



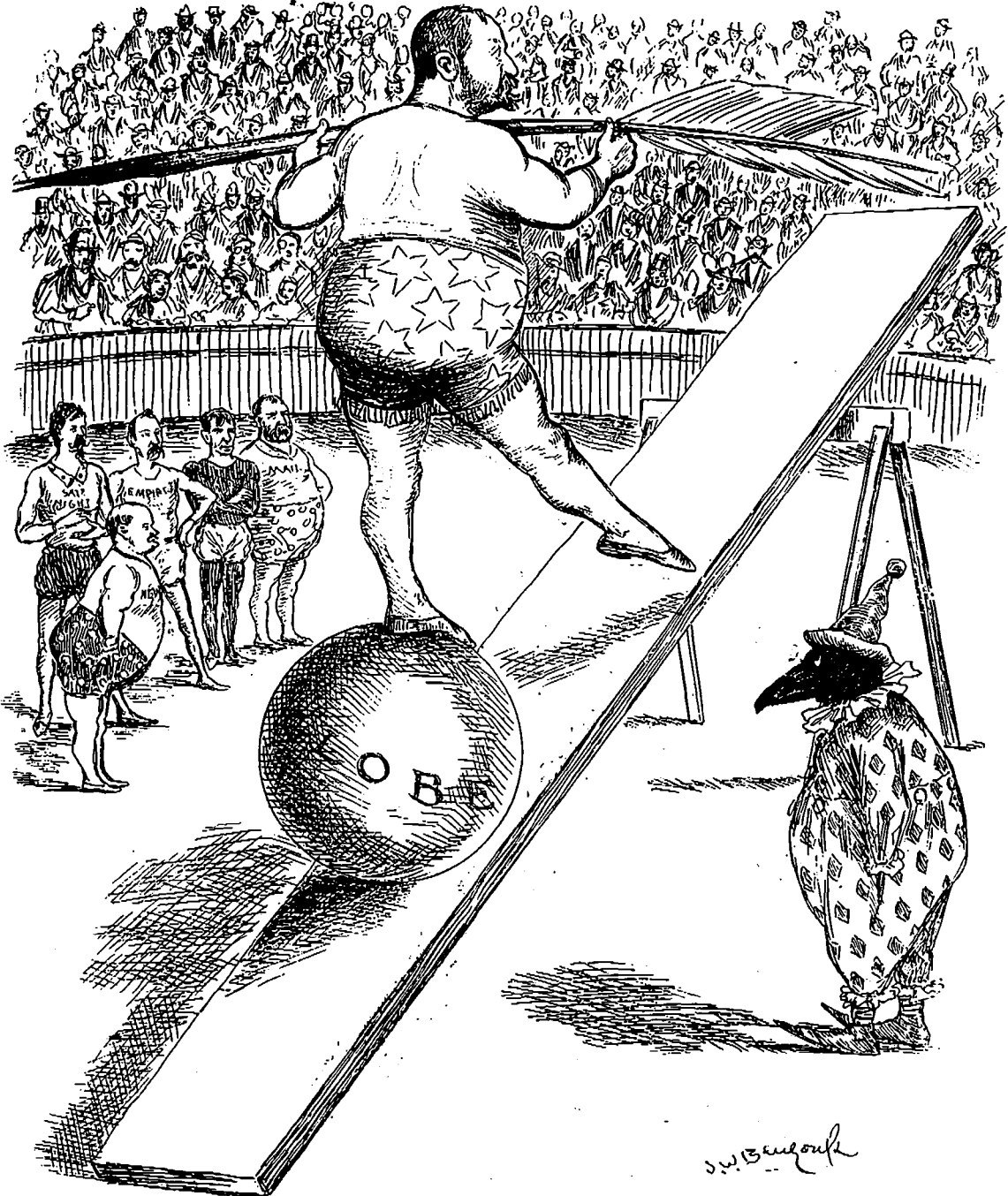
# GRIP



VOL. XXXV.

TORONTO, AUGUST 23, 1890.

No. 8.  
Whole No. 898.



THE STAR OF THE ARENA.

Signor Farreri bringing up the *Globe*.

# GRIP

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Artist and Editor . . . . . J. W. BENGOUGH.  
 Associate Editor . . . . . PHILLIPS THOMPSON.



Comments  
 ON THE  
 Cartoons.

IN DARKEST AMERICA.—Stanley tells us that the fierce pigmies of the Congo forest make their camps on the outskirts of the more settled villages, and levy exorbitant taxes in provisions, etc., upon the commerce

that is carried on between neighboring tribes. For this reason the full-sized aborigines regard them as parasites. The counterpart of this is found in the boasted civilization of this continent, for the natural trade between Canada and the United States is burdened and harassed in the same way by a tribe of political dwarfs who are known as Protectionists. The Protection idea is, no doubt, natural to the uncivilized mind of man, but it is about time that the commercial policy of the American continent should be controlled by its better developed citizens. What the little people of the Congo forest are in body the high-tariff advocates all over the world are in mind—selfish, narrow, miserable beings who hold the wretched faith that it is only by trampling upon others that we can secure for ourselves a fair share of life's blessings. The creed is an insult to Christianity and a disgrace to the age we live in.

THE STAR OF THE ARENA.—Since the fifteenth of July or thereabouts, there has been a noticeable brightening of the editorial page of the *Globe*. Its old-time glory is steadily returning to it. It finds live and interesting topics to discuss every day, and it discusses them with incisive force. In the popular mind this is all due to the masterly pen of Mr. Edward Farrer. It is certainly a noticeable coincidence that the improvement began about the time that gentleman joined the staff, and he is entitled to enjoy the benefit of any doubt there may be on the subject. To whomsoever due, we are glad to note the fact and to extend congratulations accordingly.



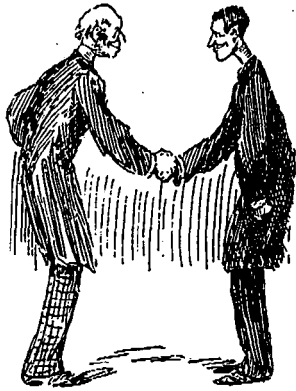
Don't think much of this poetry of Mr. Swinburne's, but the truth is admirable. As we are anxious that it should go straight to the eye of the Czar of Russia, we publish it in this column:—

Dante, led by love's and hate's accordant spell  
 Down the deepest and the loatheliest ways of hell,  
 Where beyond the brook of blood the rain was fire,  
 Where the scalps were masked with dung more deep than mire,  
 Saw not, where the filth was foulest, and the night  
 Darkest, depths whose fiends could match the Muscovite,

A THRILLING rumor pervaded art circles in the city the other day, to the effect that the Poet-artist, Sherwood, intended to tidy up his studio in the Arcade. On investigation, the rumor turned out to be a canard. Sherwood is our leading patriotic poet, and doesn't need a lady's boudoir to write in, either.

THE Brantford *Expositor* is supposed to be one of the leading Liberal organs in the country, and we are accordingly shocked and surprised that it should make a disgraceful charge against the members of that Party. It says most of them are Protectionists. We think the *Expositor* is gloriously mistaken about this, nor can we imagine the ground upon which the charge is based. Very few expressions in favor of Protection can be found in any of the Liberal papers, and the thievish humbug scheme is now pretty well discredited among the people all over the country. But the *Expositor's* duty is plain, if it really believes its own allegation—to set to at once and help convert its friends from the base superstition.

MR. CHAUNCEY DEPEW, of the New York Central Railroad, may bid good bye to his cherished presidential aspirations. He has cabled from England justifying the arbitrary conduct of his subordinate Webb in discharging employees, simply and solely because they were members of labor organizations. Taken in connection with the exposure of his conduct in the Spring Valley lock out, resulting in untold misery to thousands of coal miners and their families, and many deaths from actual starvation, this will be quite enough to destroy any chance which Depew might have had for a presidential nomination. The labor vote may not count for much as a separate factor, but where parties are so closely balanced as they are in the U.S., it can at any rate veto the choice of a declared enemy of labor.



HERE is an extract from an interesting article on "Comic Art," in the *Week* of August 8th, by Mr. Hunter Duvar:—

"To return to our question: 'Has Canada a Comic Art worthy of the name?' It might be invidious to particularize artists and periodicals, whose mission is to supply the demand for caricature. Suffice that a call for it exists and exerts an influence. The political,

and even social, effects of pictorial hits are not to be ignored. It may be asked, is this power, this art, a good and legitimate power? When exercised for good, I, for one, think it is. Free from all prejudice in our own favor, miscalled 'patriotic,' the conclusion must be come to that Canada does possess a comic art, its best examples not below the English standard, more artistic on an average, and in better drawing, than the American, less stately than the French, and more perspicuous than the German."

\* \* \*

A TEST is easily made, the qualities sought are quick perception of points, self-control in the artist to restrain over-exaggeration, ease of treatment as distinct from mere smartness, absence of vulgarity, a modicum of grace and a cultured hand. Lay the work of a known Canadian artist, or artists, alongside of the cartoons in last month's *Punch*, and if we find the designs are equal in the qualities sought, then the question is answered affirmatively. 'True comic art has an existence in Canada.'

\* \* \*

THOUGH it is not GRIP's special business to look after things municipal, we consider it an urgent duty to call the attention of the city engineer to the truly awful condition of the (alleged) sidewalk from Front Street to Esplanade along the Custom house building. This is about the first sample of Toronto the visitor strikes as he lands from the steamer—and he generally strikes it with his big toe. It is not so much a sidewalk as a series of big and little holes in a pavement that was once laid down with wooden brick. It wouldn't take long to fix it, and the required alterations would certainly fill a "long felt want."

\* \* \*

ON the 28th inst., Mr. Erastus Wiman proposes to submit some "Facts and Figures for Farmers," in the form of a speech, at the Canadian Chautauqua. A special excursion ought to be got up from this city for the occasion, as no doubt there are many who would like to hear this energetic orator. It would make the occasion very interesting if the able editors of the *World* and *Empire* could be prevailed upon to go over and attempt a reply to the facts and figures produced. If they made anything like a fair fist of it, the effect on the public would be superior to that produced by their favorite method of fighting Wiman by saying mean and untruthful things about him in their papers.

"He who undertakes too much brings nothing to an end."—He frequently, however, brings *something* to an end, and *something* is usually worth more than *nothing*.

**THE LAST STRAW.**

FREEMEN rally in your might,  
To do battle for the right,  
Too long have ye succumbed to oppression;  
Let the tyrants' rod be broke,  
Rend the chain and spurn the yoke,  
And stand a living wall against aggression.

Shout "Canadians shall be free,"  
Let it ring from sea to sea,  
As the slogan of your stern determination;  
Let our rulers hear and tremble.  
As they whiningly dissemble,  
In acknowledging the power of the nation.

Let us falter not nor fail,  
Let no terrors make us quail,  
In our sturdy strength of arm we have reliance;  
Hoist our banner to the breeze,  
Bring the tyrants to their knees,  
And at their cowering minions hurl defiance.

It is not that we care if  
They keep adding to the tariff,  
'Tis not scandalous corruption that thus shocks us,  
They may keep their titled state,  
And postpone their day of fate,  
But—they *shall* collect the papers from street boxes!

**ONE ON JOHNSON.**

JOHNSON—"I think I have never read a grosser publication than the 'Kreutzer Sonata.'"

JACKSON—"I have, often. There is a journal regularly published in this city which is considerably grosser."

JOHNSON—"You don't say? Why don't the morality department interfere? What paper is it?"

JACKSON—"Ahem—the Canadian *Grocer*."

**WUT.**

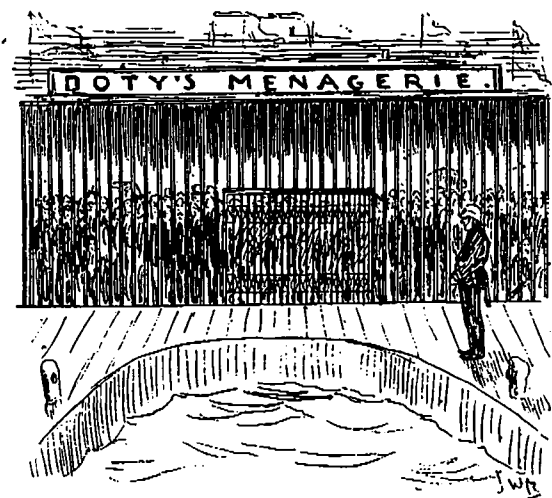
MCNEESHIN—"What d'ye think noo o' the international relations between Britain and the States over this Behring Sea business? It's bad, mon, varra bad."

TAMSON—"Bad eneuch, nae doobt. But there's nae bluidshed as yet—sae, ye see, it micht be waur (war)."



**FASHION AT THE SEASIDE.**

FLOSSIE—"When are you going home?"  
AGGIE—"Oh, I'm afraid we'll have to stay in this horrid place two weeks longer. The Swellton's don't leave till then, and ma says we'll have to stay as long as they do if it kills us."



### ONE MORE SIGN NEEDED AT HANLAN'S POINT.

#### A PARABLE WITH A POINT.

ONCE upon a time there was a wealthy gentleman whose estate had been a good deal mismanaged by his stewards and other servants. He was continually changing them, but complained that he found it difficult to get faithful service, as those he appointed to look after his business seemed to prefer to look after their own interests. One reason of this, perhaps, was that most of them received no pay, as he seemed to think that the honor of working for him ought to be sufficient, and many of them pretended to think so too. But it was noticed that a good many people who weren't particularly solicitous as a general thing about honor were very anxious to get positions in this gentleman's establishment, and some ill-natured people at times hinted that they managed to pay themselves pretty liberally for their services. The old fellow was always grumbling and complaining of being neglected and robbed, but it never seemed to strike him that he couldn't expect people to work for nothing.

Well, one day the old gentleman received a large legacy which, if carefully managed, ought very considerably to have increased the income from his estate. But he got into a great state of mind over the carelessness and alleged dishonesty of his servants and feared to entrust them with it, and some of his friends who were always advising him said, "Don't, on any account, trust those fellows with a cent—they'll rob you sure." And while he was hesitating what to do a banker came along and said, "You see, this money is only a source of trouble to you. You'd better make me a present of it." "Why so?" said the gentleman. "Why, to prevent those rascals in your employ robbing you. They are just itching to get at that money—as if they hadn't made enough out of the estate already."

"Do you really think they'll rob me?" enquired the old man nervously, for he hated the thought of being plundered.

"Of course they will. Everybody says so."

"Why, then," replied the gentleman, "I guess I'll give you the money. They shan't have it, anyhow."

So he handed the banker the bag of gold and went off chuckling to himself at his smartness in having outwitted his greedy servants.

And all his friends praised him for his great shrewdness. For there is little doubt that if his servants had had the

chance they would have got away with some of the money. He lost it all as it was, but he had the satisfaction of giving it away himself.

But the old man's sons were highly indignant over the affair and had the old man put in the Lunatic Asylum as being incapable of managing his affairs.

APPLICATION.—If the City of Toronto gives away the enormously valuable street railway privilege for fear of being robbed, the Mayor and aldermen ought to be sent to the same institution.

#### A HIELAN WAR SONG.

(DEDICATED, WITH PROFOUND REGARD, TO THE GAELIC EDITOR OF "THE MAIL.")

THA e na ni bronach nach urrainn creutair mar an duine, a tha uidhimte le buadhan reusan agus ard aigne bno laimh a Chruithhearr, deoch a ghabhail a'm meassarachd, gun daoraich no tuasaid, ach mo thruaighe! tha iad gann a'n aireamh a chuireas an lamh 's an teine gun a loisgeadh.—Mail.

Awake! For the hour for action draws nigh,  
Oh rouse from your slumbers ye patriot band!  
The bronach nach urrainn rings out its wild cry,  
For the creutair is raging abroad in the land!  
Can it be that a loisgeadh would shrink from the fray,  
Or his sinews relax in inglorious repose  
When even the buadhan stands proudly at bay  
And tha uidhimte rallies to combat our foes.

Is the blood of the Gael by no memories stirred  
When the proud name of Chruithhearr is blazoned abroad?  
Does agus ard aigne speak vainly the word  
In recalling the field where his blood was out-poured?  
Shall the bho laimh no longer be heard on our hills  
Where the stranger deoch ghabhails now lord it supreme?  
Let us cherish the hope that our bosoms now fill  
That meassarachd will soon pass away like a dream.

Then rouse ye thruaighes! No longer lament  
Or in apathy pine for the days that are fled!  
Soon chuireas an lambs to their wrath will give vent,  
And the daoraich no tuasaid be scattered or dead.  
For the reusan is pealing aloud, and its call  
Will be heard by the aireamh both near and afar,  
Let "tha iad gann!" our loud war-cry appal,  
Our treacherous foe as we rush to the war.

#### THE SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

AULD HAWKIE himself was not a more interesting specimen of the *genus* Scot than is Sandy, the auld body wha, wi' his fiddle 'neath his arm, or whiles up to his shoulder as he scrapes the strings an' dances a lilt, is now perambulating the streets of Toronto. I ran across him the other day on Isabella Street, where he was playing and dancing in the midst of a circle of delighted boys. The jig being finished,—an' it wisna over lang, ye ken, on account o' the het day—the old fellow indulged in some serious discourse with the youngsters, directing profound glances first at one and then another while he gesticulated gracefully with his right arm. As I approached and stood to watch the game, he came toward me followed by his troupe of young friends. "A'wm just tellin' thae boys," he explained, "that they maun stan' tae their word. This ane,"—indicating a young darkey—"is a good color an' will aye stan' true, I think." "What do you propose to do?" I asked. "We're gaun tae rob, ye ken. We'll tak they twa houses ower yonder, an' turn the folk oot an that'll be oor camp, an aye nicht we'll gang oot tae rob a' roond about, an' as awm the chief aw'll hac maist o' the money we get, an' a' these laddies 'll hae their share. Them wha gie me money or wha *hae* gie'n me money, we'll no rob their hooses, but a' ithers we'll rob, ye ken." "But what about the police?" I asked. "The polis?" echoed the



**THE BOARD OF TRADE NONDESCRIPT.**

(Two specimens of this strange animal may be seen perched over the main entrances to the new building.)

old man with a face expressive of innocent wonder. "Man, we'll just shoot the polis wi' pistols, ye ken! Sae noo, boys, we'll hae anither bit dance." And the kindly old fellow struck up another tune while the juveniles "hoed it down."

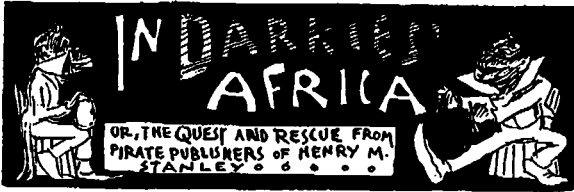
**WHAT IS IT?**

THE identity of the remarkable animal sculpted rampant as the companion of the lion on the design above the main entrances to the new Board of Trade building on Yonge Street, is exciting considerable discussion among naturalists and others. The one on the north side is evidently a lion—but as to the other speculation runs riot, and as it resembles no sort of created thing to be seen in the wild beast collections or mentioned in books of natural history, recourse is being had to works of heraldry and descriptions of fabulous monsters of antiquity to solve the problem. If the head of the critter were not so abnormally large there might be some measure of plausibility in the theory that it was intended to represent the Beaver, our glorious national emblem. But nobody ever saw a beaver with such a monstrous head

on him, so this hypothesis must be abandoned, unless, indeed, the sculptor intended to indulge a quiet bit of satire at the expense of Canada by representing the beaver with a swelled head. A beaver with the big head would be no inappropriate caricature of the attitude of some of our blustering militia colonels and blatant loyalists, but as these are an insignificant fraction of the population, it is hardly just or seemly to perpetuate a joke which implies that we are all suffering from this inflection.

Altogether, the most tenable conclusion is that the Board of Trade's "What is it?" is intended to represent the whangdoodle, the gyascutis, the wonkifimad or some other mythical creature of the imagination, the sculptor having fallen back on his inner consciousness for the details of its anatomy.

A MAN of metal—Gold-win Smith.—*Berlin News*. Yes, there is a vein of irony in his composition.—*Regina Leader*. Nick'll do him justice.—*Terracottaville Times*. He's not easily lead anyway—*Squigglechunk Indicator*. Don't you find this sort of thing hard-wear on the brain?



BY EXPLORER GRIP.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

CHAPTER III.—TO STANLEY POOL.

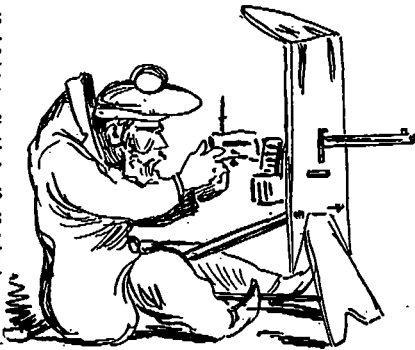


MR. W. BONNY.

I FOUND on arriving at Mataddi, 108 miles up the Congo from the Atlantic, that Stanley and his outfit had reached that point on March 21, 1887, and gone into camp preparatory to the commencement of their long promenade to Lake Albert Nyanza. He was himself as fat as butter, and his European companions, Zanzibari carriers, Soudanese soldiers and the rest were in equally good condition, as the result of three meals a day and nothing to do on board ship. Tippu Tib was there, of course, with his contract in his breeches pocket. It will be remembered that this interesting Arab had agreed, for

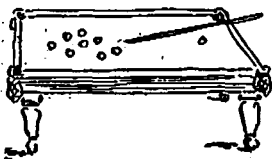
certain specified boodle, to supply 600 carriers for the Expedition from his own country, which was on the banks of the Congo south of Stanley Pool. Meanwhile he loafed about the camp and amused himself watching Lt. Stairs practising with the Maxim gun, which had been supplied by an enterprising English firm for the sake of a ten-line ad. in the book Stanley was to write.

The gun was a daisy, in Tippu's opinion, being capable of firing 330 shots per minute. The event proved that it could carry about 3,000 miles—and the fellows who toted it said it was powerful heavy, too. I observed a path leading eastwardly from Mataddi along the river,



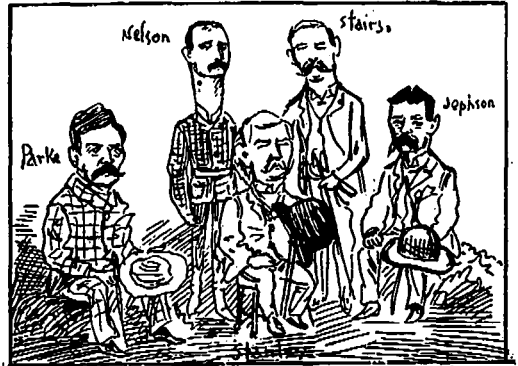
THE MAXIM GUN.

and from the long heels in the footprints I knew I could not be wrong in concluding that this was Stanley's route. I followed it to Stanley Pool, and, as this is a place of considerable importance, I have pleasure in submitting the accompanying faithful illustration of it. It is needless to mention that I was constantly attacked by the natives as I proceeded on my way, but fortunately I escaped all personal injury. It must not



be supposed that I indulged in any wholesale slaughtering of the aborigines. I was well armed, it is true, but it was luckily unnecessary for me to use my weapons except to kill an occasional elephant or alligator. Whenever the savages attacked me in overwhelming numbers

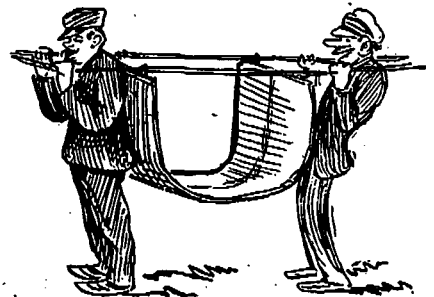
I just waited until they were well within ear-shot, and then, without the slightest warning to them, I burst out into song. I sang one of my sentimental ballads. It was curious to watch the paroxysm of agony into which the natives were instantaneously thrown. The moment they recovered themselves they scurried off helter-skelter and buried themselves in the depths of the bush. They



STANLEY AND HIS OFFICERS

were bloodthirsty cannibals, it is true; but instinct seemed to warn them that my voice was not good to eat. However, in these voracious chapters, I must not dwell upon my own adventures. My task is only to chronicle those of Stanley and his followers. At Stanley Pool I came across a Somali who had deserted the Expedition, and I made it my business to interview him as to the events of the march up to this point. "Dar warn't nuffin worf tellin' 'bout," said he, in the liquid dialect of Northern Africa. "We jes' moseyed 'long in de day time an' camped out like a picnic at night for a month, didn't get nuffin' to eat some days an' jes' 'bout de same de rest ob de time, an' it war mighty hot, an' everybody squabblin' an' swarin', an' nigh onto sixty men done deserted an' stole 'bout forty rifles, an' dar was trouble 'bout gittin' boats to go up de ribber, an' Stanley was tarin' mad case he couldn't git de boats, an' yo' nebber see such a mess in yo' born days, an' lots of 'em was sick an' some done died, an' when I got here I sez, dis yar nigga don't go no furdur wiv dis picnic pawty nohow. I 'spected dey was goin' to have camels to carry us, but when I found out we got to hoof it, I sez, I don' want no mo' of it on my plate. So dat's how I come to be here." "But Stanley went on, didn't he?" I asked. "Oh, yes, he went on wiv de gang. Dey got hol' of a few boats—'nough to pack 'em all in somehow—an' went up de ribber to a town dey call Yambuya. You kin hear more about 'em if you go dar."

I thanked the Somali for his valuable information, and embarked in a native canoe for Yambuya, a nice little voyage of 1, 100 miles.



A SECTION OF THE BOAT, "ADVANCE."

CHAPTER IV.—STANLEY POOL TO UNGARROWA'S.

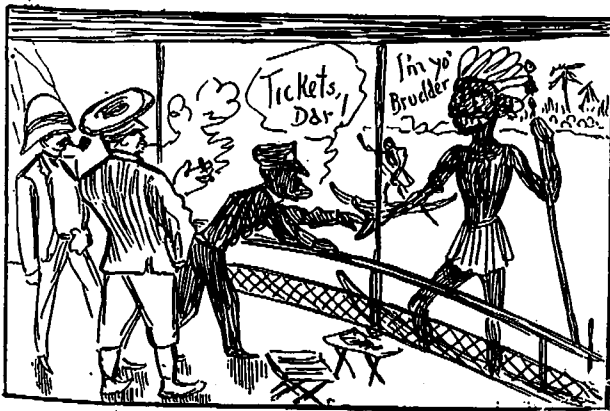
The scenery up the Congo is delightful, being a perfect panorama of shrubbery, flowers and forest. The river is



TRAVELLING THROUGH THE FOREST.

dotted with fairy-like islands, and its peaceful flow is broken with occasional rapids, which are an advantage as a matter of scenery, but not absolutely necessary to easy navigation. The man who rowed my canoe knew all about Stanley's trip up to Yambuya, and from him I gleaned the particulars which I now set down. On May 1st Stanley's party left the Pool in the following order: The steamer *Henry Reed* and two barges, carrying Tippu Tib and his sixty-nine followers, and thirty-five Expedition men; the steamer *Stanley*, with her consort, the *Florida*, carrying 336 people and six donkeys—though he was inclined to think a good many of the passengers who were entered under the head of "people" should have been put in the other category; the steamer *Peace*, with Stanley himself and 134 others. The trip up river was enlivened by the eccentricities of the *Peace*, which appeared to suffer from spasms in the boiler. She would go splendidly for half an hour, and then balk altogether; the steam would drop from high pressure to five pounds without any apparent reason. The people on board, from the great traveller down, did a lot of good, emphatic swearing, but even this did not bring the crazy craft to her senses. Indeed, seeing that she belonged to a Mission station, it is quite likely that this wicked conduct greatly aggravated the trouble. At each camping place the men were employed to cut wood for fuel for the steamers, the coal ring of that vicinity having put the prices beyond reach. On the 12th they reached Bolobo, where they had a blow-out on bananas, rice, poultry,

goats and other delicacies of the season. Having been on the verge of starvation ever since leaving Lukunyu several days before, it wasn't necessary to ring the dinner horn very long or loud to call the folks to their feed. As Emin Pasha was all this while standing in his distant Province and holding up a red bandana as a signal of distress, Stanley was anxious to press on rapidly. It was decided, therefore, that 125 people who were rather out of sorts should be left at Bolobo to fatten up while the rest went on to Yambuya, the arrangement being to send the steamer back to bring them up. This "left" wing was placed in charge of Mr. Bonny and Mr. Herbert Ward. On May 24th the travelling party reached Equator Station, where they celebrated the birthday of Her Majesty the Queen by going into camp and enjoying a snooze. Next morning Stanley gave the order to "move on," and on the 30th they reached Bangala. This is a thriving settlement. Mr. Van Kirkhoven, late of Germany, is mayor—and pretty near as able a magistrate as Mr. Ned Clarke. Bangala has a garrison of sixty men and two Krupp guns for boring holes in obtrusive natives. It also has a brick manufactory for the production of missiles for peppering would-be invaders in case of emergency. At this point Major Bartelott, who had been formally appointed commander of the Rear Column, was ordered to proceed with Mr. Tib to Stanley Falls, and have a clear understanding with that gentleman as to when he would be on hand at Yambuya with his 600 carriers. The Expedition itself started off with expedition and reached Yambuya on June 12th. This was the former home of Baruti, Stanley's little dude servant, and here he had a most affecting meeting with a bruddet of his who came to the side of the steamer in response to his call. The rest of the natives acted in a remarkably stand-offish manner, however, which was disappointing, as Mr. Stanley had intended, with his entire party, to become their guests for several weeks. Finding them unwilling to extend an invitation or even to negotiate on a basis of rent, he brought his steamers up close to their village and then set the whistles going with a terrific uproar. The whole tribe turned and dove into the bush, and the Expeditioners calmly walked in and took possession of their town. This is not the first instance in which people have been done out of their rightful possessions by the clamor and noise of others. Having entrenched themselves securely they sat down to wait for the return of Major Bartelott, who should have been back from Stanley Falls before this. But "he cometh not, she said." Day after day passed. Stanley grew very uneasy, believing that Tippu Tib must have made a broth of the gallant officer as a special feast for his cannibal neighbors. On June 22nd he was on the point of sending a detachment to look for the absentee, when the latter turned up safe and sound. He had been detained on business. And now Stanley was ready for business. He proposed to take 388 of the people, with officers Stairs, Jephson and Parke, and go on toward the lake, and he left instructions with Bartelott to wait for the arrival of the people from Bolobo with officers Bonny, Ward and Troup, with their accompanying baggage. Then to wait a little longer for the arrival of Mr. Tippu Tib and his carry-van (the Arab had promised by the beard of the Prophet to be on hand in nine



BARUTI MEETS HIS BRUDEF.



THE FOREMOST MAN.





**PROPOSED EVERY-DAY COSTUME FOR THE  
HABITANTS OF QUEBEC.**

(Designed by the National Government.)

days), and, having gathered up all the bundles and stuff, the Rear Column should start out in the path of the Advance Column, and, if possible, join them in a few weeks time. All this the Major promised most loyally to do, and, having shaken hands on it, the Advance Column started off and began to bore its way through the bush, straight east, through hundreds of miles of wilderness which no white man's foot had ever trod before. Amid constant twilight or dense darkness, rain, thunder, lightning, tempests, cannibals, snakes, poisoned arrows, poisoned skewers, famine, pestilence, hope, fear, smiles, tears, troubles, triumphs, battles, camps and struggles, the heroic Column bored along until, September 17th, the travellers found rest and refreshment at the settlement of Ungarrawa, a roving ivory-trader who, although of genuine Arab complexion, treated Stanley and his people like a white man.\*

(To be continued.)

**AFTER WATTS.**

HOW doth the little wingless bird  
Improve the summer nights,  
How slick he getteth in his work,  
Oh thunder! how he bites!  
Upon the summer boarder fat  
He preyeth till the dawn,  
Then hideth underneath a slat  
At coming of the morn.

\* For details of this unexampled march through the great African forest see *In Darkest Africa*

**"JEAN GRANT."**

THE publishers (Messrs. John Lovell & Co., New York) have sent us a copy of Mr. A. McAlpine Taylor's fifty-cent novel, *Jean Grant*, that we may pass judgment on the latest product of Canadian literature. Mr. Taylor is a fine young fellow and one of Toronto's rising barristers. It may be well to emphasize the fact that his regular profession is barristering and not writing novels, otherwise a wide circle of clients might begin to have doubts about the safety of the affairs committed to his hands. He wrote this novel, we should say, for fun—and if there is exhilaration to be had in letting one's imagination run riot—giving it free rein and letting it everlastingly rip—Mr. Taylor must have had a good deal of fun. Almost any young barrister who possesses Mr. Taylor's felicity of expression could write a similar novel if he would adopt the method which we suspect the author in this case did, viz.: Engage an expert short-hand writer and take him, on a sultry night, to your sleeping chamber. Then sit down and read Stanley's terrible journey through the Congo forest, following this with an overdose of Rider Haggard's wildest imaginings, meanwhile taking strong potations of hot rum. Having finished these exercises, eat a liberal allowance of cheese and a couple of mince pies, and then go to bed. When the consequent nightmare is at its height, let the short-hand writer take it down verbatim, and get some enterprising firm to publish it as a novel. In such a book one might expect to find some of the most striking features of *Jean Grant*, in which the characters (who, by the way, are nearly all impossible donkeys) would be swept instantaneously from New York to Papua, and from there to the Arctic regions, thence back to New York to the upper storey of a swell club, where a gang of murderers have a beautiful maiden imprisoned in a chamber which can only be entered by touching a secret spring, etc., etc. It is too awfully awful! Dear Mr. Taylor, let Canadian Literature snooze on rather than attempt to awake her with a shilling shocker like this again!

**COULDN'T BE CRAZIER.**

**B**EESWAX—"I have just been reading some of Amelie Rives Chandler's novels, and though I'm not particularly squeamish I must allow that the writer gives occasion for animadversion."

**PRENDERGAST**—"Well, I really don't see how any mad version could be much crazier than the originals."



**AN INTERRUPTION.**

"Well, after all," he was saying, "this watering place is no great shakes." "Isn't it, though?" she exclaimed, as Ponto dashed out of the water and proceeded to do as dogs will.

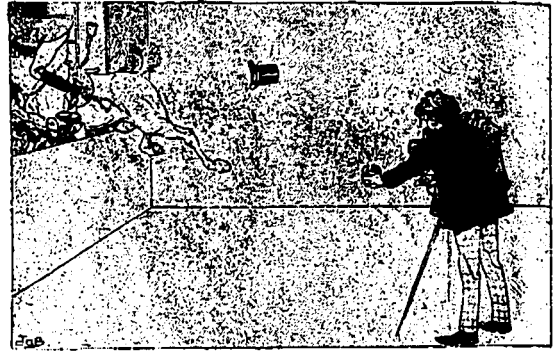
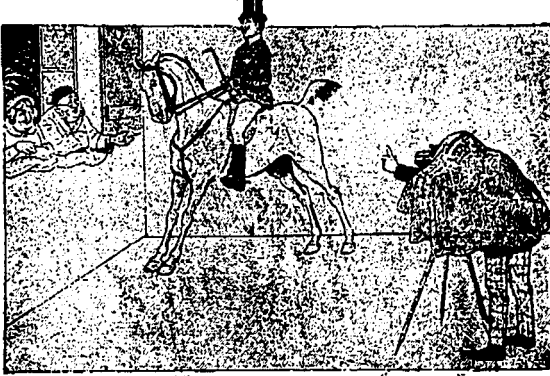




## IN DARKEST AMERICA; OR, THE PROTECTIONIST PIGMIES.

"If we assumed that native caravans ever traveled between Ipoto and Ibwiri (U.S. and Canada) we should imagine, from our knowledge of these forest people, that the caravan would be mulcted of much of its property by these nomads \* \* \* owing to the heavy turnpike tolls and octroi duties that would be demanded of them."—*Yule Stanley's Book.*

## PHOTOGRAPHING THE EQUESTRIAN.



11.

## THE BUMMER'S LAMENT.

A FALL of gloom hangs o'er my soul;  
 The future's dark,  
 A sadness that I can't control,  
 As turns the needle to the Pole,  
 I may remark.  
 So turn my sombre thoughts in gloom  
 To that sad hour,  
 And fatal date that seals my doom,  
 Making life joyless as the tomb.  
 Then withs the flower,  
 The blossom of a gay career.  
 Oh fate accursed!  
 Soon, soon the time approaches near  
 Synchronous with September sere  
 The fatal first,  
 Dost query wherefore thus I gaze,  
 As on the brink  
 Where some abysmal depth displays  
 Its terrors 'neath the moon, faint rays,  
 Know that thenceforth the boozier pays  
 Ten cents per drink!

## THE "ROPE ME IN."

SOME men dread death; others worldly mishap. Alphonse Amaranthine stands in fear of something worse—something strange, intangible, sudden, appalling—something he terms "Rope me In." The exact nature of this climax, pestilence, beast or horror we have never been able to fully ascertain from him, although he appears to recognize its presence with a keener sagacity, a more marvellous intuition, than even instinctive self-preservation would warrant. At the most unexpected moments this terrible fate rises before him, his face assumes a hunted expression, his brow lowers, his eyes become alert—withal, he seems pleased. This curious phenomenon—for one hardly knows what else to call it—has occurred frequently in our presence, and at times we should have deemed propitious. For example: meeting him on King Street the other day at noon, we perceived him to be fatigued and (h-o-t) warm. The milk of human kindness in us had not been soured by the weather, hence we took him with us into Webb's. He got into a chair in a cool corner; we gave him fish, brook-trout and Boston chips and tender beans, with just a bit of the choicest porter-house; we gave him fruit, bananas, peaches, with water-ices and apollinaris. He was quite peaceful, consuming much and speaking calmly. The doors pushed open every minute with incomers and outgoers, men and women, some moving with undue alacrity, some with hauteur and some with languid grace. Presently a lady, young and of interesting aspect, passed our table and

seated herself to the right, bowing pleasantly to Alphonse. He pulled out his handkerchief, mopped his head, leaned warily towards us and whispered with a ghastly excitation something about "Rope me In." Where was it, what could it be? The interesting young woman was absorbed in her paper while she nibbled her roll; the assiduous waiters, silent and perspiring, hurried to and fro their trays; somewhere in this very place, the mysterious, the awful, was. Alphonse assured us it was so. We acquiesced with vague respectful sympathy, and pressed him not to mind it, not to lose his appetite, to eat more. The interesting young woman having sent the waiter for a cup of coffee, leaned back to contemplate the vigorous scene. Suddenly she looked across at us. Alphonse fainted. A commotion ensued. We got him into a hack and drove him home and put him in bed, and placed hot water on his head and ice upon his feet, or *vice versa*, and then we sat and watched him with sorrowful solicitude. For several hours he slept deep and, one might add, loud. At five o'clock the nemesis hovering over him must have winged its flight, for he awoke quite refreshed. We questioned him cautiously as to his sensation. The cloud had apparently dispersed. He spoke of going down town. At this juncture the maid appeared with the mail. There were several business letters which he tossed airily into the paper-basket, with the smiling excuse that he was already *dun* out. There was one square cream envelope on which was inscribed his name in delicate letters. He tore it open.

THURSDAY MORNING.

DEAR MR. AMARANTHINE,—Will you join us at tennis to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock? We are all in splendid training. I would particularly like to see you. Hastily, yours,  
 PINETOPS, TORONTO.

GLADYS MOORE.

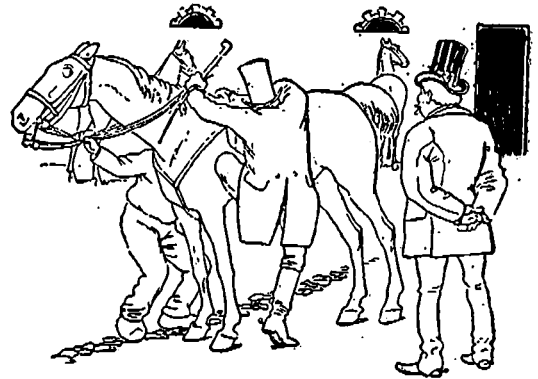
A shuddering groan rent the air. Alphonse had fallen. As we gathered him together his stricken remains found strength to utter what we interpreted as, "another!"—"Rope me In!"

There is much about us inexplicable, incomprehensible. But science is gradually ploughing a thoroughfare into the depths of the mystery of truth, uprooting moth-eaten ideas, turning over many old bones, and otherwise startling the inhabitants of the globe. It has lately been reported that "Rope me In" is a germinal disease which is making an alarming headway. Singularly enough it would seem to confine itself to the stronger sex, finding life, perhaps, in their very exuberance. The most remarkable feature, however, in this matter, is that microscopic effort has discovered the parasite to be an infinitesimal ass. We eagerly await further information.

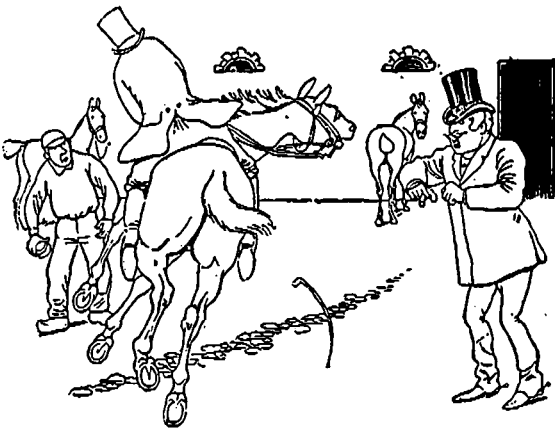
HE WOULD GO HORSEBACK RIDING.



I.



II.



III.



IV.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

**B**ITHORAX the Great, King of Mesopotamia, while engaged one day in his favorite pastime of hunting the jozzlewunk, became separated from his attendants and lost his way. He wandered through the forest until a storm came on when he sought refuge in the cottage of a peasant. "I am King Bithorax," he said in impressive tones. "Oh, come off!" replied the peasant. "You are welcome to shelter 'neath my humble roof and can have bed and breakfast at reasonable rates, but don't try to come no confidence games over me." "But I am indeed the King." "Now what is the use of lying?" replied the peasant, "it is well known that Bithorax does not know enough to go in when it rains, but you evidently do." Just then the monarch's retinue approached, and the terrified peasant realizing his mistake crawled under the barn. "Well that's so much saved at any rate," said the monarch, replacing in his pocket the purse of gold which, in accordance with the invariable precedence in such cases, he was about to bestow upon his entertainer.

Louis XIV., on the occasion of a grand ball at the Tuileries, observed that the Comte de Chateauguy was paying particular attention to the beautiful and witty Marquise de Passanterie. Playfully pulling her pearly ears, as permitted by the etiquette of the period, he remarked in the French language, "Le jeu ne vaut pas

la chandelle." "Qu'est ce que vous nous donnez, votre jagues?" elle lui repondit. "Il me semble vraiment que les chandelles sont de trop. On fait l'amour mieux dans l'obscurité." And she glode off with the Comte into the mazes of the dance. "Vive la bagatelle!" murmured the monarch gazing after them. "Eh bien votre jagues," assented the veteran diplomat Talleyrand—"et les billiards aussi."

After the final overthrow of the cause of the ill-fated Stuarts at the battle of Culloden, Prince Charles wandered round among the mountains and glens seeking to conceal himself from his pursuers. One day when faint from hunger and exhaustion he fell in with a Highland shepherd belonging to the Clan McTavish who addressed him thus: "Is taitneach bhi'g cisdeachd ri fuaim nam feadan uaibhreach bu cheol deireanach ann an cluasaibh cho liuthad og-shaighdear Gaidhealach." Eagerly clutching the bottle the Prince hastily refreshed himself with its contents, remarking with characteristic *böñhomie*, "Chaidh iarraidh orma oraid thabbairt duibb, agus cha'n e sin a mhaìn." The spot amid the bleak solitude of the Grampians is still pointed out to the traveller at the moderate charge of one shilling per point. The bottle is preserved as a priceless relic in the McTavish family. What became of the og-shaighdear Gaidhealach was never known.

To make home attractive patronize the Golden Easel Fine Art Store, 316 Yonge Street. Novelties in picture frames. Choice studies to rent. Artists' materials, etc., etc.

The *Dominion Illustrated* has passed into the hands of the Sabiston Lithographic and Publishing Co., and the paper is to be improved. Mr. Richard White, of the *Gazette*, is President, and Mr. Alex. Sabiston, managing director of the new concern. We wish the venture good luck.

THE vaults of the Dominion Safe Deposit Company, corner of King and Jordan, are a marvel of strength and security. The more we have seen of the Company's premises, we are more than ever satisfied it is the place to keep absolutely secure against fire or burglary valuable papers or valuables of any kind. Our readers could not do better than call and see for themselves. Nothing like them in Canada.

LADIES can buy their Toilet Requisites by mail, and secure city selection at less than country prices. The list embraces Perfumes, Powders, Cosmetics, Ladies' and Infants' Brushes, Combs, Infants' Sets, Manicure Sets, Covering Bottles, Fine Soaps, Rubber Goods, also Bath-Room and Sick-Room Supplies. Send for Catalogue and note discounts. Correspondence solicited. All goods guaranteed. Stuart W. Johnston, 287 King Street West, corner John Street, Toronto.

### STRAUSS' MERRY MEN.

AN EVENING OF RHYTHMIC, SENSUOUS MUSIC.

(From the *Chicago Evening Mail*.)

STRAUSS' Vienna Orchestra made the air tremulous with melody at the Auditorium last evening when a distinguished audience gathered to welcome them on the occasion of their first appearance in this city. The popularity of light music well played was fully evinced by the enormous audience that filled the house.

The dreamy old waltzes were interpreted with a spirit and precision that have not been given them by any other leader. Tone, feeling, exactness and celerity, rhythmic movement and unflinching accent, combine to make their playing a model of what such playing can be.

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### CANADA'S GREAT FAIR.

A GREAT LIST OF ENTRIES AND MANY ATTRACTIONS FOR THE COMING SHOW AT TORONTO, FROM SEPT. 8TH TO 20TH.

THE success that has attended the Great Industrial Fair, which is held annually at Toronto, has been remarkable, and it is evident that the exhibition for the present year, which is to be held from the 8th to 20th of next month, will again surpass its predecessors. The entries, which have already been received from all parts of the Dominion, the United States and Great Britain, are sufficient to fill all the buildings on the grounds, and they are reported to be of a much finer quality than any heretofore exhibited. A large entry list is generally a good indication that it will be followed by a large attendance of visitors, and as very cheap fares and excursions have been announced by all the railway and steamboat lines from all parts of Canada and the adjoining States, this indication will, doubtless, be fully verified on the present occasion. The Governor-General and Prince George of Wales will probably visit the Exhibition. Several more new buildings have been erected this year and still there is no space to spare. Special exhibits have been entered from Spain, British Columbia, Manitoba and other sections of Canada; and large displays will be made by the Dominion and Ontario Experimental Farms. A long list of special features have been provided, including a large Wild West Show, grand displays of fireworks, concluding with the magnificent spectacle, the "Last Days of Pompeii," Edison's wonderful talking dolls, a great dog-show, and a multitude of other features that cannot fail to entertain the many thousands that will doubtless visit the great Fair. Full particulars of all that is to be seen will be contained in the Official Programmes which will be issued in a day or two. Over 250,000 people visited the Toronto Fair last year, and, as the attendance has been gradually increasing each year, it is probable that this number will be exceeded this year. A large number of conventions and meetings are to be held at Toronto during the Fair, among which are those of the Stock Breeders, Manufacturers, Ontario Creameries Association, Central Farmers' Institute, Inventors, the Canadian Medical Association, Dog Fanciers, etc., and visitors to the Fair will have an opportunity of attending these meetings. All entries close on the 16th inst., and intending exhibitors should govern themselves accordingly.

### ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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## Canada's Great Industrial Fair

AND AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION.

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Entries positively close August 16th. For all information drop a post card to

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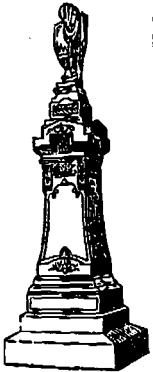
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**EDWARD LAWSON.**



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Now, then, question ish : Am I fit to go into drawin' room. Letsh seee. I can say " Glourish inshishushin," " Brish conshishushin," an' all that shortothing. That'll here gosb.



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**Auction Sale of Timber Berths**

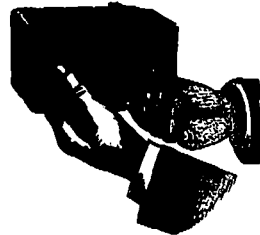
DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS.  
(Woods and Forests Branch),

TORONTO, and July, 1890.  
Notice is hereby given, that under Order-in-Council certain Timber Berths in the Rainy River and Thunder Bay Districts, and a Berth composed of part of the Township of Aweres, in the District of Algoma, will be offered for sale by Public Auction, on Wednesday, the First day of October next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto

ARTHUR S. HARDY,  
Commissioner.

NOTE.—Particulars as to localities and descriptions of limits, area, etc., and terms and conditions of sale will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to Wm. Margach, Crown Timber Agent, Rat Portage, for Rainy River Berths; or Hugh Munroe, Crown Timber Agent, Port Arthur, for Thunder Bay Berths.

No unauthorized Advertisement of the above will be paid for.



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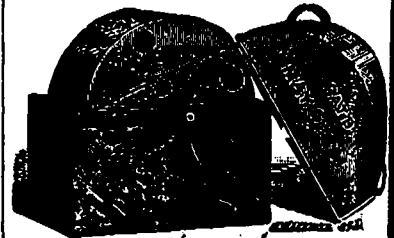


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