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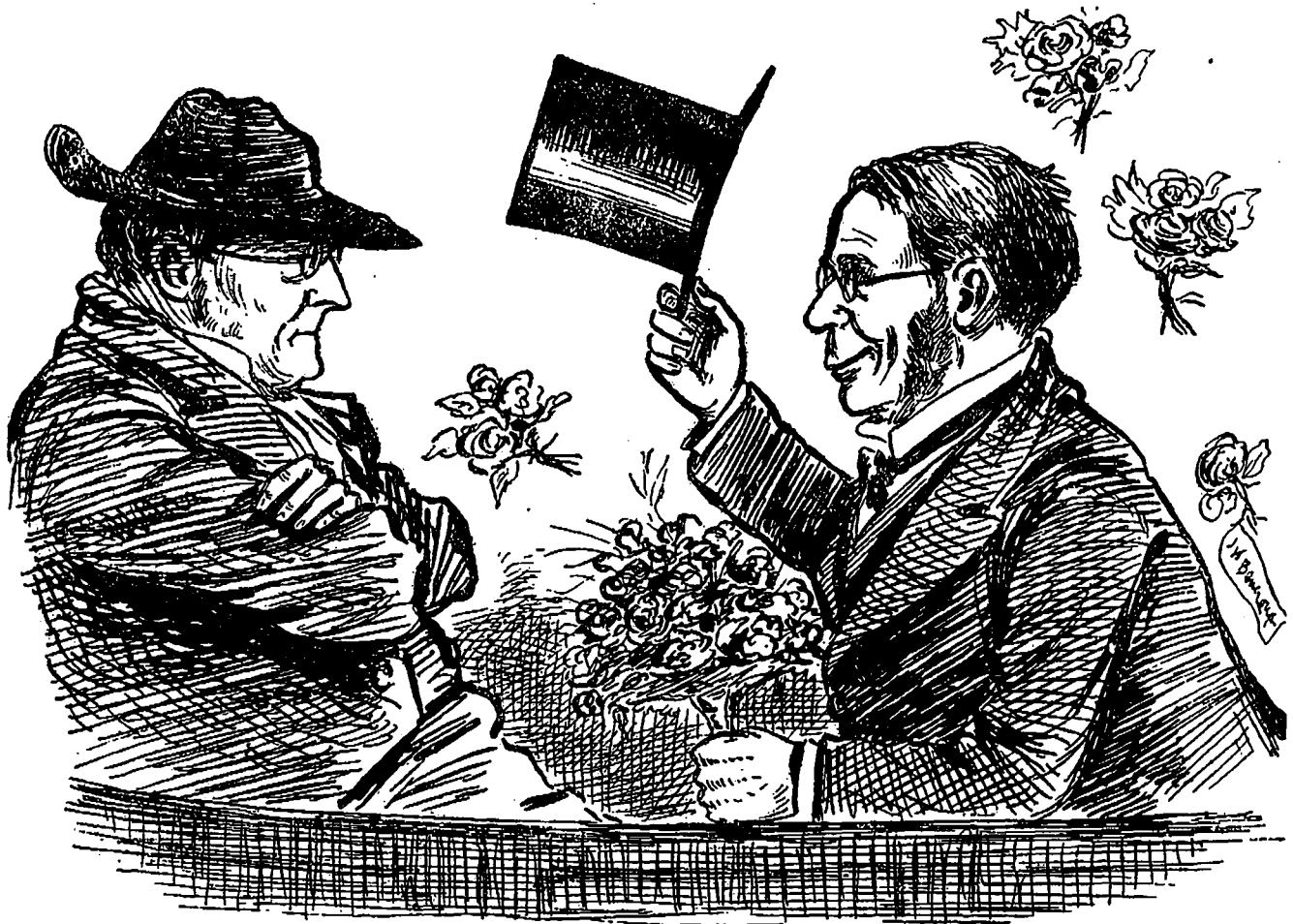


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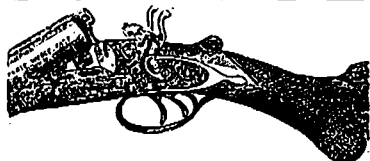
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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

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

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.

No. 3, Hon. EDWARD BLAKE:

Will be issued with the number for Oct. 13.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—A little while ago, when the volatile French Republic was in a gushing mood towards the American Republic, M. Bartholdi was commissioned to execute a gigantic statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," which work of art was duly presented to the Yankee nation, to be set up at the entrance of New York harbor. Not to be outdone by any such display of artistic appreciation by the French, M. Bartholdi GRIP has executed a similar statue entitled "Mowat Defying Centralization," which he herewith presents to the people of Ontario.

FIRST PAGE.—It is quite possible that Mr. Blake appreciated the popular ovation of Tuesday last as well as Mr. Mowat, but what a contrast there was in their respective methods of showing their feelings! The "Little Premier" behaved like an ordinary human being under the circumstances—though we do not wish to insinuate that O. M. is an ordinary person;—he smiled, lifted his hat, kissed his hand to the crowd, waved his bouquet, smiled again, and then smiled once more; repeating this elaborate programme all along the line of march. His distinguished companion, for whom the cheers and handkerchief-waving were equally intended, maintained a classic repose, leaving the multitude in doubt as to whether the goings-on were agreeable to him or not. This is a tremendous mistake on Mr. Blake's part if he intends to follow the profession of Political Leadership. It simply won't do at all. To his intimate friends, who know the infirmities of his nature—his nervousness, bashfulness, and self-restraint—this apparent indifference means nothing, but Mr. Blake must remember that he is dealing with the people at large, who judge things by their outward appearance, and who feel hurt when a man doesn't display enthusiasm on such an occasion. If Sir John would open an academy to teach the art of Responding to the Popular Pulse-Beat, and give the Hon. Edward a course of lessons, he would do a great and lasting kindness to the Reform party.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Sir 'Ector Langevin has been touring through the North-West, and has failed to see that the people there have any grievances. It would be unpolite to suggest that the able minister lacks the intelligence necessary to the task of seeing what is plainly visible; but his curious blindness is capable of easy explanation. Our picture explains it.



QUEBEC CONGRATULATES ONTARIO.

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

It is cowardly, as well as unpatrician in the extreme, for Canadian journalists to conceal from the public the hazard attendant on this expedition, and to try and induce poor and ignorant fellows to venture on danger which they themselves would be the first to shrink from.—*Exchange.*

There was a Canuck named Bill Boyle Whom they wanted to go up the Nile On the Gordon Exped., but he just shook his head And remarked: "Well, I guess I should smile!" But they kept talking right at Bill Boyle, "Thinking sure he would take to the Nile— But he "haw-hawed" and said, "I prefer my own bed To the maw of some old crocodile!" Yet they pounded it into Bill Boyle That he really should fancy the Nile,— But he spoke of the fever, and his girl—could he leave her! "No! I not for a mighty big pile!"

Then of "England" they talked to Bill Boyle And the "glory" he'd win up the Nile— He said, "glory's all right but I don't have to fight— I shall hang on to life for a while!" Well, they mentioned the fun to Bill Boyle Shooting Arabs and things up the Nile— He said, "Phaps they'd be shootin' while I did the scootin' Go and try it, your sport I'll not spile!" At last they growled out at Bill Boyle, When they found he'd no taste for the Nile, "No good Briton are you!" Replies Bill, "That is true, "I'm the growth of Canadian soil!"

A REAL PATRIOT'S ORATION.

Edmund the Emancipator's stirring Speech before the Knights of Liberty Association.

And so Ald. Denison (groans) has resigned his position in the Toronto Council to go to Egypt (renewed groans). Humph! (laughter). Pahaw!! (more laughter). Pooh-pooh!!! (still more laughter). Yah-yah-yah!!!! (and yet additional laughter). Think he can deceive us! (cries of "no!") by this wretched little piece of transparent dodgery? (A voice "that's the cheese," and laughter). Well, not much! (Cheers, and "we should smile!") Let us see if the gallant Majaw, who never smelt gunpowder fired in earnest (laughter) ever gets to Egypt. (Cries of "we're awaitin'!) If he does, what has he gone for? (A voice derisively "Glory!") Oh, don't you go and try to stuff us with twaddle about martial enthusiasm, soldierly ambition, devotion to "the flag that's

braved a thousand years," etc., etc., and all that sort of maudlin mush and gozling gush! (Loud and long-continued applause). We know the Denisons (intense uproar), and the Plumbs (tumultuous applause), and the Langevins. (Indiscribable hub-bub). *Et hoc genus omne.* (A voice, "what's that name?") They are barnacles! (A voice, "Hoop!") Parasites! (Another voice, "Hooroo!") Blood-suckers! (Another voice, "Good!") Horse-leech's daughters! (Another voice, "give it to 'em!") Pampered pueriles! (1st voice, "you're a dandy.")! Blue-blooded banes! (2nd voice, "give us more!") Aristocratic attenuants! (3rd voice, "something tougher!") High-bred harpies! (4th voice, "good enough!") Nosey nobodies! (Several voices, "now you've got it!") Don't they fill fat offices while we, the people, foot the bill! (Cheers). Are they not the drones in the busy hive of our Grand Country's Industries? (A voice, "right you are!" and loud hoots). Do they not grind us common trash down under the iron hoof of the despot? (A whirlwind of applause). How long are we, the hardworkers, the bone and sinew, the very life-blood of the land,—going to tamely submit to witnessing these cross-eyed cormorants (cheers), these bald-headed buzzards (cheers), these hanstrung hyenas (cheers) these yawping yahoos (cheers), run riot throughout the length and breadth of this fair Canada of ours—(a frightful outbreak of discordant sounds). We say "Canada of ours" advisedly (cheers), for it is our—the working men's—heritage (loud cheers). Our duty is plain (louder cheers); we must drive these unhallowed upstarts back to their original vocation of drain-digging (thunders of cheers)! we must worry these over-fed autocrats until they will be glad to take to the streets, soliciting jobs at sawing wood (a hurricane of cheers!) If they want to go to Egypt, let 'em go, and make 'em walk. (Hear, hear.) What we, the People, want is Freedom (cheers) and the offices (hear, hear! and great stamping); what we demand is Liberty and chances (stamping grows heavier); what we insist upon is our Rights, and the control of the Civil Service and other official patronage. (Stamping drowns speaker's voice.) When shall we strike the blow, and a shrievalty, Registrarship, or Ottawa clerkship?—(The speaker exhausted sinks into a chair, and the cheers and encores continue for seven minutes.)

INTERESTING STUDIES.

- A spring rooster practising at crowing.
- An inebriated pool-player chalking his cue.
- A cow in your unfriendly neighbor's vegetable garden.
- A young father handling his first baby for the first time.
- A three-months' old pup that has just smelt of the lighted end of a cigar.
- An engaged couple in the parlor on the wrong side of the lamp.
- A small boy contemplating his kite, in the coils of the telegraph wire.
- A killer scraping an acquaintance with itself in a looking-glass.
- A "bridal-tower" couple from the back townships in the clutches of the candy-butcher.
- A junior clerk, during the temporary absence of the errand-boy, delivering a sash-boiler and sloop-pail.
- A bon-fire brigade, when the victory turns out to be for the other party.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

We have favors on hand from the following esteemed contributors, which we are obliged to hold over, T. B.; T. T.; G. P.; J. K. L.; G. M. C.; B. S.; C. D. R.



KIND JOEY RYMAL AND THE "POOR WEAK SISTER."

THE SCALPEL.

An exchange labels its list of bankrupts "Pulling hard against the stream." Of creditors.

Figures may not "lie." But go into a fashionable dress-maker's and have a look at the "lay" figures.

"Patience and persistence will accomplish all things," eh? Well, the fly is patient and persistent, but it can't catch fish.

"Is it going to rain long?" enquired the Disconsolate Man. And the Cheerful Man replied: "No, I fancy it's going to rain rain?"

Carlyle says, "laughter means sympathy." But Carlyle and a banana peel never had a little trouble with each other in front of the post office.

"Plaids will be worn this winter," says the fashion item. But it brings no joy to the young man with only last year's ulster to fall back on. "It's too much played," he sadly sighs.

"But how is it with your little trout stream in winter time?" the visitor asked, and the genial Irish host replied: "It makes no difference. Winter or summer this creek never freezes."

Girls of marriageable age are sold for \$16 in Yokohama. The difference in this country is that the price is not fixed. But the young girl sometimes finds herself sold, all the same—in the husband she gets.

ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

Mr. Gurnett read the report of the committee on finance. It showed a deficit on the past two years of \$37.16.—*Shorthanders in Convention.*

Thus do the Shorthanders show themselves to be truly short.

Kilrain and Burke are a couple of professional sluggers who are matched for a boat race. I congratulate the two thumpers on their change of sport. It surely is more creditable to be proficient in the use of sculls than in the abuse of skulls.

They say that a pious young man who tried to steal a kiss from a Washington belle, got his nose covered with red paint. But there are well authenticated instances in which a young man under similar circumstances has had his nose covered with red scratches.

LACKING KNOWLEDGE, NOT COURAGE, ETC?

The Reform politicians dare not let their people know the truth.—*Mail.*

What,—the truth about the Tory Government? Well, they seem to try pretty hard, but the mischief is to get at the whole truth. Maybe they would dare, if they could.

The Hamilton correspondent of the *Globe* is nothing if not painfully specific in detail. I take this little item *c. g.*—

George Baker, bit a finger of D. McGillivray, a H. & N. W. brakeman, while the latter was trying to make him behave on a train. To-day the magistrate imposed a fine of \$10 and \$11 costs, also allowing McGillivray \$45 for lost time and \$10 for doctor's fees, in all \$76 or six months in jail.

Of course Mr. McGillivray walked off with the \$76 rather than go down for six months, although the correspondent has omitted to say so.

The "Light of Asia" is rather a romantic name for Forepaugh's fr—, that is to say, elephant. By the way, I wonder how my friend Col. Wilkison, B. P., would fancy it for his luminous paint! Probably it might be too suggestive of Light-out-of-the-city, when I come to think of it.

AN OPINION EX CATHEDRA.

The bolt of the independent Republicans will not likely amount to much. The piqued politicians somehow usually find their way back to the ranks of their own party when the balloting begins.—*Telegram.*

Independent politicians in Ontario must appreciate this beautiful tribute from an "Independent" paper. But, really, the *Telegram* seems to be a trifle too flattering.

Talking of Lennox a *Mail* editorial says:—"We regret sincerely (Mr. Blackstock's defeat, and hope our friends in the constituency have not to blame themselves in any way for their defeat." There is a chasm between that "regret" and that "hope" which a whole day's thinking can scarcely bridge. And yet on the other hand there is a contiguity approaching to genuine dovetailing in their relations. And still further there is a suspicion haunting me that may be the editor meant nothing equivocal, but only didn't really know what to say and how to say it neatest.

No all-absorbing topic of vast public moment is ever set aside without another one rising to take its place. The Boundary award has been happily disposed of, and highly wrought public interest has begun to show the inevitable lax tension; but the *Cardwell Sentinel* comes to the fore with a fresh theme to re-arouse us to a sense of impending danger and call us again to arms. A township treasurership in that famous constituency has been awarded to a Reformer at \$50 per annum, notwithstanding that a responsible Conservative offered to do the job for \$20? No wonder the *Mail* reprints the account of this unparalleled instance of villainous partizanship with the following paralyzing heading:—**ONTARIO! ONTARIO!—PROVINCIAL RIGHTS ONCE MORE TRIUMPHANT.**—*A Specimen of Reform Jobbery.*—Cardwell, let me assure you that, in the words of an eminent outwest statesman, "the eyes of the *vox populi* are on you!" Give us more about this—and lots!

It is hazarded that the reason why the editor of the *Mail* endorses the title-conferring policy of the Imperial Government towards Canadians, is the hope that he may become the possessor of one of the orders before the stock runs out. This is perhaps an uncharitable, not to say unchristian view to take; but, if you may have noticed it, charitable or christian views are not strikingly characteristic of political controversy. But to look at the idea from a stop-ladder, as it were, probably there are a few persons who may be able to discover a trifle of plausibility in it. Brother Griffin has not exactly fought and bled for his country; but yet he has fought and helped to bleed other people for his party, or at all events defended the bleeding operation most desperately, as Sir John and Sir Hector, the gentle testimonialists, are prepared to testify—to say nothing about the neck-eyed Northern Railway cow, or the patient public works contractors. And what is country but party in this great dominion of ours, judging by the party organs? I would have no objection to seeing Brother Griffin knighted. But I tell him candidly that there is one thing at least he must not let out to the house authorities, and that is that in going up the tall tower he has never been known to take to the stairs if the elevators were running.

PAUL PRYISM.

MR. GRIP, —Sir,—The Press has too many privileges. I rejoice to observe that in our fair city a move has been made towards curtailing them. St. James' Cathedral Vestry have nobly inaugurated it. They rigidly excluded reporters from the recent meeting at which the little suit was discussed. What is the result? Why, we have a succinct report in the city papers—short and sweet, and devoid of all the long, senseless record of discussion which serves to make reports of this nature uninteresting. Just read this as a model epitome of the whole proceedings:—

"The best of feeling prevailed, and all those who took part in the discussion of the subject were unanimous in favor of carrying on the suit."

Then let me give you an extract from a little more extended account of the meeting in another paper:—

"Canon Dumoulin explained the position of the case, and counselled the vestry in the most solemn terms to abandon the appeal."

Thus, you observe, the outside public have an intelligible idea of the whole business, and the newspapers have more space to devote to their continued stories, which the majority of readers are by far the most interested in. Let the crusade against Press usurpation go on! There is altogether too much prying on the part of newspapers into other people's affairs.

Yours truly, ANTI-INTRUDER.

ALLOYED PLEASURE.

Half the people invited to the Czar's ball declined.

Well, you know a ball is a ball, but a funeral is a funeral. You can't mix the two with any sort of real comfort.

"NEEDS NO BUSIL."

On Wednesday Mr. Geo. Overs, living near Anderton's brewery, lost a valuable cow by being run over on the track near Anderton's brewery.—*Barric Paper.*

You see —. But this paragraph had better be given ungarished.

DIFFERENT TASTES.

Emperor William's favourite flower is that most prosaic, pretty, uninteresting corn flower, the blue bottle.

Probably, just to be obstinate, the Emperor's right-hand man fancies the black bottle. Of course, if any one talked to the Kaiser about it, he could say it was his own Bis.

TRADE-MARK TROUBLE.

General Booth wants to register "Blood and Fire" as part of a Salvation Army device.

Bro. Boyle, of the *Irish Canadian*, will utter a vigorous protest against this. "Blood and Fire," is just close enough to be an infringement of the Celtic device, "Blood an' Ounds."

A JOYLESS EXISTENCE.

The meeting of the three Emperors will probably result in joint measures against the anarchists.

Meeting and making fresh laws against the Nihilists seems to be about the only real fun the three Emperors ever have. That is, of course, unless you count looking out that they don't get poisoned off or shot.

UNWILLINGLY WISE.

Sir Leonard Tilley once spent several weeks visiting the manufacturers, and telling them how prosperous he had made them. Why should he not also visit the farmers and tell them what he is doing to keep up the price of wheat?—*Globe of 13th.*

History records, with immortal hands and with satirical impartiality, the failure of every form of human government to accomplish the happiness of the human race.—*Mail of 13th.*

If the editor of the *Mail* could always conscientiously reply to the editor of the *Globe* neatly as he has this time unconsciously, he might do to guide the destinies of the Conservative party.

SCANDALOUS TREATMENT OF A DEMOCRAT AT THE MOWAT BANQUET.

MR. GRIP, SIR:—If hereafter the general tone of the *Toronto News* is less agreeable to the Grit party, the head pushers of that moribund organization have only themselves to blame. I have been disposed, as a democrat, working for the overthrow of the cfete tomfoolery under which Canada now groans, to lean somewhat to the Grit side on most of the questions of the day. My paper has consequently been regarded by Reformers with respect, even with affection. I am sorry to demolish this kindly relationship at one fell swoop; but, as I said before, if this is done it is not my fault, the blame must be put upon the heads of the organizers of the late Mowat Banquet, or, to be more explicit, upon the heads of the waiters who carried soup on that occasion. I went there, sir, as became a democratic citizen, in a claw-hammer coat of exquisite workmanship. I did not go primarily for a meal, but I took my place at the table out of respect to the delegates present. I was patiently awaiting the speeches, and had I remained to hear them my affinity for the Grit party might have been greatly strengthened. But, sir, I did not hear them. I left the banquetting chamber early in the evening in what I may mildly term a towering pas-



sion. The waiters, sir, had ruined my good coat by systematically pouring soup down my back. I told them plainly that I did not want it externally, but that had no effect. I raised my arm in a gesture of disapprobation, whereupon they poured soup down my coat sleeve. Sir, I am a democrat, and as such, love my fellow men, but I draw the line at this sort of outrage. The downtrodden Serfs of Russia may, if they like, allow the Czar to pour soup over them, but as for me, sir, I give notice that I will not submit to such an indignity. I will make it a point to write my political leaders in future with *that coat on*, and if the Grit party is made to wince, they will know the reason of it.

Yours truly, E—D E. S—D.

ITEMS INCITING TO RIOT.

(DIPLOMA AWARDED FOR BAD PUNS AT THE FAIR)

"She claims damages from me," Duke Darmstadt explains, "because I would not continue to kalmine."

The veteran cannibal, notwithstanding the strict orders of the missionary that there was to be no more of that sort of work, had dined off his second cousin. So the missionary called him to task and severely said: "Didn't I

issue an ultimatum——. "But the veteran cannibal interrupted him with, "Good! all time ate 'um! me too?"

"That's a pretty good picture of Oscar Wilde" he remarked, looking in the book-store window. Just then his friend called his attention to a "bob-tail" coming down street on the full tear, the driver doing his best to down the brake and check the galloping animal. "That," he observed, "is also a pretty good picture of an 'oes-car wild."

"The heir apparent?" ventured the book-agent, pointing to the infant in the crib. "No," replied the reigning monarch of the house, "the 'air isn't very apparent, just yet; but I guess it'll grow in course of time. And this is what drove the book-agent in terror from the door.

THE BANQUET.

BY AGRICOLA GRANGER, SR.

Concern their ugly pifers! do they call this here a banquet, Where the sassy waiters bring around, and fore your nose they plunk it, Whatever just comes to their hand, whether beef, or pork, or mutton— They sling it thar before ye, and they don't care a darned button

Whether you like the dish or not; they expect that you will stow it.

And fill yourself with ancient pork, and then hurra for Mowat!

Now whar's the Goulet, extra dry champagne, and commandator, And Haute Sauterne? when I want some I'm laughed at by the waiter;

And when I ask for simple beer he says "I'll see you later."

I see the fellow's got me down as quite a small pertator, I've a good mind to take a glass and at his big head throw it,

I am so dry, in vain I try to sing out 'rah for Mowat!

Mr. Blake is very fine in learned dissertations, But after all I'd just as soon be served out with my rations;

Sir Richard too, we all heard through; he is a lengthy talker;

But still it's windy grub to take when hungry as a hawk, or

Dry as any royal speech at opening of "the session,"

Spoke by Lieutenant-Governor; but this is a digression— If the high joints have regard for us, this time they failed to show it;

But whar's the use to raise a fuss, 'twas not the fault of Mowat!

A PRE-EMPTED CLAIM.

"I do so like him," the mother was saying at the tea-table when the talk turned on the new curate.

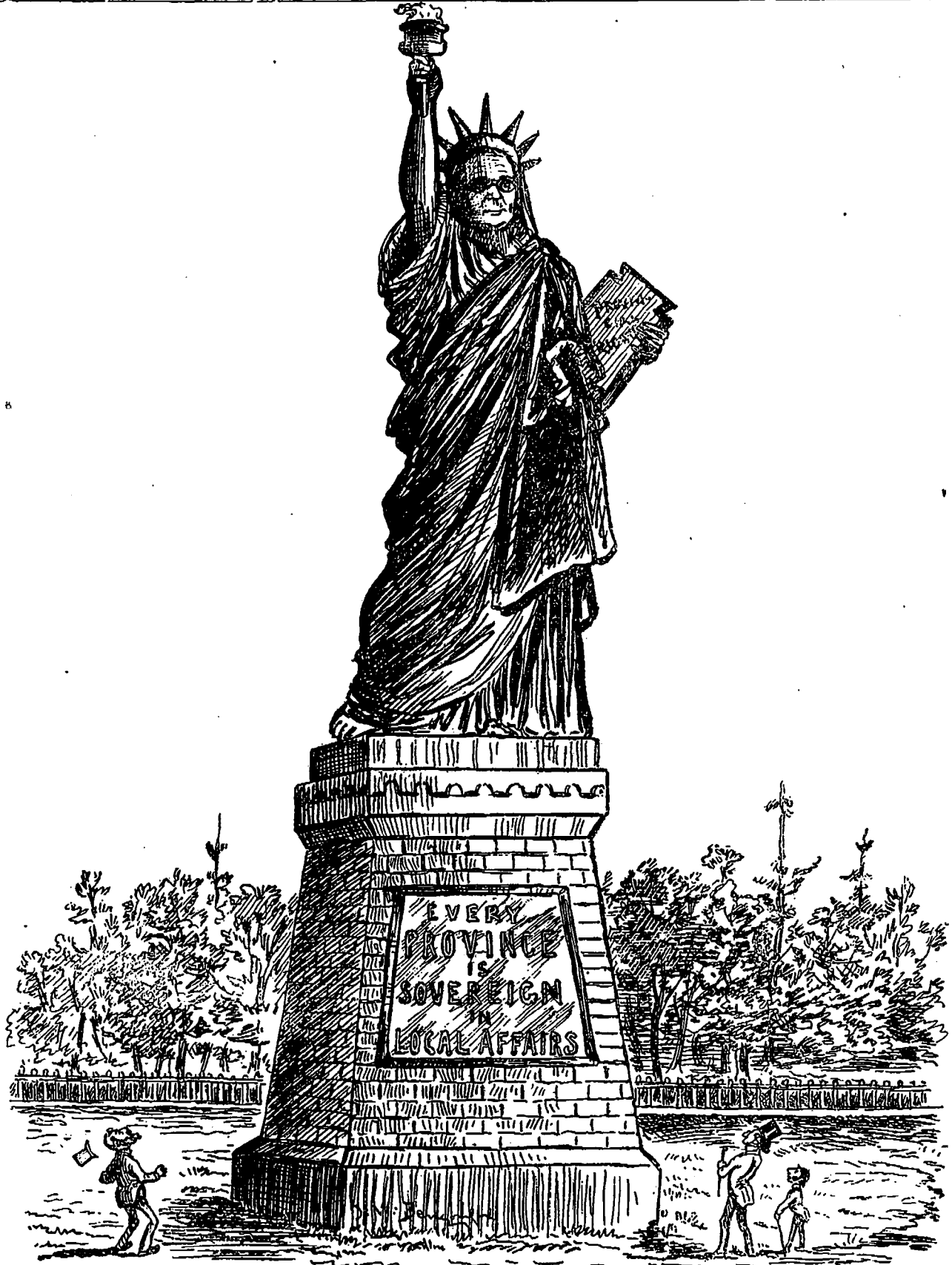
"Yes," remarked pater familias, "he is a man after my own heart."

Then the little seven year-old spoke up:— "But he needn't come looking after sister Lou's heart. For I heard her telling Mr. Smith in the parlor last Sunday night that her heart was all his, and——"

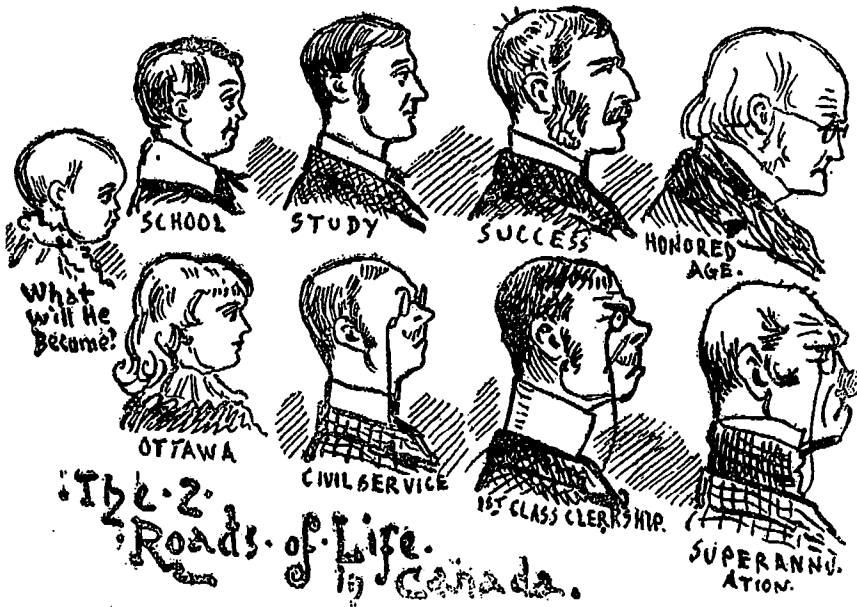
"Jane!" broke in the mother sharply.

And Jane, with a look of astonishment in her blue eyes, ran off after "Sister Lou" to the kitchen to ask if she was sick, because she had left the table so suddenly and looking so red in the face.

E. P. Roe, the most popular American novelist of the present time, will begin, in *THE CURRENT*, during the first week in November the publication of his serial, "An Original Belle," which he believes will prove the greatest story he has ever written. It will include as a feature, the result, most graphically told, of a careful study of the New York riots. The heroine will be of an entirely new type, it being the author's purpose to portray a beautiful and cultivated young woman who, instead of resting content with the admiration of men, devotes her splendid qualities of head and heart to prompting high impulses among the suitors for her smiles, and to making men of those who incline to fashion's follies.



"LIBERTY!" BY M. BARTHOLDI GRIP.



THE LETTERS OF AUGUSTUS FITZGOBB TO HIS MA.

NO. II.

Toronto, Sept 6, 1884.

My VERY DEAREST MA:—Alas, alas, I fear your parental heart will have been sorely macerated by my long silence. But I swear it couldn't be helped. There is a noble line somewhere in *Eneid's* mighty Epoch, "The Idiocy," which says aptly "*saeva necessitas*," or in a free interruption "it necessitates a sieve." I forget at this moment just how the quotation applies, but when it first occurred to me it seemed delightfully apt. But indeed, necessity compelled me to be silent. I have not been altogether in good health for some days. I cannot define my melody exactly, but one of my *extingué* friends said that I was somewhat under the weather. If that be so, then I feel confident I got too far under, for it took me a long while to crawl out. Another said I seemed a little off my hash, but on considering the hash I repented that I had not got off it sooner; not that it appeared in any danger of breaking down under my weight, however, for its strength was truly appalling. Another, I grieve to say, came in and remarked: "Sorry to see you looking so seedy, old fellow!" I clapped my trembling hand to my hair, fearing he had detected some hay-seed therein; but recovering myself I bid him a severe good morning and blotted out his name from my visiting list. Last of all from him had I expected such an insult. I had taken him for a perfect gentleman.

Well, my dear ma, this little indisposition which has delayed my schemes attacked me after a long and pleasant evening with my new friends. It was something I believe, *entre nous*, in this Toronto water—perhaps from the sewers that empty into the Bay. At all events, there was a good deal of water drunk that evening, one way and another; and the result was that not I alone but several of my friends as well were carried home in a painful condition. For my own part my tongue was thick, and my lips felt a strange and terrible numbness; my knees refused to perform their legal functions, excepting those of prayer, to which they grew abnormally inclined; and all my ideas were confused—in fact I might say involved. On the way home I took a hydrant for Maria, and fell upon its neck in rapture. When I awoke next morning, would you believe it, dearest ma, my head was so large I could hardly keep it

from rolling off the pillow; and I was much troubled to think I might have to buy myself a new hat, though my old one is still quite good. My dearest friend, Fitz-London, a young duke, who is at present a bank officer in this city, came in to congeal with me over my ill health. He thought it arose from lemonade imbibed at the victorious Premier's banquet, a most ludicrous misunderstanding. I said there was no rejoicing in my head over its painfully enlarged boundaries, which caused him to reflect that soon, in better lands than this, some people would be dissatisfied. I reminded him, he thought, of a dear but discontented friend, a member of the British aristocracy, who died after a too hilarious evening, and, of course, went to heaven. Even then he was not contented, but was heard complaining bitterly in the morning because he thought his halo didn't fit. This cheered me, and in the course of a week I felt better.

As soon as I was quite well I set forth to interview the literary sovereigns of Canada, as I told you, dear ma, was my intention. I have been successful beyond my wildest hopes. I visited the *Globe*, the *Mail*, the Professor, the *News*, the *World*, the *Telegram*, the *Week*, the *Exchange & Mart*, the *Evangelical Churchman* and *Grip*. It was an eventful day; I will tell you all that I can remember thereof. I changed my costume for each interview, to be thoroughly opprobrious, or perhaps I should say appropriate. So very much depends, dear ma, upon a first impression, as you taught me when you once discovered the imprint of my young nose in the centre of a pumpkin pie which I had been surreptitiously licking. I went to the *Globe* in garb of solemn black, with a chaste white tie at my throat, and a broad felt hat worn over a cap and bells. I was nicely received by the Deacon and the Presbyter, who, learning that I was an aspirant for the poetical editorship, at once put me a few questions from the shorter catechism. I thought at first to be witty; and when asked what was the chief end of man, I replied "consumption!" But the Deacon said he thought my answer was incorrect, and went out to consult the directors as to the truth of my startlingly new departure. On his return he said he was right,—my answer was wholly incorrect. This was a bad beginning, but it stirred me to keener effort. I was asked if I believed in the Hon. Edward Blake,—if John A. was Antichrist, or the Father of Lies,—if the N. P. was the White Elephant,—if the North-west was

on the eve of revolution,—if the new territory wasn't pretty near heaven, and much more desirable for purposes of settlement,—if the *Globe* wanted to be purchased by the Syndicate,—and if the *Mail* was not impulsive at times. To all these I gave a most emphatic yes; and I saw I had made my impression. "I think he will do," said the Deacon, turning to the Presbyter, "but you had better ask a few questions to test his special fitness for the poetical chair." Then the Presbyter inquired: "Have you read, or do you intend to read, Collins's *Life of Macdonald*?" "Never!" I ejaculated with pious fervor, and I saw my point was gained. He came over and embraced me, but put a few more questions at the same time. "Do you read much?" said he. "Nothing but the *Globe*, and Mackenzie's life of Hon. G. B.," said I. "In these is meat and drink for the intellect." "Do you like poetry, or in fact I may say do you understand it?" he continued. "By no means!" I replied decidedly, "save what Mr. Blake wrote in his youth." At this he smiled his approval, and whispered as he bid me goodbye—"We'll have an opening for you in a week. Your work will be light, and I hope you'll consider \$3,000 an adequate salary." I answered that I would be easily satisfied, and went away much belated—or is it *inflated* I mean? As I reached the foot of the stairs the joke I had made early in the interview seemed to penetrate them, and I heard them rolling round the office floor.

My next errand was to the editor of the *Mail*, who inhabits a lofty building often taken for the cathedral. For this interview I clad myself daintily, and carried a lily in one hand and a shillelah in the other. I felt some trepidation at first, but was affably received and listened to as I stated my aspirations. Then he asked me "What think you of Sir John?" "The greatest of men and statesmen!" I replied. "And what of Tupper?" he continued. "Boanergis!" said I. "And what of Blake?" said he. "Why, I never think of him at all!" I answered in a tone of hurt surprise. "What of the Ontario Government?" he persisted. At this I merely rolled up my eyes, and spread my hands before me in deprecation. I begged him not to mention the dreadful subject again. He seemed satisfied, and engaged me to write him a forcible editorial once a week. If I should develop any special talent in that direction, he said he would take me on as abusive editor, he being weary of that monotonous department. Thereupon I asked him why he didn't vary it more; but this amused him mightily. For two reasons he couldn't do it, he affirmed. In the first place, if he forgot to use the good old terms, to which his opponents were accustomed, they would certainly fail to understand, and might think he was coming round to their side. If, on the other hand, they should feel assured of his hostility, he did not hate them bitterly enough to put them to the pain of anything like a mysterious attack. Out of kindness and regard for their slowness of wit, he would continue to abuse his enemies in terms which he had taught them to comprehend. At length I concluded this agreeable visit, and as I moved to the door, the editor rose with a quiet chuckle, filled his ink-bottle from a carboy of nitric acid, and proceeded to indite with a toothpick an editorial on the Mowat Reception.

Of the other interviews, dear ma, I must write in my next letter. My overtaxed brain craves rest, and I know you would have me watch my brain with tenderest care. It is the brain on which your ambitious and mine are fondly centered—to say nothing of Maria's ambitions. I hope the dear girl is a comfort to you in my absence. How I wish you both could have seen me at "The Range," the call I paid after my interview with the *Mail*. But you shall hear all about it. Fitz-London has just called to take me out for a promenade, so

I must be off. I promised yesterday that if he called round I'd treat him to a lager, or something. For a Duke he has a most unquenchable thirst. Tra-la, dearest ma.
Ever your loving son,
Gus. Fitz-G.

P.S.—Do you know, Davin, of the Regina Leader has got hold of a little bit of Government printing!

TOPICAL TALK.



I am glad to hear that Earl Dufferin has been appointed Viceroy of India. He is a statesman, diplomatist and Irishman whom I feel proud of; and besides all this he gave to the Nor'-West that poetic, euphonious, and mighty convenient for - a - change - term "Illimitable Wilderness." I do not know, but quite likely he gave Russian newspapermen a lift of this sort in the substitution of "Unmentionable Tracklessness" for Siberia; and who knows but that India will presently be christened the "Unspeaking Jungleness" by the versatile viceroys? Lord Dufferin will scarcely require more than one Russian wolf-skin overcoat out in India; and it is hardly likely, either, that the manufacturer who supplied him with toboggans at Rideau Hall will get many more orders from him.

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"Every man his own groom," will have to be the motto of millionaires with marriageable daughters, if they wish to have anything to say about the choice of husbands the daughters make. It is rather late for Count Morisini, of New York, to adopt this rule; but there are a few more millionaires' daughters in the world besides his, and the supply of good-looking grooms is not likely to give out with the big chances there are going in the matrimonial market. The trouble seems to be in these cases that the millionaires content themselves with watching the groom, when, as a matter of fact, it is the daughter who needs the looking after. After all, however, is the mis-alliance invariably what it is made out to be? There must be good stuff in the young fellow not too proud to take a job at grooming, and at the same time not too 'umble to make a dead set on the heart of his employer's daughter and heiress.

Our American cousins are a trifle of a quarter of a million dollars short in the Bartholdi statue fund. Eternal canvassing is the price of Liberty!

What do the ratepayers of St. Matthew's Ward mean by complaining that "the city is doing nothing for them but collect their taxes?" Is not the council spending the money for them, too?

Miss Millionaire Mackay has been married to poor Prince Colonna—or was it Poor Prince Colonna who was married to Miss Millionaire Mackay? At any rate there has been a beautiful fusion of the plebeian and the patrician, the fortunate and the famous, the bonanza and the blue-blood. It was a great scheme for Miss Mackay; and wasn't it also a good thing for the Prince? In the words of Mr. Mac.: "What is home without a princess?"

Gastronomic devices are all right enough, but they must not take the shape of innovations which sweep away our most cherished traditions of *gout*. Here, for instance, is a *cuisine* iconoclast who boldly advances the theory that "boiled tripe fried to a very light brown in butter, and then sprinkled with salt and pepper, tastes precisely like mushrooms." The next move will be some food fancier challenging the world to distinguish the difference between chopped straw boiled in vinegar and a rhubarb stew, or between a bran-mash cooked in butter-milk and a corn-starch custard! This thing will have to be put a summary stop to, that's all.

RUM OR RUN.

A ONE-ACT DRAMA OF NINETEENTH CENTURY CIVILIZATION.

By SCOTT-ACT UPHOLDER, ESQ.

Chief Dramatis Personae:
DeKing Odds,—A clever but unscrupulous man about town, and sporting editor, who advocates the liquor traffic from pure love of notoriety, and controversial combativeness.

Goldsmith Win,—The proprietor of a high-class newspaper, who works for fame, and champions the liquor traffic because it is an unpopular cause.

A variety of other persons you can fill in yourself after you read the play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The editor's room in the "Weekly Standbyer."* The editor (*Win*) looking over his exchanges.

Um! more taffy from the *Mail*!
And, what! a courteous, tho' curt rejoinder from the *Globe*!
Surely mine eyes do not me fail!
'Tis plain! I need no scalpel nor a probe.

And still I gaze, and still the wonder grows,
How two such little heads can carry all my blows,
And yet collected be enough, and cool,
To make the retort by the kindly rule.

The *Mail* and I—well, oft and oft we find
A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind.
When I berate the Grits and talk sound stuff
On Scott Act and kin themes, why, that's enough.

When talk is high, I know just where to start in,
And dress up things in shape to suit Sir Martin.
But that the *Globe* e'er deigns me courtly note!
Ah, yes! some day I'll help the Grit craft keep afloat.

[*Enter Odds.*]

B'jour, Goldy, howdy do?
How's the *By*, and how are you?
Oh, your pen suits me as no other can—
Your pen as an anti Scott-Act man.

Give 'em blazes, give 'em gall,
Same as me in the backwoods Hall.
Ain't we having heaps o' fun,
You long, lean, shadowy—.

Win rises, and in sepulchral tones interrupts:
Hush! my friend, sit still and ponder,
"Walls have ears," you've heard before;
There's a cane set at over yonder,
Pray don't smirch the sanctum floor.

I am pleased you've come to see me;
Is Scott Act horizon clear?
From my doubts I pray thee free me,
I am haunted with anxious fear.

[*Odds sings.*]
Oh, we'll stand the storm, and it won't last very long,
And we'll down 'em by-and-bye;
The rum ship won't go wrong, let us sing this little song:
"Oh, we'll anchor in the harbor of old rye!"

[*Speaks.*]
How is that, old pelican pardy?
Does it sound too lardy-dardy?
Think we're going to be so tardy
That we'll all get left?
Outlook's good. I've got the call;
Coin is plenty, heaps for all;
Keep your back agin the wall—
We'll not lose no heft.

But I'm here for information
On our little situation;
Can you give me a few pointers, chummy mine?

I am going to a meeting,
Where I'm not sure of the greeting,
Train won't wait, and time is fleeting,
As the poet says, "I'm thine!"

Win.
If you want a receipt for an anti-"Scott" sermon
Just take of your "rights" a full horn or more;

Dwell on the "oppression," omit the "transgression,"
And pare off the "despot's hard hoof" to the core.
Don't say that the "despot" has noble intention.

That his aim is to rule by the line of the right,
That the way how to "cure" is ahead of "prevention,"
That *laissez faire* vanquishes evil— not fight.

But shout that a man is a full free-will agent,
Has free-will to get "full"—if you're lacking a joke;
And that in the march of our appetites' pageant
If he can't show up well he must sink out of sight.

Be sure that you pity the stumbling parader,
Say, "it's sad, but don't think I'm the cause of his slips;
Why, then, should I 'list as a temperance crusader?
I don't put the bottle too oft to my lips,"

Of course it won't do to evade the plain issue,
That if your example's a bad stumbling block,
You should give up your liquor, and heartily wish you

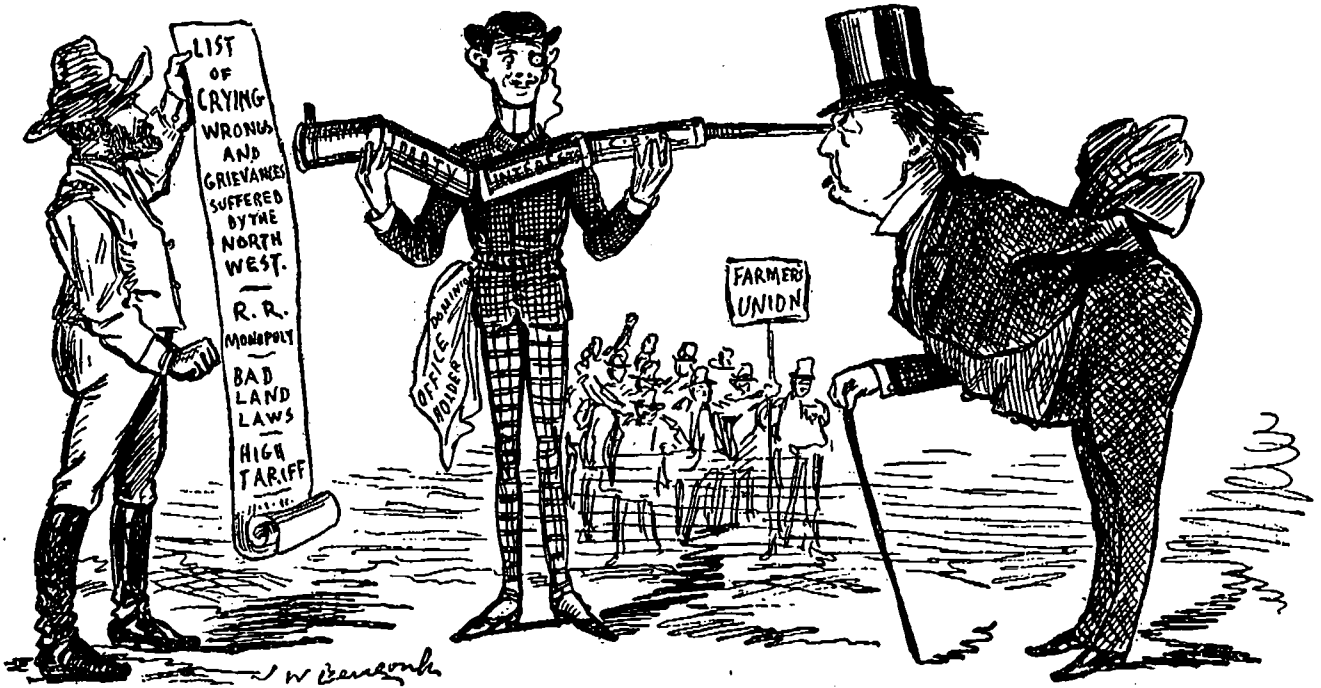
Had done it ere others had struck on Drink Rock.
Put the thing, say, in this way: "I own I could do it—
Relinquish in *this* case a liberty dear;
But how do I know but ere long I should rue it,
Would fanatics have the line drawn right here?"

Maybe next they'd show battle 'gainst cocoa and coffee,
My tea, too, perhaps they'd place under the ban;
Who knows but they'd crush out my little one's toffy?
Would they stop at the food or the clothes of a man?

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Give the rein once to reckless and ruthless invaders,
I could, it's a fact; but I won't, which is plain.
I'll hark to conviction, but other persuaders
Than they use must show me 'tis not loss but gain."
Then you'll go on to point that the drunkard's temptation
Is with him so long as his appetite's there;
You laud up the virtues of strong moral suasion,
And whisper of tenderness, love, constraint, care.
If you find an opponent say "appetite's kindled
By drinking shops in the inebriate's way" —
Raise a laugh, saying, "Well, if your moral strength's dwindled
So much, I am sorry, and that's all I'll say."
Reel off lots of statistics from over the border,
But don't, for the world, come too close to home;
Cite any returns, never mind the recorder,
So long as they're read from some ponderous tome.
Let this be a foremost point in your oration:
"Prohibition's a fraud, a delusion, and snare,
But, no matter, our 'rights' must have all veneration!
And will at the polls!" You may then take your chair.

[Odds.]
Pretty pat you've got it, Goldy,
But a hole or two wants stopped.
Must I, now, get only scoldy
When at me these balls are popped?
"Here," says some big preacher fellow,
"Whisk, you license, so you do—
Jug a boozer over mellow,
Why not gaol the seller, too?"
"Come," another rooster puts it,
"If the trade's a proper one
What in thunderation boots it
Who may want a bar to run?"
"Regulations and restriction
Might be put on dry-goods stores—
That for sure's no wrong conviction,
Looking at the 'labelled' doors!"
Then another tries his powers,
Takes the liquor law in hand—
"These the rules for closing hours
Of the bars in our own land:
"Saturday from seven p.m.,
Until Monday morn at six,
Bar-decanters you can't see 'em—
Bndger tin't you in a fix?"
"Sposing dogs were showing rabies
An' t'wa'nt safe upon the street,
Fear one has a mad dog grab his
Leg and nip him good and neat—

"Well, now, take your 'closing' system—
Let your council note it down,
Here's the rules, you cannot twist 'em,
That they'd post about the town:
"Citizens will please take warning,
In this hydrophobia scare,
For your dogs till Monday morning
From Sat. eve—'No Thoroughfare!'"
Win.
When questions such as these arise, my ally
and my friend,
Discussion would avail you naught—t'would
never, never end.
So your best plan to meet them well and meet
them on the squire,
Will be to be—that is to say—to be—to be—
not there!
[Curtain down.]

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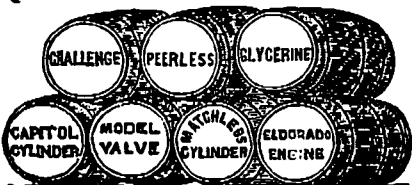


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