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SCENE FROM THE POLITICAL "MASCOT."

Rocco, MR. JOHN BULL. Pippo, MR. LORD SALISBURY. Bettina (the charmed Mascot), MISS PROTECTION.



1ST GENT—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathe, and that those veins did verily bear blood."
 2ND GENT—"Oh! BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."
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Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The visit of Sir Charles Tupper and Sir S. L. Tilley to the Maritime Provinces, for the avowed purpose of counteracting the political poison supposed to have been administered to public opinion by Mr. Blake is appropriately set forth in this week's cartoon. Ere this reaches our readers the gallant knights will have finished their antidotal labors, and for the results we will all have to wait patiently until 1883.

FRONT PAGE.—Those of our readers who have seen a performance of the popular new opera, "The Mascot," will readily recognize the scene here depicted and adapted to the present phase of English politics. Mr. John Bull takes the part of *Rocco*, the farming man whose financial troubles and ill luck are worrying him greatly; Lord Salisbury, the leader of the Conservative party, is *Pippo*, the shepherd, and the part of *Bottina*, the Mascot, is played by Miss Protection. It is act i, scene 2. and Sir Stafford is just presenting his master with the means of overcoming his difficulties. It may be necessary to explain that a "Mascot" is a person whose presence ensures good fortune and success. In this respect Protection is a veritable Mascot (in the opinion of certain philosophers) and we can all sincerely hope that Mr. John Bull will find her so, when, at the suggestion of Lord Salisbury and his followers, she is again adopted into the British household.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Dominion Government has just authorized the issue of a table showing the results of the late census-taking so far as the cities of the Dominion are concerned. From this we are pleased to learn that the population of Toronto has increased 30,353 within the last ten years. Mr. Alderman Baxter, our ideal representative of civic dignity

and prosperity, speaks for us all when he congratulates the growing lad, and hopes he may keep on sprouting.

People who cannot afford to go to the island for the summer—nor even to the sea side—can yet enjoy themselves by staying at home and reading the articles in the *Mail* against Gladstone. We doubt if any more diverting exercise can be found to wile away the dog days, at least for the man who relishes unconscious humour. The pigmy warrior, whose vanity is flattered at the thought of even an imaginary connection with the foggism of the old country, poses regularly as an opponent of the Imperial Premier, but the spectacle needs to be seen to be appreciated. The reader will therefore take a glance at page 8.

The knowledge that some editors have! He of the *Advocate-Adviser* says: "Rev. Dr. Wild, as our readers are aware, occupies the pulpit of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and gets a big salary for it."

The *New England Pictorial* is a journalistic venture of Boston, which promises to be successful. The paper is about the size of *Harper's Weekly*, and is illustrated with plates made by the Mumlor relief plate process. The number before us is made up chiefly of reproductions from wood engravings, which are excellent. The original pictures are from the pencil—or rather pen—of Mr. Leon Barritt.

The lower Province people are disappointed in Mr. Blake's "oratory," and no wonder. Demosthenes himself would have fallen short of what they were led to expect. The Reform papers are in the habit of describing their leader as an orator, when he is no such thing. Perhaps he is something better—he is a clear, logical, and agreeable speaker, and, better still, a man who evidently speaks what he believes. Since the death of McGee, Canada has not had a political orator in the proper sense of that term.

The *Globe's* special English gusher has been gushing again about H. R. H. Princess Louise. Albeit his paragraph contained nothing but the oft repeated announcement that the royal lady will return to Canada when she has recovered health. This is (perhaps slyly) followed by the statement that "during the last seven days" the Princess dined out three times visited two theatres, several picture galleries, Windsor Castle, and attended several charitable and miscellaneous entertainments and receptions.

Every quasi-official announcement concerning the Princess' return to Canada only confirms us in the belief that she does not intend to come back at all. She finds society at home much more to her liking, naturally enough, and she probably intends to stay there. Of course the absence of the gifted lady very much affects the working of our political constitution and makes things dull at Ottawa, but we see no reason why it should not be plainly announced that she has said her final good-bye to Rideau.

Sir John Macdonald will probably not thank the toady of the *Mail* who wrote an editorial paragraph to emphasize the fact that the Prince of Wales, at the colonial banquet, mentioned our Premier's name. The incident is brought forward ostensibly for the purpose of administering a rebuke to the *Globe*, but the dullest reader cannot fail to detect in it the pure spirit of the flunkey, as who should say, "Aha! the Prince of Wales actually mentioned Sir John's name with his own royal tongue; now then."

In a friendly sketch of his rival, Labouchere, Edmund Yates says:—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has pointed out when John and Tom are together they represent six persons. There are, for example, John as he really is, John as John thinks he is, and John as Thomas thinks him to be. Apply this to Thomas, and we have six persons. In the case of Mr. Labouchere there are several persons to be considered; first Mr. Labouchere as he is actually; secondly, the same as seen by a friend; thirdly, the same as seen by himself; fourthly, the same as described by himself. The latter is a purely fancy portrait of the most amusing kind. There is no limit to mendacity or shuffling that the imaginary Labouchere has not transgressed. He is a gambler of the deepest dye, a deceitful friend, a treacherous enemy.

If there is anything in heroically-worded mottoes to enkindle enthusiasm, the Liberal Conservative meeting at St. John on the 26th ult. certainly ought to have been a rouser. Amongst the curiosities of literature which decorated the walls of the exhibition building were the following:—

NEW BRUNSWICK'S
Chosen Leader and Ablest Son,
SIR LEONARD.

Brave Arms will Defend Him
In His Onward March.

Also:
NOVA SCOTIA'S
Chosen Leader and Ablest Son,
SIR CHARLES.

Brave Arms will Defend Him
In His Onward March.

We hope these distinguished gentlemen are not really in any serious personal danger in their "onward march" through their native Provinces.

SIR JOHN, OUR GREAT GENERAL.

SIR LEONARD,	His Able and Trusted	SIR CHARLES.
SIR ALEXANDER,	Lieutenants.	SIR HECTOR,

Long Life to Them All.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER,

LET HIS ENEMIES ABUSE.

His Friends will Defend.

Crows Peck at the Best Fruit.

OUR OWN BLUE NOSE BOYS
Can Fight Their Battles Themselves.

NO NEED OF HELP OUTSIDE!

This last line is a neat thrust at Blake and Huntington, and perhaps Mr. Thos. White got notice to that effect when he put off his intended tour east.

King Kalakana, the enterprising monarch of the Sandwich Islands, is at present in England on a financial mission. It is hinted that His Majesty is in difficulties, and is negotiating for the sale of his kingdom or its annexation either to Great Britain or the United States. If the royal financier fails to come to terms with his present customers, he ought to call on our own Sir John at his hotel, and that distinguished statesman could no doubt give him a wrinkle about getting rid of troublesome territory by giving it away to a syndicate and paying them well for taking it.

The *Globe* has been devoting a good deal of space lately to descriptions of Canadian summer resorts. This is a good and public-spirited work, as it is calculated to attract summer tourists to the country. Before the writer furnishes the series we hope he will make a visit to the Point Farm, near Goderich, a resort which certainly deserves prominent mention. This establishment is already well known to a large section of the American and Canadian public, and at the present time is enjoying a liberal patronage. The manager, Mr. J. J. Wright, is extremely popular, and was evidently designed by nature to conduct just such a place.

The editor of the *San Francisco Wasp*, an excellent writer himself, thinks Mr. Godkin, now editor of the *N. Y. Post*, formerly of the *Nation*, writes the best and most idiomatic English that finds type in this country. His style is sweeter than honey and stronger than a lion. Over whatever topic engages his pen, his words flow with the tranquil and corrosive effect of a rill of nitric acid, burning out all the baseness and brightening all the good. Without sympathies, enthusiasm, prejudice, or temper, with a cold, dispassionate composure, a logic that is pitiless and an indifference that is terrible, this wrecker of reputations has for sixteen years strown the social and political field with the corpses of rascals and imposters who knew not what they died of.

We have often wondered if the intelligent citizens of Toronto adequately appreciate the *Mechanic's Institute* library and reading rooms? We are afraid not, although the excellent establishment, to all appearance, is flourishing. This, we opine, is due far more to the efforts of the capable and energetic secretary, Mr. John Davy, than to the cordial patronage of the public, but it is satisfactory anyway. There is probably no better managed institution of the kind in America, and few libraries of the size that contain a more comprehensive stock of instructive and entertaining literature. The reading room in its present form is a most pleasant and spacious room, and to the man or woman of reading habits, no more attractive place can be found wherein to pass an hour or two. It may not be generally known that non-subscribers to the *Institute* are admitted to the reading room with its vast array of newspapers and magazines at the trifling charge of five cents.

How does sound travel?—by telephone,



INSULAR AIRS.

SCENE.—*The Island.*

Florence.—Wasn't that Miss Lotus who just passed? Why, she didn't recognize you—and you're perfectly well acquainted, too; what's the matter?

Mabel.—Her incivility is due to her conceit. She cuts me because I only come to the island occasionally for a trip, whereas her papa owns a shanty and they "reside" here all summer.

SLASHBUSH ON EMIGRATION.



The setting sun diffused a yellowish tinge over the lowering clouds which, reflecting back its rays, changed the bright green of the meadow lands of the Slashbush estate into the color of an old-fashioned pumpkin pie. Almira sat by the kitchen window brushing away the skirmishing mosquitoes who had advanced from the cedar swamp, apparently feeling the way for the main body whose attack would commence in earnest when the darkness set in. Poor Almira sighed, and thought how pleasant it would be if she could but go and bear the "topical" lectures at the Grimby Camp, when suddenly her musings were interrupted by the voice of Gustavus who, flinging down the paper he was reading with—*for him—unusual petulance*, exclaimed, "Dod dash the dod dashed English Parliament, away! I vow its enough to make us all turn Yankees, or worse!"

"Good gracious! what's the matter now?" asked his sister. "You needn't cuss about it, anyhow, whatever it is."

"Well, Almira, it's enough to make any average saint use strong language to bear the way this country is discussed and the insulting slights that is put upon Canada by the English M. P.'s, when they do us the proud honor of acknowledging this colony as a possible refuge for their impoverished peasantry."

"Wall," said Almira, flaring, "let them keep away, we don't want the unfortunate citters here, do we?"

"Yes, Almira," said the patriotic and philosophical Gustavus, "we do want them, not exactly in this place of course, but to people the new country, the vast and fertile wildernesses, that's what we want them for. But just listen to what they say. In debating upon the emigration clause of the Irish Land Bill, one of them, Mr. O'Kelly, thought that the 'extremes of climate' in Manitoba would make it undesirable for the Irish to emigrate to, but that he "was quite willing that they should go to Vir-

ginia (!) or Texas (!)" Great Caesar! What did he expect the Irishmen to do in Virginia? Compete with the darkies in raising tobacco, I suppose! And Texas! What the deuce would they do as settlers there? Start ranches and raise wild cattle? It certainly would be a good place if they wish to get thoroughly accomplished in the shooting way; but as a place to settle down in, I think by all means the "extreme climate" of Manitoba is the best. Mr. Ramsay, another M.P., was good enough to say, however, 'that actually Irishmen, in large numbers, were living in Canada in comfort and contentment.' Who would have thought it! Another statesman went so far as to say that "the clause was vicious and immoral" because it sought to establish a monopoly in favor of Canada, whereas the people preferred to go to the United States!" 'Vicious and immoral' is good. As a further delicate compliment to the Dominion the objectionable word Canada, which had been the apple of discord was struck out of the clause and

ANY BRITISH COLONY

inserted, which was "approved of by Mr. W. E. Forster, and others." Now, what spite has Mr. W. E. Forster,—whoever he is—or Mr. O'Kelly, or McCullagh Torrens,—whoever they are—against Canada? One would imagine they had a personal antipathy to this unfortunate country, and that their expatriated countrymen were honoring us by coming here, the way they talk of it! However, Almira,

I don't suppose there is much love lost, and we can get along here in spite of the indifference and undisguised sneers of people whose ignorance of any subject touching this side of the water, is simply laughable! It makes me laugh—

"Gus! you Gus!" said Slashbush *per se*, opening the door, "go and drive that duration to thunder old cow out of that wheat, or I'll make you laugh on the other side of your mouth!"



Then and Now.

Then she was kind as she well could be,
And acknowledged my bows when we met,
And often she promised she would be
My adorer forever—the pet!
Her eyes had a beautiful twinkle,
Her cheek represented the rose,
On her brow there was never a wrinkle—
She was faultless, excepting—her nose!

And that was a feature so charming
That I often looked on in amazement,
And oft-times I thought of alarming
The firemen, it seemed such a blaze.
But time as you know will work changes
On beings that are not divine,
As onward it flows like the Ganges,
Or bubbles along like the Rhine,

And I to its power an exception
Was not, as you well may suppose;
With regard to this vile interjection,
Her bright, beaming, beautiful nose.
I soon by her love was enraptured,
My bosom burst out in a flame;
The heart that was free Bessie captured,
(That of course is a fictitious name!)

Her nose lost its red glaring brightness,
And became as a nose ought to be—
As graceful as was her politeness—
At least, then it seemed so to me.
Each day as it flew brought new pleasures,
And my life seemed continual bliss!
How I wished I could store up those treasures,
The kind loving look and the kiss!

Now she has left me forsaken!—
Her love has been moonshine, that's plain,
And another young fellow she's taken,
Whose head has got room to contain
Much more than the little that's in it,
Though his tongue with smooth words overflows.
'Tis the tongue, not the head, that can win it,
That beautiful sunshiny nose!

Oh! what shall I do since I've lost her!—
This beautiful maiden of mine:
(I wonder how much it will cost her
For powder, perfume and carmine.)
I love her although she's deceiving,
For love of myself is a part,
And soon shall she learn to her grieving
She has broken forever my—connection!



WHAT HE IS AT.

For the benefit of thousands whose minds are in a state of painful suspense on the subject. GRIP feels called upon to state that Mr. R. W. Phipps is not dead, nor has he gone to the Northwest to shew the Syndicate how to bulldoze Winnipeg. He has not even gone to the seaside to cool his commanding brow, which holds the restless and erudite brain whence unnumberable pamphlets have sprung. On the contrary he is worrying away at a mental task which can only be compared to the severest Hercules' labours. He is engaged in an effort to convert the *Globe* to protectionist views, and if he succeeds he promises to lead the embattled grit hosts to victory at the general election. He hasn't as yet succeeded, however, and the job may, perhaps, take all summer.

Cigarette, or the Demon Twins of Don Mount.

Conrad and Gulman were twins, educated by their grandsire, an aged Italian named Malone. He taught them many mystic secrets both in the occult arts, which border on spiritualism, and in less known sciences in which he had anticipated several of the discoveries of Edison, as well as several things which have not been discovered by Edison or by anybody else. Both wore dazzlingly beautiful—each was the image of the other. They sat in the drawing-room of the home which their grandsire's death had made theirs—the curtains were drawn close to exclude the brilliancy of the electric light with which the apartment was flooded. Rich wines from Quetton St. George, and a gorgeous lunch from Coleman's were on the festive board, at one end of which sat Gulman in a rich suit, at the other, his brother Conrad, whose lovely complexion and curling brown hair well harmonized with the wine-colored velvet skirt and black silk *princesse* which formed a perfect feminine disguise. With Conrad sat six handsome boys disguised as girls, and beside Gulman, as many of the loveliest girls of Toronto in full uniform of midshipmen. Late and long did they consume the midnight oil, as well as other fluids. Morning had just dawned when Gulman exclaimed, "It is time that we address ourselves to business. We have ascertained that the Duke of Blutherland, England's wealthiest peer, sails to-day by the *Chicora* for Niagara." "Yes," said Conrad, "in company with the lovely Miss Bloodull, whose mamma has amassed such a colossal fortune by lecturing on "Froo Love." The *Telegram* man told me he was engaged to her." At a given signal all left the banquet room. They proceeded to a covered gallery abutting on the river. There lay moored a kind of torpedo boat, in shape resembling an enormous cigar, and so constructed as to move under water, or when required to rise to the surface and float there. The machinery was worked by electricity; opening a sliding cover which was over the hatchway, all but the two leaders disappeared in the interior of the *Cigarette*—for so this strange craft was named. Conrad then touched a spring, which was worked by a mixture of electricity and of hydraulic power, and the *Cigarette* plashed beneath, moving along the river bed like a huge fish. When

the *Chicora* left Toronto that morning at seven, the Duke of Blutherland and the lovely and rich Miss Bloodull were engaged in an earnest conversation with a youthful girl and her brother. "Can such things be?" exclaimed the Duke. "I assure your Grace," said the young girl, "that facts are stranger than fiction." So saying, he blew a whistle which hung on his watchchain. It was answered from what appeared to be a kraken or sea monster protruding its enormous snout from the midst of the bay. Presently the entire body of the *Cigarette* appeared above water, on a second whistle, the upper coverings of the deck were thrown off, and a platform with a row of cushioned seats came into view. The *Chicora* was at once stopped, the Duke and Miss Bloodull were accompanied by Conrad and Gulman to the *Cigarette*, which conveyed them to the island, where the Duke and Gulman, Conrad and Miss Bloodull were united at Hanlan's Hotel by the Rev. Mr. Rainsford.

'Arry in Canada.

This is a bloomin' kentry, there is no two ways about it, Hif you were 'ere to see yourself I'm sure you wouldn't doubt it; The sun comes down as 'ot as 'ot in daytime on our 'eds, And at night hit's 'ard to keep ourselves from freezin' in our beds.

Now hif you wish to 'ave a lark and go and 'ear some singin', And sit beside a glass of hale a pretty gal's been bringin', She'll tell you it's against the lor to sing in public 'ouses, That it's wrong hand most himmoral to hadmit of such crouses.

The theayter they 'ave 's no good, nor neither his the actors, Hof course hit's too much to hexpect that 'ere the'll take characters

Has well as hat a fair at 'ome, where for a single penny You see has good a play as 'ere, in fact surpassing hany. And then the beef it haint no good, no more is veal or mutton, Chops and steaks is just as bad—not worth a single button; And has for pies and puddins, I'm sure there's not a single un That's hanything to be compared with what we 'ave in Hinglan'.

And oh! the beer and hale they 'ave, I shudder when I think of it, Hit halmost turns my stummock hup venhefer that I drink of it; There's heven not a single ground to 'ave a game of skittles in, So I'll go to the public 'ouse and take some licensed vittles in.

Now fare you well my bloomin' boy, hand stay hat 'ome in London, Henjoy yourself there while you may, for 'ere you'll find your fun done; Think twice before you venture 'ere, at 'ome you'd better tarry

This is a blausted kentry, take the word of your friend 'ARRY.



HAPPY THOUGHT.

The papers are in a stew over the question, "What shall we do with the *Charybdis*?" Why not give her to our washer-woman who is in need of a tub?

Spell *fat* with four letters—O. B. C. T.



WHAT WE EXPECT TO SEE SHORTLY.

How We Caught the Horse Thief.

MEDANTE, July 30, 1881.

MR. GRIP,—Maybe yez have hard that we've bane mightily troubled wid horse thaves (bad cess to thim!) in this part of the Quane's dominions. Shure an' we turned out in ahtyle the otdher avenin' to make a general sarch fur the spalpeens. There was thirteen av us barrin' wan, an' we was all armed wid the latest invintions, an' our blud was bilin' wid vinginee—an' Jon't you remember it! Yer humble sarvint was chosin captin' and Phil McNish, livintan.

It was tin o'clock all but a few minits whin Pat. O'Toole whispered, "Here they cum, byes!" an' shure we hard the thramp av a horse comin' towards us. Our harts were batin' wid rage an' indignation whin he came in sight—fur there was only wan av thim—ridin' along so unconcerned wid his pishtols, wan on aich side av him. "Let's surround him byes," says Phil. "Howld yer chat!" says I, "or he'll hare us." "Yer right," says Larry Hogan, his teeth chatterin' wid rage; "jist see the murtherin' pishtols he's got!" "Cum byes," says I, whin he was pasht, "let's ixicute a flank meuvmint on the thave." This seemed to plaze thim, an' wid our trimblin' wid rage we attacked him in the rare. "Fire!" says I, as Pat.an' two or three more let fly at the raskil. But shure, as I sed afore, they was tromblin' so wid fury that the devil a hit did wan av thim, an' the blaggard dishmounted an' made for the finco. Jist as he was gettin' well over I says "Fire!" says I, an' the whole ging bang av us lit drive at wanst an' down he went into the whate. "Ha!" says I, "maybe we met wid ye that toime, me lad?" An' we sit up such a cheer yez might have hard it in the quano city.

"Phil," says I, after minit or two, "Phil, git over an' see if he's did." "Bad scran to it," says he, "go yerself!" "Is that the way," says I, sivarely, "is that the way yer goin' to obey yer superior officer? Go at wance!" Shure an' none av thim wud go, an' me bein' captin it wud nivir do fur me to ixpose me life, so we retired to the skule house beyant to hold a council av war. We argied the pint from all pints of the compis fur naroly an hour, whin Jack Larrigan says, says he, "Shure he must be did now, wid all thim bullits in his carceige." "Cum byes," says I, "an' well see," an' takin' me posht av observation in the rare, I gave the ordhers to march. Whin we arrived on the scene av the conflict the devil a hate or hair av him could we find! An' wud yez belave it, wid all thim bits av lid in his skin nivir a drap av blud could we see? Oh! but he's the broth av a bye; shure enough didn't we foind, on investigation, that the blaggard had crawled through the whate an' had bane lightenin' 'ous at the skule! Jist wate till we kotch him, an' he'll wish he was a Land Laguer in Oireland.

Your obedient sarvint,
PHELIN O'Higgins.



COUNTERACTING THE POISON !

* See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

WASTE FORCES.

How to apply and economize the waste forces of the world are the problems which scientists and mechanics are constantly trying to solve. It is an undisputed fact that the most powerful natural agents have altogether escaped, or but reluctantly succumbed to, the guiding hand of man.

The force the young men spend in twirling their canes listlessly in the air, if seized upon and concentrated, would turn all the grindstones in the world, but it would not necessarily sharpen the wits of the cane twirlers.

The amount of breath blown through the lips of the world's whistlers, exclusive of that which shapes itself into a tune, would make a continuous trade wind that would send all the shipping of this country, including the navy, around the world and back.

The amount of wind "drawn in" on the off notes, if attached to an automatic pair of forceps, would draw all the aching teeth of the universe, "without pain."

If the quick, jerky motion the young men affect when tipping their hats to their lady acquaintances could be utilized, it would furnish power for a catapult that would send every circus performer in the country clean through the canvass in search of a \$200 prize comet.

The time wasted by young ladies in preparing their toilets that they may make a sensation on the street would give three days extra "grace" to every outstanding liability in the world.

The smoke from cigars, pipes and cigarettes, that is now all mingled with the atmosphere to its great detriment, if condensed and used would smoke all the bacon Chicago and Cincinnati cure.

The morning "chin music" over kindling the fire, which always results in an unpleasant, cross breakfast, could be attuned into one grand anthem of discord that would establish shouting communication with the moon.

The steady rise and fall of the maternal hand upon the rear basements of the young hopefuls of the land, all wasted, would furnish a trip-hammer with force enough to forge an axle on which the world might turn.

The gentle swaying to and fro of the fan by the women of the world, if harnessed into one grand hurricane, would set every windmill in creation running at such a lively rate that all the corn and wheat could be ground into flour by them.

The turning of the gates on their hinges as Arabella and Augustus fondly lean upon them would furnish power enough to saw all the wood in the country. This doesn't say that Augustus had better be sawing wood, but we think he had.

The burning of needles, gas and kerosene, even though burned low, for the benefit of our courting population, is an awful waste. If it could be concentrated into one grand calorific furnace it would boil all the potatoes and roast all the meat that a world could eat at a picnic.

The continual stream of beer, gin and whisky that is pouring down the throats of our young men would turn all the water wheels in creation, and we are not sure but it would, if applied to the Keeley Motor, start the solar system along at a more rapid rate.

This list of waste forces could be extended without limit. We only drop these few hints in order to give a practical turn to the minds of those thoughtless individuals who are, for the most part, responsible for the great waste of power that is going on in the world. If you imagine that you were placed in the world for any purpose whatever, look out for the waste forces, and get about the business of your life in an earnest manner, the quicker the better.—*New Haven Register.*

ESSAY BY LITTLE JOHNNY.

A pig has got bristles on his back and hair brushes they are made out of bristles too, and Missis Dobby she has got red hair, like fire and a curly tail, wich is good to eat roasted, but if I was a pig and a little boy wude eat my tail I wude tell his father and his father wude say it was mitty wicked not to give him some.

One time me and Billy we went to the slotter house and got some tails, and we was a playin marbles for em, and the tails they was a lyn on the ground for to be plade for, and a ole hog he cam along and wank his eye like sayin, "He hold the stakes" and he et up the tails in a minit. Then the hog he chawed his teeth and shook his head, much as to say a other time, "Them eels of yourn taste like they was fishd out of a hog pen."

Pigs wollers and Franky, thats the baby, he wollers to, and then mother says he is a nasty little sweet precious, but wot for does he eat dirt, cos dirt is pisen.

One day me and Sammy Dobby we had made mud cakes, and wen we had went to git a match for to bake em Franky he et em and made hisself sick, and the dockter he sed wot was the matter, and Uncle Ned sed he et too much cake. The dockter he felt Frankys pulce and sed, "Yes, I cude have tole you that my own self, but wot kind of cakes was they?" And Uncle Ned he sed they wasent baked.

Then the dockter he loked at Frankys tung and sed, "Of course they wasent, cos I seen as soon as I loked at him that he was full of doe, and some kinds is fatle, I got to see some of that wich he left."

Then Uncle Ned he sed to me, Uncle Ned did, "Johnny, you go out to the canal and fetch in the topath."

Pigs roost, but the rooster he croes wen he thinks he can lick a other rooster, and the jackus he hollers like he had a cold, and the potato is the king of beests!

Ole Gaffer Peters he was a diggin his potatoes, and Jack Brily, the joker he went a head of ole Gaffer and filled a potato bil with nice fride ones, and when Gaffer he dug out the fride he was a stonish and come to my father. My father he said, "Gway, you old fool, how could they be fride?"

Ole Gaffer he sed, "Thats jost wot I come to ask you, but if you are sech a smart man that you wont beleve any thing mebbly you better go and see for your own self."

So my father he went and seen, and then he scratched his head awhile, and then he sed, "Gaffer, there aint any dout bout this, I gess we bettr name this vriety of potatoes the Erlly Jack Brily, and I me now ready to belevee in the eg plant and the saddle tree."—*S. F. Wasp.*

FASHIONABLE CALLS.

(Callers seated in the parlors of an up-town mansion.)

"I've heard she gave \$300 for that group. I'd just as soon have a chromo, wouldn't you?"

"H-u-s-h!"

"And just look at the centre table—looks like a fancy fair, for all the world; one would think—"

"H-u-s-h, she's coming."

(Enter lady of the house.)

"Oh you dear, darling creatures! What an ago since I've seen you! Where have you been? Enjoying the musicale, no doubt. I'm so glad to see you both!"

(Together:) "And we are so glad to see you! How perfectly sweet you do look! What have you been doing to yourself? Oh, it's that lovely new dress! so becoming! but then you look well in everything!"

"Oh! oh! Who's got a new camel's hair dolman? Dear Mrs. Smith, I just envy you; it's a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l thing!"

Mrs. Smith.—"Well, it ought to be; my husband gave \$425 for it."

"Yes! but that's nothing for *him*, you know.

How is he? I do admire him so much! But then he never looks at anyone but you."

"Oh, yes! make me believe that! He is a regular old flirt! But I can easily forgive him for everything since he's got me this dolman."

"Well, we really must go—ever so many more calls to make. Now, return this soon; there's a darling. By-by, sweetness."

(Lady of the house to next caller:)

"Yes, that Mrs. Smith and her sister—what a dowdy that sister is!—did call here, and do you believe, she had the impudence to tell me—me—that her husband gave \$425 for that shabby old camel's hair dolman, as if I didn't know exactly what it was worth! You might give her every article in Paris and she wouldn't look like anything. She has no style about her, and then she has such a squatty figure and homely face. Ugh! I can't see what ever induced Smith to marry her," etc., etc., *ad infinitum.*—*Ex.*

LETTER TO POWHATAN.

The following ancient letter has been discovered in the archives of Virginia by Bill Nye, of the *Boomerang*:

WEROWOCOMOCCO, Sunday, 1607.

Dear Paw,—You ask me to come to you before another moon. I will try to do so. When Powhatan speaks his daughter tumbles to the racket. You say I am too soft on the paleface Smith. I hope not. He is a great man. I see that in the future my people must yield to the white man. Our people are now pretty plenty, and the paleface seldom, but the day will come when the red man will be scattered like the leaves of the forest and the Smith family run the entire ranch. Our medicine man tells me that after a time the tribe of Powhatan will disappear from the face of the earth, while the Smiths will extend their business all over the country till you can't throw a club at a yaller dog without hitting one of the Smith family. My policy, therefore, is to become solid with the majority. A Smith may some day be chief cook and bottle-washer of this country. We may want to get some measure through the council. See? Then I will go in all my wild beauty and tell the high muck-a-muck that years ago, under the umbrageous shadow of a big elm, I pledged with my hard-hearted parent to prevent him from mashing the cocoonut of the original Smith, and everything will be O.K. You probably catch my meaning. As to loving the gander-shanked Paleface, I hope you will give yourself no unnecessary loss of sleep over that. He is as homely anyhow as a cow-shed struck by lightning, and has two wives in Europe and three pair of twins. Bear not, noble dad. Your little Pocahontas has the necessary intellect to paddle her own canoe, and don't you forget it. Remember me to Brindle Dog and his squaw, the Sore Eyed Sage Hen, and send me two plugs of tobacco and a new dolman with beads down the back. At present I am ashamed to come home, as my wardrobe consists of a pair of clam-shell bracelets and an old parasol. Ta, ta.

POCAHONTAS.

Ex-Governor Garcelon, of Maine, runs a farm, and has a great deal of trouble with boys who Garcelon his apples.

The cheap boarding house hostess cannot be expected to set a good table this weather. She has so many flies to support.

Let others prate of sparkling wine,
Cool beer, and ale, port sangaree,
The drinks that suits this frame of mine,
Just suits it to a nicety,
(An-icy-tea. See? He-he, he-he.)

"Can't see the pint," remarked a Pickleville joker, the other day, in reply to a pun that was too much for him. "No, and no one else could see the "pint" more than two seconds, if you were around, for you would swallow it at one gulp," was the quick retort.



A LONG ENGAGEMENT.

Adolphus.—Ah! dearest, you are so good to promise to wait for me! I have my profession to learn, and my fortune to make, and it may be a long, long time before we can marry—perhaps not until Yonge street has been put in a decent state of repair!

Susan on Camping Out.

I have been "camping out" for a week and have just returned. There is one great advantage from camping,—everything looks so unusually clean and comfortable when you come home. You have such a keen appreciation of things upon which you were wont to look with indifference. It seems positively luxurious to lie awake and hear the rain pattering on the roof, if you have been residing in a tent, which should have been waterproof, but simply was not, and have been roused from slumber by streams of water trickling into your face, soaking your pillows and washing all sorts of foreign substances into your eyes.

"Camping out" is enchanting in fine weather, if you choose a locality which is not patronized by the musical mosquito. Lounging under the shade of trees, reading, working, talking, or simply idly dreaming during the day, and gathering round the camp fire telling stories, or singing lively choruses, in the evening, are the delights of camp life. But if your bonfire is quenched by a drenching rain; if you lie in your tent and hear the wind roaring through the woods, whirling leaves and branches in all directions; if you are roused by a mighty crash as some mighty monarch of the forest is levelled with the ground, and you are suddenly seized with the conviction that there is no reason why a similar fate should escape the trees in your immediate neighborhood; if you hear a little scream from your nervous friend as she exclaims that she never saw such awful forked lightning before and that she is positively certain the tent will be struck; if it is, to say the least, not conducive to repose. Then, to sit in your tent during a long, rainy day, while everything seems unpleasantly moist; to find that your provisions are water soaked; and that your fire obstinately refuses to burn; is trying to the temper of the most placid individual. Do not imagine that I am deprecating the pleasure of camp life. Try it, by all means. But first consult Mr. Vennor and all the weather prophets in the Dominion, and, if possible, avoid thunderstorms; and, in case the prophets may be mistaken, take with you a portable stove and a waterproof safe for your provisions. But, however fortunate you may be in the matters of fine weather and pleasant surroundings, if you do not return serenely contented with everything you find at home, you will differ greatly from your correspondent.

SUE SCRETTLE.

From Our Blue-Nose Correspondent.

DEAR MR. GRIP:

Some of your politicians up there in Ontario have strayed from home and we want you to look after them. Blake is here, so is Huntington; they are both stout, hearty, rugged looking men, not very handsome, but look as if they could earn a living anywhere, if they had a mind to. The weather is wet and enthusiasm runs low. On their arrival they were met and escorted around the town by a few of our local notables in four carriages. The band played in front of "The Exchange" at 9 o'clock. And then J. S. Leighton, M. P. P., the leader and backbone of the Grit party here, addressed the crowd in the following neat and pretty speech:—"Gentlemen, this the Hon. Edward Blake. Now keep good order." And we all ordered forthwith. Then the Hon. Edward said:—"Gentlemen,—It gives me much pleasure to accept this friendly greeting. It has given me much pleasure in driving through your town and country this afternoon, to notice such strong evidences of thrift and prosperity. If this is the result of taxes, then I say give us more taxes—or if it is the result of your own hard hands and harder heads, then I say give us more hard hands and heads. I say again that I am very deeply impressed with the friendly greeting we have received. It makes me feel at home among you—no, rather, no, it doesn't make me feel at home among you, they don't treat us this well at home—but makes me wish my home was among you. How much I would like to represent you—if—but—that is—gentlemen, I expect to meet you again to-morrow, when we will discuss questions of deep and grave importance. So lest I should use up a part of my capital stock for that occasion, I bid you good night." Then we gave Hon. Edward a hip, hip, hurrah!—hip, hi! Ah ha! weather wet, enthusiasm low. Mr. Leighton then introduced Hon L. S. H., as above, who spoke as follows:—"Gentlemen, friends, and fellow-subjects of the greatest sovereign who reigns supremely over a loyal Opposition,—I ditto Blake. We all admire Blake because he is the head and brains of the great Grit party, and because he is—he is Blake. I admire your noble Province. We'd like to have it up in Ontario, but as we can't move you up then we accept your humble tribute of twenty per cent. on everything you use, and we are satisfied. Again gentlemen, I say ditto to Blake and more to-morrow."

Weather wet, enthusiasm low. The crowd—Hip, hip, hu-ah-a!

Since writing the above we have heard your great men speak, in open air, to a very large and attentive audience. (Mr. Huntington says the Tories pay them much better respect here than in Ontario.) It has only confirmed the opinion I expressed at first—they are astray. They have utterly failed to convince us that our confederation trade was anything but a very bad one for us. The Hon. Edward's speech has been read and repeated here so often, that on hearing it for the first time from the original tongue, it was very stale.

Huntington says he never felt so proud in his life as when he saw himself displayed in Grip. He says you are a perfect mirror. He also admires the appearance you reflect of John A. Our mechanics were disappointed. They had their factories and machine shops all sicked up, ready for inspection, but your great man didn't call. They're astray. They came; they saw; they are on their way back home.

I would have sent this article to one of our local papers—the St. John Sun or Telegraph—but I was afraid their readers would think I was lying.

Sir Samuel and Sir Charles and Sir Leonard are to visit us next week, and if you wish I will give you an exact account of their doings, as I

have done with these men. In the meantime I am, Yours very faithfully, VERITAS.
Woodstock, N. B., July 23, 1881.

P. S.—If I think of any omissions in either of the addresses referred to I will fill them up. V.

STILL LATER.

I did not intend to trouble you again so soon, but your upper Province Puritans must have swarmed and lost their queen. They are showering down upon us as if they never heard of Woodstock or Carleton county before. Has our late election here had anything to do with these frequent visits? If it has, let us know, and we will never elect anybody again, in fact we didn't think we were electing anybody the last time. Or is it that the political machine has exploded and scattered so many broadcast that we must suffer a sort of politico-meteoritic shower? We have had Langovin, Blake and Huntington, and now comes Mackenzie Bowell. He is almost here. He wired your correspondent to secure for him two or three suites of rooms in each of the principal hotels, to hire all the brass bands in the town for a serenade this evening, to hire all the small boys and big ones to shout hurrah! and to buy up all the tar barrels and kerosene casks that were not used for Blake's bon fire, and charge them to the public and he'd do the same. Mr. B. compliments us very highly on our personal, political, agricultural, and commercial appearance and prospects. He says he is surprised to see what a great amount of business is done here in proportion to the amount of customs receipts; says this is surely the result of the N. P., and we think it is too. He hopes all our traders are doing a fair business, notwithstanding our proximity to the United States. We tell him we hope we are, and if he thinks there is anything unfair about it to let us know and we will see that it is all done right. Tilley comes back again. Now, Mr. Grip, if you have any more political surplussage up there won't you try and keep them there, or send them up north to look after the Indians at fifty cents a day and charge it to the public? We have always been a simple-minded, peaceful, semi-religious sort of people down here, and we don't care to have our peaceful circles broken in upon any more. But Sir Customs and Sir Railways will be here in a day or two, and then for another swell.

VERITAS.

Woodstock, N. B., July 25, 1881.

STILL LATER.

The great Liberal-Conservative gathering at this place on the 27th ult., is now an item of Canadian history. We cannot predict its influence on our future, but from the light of copious notes taken for the purpose we wish to place the chief utterances of that day on the pages of Grip as the most faithful record of our national life.

The local press is divided in opinion as to the numbers present, and amount of enthusiasm manifested at this and the Blake meetings; but from a very careful computation, having counted them several times, your correspondent is prepared to state, with confidence, that there were not present at either meeting, at any time, more than twenty-five thousand men, besides women and children, and that the enthusiasm never got beyond sky-blue, except during the address of our local M. P.

Sir Samuel said:—"Gentlemen,—I am reminded that I have not had the honor of addressing you since the days when the question of confederation was an open question; and the guarantee that the intercolonial road should follow the valley of the noble river St. John was not corroborated by the facts, gentlemen. You all remember well, gentlemen, that I told you on that occasion that if the I. C. R. did not follow the St. John valley, that I would resign my seat in the Government. And, gentlemen, I wish to say to you to-day that I then wrote out my resignation and the Government told me to keep it in my pocket until they could put a sur-

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THE TORONTO "MAIL" CRUSHING GLADSTONE!

* See Comments on Page 2.



THE GROWING YOUTH.

Ald. B-x-r.—I congratulate you, my lad, and long may you sprout. It's all owing to our management, you know!

veyor on the valley route, and if it was found to be practicable, then I could let my resignation remain in my pocket; but if it was found not to be practicable, then, gentlemen, I could throw away my resignation and not keep it in my pocket any longer. Just as I did about the governorship. And, gentlemen, believing that you all approve of the course I then pursued, I proceed to consider more pleasant and important questions."

Here Sir Samuel sat down mid great applause, and Sir Leonard took the stand and said:—

"Ladies and gentlemen,—Let the dead past bury its dead.' I wish to explain to you some of the beautiful and marvellous workings of the great N. P. I am proud of the great N. P. I look upon it as my last begotten, or ever will be begotten. I will show you, gentlemen, how marvellously it aids our manufacturers, our industries, our revenue, and our morals, gentlemen. Last winter a gentleman, as representative of all the manufacturers of mowing machines in the upper Provinces, called upon me to endeavor to induce me to increase the tariff on mowing machines. And what did I do with him? Did I at once, with a withering frown, annihilate him from my presence? Not at all, gentlemen. I asked him how many machines he made before the N.P. He said 1,500. How many do you make now? 2,500. How many will you make next year? 4,000. Then, gentlemen, I looked at him, and I would have annihilated him with a single frown, only that I did not want the manufacture of those 4,000 mowing machines, and the duty we get on the raw material, and on the goods consumed by the laborers in this manufactory to be lost to the Dominion, gentlemen. I was considering the case of the poor man, gentlemen, who performs all the labor in our factories, and twenty per cent. on everything he consumes, for the privilege. Well, gentlemen, we make more mowing machines, we employ more labor, and we get more revenue. Isn't it marvellous, gentlemen, marvellous! Well, gentlemen, we are told that if we would take off the duty from raw material and every other material that enters into our manufactures, and take the duty off every thing that is worn and consumed by the operatives in our factories, and instead levy a direct tax for the comparatively small amount that

would then be required for our public necessities, we could then, by the cost of manufactures thus reduced, afford to pay the United States duty and send our manufactured goods into the United States markets. Gentlemen, I don't only admit the force of that argument but, gentlemen, I claim to be the very Sir Knight who originated the theory. And, gentlemen, were it not for the necessity of raising a revenue sufficient to cover the deficits of our predecessors and raise our present surplus of two millions to five millions so that we can have something substantial to fall back on in 1883. (Great applause.) We would all go for free trade now gentlemen. (Dawning applause.) And gentlemen we would have free trade now if it were not for the United States. (A voice, "Why not free trade with England?") Sir L., Yes, yes, free trade with England, thank you, I'm coming to that. But gentlemen the United States have put such a tariff on our products and manufactures as to practically say we won't trade with you. And although Mr. Blake says you mustn't butt your head against a door, unless your head is harder than his is, still, gentlemen, if the United States won't trade with us we're going to show them that we don't care the snap of our finger, and that we won't trade with them nor with any one else unless we want to. (A voice, "What about free trade with England?") Sir L., Yes, yes, thank you, yes, free trade with England because England trades free with us. Gentlemen, you are all aware that we are an integral part—a very small integral part—of a great and vast domain, a domain, gentlemen, which extends from sea to sea and from pole to sunset, gentlemen; and although there is already a population of five millions in this Dominion, yet, gentlemen, there is a vast and immense population that is not in this Dominion. (Applause.) And, gentlemen, there is a vast domain of this vast Dominion that hasn't any population in it that's worth a cent, gentlemen. Now, gentlemen, the policy of the government of which I am an humble member, so far as we have any policy at all, is to fill up the great unsettled parts of our territory with foreign emigrants who would pay twenty per cent. on everything they use, gentlemen. Now what are the facts? Why, gentlemen, if we

should allow the products of Great Britain to come in here free it would make such a huz in their factories that they would at once find employment for all their surplus labor, stop the discontent in Ireland, cut off our tide of emigration, and forever prevent us from settling up our wild lands with settlers who would pay twenty per cent. on everything they eat or wear, gentlemen. (Applause.) Marvellous! why, gentlemen, I think I never heard of anything more marvellous or more beautiful and appropriate, except, perhaps, the reception you have given us to-day. (Great applause.) But some gentlemen say the amount of public money spent in this my native province (applause) is not equal to the amount of duties collected here, and that, therefore, the larger provinces are reaping the greater benefit from confederation. (Applause.) But, gentlemen, what are the facts? Why, gentlemen, I can assure you that for the last fiscal year there was actually seven dollars and twelve cents of the public money spent in N. B. More than the amount of duties we contribute to the public chest; to say nothing of the amount voted for the new post office, which amount is not here yet, and to say nothing of the great amount of goods entered and paid duty in Montreal and then brought down here for our consumption, marvelous, gentlemen perfectly marvelous." (Immense applause.) But now gentlemen I find my voice fails me and I must reluctantly conclude. I hope this great N. P. may lose nothing of its usefulness till I am again returned to power in 1883, and the Yankees have learned to trade with us on a fair and equitable basis. Then gentlemen, when many of us shall have passed away, and you shall have no longer need to defray deficits nor hoard surplusses, I hope you may enjoy free and unrestricted commercial intercourse as the natural result of the great N. P. as long as you live, and that there may arise over my remains an elephant in white marble which shall have paid to the revenue of our Dominion at least twenty per cent on first cost." Sir Leonard retired amid such a burst of applause as would if bottled and utilized make a dozen thunder storms without lightning.

Woodstock, N. B. 29th July 1881.