

# SMOKE "CABLE" S. DAVIS' "EL PADRE" CIGARS.



VOLUME XVII.  
No. 10.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1881.

\$2 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH.



WHO'LL HELP HIM OUT?

MR. GLADSTONE.—I can't aid your Highness—they've tied my hands. Why don't you call your mamma?



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

Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

**"CHICORA."**  
In connection with  
NEW YORK CENTRAL AT LEWISTON, AND  
CANADA SOUTHERN AT NIAGARA.  
Leaves Yonge St. Wharf at 7 A. M. and 2 P. M. daily.  
Tickets to all points East, and West.  
R. ARNOLD, cor. King & Yonge St.  
W. R. CALLAWAY, 20 King St. W.  
BARLOW CUMBERLAND,  
35 Yonge St.

**WHEELER & WILSON**  
MANUFACTURING CO.'S  
**SEWING MACHINES**  
The latest improved and most complete  
and perfect machine in the world.  
Office: 85 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

**THE MACKINNON PEN**

EASE, SPEED, ECONOMY, DURABILITY, GREATNESS.  
The only Reservoir Pen in the World with a circle of  
indium (diamond) around the point. A full descriptive  
pamphlet, with prices, etc., mailed free to any address, USA



**C. W. YOUNG,** General Agent for Canada,  
Box 500, Stratford.

**PITTSBURGH COAL.** SHIPPED DIRECT FROM MINES TO THE TRADE AT LOWEST RATES. **A. & S. NAIRN, Toronto.**



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Postoffice, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.

George Crammond and J. S. Knowles are our only authorized travelling agents.

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.—Mr. Blake, the politician whose past record is so besmeared with Goderich Harbor Jobs, "Speak now" intrigues, "Friend Moore" letters, and general slime and corruption (as every intelligent person must be aware), has gone to the Maritime Provinces for the alleged purpose of sowing the seeds of discontent and rebellion against the powers that be. The *Mail*, which has the true interests of the people at heart, conserves those interests by sending an *avant courier* to warn the people of the approach of this dangerous character, and GRIP, in his picture this week, simply depicts this interesting episode.

FIRST PAGE.—The House of Commons refused to grant the appropriation asked for to pay the debts of the Prince of Wales, and His Royal Highness is left in the unpleasant predicament here pictured. As the debts were largely contracted on the Queen's account, it seems only reasonable to suggest that Her Majesty should come to the rescue of her dutiful boy.

EIGHT PAGE.—Jay Gould's bold attempt to get possession of the telegraph lines of this country has alarmed the public. The scheme has been happily thwarted up to the present writing, but there is no knowing what the end may be. Mr. Gould is not the sort of man to give up if he sees any chance of success, and as a *wire-puller* he stands unrivalled. Meantime Miss Canada defends herself vigorously and all her children will wish more power to her elbow!

The movement for Reciprocity, or in plain language Protection, is going on vigorously in England, and may yet develop into a great big elephant like our own N. P. The coincidence of Sir John's presence in the Old Country at this juncture naturally suggested this cartoon.

### Editorial Notes.

The Canadian Press Association will start on their annual excursion on Tuesday, August 2. The route is from Port Hope (where the annual meeting will be held) to Peterborough, Lindsay, Bobcaygeon, Waubausheon, Midland, Parry Sound, and Penetanguishene. The trip will extend over one week, and is likely to prove one of the most interesting and enjoyable (as well as inexpensive) yet undertaken.

The Norcross Opera Company continue their successful performances at the Pavilion. The new opera, *Mascot*, which was produced for the first time here on Monday night, proved a great hit.

Our readers will observe some alterations in the general make up of GRIP, which we trust will meet with their approval. Business men are alive to the fact that Gurr's great circulation and popularity, taken in connection with its convenient size, render it a highly valuable medium for reaching the public. It is to accommodate the increase of advertising patronage, with which we are now favored, that we have added the cover, which at the same time will serve to protect the outer pages of the paper.

Perhaps a measure of GRIP's increased popularity of late (as indicated both in the subscription and advertising departments) is due to the generous action of the *Mail* and some other prominent journals, who, through a mistaken notion of policy, have endeavored to injure the paper. We have no reason to entertain anything but thankfulness for these attacks,—for had we attempted to get the articles written on a business basis, they would have cost us at least twenty-five cents a line.

The charge made against GRIP by the *Mail* is that it has unduly favored the Grit party, and is therefore a "Grit organ." We challenged our critic to point out any occasions missed on which we might fairly have attacked the Grits. After four weeks of due deliberation, our contemporary comes forward with its reply to our challenge, which is that the undermentioned occurrences afforded fair chances of such attacks and were allowed to pass by unnoticed.

1. When Mr. Blake wrote the "Speak now" letter.
2. When Mr. Blake "rib-stabbed" his leaders Brown, McKellar, and Mackenzie in the Local House.
3. When Mr. Blake acted an unworthy part in connection with the Manitoba disturbances.
4. When Mr. Blake shammed sickness to avoid giving his decision (as Minister of Justice) against Speaker Anglin who had transgressed against the Independence of Parliament Act.
5. When Mr. Blake persistently and truculently "rib-stabbed" Sir John A. Macdonald, charging the latter with what he (Blake) knew Sir John to be innocent of.
6. When Mr. Blake wrote the letter introducing "his friend" Moore to Mr. Mackenzie, though assuring Moore that he would receive no preference from Mackenzie on account of this introduction; when, as it turned out, Moore got a contract at \$30,000 above the lowest tender.
7. When Mr. Blake waded through slime and corruption to office, bargaining with traitors, and endorsing transactions for which Mr. Mackenzie's promises were not considered sufficient.
8. When Mr. Blake endeavored to get Parliament to withhold its sanction from the Syndicate bargain and consider the offer made by Messrs. Howland, Walker, et al.

9. When Mr. Blake "rib-stabbed" Liberal Conservative members of Parliament in his Montreal speech, or when he retailed and distorted private conversations with Conservative M.P.'s in his Toronto banquet speech.

As to Nos. 1, 2, and 3, the occurrences alluded to were prior to the establishment of GRIP No. 4. A cartoon showing up the Anglin affair appeared on Saturday, Sept. 9th, 1876, GRIP, Vol. 7, No. 16. No. 5 is too vague and indefinite; if the *Mail* will state exactly what it alludes to and give the date of this rib-stabbing, we will be in a position to reply. No. 6. We do not see anything necessarily corrupt in Mr. Blake's action in this matter; if, however, Mackenzie corruptly gave Moore the contract, he deserved to be shown up. Mackenzie's explanations as to why he did not give the contract to the lowest tender in this case were satisfactory to us, just as similar explanations by Conservative Ministers of Public Works in like cases (which we can quote if necessary) have been satisfactory. No. 7. This is stated too vaguely. If it is the Huntington affair that is alluded to, cartoons reflecting the Conservative view of that action were published July 3rd and August 30th, 1873. No. 8. In this matter GRIP thought, and still thinks, that Mr. Blake simply did his duty to the country. Many thoroughgoing Conservatives (such as Messrs. Proctor, Duraud, etc.) also take this view. No. 9. At Montreal Mr. Blake spoke strongly of his political opponents, just as Sir Charles Tupper did a few nights afterwards. If GRIP undertook to caricature this sort of thing he wouldn't have time for anything else. In his Toronto speech the "conversations" alluded to were not private. Blake repeated what certain Ministerialists had said to him on the floor of the House as to the hopelessness of his interminable amendments to the Syndicate bargain. It was simply a jest, and the point was against Blake himself.

The *Mail* concludes: "We think we have proved that GRIP, judged by a test of his own selection, has failed to 'hold the mirror up to nature impartially and justly.'" All right, Mr. *Mail*. Let us shake hands over the "bloody chasm." GRIP is willing that the decision be left to the sovereign people.

Mr. Chester Glass' work, "The World: Round It and Over It," has just been published in handsome form from the press of Messrs. Belford & Co. It contains 528 pages, with 96 illustrations on wood, and will sell at \$2. The very interesting and cleverly written letters contributed to the London *Advertiser* by the author when on his travels, form the nucleus of the book, and all who delight in graphic descriptions of men and manners in out of the way quarters of the earth cannot but be pleased and instructed by its perusal. Mr. Glass is well known as a rising young barrister of the Forest City, and his many friends have reason to be proud of this first important production of his pen in the literary field. As a purely Canadian work of high intrinsic merit we cordially recommend it to the attention of our readers.

Messrs. W. J. Gage & Co. have issued a neat edition of Mr. Jas. Hughes' handy little work on Canadian History, which was prepared at the suggestion of Rev. Dr. Vincent, President of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. The work contains a concise statement of the facts of Canadian history arranged topically, and will prove of great value to students and all others who wish to refresh their memories on the subject—and there is perhaps no subject that people in general know less about—especially in Canada.

**Professor Colombos Vordzplidder.**  
(Continued from No. 8.)

It has escaped my memory as to whether Reporter GRIP partook of the cup proffered by the Scotch colored man. I only remember that he suffered for some time from a kind of mental catarrh, which had the effect of making him shake hands all round in a pathetic manner, the tears meanwhile raining down his cheeks and dropping into the vasty deeps of space below. He was also a little sea-sick, caused, probably, by the see-sawing of the balloon, or by seeing what he saw in the planet. Immediately on his recovery, however, he, with an ingenuity characteristic of the man, invented a system of communication with the planet, by means of what he termed a phonotroscope. Thus, in answer to the question, "Do you understand our language?" he arranged, on the opaque side of the balloon, four bright Bengal-lights so as to form gigantic characters signifying, "We understand, go ahead!" Thou we applied our eyes to the telescope. Up went these Mercurian imps and in less than no time the wall was covered from top to bottom with hieroglyphics, which I now give as interpreted by Reporter GRIP:—"This comet which you now see is an electrical engine which our forefathers sent out in order to see if it were practicable to communicate with your Earth, but the galoots in charge have forgotten how to turn the reverse screw, and as the electricity is produced in an increasing ratio by the perpetual motion of the engine, it is possible they may go on *in perpetuo* or until they find out how to reverse the helm, and, by getting into the elliptical current, steer straight for the Earth. From recent indications it would appear as though they had almost hit on the right method. The engine came near you this time, and although it has again receded we should not be surprised to find that it had only retreated a couple of billion miles or so, after the manner of a skillful vaulter, in order to acquire sufficient impetus to return and knock you endwise. Do not be alarmed; the chief inconveniences will be a change of climate, and that you'll get used to. The rotations of the earth, however, will be so accelerated that the extra spinning and whirling will produce a general flattening and softening of the crust, revolving with such rapidity as to become first pear-shaped, and ultimately long and pointed like a cigar. Your world may then be said to have literally come to an end—nay, to two ends, one round and the other pointed. If you don't feel the whirling going on now you won't then. We Mercurians think you ought to be smart enough to utilize this coming to an end of your planet, by disemboweling it and converting it into a planetary telescope with phonotroscope attached. Charge the rubbish with electricity, set fire to it and pitch it overboard into space; it will only cause a shower of meteoric stones on some of the other planets, and afford food for speculation among the learned savans of Saturn, Jupiter, or maybe Venus. You will easily recognize the returning comet by the illumined trail she leaves behind, like the trail of a ship on the waters. It will —" Here the colored individual, possessed by the spirit who is denied by some to exist, turn-

ed a valve, and in two minutes we were falling, drifting, driving down amid the clouds and mists that surround the earth. I soon obtained control, however, but Professor Sebright thought it best to descend, much against the will of Reporter GRIP, who declared that we "envied him the light of you pure world that woe'd him to its brink." It was evident, however, that thoiden of his unprecedented "scoop" consoled him wonderfully. We arrived on the morning of the 20th, all well, our beards having grown three inches in the interval.  
Profoundly yours,  
COLOMBOS VORDZPLIDDER.

**The Queen City.**

Fair city of gardens, Toronto the peaceful,  
In gladness I see thee admirably now,  
By the water's cool margin in state thou reclinest,  
A bright jewel set in Ontario's brow.  
Oh! who would recall, knowing aught of thy beauty,  
The scenes of romance that have long passed away,  
When the copper-skinned squaw reared the rude-  
fashioned wigwam,  
And the birch bark canoe glided over thy bay?  
What tho' the bright axe in the broad hand of progress,  
Has swept the tall pine-forests out of our sight,  
The lords of creation, the solitude lonely,  
Have peopled with laughter, and sunshine, and light.  
Yet as from the hills of the north we behold it,  
Our wondering vision the fair city greets,  
Embowered in verdure, as if the great forest,  
Were transplanted bodily into its streets.  
And tho' the bold red-skins no more wield the paddle,  
Impelling the bark o'er the water's grey tide,  
We've a thousand good oarsmen, with Hanlan, the  
mighty,  
To follow their footsteps, and flatter our pride.  
Oh city! fair city! 'tis pity, tis pity,  
That for thee 'tis as yet an impossible feat,  
To sweep out dark vice, with destruction's broad bosom,  
'Twould make thee forever an Eden complete.  
Oh! men of Toronto, our city requires us,  
To transform bad citizens into the best,  
Then make yourselves worthy of such a grand city,  
Ye warm-hearted sons of Ontario West!



A PICTURE PAINTED FOR THE "MAIL."

The *Mail* prints another long article against GRIP. It is evident that inextinguishable hatred of the comic fowl finds a home under the shirtfront of the remorseless Plumb. No one who has seen an angry grander hissing at a pointed finger will be surprised in the least.—*Globe, Thursday.*

Mr. Blake's illustrated organ, in common with its illustrious master, has been subjected to criticism by the Conservative press; but no Tory newspaper has as yet said anything so unkind of the raven as has the *Globe*, which yesterday spoke of the "inextinguishable hatred of the comic fowl." Inextinguishable hatred should not be a characteristic of a comic fowl, but the comic fowl's companion in arms knows perhaps better than anyone else the comic fowl's characteristics. The *Globe* speaks of an angry grander hissing at the comic fowl. Why does it not complete the picture, and include in it the meditative ass, who is looking on, and entreating a warm feeling towards the comic fowl, because it recognizes in the fowl's crow sounds resembling its own bray?—*Mail, of Friday.*

Being ever willing to oblige our esteemed contemporary the *Mail*, we endeavor to "complete the picture" suggested. Our artist has had considerable difficulty, however, in twisting the *Mail's* version into shape.

**National and Personal Trials.**

This is a funny age we live in, I must say! What with comets and eclipses, assassinations and the world coming to an end, a fellow has no peace of his life.

When I was a shaver going to school, I used to think nothing ever happened in our time like history; there were neither wars, famines, nor riots—in fact nothing interesting. But now, after a quarter of a century's experience, I kind of fancy we'll have a pretty good showing in history. There was the assassination of Lincoln, D'Arcy McGee, George Brown, and the Czar, the Fenian raid, the Pacific Scandal, and the Victoria Disaster. And now, to wind up, they have shot President Garfield.

I ain't personally acquainted with him, but I should judge he was a mighty fine fellow. Nobody has a bad word to say for him, now he's near dead; but if I don't forget, during the elections some papers hinted broadly that he wasn't what he ought to be, but one can't trust implicitly in what they say at such times.

I am suffering under a fear of assassination myself just now. A witch of a woman applied for the position of occasional laundress at our house, and bothered me to use my influence on her behalf with my aunt. I refused gently but firmly, telling her I would not have such a drunken old hag as she was around the place. Since then her little boys heave rocks at me every time I enter or leave the house. Their motto is "We never sleep," and they stick to it too awfully well. No matter what time I go home, early or late, I am greeted by a volley of missiles, ranging from mud to brick-bats. The same spirit that animated the arm that laid Garfield low, causes the stones to be hurled at me.

It is sad indeed that having the gift of offices, whether small or great, under one's patronage should raise up enemies with pistols and decayed eggs to buffet one, when it naturally should make friends for one. I am afraid the system can not be entirely done away with. Competitive examinations would be good, only that it is hard to raise a standard of requirements for public offices where so little knowledge or sense is wanted. It would be hard to find a boy of sixteen who could not fill the best paid positions in the civil service. I will proceed no further. I fear my troubles are making me misanthropical. I think things have fallen pretty low when I should apprehend assassination.

**Parkhill Enterprise.**

We find the following item in the *Parkhill Gazette*:—"Mr. Phippen's new hearse is one of the sights of the village. It is one of the handsomest carriages we have ever seen. It would be good enough for a city, with first-class pavement, and yet we understand he is to charge no more than he did for the old one. Mr. Phippen has put Parkhill and neighborhood under obligations. An opportunity is now within the reach of every one of conveying the remains of their departed loved ones in one of the most elegant hearses ever seen in Western Ontario." The Parkhill undertaker certainly deserves praise for his enterprise. We join the *Gazette* in bestowing it, and sincerely hope he may never find the grand new hearse anything but an ornament in front of his shop.

**English Rhymes.**

A young swell who calls himself Beauchamp  
Had a loved one who said she would teachamp,  
To call himself Bowshamp,  
But still he'd no neushamp  
To change it in spite of her preauchamp.  
Another young swell they call Grosvenor  
Had a row 'bout a girl with his Gosvenor,  
But he told the old earl  
That he'd marry the gearl,  
For he vowed that he couldn't help losvenor.

TO THE VICTORS BELONG THE "SPOILS."  
PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE SHAMROCKS.

(From the Montreal Post, Wednesday, July 13th.)

An evening contemporary called the Torontos' challenge to the Shamrocks to play on Saturday next a "plucky one." We fail to see where the pluck comes in when the men that are challenged are still suffering from the effects of the rough and "bully" ways of the Torontos. A representative of the Post has ascertained the physical condition of the thirteen men who won the flags, but who have not received them yet.



MURPHY.

Received nothing of any consequence.



MERHAN.

Wears blue marks on his sides from general punishment.



MACUIRE.

Severe contusion on the ankle, which is much swollen and renders him lame. His ribs are blue and his sides very sore.



McKEOWN.

Was struck across the ear and on the shoulder; the injury not severe.



BUTLER.

Deep cut on the head; internally injured from being sandwiched. His right side is very sore, and for two days had no appetite.



MORTON.

Feels sore around the head, arms, and body. He had a narrow escape from being chopped by Martin.



HART.

Received three deliberate blows on the head from the "gentleman player, Sam Hughes."



HOODIN.

Cut on the head, swelling in the hands and arms, his right side very sore from the slashing.



FARMER.

Two ribs injured, black eye with his nose almost broken; he feels worse to-day.



LALLY.

His right leg was badly cut about the knee and is now in a limping condition.



T. DALY.

Only received a swollen nose and a black eye.



HEELAN.

Deep scalp wound, and suffering from a blow received in the pit of the stomach.



TUCKER (SPARE-D MAN.)

Frightened Ross Mackenzie and he was spared.

The foregoing bulletins speak for themselves and will certainly take all the "pluck" out of the challenge. On the other hand, it is the opinion of many that the Shamrocks should pay no attention to a telegram. It was suggested by some of the players that if ever they have to go to Toronto again a surgeon should accompany them.



HE'S A BA-AD MAN, AND HE CARRIES A RAZOR!!

\*. See comments on page 2.

## The Joker Club.

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

#### A MAN IN A MILLINERY STORE.

She had mildly hinted that she didn't care about going to church again until she had her summer bonnet, but at mention of the bonnet he turned round and belched out:—

"Bonnet! 'Nother new bonnet! Why don't you go down and buy out every infernal bonnet foundry on Woodward avenue and done with it!"

"I haven't had but one this spring," she meekly protested.

"One! Why you've had forty!"

"Only one, my dear, and I can show you the bill."

"Well, that cost forty or fifty dollars."

"Oh, no. The bill is only nineteen dollars."

"Nineteen dollars! Well, that's an outrageous swindle!"

"It is a very plain bonnet," she remarked, "and it was only for spring."

"How much will a summer hat cost?" he asked after reading down to the end of a column.

"Well I'll try to get along with ten or twelve dollars, but you—"

"Ten or twelve demons!" he yelled as he half rose up. "I tell you it's an outrageous swindle, and no one but an idiot would submit! They tuck the price on because they think you don't know bran from broomsticks!"

"Then you go down with me and make the purchase."

"Egad! I will! I'll go this very day, and if I don't buy a better bonnet for \$4 than you ever had for \$10 I'll eat shingles!"

That afternoon they entered a millinery store in company, and the old gent had the look of a man who was bound to win if it broke a leg.

"My wife wants a bonnet," he began as he got settled down on a stool.

"Very well. About what price?"

"Say from \$4 to \$6."

"Yes, sir. Here is one for \$4. It is for a kitchen girl on Sixteenth street, and I call it an elegant thing for the money."

"I—I guess we don't want one for four dollars," he muttered as a chill flew up his spine.

"It's very cheap, I assure you," and the colors are very popular with kitchen girls; but here is one for six dollars."

"Ah that is more like it! Now I call that handsome."

"So it is, sir. That is for a servant girl on Winder street, and she certainly has good taste."

"It is the cheapest bonnet I have made for a year."

"Yes—ahem—no doubt!" gasped the old gent as red streaks began to color his neck and chin. "And what's the price of this one?"

"That is sold to a barber's wife for \$8, but I could get you up the mate to it if you want."

"Barber's wife—ahem—eight dollars—and this one?"

"Well I made the price very low on that one, as it is for a seamstress who always buys of me. I only charged her \$12 for that."

"Seamstress, eh?"

"Yes she goes out for seventy-five cents per day, and of course can't afford any better than this."

Old Whetstone was as red as a strawberry by this time, and it was only by a tremendous effort of will that he could repress a "gosh darn it!"

"You wouldn't care to look at this \$16 bonnet as it is for a machanic's wife," softly remarked the milliner.

"No—ahem—perhaps not," he grunted.

"But this one at \$20 might possible do," she went on "although your wife's position in society would only permit her to wear it for second best. Just wait and I will show you something for \$25 that will charm you."

"I won't, I'll be hanged if I wait a minute!" he exclaimed as he rose up. "I don't feel very well, and I've also agreed to meet a man at the City Hall at three o'clock. Martha, you go head and pick out a bonnet."

"One for—four—for—four dollars," she whispered.

"Four be-hangs! Who said anything about four dollars? If you can make one for \$20 do you, I'd take it; but if you look better in one for \$25, you can have it sent up. What I was scolding about this morning was the shape of your bonnet—not the cost; I still hold the shapes are outrageous; but you've got to have one all the same."—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### SOME CORRECTIONS REGARDING SAHARA.

There has been wild talk now and then of turning the waters of the Mediterranean upon the Desert of Sahara, thus forming a great inland sea, which would be an advantage to commerce and give the camels a much needed rest. A theory has prevailed for many years that all save the oases is an ancient sea bottom, that had dried up from some cause or another, and that making it again a sea would only be restoring it to its original position among the nations. This talk of letting on the water seriously interfered with passenger travel across the desert at one time, and camels frequently started on the long and dusy journey not more than half-loaded. It was a season of great dullness and no inconsiderable suffering among the simple children of the desert, who obtain a precarious and prefitory livelihood by stealing from caravans and robbing isolated travelers. Gray-headed old sheikhs, who had hitherto enjoyed large incomes from the tax levied on summer tourists, complained bitterly that they couldn't make their salt, and freedom gave a sheikh in consequence. Whole lines of camels were drawn off altogether, and numerous oases along the road, that had hitherto been crowded with guests, were compelled to shut up for want of patronage. There is not a more melancholy sight in crossing the desert than an oasis closed. There is a terrible air of desolation about it—shutters fastened, sheds boarded up, sign hanging by one hinge, and listlessly flapping in the breeze, pump out of order and no fire in the bar-room. The fact is, people were afraid to cross the desert, not knowing at what moment the water might be turned on, and those who did undertake it were careful to provide themselves with life-preservers before starting.

We understand that the fright was communicated to the inhabitants of the desert themselves. When a nomad went to bed at night he didn't know at what moment the water would come and wash him out of his tent. We will say, however, that if water succeeded in washing a nomad out of his tent it was more than it ever could do in. He would sit up all night sometimes, waiting for the flood to come, hoping he might be able to swim out,—and we will venture to say that no modern man ever lived on the desert or subsisted on the several courses immediately proceeding it.

It required a great deal of sand for a man to maintain a residence on the desert in those days. It seemed played out as a sensation, and it wouldn't have surprised the oldest retired Mameluke to have heard the bells go ringing for Sahara at any time.

But happily all alarm in that quarter is likely to be dissipated. Dr. Lenz, a scientist, who Lenz disenchantment to the view, has been lecturing in Paris on his trip from Morocco to Timbuctoo, and he takes occasion to correct some of the generally received notions about Sahara. Instead of being the bottom of a dried up sea, it really forms a plateau, 1,100 feet above the level of the Atlantic. Water would have to be brought from the Mediterranean in oyster cans, as it would be impossible to force it to that height by any known appliances. Moreover, in place of being a dead,

level plain, where the traveller has to wade in sand three feet deep from one side to the other, it is greatly varied in its aspect. Rocks succeed sandy plains and the oases are dotted with sheets of water and covered with rank grass, though he doesn't explain exactly what its rank is. Again the temperature is not nearly as hot as represented by dealers in fans and linen dusters, who do business along the edges. How terribly Sahara must have been lied about by geographers and travellers. We don't believe that any of the former ever saw it, and as for the latter they tried to make out a big story about heat, sand, Bedouins and the simoon, which says wig-wag, just to show how much they can stand.

"Ye pays no more attention to me," said Patrick, "than if I was a dumb baste talking to ye."

The czar has succeeded in maintaining absolute monarchy. But he is afraid to come out and see how it is getting along.

A new book asks: "Can she atone?" A more important question to the marrying young man is: "Can she bake?" or "Can she sew on shirt buttons?"

A New York Chinaman has the following notice, which we give according to the revision, "To trust is to bust. To bust is Hades. No trust, no bust. No bust, no Hades."

The last faint spark expires, and the tenacious individual who bravely kept his New Year resolutions has broken them with the same hammer that flattened out his thumb on the new parlor carpet.

"They do not die on the premises," is the recommendation given for a patent rat poison. It makes the rats feel so bad that they go away and die at the house of a neighbor. There is nothing like it.

"It's a long way from this world to the next," said a dying man to his friend who stood at his bedside. "Oh never mind my dear fellow," answered the friend consolingly, "you'll have it all down hill."

She was decorating her room with pictures, and she perched his photograph up on the top-most nail; then she sat down to admire her work, and remarked quietly, "Now everything is lovely, and the goose hangs high."

"Men often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. We saw a dog jump at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly-closed door, and it made more disturbance than a church scandal.

"There is one thing I like about the new version," said old Blunderbuss; "that 'ere text about 'the boy being father to the man' is left out altogether. I always thought that was wrong end to." And he didn't know why the smile went round.

"Are you going to the Thousand Islands this summer?" said Mr. Smith to Miss Unsophisticated. "My goodness, no!" said she, "we couldn't think of going to so many, ma says if we go to Long Branch, Newport and Catskill, we'll be doing very well."

The little ones will keep on saying things. Six year old Mabel is industriously engaged in "cleaning out" a preserve jar which her mother had just emptied. Four year old Bobby looks at her for a while and then blurts out, "Say, sis, don't you wish you could turn it inside out, so's you could lick it?"

The lies about the size of hailstones have been distressingly feeble this spring. We do not remember to have seen a single account in which the stones reached the size of footballs and in only three or four instances have they been larger than hen's eggs. All the old hailstones liars must have resigned, or else they're afraid of Vennor.

## The Bystander.

"Not Party, but the People."

JULY, 1881.

Carried on in the absence of Mr. Goldwin Smith, by Mr. GRIP, the only man competent to do it.

## CANADIAN.

—Enquiry at the office of the Allan Line in London has finally disposed of the rumor that the Princess contemplated returning to Canada. She is a woman of taste and sense, and it is not to be wondered at that she prefers Belgravia to Rideau. Jingoism and the stifling oppression of the British aristocracy are at the bottom of this.

—The training-ship *Charybdis* has arrived, after a labored passage, in which her rotten boilers tempted the avarice of Neptune. Unless the Dominion Government expend some of our scanty thousands upon this wretched hulk, Davy Jones will get her before long. Let us hope he will feel more grateful for the gift than we have any reason to be. This is another move of Jingoism—silly as well as *Charybdis*.

—The Governor-General has been talking about establishing a Canadian Literary Academy. The suggestion is, of course, ridiculous, but then His Excellency must have something to talk about. At the same time it is not unlikely that he has an ambition to shine after the manner of Dufferin, that peerless distributor of aristocratic taffy. The *Globe* attacks the proposition with its usual coarseness, conscious that a Literary Academy, if feasible, would be another element in its fast approaching dissolution.

—Mr. Blake has gone to the Lower Provinces preceded by the fulsome laudations of one party and the fishwife vituperation of the other. He will be listened to with respect, and will perform his part with fairness and ability. The pity is that such a warrior should go forward with so scantily filled a quiver. His mission is to secure votes for the next election, and he may succeed in gaining some if he succeeds in convincing the people down by the sea that a tax on coal is a bad thing.

—Mr. Gordon Brown is still abroad, and the country yet lives.

## UNITED STATES.

—The assassin has failed in his bloody deed; the nation gets back its President, and the galleys yearn in vain for their rightful prey.

—The attempt of some American journalists to stamp the stigma of Giteau's crime upon the foreheads of the Stalwart leaders is a dastardly piece of rufianism which shows how far partyism is capable of carrying some men. Such an attempt proves its authors to be but little above Giteau in the moral scale.

—Jefferson Davis' *History of the Rebellion* has been published, and is, of course, severely reviewed in the North. As a version of the story from the Jingo standpoint, however, it is entitled to a place on the bookshelves of all who wish to be fair-minded. And who does not delight in history? And who (excepting ourselves) has not yet something to learn of this greatest of all human studies?

## EUROPEAN.

—The Land Bill will soon go to the Lords, and if they have their will about it, it will speedily go to the —. But let us be calm. The measure is a good and fair one, which is sufficient to ensure its rejection by the aristocracy. The fact that it will prove a benefit to some millions of wretched tenants is more than counterbalanced by the other fact that it will make the pheasant shooting bad in some parts of the island.

—Mr. Bradlaugh, the avowed infidel, is still being persecuted by the real infidels of the House of Commons. Christianity stands behind the Speaker's chair and weeps hot tears of shame at the whole spectacle.

—The "Reciprocity" movement is gaining force in the manufacturing centres of England, and it would not be very astonishing to see the anti-Corn Law battle fought over again before long. Sir John Macdonald's presence in England no doubt strengthens the hands of the Protectionists. As a member of the Cobden Club we cannot but warn our English readers to beware of this wily colonial statesman, whose National Policy, however, as a Canadian journalist, we generously support.

—The Czar is still in self-imposed banishment, a wreck of royalty, with no wretch in the Siberian mines so poor as to do him reverence. He had his opportunity; he did not lose it or let it slip—he spurned it, and spat upon the beneficent hand that offered it. We have no pity for the Czar of Russia, though we must feel both commiseration and contempt for the hapless being who wears that hateful title.

## SLASHBUSH ON NEWFOUNDLAND.



on the susceptible hearts of the swains of Tamarville; "I see by the papers that all the swells, or nearly all, have left the cities for the seaboard, the Saguenay, or the White Mountains. What a splendid thing it is to be rich! Here am I, condemned to live on this farm year in and year out, and nothing to break the monotony, except an occasional visit to Toronto."

"Well," retorted Almira, "I reckon this is about the best place for you. There's no danger of falling into bad hands, and getting among evil characters, as you did in Toronto when you fell in with them newspaper employees."

"Ah! Almira, I beg that you won't speak of that dreadful time. I shudder with horror and disgust when I think of it."

"I reckon father made you shudder with that ox-gad the morning after you came home. And no wonder. You were in an awful state, tight as an owl."

"Don't speak of it, Almira; let it be among the memories of the bitter past. But I say, Almira, it's a wonder that some of the rich folks don't go for the summer to Newfoundland. It would be a change from the conventional places, and to the observing mind a country interesting in a very great degree."

"Wall," replied Almira. "I do wonder why them fellers who come out here after brook trout don't go down there. I hear tell it's a great country for fish."

"Yes, Almira," continued Gustavus, "it's a great country for fish and a great many other things. It is a most extraordinary island, and its people have a very independent spirit. These islanders won't join with Canada nor any other country (except Great Britain, which they can't help). See how they went for the unscrupulous and irreligious blue-fish-eating Yankees who had the audacity to set their nets to catch fish on their sacred coast on the Sabbath, which shows that they are a pious as well as an interesting and independent people. Old England, solid old England, actually paid £15,000 without grumbling to the perfidious Yanks. Just I suppose to encourage an independent spirit among the colonies. And now there is another 'nigger on the fence.' The French on the west coast of the island refuse to pay any

duties on importations on account of assumed rights given them years ago by the Treaty of Utrecht. Their territory is only half a mile in depth, but there has been no defined line drawn, and the Newfoundland Government are kicking about the situation, as the rest of the inhabitants have to pay duties. Now Almira, what have they to do? Why, according to a well established president, they ought to make a raid on the Frenchmen and destroy their property; then the French Government will kick up a row and demand indemnity from England, who will pay it of course. This is the course suggested by the *Globe*, and is certainly a quiet and magnanimous way of settling every difficulty with a foreign power. Pay them what they ask, and settle it!—that's the idea, Britannia rules the waves, everybody knows that, but the waves don't include the coast line of the colonies. Of course pay it, let us have peace! Yes, Almira, there is no use talking. Newfoundland is a great country for fish, and —"

"Great conscience," interrupted Almira, "do hurry up and get the chores done. Never mind any more about the fish, or when dad comes home you'll be apt to get a whalin'!"

## Sir Hector in P. E. Island.

Sir Hector arrived in P. E. I. last Monday evening to inspect the Dominion property there. Our special correspondent (a dramatist on his vacation) sends us the following particulars.

*Government House.* His Worship, Mayor Dawson (on behalf of citizens, and in strictly non-political tone of voice.)—Glad to see you, Sir Hector Lan-je-veen, you are a great man.

*Sir Hector.*—Very, but it is the Queen who has exalted me to gratify the Great Canadian Nation.

Sir Hector, next afternoon after inspecting the safe in the post office, twirled by the P. E. I. narrow gauge to Souris village.

*Inhabitants of Souris.*—Welcome, Sir Hector, you are a great man. We want another break-water.

*Sir Hector.*—Undoubtedly my friends, I am a great man. But the light of my honors is reflected on the people of Souris—and the rest of the Canadian nation. The break-water you want is a good thing, (aside, if you can get it.)

Sir Hector, after spending an hour in Souris, and inspecting the Marine Hospital (in which there never was a sick mariner) runs up (per narrow gauge) to Miscouche.

*People of Miscouche.*—Par Dieu, Sir Hector, but you are a great Frenchman. Welcome to the convent.

*Sir Hector.*—Thank you, compatriots, I am indeed a great man—the Queen recognizes my greatness. We have great Frenchmen in Canada—there's Landry of New Brunswick (great applause) and Mr. Perry, of Tignish, (increased cheers.)

Sir Hector same evening returned to Summerside.

*Prominent citizens of Summerside.*—Sir Hector, you are a great man. We want a new Post Office and Custom house. Welcome.

*Sir Hector.*—The Queen values my great abilities. I thank you for your disinterested address.

Sir Hector returned home after having spent one whole day in P. E. Island.

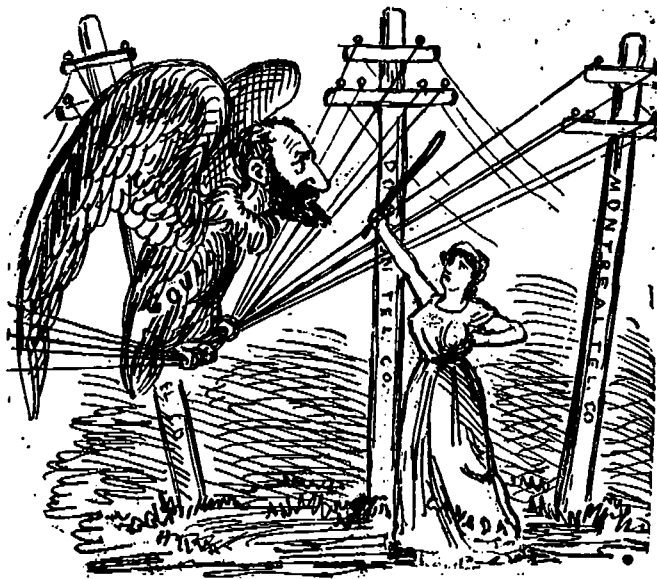
"Won Kon, a rich Chinese laundryman, has married an American girl at Columbus, Ohio." Won Kon hardly believe it; but no doubt the girl took the yellow boy for the sake of his yellow gold and "forgot his other name."

One of the rules of a bicycle club reads: "A horse should never be passed on both sides at once." We suspect that when a bicyclist attempts to pass on both sides of a horse "at once," he is expelled from the club. He would certainly be dismissed from a temperance organization.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES. Postal Card Size, \$1.00. Note Size, \$2.00. Letter Size, \$3.00. Foolscap Size \$4.00. One Bottle of Ink with each Lithogram. Agents wanted in every Town. BENGOUGH BROS., Agents.

JACOBS PATENT LITHOGRAM.

Next Door Post Office, Toronto.



SAVE US FROM THE TELEGRAPH VULTURE.

\* See Comments on Page 2.



A HINT TO SALISBURY.

OUR JOHN A.—My lord, cherish this little quadruped. With good management he'll soon be strong enough to carry you into power!

**"The Tailor Makes the Man."**

"What's to be done? I've got this man to meet, And not a coin have I wherewith to treat A liquor, in return for those received. Let's see what happy thought can be conceived, To 'raise the wind,' and stand a social round. Amongst my things a trifle may be found, With which into the 'shah's' I warily might drop, Fix him with eagle eye, and do a wily 'pop. That pair of sable 'bags' perhaps might suit, But he won't give enough for 'blacks,—the brute. I'll look my tickets up and try the dodge, Seeing there's nothing decent left to lodge. Mercy me! What memories these revive As calmly I glance over them and strive To arrogate to each its lawful spree, Now of the past—alas! sad thought for me. But wait! a happy thought arises, (This world is full of strange surprises), These tickets need not lacerate my mind, Perhaps in some back-pocket I may find Enough to see me through this festive night; And if I do but happily alight Upon the needful, what a joy 'twill be, (Be still, my heart, 'tis yet too soon for glee.) Now here's the very pair of 'bags' I wore, When distant Shehand's Isle I did explore; They're too much injured by the sea and rain, And cannot decorate my limbs again. What's this! With anxious hope my heart is filled, I'st something round—its edge not smooth, but *mitlen*, I need not to the 'shah' go borrowin'! It is—Oh! thanks, great Jove!—a florin! Oh! rare good man! Oh! estimable snip! Who first conceived that pocket on the hip. Full many a time thy fertile brain I've blessed, When tempted sore to 'stand,'—yea, hardly pressed— By greedy men too anxious for a drink, I say, 'No coin have I,—with cautious wink. Oft after leaving haunts of boisterous men, I slowly slunk to some mysterious den, Alone to quaff the fruits of frugal care, Accumulated in those pockets rare. And when my mouth drew in the gen'rous nip, I thought of thee—thou grand inventive snip! When thoughtless men at morning time arise, And search their pockets with a mute surprise, For money which was spent the night before, And only find their keys—'tis here I 'score'! For though the 'bash' be festive, fast, and free, I've something left, after the wildest spree, Wherewith to get my morning's B. and S. While these poor dogs are dry enough, I guess. But when the sparkling fluid I do sip, I don't forget thee—kind, creative Snip. But hark! it's striking six, I do declare, At the half hour I promised to be there. But ere I with this man do hob-a-nob, I'll change this florin, and just hide a 'bob In that back-pocket, which nobody sees, And then make tracks direct to Sop's."

Make a note of the *Chicora's* cheap excursions.

**A Study of Grip's Trade Mark.**

(By a Contributor.)

GRIP has a trade-mark, though he can scarcely be said to have a trade, unless one may say that his business is a constant *trade* against evil-doers and mischief-makers of every kind.

Let us for a short time, however, study his trade-mark, and find out the meaning of some of the symbols, independently of what the author meant them to be—on our own hook, as the saying is.

First of all, there is a "G." A *Gee*—How many a lazy, duty-shirking steed has been stirred up by a "Gee." What is the mystic symbolism of the G? Everyone knows that "Gee" means go right, and as GRIP is always urging fools to go right, it is very appropriate that his trade-mark should begin with a "G."

In the centre of this moral and commanding letter stands—Ah! who stands there calm and contained? Prevaricating politicians! Cringing office-seekers! Know ye not who this is? Ye who would sell your country for gold! *Geo*, or *teremble*!

The next letter is "R," and of course stands for right, to which GRIP always most rigidly adheres. Here you may see what, in my opinion, must be an author's devil. Printers have devils—why should not authors? There he is, ready with well inked pen, to prod the expectant scribbler with a happy idea, on the spur of the moment.

Then comes "I." The meaning is plain. My eye is on you—can't you fancy the noble bird giving this warning as he sits there in quiet majesty?

"P"—The last letter, of course stands for punster, in which capacity GRIP stands as we all know, pre-eminent—and in this letter you may see a paunchy bull-frog, bearing on his back a no less well-developed author. Eh! can it be an author? Grown fat, no doubt, laughing at his own jokes, and so considered worthy of enshrining in this immortal niche. The only fat author ever known. It must be, look at his pen.

The bull-frog testifies to the comfortable state in which all readers of GRIP will ultimately find themselves if they give full vent to those hearty bursts of cacophonation which are

invariably induced by a perusal of that wonderful paper.

Finally—Take the letters in couples or threes—You still have a wonderful meaning, found nowhere else. "G. R." *Gur* Rex. *Gur* the king of komical papers. "R. I." is of course a *fonetic* way of spelling Rye; old Rye, to which *Gur* has a decided objection—he being a bird confines himself to the rippling stream. "R. I. P.," every one knows this is *Requiescat* in pace, may he rest in peace. This is no doubt a quiet sarcasm directed against the man who suffers from *Gur's* pointed and cutting jokes. May he rest in peace! May he! Ha! ha!

"I. P." spells *Ip*—"Ip, 'Ip, 'oorah!" as a *Cookney* would be sure to say after reading GRIP. And we are all bound, I think, to shout between our bursts of laughter, "Three times three for *Gur*! Hip! hip! hoorah!"

But to be finally final, and take the whole name together. Note ye politicians! "G.R.I.P." means "Go Right Irrespective (of) Party."

**The Heartless Man.**

"Would you like to see 'Olivette?'" said Mr. Golighthenham to the sharer of his joys and sorrows as they sat at the breakfast table one morning in the early part of last week.

"Above all things," said Mrs. Golighthenham, whose face brightened up at the thought. "They say it's very good; we might bring a couple of the children, they are so fond of music you know, and then we could go early and walk around the Gardens. It will be so pleasant!"

"But coming to think," said Mr. Golighthenham, "coming to think, Maria, you've seen 'Olivette' already."

"Oh, no, Golighthenham. You recollect that I wanted to go to the last opera people that were here, but you said on account of pressing business that evening you couldn't take us."

"But Maria," insisted Mr. Golighthenham, whose face was now growing purple with suppressed mirth, "you have seen it!"

"Why, when may I ask?"

"Why, this very morning," roared the witty gentleman; "you saw those eggs and those two pieces of toast, that's *All I've ate*, aint it? Ha! ha! ha!"

Poor Mrs. Golighthenham burst into tears as usual.