

IMPORTER,  
**CHINA HALL.**  
GLOVER HARRISON,  
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.



GLOVER HARRISON,  
**CHINA HALL.**  
IMPORTER  
49 KING ST. E., Toronto.

VOLUME XXIII,  
No. 9.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 30, 1884.

\$2 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH.



HOW IT MAY BE DONE.

"IF THE PEOPLE OF LONDON WISH TO HAVE THE LINE BUILT, LET THEM USE THEIR INFLUENCE TO PREVENT THE "GLOBE" FROM OBSTRUCTING THE C.P.R. CO."—Pres. Stephens' letter to J. Curling.

WHAT IS IT?

WHY  
IT



IS  
THE

STANDARD TYPE-WRITER

No Barrister, Banker, Broker or Business man can afford to be without one.

Send for descriptive catalogue to  
**THOMAS BENGOUGH,**  
THE SHORTHAND ATHENEUM,  
29 King Street West, Toronto.

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

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

\$25.



\$25.

Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat Gold.

**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.

Photographer, 134 Yonge Street, Toronto.

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

• 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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The latest sensation is the request of Jamaica to be admitted as a Province into our Confederation. The matter has been discussed between Sir Charles Tupper and a representative of the Island; and Parliament is to be asked to discuss the proposition at its next sitting. In our view, the idea borders on the preposterous, but we are willing to be convinced that it is just the contrary. Only one thing is certain: if Sir John sees anything in it, and takes a notion to adopt the little nig, he can rely on being backed up by the old lady, who, like Dickens' immortal character, "Never will desert Macawber!"

FIRST PAGE.—Hon. John Carling wrote to President Stephen of the C. P. R., to know why the O. & Q. branch line was not extended through London, as promised. Mr. Stephen replied that the job would have been done before this but for the opposition of the *Globe*, and added that "if the people of London wanted the line built, they should use their influence to prevent the *Globe* from pursuing its obstructive policy." No doubt the people of London are a little puzzled to know just how they can control a paper published in Toronto. We come to the rescue with a suggestion. The editor of the *Globe* sometimes visits his old home in London. There are plenty of stout ropes lying around Carling's brewery. It isn't very expensive to erect a gibbet. *Verb. sup.*

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Edgar is now M. P. for West Ontario, and, notwithstanding all that has been said against his candidature, the people of that riding have undoubtedly got a representative who, for ability, is entitled to a front seat in the House, and for the qualities that go to make up a gentleman and a jolly good fellow in the best sense, — certainly has no superior in the present Parliament. He had a walk-over in the "riding;" the hoss didn't kick a bit, after all the talk.

In this week's issue of *The Current* (August 23), the portion of Edgar Fawcett's "Mildred Allaire" given presents a successful regrouping of all the characters under the most dramatic circumstances, "within the enemy's lines" the rules of war and the mandate of love clashing in the sharpest fashion; Hon. Alfred E. Lee, of Ohio, concludes his delightful sketches of that "Winsome German City," Frankfurt-on-Main. Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper tells of the Princess Mathilde of France, whose career forms a somewhat curious chapter in the his-

tory of the Bonapartes; R. A. Meers begins a discussion of "Beauty," first considering what it is, and giving some admirable illustrations of the difference in individual concepts; Augusta Tovell writes of "General Gordon's Remarkable Creed"; the delicate and graceful sketches by Hannah Hearne, "Roundabout One Village," are continued; the concluding chapter of "The Wonderful City" is presented; George Edgar Montgomery cleverly discusses "Some English Dramatists"; Mr. G. C. Matthews, one of the editors of *The Current*, contributes an article on "Money in Campaigns," holding that, as money must be used for legitimate campaign purposes, it should be legitimately raised; C. W. Waite furnishes "A Pertinent Illustration"; and the splendid Mexican romance, "Dolores," is continued.

The poems of the number comprise "The Lilac Bloom," by Robert Burns Wilson, which furnishes additional evidence of this poet-artist's rare genius; "In Notre Dame," by Charles G. D. Roberts, until recently editor of the *Toronto Week*; "Comanche," a reminiscence of the Custer massacre, by Henry L. Burnell; "Thistle-down," by Emma Carleton, of Indiana; "Good-bye, Sweetheart," by Lee C. Harby, the Jewish postess of Texas; and "The Pilgrim and the Flower," by Earnest W. Shurtleff.

SCOTTY AIRLIE.

TORONTO, Aug. 20.

DEAR WULLIE,—Ye'll nae doot be mair than surprised to see that I havena got the length o' Tartie Mountain yet. To tell ye the truth I dinna think I'll ever steer a fit oot o' Toronto. Mon, it's a fine city, just a little Edinburgh in its way, an' the folks are terrible for enterpreeze. I'm thinkin' o' tryin' a sma' enterpreeze on ma ain account, a bit shoppie, or something kind o' respectable. Ye ken what Dr. Guthrie says, "the highest humanity is developed in cities," an' then ye see I raily dinna think farmin wad agree wi'



ma constitution this awn' het wather. Man, it's fearfu' het, it's just reekin', roastin', birsten' het, enouch to sing the hair aff a cuddy. I declare to ye I sometimes think the folk maun see the vapour risin' frae ma shouthers as I gang steamin' along the street, when the thermometer's ninety in the shed, an' me wi' a face like a nor-wast mune. I never cud understand hoo it was that the men folk here clippit their heads sae close tae the skin, but I see noo, it wadna be very agreeable tae hae the smell o' singin' hair about ye, an' it's mair agreeable tae hae it clippit aff than stinging aff wi' the sun.

I tell't ane o' the boorders, an' extraornar' ceivil spoken fallow, that I was gaun into bizness for ma-sell. He was ceevil, ye see, but I had a queer misglen about the fallow. He was aye sae ready wi' his advice, an' said if I wad gie him the siller he wad gang to Montreal an' buy me lots o' bargains. "Na, na," says I, "I'll trust naeboddy wi' ma siller, I keep it in my pouch a' day, an' sleep wi'talaw

ma pillow at nicht." "Nonsense," says he, "you don't mean to say that you keep your pocketbook under your pillow o' nights?" "Aye—but I dae though—it's the very safest place ony man can keep it in," says I—Weel, he was just extraornar' kind, an' wanted to treat me, but I tell't him I wadna pree whiskey, so after I got into bed that nicht he nae less than brocht me up a glass o' lemonade. I sat up and drank it an' afore he had weel left the room I was as soond as a tap. When I got up neist mornin' I hac a terrible headache, but what was my surprise tae hear that ma fellow boorder, had left wi' the midnight train. Twa an' twa mak four ye ken, sae I said naething, but awa' up stairs an' lucks under ma pillow. Aye—sure enough, just as I thoct—it's no for naething the gleg whistles.



The pocket book was na' there—it cost me a quarter, but I didna grudge it, it wad be weel worth a quarter to hear him cursin' when he got to the ither side an' fund he had been outwitted by a greenhorn. The pocket book was cram foo o' bogus notes, checks an' drafts things we used in the old business college—where I tuk a commercial course afore I left. I aye keep twa pocket books, ane for mesell an' the ither ane for folk wi' tarry fingers.

But there's anither boorder here, an' honest fallow, but he's been led awa a gude deal, an' been livin' rather fast for some time. Hooever, I think that's at an end noo, the puir cheil's in great trouble. He's gotten a letter o' the death o' his only brither, an' his mither's no expected tae live—an' if ever there was a puir repentant prodigal it's him. "An' tae think I'll never set een on them again, an' the way I've vexed them it's mair than I can bear," that's the way the puir fellow sits an' laments a' day an' a' nicht. Weel noo I thoct if I cud get him tae gang tae the kirk whaur he cud hear a kindly comfortin' gospel sermon it wad dae him a great deal o' gude, in the state o' mind he was in. Sae I prevailed on him tae come wi' me on Sunday nicht, an' we happened to daunder into Dr. Wild's kirk. I never was sae sorry aboot onything in a' ma born days. Instead o' a lovin' kindly advice to heartbroken sinners to just come into the sheepfauld, an' cuddle doon wi' the Gude Shephard, an' be at rest—we were treated till a string o' havers aboot Gladstone bein' the cause o' the Ashantee war, an' aboot the absurdity o' Canadian Independence an' hoo the speaker wad rather be a Briton than an American—an' a' sic cheap clap-trap rigmarole—an' the congregation a' lauchin' an' gigglin'-like. The hale thing was comic performance. "Hugh," says my puir friend, "let's go home—what's a' this to me, it's inward comfort I want."—Sae we just slippit awa oot, an' cam home i' the dark an' the rain—an' I dinna think I wad like to ask him tae gae to the kirk wi' me in a hurry again,—but gude-sake I'm gettin' ower solem a' thegither.

Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

“BYSTANDER” ON VINEGAR.

(From a future number of the W—k.)

There is no more vulgar delusion than that vinegar is an acrid, corrosive, excoerciating fluid. Of course the Canadian newspapers so consider it. It is not surprising that journalistic dealers in farradiddles should be ignorant of the rudiments of scientific learning. It is fitting that such scribes should sing the apotheosis of milk. Vinegar has other uses than the familiar ones which are connected with gastronomy—it is not less indispensable to political discussion than to sliced tomatoes.

There is room for a curious and learned work on the place of vinegar in Literature. The world has never been told, and few citizens of the world beside myself are aware, of what it has accomplished in the way of sweetening and beautifying Letters. The writer of this work, when he comes, may find some illustrations of his theme in the very highest walk of Literature. He may, for example, analyze the quality of the writing which not so very long ago aroused the wrath of the Semitic and tribal Beaconsfield. This has been mistaken by clumsy analysts for Vitriol, but is now conceded to be a pure specimen of literary Vinegar. In other instances, such as that which on a recent occasion invoked from a



certain insignificant quarter an ironical caricature, equally erroneous conclusions have followed incompetent analyses. In this case (epitomised in the caricature alluded to by picturing a great Writer teaching Gladstone the art of Government) the evident conclusion of Ignorance was that the Writer in question had exhibited Gall. It was not gall; it was vinegar.

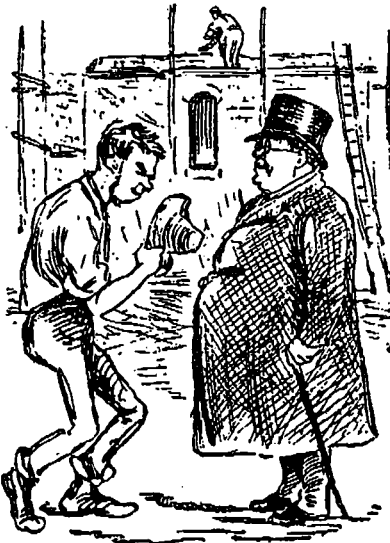
Notwithstanding the vulgar delusion referred to in our opening words, vinegar is in reality a sweet, grateful and comforting liquid—and a writer's ability is, in our opinion, to be measured according to his aptitude in its use. The component parts of this little-understood fluid are, scorn, conceit, and intolerance—three substances which are, either separately or in combination, well known to be of a mollifying nature. Each of them, moreover, is capable of subdivision. The elements of scorn are pessimism, skepticism and Ishmaelism; conceit consists of a mixture of ingredients known even to the vulgar; intolerance is composed mainly of impatience and contempt.

There is of course a possibility of a writer—and the greater the writer the greater the possibility—making too free a use of vinegar. Not that, speaking absolutely, too much of it can be used; but even the greatest writer depends to some extent on the disposition of his readers, and it is possible to displease some by an over use of vinegar. There are, for instance, people—pitiful cranks, no doubt—who do not care to read discussions of the Irish question in which the character of the Irish people, their leaders, and their cause are treated in a manner calculated to set the

teeth of the reader on edge. There are some who would prefer to have questions pertaining to the Christian religion written upon with little or no vinegar at all. Even a sneer at the Old Testament done in the most nervous and beautiful English is enough to offend these people. Topics such as Co-education, the Prospects of Canadian Literature, Charlton's Anti-Seduction Bill, etc., cannot be handled by any really great writer without a liberal use of vinegar, and yet, whenever any truly Gifted Pen undertakes to treat them there is a general outcry against what they call his “bilious superciliousness” and suggestions are thrown out that what he needs is a liver-pad.

A LAKE SHORE IDYL.

Oh, happy, happy, day! when she and I  
Sat hand in hand upon the steep clay cliff  
That overlooks the blue Ontario's shore,  
Watching the graceful sea-gulls as they whirled  
In their eccentric flight above the surge.  
The billows swash upon the pebbly sands  
Scemed mournful music in our list'ning ears;  
They sang in doleful cadence, just as if they knew  
That she and I must part, and part ere long.  
She to a foreign school—and I, alas!  
To fight alone the cruel, cruel world.  
“Oh, Angelina dear,” I said, “my own  
Oh can it be that we have thus to part!”  
And as I moved still closer to her side  
To give one fond and longing last embrace,  
The treacherous sod gave way and down we slid  
Through boulders, twigs and bushes, down and down,  
And landed in the boiling, bubbling surf.  
She was not dead, but oh! so very wet;  
Her Mother Hubbard skirt was rent in twain;  
Her hat, the treasure of her youthful soul,  
Was borne away upon the mighty deep.  
Her bright eyes flashed in fiercest rage, she said,  
“I told you we were too close to the bank.”  
“You thick head dude! you stupid, stupid fool!”  
“Git out!” and with a withering glance she walked  
away.  
And as I looked upon my torn-up pants  
I said, By Jove! I guess the girl is right.



AN APPEAL TO THE ARCHBISHOP.

PAT.—I hope yer grace will grant me abso-  
lution for associatin' wid a mason, but sure,  
yer Riverince, the toimes are hard, an' I'm not  
able to pick me company!

MYSTERIOUS.

“Wanted, cook without washing, \$10 per  
month. Apply — Yonge-street.”  
This ‘ad.’ appears in a city evening paper.  
Many people advertise for a plain cook, but  
there may be good reasons for this, as a good-  
looking one would probably have a large re-  
tinue of followers, but an unwashed cook is  
altogether too much of a “stand off.” How-  
ever *clacon a son gout*.

WHY HE COULD NOT LEAVE HER.

They stood together 'neath the silent stars,  
hand in hand. The tumultuous Don surged  
madly onward at their feet, as the pale moon  
rose slowly o'er the hoary turrets of Castle  
Green, whose frowning battlements looked  
upon them from the heights on the opposite  
shore.

He sighed a sighful sigh as he clasped the  
fair girl his companion more closely to his  
side.

“Edwin,” said the now almost drooping  
girl. “Edwin, is it possible that you are  
going away—going to leave me? I dreaded  
this many a day, and last evening Mrs. Glib-  
gab who lives opposite pa's house told me that  
you were going away to claim a nearer and a  
dearer for your bride. Would we had never  
met! Ah! Edwin tell me, tell me it is not  
true!” and the fair girl turned up her heavenly  
orbs to his, which from long and passionate  
weeping looked like a circular section of a  
Hanlan flag, red and blue.

“Angelica dear, I assure you it is not true!”  
“Oh! Edwin! but Mrs. Glibgab's dreadful  
words!”

“Hang Mother Glibgab and all the rest of the  
old cats on the street.”

“Oh Edwin! dearest Edwin! I doubt not  
your word, and yet, I feel so uneasy—oh so  
uneasy, tell me something that will set my  
mind at rest—that will tell me that you are  
not going away.”

“I will Angelica, loved one! look into my  
eyes and while I gaze into yours believe me  
the words I utter on the honor of a gentleman  
are true—alas! too true—shall I go on?”

“Yes, yes; tell me, tell me. Be the secret  
never so frightful and horrid, I will rejoice  
that you are not about to depart for foreign  
climes.”

“Listen, Angelica,” he said, as he drew her  
lovely head down till her luxurious bangs  
rested on his left shoulder, “You fear that I  
am away for foreign parts on matrimonial  
errand, calm yourself. It is not so; I will  
now the secret unfold, and I'm sure it will con-  
vince you. Closer darling, let me whisper in  
your ear, I haven't got a solitary nickel, and  
I can't get a pass on any of the roads,  
Angelica!”

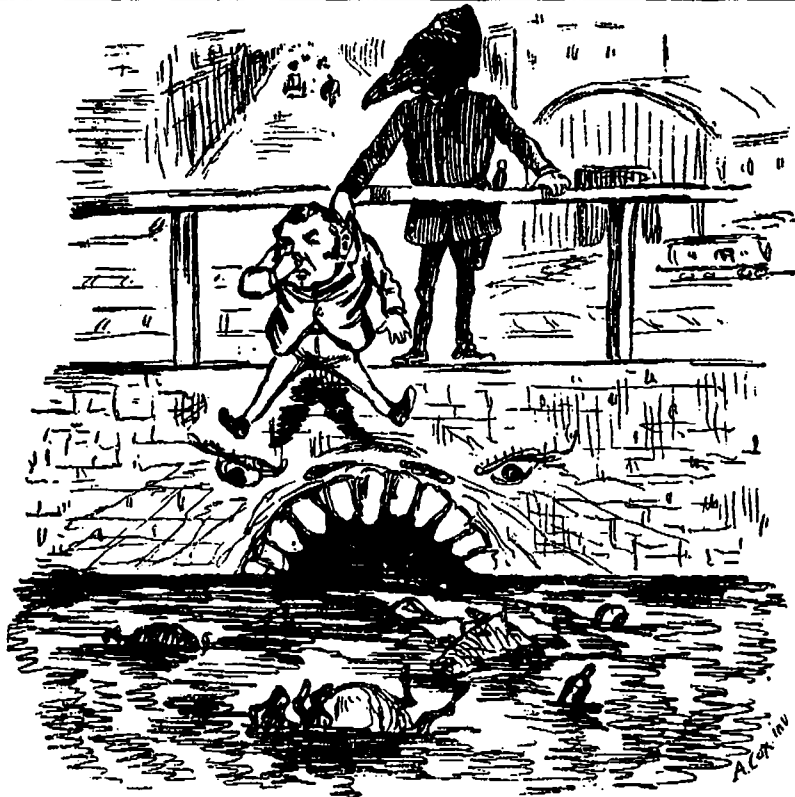
She had fainted.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

BY AN ONTARIO M.P.

If we had an Imperial Confederace,  
It would be a bully old scheme for me;  
I might be made a lord of high degree  
If I was an M. of the Imperial C.  
I might be made an Earl or perhaps a Dook,  
And then how haughty and grand I would look  
In my ducal coronet and strawberry leaves,  
And a long-tailed gown with its big wide sleeves.  
I could also wear a sword like a sergeant-at-arms,  
And never be troubled much with war's alarms.  
At the Queen's command I'd be glad to appear  
At Windsor Castle any night in the year;  
I could then hob nob with the Prince of Wales,  
At the little private parties and hear the funny tales,  
While I'd amuse the party with some yarns of mine,  
About our funny doings on the old town line.  
The only thing that puzzles me is what to do  
With my old woman and my big gal Sue;  
For Sue, she always was inclined to romp,  
And steps as tho' walking through a Royal Levee;  
And that would hardly do at a Royal Levee,  
So I guess I'll have to keep my ladies out of the way,  
Yet I think it would be a big scheme for me—  
This Grand Imperial Confederace.

A contemporary remarks that “the heart  
of a Greenland whale is a yard in diameter.”  
Oh! that's nothing. We know some folks  
whose hearts have no end of diameter, but the  
trouble with such is that the bigger the heart  
the smaller the purse. It seems to be the  
way of balancing gifts in this world that the  
heart of a whale should have, so to speak, the  
financial resources of a sprat, and *vice versa*.



PORTRAIT OF THE DEVIL AT THE FOOT OF YONGE STREET.

For want of a trunk sewer, the filth and garbage of the city is being drained into the bay at several points. The slip at the foot of Yonge Street is a cesspool which our artist has faintly presented in the above sketch. Other points along the water-front are equally disgusting and dangerous. Surely we pay enough taxes to be spared this downright outrage. It would be bad enough if we were securing our drinking water from the northern lakes, but the strongest stomach must turn when we reflect that all this disgusting stuff is being vomited into the bay and must contaminate the water that supplies our household taps. If a deputation of the city council waited upon King Cholera and elaborately invited him to visit us they would be doing just what is now being done most effectively. GRIP seizes the Mayor by the coat collar and holds him over the stench metaphorically. If this were done literally with the whole box and dice of the city fathers they might be made to exhibit a little zeal in abating this abominable nuisance.

CROMWELL AND THE BAUBLE.

(Extract from a paper now in the pocket of a member of the British Association.)

Ever since my earliest boyhood it has been my ambition to dive into the secret nooks and corners of so-called history, by searching in all sorts of out-of-the-way places for MSS. or ancient books, bearing on the subject at the time occupying my attention. Every one knows that the Iron Duke at Waterloo never uttered the expression or gave the command "Up guards and at them." Neither did the commander of the old guard at the wind up of the same celebrated battle shout, "The old guard dies but never surrenders!" His remark was shorter and quite different altogether. I don't believe that J. Cesar ever said *veni vidi vici*, or that Nelson ever put his blind eye to the spy-glass at Copenhagen. In fact, I am a skeptic from Skeptictown. The other day when over in England I came across a rare and precious collection of MSS. that I found in an old chest in my bed-room in an old-fashioned country tavern. Of course I had no business to go through the box, but what cared I, in my love for the secrets of the past. The manuscripts treated mostly of the times of Charles I, and knocked the ordinary account of old Noll's descent on the parliament into chicken feed. Modernizing the spelling and style of expression, this is the true account as told by Sir Rumpus Gully, M.P. Herts. When old Crom. walked in to the Chamber he looked as

cross as an old badger, and opened his valve thusly:—

"Take away that bauble!"  
 Nobody moved, and Cromwell turning to Lord Bateman again said:  
 "Take away that bauble!"  
 Lord Bateman without rising, replied rather sulkily, "I ain't taking away baubles very much to-day."  
 Then Cromwell turned around, and looking Lord Monteaule straight in the eye, said directly to him,  
 "Take away that bauble!"  
 Lord Monteaule, sternly returning the coming Protector's stare, said, as he pulled out his cambric handkerchief odoriferous of bergamot "I don't have to."  
 "Where is the man Charles, Stuart?" then asked the truculent Noll.  
 "Oh," said Sir Percy Nursey—"him—oh!—he's off on the boo—" and he whispered something in Cromwell's ear. "I sometimes think he is losing his head."  
 "You're right—he is," said Oliver with a sardonic grin.  
 At this moment His Highness the King's footsteps were heard coming down the back stairs—and the royal voice hiccupped out "Wha—wha—wha's the mazzar with them fellers in the chamber, w—was all the racket about?"  
 The Deputy Assistant quarter-master groom of the back stairs, turning to Archbishop Laud, exclaimed, "His Royal Nibbs is coming down,

and if he enters the chamber Old Crom. will likely shift his starboard ear for him."

"Well said, my son," answered the great prelate, and going to the door begged of His Highness not to enter.

Just at that moment Cromwell again issued the command,

"Take away that bauble!"

"What did he say?" asked the King:

"Take away that bauble."

"Go and tell the old bottle-nosed brewer of a sanctified son of an ill-conditioned Roundhead, to take it away himself. Who was his nigger last year?" and so saying Charles I. skipped up stairs and took a rest in the Star Chamber.

Then Cromwell, addressing the affrighted members, exclaimed, "Fellow citizens, this is mighty hard lines, but as a good and loyal subject I will obey the King's command. I will take away that bauble myself. Good eve, I'll see you later." and poor old Cromwell shouldered the mace and humbly left the House.

This is the true story about old Noll and the bauble.



The Mystic Comedy Company are presenting a variety programme of good quality at the People's Theatre this week, afternoon and evening.

Kiralfy Bros.' great spectacle "Excelsior," is to open the season at the Grand. This piece will be given in all its magnificent detail just as performed in New York during a long run. No description in words can convey any idea of the brilliancy of "Excelsior," which is a continuous transformation-scene from beginning to end, and though participated in by nearly three hundred performers, not a word of dialogue is spoken. The company is imported bodily from one of the popular Paris theatres, and may be relied upon to do their work in a manner rarely equalled upon the American stage. "Excelsior" will not be performed in Canada out of Toronto, and nobody should miss this opportunity of seeing it—the only one that will ever be offered.

Barnett's New York Ideal Opera Company commence a season of four weeks at the Horticultural Pavilion on Friday evening, with "Billie Taylor." The company is exceptionally strong, and the scenery, costumes and accessories are all that could be wished. In the production of comic opera, however, it seems to be necessary, no matter how meritorious the company, to offer some additional feature in order to make the entertainment sufficiently attractive for Torontonians. Mr. Barnett cannot get Patti to support his splendid Comic Opera Company, and with very good judgment announces "The Burning of Chicago" to be produced out doors after the stage performance. This must not convey the idea that the company is not deserving of patronage, as it is among the best on the road, having a repertoire of some fourteen operas, but w none of us need grumble at getting too much for our money; and a little fun outside after an evening of laughter, will be very acceptable. It is announced that the fire brigade is engaged for each evening, employing fire engine, hook and ladder, hose, and everything connected with such an event.

The St. Quinten Opera Company continue their performances at the Summer Pavilion. This week was opened with "Olivette," and "Masco" followed on Thursday evening. The Pavilion is now under the sole management of Mr. Norman, and is securing a good share of patronage.



MASSA, DON' YOU WANT TO 'DOPT A CULLED CHILE?

**Grip's Clips.**

All paragraphs under this head are clipped from our exchanges; and where credit is not given, it is omitted because the parentage of the item is not known.

**ABUSES OF CARICATURE.**

Caricature is a powerful weapon in the hand of Truth. Mr. Delano wielded in England an influence unrivalled in his day in shaping public thought and directing Ministerial policy; but even the strongest leader in his great journal was weak in comparison with the political cartoons in *Punch*. For a whole generation the masters of English caricature have been at work, and their power has steadily increased. Mr. Tenniel's pencil is a great force, of which sagacious statesmen have to take account in their forecasts of the movements of public opinion. A few months ago the grand figure of General Gordon standing behind an earth-work at Khartoum and looking across the desert for a glimpse of red-coats touched the hearts of Englishmen and swayed their judgment. That cartoon was more effective than the best-reasoned arguments of party journals or the fiercest denunciations of the orators in Opposition. The secret of its power was its inherent truthfulness. This is the element which has imparted to nearly all the cartoons in *Punch* their characteristic vigor, and has steadily enlarged their influence. They do not misrepresent political situations. They are neither unjust nor unfair. They are grounded upon the truth; and for that reason they can be subjected to the unerring test of time. A few years ago a long series of these cartoons was reprinted, and in no instance was injustice apparent. It was a complete satirical history of the recent politics of that country, and withal honest and truthful.

Herein lies the explanation of the singular fact that caricature has not exerted so powerful an influence in America as in England. It has not been grounded upon the truth. It has been not only violently partisan in party politics, but it has been often grossly unfair and cruelly unjust. Take for example, such a picture as the one reproduced in to-day's *Tribune* from the old files of *Harper's Weekly*. It represented Abraham Lincoln on the eve of his inauguration in 1861 tipping with drunken loafers and cracking jokes for their amusement, while outside was the hearse, bearing the Union and the Constitution to the grave. The revolting picture, seen after the lapse of twenty-three years, stirs in every honest heart a thrill of indignation. The life of Abraham Lincoln is now a sacred household story. Whoever reads it knows that he accepted the nomination for the Presidency, and, after his election, made the journey to Washington, oppressed with a terrible weight of responsibility. Every letter that he wrote, every speech that he made at that time, revealed this sense of responsibility, and also his humble dependence upon higher than earthly powers. All the world knows that he was neither a clown nor a sot, and that in the great crisis which followed his inauguration it was his solemn duty to defend the Constitution and to save the Union. That cartoon to-day is recognized as a glaring libel, a ruthless and abominable pictorial lie. And what it seems to-day, it was when it first appeared—utterly false in spirit and in detail. It was then an outrage upon public morals, a cruel and cowardly stab at the patriotism of the North; and time has only deepened the impression which it first produced.

Now this has been the glaring weakness of the American school of caricature. It has not adhered scrupulously to the truth. It has too often waged warfare upon established character. It has always been careless, sometimes even reckless in its facts. It has too often misrepresented political situations and been

cruelly unjust to public men. It has made a base and ignoble use of its opportunities for political satire. It has again and again served the ends of partisanship and personal malice. It has been converted into a mud-spattering vehicle of malignant defamation. At no period in our political history have the abuses of caricature been more conspicuous than in the present campaign; and on the other hand never have political cartoons possessed so little influence in affecting men's judgments. The attempt made to defeat Mr. Blaine's nomination by the circulation of foul pictures was a signal failure; yet the cartoon-makers have not been discouraged and are still employed in the same despicable trade, of misrepresenting facts and assailing established character. The effort to defeat the Republican leader by means of highly-coloured and indecent pictorial lies has only tended to increase his popularity and to bring reproach upon the degraded art of caricature. Satire is useful in politics only when it is grounded upon truth. When its edge is broken by contact with hard facts it becomes the dull tool of defamation and is useless as a weapon of offence—harming only the coarse hand that holds it.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

**LOVE'S LABOR LOST.**

"Madam, may I kiss these beautiful children?" inquired Uncle Dick Oglesby, as he leaned over the front gate.

"Certainly, sir; there is no possible objection."

"They are lovely darlings," said Uncle Dick, after he had finished the eleventh. I have seldom seen more beautiful babies. Are they yours, marm?"

The lady blushed deeply. "Of course they are, the sweet little treasures! From whom else, marm, could they have inherited those limpid eyes, those rosy cheeks, those profuse curls, those comely figures and those musical voices?"

The lady continued blushing. "By the way, marm," said Uncle Dick, "may I bother you to tell your estimable husband that Richard J. Oglesby, Republican candidate for Governor, called upon him this evening?"

"Alas, good sir," quoted the lady, "I have no husband!"

"But these children, madam—you surely are not a widow?"

"I feared you were mistaken, sir, when you first came up. These are not my children. This is an orphan asylum!"

**DISGUSTED HIM.**

Mr. Hacklin went into an unhealthful neighborhood and started a newspaper. Several months afterwards he was seen in the vicinity of his former residence.

"Hello!" said a friend, "back so soon?"

"Yes; I got restless."

"Didn't like the neighborhood?"

"Not after the people became too familiar. I had not been there long until it became evident that I would not like the place. I did not mind them shooting at me every time I went out of the office, and I even tolerated their habit of blazing away at me whenever I'd stick my head out of the window, but when they fell into the habit of climbing on the house-top and shooting down the chimney, why I became disgusted at such familiarity."

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.

**KEEP YER BACK AGIN THE WALL.**

P'raps it isn't pooty sentiment I'm payin' out to you, But, what's a hang sight better, it is sentiment that's true;

It's right, if it ain't fanciful, I offer it to all— When yor in a little dilly keep yer back agin the wall.

Now an' then a chap gits shaky in his biz, an' seems to think That the old craft's guin' to pieces, and the Cap. and crew must sink.

See, here, pardner! though yer weaknin' thar's a chance yer may 'nt fall, If the solid sand is in yor an' yer back's agin the wall.

Ye've had bother with a neighbor, an' a law suit's bin the fruit, He's a sharper, full of lynin'; an' he's won, with costs to boot;

Don't yer fret an' fluster 'cause on ye a bad man's got the call— Some day he'll be left, but you jest keep yer back agin the wall.

Mebbe home is made unpleasant 'cause a tongue will wag and jag;

Some one's temper gets the uphold, an' thar ain't no end o' nag.

But remember, pard, not one of us 's bin perfect since the Fall,—

Grin an' bear it with all patience an' yer back agin the wall.

Some—most all of us—is aillin'. Fact is, airth's a hospital, An' the angel Death would want fur work 'cept fur Disease, his pal.

Jest think that sickness moro or less takes hold of one and all, An' that the patient bears it best with back agin the wall.

Hez trouble,—that's the wust of all afflictions ye kin know,—

Come on ye?—may kind Providence keep offen ye sich woe—

A son of promise whirlin' to perdition in sin's thrall? Be prayerful, faithful, hope, and keep yer back agin the wall.

Suppose a chap forgets himself when keepin' up some day, An' strikes for hum meanderin' 's if he'd sorter lost his way;

The cop a prowlin' 'long the pave won't nuttis him at all, If once he will straighten with his back agin the wall.

In course I low it's easier fur to talk than act this way; An', fur weath, thar's some a-sincerin' while I sing my little lay—

I know it ain't so soft a snap to climb ez 'tis to crawl, But—yer never goin' to grovel with yer back agin the wall.

Oh, yes! I'm off my reckonin', an' this lecturin' an't my forte,

Ye hint I'd better put about an' make some other port,— Well, one salute: When diffs. rise up, hang whisk, or pistol ball,

Invest in moral stiffnin'—keep yer back agin the wall.

Oh, yes! I'm off my reckonin', an' this lecturin' an't my forte,

Ye hint I'd better put about an' make some other port,— Well, one salute: When diffs. rise up, hang whisk, or pistol ball,

Invest in moral stiffnin'—keep yer back agin the wall.

**HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME, ESQ., ON THE WEATHER.**

FWEND GWIP,—I must confess I feel extremely ill from the effects of the absolutely torvid weathah of laust week. It was positively horwible. I actually fancied myself in the barwacks in Bawbadoes wheah my twother Bob is aw—quartwed. Swetewing all day and westless at night. I fency laust week would dissipate the pweconceived notions of some of owah fellahs at home, which have been fawmed by portwraits of people clad in furs and snow shoes, and enveloped in snow flakes, the snow flakes being composed I undehtand of aw, wock salt. Even in what the *Globe* newspapah used to call the hypheborial wegions of Quebec it is equally hot. Be Jove, a look at my ottah ovehcoat sets me in a pwofuse perspewation. I weally cawnt stand this much longah. I twied Muskoka, but the abominable flies and—aw—mosquitos almost devowahed me alive, and upon my wo'd I weally believe it was the—aw—hottest place I evah witnessed. We heah a gweat deal in England about Canadian wintahs, but why the deuce don't somebody give an idea of the summahs heah. Be Jove I think I'll write a book about it myself—aw—

Yours perspiringly,  
HUDDLECOME HUDDLECOME,  
Late of Huddlecome Hull,  
Haats, Eng.

THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

BOBCAYGEON, Aug. 22nd, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP,—

I was, to say the least, very much astonished at the defeat of the late champion in Australia by a man who found it difficult to beat Laycock and Trickett. I was almost led to think that there might have been something "crooked" about the affair, but now a great weight has been taken off my mind and I don't wonder much at the result of the last race. I saw a portrait of Beach, the victor, a few days ago in the *Daily News* published in your city, showing a being having all the appearance of an enraged gorilla, and spotted like a piebald circus pony. If that cut at all resembles the original, I wonder not that at the sight of him poor Hanlan's nerve failed, and he had to take water. Can it be, however, that the sporting editor of that "live journal" has inadvertently used one of Forepaugh's Menagerie cuts by mistake, but no—who ever saw an orang-outang in an outrigger? It has been frequently asserted that the *Globe* has a set of bass wood engravings, one of which is selected to represent Lansdowne—Jim Blaine, or a pulp tower conspirator, as occasion requires. But I can't believe that such a live paper as *The News* would condescend to such devices—No, I think it must be a gorilla that beat Hanlan.

Yours truly,  
THOLEPIN H. ROWLOCK.



Which I wish to remark,  
And my language is plain,  
These opium dens dark  
Must no longer remain  
A blot on the fame of Toronto—  
Chief Draper—just mark what I'm savin'!

United Ireland O'Brien has been presented with the Freedom of Cork—presumably in the form of a cork-screw. He has long made free with the bottle.

That "growing coolness" between England and Germany—well, it's a sort of comfort to think there's a coolness anywhere in the world just now. P.S.—Since writing the above I have put on my winter guernsey and changed my mind.

People are wondering what Sir John Macdonald wants Jamaica in the Canadian Confederation for. The explanation is very patent. Jamaica ginger is a constituent of ginger beer, and Sir John, who drinks nothing but ginger beer, wants to be sure about the supply.

I am disappointed. Notwithstanding that the steamer Como has been tied up at the foot of Scott Street, on account of the partial stoppage on the harbor works, not a solitary reference has appeared in any of the city papers to the vessel being in a state of coma. What Toronto journalists most do lack is culture.

A city paper complains of the practice of Grand Trunk employees "running shunts" on the Esplanade. When a reporter of that journal goes to the Grand Trunk employees for items the employees will say, "We are not running shunts to-day, but we are shunning runs. No news for you, young fellow!"

"A complaint has been made that the young men who play baseball in the Queen's Park too frequently use blasphemous and abominable language. Stop it, boys." Yes! blasphemous and abominable language really ought not to be employed quite so frequently.

There are several ways of calling a man who won't agree with you a blank fool; and when the editor of the *Globe* declares that "every man of common sense will be satisfied that Mr. Mowat, who is always as prudent as he is firm, took the proper course" (in the Boundary business), he shows neatly that he knows one of them.

A fashionable lady at Saratoga carries a parasol which is said to be worth \$1,000. But I can boldly say that many a man out trout-fishing, with a ten cent straw dummy having three cabbage leaves tucked snugly under the crown, takes more solid comfort out of his parachute and feels less corroding anxiety about its safety.

A correspondent from the north notes the fact that a new Liberal paper has been established at Montreal, and enquires anxiously what a "Liberal paper" is? If this benighted person hadn't been living in Barrie all his days he might have known that a Liberal paper is one that "gives it" to the Tories without stint or measure.

Even if the *Mail* does not take much stock in the Boundary Award decision, it means to give the public the full benefit of the Boundary Award argument—from the Tory standpoint. And, after all, the Argument is exactly what constitutes the whole Boundary beauties—from the Tory standpoint too. I warrant, however, that there are people grovelling enough to turn with interest from the perusal of the grand phalanx of argument to the common-place record of Award.

The latest immigration intelligence is that they are going to found colonies of Russian Jews in the Canadian Northwest. It will take a lot of people to fill up the illimitable wilderness; but what a heterogeneous crowd is pouring in, to be sure! What with Russian Jews, and the Syndicate, and Mennonites, and the Farmers' Union, and Temperance Colonists, and Nicholas Flood Davin—and—but I can't begin to enumerate the list of different nationalities, and tongues, and interests, and distinguished journalists.

The papers are telling all about a new zoologic curiosity in Baltimore in the shape of an Australian fish called the goby. Just as if it was anything wonderful! Why there is not an angler you ever ran up against who has not had an experience of go-by fish when he has been out for an afternoon and did not have the right kind of bait. And frequently on such occasions he has had a second experience of go buy fish, on his way home from the river. But, talking of fish reminds me of the Irish fisherman friend of mine who declares that the biggest fish he ever caught was the one he missed on a certain day while trolling in Muskoka Lake.

For some years the necessity for a force of Frontier Police on our western border has been agitated. Ruffianly outrages of many kinds are all the time occurring along the coast between Windsor and Detroit, and the absence of special police to look after the perpetrators has been one of the proverbial "long-felt wants." Well, the Provincial authorities have at last acted in the matter, and a strong, well-equipped, vigilant and altogether satisfactory force of Frontier Police has been appointed. The force consists of one constable, named McKee, who used to act in Woodstock. People may charge Mr. Mowat with tardiness, but there is no denying that when he makes up his mind to take hold of a thing he means to grapple with it resolutely.

Gen. Grant is to receive \$10,000, or \$500 apiece, for articles on the war, for the *Century Magazine*. This will enable the biographer to write of the Saviour of His Country as "soldier, statesman and author,"—as well as "stock-broker." Five hundred dollars an article is pretty fair pay for a beginning in literary labor; and it is quite probable that if the General keep his eagle eye on the grammar and spelling, and do not produce a panic among the printers with erratic chirography, he may get advance by degrees until he will earn almost as much as an ordinary reporter. Of course, as a contributor to current literature General Grant's "best hold" is "The War." But I am of opinion that he could struggle through a few articles on "The Machine" also without tiring American people very much. In fact as between what he knows about the war and what he could tell about the machine, the choice of most of the reading public would scarcely be the late little unpleasantness.

An English physician argues that houseflies convey contagion, and that if you use fly-paper to destroy the insects you are in danger of attracting infected flies into your homes, who otherwise would stay outside long enough to wipe their feet and possibly take a bath before dropping in to see what the menu was. But he says, "if any preparation from which the slightest odour of Eucalyptol is diffused be kept in the apartment, the inmates will have a pleasant disinfectant and the flies will be kept out." This alternative is very simple. No well-constructed family but has a regular supply of Euc—Euclid—Euchre—that is to say, Eucalyptol, on hand, and any member could flavor the household hair-oil with it or use it occasionally in the dishwasher, or keep the family cat scented up with it. To be sure, if you haven't it in the house, there might be a little danger in carrying the name of the stuff around in your brain as far as the drug store. But who would not run a little risk in order to escape small-pox?

"Wanderers and Bohemians, strangers, tramps, and temporary sojourners in Canada may not be able to see or appreciate the national sentiment of Canada, but the sentiment is there," said Col. Denison at the U.E. Loyalists gala day. And the editor of the *News* jumps up in his sanctum, trails his duster along the floor, declares that the gallant Colonel means him, and yells through his paper, "you're another!" and "go there yourself!" and "I'll bet you my ancestors away back never stole sheep!" and a variety of other articles too numerous to mention. It is pretty tough to be termed a wanderer and a Bohemian, and a tramp—all of which, by the way, signify one and the same thing—and that right in the very presence of Senator Plumb and several Indians in war paint, either of whom in a body might have thereby been incited to riot and have galloped all the way to Toronto to tear the *News* office in pieces. But my perturbed friend should recollect that a U.E. Loyalist only has such a chance once a year or so, while his opportunities to destroy the U.E. Loyalists occur daily.

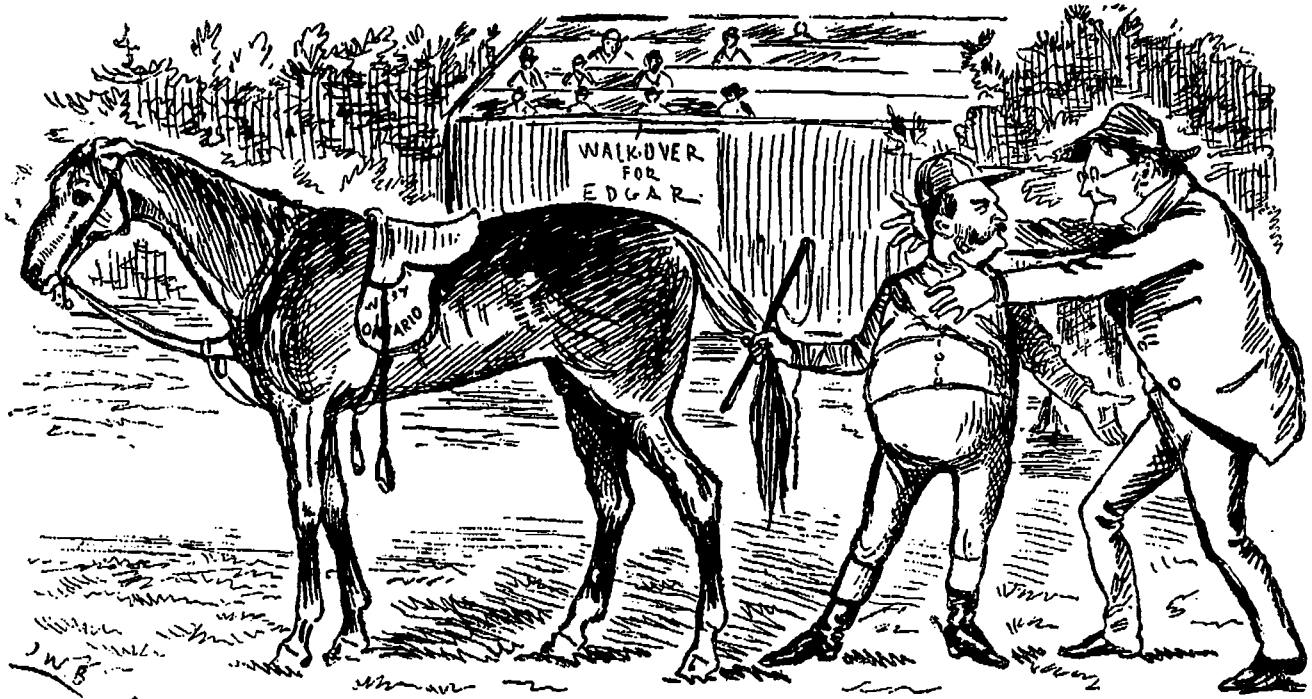
A new phase of the Pacific Railway question presents itself to me in the following from a *Globe* editorial:—"We have given this company enough of money to pay two or three times over for the work it has done. We shall have to pay three or four prices for the work that remains to be done, and it is becoming clearer every day that the work remaining to be done will be completely useless when done. We have beggared ourselves for years to come, in the effort to construct a work that was beyond our powers, and that was not and is not needed. Nobody believes that we shall not have to pay the cost of running the road as well as of building it. And now it seems

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

Barchard & Co.,

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

Pioneer Packing Case Factory



THE "RIDING" OF WEST ONTARIO.

James David (WHO HAS HAD A WALK OVER)—KICK—NAW! THERE'S NO KICK IN THE CRITTER!

we are not to put people upon their guard against further raids upon the Treasury on pain of being abused for attacking the interests of private investors?" If the *Globe* has gone on spending its money in this reckless fashion it should have let the public know about it earlier, that's all. It is too late altogether to "put people on their guard." The railway has got the *Globe's* money, and the best thing the *Globe* can do is to quit making a row.

Some one is eternally jumping up to suggest United States mediation between belligerent powers. You would think that the American Republic's government had nothing to do but set the machine running every morning and then look about for some way in which to fill in time for the rest of the day. No doubt there is ground for the impression that the United States could make a good mediator, because she has the good sense to keep herself nicely out of the nations' squabbles, and you will notice that it is generally the man who don't fight that makes the best referee in the ring. But it seems to me that in the first place, the Yankees do not see any money in the mediator business; and, in the second place, the danger is possible that their mediation might not be thoroughly satisfactory, and the upshot of it be a general

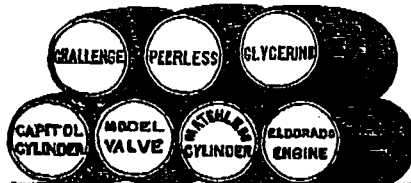
row in which the mediator would have to stand up against the two mediatings, and perhaps finally have to run for it. I guess Uncle Sam could mediate, but he doesn't hanker for it. And at any rate an idea will strike most people that if he wants to go into mediation he can find a first-class job right at home during this, the year of the Presidential election.

That the *Globe* is a disguised advocate of the communistic, socialistic, nihilistic and altogether fiddle-is-stick doctrines of Henry George, is an awful fact, for the discovery of which we are all indebted to the sober, sapient, sentient and altogether syllogistic editor of the *Mail*. The discoverer is further assured of the fact that one of the chief objects of the *Globe* in its revolutionary propagandian is that "the poor man" may be doubtfully benefited and also "may be able to buy Mr. George's books, and glorify Mr. George's name." Well, it may be said in answer to this accusation that if the *Globe* acts as a book agent for the poor man, the *Mail* acts as a free advertising medium for the poor man; which is the worst conduct of the two journals may

be left to the poor man himself to determine. There is one thing, however, pretty patent in a discussion of the poor man and the party papers, and that is that the poor man by this time has made up his mind that the *Mail* and its party have been promising him a great deal and doing for him very little, while the *Globe* and its party are promising him much more but lack the opportunity of the other party to fulfil their promises. Possibly when the poor man has had another chance to speak his mind politically he will demonstrate that he is no hog in the matter of promises, but knows when he has had enough — of empty ones.

**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.  
30 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.

Semi-Centennial Bitters.

NO FRAUD, NO HUMBUG, BUT FINEST HERBAL BITTERS IN THE MARKET. For Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Nausea, and in fact for all derangements of the Stomach, Loss of Appetite, &c., it stands unequalled, being purely an invigorating, Exhilarating, and Stomachic.  
Semi-Centennial Manufacturing Co., 57 Queen-Street East.

P. BURNS  
WOOD  
Best SUBJECT and MATERIALS.  
Direct from Care,  
FOR ONE WEEK.  
Delivered to any part of the City.  
Orders left at Offices:  
51 King St. E., Yonge St. Wharf,  
and 532 Queen St. West.