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EDITOR'S NOTE

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIFF office Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIFF is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 55 Adelaide-st. East, second door east of Court House.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

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VOLUME XVII.  
No. 8.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1881.

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## Literature and Art.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

The Emerson, Man., News has become the Gateway Express, and is now published semi-weekly. Mr. R. A. Spedding has now associated with him in the enterprise Mr. O. Brouse, late of the Iroquois Times, and Mr. A. J. Graves, late of Montreal. The Express is an admirably gotten-up 24 column sheet, and will no doubt command success as it deserves it.

A Scandinavian fineart exhibition was opened at Gotthenburg, Sweden, on the 1st of June. There were contributions from local Swedish, Norwegian, and Spanish artists, a selection of works from the private galleries of the city, and examples of the northern artists who reside in Rome, Paris, Munich, and Dusseldorf. There will be some one thousand oil paintings, also water colors, drawings and sculptures.

It would be more becoming in Miss Parnell to go to school and study grammar than to undertake to address "intelligent audiences" in the interests of the Land League, if the report of her remarks in Montreal is *verbatim*. According to a despatch in one of our city papers "Miss Parnell said that the Land League labored under a great disadvantage because of being in British dominions. In the States there was no such difficulties."

The Michigan Press Association, on arriving in Montreal on Saturday evening, proceeded to the Windsor Hotel, where they learned of the attempted assassination of the President. In the evening the party was received in the ladies' parlor by a number of the members of the City Press and other gentlemen, among them His Worship the Mayor, Counsel-General Smith, Mr. T. White, M. P., Mr. H. A. Nelson, M. P. P., Col. A. A. Stevenson, Mr. James Stewart, Mr. James Stevenson, &c.

The members of the Michigan press passed through this city on the evening of Dominion Day. Their brief visit was pleasantly spent in discussing an admirable dinner at the Rossin, in which, by the invitation of Mr. Irish, the members of the Toronto Quill Club and other journalists, participated. The affair passed off smoothly notwithstanding that a representative of the Pink News took too much whiskey as usual and came out with a head-ache editorial about the affair in his next issue.

Du Maurier's aesthetic young man, so happily portrayed in *Punch*, is a real character—a young Irishman named Oscar Wilde, who, by dint of flowing hair and strange attitudes, grew into prominence. He worshipped Mrs. Langtry as "a thing of beauty," but probably not finding that lady "a joy forever," is now prostrate before Modjeska. When street gamins followed him, he sublimely observed, "I am glad I form amusement to the lower classes." His fame at length reached Du Maurier, who immortalized him as "Maudie."

The critic of the London *Illustrated News* says, in writing of the Royal Academy exhibition:—An earlier welcome in these notices was due to the picture in the lecture room by the American painter, F. A. Bridgman, representing 'The Funeral Rites of a Mummy on the Nile' (906)—i.e., a grand procession of boats conveyed the embalmed body of an ancient Egyptian, in its painted sarcophagus, to the tomb up in the mountains. The explanatory notes in the catalogue relieve us from the duty of offering further description; but certainly no work founded upon Egyptian archeology at once so learned, imaginative and picturesque has appeared since Mr. Poynter's 'Israel in Egypt.' It more than redeems the promise of the painter's picture of an Assyrian monarch shooting lions in an arena before his court, which was exhibited at Burlington House a few years back; and the careful, finished execution evinces the beneficial influence of Mr. Bridgman's master, Gerome.



## Department of Public Works.

## AUCTION SALE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is given that, under instructions from the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, there will be offered for sale by public auction—L. B. TACKABERRY, Auctioneer—at the Government Workshops, Parliament Grounds, Ottawa, at 10 o'clock, a.m., sharp, on the 14TH DAY OF JULY next, the following first-class wood-working and other machinery, viz:—

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One "Tompkin's" No. 4 Single Cylinder Planing and Matching Machine, with countershaft, planing knives, matching heads and tools.

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One "Fay" combined Mortise and Boring Machine, with chisels and bits.

One "Wardell's" Patent Rip and Cross Cut Sawing Machine, iron table, with countershaft.

One "Tompkin's" Tonnage Machine.

One "Dolson's" Strained Scroll Sawing Machine, countershaft and saws.

One Butt Sawing Machine.

Two Rip Circular Sawing Machines.

Two "Richards, London & Kelly" Glue Heaters.

One "Jamieson" Emery Grinder for machine knives.

Two Turning Lathes, 20 inch and 30 inch swing, respectively, with countershafts, chucks, sockets, face plates, rests, and several turning tools.

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Also, a quantity of first-class lumber, "in lots" of about 1000 feet B. M., or more, viz.: Black Walnut, Oak, Ash, Birch, Cherry and Maple.

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A detailed catalogue of the various machinery and supplies has been prepared, and will be had on application to L. B. TACKABERRY's office, 30 Elgin Street, or to this Department, on and after the 29th instant.

No more than five days after the sale is allowed for the removal of articles purchased.

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By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary.

6-7 81

Ottawa, 27th June, 1881.

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## Literature and Art.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Our Music Editor, "Sharp Sixth," will furnish critiques of music publications sent in for review, and also critically notice public performances of high class music. Tickets for concerts, or compositions for review, must be addressed "Sharp Sixth," care of Grip Office.

Adelina Patti, it is stated, has signed a contract to sing in America, and will sail for this country in October.

Tom Keene began his San Francisco engagement last Monday night. He gets a certainty of \$10,000 for two weeks.

"Moses Oates," the distinguished weather prophet, is now on the staff of the *Globe* in the capacity of a special reporter.

Alice Hastings was born in Dublin, Ireland, whence she removed to New York, her present home, when only four years old.

Mme. Gerster, Miss Cary and Sig. Campanini, of the Mapleson Opera Company, will remain in this country the present season.

Mr. P. H. Gibbs, formerly of the *Guelph Herald*, now occupies the position of editor and manager of the *Oshawa Vindicator*.

Gottlob Carberg, one of the editors of the *Boston Musical Herald*, and a prominent orchestra leader, died recently in New York.

John Dillon is on his feet again, and with his daughter and a full dramatic company is travelling through the west, doing a good business.

Theodore Thomas, with an orchestra of fifty pieces, will give a series of forty-two concerts in the exposition building, Chicago, commencing June 15th.

Mlle Sara Bernhardt will make her first re-appearance in France since her American tour, at Havre, for the benefit of the local life-boat association.

Dan Morris Sullivan has added a comedy company of eight people to his "Mirror of Ireland," and is playing through California with good success.

"Mother-in-law," by George R. Simms, has scored a most emphatic success in Liverpool, where it was produced by Alfred Hemming's company recently.

The *Canada Lumberman* claims a circulation of over 2,000 copies. It is a splendid industrial publication, devoted mainly to the lumbering business. Toker & Co., Peterboro' are the publishers.

A newspaper man in putting on his last year's white vest, found a roll of bills in one of the pockets, amounting to \$120, which he had entirely forgotten. P.S.—None of them were receipted.

There is a would-be humorist on the staff of the evening News. His efforts at wit in the department headed "Newsiana" are awfully depressing. But the other day he got access to the editorial columns and unwittingly published a very rich thing. He complained of the want of a pump on the lacrosse ground—a cold water pump, mind you! Wait till the editor of the *Pink* gets his clutches on that young man; he'll teach him to indulge in irony, see if he don't!

Those who feel inclined to complain at the backwardness of Canadian literature have little occasion at present to exercise their sneerabilities. In addition to the important work entitled "The Canadian Portrait Gallery" just opened by Mr. Jon McGunn, and the magnificent publication of Messrs Belden Bros., "Picturesque Canada" now nearing completion, Mr. George Virtue has projected a fine volume to be entitled "Canada since the Union." The letter press is to be written by Mr. Dent, and the work will be profusely illustrated with wood and steel engravings.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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.**—On Saturday, July 2nd, Gen. James A. Garfield, President of the United States, was shot at Washington by a miscreant named Charles J. Guiteau. The event produced world-wide consternation, and evoked an expression of international sympathy and affection such as has never been paralleled. Up to the present writing the President has survived the wound, and it is fervently hoped he will ultimately recover. The would-be assassin appears to have been moved by an insane notion of political duty in committing the crime, and the moral blame for the deed is unanimously ascribed to the atrocious system of "To the Victors belong the Spoils," which has long obtained in the American Civil Service. Grip earnestly joins in the hope that Columbia may not only see her gifted President restored to his high office, but may also be successful in the death struggle with the monster evil which brought about his attempted assassination.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Simultaneously with the disappearance of our comet, our brilliant political orator with his long tale departs for the Maritime Provinces. The parallel extends further than this. Both are very luminous bodies, both are extremely mysterious as to their aims and missions, both follow a rather eccentric orbit, and both have a more or less "disturbing" influence. A lesser comet is reported as being now visible above the horizon—and, strangely enough, a lesser light in the person of Sir Hector Langevin has just made its appearance in the Maritime heavens.

### The Big Match.

Greek meets Greek to-day (Saturday) on the Toronto lacrosse grounds, Jarvis street, when the "Torontos" and "Shamrocks" play one of their magnificent matches before all the beauty and fashion and small boys in the city. Long odds on our boys!

### Professor Colombos Vordzylidder,

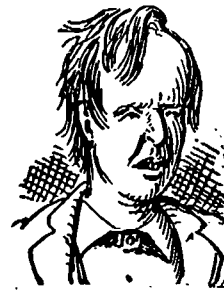
THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER, GIVES THE RESULT OF HIS ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS—ASTOUNDING RESULTS—THE END OF OUR WORLD AS REVEALED IN THE PLANET MERCURY.

At eight o'clock on the evening of 18th May, through Grip's great enterprise, our magnificent balloon, containing over 60,000 cubic feet of gas, ascended from the top of the observatory. We carried with us, in addition to our coal oil, cook stove, and utensils, our "double million-magnifying, patent-graded, sliding-lens telescope," lashed securely to the car. Professor Seebright was provided with a seat where he could quietly make observations. This gentleman, Reporter Grip, and myself, being the only occupants of the car, with the exception of a Scotch negro, whom we hired in the capacity of colored cook for the entire party. Our air ship behaved beautifully, rising at once to an altitude of 400,000 feet in an oblique direct on, then making a bee-line direct for the moon. However, as it was not to visit that planet, but to take observations in Mercury that we made the ascent, we turned the valve and fell in an easterly direction, with the telescope pointing to that planet. There we hung, between heaven and earth, while suns and systems of unimagined splendour revolved round our heads and the top

of the balloon. A startled cry from Professor Seebright brought me in haste to the telescope, Reporter Grip following with pencil and tablet. Looking up I saw no star, but a gorgeous landscape of hills and valleys, lakes and fields, of what might be waving corn, chequered with dim vistas of streets and magnificent buildings, miles of green avenues o'erarched by gigantic trees shaking hands over the way, after the manner of men singing the last verse of "Auld Lang Syne" at two o'clock in the morning, and under which there flitted what at first seemed to be a kind of upright bird of gay plumage. This planet then was inhabited, inhabited by a species of beings! "Let us have a more powerful lens," I cried, and immediately Reporter Grip and Professor Seebright adjusted another lens. "Great Caesar!" I exclaimed as, looking again, I discovered beings like ourselves flitting hither and thither with a strange, floating, ghost-like movement. I grew excited, and frantically shouted to Messrs. Seebright and Grip to tear out that lens and insert the "Ultimatum," our most powerful lens. Oh! the wonders of science! There, in the sunlight, floated, light as dragon-flies, the most beautiful beings; male and female, like ourselves. Cupids and Psyche's borne along by the soft fanning movement of wings attached to their ankles! Their dress was a modified kind of kilt, males and females being attired very much alike. It is clear that the atmosphere of the planet Mercury must be many degrees of density less than that of ours. The balloon here lurched in a westerly direction, rendering it impossible to take further observations from that point of view. In a few minutes she again hung motionless, but the scene was changed. A bustling city on a beautiful sheet of water was now apparent. Large clouds of beings hung together, or floated hither and thither, gesticulating wildly, and waving their feathery fellocks with great rapidity. The great mass came surging down to a point near the water, whereon was erected something like an immense derrick on which was placed a huge cannon-like tube. One by one they floated up to the telescope (for such it really was), looked through, and raised their hands as if in mute amazement. Then in a marvellously short time a huge wall of some dark, opaque material was thrown up, and several wing-footed imps were seen sprawling over it like flies on a window pane. By-and-by they alighted, and we saw that the wall was tattooed with what I supposed to be a kind of hieroglyphic characters, to which, of course, we astronomers of another planet could have no key. Reporter Grip, who up to this time had been taking notes, here requested to be allowed to have a look for himself. It was a study to watch this gentleman's face as he melted at the bottom of the car looking up into the planet. His eyes, naturally large, expanded and protruded to an unnatural degree, and his face, usually "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," grew red, purple, and pallid by turns, till suddenly he fell back in the bottom of the car. He had fainted! We stretched him out as best we could, his feet sticking through the net work of the car. After a minute or so he opened his eyes, and beckoning me, he whispered in hoarse tones, pointing to the stars, "They have seen us, and have signalled to us in colossal shorthand. The hand-writing on yon dark wall reads thus: 'Hail! neighbors from the little star, 'Earth.' We astronomers are watching your brave attempts to visit us. Do you understand our language? We are your lost tribes. The end of your world is—'" Here Reporter Grip grew faint, and whispered, "If that sooty individual would kindly light the stove and get me a cup of coffee, I might feel strong enough to sit up and copy down the whole thing." This request was answered by the appearance of the "individual" bearing in his hand a cup containing a liquid which he called "whuskey," and which Reporter Gr—

(To be concluded in our next.)

### SLASHBUSH ON TITLES.



them. "Yes, he's goin' to put up a new brick house and have the old one moved to the back of his farm."

"Well, I hope it will be a nice one," said Gustavus, "and one of good design, not like that dry-goods-box-style of architecture that old Deacon Gumpont's just finished. I only hope father will make up his mind to put up a new house and let me choose the design. If I had my way I'd have one built like a baronial castle, or an Italian villa, something after the 'stately homes of England' pattern."

"What on airth have we got to do with an English pattern?" asked his sister. "I know that granddad used to live in a log house and used to have dried out fish hung up in the kitchen for breakfast. Guess we ought to be pretty well content with what we've got."

"Ah! Almira, but times are changed, very much changed indeed. How do you know but before I die I may be made a knight! particularly if I go into politics, as I intend to? Why I may be Sir Gustavus Slashbush, K. G. M., or K. C. B., or K. T., Bart., yet! Who knows? And of course I would like to have a place of residence befitting my then position in society."

"Well," said Almira, "I guess you needn't trouble yourself about the new house just yet."

"No, certainly not, not yet. But look here, Almira, there's so many chances of getting a title now a days. If you should happen to become Speaker of the House (which position, when I do enter politics, is not so very far remote), or if I become talked of as a prominent member of a party, Tory or Grip, it's all the same, or become a Lieutenant-Governor or something of that sort, my chances would not be at all bad. You know you needn't do anything very brilliant or beneficial to the country to obtain the honor."

"No? Well, but what's the good of it, anyhow?"

"The good of it? Why the good of it is—" replied Gustavus, reflectively. "The good of it is that it makes a personage of the recipient of the honor, and he becomes respected and looked up to by his fellow-subjects as he would not, nor could not hope to be, otherwise."

"Oh!" said Almira, "that's about all the recommendation some of them have got."

"Yes," continued the youthful sage, not noticing the remark: "it is indeed an honor to know that the sovereign has sufficient confidence in you, although very likely she has never seen you, to place you in a position envied by the multitude who are neither K. C. B.'s, G. M. G.'s, or even C. B.'s. And mark you, Almira, it is a means of binding us with cords of affection to the dear old land from which our forefathers have sprung, and it imbues the minds of even us simple colonists, as we are, with a veneration for things belonging to a more refined and aristocratic condition than we can hope for here. It reminds us of the happy old feudal days when "It was merry in the hall, and—"

"Hello!" interrupted Almira, "guess we'd better git in. Dad's comin' up the lane, and he'll make it merry for us if you don't git them happiness cleaned to-night." And the aspiring Gustavus silently followed her advice.



AN IRISH PATRIOT.

*Paddy* (a tenant).—The tap av the mornin', Misher McGrath, sur; shure this foine weather is doin' a power av good to the soil, so it is. We'll have no more famines and the loikes av that av it kapes on this way a little longer!

*Mr. McGrath* (Land League Orator).—Yis, bad luck to it! But it's graved I am entoirely to see wan loike you, that I've always respicted as a thurc Oirishman, spakin' a good wurd for the foine weather, whin ye know right well it is playin' ould hob wid the policy av the Lague, an' helpin' that ould villian, Gladstone, to kerry out his Land Bill that will lave poor Erin widout a smitch av a gruviance!!

#### An Embarrassing Mistake.

It's no use talking, I can't go anywhere or do anything, without getting into some mull or other. There I've been working hard for the cause of Temperance by drinking moderately, and I must go and make another nunny of myself.

Now, I was just too awfully pleased to endorse Mr. Macdonnell's statements concerning the temperance question, and quite agreed with him in thinking that the only way to stop the increase of drunkenness was to drink a little one's self, and not to treat other people. We fellows at once started a society, founded on his opinions and by his advice, which we call *Advanced* or *Better Templars*, and according to the by-laws we go out every night and drink a little in the cause of Temperance. Of course the Gov. ridiculed my noble object, and sneeringly said, "Damon, the way you talk, one would think that the only sure cure for a burn is to apply a red-hot poker to the scorched spot." Notwithstanding the persecutions I meet with I persevere in the work, and every evening I indulge in some light liquor.

Until the other night I managed to get home safely every time, and only suffered a few headaches in the good cause. But that night I met with a misfortune. Twenty cents worth of drink was all that entered my mouth, and yet, when I started for home at twelve o'clock, I had a dizzy feeling, and my toes stubbed continually.

When I got to the door I tried to find the key-hole, but though I scratched up and down over every inch of it, it was no go. Then I tried the door and to my relief found it unfastened. I sat down on the hall floor and took off my boots, and when I went to get up I found that by some unaccountable means I could not; so I had to crawl up stairs, and the noise I made was alarming, though I tried to go easy. I managed to get on my feet at the top, and then I ran full tilt against a rocking-chair, which, when I went to grasp it went back with me, and threw me a complete summersault. In getting up a door seemed to run against me with a fearful thump that nearly brained me. Then, for-

getful of my early training, I used words better not repeated.

It was comparatively clear sailing after that, only nothing seemed in its right place. I could find neither match-safe nor gas-jet, so I undressed in the dark. The table had been moved to the other side of the room, and the bed to the middle. I will say nothing as to the knocks my shins and ankles got—it is hardly polite even to mention having such articles. They did get hurt anyhow, and I was glad when I was ready to plunge into bed. I was feeling around to find which was the head, when I found to my horror that some one was there. "Get out, you fool," a gruff, sleepy voice said, "don't be pawing my face over like that!"

I immediately concluded that I had got into father's room in mistake, so I lit out as soon as possible without speaking. I stumbled over the chair again, and threw the next door open quickly, with a bang. There was a light burning faintly, and as I came in a female head popped up out of the bed, and a female voice yelled, "Murder! thieves!" (I knew at once it wasn't a man by the curl-papers.) With a sudden spring and a fearful shriek she jumped out and seized me, and I could not get away from her, until we reached the head of the stairs, when she let go her hold and I fell to the bottom. Half dead with fright and other causes, I rushed out into the street, and my faculties now returning I saw that I had gone into the wrong house, three doors this side of ours.

It was not long before I reached our door, and went to get the latch-key from my pants pocket, when I found, what had not till that moment struck me, that I had left my clothing in the other house. A cold perspiration broke out all over me, and I crouched close to the door, fearing some one might see me before the gov. came down to let me in. He came near kicking me down the steps when he opened the door, not expecting to see me so lightly clad. When I said, "It's only Augustus," he stormed on me in the most vile manner. I explained my embarrassing position as best I could, and crept into bed half frozen, but with my mind made up as to how I should recover my clothing.

When morning came I went to No. 684, as brave as a lion. I saw the same lady who had clung to me so the night before, and I explained to her that my father, returning late from a dinner, had mistaken the house, and entered unconsciously, and had sent me to apologize for him. He was quite ill, I remarked, and so could not come in person, but if she would give me the things he had left I would be pleased.

She smiled on me, and said she had not been the least alarmed, and asked me to call in any time. She's a splendid girl, and if I thought the gov. would not let out on me, I'd call and see her often.

#### "Dear Mother, I've Come Home to Die!"

The many and undefined rumors with reference to Sunday, 19th ult., which have been floating around for some months past, seem to have had quite an influence on a large proportion of our population; and an Irish labourer's remark, "It's a foine day afther the ind of the world" (accidentally overheard by Mr. Gurr on the Monday following), conveys a fair idea of what some of the more ignorantly superstitious had long believed to be about to transpire. It was not alone among the utterly unlettered of the know-nothings, however, that the dread of calamity seems to have prevailed. Tidings have just reached us of a professional man in a semi-remote district, who, fearing the threatened disasters of the long-talked-of 19th, gathered his family around him and put "off" to, and "up" for the night at the house of his wife's nearest and dearest relations, so that his and her people might be all together if anything dreadful occurred. This incident would seem to show one thing (if it does not clearly establish the professional's soundness of mind), and that is, that much as we are inclined to throw mud at our mother-in-law in times of peace or prosperity, we may some time or other be glad to seek the company of the old lady when thunderings, lightnings, earthquakes, yea death itself, are talked of, and doubts and misgivings harass our minds!



#### ON BEHALF OF THE VOLUNTEERS.

Mr. Gurr, on behalf of the Volunteers and public of the Dominion, has much pleasure in presenting Major-General Luard with a little volume on good manners, as a slight expression of their sense of his great want of something in that way. He hopes the distinguished parlor warrior will deign to accept of the present, and study the volume thoroughly before he again appears in the presence of a body of Canadian gentlemen wearing the volunteer uniform. If it should so happen that the gallant General's stay in Canada shall not be long enough to enable him to master the rudiments taught in this book—and it is possible Her Majesty may want to send him on a mission to the other Boors before long, neither Mr. Gurr, the volunteers, nor the country will fool very bad about it.



GOD SAVE THE REPUBLIC!

\*\* See comments on page 3.

## The Joker Club.

## "The Fun is mightier than the Sword."

## THE HIGHWAY COW.

The hue of her hide was dusky brown,  
Her body was lean and her neck was slim,  
One horn was turned up and the other turned down,  
She was keen of vision and long of limb;  
With a Roman nose and a short stump tail,  
And ribs like hoops on a home made pail.

Many a mark did her body bear;  
She had been a target for all things known;  
On many a scar the husky hair  
Would grow no more where it once had grown;  
Many a passionnute, parting shot  
Had left upon her a lasting spot.

Many and many a well aimed stone,  
And many a brickbat of goodly size,  
And many a cudgel swiftly thrown,  
Had brought the tears to her loving eyes;  
Or had bounded off her lony back,  
With a noise like the sound of a rifle crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound  
For helping herself to her neighbor's corn;  
Many a cowardly cur and hound  
Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn;  
Many a tea-pot and old tin pail  
Had the farmer boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man,  
Though sometimes tempted to be profane,  
When many a weary mile he ran  
To drive her out of his growing grain;  
Sharp were the tricks she used to play  
To get her fill and get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town;  
She wisely watched him when he went by;  
He never passed her without a frown,  
And an evil gleam in each saugy eye;  
He would crack his whip in a saugy way,  
And drive along in his "one horse slay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call,  
Lifting his bars with crumpled horn;  
Nimbly scaling his garden wall,  
Helping herself to his standing corn;  
Eating his cabbages, one by one,  
Hurrying home when her work was done.

His human passions were quick to rise,  
And striding forth with a savage cry,  
With fury blazing from both his eyes,  
As lightnings flash in a summer sky,  
Redder and redder his face would grow,  
And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round,  
Breaking his pear and apple trees;  
Trampling his melons into the ground,  
Overturning his hives of bees;  
Leaving him angry and badly stung,  
Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall;  
The years went by with their work and play,  
The boys of the village grew strong and tall,  
And the grey-haired farmers passed away,  
One by one as the red leaves fall,  
But the highway cow outlived them all.

—Countryaide.

Corsets, like men, are tight when on a bust.  
Every well regulated ocean steamer has a poker deck.

A doctor is always in demand until he comes around with his bill.

"You are an immense swell," as the small boy said to the balloon.

A young lady in New York has appropriately named her dog Penny, because it was one sent to her.

When a thief steals five cents he don't think half the dime that some day perhaps old nickel get him.

"Honesty is the best policy." But you have to pay the premiums in this world, and realize on your insurance in the next.

Too often the only point contained in newspaper communications is embraced in the first four words, viz.: "I have no idea."

A Connecticut genius has invented a pipe which he names Lucy. We do not see what he calls it lucifer, unless it always ready to strike a match.

Bismarck has received as many as thirty American letters by one mail asking for his autograph. Murderers and great men are bored to death by this mania.

Teacher, to small boy: "What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?"  
Small boy: "Pull down the blinds."

The successful race horse always wins by four feet, yet he may come but only two fore feet ahead, and yet if it wasn't for feet he would forfeit the race.

These are the days when the old as well as the neuralgia let poor mortals know they haven't yet moved out of the tenement for the summer season of 1881.

Some of the railroads are announcing half-fare rates to the watering-places, and that's about what you get at some of the hotels when you arrive there.

When a young man wants to protect a young lady he naturally puts his armor round her.—*Boston Globe*. And she likes such a coat of mail.—*Hampton*.

Just because a man goes through the rain without an umbrella, it doesn't prove that he is a philosopher. It only shows that somebody has appropriated his water shed.

A West Virginia man, when he comes down stairs taking four steps at a time and his wife after him, generally remarks that he "came down by the Pan Handle Route."

Young gentlemen of slender means will be pleased to learn that poison having been found in ice cream at Atlanta, Ga., that tippie has been declared a dangerous compound.

Surf bathing has not attained a great degree of popularity this year. Old ocean needs to be plumbed for "hot and cold water," in order to make it attractive as an envelope this season.

Billington says the present style of gentlemen's straw hats is quite funny. The hats have no attic, and the first thing a man knows when he puts one on his head goes clear up to the roof.

"No willow to form a basket was ever woven more easily than children may be influenced in right ways by wise parents." And in many cases no better "influence" than a good tough willow can be used.

Fenderson was at the theatre the other night. "It was a burlesque, a take-off, wasn't it?" asked Smith. "Yes," said Fenderson, "that's what it was, I guess. They had taken off about everything they dared to."

They fine a man \$3 for swearing in Avon, Ill. It is an expensive job for a man to try to thread a needle in that town.—*Boston Post*. And people whose neighbors have hens no longer try to raise flowers.—*Somerville Journal*.

Edwin Booth dined with the Prince of Wales last week. We hope the Princess made the usual apologies about having no girl, the children being sick, etc. In America a dinner without these formalities would be a tame affair.

A bank clerk was yesterday seen negotiating for a box of strawberries, and was promptly arrested by the police on suspicion of being an embezzler. On examination he proved the fact that he was but acting as agent for one of the directors.

A loquacious man suffering from insomnia, was advised by his physician to get married. He took the advice, and meeting the doctor some time after was asked: "Are you troubled with sleeplessness any longer?" "Thank heaven, no," he replied, "but my wife is."

Of course you've met him, for he's everywhere,  
Go on the street, and you will find him there,  
Go to the bar-room; he's the first you'll greet.  
Go to the parlor; he's the first you'll meet.  
Go to the theatre; at the door he stands.  
Go to the park; you see him on all hands.  
Flee to the house-tops; to the cellar he,  
Still to your elbow he'll be ever nigh.  
Take to the woods, or rush to caverns dim,  
You'll find him there. There's no evading him.  
Where'er you go, he's always on the spot;  
We mean the man who asks you: "Ain't it hot?"  
—*Anon. Paragrapher*.

A school mistress should be up to urchin in knowledge.—*Detroit Free Press*. That is so, she she will probably never be Boycotted.—*Exc*

A mystic farmer is raising peacocks for the market, and expects to do a good business, although we have our doubts. Peacocks tell when it is going to rain; but, hang it, we don't want to know when it is going to rain. What we want to know is when it is going to clear off.

Ah, now we shall begin to read of the murmuring sea, of the silent sea, of the moonlit sea, of the restless sea, of the unruffled sea, and all that nerve-soothing panacea. It is pleasant, yen, it is delightful, but it means four dollars a day and everything "extra." Do not be beguiled by it.

Barnum's big glass case containing forty serpents of various sizes was smashed in Salem, Mass., by the horses running away. The street was strewn with anacondas, boa constrictors and other reptiles, and several other ex-Murphyites who witnessed the accident thought they "had 'em ag'in."

The man who gets on the steps of a street-car two squares before he arrives at his destination, and prevents every one from getting off and on without trouble, and the party who sits in front of you at the theatre and talks loudly when you are interested, will eventually land in the same harbor.

What England now wants is a second Westminster Abbey, to be devoted to the remains of great muscle men and champions such as Hanlan, Rowell, Archer, Jim Maco, leading Scotch kickists, and Irish stutlelah-slingers. Heads have had their day, and the age of legs and arms has come.

He was a bald headed guest at the New McCure, Wheeling, and when the waiter brought him a can of molasses and spilt it on his bare head, he didn't get mad, but simply remarked that it was "sweetness wasted on the desert hair." He felt amply revenged in getting off such a pun, and he ought to feel so.

On a Coney Island verandah the other day three hundred or more Brooklyn gentlemen were promenading with as many Brooklyn ladies when some wag yelled, "Look out, your wife's coming." Thirteen couple continued their promenade. The others slid round the back way and took the first train home.

A citizen of Atlanta, Ga., has in his possession, according to a local paper, an amethyst recently found in Rabun County, which contains a drop of water in the centre of the stone. This is said to be the only instance on record of any amethyst so peculiarly formed. That makes it an amethyst of the first water.

Four prominent physicians of St. Louis, all well known as expert shots, have arranged to shoot a pigeon match of twenty birds each, thirty-one yards rise. As physicians are noted for their ability to kill either at short or long distance we think the "thirty-one yards rise" might have been omitted. It is adding insult to injury.

No newspaper nowadays is complete without a weather prophet. We have secured one for the *Herald*, and here are his predictions for July:—The first three days will be fair or cloudy or warm or cool, with perhaps showers. The fourth will come on the day after the third, as usual. There will be some heavy showers, but no snow. The greatest storm of the month will occur between the 1st and 31st. The morning of the 21st will be decidedly cool, if there is a frost the night before. The latter part of the month will probably be extremely hot—and probably not. The comet will remain visible until it finally disappears from view. The Schuykill will not be frozen over this month, and the most profanity will prevail in areas where grain is levelled by storms. Stick a pin here.—*Norristown Herald*.



THE POLITICAL ÆSTHETE.

The *Mail* is engaged in fitting the garments of "Mr. Maudie"—which it has boldly "borrowed" from Mr. *Punch's* wardrobe—upon Mr. E. Blake. Grip is anxious to do what he can to assist in the accomplishment of this worthy literary design, and he therefore supplies the above portrait. It will at once be recognized as a particularly life-like representation of the Opposition leader. As is well known, Mr. B. is a long-haired, white-faced, morbid and intense-looking person of the Oscar Wilde type, who loves to stand in uncomfortable attitudes and pay deep-souled devotion to a water lily. Of course we are speaking now in a political sense. The lily is typical of the policy which the hon. gentleman longs after—and which, of course, the *Mail* understands thoroughly. There may be some individuals—dullards and duces—who regard this attempted parallel as too far-fetched, even if it were not a plagiarism; but nobody will deny that Mr. Blake is really inclined to Uttor ideas.

**Our Montreal Commissioner.**

WINDSOR HOTEL.

The question of Lawn versus Potatoes was incidentally discussed during the debate on the Estimates in the Quebec Assembly. Not the snowy lawn used for the adornment of bishops, but the verdant one which has for generations been an ornament of the old historical mansion of Spencerwood. This has been ploughed up and planted with potatoes, very much to the disgust of Mr. Irvine, who properly termed the ploughing and planting acts of desecration. The *Montreal Gazette*, however, is delighted that we have a Governor who prefers a potato patch to a lawn, and draws a brilliant parallel between His Honor and Cincinnati, very much to the disadvantage of the latter. Says the *Gazette*, "the lawn may suffer, but a bright page is being prepared for our future history." Fancy the historian of the future dilating on the masterly way in which His Honor plucked the weeds from the potato patch in front of the gubernatorial mansion, whilst groups of distinguished visitors looked on in speechless admiration. Your Commissioner is of opinion that future candidates for the office of Lieutenant-Governor of this Province should be required to undergo a severe examination in æsthetics, or there is no telling what future acts of vandalism may be perpetrated.

As Captain Grip marches several paces in advance of the front rank of Canadian journalism, should he not buckle on his armour and lead his conferrers in the light against telegraph monopoly? Your Commissioner is amazed at the apathy of the press and business men of Canada anent the consolidation of our telegraph lines with the Western Union. That was virtually the question before the shareholders of

the Montreal Telegraph Company, at a special meeting, called to ratify an agreement made by the directors with the Great North-Western Leasing Company. Uncle Sam's stock jobbers are quite too cute to call it a direct lease to the Western Union, but since that great Yankee monopoly is to guarantee the dividends, the veil thrown over the transaction is a very slight one. It is said the law courts will be called upon to decide on the legality of the lease. In the meantime public opinion should be aroused, and as Grip's pen and pencil are all-powerful in this respect, I hope to see them both gallantly at work.

COMMISSIONER F. T. P. O. Q.

**Nonsense.**

There was a Chaldee saw the comet,  
Who gaily exclaimed, "By Mahomet!  
I'm happy to say,  
We are safely away,  
Some millions or so of miles from it!"

TO MY GIRL.

Sweet girl, though fondly I would dream of you.  
How strangely varied are the thoughts that rise—  
Oh! what *brown* studies, and what *devil's blue*,  
—Just like your hair and eyes!  
Angel and demon in your nature blend,  
The temper that we dread, the love that wins—  
Only one knows not where the first has end.  
Or when the last begins. C. P. M.

**We Draw a Line Somewhere.**

The comic organ should beg the dismal organ to cease its ostentatious presentation of the same old bouquet. It's all very well for an employee of the troupe to occupy a front seat and throw a bunch of flowers on the stage at a performer on the first night, but when the thing is done more than once it looks too much like a put-up job. But the organ is wise in its generation. It thinks a free advertisement will purchase for its party Grip's everlasting gratitude, and its continued support.

This highly facetious paragraph appeared in last Saturday's *Mail*. The same issue contained a self-written puff of "the leading journal" extending over three mortal pages. Grip confesses to a certain gratification over bouquets from whatever source (though their purchasing power is small), but there is one thing he would hesitate to do, and that is to descend to the nigger minstrel act of throwing a bunch of flowers over his own shoulder to himself.



**INJURED INNOCENCE.**

*Jealous Wife* (accosting husband who has just returned from a Saturday afternoon's outing.)—Ha! you old scoundrel, I've got you now! Mrs. Grundy was here, and she told me she saw you going off on an excursion with a young lady! Is that true?

*Deeply Wronged Husband*.—It is. I must confess it is only too true.

*Jealous Wife*.—And who was the lady, you unspeakable villain?

*Deeply Wronged Husband*.—The Lady—Rupert.



"LAUGHTER IS BETTER THAN PHYSIC."

A Toronto gentleman, now in England, writes to a friend that, on arriving in London he called upon Sir John Macdonald, and found that ailing gentleman enjoying a hearty laugh over Grip's cartoon representing Dr. Andrew Clark delivering his professional opinion on the case. Sir John evidently knows the sort of specific his complaint requires, and Dr. Grip feels a satisfaction that he has done something definite for the great man's health.

**Old Silas, the Black-hearted Darkie.**

Old Silas was a colored man,  
His color was of deepest tan,  
That you or I or any one can  
Conceive.

But Silas' face was not as black  
As was his heart. It did not lack  
That worst of humors in the pack,  
Revenge.

Now, whether Si had simply boned  
It, or to him it had been loaned,  
In some mysterious way he owned  
A mule.

One day this mule its hind legs raised,  
And smote Si's head. He, much amazed,  
Upon the barn floor sat half-dazed,  
And wept.

But suddenly a smile most bland  
Crept o'er his phiz, and with deft hand,  
He filled a grain sack up with sand,  
And rocks.

And round that sack, to be a blind,  
A leather apron he did bind,  
And hung it from a beam behind  
That mule.

A shudder rippled o'er the beast,  
He smelt a mouse, to say the least,  
But braced himself, and, as if pleased,  
Let fly.

He sent the bag up to the roof,  
It bounded back like hoof for hoof,  
As if he had been bullet proof,  
It did.

That mule was grieved, astonished, shocked,  
He wasn't used to being knocked  
About, and his intentions balked,  
Not much!

Old Silas laughed until he roared,  
The tears his cheeks with furrows scored,  
He shook until his sides implored  
A rest.

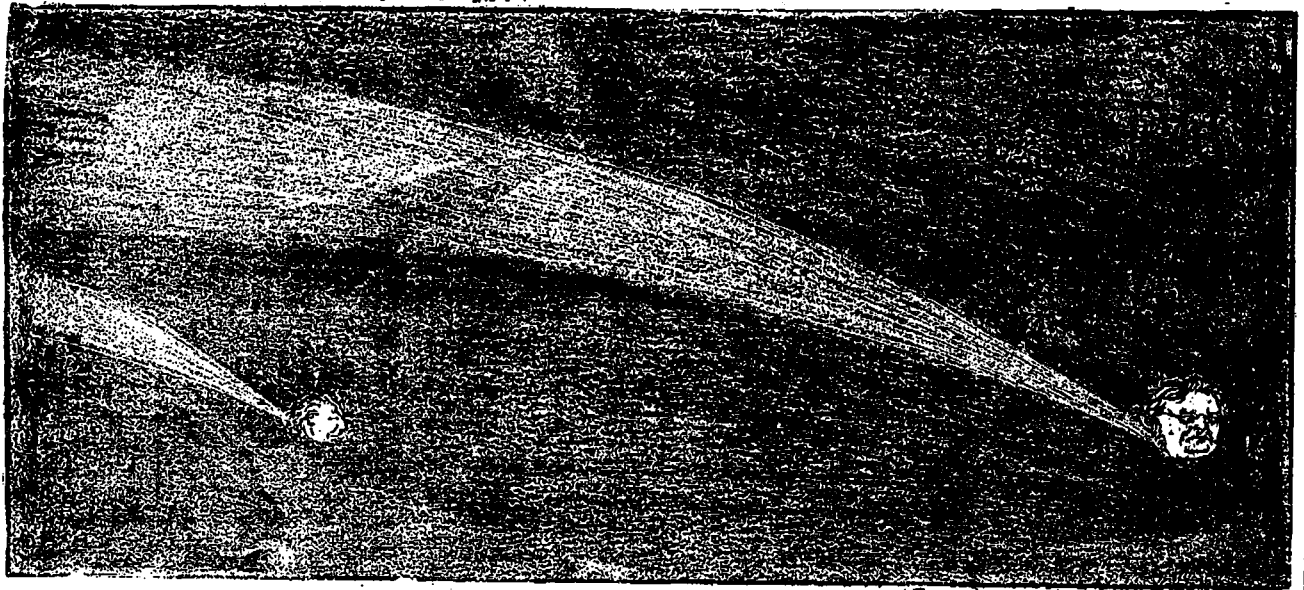
The mule kicked on; the bag kicked back,  
And all day long 'twas whackety-whack,  
But neither gave a sign of a sack,  
Nor sack.

Old Si retired to his humble cot,  
And the contest raged both fierce and hot,  
The mule for mercy brayed, "Guess not,"  
Said Silas.

But when to the barn next morn he hied,  
He found the bag unscarfied,  
But the mule in despair had gone and died,  
Heart-broken.

SCRANTON.

The Opposition mystery—Mr. E. Blake.



**POLITICO-ASTRONOMICAL NEWS.**

THE COMET WILL SHORTLY LEAVE US TO UNFOLD ITS LONG TALE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES. ANOTHER COMET OF LESSER BRILLIANCY IS NOW VISIBLE TO THAT SECTION OF THE COUNTRY.

\* See Comments on Page 3.

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**“THE CANADIAN SHORTHAND WRITER”** for June will be out in the course of a few days, and the July number will make its appearance promptly on the 15th of the month. Subscribers who have not received the number for May will please notify us. A great improvement in the lithographed portion of the WRITER is anticipated with the forthcoming number. Subscription, \$1.00 per year.

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