

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.

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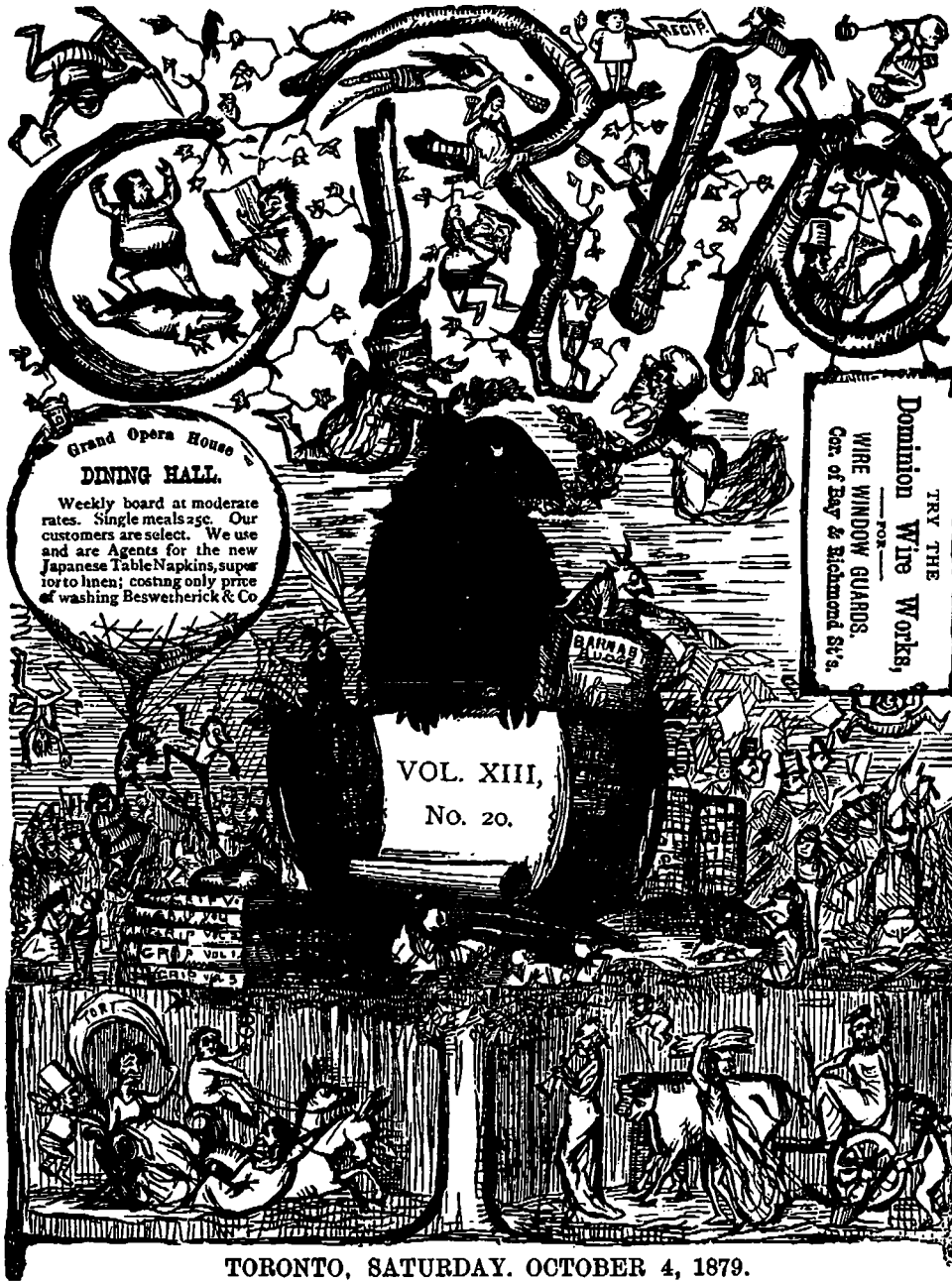
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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Literature and Art.

Miss MARY AITKEN, a niece of THOMAS CARLYLE, the author, and his amanuensis, was married recently at Dumfries, Scotland, to her cousin, ALEXANDER CARLYLE, of Brentfield, Ontario.

The old church in Bread street, London, wherein JOHN MILTON was baptized in 1608, was torn down last year, and on the buildings erected on the site is placed an inscription and a sculptured head of the poet.

How is it that our Canadian artists do not attempt anything in the way of historical painting? Our annals teem with most attractive subjects, and something in this line to relieve the monotony of landscapes and fruit pieces on the walls of our exhibition rooms, would be most welcome. VERNER devotes himself heart and mind to Indian studies; now, why couldn't he give us a rendering of that thrilling incident of the defence of Ville Marie against the invading Iroquois, narrated in the early history of Canada? A good painting of that or any similar subject of national interest would not only be a grateful change, but would be likely to find a purchaser at a good price.

At length the police are beginning to prosecute the sellers of indecent prints—such as *Town Talk*, *London Life* and *Quiz*—who have been making themselves nuisances in the streets for months past, and it is to be hoped that the pest will come to an end. Nothing can excuse their laxity all this time. It would seem as though the wretches who are tempted to earn a little dirty money in this way have only to wait for an opportunity and catch the authorities napping, and they can safely calculate on a few weeks' run, to the great annoyance of all decent-minded persons. The Manchester people went early to work to crush out the sale of these rags, which are as dirty as the men and women that sell them.

A London correspondent of the *Hartford Courant* says that Miss KATE FIELD proposes to return to New York in October, with two pleasant entertainments—one, *A Talk about London*; the other an original musical monologue to be called *London by Day and Night*. Miss FIELD will give sketches of society in its different phases, with appropriate songs, some burlesque, some operatic, some written purposely for herself. GEORGE GROSSMITH, JUN., who is a host in himself, and immensely clever in entertainment, writing as well as acting, will take part in the monologue. Mr. GROSSMITH is scarcely a typical Englishman; there is too much fun in him to be that, and he is universally accomplished. He is the embodiment of comicality. He has the look of a cloud and imparts the sunshine of a universe. His very appearance creates a smile.

In a recent interview Miss BRADDON said: "I never tire of writing. At one time when I first began, I did not know what I was going to say, but now I learn that. Like everything else, thoughts will be more completely expressed by having one's plan perfected beforehand. I am far more interested in my characters than any of my readers can ever be. For the time being I see them, hear them speak, and note the manner in which they express themselves. In fact to me they are living, breathing personages, my familiar spirits. I follow up my story as if I were reading some one else's writing. The characters and the manner in which they have figured lead me to the end; and indeed I feel a real regret at being compelled to part with them."

Letter From King Alcohol.

To the Editor of the Mail:

Most Worthy Sir:

It is so seldom that the editors of newspapers put themselves about to do a disinterested kindness—so exceedingly seldom that respectable editors even think of doing a kindness to me—that I feel bound to acknowledge your editorial on Tuesday last on the subject of "Murder and Intemperance." I thank you for having written that kind, able, powerful defence of my good name. You show very clearly that I have not been the perpetrator of all the murders &c., which have ever been committed, and you administer a very timely rebuke to those fanatical teetotalers who so persistently strive to blacken my character. As you intimate, I am after all not so bad as I am painted. To be sure I have incited a good many murders, and am the proud author of most of the squalid wretchedness, vice and misery of the world, still, there are others beside me, as you very justly point out. You evidently believe in that admirable adage, "Give the Devil his due," for you have gone out of your way in this instance to see justice done to the Devil's twin brother.

KING ALCOHOL.

A Bloodless Victory.

Mr. GRIP presents his compliments to General Manager HICKSON, of the Grand Trunk Railway, and congratulates him in the name of the Canadian public, on the triumph he has lately achieved in securing a through line to Chicago. Let others sing the praises of Lord CHILMSFORD for his glorious victory over the poor black Zulus, Mr. GRIP much prefers to throw up his hat for soldiers like Mr. HICKSON, whose achievements are peaceful and useful as well as glorious. It is to be hoped that all patriotic Canadians will properly appreciate this action of the Grand Trunk, and do all that lies in their power to back it up, for it means money in our pockets. With a direct line from Chicago, tapping the teeming West, and passing to the seaboard through Canadian territory, the business outlook of the future is bright, especially when the present embargo shall have been removed from the cattle trade. Every believer in Canada for the Canadians will join us in giving our railroad magnate a hearty three times three.

We observe an advertisement in some of our exchanges announcing that a "rich, glossy finish" is given to the hair by the use of a certain patent preparation. It may be interesting to those who feel disposed to have their hair "finished" by using this specific to learn that another enterprising individual advertises an article that will make the hair grow again.

A party of people not popular with the girls—the Hug(e)nots.

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Stage Whispers.

Mr. JOHN T. RAYMOND wants to take his *Col. Sellers* to England. We cannot see "millions in it."

J. HARRY SHANNON has been secured by TOM MAGUIRE for a lengthened engagement on the California coast.

Miss ELLEN CUMMINS goes with LAWRENCE BARRETT for the coming season to play the leading business.

BOLOSSY KIRALFY has arrived from Europe with a large company to appear in *Enchantment* at NIBLO'S Garden.

WILHELMJ has purchased Glenn Mitchell, Saratoga, formerly the property of the brothers CALEB and GEORGE MITCHELL.

Miss MARY ANDERSON is to play the *Countess* in SHERIDAN KNOWLES' *Lore*, and also in a translation of *La Fille de Roland*.

CARL ROSA began his autumnal tour on August 16 at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. His London season he will begin on January 10, 1880.

It is probable that E. F. THORNE and wife will go with the combination headed by Mrs. D. P. BOWERS and CHARLOTTE THOMPSON this season.

AUGUST WALDAM, author of *Fanchon* and *The Pearl of Saroy*, has written a new play entitled *Eagle Wally*, founded on the novel of *Wilhelmine von Hillern*.

The late CHARLES FETCHER was a doctor of medicine. Letters of administration have been granted Mrs. FETCHER. His personal property is estimated to be worth \$10,000.

ADELINE STANHOPE, the English actress who has been supporting BARRY SULLIVAN in England for some time, has been engaged as leading lady of the California Theatre for the season.

It is whispered that STRAKOSH is to pay BRANCA LABLACHE ten thousand francs a month for one year, and to furnish her in dresses, railroad passes, phetons, and a hotel in every place she visits.

Miss KATE GHARD is rapidly recovering her health, and will again appear on the stage. Meanwhile, her ex-husband, Mr. GEORGE FAWCETT ROWE, is about to "swoop" on the public with a new play.

There was some talk of the Olympic Theatre Company going out to China, where the "Johnnies" are said to be anxious to see a few English plays. However, the players cannot secure their own terms, and the negotiations are broken off; but an attempt is being made for a voyage out of *H. M. S. Pinafore*.

GRAND.—Mr. B. MACAULAY as *Uncle Dan'l* in I.'s original play, *A Messenger from Jarvis Section*, has made a hit. The character is one abounding in quaint humor, and in the hands of Mr. MACAULAY proved highly enjoyable to the audience. The Lilliputian Opera Company now holds the boards. Though little people, they draw big houses.

The lessee of the Royal Opera House has made a change in his staff by the appointment of Mr. J. C. CONNOR as Business manager, *vice* Mr. GOLAY. Mr. CONNOR is an experienced theatrical man, and possesses first-rate business capacities combined with a very courteous manner. GRIP wishes him success in his new sphere. He announces the PAULDING Company to occupy the Royal next week.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENOUGH.

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

CAUTION.—All our Agents have printed receipts and written authority from us or Mr. W. R. BURRAGE, our General Agent. The public are advised not to pay subscriptions to others, with whom they are unacquainted. BENOUGH BROTHERS.

Nationality.

A correspondent in one of our exchanges complains that on the recent tour of the Vice-Regal party Canadian nationality got no show at all. The Governor and the Princess were managed altogether by "foreigners"—the addresses being representative of English, Scotch, German and other societies. Mr. GERR agrees with the view that when persons make Canada their home they should become Canadians, and as far as possible sink the traditions of their native land, and think of themselves as sons of the country that gives them their living. It is all very well to retain an affection for the fatherland, but the new home shouldn't be snubbed. As the boatswain of H. M. S. *Phafore* would remark,

They may be Greek or Russian,
Or French or Turk or Prussian,
Or any other man,
But here their home they've made it,
And it's not much to their credit
That they snub it when they can—
For it gives them bread and butter,
And they ought to proudly utter
We are Canadian!

The Seat of Government.

Now there was a contention among the cities, it having been appointed that Ottawa (formerly Bytown) because folks went by without seeing it, should have the seat of Government. And this decision being one of a number of decisions made on the same subject, all of which had been in turn set aside, it was expected with characteristic Canadian party wisdom that this decision would be stuck to with forty Medo-Persian tenacity. And similarly they are now all chattering to reverse it already.

Now as to the reasons for this, or rather the pretexts, (for any Canadian politician venturing to reason is sent to the asylum at once) they are that Toronto is the centre of the Dominion, the heart of the body, the seat of law, education, philosophy (as much as is allowed), and that as the north-west struggles to development through the land law obstacle, Toronto will be much more so, and a chunk thrown in. But the other cities had something to say, or said it if they hadn't.

And Hamilton (generally known as the

impudent little city) is of opinion that seats of Government ought to go where most sewing machines are made, and at the head of a lake always. Also that Toronto shouldn't get it.

And London considered that having the best somersault newspaper in the Dominion which had cursed Protection by all its gods and little fishes till JOHN A. lifted his clean finger at it, when it jumped into line and yelled Protection dimly and long, and till now, and will; and also being in Middlesex, and having a water-works and a fire-engine, and being in the centre of an agricultural district, which would render it handy for all the farmers in a twelve mile radius to come and hear the debates in the evenings (previously giving security that not more than fifty of them are to snore at once, or not loudly) and also that the *Teer* is there, rubbing its eyes and disturbing its hair ever since a certain 17th, and will leave itself no head at all unless it has a capitol to look at, and for other reasons, the seat ought to go to London, or ought to stay where it is, and that Toronto should not get it.

And Kingston was of a certainty that as the seat was too much east at present, and Toronto being further west than Kingston, therefore, there was no manner of doubt that Kingston was the place for it—(Q. E. D.) Also that Kingston had had it, and as it was found very inconvenient to have it there, it should certainly be put there again. Also Kingston was fortified, and though not strong enough to resist anything, nor populous enough to raise many recruits, yet it was such a quiet, little, unheard-of out-of-the-way-place that GRANT and all his soldiers might tear around for years and not find the seat to destroy it. And even if he advertised in us for it (and we wouldn't mind, said the Kingston papers) our circulation is limited, and he would probably fail. And moreover it should come here because here is the place where barges load with wheat, and it should not go to Toronto, and -but here a man appeared who looked like an advertiser, and the two papers ran and pulled him in two.

And Galt, and Goderich, and Sarnia, and Guelph knew they were the places, and Belleville had always been aware that the seat was coming there, and Montreal said little, being of opinion that as she was soon coming to Toronto bodily herself, the seat might as well be there before her. And there was a great hubbub.

But GERR says to them all. "Do you not know that Toronto's prosperity is your prosperity? When did Toronto give a railway bonus but she helped some of you more than herself? Perhaps if you lived here and paid a lot of taxes, which indirectly would be the price of everything, till Toronto is a cent a monthful, and had at that, you would begin to see through the hole in your blanket. Renounce your greediness, and help Toronto to get the seat here from Ottawa, and the new Local Parliament Buildings built in preparation and fitness therefor, and it will be better for every mother's son of you, and GERR will draw an amusing picture of you all some day.

Ottawa and Toronto.

The first name is properly pronounced Oughtaway. That means the seat of Government. And it ought away to Toronto, the only fit place for it. And Toronto can be (with pains) pronounced "Tow-her-oo," which is interpreted "Fasten the old arrangement to any up-coming steamer; the crew shall get a bonus for every Minister washed off by the way."

Letter From a Minister.

To the Editor of GERR.

PRIVATE, CONFIDENTIAL, CONCEALED, HIDDEN, AND INDISCLOSEABLE UNDER PENALTY.

My dear Mr. GERR:

I snatch a moment from office seekers—(wait a moment: one coming down the chimney; there, if that won't smoke him out I'll have to see him; no, there he comes down the ladder black as thunder; all right) Yes, you would like to know how I got my cognomen of Canada's Greatest Statesman. Very simple. What is the past for? To learn lessons of wisdom from. What are other countries for? Ditto. What are other legislatures for? Same. When I had to get up a bill, I looked up an English one, adapted it, and there you are! All my party papers then shouted "Look at that! Great Original Effort of Canada's Greatest Statesman." If bill didn't work well, why, we were generally out at the time it was found out, or I had changed my department, and wasn't responsible for the errors of my predecessor, of course not—*Mail* ready to swear I wasn't—stack of bibles, if necessary. Then, if a Cabinet was to be made, folks think I should put competent men in fit to rule the country. Bosh! Stuff! Nonsense! Who cares for the country? Object in making a Cabinet is to stave off office seekers and secure clever wire-pullers in the House. Always do it on apothecary principle, too, to satisfy different sections of party in different places, and of different sects. Thus, very good receipt for Cabinet is the following:—Half pound converted Grit, six ounces Methodist, two pounds Catholic, eight ounces Episcopalian, one and a half pounds Orangeman, eight ounces Presbyterian; equalize your Ontario, Quebec, and Maritime Province ingredients; anything will do for Manitoba and British Columbia; take care your Ontario stuff is rather stale and weak, or it will be too unmanageable to blend well, and there's your Cabinet. It won't do anything for the country, you may be sure of that, but it will keep a majority in the style of Parliaments they elect here better than if it was a Cabinet of all the talents, virtues, and graces. Then, as to policies. When you want one don't make one. In fact, in my case, impossible, not my line. As to getting them from my leading supporters, if they were fit to do anything so sensible they'd never get elected. No, get some outsider, some chap with brains, who has been for years working at some plan he thinks will benefit the country. He's sure to have all the statistics on hand. Get his plan. Make a friend of him. Be intimate with him. Cry his praise everywhere. If he's good for a paragraph, get one out of him. Distribute it to the hundred thousand. Praise him on the hustings, and in clubs. Get in on his cry. Then, if he has no spirit (few of 'em have) pension him off with some place or other. If, on the contrary, he's plucky, and demands leave to carry out what he's planned, cut him adrift. None of your party will say a word in his favor—that is, none of the members, not their style, even those who actually got in by him. Let him go. Yes, my dear boy, there's lots of other tricks I could teach you. One splendid one is, when fellows ask questions, bring up a dead man. Say, so and so late lamented and highly respected, said I did right in the matter. Often succeeds. Dead men can't deny it. No more to-day. I don't put my full name, else folks would know me, so merely sign.

JOHN A.

Ottawa, Sept, 30.



The Cold Shoulder.

It is related—GRIP knoweth not how fictitiously—that the genial, jolly Mr. JOHN BOYD, of St. John,—a gentleman who, like YORICK, used to be a fellow of infinite humor—has actually grown sour on the N. P., and its knightly sponsor, Sir SAMUEL LEONARD TILLEY. It is well known that Mr. B. elected Sir SAMUEL to parliament for the express purpose of introducing a tariff that would make business in St. John lively; and it would now appear that Sir SAMUEL has failed to do so. Hence the acidity. In former times it used to be Mr. BOYD's delight to welcome his political friend when he arrived in the city, and to escort him to the depot when he left, but now Sir SAM has to endure the cold shoulder in town and carry his "extra luggage" to the station himself. J. B.'s customary smile will not return to his countenance, they say, until certain items in the tariff are thoroughly re-organized.



THE DESERTION.

There was a young man named CHAUVREAU Who threw up his port-folio, In haste and in folly Deserting M. JOLY, Who said, "He's a fraud—let him go!"



THE RETURN.

But he found he was on the wrong tack, And so he soon came sneaking back, When JOLY all joy, Said, "Welcome, dear boy, We're glad you've returned, that's a fact!"



Mr. Costigan at the Dure.

MISTHER GRIP :

'I sind yez the above fortygraft av me countryman an' co-religionist, Misther COSTIGAN, in the act av axin admision into the Cabinet at Ottaway, and wud like yez to do fwat yez can to get the dure open for him. It is the intencion av Sir JOHN, I believe, to elevate Mr. O'CONNOR to the Binch, an' in that case they will be in made av a good Irish gentilman to fill his shoes in the Government. Misther COSTIGAN is the man for the situation, an' I hope he may get it. I can give him a good recomindation for bein' a hile citizen an' as chiver as the next wan. Bein' a Roman Catholic, too, shud be an argymint in his favor, seein' that the Methodists an' the Presbyterians an' the Church av England has all mia to reprisent thim in the Government, an' there is no rayson fwby the Thru Church wuddn't be there too. Put this picture in the pages av GRIP, for the glory av Ould Ireland an' the good av Con-sarvatism.

Yours thruly,
FERRY TIERNEY.



A Frank Confession.

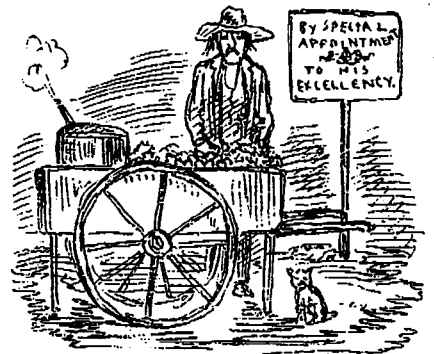
Isn't this a little hard on the "National Currency" movement? A fellow, writing strongly in favour of the Rag Baby in one of the Belleville papers, signs his article "Legion, for we are many." Mr. GRIP has for some time entertained the opinion that the Canadian advocates of soft money were misguided persons, and other people have

gone so far as to call them silly, but it has been left for one of themselves to confess that they are absolutely Satanic in their designs. Isn't it high time for the Government to interfere and save the country from the clutches of the evil ones?



Syr Richarde.

Ye brave Knighte Syr RICHARDE CARTWRIGHT is on ye rampage againe. He has stayed in his strong fortresse for about a yeate, watchinge with sharpe eye ye workinge of ye N. P., and havinge come to ye conclusion yt ye N. P. is a great fraude, Syr RICHARDE hath determined to run a tilt against it presently. In other wordes, he is about to address his constituents on ye affairs of ye country in a few days.



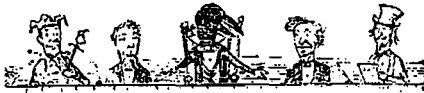
By Special Appointment.

Now, please don't laugh at Signor PRANUTTI, and call him a toady. Hasn't he as much right to announce himself "Peanut and Taffy Vendor to His Excellency," although he never actually supplies the vice-regal pocket with his wares, as other business people have to announce themselves dyers and milliners to Royalty, though royalty will probably never enter their shops? Signor PRANUTTI has the satisfaction of knowing that as His Excellency's carriage was passing the corner, His Excellency was graciously pleased to smile upon the Signor's stock-in-trade, and at the same moment bow and lift his hat. It may be that this was done in acknowledgment of the cheers of the crowd, but Signor PRANUTTI sees fit to consider it the Royal appointment to the honourable position he now claims. And who shall say it wasn't?



THE "QUEER COINCIDENCE."

G. B.—I WONDER WHY THIS UNSAVOURY TRAMP DISNA FOLLOW YON OTHER PAIRTY, BUT ALWAYS CLINGS TO OOR HEELS?



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Marriage is often a mirage.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

One of the signs of the times—"Boarding."—*Cin. Star*.

A compositor makes money hand over fist.—*Phila. Sunday Item*.

Now is the time to put up your stovepipe and get all your fall soot.

Hen-pecked husbands wear their hair banged.—*New York Express*.

A midnight broil—oysters for two, after the opera is over.—*Stamford Advocate*.

An undertaker gets his living where another man dies.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

The two honey bees that went into the ark lodged in the archives.—*Whitchell Times*.

Flies work from sun to sun, but the mosquito's work is never.—*Philadelphia Chronicle Herald*.

A post in the ground becomes decayed wood at the end of ten years.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

As soon as a man swears off smoking, every one he meets offers him a cigar.—*New York Star*.

"I'll join you presently," said the minister to the young couple, as he went for the church key.

GEORGE ELIOT says: "women don't love men for their goodness." This is lucky, if it is true.—*Puck*.

'Tis better to go on foot than to always ride on a horse behind some one else.—*Whitchell Times*.

The Turk and the turquoise differ in that the latter is susceptible of a high polish.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

The New York policemen are at it again. The *Mail* says: "Increased bustle, activity in life at all the clubs."

"Whole lug or none!" as the young fellow said to his betrothed who was inclined to flirt.—*Salem Sunbeam*.

It takes twenty able-bodied men to stand and look at one poor little sign painter while he is at work.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

An Ithaca little girl, trying to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that thing what kicks up with his nose."—*Erie Herald*.

Autumn leaves will wear the same colors this year as last. The *New Orleans Picayune* says there is no nonsense about nature.

A gun that misses fire when the owner knows it is loaded is waiting to surprise some small member of the family.—*N. O. Picayune*.

"It's cool to-day," said a mother to her little son. "Yes, it's school five days out of the week," replied the embryonic paragraphist.—*Et.*

You might as well back a mule up against a beehive and tell him not to kick, as to tell a woman about a wedding and not set her under jaw in motion.—*Elmira Gazette*. Why, when does it come off, dear fellow-grapher?—*N. Y. News*.

Oh, what a thing is love!
It cometh from above,
And lighteth like a dove
On some.

But some it never hits
Except to give them fits
And take away their wits,—
Oh, hum.

—*Boston Transcript*.

One of our unfortunate managers says the season, so far, to him, has been like the Atlantic coast—a succession of lighthouses.—*Phila. Bulletin*.

Any minister can readily see that the brother who has not paid his pew rent should not throw too much unction into his prayer.—*Modern Argo*.

MACBETH used to play base ball; his position being "close behind the bat," to gratify his wife, who ordered him "to catch the nearest way."—*Sc. 5.—Puck*.

It is against the law to carry concealed arms, yet it is nothing uncommon on moonlight evenings to see young ladies with half-concealed arms around their waists.—*Rome Sentinel*.

Young man, don't waste your energies in attempting to wear too delicate a shade of clothes; the girls never care for them. Their own finery occupies their attention.—*New Haven Register*.

The school boy will gloat for half a day on the enigmas in a puzzle column; but when he comes to getting up his regular arithmetic lesson he considers it the greatest bore on earth.—*Rome Sentinel*.

The proper form for a will nowadays will read: "To the respective attorneys of my children I give my entire estate and worldly goods of all description. Personally to the children and to my beloved wife I give all that remains"—*Et.*

LAMPYON, of the *Stuebenville Herald*, is unmarried. If he ain't, he ought to be to insure his life, for he has come out with a declaration that "the difference between a woman and an umbrella is, that there are times when one can shut up an umbrella."—*Oswego Record*.

It rather disturbs the unities for a lover to hear his girl talk about etherialized friendship, the gossamer wings of love, the thin, permeable texture of affection, and that sort of thing, and then see her sit down and eat a big piece of roast beef, four biscuits and an apple pie.—*Stuebenville Herald*.

She was dashing and flirty, and when she said her father was a broker and was connected with one of the leading railroads in the country, all the men at the watering place were after her. They didn't discover until the end of the season that her paternal relative broke the trains.—*Rockland Courier*.

'Tis the sweetest thing in life to see the childlike simplicity and deference to maternal authority which a maiden of thirty-five or forty will exhibit before a room-full of people as she skips across the floor to ask dear mamma if she may walk up and down the piazza for a little while.—*Andrews' Bazaar*.

At a trial of a criminal case the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty," when one of the jurymen put on his hat and started for the door. The judge called him back and informed him that he could not leave till the case was tried. "Tried?" queried the juror; "why he acknowledges that he is not guilty!"—*Et.*

A Keokuk boy has built a small engine or motor which runs by the power of Limburger cheese. The stronger the cheese the stronger the engine. He thinks he has struck a big bonanza, and by adding a few onions, and a small quantity of boarding-house butter, enough strength will be obtained to hold a mule by the hind legs while the smallest kind of a boy twists the mule's tail.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

He had just returned from a three years' whaling voyage, and overcome by his joyful reception, he found himself before the police court. "Your honor," he said plaintively, "I'm a simple sailor, lowly born." "Thirty days for the drunk, six months for the *Pinafore*," was the ringing sentence; and the poor tar, bewildered, was dragged to his dungeon cell, and deprived of telephonic communication.—*N. Y. Star*.

They were walking along the village street, and they were newly-married husband and wife. The air was insufferably hot, when he, looking at the signs, "Ice cold soda water," and "Lemon ice cream," said: "Ice is very bad for the teeth; it ruins the enamel." Then she took out her new set, and putting them gently behind the tying-post, said, "Sweetie, we will take all the precautions and save all the enamel."—*Herald P. I.*

LORD BEACONSFIELD, at a recent agricultural dinner in England, stated that farming in the Western States had become so unproductive that the chief landholders had sold out their property and gone to Canada. Somebody has been telling DIZZY that old minstrel gag, used during the war, about men flying to Canada to get out of the draft.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

A little Cincinnati boy, four years old taken into the country for the first time, was astonished at everything, particularly at finding blackberries "tied onto sticks out of doors," as he expressed it. In a pasture he saw cows reclining in the shade, chewing their cuds. After observing them for a time he said he would like to be a cow "and have nothing to do but lay around under the trees and chew gum!"

ALMOST AN ARGONAUT.

'Twas in the fall of 'forty-nine

The gold fever broke out,

'N I'd hev bin a pioneer

Without the slightest doubt,

But MOLLY, took on 'n said,

"Argonaut, dearest JOE!"

I thought I'd argy not with her,

So boys I didn't go.

—*Yavocb Strauss*.

The train had just emerged from a tunnel, and a vinegar faced maiden of thirty summers remarked to her gentleman companion, "Tunnels are such bores!"—which nobody can deny. But a young lady of about sweet eighteen, who sat in a seat immediately in front of the ancient party, adjusted her hat, brushed her frizzles back, and said to the perfumed young man beside her, "I think tunnels are awfully nice."—*Norristown Herald*.

A veteran who fought at Austerlitz gazed from his Military medal of St. Helena to the portrait of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE that hangs over the chimney-piece, and says with tears in his eyes:

"Alas my Emperor, that thou should'st have died a captive in a distant island too soon to have an opportunity of wearing this decoration! For truly if ever a man had a right to the St. Helena medal thou art that man!"—*Et.*

Canadian Celebrities.

BY ASPER.

No. 5—HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Unlike Mr. GEORGE BROWN, who is one of the few remaining landmarks that show that a race of politicians such as he existed in former times, the subject of our present sketch is what may be termed a primary indication that in some future age of the world, another, and hitherto unknown class of statesmen will flourish. Although Mr. BLAKE has described himself as a political ghost, we must beg to take issue with him and judge him rather as an embodied political theory which some day, in other shapes than his, *may*, (we don't say it *will*) take the form of a practical political fact.

With the object of ascertaining whether Mr. BLAKE would ever again enter the political arena as an actor, and of finding out of the many great schemes for the happiness of the people, which he has lately been enunciating from the public platform, would ever take a tangible shape, our reporter waited upon him.

He waited upon him for some time, as at the moment of calling Mr. BLAKE was engaged in getting up an important brief. In this connection it may be in order to ask if any one knows why these things are called *briefs*, when both they and the bill of costs which follows them are always so long?

At first the honorable gentleman demurred a little to being interviewed by a newspaper man, saying that the Conservative press abused both him and his theories and that the Reform journals did not uphold either one or the other, but on being informed what paper our reporter represented he at last consented to be asked a few questions.

"Will you ever again go into political life?" asked our representative.

"Some time or another," said Mr. BLAKE, "I may do so if the *Globe* changes hands and if I can find a man sufficiently endowed with genius to do the practical work of developing my theoretical principles and bringing them into a real existence. If I ever find such a man—and he must be one who will always look upon everything I say as demonstrated as soon as said—I shall perhaps accept the position of Premier of Canada,—until then never."

"But, if it is not an impertinence to suggest it, you could do your country so much more service, by assisting to govern Canada than by continuing your private life and being only the great lawyer you are at present."

"Not at all. I give my countrymen very great benefit by looking after their Chancery suits. Besides that I always look upon politics as something having a future existence—something to be hereafter developed—whereas Chancery suits, like time and tide, wait for no man, and must be attended to at the proper period. The judges are pretty well educated up to law and equity, but the people of Canada need a large amount of study before they will be able to grasp the questions of the day—or rather of the morrow, as I do."

"Do you consider Mr. Brown or Mr. JACKENZIE the greater statesman?"

"That question I must decline to answer for obvious reasons. If you had entirely altered the word "greater," and left out the last word of your question altogether, I might have given you an opinion,—as you put the question I cannot answer it. I never speak when it is not necessary. I did not, on that principle, speak on Mr. LETELLIER's action in Quebec, although, when I consider it a proper time for others to speak, I generally let them know it, as probably you re-

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member, I did on a certain occasion now long past. But you must excuse me, as I have a theory to develop by which I hope to be able to compel every man to vote according to his conscience—and I think I have struck upon a mode of finding out when anyone does not go. When he doesn't I think his vote should not be counted."

In a moment Mr. BLAKE was absorbed in deep thought, and our reporter, unwilling to interrupt the working of such an important scheme, left the room.

"Elephantine Trickery."

"No! it is useless reasoning with us," we said. It must have been PUPPERS that wrote it. The *Mail* does not sit on PUPPERS half as much as you think. It only uses him as a tool to mislead the Hon. Senatorial ruler of the great Grit party. Who is there but PUPPERS who could edit that article on "The Revenue" in the *Mail* last week? Who but he who wrote a pamphlet to prove that men can only be happy when enormously taxed, fined and punished for buying cheap and useful goods wherever they may find them, could be found jubilant over the fact that these revenue fines for the first eight months of this year have increased \$1,135,210.76? Who but he could see visions of prosperity in this disgusting addition to our burden? Of course when he interviews the Hon. GEORGE he dissembles, and calls it a wonderful proof of the industry and economy of the masses so nobly led by the precept, even more than by the example, of the Reform leaders, which enabled the country to sustain this additional burden *without* the commensurate and cheering influences of that properly trained and mannerly "White Elephant" of which PUPPERS is sole proprietor. Were that glorious "animale" once let loose it would gobble up hard times, provincial governments, official assignees—in short every thing that is destructive—but it could hardly make a *Mail* of the diurnal *Globe*—could it? Think of an elephant reading down the *Globe* preparatory to a wholesome meal. What an enormous feat!

Editorials in a Telegram.

Mr. CHAPLEAU is *not* to be taken into the Ottawa Ministry after all. This is good for the Ministry, as CHAPLEAU is anything but a desirable companion for honest men. It may be a question in some minds, however, whether he would meet any persons of that stamp in the Ottawa Cabinet. We think so ourselves.

Lieut. Gov. LETELLER is at present on a visit to this city, and probably will be lionized by the Grits. He gave the constitution a severe wrench, but that will not lower him any in the opinion of the Grit leaders.

In yesterday's issue, by an unaccountable oversight, we omitted to have our dig at GEORGE BROWN and the *Globe*. This omission might have entirely escaped notice had not many of our subscribers sent back their papers with expressions of disgust and indignation.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD has returned with an empty title and still more empty pockets, at least so it is said. However, it is just possible that this may turn out to be erroneous.

FLOUR by any other name would smell as wheat.

"First come, first served"—as the cannibal remarked to the missionary.



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Hurrab, Hurrab, 'Rah! The hard times have departed,
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PRESS OPINIONS.

Come to think of it that was a happy conception of Grip's to picture the national policy as an elephant. It shoves along in its destined way, with dignity unruined by the yelping of all the puny curs that make the air musical with their discordant jargon.—National.

The humorous meaning of Grip's cartoons is always appreciated. The last number of this little weekly has a pictorial sketch of the return to Canada of the Dominion Ministers. As they enter a room young Canada (a flossy haired youth) runs toward them, which causes Hon. George Brown, in the garb of an elderly matron, to remark, "Hoot, laddie! ye needna rin to welcome them. They've brought ye naething! Their mission was a failure." Sir Samuel, Sir Leonard, Sir Alex. and Sir John all look fearfully hurt. Sir John has a feather in his hat—the distinction conferred upon him by being made a member of the Privy Council.—Kingston Whig.

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