point to more than one
True gentleman and scholar,
That, like a pestilence do shun
Each dirty unearned dollar.
Yes, there are men within our ken,
Who would disdain to lay
Wealth's traps to catch their fellow-men,
As they were beasts of prey.

True gentlemen 'bove all that's mean,
With hearts both stout and brave,
Whose mission is to stand between
The tyrant and the slave;
And while with tyranny they strive,
Hate not the erring creature,
The noble souls! that keep alive
Our faith in human nature.

Yes, men of whom we're proud to say—
Tho' all unknown to fame,
They put such fellows as John A.
To everlasting shame.
And such a one we'd rather be
With neither blood nor birth;
The hearts they bear we'd rather wear
Than all the crowns of earth.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. VIII.

As Mr. Tremaine, having ceased reading, was folding his manuscript and replying to sundry comments on the part of Mr. Bramley in respect to the story just narrated, a loud snore from Mr. Gramshaw's berth proclaimed the fact that that redoubtable mariner was wholly oblivious of all that was going on, and if the truth must be told he had been so since the middle of the narrative. He had at first made most heroic and strenuous efforts to display a tremendous amount of interest in the recital, and had

fired off occasional remarks, such as "Wonderful!" "Hah!" "Go on, Tremaine," and so forth, like minute guns at stated periods, but as the story proceeded he had, so to speak, become more and more irregular in these verbal discharges, and had finally punctuated the different passages in it with snores of immense power and resonance. When, however, the speaker's voice ceased he had started up with one gigantic effort of his nose, and assuming the air of a man who had been intensely interested, exclaimed:—

"I never heard anything like it, upon my word; did you, gentlemen? but help yourselves. Why, sir," looking at Mr. Yubbitts, who was reclining in a very limp and uncomfortable attitude on the locker, with an exceedingly white and ghastly face, "you look pale; is anything wrong?"

Mr. Yubbitts, upon whom, during the reading of Mr. Tremaine's story, the fact had been gradually dawning that a cigar is a very poor antidote to sea-sickness, had helped himself somewhat freely to the steaming beverage upon the table with the laudable desire of overcoming the attacks of that detestable enemy. Instead, however, of having the intended and much desired effect, the punch had produced an entirely contrary one, and Mr. Yubbitts was in a very bad way indeed, for, having eaten nothing since he had rushed 'forrud' to cogitate about those peak halliards, his interior mechanism was in no way fitted, as may easily be imagined, to cope successfully with such foes as the allied powers of tobacco and the fumes of rum punch, the latter of which on finding plenty of room to disport themselves inside that gallant Pickwickian, had taken advantage of the unprotected state of the fortress and had mounted rapidly to the citadel, or in other words to Mr. Yubbitts' head. He, however, made a desperate though most unsuccessful effort to appear at his ease, and, regarding Mr. Tremaine with one eye closed, he reached forth his hand to grasp that of the gentleman mentioned, and said:—

"Ish mosh storn'ry; mosh stornery," beginning in a very high key and dropping his voice to a most sepulchral tone as he proceeded. "Mish Tremaine, thatsh cap'tal story, an' love you like brothersh; Bramle, love you like brothersh; love you all like brothersh; letsh have s'more punch." Here he rose unsteadily from his seat and was about to cross over to Mr. Tremaine's chair with the intention of claspng that person to his bosom in a fraternal embrace, when, the vessel giving a somewhat heavier roll than usual, he staggered backwards, and falling with a terrific crash, struck one of the panels of the cabin door with such force that his head went clear through it, and he lay, unable to move, and apparently with but little desire to do so, presenting to any one who might happen to be outside the cabin, the extraordinary phenomenon of a head without any visible body attached to it. At this moment, a little vagrant terrier, the property of some passenger who was probably in that bodily and mental state of prostration so common during the first few days of a sea voyage, when for aught he cares all his belongings might be in Davy Jones' locker, came sniffng past, and surprised, though not awed by the apparition of the trunkless head, made a vigorous spring towards it and seizing a large bunch of Mr. Yubbitts' hair in his teeth, probably laboring under the delusion that he had discovered some new species of rat, shook it with a violence that caused the head to emit sounds perfectly blood-curdling in their hideousness. In vain Mr. Yubbitts protested against this rough treatment; the dog enjoyed it if he did not, and the louder the latter

yelled and roared the harder the former shook his head. The hands belonging to the body to which the head was attached being inside Mr. Grumshaw's cabin, were totally useless as a means of detaching the terrier from his hold, and Mr. Yubbitts was precisely in the predicament of some malefactor doing penance for his crimes in the pillory. Those in the third officer's cabin, hearing the diabolical noise emanating from the fallen Pickwickian's lips, and not being able to see what was causing them, imagined that he had sustained some grievous injury in his fall, though their ears convinced them that whatever might be the extent of them, they certainly had not deprived him of the use of his lungs. Mr. Grumshaw sprang from his bunk, and, lifting the legs of the prostrate Yubbitts, directed Mr. Tremaine to open the door gently, for it would have been futile to appeal for aid to either Mr. Coddleby or Mr. Bramley, who sat with pallid faces, horror struck at the catastrophe, and unable to move hand or foot. The terrier, as the door was opened, perceiving the folly of attempting to contend with such overpowering numbers, gave one final, vicious shake to the extremely noisy head, and fled away into darkness, with a goodly portion of Mr. Yubbitts' locks in his mouth. Passengers, officers, stewards, and in fact everyone who had heard the appalling shrieks emanating from Mr. Yubbitts' throat had rushed in the direction whither the awful sounds proceeded, and a numerous group had gathered round the spot by the time that the victim was released from his predicament; and they retired much relieved on ascertaining the cause of the hideous uproar. Mr. Yubbitts was assisted into Mr. Grumshaw's cabin, and being submitted to a searching examination, and no injuries but a few slight scratches and the loss of about a handful of hair being found, he was congratulated by his fellow Pickwickians on his narrow escape, from what they hardly seemed to know, and warned by Mr. Bramley to be more careful in future.

As it was by this time getting well on towards midnight, and as Mr. Grumshaw's "watch on deck" commenced at eight bells, Mr. Tremaine rose to say good-night, though pressed by the hospitable occupant of the cabin to stay there if he felt so inclined and even brew another bowl of punch, but as the effects of the former one had been such as to render the Pickwickians anything but enlivening company, it having, as has been stated, brought on a relapse of Mr. Yubbitts' *mal de mer*, and exerted a soporific influence upon the senses of the other two, he deemed it advisable to betake himself to his own quarters whilst the other three guests stated their intention of seeking theirs, though it must be admitted that their ideas as to the exact locality of their apartments were extremely vague and misty. Mr. Coddleby, however, had taken the precaution to write the number of his state-room in his pocket-book, and as none of the cabins of the four friends were very far distant from the other, it was sagely concluded that if No. 57 could be found, they could not be a great way from their own.

(To be continued.)

Fones.—There's one thing that puzzles me; it is a problem that I can't figure out by arithmetical methods.

Brown.—Give it to me.

Fones.—Suppose I should drink out of a demijohn of whiskey more than one-third and not quite one-half. What would I have?

Brown.—Delirium tremens, as near as I can figure it.
—*Ex.*



BEFORE THE PARTY.

(SCENE.—Boudoir. Middle aged lady and daughter. Daughter reading from list; mother addressing notes.)

Miss Annie.—Let me see, the Ranchers, the Branchers, and the Panchers, are they all right, mamma?

Mamma.—Certainly, my dear, they're all in our set? What about the Browsers?

Miss Annie.—O, mamma, don't invite them, they'd come!

A VISIT TO THE COUNTRY.

TOLD IN TWO EFFORTS.—II.

ONE evening as I sat in the open doorway a gaunt and shadowy figure emerged from this shed, sidled over to me, and humbly asked permission to stay there all night. I told him that the shed didn't come under my "jurisdiction," but belonged absolutely to the public, and was free to the public. "As you," I continued, "are a public man—presumably a publican and a sinner—you are perfectly at liberty to occupy the shed." All this sounded magnanimous on my part, and the stranger gravely thanked me, and as gravely informed me that he was a Division Superintendent of the mines along the Kingston and Pembroke Ry., on his way west to arrange for a shipment of new plant. I said I was very happy to make his acquaintance, and I gave him enough cold victuals to stay his stomach for thirty-six hours, and fifty cents to help him pay the freightage of his shipment of plant. Then he cordially invited me to visit him some time at his beautiful home in Kingston, or to come and pass a fortnight with him on his ranch in Texas. I always *could* make friends; I presume I have twenty-five starding invitations to put in a week or a month on gentlemen's ranches in Texas, Colorado, California, British Columbia, New South Wales, and Cape Colony.

Coming in from a swing in the hammock, Fanny overheard the latter part of our conversation, and at once took alarm—in fact, she was frightened almost to death. In vain I assured her that the Division Superintendent was a patriarchal appearing man; that his right hand hung in a sling; that he could see out of only one eye; and that the only visible weapon he carried was a heavy brass-ring worn on the index finger of his left hand.

But my wife was morally certain that the Division Superintendent proposed to draw his supply of plant from our premises, and she insisted that everything out of doors should be brought in and locked up. Accordingly I brought into the kitchen ten croquet hoops, fifteen yards of clothes line, a willow bird cage, our dog's dinner plate, and likewise some of his best beef bones,

a saw-horse, and a basswood bench. I furbished and reloaded my seven-shooter, and slept with it under my pillow; but Fanny, with the sheep-dog, sat up all night long, with the lamp on a low chair, and blankets hung over the windows, reading the book of Deuteronomy. The next morning the Division Superintendent was gone, and so were a pair of pullets and the padlock of the hen-house door. Fanny was right but I would never acknowledge it.

About this time we were alarmed one night by the most demoniacal—or rather supernatural—cries from the chapel near us. I pretended to be simply mystified as to the cause of the “phenomenon,” but Fanny showed more nerve than I did. The next morning it was discovered that her kitten had made a mysterious disappearance. A strange dog had chased it under the chapel, and the poor creature had got into so tight a place that it could not get out again. At the risk of my neck I rescued it, of course; and the ghost was laid.

We had often noticed bees flying in and out of cracks in the outside of the house, but paid no attention to it till, too late, we found that the whole frame-work of the house was literally infested with bees, wasps, and hornets. We were almost besieged by them; there was not a square-yard of “clapboard” but had its stronghold of the buzzing pests. They soon had such a footing established at the back door that it was no longer safe to come in that way; so we bolted the door on the inside, and notified such of our neighbors as were back-door callers. I believe it afforded Fanny no little cold-blooded amusement to see a tramp march boldly up to this door, and knock, ostensibly to inquire the way. The first knock not being answered, he would pound vigorously on the door, and a detachment of hornets, fully a hundred strong, would sally out of their ambush and haughtily demand the pass-word. Not being acquainted with the pass-word, the tramp would answer back in vigorous and even treasonable language. (It was in this way that I picked up the expressive phrase, “get out,” in every modern tongue.) The hornets would invariably resent any impolite insinuations or undignified gestures, being constitutionally averse to impulsive human beings. If the tramp happened to be of a naturally shiftless character, and had left the gate open behind him, he could generally make a break for the highway, when he would keep straight on till he began to feel thirsty; but if he had carefully shut the gate on coming in——! But why recall these harrowing scenes? Suffice it to say that none of these unfortunates ever dropped me an invitation to go to Texas, but always a hearty invitation to try a climate still more genial. Taking pity on suffering humanity, we hung a placard over the door, solemnly warning all and sundry to keep away from it. This scarcely mended the matter. Unfortunately, this rear door could be distinctly seen from the road, and passers-by who could not plainly decipher the characters, imagined that the place was to let or else that a way-side tavern had been opened, and we were pestered almost to death from 6 a.m. till 11 p.m.

Without warning a colony of hectoring and barbarian wasps one day pre-empted a claim over the front door—our only remaining out-let, except by way of the cellar—and this brought matters to a crisis. They were very jealous of their rights, and when Fanny proposed that we should vacate in their favour and return to the city, I promptly replied that my sole object in life was to please her, and that I was calmly waiting till she should have had enough of country life. BRUCE W. MUNRO.

MRS. MALONE ENTIRELY AGREES AND LAYS ON THE REMEDY.

MISTHUR GRIP:—Whin I r'id your loines on a woife's roight to bate her husban' I agrade wid yez ontoirely, and detarmined to thry the sisthem the firrst toime that kem convanyent. I ken thoroely say as I nivver laid hands on me man Dinnis up to radin' thim; but they showed me me rimmidy; for no man knows pwhat I have suffered from that brute of moine pwhen he kums home dhrunk. I detarmined to sthick sthrait up to him the next toime he kum full av whiskey. T'other day Dinnis kem in dhrunk as usual. I had made me moind up what to mate him wid—thinks I, a brume handle isn't just shtrong enuff, the bedslat's the purty darlint for me—an' it was that same bedslat that risted swately in me hand riddy for Linnis. I let him git sittled a bit and thin I wint for him in foine stoile. When I had bate Dinnis to the full extint of me roights, I left him wid a black oye, an', I belave, three frunt taythe out, (anny-way, one ayther way don't matther) an splendidly sobered down, He's been sober ivver since and swares he wont dhrink anny more. Yez have me thanks for the informashun, and I hope a few more woives wid dhrinken husbans will do as I did. MARY MALONE.

GLADSTONOPHOBIA;

OR, GOLDWIN'S BÊTE NOIR—A PARAPHRASE.

(See “Week,” July 20th, 1886.)

THE battle all battles prostrating,
Is over and past;
And Gladstone is now deliberating
Whether to go or keep waiting
Till ejected at last.

His conduct would lead people to suppose,
The house he will fire,
But his followers will guide where he goes;
Though Harcourt's not likely to pose,
As a Hindoo widow—on the pyre.

Gladstone of *anything* is capable,
With evasion and equivocation;
With deliberate malignity capable,
That he has set class against man's is palpable,
Appealing to the brute instinct of the nation.

Popularity came to Gladstone late in life;
He is intoxicated with fame!
He forgets propriety and good sense in the strife,
In fact, doubts of his sanity are rife,
But—he failed when he tried Samson's game.

Gladstone has held Scotland—but then
He declared he was Scotch;
And the Scotch are so clannish “ye ken.”
That's the only way I can explain
How these hardheads could make such a botch.

Ireland is made more un governable than ever
By Gladstone's appeal.
The ferocity of his denunciation—makes one shiver;
The Act of Union—from a massacre he cannot discover
How anxious I did feel!

Let the clouds hang darkly o'er to-morrow,
Now things will mend;
To-day we've one solace for sorrow—
A solace we joyfully borrow—
MR. GLADSTONE'S CAREER'S AT AN END.

[The above is the first of a series of paraphrases which we propose to issue, with the intention of showing up the monster Gladstone as he really is. Will the *Week* kindly lend us that Dictionary of vituperation used for the purpose of adjectiving Gladstone and preserving the unity of the British Empire—which its articles have 'ust saved from destruction.]



THE INCOME QUESTION.

Philanthropist.—I am soliciting contributions in aid of poor Dr. Bolus, who is in dire want.

Citizen.—In dire want? Why, he has a splendid mansion, and lives in big style, liveried servants, carriages, and all the rest of it.

Philanthropist.—That's just the misery of it. He's struggling to keep that all up on an income of \$800 per year. It's a most pitiful case!

COALED BLACK.

A STORY WITH AN AGREEABLE BLENDING OF DEMOCRACY AND ARISTOCRACY, SEVEN TO ONE RESPECTIVELY.

(Continued.)

"SIR," replied the Dook, with that grace and dignity which comes of the possession of a few garters, baths, and various crosses in life, "this is tiresome news, and my son shall receive suitable correction, but you forget to whom you are speaking."

"Not a bit of it, my dear Dook, not a bit of it," replied Mr. Spriggs, drawing himself to his full height, five feet six, and speaking with a corresponding breadth of austere voice, "I am speaking to a blarsted member of the Hupper 'ouse, which must come to the dust."

"Ho! ho! my fine fellow; high talk, of a troth, and who are you, pray?"

"I am Mr. Jacob Spriggs, the senior Radical member for Scuttleboro'!"

There was a dull sickening thud. The Dook had succumbed beneath the awful revelation, and lay with his feet in the fire place.

CHAPTER II.

The U. S. in Canada. He Gets His Own. A year had passed away. The wrath of the noble house of Crosskey's had been appeased by the Dook shipping Lord Harry Tingleton to Ottawa to brighten up his wits. And right well had the oracle worked, for Lord Harry's allowance having been long since spent, it was now upon his wits that he lived. The days passed on and political strife in England became hotter and hotter. The House of Lords tottered to its fall, and everywhere the supremacy of the Radicals was undisputed.

Our Lord Harry had the *entree* into several of the most select Ottawa families, and as the ladies of Ottawa dearly love a lord, our hero (for he has undoubtedly gained that enviable position) was *La Anglice* "in clover," and fairly on the way to a big catch in the form of an heiress with a few millions.

One day his victorious course was arrested by a perusal of the following personal which appeared in the city papers:—

Coaled Black. Coaled Black.—He who was Coaled Black and Beaten Blue for the sake of His Own True Love in London city is now Called Back. Entrance by the Front Door. *Miranda.*

Lord Harry's heart throbbed wildly as he read and recalled this precious invitation. It recalled to him many recollections equally precious. The proud and wealthy Ottawa beauties now paled before his old love Miranda Spriggs.

How often millions galore are sacrificed for true love's sake! Yes, how often?

Lord Harry made suitable reply, and was revelling in his unexpected bliss when the news flashed across the seas that the House of Lords had been abolished.

There was a danger of my Lord Harry's brains giving way beneath this extra load of tumultuous joy, but the scarcity of that commodity saved him.

How happy he was! The barriers of caste swept away; the huge monopoly of lorded rights in matters political cleared from the track, he was now at perfect liberty to ask of the Radical M. P. the hand of his beautiful Miranda.

Our hero sailed for England, made a grand entry into the Spriggs' mansion through the front door, interviewed the Honorable Jacob, now a life Senator in the new Upper House, was graciously received, proved his devotion for Miranda, and the value of an extended residence in Canada, and came out victorious with the blushing Miranda and her father's blessing.

A gorgeous wedding, attended by the Prime Minister and the principal officers of State was the appropriate ending to the story, which we have placed on record with an equal consideration for the leading facts and the necessities of romance. CONWAY TITUS A. DRUM.

FORESTRY.

If those farmers who haven't—and many have not—
The Report of the forests for '85 got,
Write to Richmond street—two-thirty-three, understand—
It will come to them free while there's any on hand.

Direct to R. W. Phipps, who has been
Examining closely each out and each in
Of replanting, and plainly explains you the need
In a small, compact volume, quite easy to read.

When he shows you that making the land to a plain
Without trees, is destruction to growing of grain,
And that if we would hope the good crops of old days,
Substitutes for lost forests we shortly must raise.

And examples in heaps, by the dozen and score
He has found where the wheat crop was double, or more,
When sheltered by trees, so you're wise if you look
At the precepts contained in his Forestry Book.

So hurray, for R. W., writing the book,
And for Mowat, *et al.*, who has got him to look
Up the subject, in which we must interest take,
For our bread and our butter as well, are at stake.

So armers, write off and the volume obtain,
Plant more trees, and you'll shortly grow twice as much grain,
For each rustic who wishes a duplicate yield,
Must his forest protect for the sake of his field.

Let the oak, ash and maple rise broadly and high,
Let their clouds of green leaves lie athwart the blue sky,
While each cold wave resisting, they sentinels stand,
The beauty, the safety, the pride of the land.

"I KNOW what the nights of labor are," said the mother of six boys as she sat down to repair the pile of trousers and jackets.—*Boston Courier.*

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever go out for a skate, dear Maud,
Just out for a jolly good skate,
With a gentleman who wouldn't strap up your shoe,
On account of his modesty great?

Did you ever go out with a man, dear Maud,
To the church, to a party, or ball,
Who wouldn't go in for the moderate sin
Of flirting a bit—in the hall.

And say, did you ever yet see, dear Maud,
A man with a handsome moustache,
Who never would try to aspire to the sky,
And no staring his pride could abash?

It is safe to say you have not, dear Maud;
If you look for aught else, I'm afraid
You will look a long while for your favorite style,
And perhaps you might die an old maid.

W. H. T.

THOU SHALT NOT STEAL.



GREAT many Canadians have for years been guilty of repeated speculations of sums ranging from two cents to one dollar. These people so far from belonging to the classes impelled to theft by want are usually well-to-do. The majority of them have had religious training, wear black clothes on Sunday and are otherwise well behaved. Their victims though well informed and hardworking are usually men and women who are poor. The speculations mentioned consist in defrauding these men and women of their just wages by buying pirated editions of books they have written. Because there is no international copyright, any printer with a press and a few fonts of type may help himself to the products of author's brains the world around. Yet the

pirate would have to retire from business if he had not accomplices, and these the respectable people who buy his wares. Grogby & Co. can distil and ten thousand bars may keep their whiskey, but only the drinkers of the aforesaid whiskey can decide whether or not the business shall be sustained. With the reading public of Canada abides the responsibility for the successful larceny from authors out of the Dominion, which not only deprives them of their due, but brings a deadly competition to bear on home literary talent.

Quite specious arguments are put forth by the pirate band in defence of their black flag. One says he is a great public enlightener by virtue of his low prices. If this man could only steal paper and type as easily as printer's copy, he might enlighten people at sacrifices still more alarming. Shall we have to admit that fraud has succeeded violence since commerce has succeeded force of arms? Has dishonesty only to be petty, indirect, to be unstigmatized and unpunished? Hundreds of writers in the United States and Europe are living in penury instead of comfort, because hundreds of thousands of readers are evading the payment of their wages in sums severally too small for any purchase beyond an apple or a cigar. Let every man and woman who would be deemed

honest henceforth refuse to receive stolen goods in the shape of books. As Lowell says:

"In vain we call old notions fudge
And bend our conscience to our dealing,
The ten commandments will not budge
And stealing will continue stealing."

G.

KALSOMINE HALL LECTURES.

URIAH BONESWELL, the renowned orator from Detroit, occupied the rostrum in this hall last week, and lectured to a select audience upon "Dress reform, and the necessity of sustaining a colored military." He was frequently encored, and the collection netted the handsome sum of \$2.20, which the management hope will be an inducement for the orator's return at some future date. His remarks were short, to the point and as follows:

"Dear brudders: In openin' dis leckchur, I would like to impress on yo' minds de fack dat I hab had considerbul 'sperience in dis wurl; an' yoe kin sw'ar by every remark I make. W'en I sees a darkey walkin' aroun' wid good clo's on, I says dat's all right if his occupation calls for dem; but when I sees him wheelin' a wheelbarrer aroun' de docks, wid a broadclop suit on, I immegitly sots dat man down fo' a gambler; for no wheelbarrer aristocracy kin gogallawantin' aroun' wid honnes' broadclop clos', 'les his tailor mus' suffer. I likes to see a man dress 'spectable, but I don' like to see him dress wid oder people's clo's an' money. W'en I sees a man on de street wid toes stickin' out de boots, hat widout rim, an' de breezes blowin' froo de punctures in his dry-goods, I says dat's an hones' man. Fo' why? Ef he wa'n't he would either be languishin' in de prison, er wearin' better clo's. De lub of finery hab ruin' many a man in dis wurl, an' I wan' to wa'n yo' darkies 'genst der fascinations. I am tole dat yo' hab a company of soldiers 'mongst yo', an' dat yo' tramp an' parade de streets jus' like de white military. Now I don' go two cents on de darkey as a sacrifice fo' his kentry. De exigencies of de times don' require dat sacrifice. De kentry don' ask yo' to come for'd an' sacrifice. Den why dis military display, gem-len? My advice to yo' cull'ud men am to keep yo'selves in de backgroun' as much as possible, an' let de white people protrude deyselves upon de field of battle an' do der own sacrificin'. Don' let de lub of uniform and flashy clo's draw yo' into de vortex of death. De blaze ob drums, an' ho'ns, de warbles of de fife, an' de fine clo's am berry nice, but when it comes to wa' de darkey hab no business dar (an' I neber hab known of him bein' dar); his place am at home wid de children den, an' he will find mo' solid comfort pickin' de old banjo in his own cabin, dan playin' a silver ho'n on de field of battle. My advice am, disban an' let de kentry look after itself, an' yo' look after yo'self an' family. I would prefer fo' my part to be de poo' man in rags I was talkin' 'bout dan the cunnel of a regimen' wid de balls an' s'o'ds flyin' roun' my ears. I don' want any ob dat glory an' honour; dat all blongs to de white tolks. I say let dem keep it. I will now sot down."

After this eloquent outburst Captain Trucker, as chairman, graciously tendered the thanks of the meeting, and intimated that his company would probably disband after the coming exhibition, and maybe before, if there was any sign of war over the fishery question.

T.

ONE does not need a thermometer nowadays to find that it grows warmer by degrees.



JOHN A. CRUSHED AT LAST!

Uncle Sam.—I WANT YOU TO UNDERSTAND, MISTER, THAT I DON'T APPROVE OF YEOU!

"AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY."

DEAR GRIP,—Eureka! I have found it! The cat's out of the bag! Now I know why our Canadian poets, the Heavyseges, Mairs, Le Mays, Machars, Macleans, Reades, Robertses, Sangsters, etc., etc., etc., and more *etceteras* too numerous to mention, never get paid for their poetry, or to put it otherwise, never make their poetry pay.

The secret's out! their poetry is *too good*. That's why prose is sometimes paid for, but poetry *never*: even by the periodicals that make most fuss about paying on principle, and all that.

Yes, I repeat it, Canadian poetry is *too good*! I restrict myself to our own country, because what other countries may or may not be doing towards showing a cash appreciation of native poetical genius, does not concern me half so much, no, not a half-quarter so much as what Canada does. I repeat it therefore, Canadian poetry is *too good*. It must be so, since I have it on the authority of George Saintsbury in his *French Lyrics* that "Philippe Desportes was one of the few persons who have made poetry pay. He was, however, as the following verses will show, by no means a bad poet." It is evidently, however, Mr. Saintsbury's opinion that only bad poets are in the habit of making their poetry pay, and that if M. Philippe Desportes had been a good poet, his poetry would not have paid; he escaped not being paid only by the skin of his teeth, as it was.

Now as Canadian poets never yet have made their poetry pay, it is evident that they have only to import into their verse that quality they have hitherto been most careful to keep out of it, and hey! presto! the thing is done, they will at once be on the road to rival those rich brewers, bakers, and dry goods men whose incomes *A la Globe* have made our mouths water lately.

The specimen which is given to show that M. Philippe Desportes was "not so bad a poet" is as follows, done into English, and I would have our poets, present and future, carefully keep in mind, that the goodness they may find in it is the quality that risked the pay:

VILLANELLE TO ROSETTE.

In my absence, though so short,
You, Rosette, had changed your mind.
Learning your inconstancy,
I, another mistress find,
Never more shall charms so free
Gain such influence over me:
We shall see, oh, light Rosette,
Which of us will first regret.

While with tears I vow away,
Cursing separation drear,
You, who love by force of wont,
Took another for your dear,
Never vane all lightly geared,
To the wind more quickly veered.
We shall see, oh, vain Rosette,
Which of us will first regret.

Where are all those sacred vows,
All those tears at parting wept?
Can it be those mournful plaints
Came from heart so lightly kept?
Heavens! that you so false could be.
Who shall trust you, cursed is he!
We shall see, oh, false Rosette,
Which of us will first regret.

He who to my place hath climbed
N'er can love you more than I,
But in beauty, love and faith,
You're surpassed, I own with joy.

Guard your new love lest he range,
Mine, the darling, knows not change.
Thus be put to proof, Rosette,
Which of us will first regret.

Of course, I know the critics will fall foul of "geared," and "veered," but if that will put our poets on the scent for the quality that pays, the critics are welcome to all *they* can make out of it.

I am, dear GRIP, yours unpaid (present co. always excepted, you know),

THE MOCKINGBIRD.

EASY GOING ESSAYS.

BY OUR HAPPY-GO-LUCKY PHILOSOPHER.

II. IDLENESS.

WHAT more appropriate subject to write upon when the Philosopher is revelling in a cool, refreshing and airy *cellar*, "far from the madding crowd." This, in confidence, is his simple way of spending his summer holidays. The Philosopher is nothing if not truthful, and admits getting the idea from an American journalist, and finds it, in the words of the ladies: "just too lovely for anything." He now lolls languidly in a hammock jotting down these rich and rare thoughts of his, and feels a thousand times happier than many who set out to enjoy themselves on the mountains or by the sea-shore, and return home more wearied than when they started out. "Here, in cool grotto," he endeavours to carry out his ideas of genteel idleness. Not laziness, the Philosopher would say, there is a difference betwixt the two, and this difference, in his case: idleness is a month's trifling away of precious time, laziness is a continual yearly waste of ditto. In Dickens' "Tour of Two Idle Apprentices," the two heroes, Mr. Thomas Idle and Mr. Francis Goodchild, endeavored to be idle in two distinct ways. The latter gentleman was laboriously idle, taking any amount of pains and labor to assure himself that he was idle, while Mr. Thomas Idle was a genuine consistent idler who practised what he would have preached had he not been too idle to preach. Thinking Mr. Goodchild was nothing short of a fool, the Philosopher determined to emulate Mr. Thomas Idle, and here he is, the very quintessence of idleness, without going to a tithe of the exertion put forth by that ever to be respected idler. Yet idle as the body may be, the mind is ever at work. When thoughts come surging up through the brain and run over, bearing gems rich and rare, ready to cast upon a long suffering world, and you are too effectively idle to commit them to paper, you feel as though you were vastly superior to Mr. Idle and almost determine to tour on your own account. At least that is the kind of feeling that spreads itself over the Philosopher. One fact should be noticed; let the idler be the most consistent he will generally exert himself to eat his meals. The most industrious man the Philosopher ever knew during the dog days was a bald-headed man with a silk handkerchief. The number of times that handkerchief went around that bald patch made the owner the most conspicuous object amongst a group of inert idlers who appeared afraid to move lest they broke into a profuse perspiration. Idleness can safely be divided into six distinct emotions, the— oh! this is too much; the Philosopher must have a lemonade and a sleep. Gurr-gaggle! that is the lemonade. A—h! that is a yawn! good-b-y-e!!



“DISMEMBERMENT OF THE UMPIRE.”

TEUTONIC TRANSPOSITION.

We read in the *Globe* that, among the many other extraordinary things the visiting Knights of Pythias did, was to make a tour through North Toronto, during which—here are the words—“many of the finest public buildings were overlooked!”

Now, as a matter of Rock-Ribbed, Fast-Color, Only-and-Original, Everlasting Truth—as the mild-spoken Sheppard occasionally expresses it—did this occur?

Is it not the unshaken conviction of every man who had time to spare for reading while the Pythians were pythianing in this municipality, that they “overlooked” nothing? Did the Knoble Knights not view everything of beauty, from the Horticultural Gardens to the bad smell from the Bay.

Were not the Stately Statesmen conducted to every romantic spot in the city, from Rosedale to the cells at No. 1 Police Station?

Can it be satisfactorily proven that the Royal Roysters did not revel in the untrammelled enjoyment of every privilege, perquisite and pastime possible in the city, with a blank-f-I-care Council, Public Baths and Infants' Home, no Scott Act and Ald. Henry Piper's Zoo?

Does any calmly deliberative person propose to assert unquestioned that the Illustrious Invaders failed to take stock of every atom of public interest in Toronto, from the Waterworks Reservoir down to John Ross Robertson's physiognomy?

And yet the *Globe* wants us to believe that some places were actually “overlooked.”

The only hypothesis upon which this statement can be reconciled with the cold facts is that unfortunately another German newspaper man has struck town.

This German reporter man naturally fancies “to look over” and “overlook” are interchangeable terms.

Such an expression is in accordance with German idiom. It is also according to English idiocy.

This remark is, at all events, German to the subject.

The elegantly allitutive frontispiece is, therefore, attached to this article, not so much for its intrinsic value but as a token of our charity towards and deep sympathy for the *Globe*.

P. S.—May be we are late in calling public attention to this presumed Teutonic Transposition. But that comes of being late in reading the *Globe*. We never read the

Globe hot. It is more easily digested after having been laid away to settle and cool off. *Globe* on ice, rather than on toast, for us, if you please!

Miss Clara (to young Mr. Stammer, who has just finished a song at the piano)—The impediment in your speech, Mr. Stammer, doesn't seem to affect your singing.

Mr. Stammer—N-n-ot at all, Miss Clara. It is only w-w-when I a-a-attempt to talk that I am b-b-bothered. (Suddenly changing the subject.) But, Miss Clara, I w-w-wish to s-s-speak to you re-regarding a certain m-m-matter th-that is of v-vital im-p-p-portance to my f-future h-happiness. I have l-loved you long and d-d-devotedly and I want to ask you t-to be m-my wi-wi-wi wi—

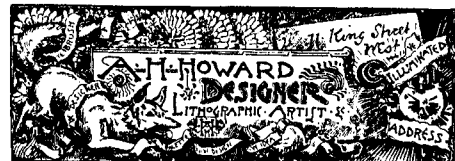
Miss Clara (blushing slyly)—Why not sing it, Mr. Stammer?—Ex.



July 28, '86.

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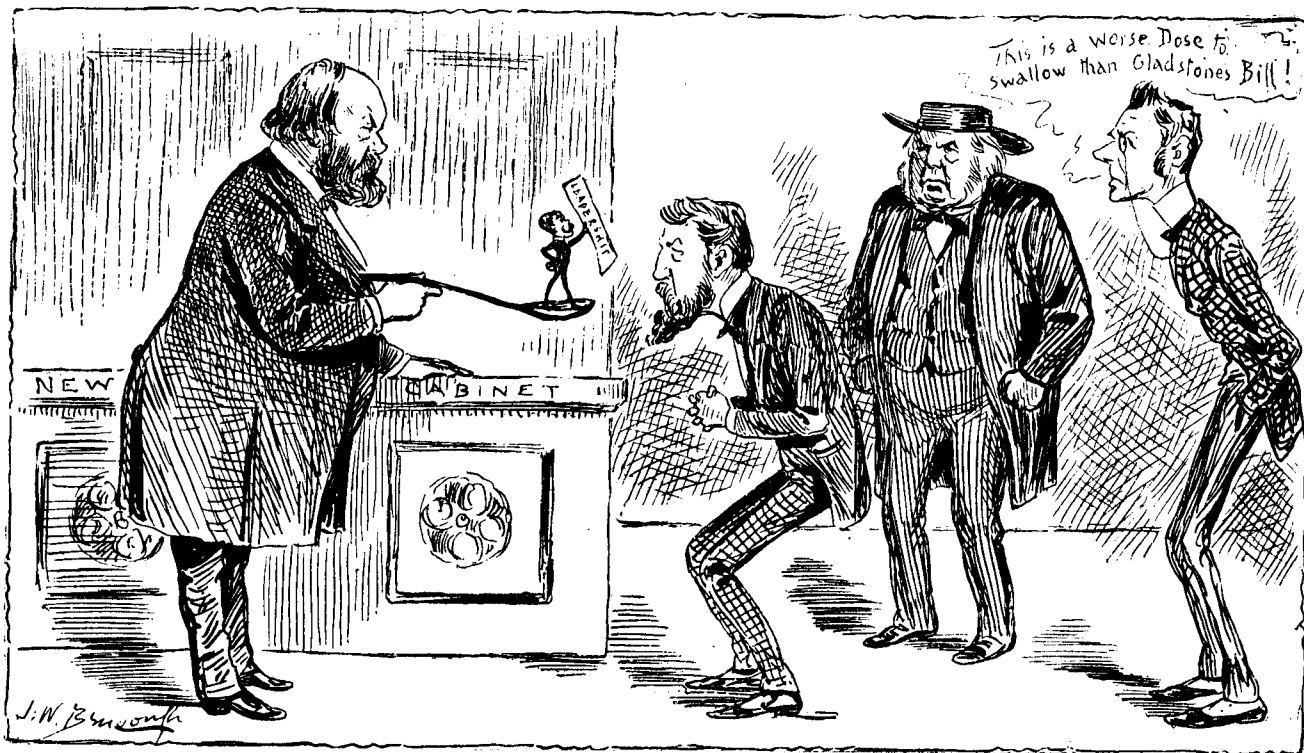
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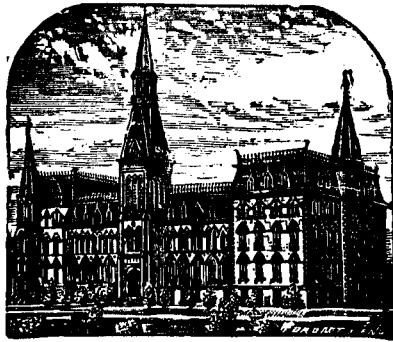
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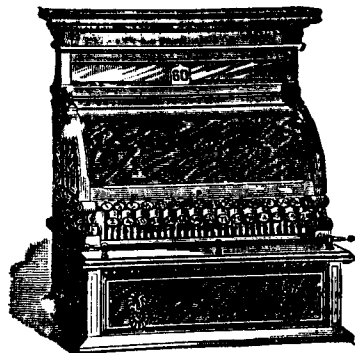
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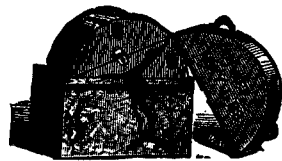
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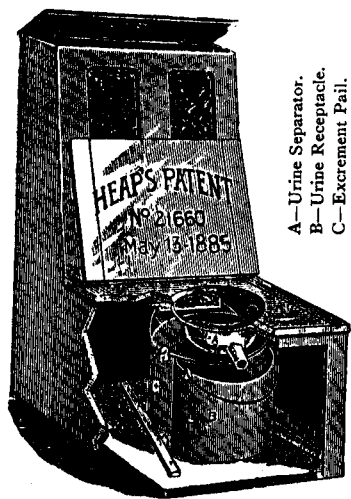
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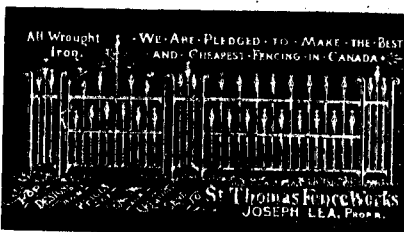
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