



IMPORTER,  
  
 GLOVER HARRISON,  
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



GLOVER HARRISON,  
  
 IMPORTER  
 49 KING ST. E., Toronto

VOLUME XXIII.  
 No. 16.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, OCT. 18, 1884.

\$2 PER ANNUM.  
 5 CENTS EACH.



TUNNELLING THE MOUNTAINS;

OR, M. MERCIER ON HIS WAY TO OFFICE.



NOW READY.  
**New 40-60 Calibre**  
 Winchester Repeating Rifle, Model 1884, and

22 CALIBRE, 25 SHOT WINCHESTER REPEATER.  
 44 CALIBRE BALLARD RIFLES \$8.50  
 56 CALIBRE JOSLYN RIFLES \$4.50

**CHARLES STARK,**  
 52 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO, NEAR KING,  
 Importer of every description of Fire Arms, Wholesale  
 and Retail Dealer in Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and  
 Silver Jewellery, Diamonds, Silverware, etc. Send your  
 address for our 120 page Catalogue.

**STAINED GLASS DWELLINGS**  
**FOR CHURCHES**  
**MEMORIAL WINDOWS**  
**WHEEL & SAND-CUT GLASS**  
**MCCAUSLAND & SON**

**JOHNSTON'S**  
**FLUID BEEF.**

\$25.



\$25.

Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat Gold.  
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

**CHAS. STARK,**

52 CHURCH ST., TORONTO, Near King,

Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Gold and Silver Watches, Gold and Silver  
 Jewellery, Diamonds, Silverware etc.

Send address for our 120 page Catalogue, containing  
 over 800 illustrations of all the latest and  
 most elegant designs.

Cabinets, \$3.00 per dozen. Old Pictures Copied, Enlarged and Finished in Colors, Ink  
 or Crayon. Orders filled from any Negatives made by the firm of Stanton & Vicars.

Photographer, 134 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TORONTO WINDOW SHADE CO. } Manufacturers of and dealers in Plain and Decorated  
 OIL-FINISH CLOTH SHADES. } 417 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4. Mr. W. R. Meredith:

Will be issued with the number for .....Nov. 16.

## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The query of the day is, what has Sir John gone to the Old Country in such a hurry for? The organs, to which we naturally look for information, are all playing different tunes on the subject. The *Mail* says the Premier is away on public business which the public cannot as yet be informed of. The *Montreal Gazette* says he has gone on a mission partly private and partly public; Sir John himself says he is off to get a rest from the music of the organs; the *Globe*,—which of course is always kept posted by the ministry—states that Sir John's serious illness is the occasion of this sudden departure. GRIP will be very glad to know that in this case the *Globe* is farther astray than usual; and whatever else the truth may be (providing it is not anything in favor of this crazy scheme for annexing Jamaica) GRIP will in the meantime possess his soul with patience, and trust that it's all right.

FIRST PAGE.—Universal man admires pluck, and consequently the Hon. Honore Mercier, leader of the Quebec Opposition, is a fit subject for world-wide reverence. That indomitable gentleman has undertaken to cleave his way to power in our sister province, and our cartoon is intended to give some idea of the contract he has on hand. When we say that he is endeavoring with the pick-axe of political sagacity to chip a tunnel through the Rocky Mountains of Conservatism, we speak in beautifully figurative language, which conveys the idea faintly. In plain words, Mr. Mercier's job is a tough one, and if he gets to office fairly within the life-time of any of us, he will deserve the congratulations of all beholders.

EIGHTH PAGE.—It begins to look as if there really was some foundation for the talk about Jamaica annexation. Hitherto GRIP has been inclined to regard the utterances of the *Mail* and other Government papers on the subject as well-meant but veritable slanders on the good sense of the Cabinet. We do trust there is enough intelligence in that body to ensure the

prompt kicking-out of any such crank-brained proposition as the admission of Jamaica to the Canadian Confederation. If Tupper can find nothing better to do for his salary than encouraging nonsense of this kind he had better come home. He would serve his country more acceptably by confining his attention exclusively to the profundities of dining out. GRIP generally speaks the sentiments of the Dominion, and in this case he says without hesitation that we do not want and will not have Jamaica on any terms or conditions. That ends it.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

NO. 3.—HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Edward Blake was born some fifty summers ago. He had an excellent papa—the Hon. Wm. Hume Blake, known to fame in Canada as an upright judge. Blake *pere* had also occupied a place in Parliament and in a ministry, but public life in that form had few charms for him, and his career as a politician was brief. From his sire Mr. Edward Blake inherited many fine qualities of head and heart, not the least of them being a distaste for political activity; for although the subject of our sketch is the leader of the Reform party, there can be no doubt that if he consulted his personal feelings only, he could be far happier in another sphere. At school Ed. (as the boys of course called him) was a paragon of excellence—the joy of the heart of the head master of Upper Canada College. He was never known to stick crooked pins on the aforesaid master's chair, or otherwise to act in a manner unbecoming to a lad of high moral and intellectual promise. The only dissipation he ever indulged in was an occasional overdose of Greek verbs; otherwise he was an exemplary boy, as has been stated. From Upper Canada College Master Blake proceeded to the Provincial University, where he continued his glorious career as a student. There were no young ladies in attendance at that time, and so he was able to devote his undivided attention to the curriculum. It is needless to remark, he carried off everything in the way of honors and medals that was within reach, and had not the building itself been unusually solid, there is no telling how much of it would now be left standing to tell the tale. He was now a graduate with big B. A. Here, alas, we must stop to shed a tear over a sudden disappointment in our subject. The high hopes of all his friends that he was to blossom into a revered bishop or a good editor, were dashed to the ground. Edward Blake, B. A., the good boy, the studios lad, the successful young man—became a lawyer. His good fairy, however, still remained steadfast to him, and he retained his integrity even after this terrible mishap. In due time he reached the head of his profession, as a matter of course. Then, having no further use for professional fees, he went into Parliament at Ottawa and Toronto, taking the leadership of his party in the Ontario Legislature—again as a matter of course. Here for a brief moment he enjoyed the sweets of office. This moment ended when the Dual-representation bill required him to choose between the two seats. He chose the Ottawa field as affording wider scope for his talents, and there he has remained to the present writing. Although a member of a Federal Cabinet (Mr. Mackenzie's), Mr. Blake has never as yet had a chance to show what he can do as Premier there. His effort in that line in the Local House was satisfactory as far as it went, and his leadership of the Opposition at Ottawa has always been able—though not as vigorous as the rank and file would like. As an orator, wrestling with a fine constitutional point, Mr. Blake is *facile princeps*

at the capital, but as a genial habitue of No. 6 committee-room, where clay pipes and good-fellowship are the test, the leader of the Opposition must sit humbly as a learner at the feet of Jamesy Trow.

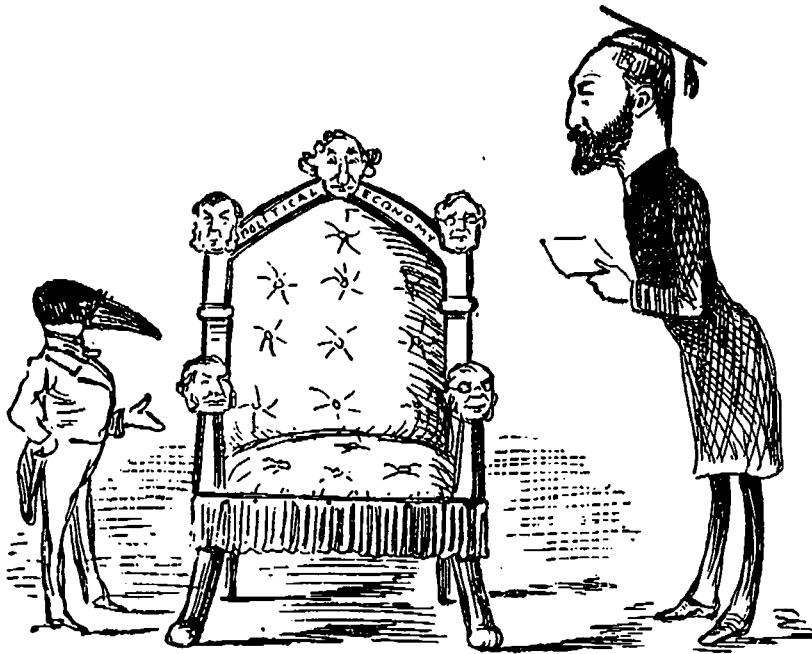


THE TORONTO PRESS CLUB ENTERTAINING IRVING.

## THE GLORIOUS VICTORY.

The sun sank down with glow immense,  
Old Jobson's work was done;  
And now before his residence  
He sat with Billy, his son.  
And sporti'g in the rear back lane,  
His daughter, little Susan Jane.  
"Oh! father, see" cried little Bill,  
"What Liere has Susie found:  
Oh! see her, as she runs down hill,  
And skips along the ground;  
What have you there, my sister dear!"  
"A picture, Billy, short and queer."  
Old Jobson took the picture, and  
With short but hearty laugh:  
"That's children, Mr. Mowat grand!"  
He said, "His photograph:  
He is the man whose victory  
Is known as that of Boundaroo."  
"Yes, father, I have heard of that,  
But could not understand  
How it could make that short—nay—fat  
And little Premier grand.  
Oh! can you tell me?" "No!" said he,  
"But 'twas a famous victory."  
"Was it in Ontaree, papa?"  
"It was, my little son;  
And much champagne and mild laguh  
Was spilt 'ere it was done."  
"Did Mr. Mowat drink?" "Not he  
He won this glorious victoree."  
"But, father!" asked th' enquiring child,  
"Who did he fight with, say?"  
"He fought the chief, and made him wild,  
Whom people call John A."  
"Is John A. noble when he's wild?"  
"Of that pray draw it very mild."  
"Well, father, I should like to know  
What was the fight about?  
I've asked about it often, oh!  
But never could find out.  
But Mowat won, they all tell me."  
"He did—a glorious victoree."  
"But, father, I have heard folks say  
You knew all things," the kid  
Went on to say. "And till to-day  
I really thought you did."  
"My child, I know all things except  
This Boundary Biz,"—the old man wept.  
"John A. was beaten; that is clear,  
And Mowat won?" "That's so,  
And that is quite enough, my dear,  
For any man to know."  
And so, my kids, pray think with me  
That 'twas a glorious victoree."

Read the advertisement of Heap's Dry Earth Closets in this number. No householder who values health and cleanliness should be without them.



A NEW CHAIR FOR QUEEN'S.

Mr. Grip begs to present the above piece of furniture to Queen's College, by way of mollifying the *Globe's* objections to the proposed "John A. Macdonald Chair of Political Economy."

THE HUNTING AUCTIONEER.

A GROWL FROM MONTREAL WEST END.

"Where's the auctioneer?"

"Where's the auctioneer?"

It is half-past ten, and yet "he cometh not" she said.

One might imagine that auctioneers do not set a high value on their time, but see how mad they get when kept waiting.

People do not mind for the first half hour, while they go over the horse taking stock of everything, and deciding what they will buy "if it should go cheap." Then a few minutes may be profitably devoted to the discussion of the merits, or more probably demerits, of the late occupant: "Why he went away?" "Is it likely he can come back?" "What did he do, anyway?" Perhaps the poor man did not do anything at all, but having left for New York, and being sold out immediately after, is proof as strong as holy writ. "But why on earth doesn't that auctioneer come?" asks somebody for the twentieth time, and some one else suggests that probably he has gone to the hunt, this being a hunting morning.

But people turn up their noses at the idea of a hunting auctioneer, suggest the expediency of attending to his business for a few years, refer to proverbial people on horseback, and their probable destination, and just at this point the great man arrives.

Then he asks us to adjourn to the cellar, and the mighty hunter proceeds to hunt out old coal-scuttles, pots and pans, and other scullery bric-a-brac, much more easily run down than the fox for which his soul longeth. He dashes over clothes-horses and beer-barrels in true hunting style, whips up his audience and spurs them on, declaring that everything is of the best and latest style, and such as used in the most aristocratic families. Knowing of the auctioneer's late advent into fashionable life, and remembering the balls and breakfasts to which he has or has not been invited, we hasten to bid enthusiastically, hoping to secure something, if only the kitchen poker of a late member of Montreal society.

The bold auctioneer wipes his noble brow, and proceeds with the sale of the kitchen

effects until the wretched price offered for the dish-pan and porridge-pot excites his just indignation, and he scornfully demands if we know "how much *them things* cost." We don't, but we bow to his superior knowledge of the elegancies and luxuries of life, and bid again.

Then he grows facetious, and declares "them candle-sticks are just the thing for a lady's 'bode-o-war' as Paddy called it;" and lest we should not be educated up to his little joke he explains that Paddy meant a *boudoir*, but alas! the auctioneer's French is but little better than Paddy's, so we smile at both.

Thus the bold huntsman rattles along, keeping us all in good humor until we pay too much for everything, and come away poorer, but not wiser, women, for we are quite ready to go to the next auction; but hope it won't happen to be a hunting morning, for we do not like to wait for a hunting auctioneer.

SANCTUM SHADOWS.

Photographs of Toronto Journalism by the Instantaneous Process.

A "TELEGRAM" EDITORIAL.

The truth about the Boundary Award is, as we have been saying all along, Mr. Mowat has done the best possible thing under the circumstances, notwithstanding what his opponents are urging against him. At the same time we all know that if the popular Premier of this wisely-governed Province had made a better presentation of the case, it would have been vastly more to Ontario's interests. But yet we have presented to us the funny spectacle of the party papers squabbling over this matter just as if the fate of the country depended upon what these organs had to say on the question. The fact is, so long as there are party papers, just so long will they go squabbling over party matters. Party papers were first heard of in the year A. D. 1066. This was the first year of William I. There are exactly 14,847½ party papers on this continent. Some persons say that there should be no party papers, while others say there

should be party papers. Doubtless it might be contended that both these classes of people are somewhat correct in their views.

A "MAIL" EDITORIAL.

There was a man,  
He lived in New York;  
He was no Jew,  
Because he used to eat pork.  
—J. B. Plumb.

Mr. Blake will not have to eat pork, but a rotten leek, when he has really been brought before the bar of public opinion. Despite all his callousness; notwithstanding the mantle of superiority in which he wraps his proudly-borne person; in the very face of his haughty and unapproachableness, there is a reckoning. He will yet have to come down to the level of "the vulgar horde;" will have to answer to the *canaille* now so much contemned, or be forever branded a coward and a poltroon. His organ affects a defence of the leader; but the articles are in such bad taste and worse competition that they may well be passed over with the contempt they merit.

A "GLOBE" EDITORIAL.

We are not alarmists, but we are very much astray if the current of events is not carrying the country in such a direction that it will be positively necessary in a brief space of time for a halt to be called. Here are our industries ruined almost beyond recovery by the baleful influences of the N. P., according to the excellent reports of our special correspondents. Day by day the exchequer is being depleted in order to satisfy the demands of the Pacific Railway leeches for the very blood of the land! We hope this is too gloomy, for the C. P. R. is an amiable institution after all. The people of the North-west are in rebellion, and insist on breaking up the Confederation. We trust this is overdrawn, for it would be unfortunate, and we counsel moderation. But will any one please point out what else the oppressed Manitobians can do? It is pretty sad to learn of the wide-spread depression in industrial circles, and the thousands of artisans leaving this country for the States. But must we lie about it? Is it not better to point out the disease and then supply the remedy than cover the sick man up and let him die like a snake in the grass?

A "NEWS" EDITORIAL.

Say, look here! the *Globe* hasn't a particle of sand about it, and don't you forget it. The editor hasn't starch enough in him to do the button-hole of a shirt-cuff. Now, as for the *News*, while it don't just in so many words say that it would like Henry George to write all the editorial for it, the *News* wants it to be distinctly understood that no bloated aristocrat or miserable office-holder has any show with it. Its trip-hammer is ready to bang into a shapeless mass every such human bar-nacle that enters its precincts. Our motto is "Democracy or Death."

THE DOMESTICATED BRAVE.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

(Continued.)

He thrust the machine in his pocket without examination, and was moving on, when the Domesticated Brave suggested that he pay the first instalment, and offered to take, in partial payment, "that bottle!" Then was the Pioneer wroth, and cried: "I know you well, begone! There shall no bottle be given you!" and he went away greatly displeased. But the Domesticated Brave comforted himself, saying, "At least, he has the sewing machine!" and retiring into the woods he pondered long.

Now when it drew near sundown he arose and clad himself in the fashion of a dude and went forth yet again to meet the Pioneer.

And him he found walking very slowly, for he was weary with the weight of the patent reaper, the paper town, the sewing machine, the kid gloves and the cigarette. But the Domesticated Brave, with the semblance and speech of the dude, cheered him, so that he laughed and was merry, and forgot the weight of the reaper and the town. Then the dude became guileless more and more, so that the Pioneer suffered it to play about his feet, and very much enjoyed its strange grimaces. At last, watching his time, the dude sprang up and flapped its ears in the eyes of the astonished Pioneer. In the confusion that followed it possessed itself of the bottle, sprang backward a few paces and secreted itself behind its lofty collar. And the extremity of its shoe, for which there was not room behind the collar, it clothed in musical words after the manner of Mr. Swinburne's late poems, till the point thereof was perfectly concealed. The Pioneer searched everywhere in vain. Only behind the collar he did not look, for he thought it was a monument, and he had a reverence for tombstones. Then he dropped the reaper, hung up the machine and the cigarettes, spread out the gloves and the paper town upon the grass, laying a chip upon them lest haply they should blow away, and sat him down upon the roadside to rest. Meanwhile the Domesticated Brave, in his secret place in the collar, opened the Worcester Sauce and tasted a mouthful. And after his breath had returned to him he rolled up his eyes in ecstasy, and said: "It is by no means like unto what we have tasted before. It is different, in fact. But it is very delicious. I am sure it is nothing else than seed-whiskey." Then he made as though he would smile, but because the sauce was hot he mistook and sneezed instead. At this the Pioneer sprang up afraid, hearing such a noise within the monument. Nor would it have been strange had he run away and returned to England by the next boat. But being very brave he decided to do otherwise. Against the base of the monument he placed the patent reaper, and thereupon the town, the sewing machine, the gloves, and a package of cigarettes. From the elevation thus formed he found he could peer down into the dark recesses of the collar. Then he soon discovered the Domesticated Brave, who, perceiving that he was discovered, drew in his toes and fled into the forest, clasping the bottle in both arms. The Pioneer only delayed to light a cigarette, then, gathering up the reaper and the town, he set out in pursuit. Being very swift of feet he traversed leagues in the twinkling of an eye, and soon beheld ahead of him the flying Domesticated Brave. Then in desperation the Domesticated Brave turned around and hurled down before his pursuer's feet a characteristic sentence by Mr. Blake, and the Pioneer plunged into it before he saw the danger. Long before he could extricate himself the Domesticated Brave was home, and the hunting of the sauce was accomplished. Now for some years had all his people been observing the Domesticated Brave. All the people revered him because he had led them in battle, and had fed them a winter through on the flesh of grizzlies slain by his single arm—and that a fire-arm. They knew that since becoming domesticated he had taken much thought for their welfare, but after their years of patience they saw no result. Undisturbed had they marked him with piles of colored worsted in his lap, crocheting little caps of pink or blue for those whom he had scalped in his old, wild days. But when they saw him refrain from kicking the cat, and sew his own buttons on his blanket,—when they heard him say nothing but "Oh my!" as he mashed his thumb with the tack-hammer, they were troubled, and put their heads together behind a tree, and said: "Alas for the things which he was going to think for us! What if our brave is dead, and the spirit of his deceased

great-grandmother has entered into his body? Or surely he is becoming much domesticated!" Then the young men and maidens would sometimes peer round the corner of the wigwam, and make mouths at him sitting contemplative in the sun.

(To be continued.)

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

Far on the prairie primeval I was standing and fighting the skeeters;  
Fighting the skeeters so bold, and big, pretty near, as the sparrow  
That chirrups and twitters at morn when one is most anxious for slumber,  
Except he's a vondor of milk, or a savage who shouts out potatoes!  
(How I wish that the fellow was hung who first brought the birds from Hold Hengland).  
And there on the prairie so wide, I saw a strange creature approaching  
From the west where the fast sinking sun was painting the horizon purple.  
At first I thought 'twas a big injun who was looking around for a scalp-lock,  
Or a son-of-a-gun of a yank with a contraband stock of bad whiskey  
That he'd brought with him over the borders to sell to the Sioux and Blackfoot.  
But I soon found that I was mistaken, when the object came close to my vision;  
It had on what was once a fine suit, such as that worn by dude and by dandy;  
And its coat had large holes at the elbows, and his trowsers were like some M.P.P.'s



Inasmuch as the same were unseated, and their legs were subtended by fringes,  
Like the bangs that are worn o'er the forehead of the maiden when doing her mashing,  
It wore a strange hat, once a helmet, but now bearing striking resemblance  
To the cocked hat of Napoleon B., that he wore when upon St. Helena.  
And his boots!—I won't mention his boots, for he had very little to speak of;  
And over his shoulder he carried an ancient and battered-up rifle,  
And a cartridge box of coeval date, slung up by a piece of old deer skin;  
And my heart felt some pity for him, for I thought that some toughs had gone through him.

When I spoke he pulled out a large eye-glass, and stuck it before his right optic,  
Which proclaimed him at once to my mind as a scion of glorious old Albion.  
Then I said to him "Hallo! old man, you've been striking hard luck I think lately,  
Come, take a good dose of illioit, that I've sampled oft-times with Nick Davin,  
And other wild 'sports' of the west, when I tarried a while in Regina;  
It will cheer up your sorrowful heart, and make you as light as a cricket.  
And here's a good chunk of salt pork, and a biscuit, it's better than perumican;  
And—looking round, I was alone, he was walking away to the eastward;  
And he never even said thank you, or go to Halifax, or its alternative.  
So I pondered, and said to myself "There goes a poor critter demented,  
And if he don't point for the railway, he will surely be lost on the prairie.

Next week I was down in the city; the world-wonder, once wouden Winnipeg;  
That city of marvellous growth, which they say will soon rival Chicago;  
(But I really don't think that it will, I may add that it won't by a darned sight),  
Where I entered a bright burnished bar-room, with its keeper resplendent in diamonds;  
And a group of men standing conversing with a nob of pretentious deportment.  
He was clad like a Regent Street swell, who had lately come out here from London;  
And they all seemed to be much impressed with his dignity when they spoke to him.  
"What sort of a time had your lordship, did you shoot many buff 'loes and gristles?"  
I suppose you had startling adventures on your long perilous trip through the Rockies;  
And out on the hard 'arid' plains, among the dread red-skins and ruffians?"  
"Aw—no," drawled his lordship quite languidly "I had no adventure to speak of;



The bairs and the buff 'loes I shot, and as'faw the weds or the wuffans  
I found them somewhat of a baw, so I told them to go to the Dickens,—  
Aw—stay—when I come to wemembah, I had something of an advenchaw;  
In cwossing a pawt of the pwawie, I encountered a wetch of a settlah,  
Who had the infernal pwesumption to ask me to dwink his vile whiskey,  
Of the sawt that he dwink with one Davin—by the way who is this man Davin?  
And actually pwoffowed some pawk—to me—aw—that was an advenchaw!"  
At that moment one of the swell party who knew me—he was a land broker—  
Observed me and bid me draw near, and said "Aw—perns me, your lordship,  
To introduce to you Mr. Jinks—Mr. Jinks, Lord Barnach Botstay.  
And lo! there before me he stood, my crst ragged friend of the prairie.  
T. BLOKE.

A RISING POLITICIAN.

"Ma, has Sir John swallowed Mr. Blake's policy?"  
"Nonsense, my love, what a silly question. What do you mean?"  
"Cause I heard pa say that the Reform party's hopes were in Sir John's stomach."

"Lord Macdonald, Baron Ottawa." This, on the authority of Mr. N. F. Davin, will be our premier's name when he returns from England. Good and well. But shouldn't it—in recognition of the recent labors of parliament—be written Barren Ottawa?

Elizabeth W. Bellamy's sketch of "An Old Southern Home," in *The Current* of October 4, will be appreciated quite as much by those who have never seen the homes of which it is a well-drawn type, as by those who know of them from experience. The old homestead, with its faded dignity and all its dilapidated appointments, speaking of a once better day, is tenderly treated with rare perception of the picturesque.



No. III.—HON. EDWARD BLAKE, LEADER OF THE REFORM PARTY.



A NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

WHAT IS SIR JOHN'S MISSION TO ENGLAND?





DIEU Felice, ma chere Felice,  
I go me to ze Nile  
To combat zat terrific beast,  
Ze Egyte crocodile, Felice,  
Ze Egypte crocodile.

He zink he chow me off my boots,  
He laugh, *ah oui*, he smile;  
He know not of ze gun I have—  
Bools-eye—von quarter mile—Felice,  
Bools-eye—von quarter mile.

I cross ze ocean bleu, Felice,  
I cross ze ocean bleu;  
And ven ze brize terrific blow  
I always go below, Felice,  
I always go below.

Ze ocean pitch and tumble opp,  
And shake ze marinarro;  
But ze pitch vot make me feel so bad  
Is ze von zay calle ze tarre, Felice,  
Ze von zay calle ze tarre.

Ze red-cot sojer pool ze boat,  
I am ze officare;  
I play ze cards and drink ze ponche,  
And have von grand old tare, Felice,  
Von, oh be joyfool, tare.

I fear me not ze Pyramides,  
I fear me not ze Nile;  
I jump me on ze slipperce tail  
Of ze ver beeg crocodile, Felice,  
Ze ver beeg crocodile.

Tree tousand hundred Arab, eh!  
Farben! I do not care;  
I kick ze Mahdi by ze nose,  
And pull him by ze hair, Felice,  
I pool him by ze hair.

Lord Volscey know ze stoffe I am,  
He smell me very far;  
He say, I vant zat Jean Baptiste  
To feenish opp ze varre, Felice,  
To feenish opp ze varre.

And ven I feenish opp ze varre,  
I vill come back agnin,  
And you my pretty little gal  
Vill zen be Madame Jean Baptiste,  
Vill zen be Madame Jean.



SOME FOOLS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

Where is the fool-killer? I do not put this query because I am anxious to die myself just now, but for the reason that I daily, I may say hourly, meet men who should leave this world for the peace of its inhabitants. The men I am about to mention are known to everybody. They are men who have no sense of humor. I have heard it said that they don't like my style of composition. That's enough, but just what kind of men they are I will mention.

No. 1.—A well-known character. Generally rustic. You ask him for a match. You see his face light up with a smile of imbecility. He suddenly feels that he is about to spring an unparalleledly original joke on you. You know what is coming, but though you wish to flee you cannot. He holds you enthralled with the baleful glamor of his eye. His mouth opens, he replies, "It would be hard to find a match for you." You don't laugh, and he thinks you a fool. You know, however, that he is one, so after all you have the best of him.

No. 2.—"Now then," you say to your new rustic menial from the country—for, of course, all GRIP's readers possess menials both rustic and urban, dozens of 'em—"now then, Bill, Jim, Jack; what's your name? What shall we call you?" Gentle reader, you know what he will say as well as I do. You have all met the animal. He belongs to the same species as No. 1. His answer is "I don't care what you call me as long as you don't call me late for dinner, he, he, he." If your patience will permit you to be forbearing, you dismiss him on the spot. If not, you kill him. The latter is the best plan and it is merely justifiable homicide after all, and your fellow beings will press around you and squeeze your hand and expect you to treat. If you do so you are as big a fool as the animals mentioned. Then comes

No. 3.—We all know this creature. His name is Legion. He is generally English, however, but is cosmopolitan. You say to him—and you have no earthly right to say it—that this is a poor world, or a hard world, or a bad world. What does he say? "No; it baint the world; it's the people what's hin it; the world's good enough." Doesn't he consider himself a paragon of originality? Well, rather. But you see you have no busi-

WHAT HAS CIVILIZATION DONE FOR THE AFRIKAN?

BY "BONELESS CODFISH."

Ef cibilisation hed done much mo' fur de Afrikan dan what she hes done, de Afrikan would be extinct. She hes accorded to the Afrikan certain privileges which would war' out de patience of a bull-dog. De Afrikan am de wood bucker an' de white washer ob de known world. He is de receptacle fur de cast-off pants ob de community. Philanthropists am ready to exhilarate him wid de buttermilk ob human kindness. His white bred'ren will shar' adversity wid him and gib him de biggest shar' too. Dey will on no account exemp' him from payin' taxes an' school rates an' de oder privileges of citizenship. He am welkin to de jail and de pennytenshery—and when he gits dar he stays dar. De neighbo's am not clamorous wid petitions to git him out. Ef he gits out it am by de assiduous use ob such po'tions ob bucket handles and ol' dianna' knives as oppo'tunity affords him. De Afrikan am free to aspire—so am de jackass. An' so long as he aspires to be kicked and sot on, his laudable ambition will not be frustrated; he will succeed, he will receive de warmest approval

and most generous support ob a capable, vigorous and painstaking public. White virtue an' callud virtue am popularly supposed to be anonymous. "A nose by any udder name would smell as sweet," but alas in point ob fac' dey is diagrammatically different, but "dat which in de white man a choleric word, in de nigger am ton dollas and costs or thirty days." White remonstrance am callud sass. What in de white man am gallinaceous detraction, in de nig am chicken-stealin'. De norf abolished slavery principally becase if dey didn't the slaveholders was gwinc to abolish dem. I'm talkin', honey! Dey made de Afrikan free—free to suffer kold contumeliousness and indigestion. He am free to pay fo' de sidewalks and git into de mud when he encounters his superiors. You har me. Free to execute de maximum ob exertion fo' de minimum ob remuneration. Free to help pay fo' high skools and acquire de rudiments of education in a log barn in the backwoods. You min' what yo' uncle's tellin' you. Yassir! de sable complected bruddah am permitted, nay persuaded to shar' in de blessin's ob knowledge. No man kin possibly be allowed to pay mo' fo' disseminaries ob diseased languages dan de black man. No man is mo' free to gaze

ness to say the world is poor, or hard or bad. The world is good enough, taken as a world, but, gracious! what a lot of people there are in it that imagine they could have made a better one if they had had the job.

No. 4.—Is generally an Englishman but of a higher, not intellectually but socially, class. He is slow to see a joke and no mistake. He is a very miracle of density and stupidity. I've met him; so have you. Well, I got angry with my specimen because he wouldn't laugh at my brilliant sallies; they fairly sparkled with wit and, as I said, I was angry. So I reproached him and said that you couldn't fire a joke into an Englishman's head with a cannon ball. (Sydney Smith and the surgical operation over again, you perceive.) Did my Englishman get angry? Not in the least. He looked at me with the most imperturbable gravity for about five minutes, through his eye glass. This class of Britisher always wears an eye-glass. Then he spoke. "I say, you know, old fellah, now come, how could you fire a joke into anybody's head with a cannon-ball, you know, I say, it would kill him; come now." Then he smiled feebly and let down his eye-glass.

It is needless to mention the "Is it hot enough for you?" man. He has been cursed at and anathematized for a thousand years and will, I suppose, ask his one stock question when he meets his friends in the hereafter, and when (if he doesn't reform), it will be hot enough for all concerned. He is useful, for he has furnished jokes for funny men since the days of Noe, so I will say nothing further of him. But the man who has so got into the habit of saying "fine day" or "beautiful morning" when it may, perhaps, be pouring cats, dogs and pitchforks, is a man I do not love. Of course it is a species of civility, for he feels that he is called upon to say something, and so says the first thing that comes uppermost. I know what I feel like saying when he springs that sentence on me, and what I would say if I were not good and pious and well brought up, would begin with a D as big as a mountain.

There be many more things that I could say upon the subject of fools, for I know all about them. Why should I not? Are we not all fools in some shape or form, and is there a single man on this earth who can lay his hand on his costal cartilage above where his heart is supposed to lie, and say with full confidence in his sincerity, "I am not a fool." There is; plenty of such men and, gentle reader, let me, as an old and experienced fool, tell you that they are the biggest fools of all, for they know not their folly.

THE TWO KINGS.

AN OPERATTA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—King Dodds and King Alcohol.

KING DODDS—(ingubriously).

My glory is departed and I'm nearly broken-hearted, I'm very badly treated, I declare; I've orated and orated, and of you, O King! I've prated Till it's really quite enough to make one swear. I to you have been devoted; all your praises I have quoted, I have lauded you unto the very skies; And now I am deflated, and my downfall is completed; Oh! those Simcoe people took us by surprise. Othello's occupation is departed; degradation I'm subjected to, altho' I did my best, And King Alcohol, old fellow—

KING ALCOHOL—(upbraidingly).

King Dodds, you ne'er were mellow, And in whiskey ne'er much money did invest, So the people, in all verity, then doubted your sincerity, And said "If he believes that drinking's good He would take a little frolic on waters alcoholic, But he doesn't; if he thought 'twas right he would." King Dodds, I'm really thinking that if you'd done some drinking, Then the folks would deem you some conviction had; But you didn't and you wouldn't.

K. D.—King Alcohol you should'nt Thus blame your humble servant when he's sad.

K. A.—People said, ha! ha! 'tis funny, that you only spoke for money. That when you got the cash you didn't care; Yes, 'twas thus the people said it, and it's much to your discredit.

K. D.—Now, King Alcohol, your conduct's most unfair. (Buries his head in his hands, and bursts into tears. King Alcohol then sings the following to the air of "Massa's in the cold, cold ground.")

All through Simcoe am a-tingin'  
The solemn, awful sound,  
All the whiskey dealers singin'  
"Liquor's in the cold, cold ground."  
Dodds couldn't make de people love him,  
Bekase ho am not true,  
Now de Scott Act roster crows above him  
Cock-a-doodle-doo-doo-doo!

Chorus—(in which K. D. dolefully joins).  
Down in de rye field,  
Hear dat mournful sound;  
All the Scott Act people singin'  
"Liquor's in de cold, cold ground."

K. D.—King Alcohol, distracted you'll drive me for I've acted

From the very best of motives, I am sure; Don't, in my degradation, say I tried dissimulation, All my motives and my promptings were quite pure. Oh! with grief my bosom's quaking, and my very heart is breaking;

Up in Simcoe I was beaten, and in Halton 'Twas the want of organizing—which was really most surprising—

Should be blamed, and not me, to throw the fault on. But never mind, good monarch, if I didn't take your tonic—

I know I did eschew th' ensnaring cup— The harm is done for ever, so let us now endeavour To sing a little song to cheer us up,



DUET.

K. D.—We monarchs twain

K. A.—Who used to reign,

K. D.—Shall ne'er again

K. A.—Our power regain.

Both.—For, in our train, the law of Maine will not refrain from giving pain To us.

K. A.—Oh! brethren we

K. D.—In unitee

K. A.—And love so free

K. D.—Once used to be,

Both.—But now you see we disagree

K. A.—Because King D.,

K. D.—No, you, not me,

You cuss;

You blame me now because my brow is beaten low; you raise a row Because you know you've got to go like the Mongolian, oh! ho!

'Tis fun.

K. A.—King Dodds, you ne'er with me shall share my throne; so there, and don't you dare, You D. K. D., to laugh at me, or we shall see whose is the glee,

Before we've done.

(King Dodds falls limply into a seat, whilst K. A. continues.)

Yes, he's angry and he's fuming, and he's ready to go mad, Poor Dodds, because he's beaten, and it really is too bad, In Hamilton he won the day, and so he deemed it fair To fancy he'd be victor and a winner everywhere. He's lost the gold he used to get from the liquor dealers' coffers,

And now he is a butt for Scott and Anti-Scott Act scoffers:

No wonder he is angry; how will he live, oh! ho? How is he going to exist, by Jove? that's what I'd like to know.

K. D.—(most daintily)—That's what I'd like to know.

K. A.—Then I'll tell you.

K. D.—What! you'll tell me?

K. A.—I will, in briefest rhymes— You can make an honest living with your little Sporting Times. (K. D. sinks again.)

K. D.—No! I think I'll go to Renfrew and say that I have seen The error of my ways, and how deluded I have been.

I'll go and own my naughtiness to those good temperance folk, And tell them I will speak for them as never yet man spoke. I'm bronz-faced; I'm silvery tongued, and all I want is drink; These metals three, combined in me, will make a glorious clink. Oh! yes, King Alcohol, I see this is the better plan, So get thee gone, thou Satan! I'm henceforth a temperance man.

(King Alcohol stinks off disconsol'd, whilst D. K. triumphantly sings).

Beautiful water! sparkling draught!  
Purling down yon shining brooks;  
Best is he who thee hath quaffed;  
There's beauty in thy very looks.  
Water, water, thee I'll sing,  
Henceforth Alcohol no more.  
I'll be thy champion, lumpy spring;  
My league with Alcohol is o'er.

[Exit. F. S.]

TOPICAL TALK.

Scientists assure us that in all green fabrics there is a large amount of poison. What an extraordinarily large amount of poison there must be in some of those nice, young, lah-de-dah men who promenaded King-street on my afternoon. And yet they look quite harmless.

What a nuisance those British scientists are to be sure, with their theories and discoveries. Here they have gone and found out that in 9,000,000 years the water at present on the earth will have sunk one mile, and that in 15,000,000 years there won't be any water at all! Just as a fellow had sworn off, too. It's too bad.

I am glad to see that Mr. John L. Sullivan has solemnly declared that he has stopped drinking, for he has made the same declaration 30011 times before, and swore off each time and stuck to it like a brick. I never think of Boston, its refinement and culture, but there rises before my eyes a vision of that ideal athlete, John L. S.

Whatever has struck the old Hamilton Spectator, or the Hamilton old Spectator? It actually said something the other day about London, Ontario, and, wonder of wonders! spelt Thames just as I have done, and not T-e-m-s, as has been its wont. Surely the humorous writer on the Spec's staff is taking a rest: that is, the "alleged" humorous writer—as the Spectator would say.

I observe that the hosiery manufacturers of Nottingham, England, have notified their employees of a reduction of wages, owing to—well, owing to a desire, I presume, to pay less for the same amount of work as formerly. Though I don't usually take much stock in such matters, I must say that I think those employers are "sock" ing it to those employees. The very air will be filled with the "ohs" of lamentation on the part of those unfortunate people.

I was asked, the other day, a question which puzzled me not a little at first, though of course I was equal to the occasion, as will be seen. The question was this: "If a man and a woman from the County Cork settle in Central Asia and a son is born unto them, of what nationality is he? He is not an Irishman, is he, because his parents are, and he is not an Asiatic, is he?" "What is he?" I repeated, "why, what can he be but a Cork-asian." Universal knowledge is my forte.

Is there any particular reason, I wonder, why those who perambulate the streets of this city as vendors of fish and vegetables should be possessed of such demonically discordant and diabolically unmusical voices? It would seem that a man, on discovering that he is the owner of a voice in comparison with the braying of a mule with delirium tremens is soft and soothing melody, he is immediately seized with a frantic desire to be an itinerant fish or vegetable dealer. I have heard jackals yelling; I have listened to the wild, weird strains of the kazoo; I have given ear to the peculiarly excruciating scream of the Indian



97 to 107 Duke St., Toronto.  
Barchard & Co.,

Manufacturers of WOOD PACKING BOXES of every Description. All Work Guaranteed.

Pioneer Packing Case Factory



THE JAMAICA QUESTION.

John Bull.—YOU MAY ANNEX HIM, AND WELCOME, MISS CANADA. I'M ONLY TOO GLAD TO GET RID OF HIM.

devil-bird, but I distinctly affirm that each and all of these horrible sounds are as celestial music compared with the ear-splitting roar of the Toronto fish-dealer as he warbles of his finny wares.

Much as is heard, nowadays, about the enlightenment, etc., of this nineteenth century, still there are a great many things that are vastly ridiculous, and perhaps the shop girl problem is one of them. Shop girl! the idea! Saleslady, if you please. Do these "salesladies" ever consider, I wonder, how absurd it would sound for their fellow-employees of the opposite sex to term themselves sales gentlemen. There is a popular bazaar in New York where the forewoman in charge is recognized as the forelady. According to this way of looking at the matter the foreman is certainly entitled to be called the fore-gentleman. And what a pretty sound that would have! No; it does look as if there were no men or women nowadays. We shall all be gentlemen and ladies before long, coach-gentlemen, foot-gentlemen, swill-gentlemen, and the lady who calls for the broken meat!

Beautiful portraits of Canadian journalists with a "pictor" of the headings of their respective papers attached, and in frames as beautiful as the portraits, a la those of the English and American journalists which have already appeared, will, I am told, soon decorate the walls of most of the sanctums of

this glorious country. The journalists who are to be depicted in these portraits will not, I understand, be selected for their ability so much as for personal beauty. The editors of the Critic, Journal of Health, Telegram and Mail of this city, News of Berlin, Banner of Dundas, Spectator and Times of Hamilton, are among the few representative Canadian journalists whose features will soon beam upon us from our sanctum walls, and haunt us in our blissful dreams. When we reflect how beautiful those great men are, how good, how noble, let us hope that nightmare will be a thing of the past. It won't though, I'm afraid.

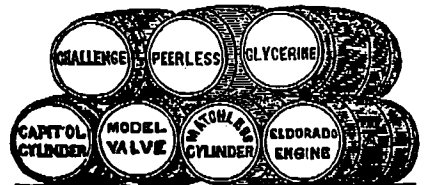
It is the earnest hope of the News that for the future Canadians will "learn to regard their own country and their own cities as 'good wine which needs no bush.'" That is all very neat sentiment in metaphor, but the editor of the News wants to understand that if he means that the fair Province "needs no bush" he is decidedly off the regular track. Where is Mr. Mowat's surplus to come from without timber limits? What is Brother Phipps doing, if we do not need a Bush-ranger as well as a bush? Why, Mr. Mowat is now anxiously waiting for Brother Phipps to get through counting up the Government trees all over the Province so that he can calculate how long his lease of power has to run! "Needs no bush," eh? But I shall trust to the Right Worthy

Bushranger to set my friend of the News right when he returns home from the wilds, which he will presently do if some bear does not prevail on him to prolong his stay indefinitely. I would be sorry to have Brother Phipps devoured by a bear—not alone on Mr. Mowat's account but also because I wish to see a noble-minded but mistaken editor duly instructed about bush, and things.

GRIP's theory about the Quebec explosion is that Charlebois left some of Mr. Mousseau's private letters lying about the building. The deadly character of these explosives is well known.

CATARH.—A new treatment, whereby a Permanent cure of the worst case is effected in from one to three applications. Treatise sent free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & Son, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



Manufacturers and Dealers in "PEERLESS" and other MACHINE OILS. American and Canadian Burning Oils a specialty. Get our quotations. SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager. 70 FRONT STREET EAST.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.



Doctor.—This might have been avoided if you had seen that your bedding was properly cleaned. More diseases arise from impure bedding than from anything else. Send it at once to N. P. CHANEY & CO., 230 King St. East, - - Toronto.



CHEESEWORTH, "THE" TAILOR, 106 | KING | STREET | WEST. | 106 TORONTO.

A. W. SPAULDING, DENTIST, 51 King Street East, (Nearly opposite Toronto St.) TORONTO Uses the utmost care to avoid all unnecessary pain, and to render tedious operations as brief and pleasant as possible. All work registered and warranted.

P. BURNS  
Great Reduction in Price.  
Direct from Cars.  
FOR ONE WEEK.  
WOOD  
Best BEECH and MAPLE, DRY,  
Delivered to any part of the City.  
Orders left at Offices:  
51 King St. E., Yonge St. Wharf,  
and 55 1/2 Queen St. West  
P. BURNS