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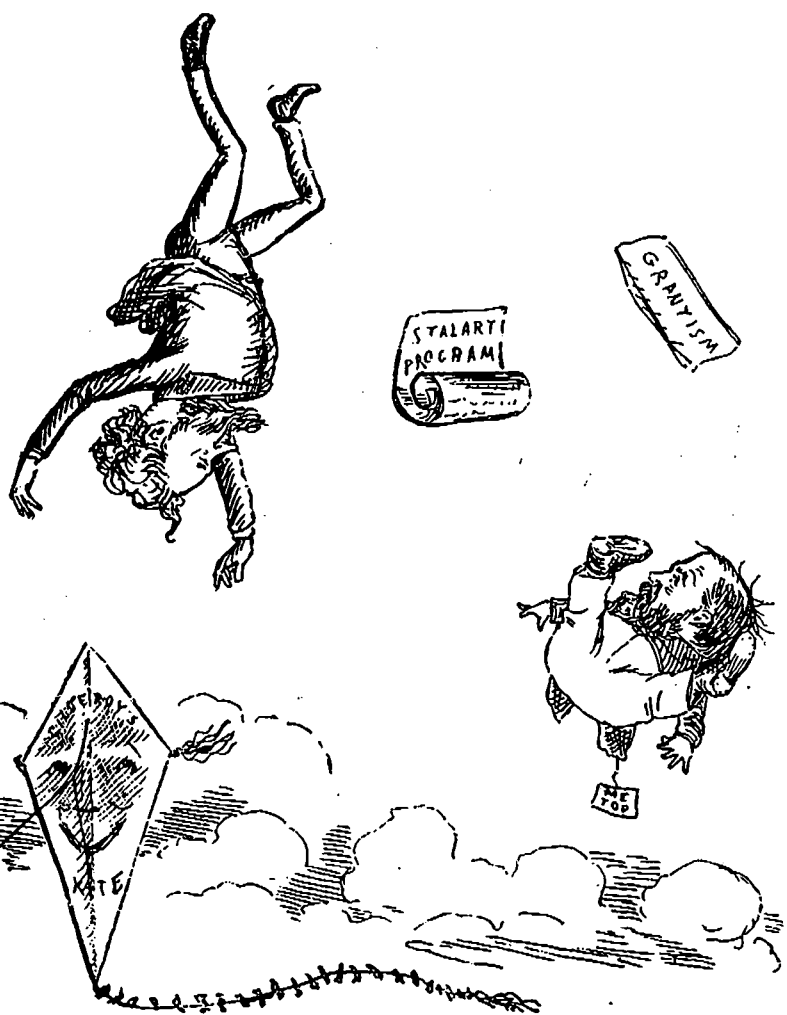


The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl; The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest man is the fool.

VOLUME XVII.
No. 11.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 30, 1881.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



CONKLING AND PLATT GONE UP!



1ST GENT—"What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not deem it breathed, and that those veins did verily bear blood."
2ND GENT—Oh! **BRUCE** of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits.
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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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.—Everybody who has read Judge Haliburton's witty work, "Sam Slick," will recall the scene in which the cute Yankee conciliated the landlady at the way-side inn by an adroit application of *soft sawder*. Mr. Blake, (whose appearance in the American costume will be hugely enjoyed by those who ring the changes on his "Kansas" speech) is at present on a tour which is like those formerly made by the reprobable Mr. Slick in that it "means business." Mr. S. was selling clocks; Mr. Blake is winning votes, and in both cases success largely depends on the skill with which the doctrine of "Soft Sawder and Human Nature" is applied. Mr. Blake cannot hope to capture the affections of Maritime Public Opinion unless he succeeds in pleasing her three Provinces; in other words, he must understand Mr. Slick's maxim that the nearest road to a woman's heart is through her children.

FIRST PAGE.—The fiasco in which the Conkling episode has ended is delightful to contemplate. The bumptious and dictatorial Senator, who landed in his resignation with so much theatrical emotion, made a mistake in supposing that he carried the New York Legislature in his coat pocket. After a tedious siege at the ballot box, Messrs. Conkling and Platt have been stripped of their senatorial title and knocked rather higher than the late Mr. Gilderoy's kite.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Canadian team at Wimbledon have acquitted themselves gloriously. Amongst other prizes they have carried off the Kolapore Cup, one of the highest rewards given in the match. Young Canada is used to this thing of beating the world, and his head isn't turned by this triumph. With a modesty equal to Haman's, he simply elevates the Kolapore Cup, brimming with Davies' Canadian lager and drinks better luck to poor old John Bull.

During the discussion of the Syndicate charter in Parliament, Grip kept a sharp eye upon the representatives of the people, and if they went astray it certainly was not for want of warning. That they *did* go astray is becoming clearer every day. They made a most monstrous and humiliating blunder if they did not commit a premeditated outrage. Sir Charles Tupper, seeing the force of the arguments against establishing a monopoly, calmed the

nerves of the House by the assurance that the members of the Syndicate were gentlemen who would not demean themselves by introducing a grasping policy. This was sufficient to induce the House to leave the country unguarded from any possibilities of the future, and now we see the result. The Syndicate (who are business men and not sentimental philanthropists) have forced the city of Winnipeg to withhold the bonus promised to the South Western Railway, and now demand that it be given to *them* instead. Sir Charles ought to be on hand again to console Miss Winnipeg's feelings, as he is represented in our Cartoon.

According to the *World*, the *Globe's* correspondent accompanying the Marquis, receives \$50 per week and *carte blanche* for expenses.

The Norcross Company continue to delight audiences at the Pavilion. They are now giving the "Pirates of Penzance," in all its witchery of wit and music.

When are our Aldermen going to wake up about the Island? It is altogether too bad to see a magnificent appurtenance to the city lying waste through neglect.

The *St. Thomas Journal* has evidently fallen into the hands of live publishers. The tri-weekly edition has been supplanted by a splendid weekly issue under the title of the *Southern Counties Journal*.

The original Madison Square Theatre Company in "Hazel Kirko," has concluded a remarkably successful engagement on the Pacific Coast, the profits reaching \$17,000. This organization will re-appear in Toronto early next season.

Those who have a taste for the esthetic (in a good sense) will find the *Art Interchange* a well-spring of delight. This journal, which is now edited by Mr. Arthur B. Turnure, is published at 140 Nassau St., New York, and appears fortnightly.

Chic, the New York comic paper, has collapsed. It did its best to rival *Puck*, but having no Bunner to edit it, and no Keppler, Wales, and Oppert to draw its cartoons, it failed in a manner *Utter* enough to delight the most consummate esthete.

Grip's almanac for 1882 is in course of preparation, and bids fair to be by far the best yet issued, both as regards letter press and illustrations. Literary contributions for its pages should be sent in early. It is intended to issue the work not later than the 15th December.

Mr. Stedman's first essay on "Poetry in America"—a subject too little treated by American critics—appears in the *August Scribner*. It is part of the new work projected by Mr. Stedman on the Poets and Poetry of America, and treats of the relations of the art of versification to American life and history.

It is a pity that the editors of the *Evening News* and *Telegram* could not see themselves for about five minutes as others see them. Their bandying of abuse across the Bay street corner is just about as dignified and respectable as that of a couple of the Lombard street amazons described in the police reports.

The cartoons of our clever contemporary, *Moonshine* (London, Eng.) are now drawn by Mr. John Proctor. This artist has a touch which greatly resembles that of Tenniel, and in all respects he compares favourably with that great cartoonist. *Moonshine* is to our mind the witliest of the London comic journals; no paper on our exchange list is more welcome week by week.

Rev Dr. Dewart, editor of the *Christian Guardian* remains in England, whither he went for the benefit of his health. We are sorry to learn that the visit has thus far not had any appreciable effect to this end. The rev gentleman's trouble was brought about by severe and protracted mental labour. In his absence the *Guardian* is conducted by Rev Mr. Blackstock who, we understand, is also a leader writer for the *Mail*.

No doubt our clerical exponents of the *odium theologicum* were as much shocked as the rest of the world on reading the newspaper heading of a few days ago:—

FIJI ATROCITIES.

MASSACRE OF ONE THOUSAND PERSONS FOR RELINQUISHING CHRISTIANITY

And no doubt, also, their sensation of indignation at the monster Kabu, who instigated this awful murder, was as deep and sincere as it could be. But isn't there something in this event which is calculated to teach all uncharitable Christians a timely lesson? It is not likely that anyone would think of imitating Kabu's horrible methods, but are there not many even in this favored land whose ideas of Christianity is practically little better than this "Christian" cannibal's?

The city papers have all paid their respects to the clever young artist who, during last week, amused and astonished passers by with his crayon sketches on the flagstones in the alley off Toronto street, but none of them are very accurate in their notices of him. His name is James Carling, and he describes himself as a son of Carling the Irish song writer, and author of "Nellie Gray." After practising his peculiar art on the streets of Liverpool and other large cities in the old land, he came to America about six years ago. At Providence, his talent attracted the attention of some persons through whose advice and aid he secured a position in a variety theatre, and afterwards travelled with the Kiralfy troupe, doing his "turn" at crayon sketching each evening. Carling is not only a good draughtsman, but also displays decided caricature powers, having a keen sense of the ridiculous, and a ready command of satire and sarcasm. Moreover, he possesses strong literary taste. The world will yet hear of James Carling or we are much mistaken.

The disgraceful exhibition made by some members of the Club Cartier, of Montreal, last Wednesday evening, is only to be palliated on the ground that the pugilistic gentlemen in question were French. That a rough-and-tumble fight over such a sacred thing as the flag which covered the late Sir George Cartier's bier, is very discreditable to the Club which bears his name. The origin of the row, however, was commonplace enough; several enthusiastic orators "bald the floor," and all wanted to speak at once. Where was the provincial French politeness on this occasion, or where were the police?

To Correspondents.

Foreigner, Queen's Hotel.—The London *Advertiser* is the only religious daily paper in Ontario that acknowledges the charge. The *Mail* is religious on Saturdays, but makes up for it on other days of the week. The *Globe* is somewhat pious also, but doesn't seem to know it at all.

John Livingstone, St. John.—We quite believe you find it hot just now, but what else can you expect, working on the *Sun*? 2. The real facts are, that Blake is looked upon here as a very decent sort of a fellow. The story that party told you of his having murdered a man on the island is all moonshine; don't believe it.

Baker, Halifax.—Grip is not to be swerved from the path of duty by any amount of threatening or coaxing. He will stick to facts to the end of the chapter, and if you want him to picture you hereafter with a small, insignificant nose you will have to do away with that prodigious proboscis which nature has bestowed upon you.

John A. Macdonald.—Yes, it is important that you should come home at once. The parties you mention are both off in the Maritime Provinces at present on a fishing excursion. They are not after trout, nor are they merely coddling, the game they are after is the leadership of the Conservative party. At present, Tupper is half a neck ahead. Hurry home, old boy!

S. L. Tilley.—You are right. His refusal to meet you on the platform looks bad. But then, you know, he has a big reputation as an orator to sustain, and he couldn't orate worth a cent if you sat behind him and threw in such remarks as, "Stick to facts!" "What a whopper!" "Hog wash!" etc. No; we are candidly of opinion that you are not a match for him on the platform.

Habitant, Quebec.—We are horror-stricken at your revelations. We have always regarded Mr. Gordon Brown as a quiet and a harmless gentleman, and are almost stupefied at the sudden intelligence that he is a person of Nihilistic proclivities, as he certainly is if it be true as you say that he is carrying out a plot for the extermination of the Roman Catholic religion in Quebec. We do not approve of your suggestion to assault the correspondent; you will get over him better by treating him to a little Scotch toddy, if you have such a thing in that region.

Globe Correspondent.—Strictly speaking, it was not gentlemanly and scholarly of you to refer to the editors of the *Guardian* as a "low lived set of plugs." No; we do not recognize that expression as a quotation from Tacitus, but then we graduated a long time ago.

B. L. J.—Your communication to hand. In your determination to quit the law and go into literature, you make manifest what we had already guessed after reading the poem enclosed—that you are a genius. Not one of those geniuses who can write poetry and do that alone; but a prodigy who combines rare business foresight with the divine afflatus. Law is a poor profession for money making purposes; literature is notoriously the highway to wealth. Especially that form of it which is known as journalism. A good lawyer will only get about \$500 for winning a case; a first rate newspaper poet has been known to get more than that simply for going out of a newspaper office peaceably without leaving his spring verses. But of course were money is but a small part of the rewards of poetic genius. You have the keen thrill of delight at escaping the editor's boot—a feeling which is quite unknown to the grovelling profession of the law. By all means, drop Blackstone and get a position in a newspaper office if you want to be rich and happy.



SLASHBUSH ON THE VICE-REGAL TOUR.

"So the Governor-General is off on a tour to the North-West, Almira," said Gustavus Slashbush to his sister, as he looked up from the *Globe*, which he had been attentively perusing all the evening, "and I understand that he is to 'pay the piper,' which is very creditable in him, and gives a good example to everybody, including the Ontario Government. Yes, indeed, Almira, he actually is going to 'pay the piper' himself."

"Well," retorted Almira, "so he ought to pay him. If he's a Scotchman and wants to have a screetchin' pipor with him, that's his own business. I'm sure nobody else wants to listen to the consarned things. For my part I'd jest as soon hear a pig squealin'."

"Well, Almira, I quite disagree with you as to the national pipes. They have a martial and stirring, and even at a distance off, let us say half a mile, a not unpleasant sound; but I was speaking as to 'paying the paper' in a figurative sense. I mean that he foots the bill or, in other words, he pays his own expenses, so that if the expedition can be tracked by expended beer and wine bottles, or over-looked cork screws on its way, the papers won't have such occasion to make a fuss about it as they did a few years ago when the Ontario high joints excurted. And there's another thing that pleases me much and that is the fact that he's taken the English press with him."

"What on airth does he want of an English press? Ain't the trunks in this country good

enough for him?" asked the unsophisticated Almira, who had a vague notion that her brother was speaking of a 'clothes press.'

"Nonsense, Almira," said Gustavus, "when I say English press, I mean correspondents of the English newspapers. Now it will be possible for the people at home, ye know, to get some idea of the geographical position of the different places in Canada. They will learn that the Sarnia frontier does not adjoin the prairie land of Manitoba, and other facts of a like nature. Perhaps they will also get an idea as to our leading public men, and not mix up, let us say, the Macdonald clan as much as usual. I had at one time great hopes that the Canadian newspapers would refrain from sending their representatives, partly because they do not seem to have been invited, and partly that His Excellency might go where he pleased and do what he liked without fear of a partizan coloring being given to his actions, but no. The *Globe* has sent its man to give a Grit description of it, and doubtless the *Mail* will follow suit and send a man with a Tory eye in his head. So you see the way things go, Almira, I suppose, however, the old country swells will give the colonial fellows a stand off, on the ground that they are in the habit of shovelling in their pen-ican with a bowie knife, should the vice-regal party be reduced to such humble fare, in accordance with the prevailing notion of Canadian manners held in the old country. Perhaps, however, they may be utilized as a sort of irregular body guard to protect the Governor from the wolves, panthers, buffaloes, and bears that he no doubt will encounter on his perilous trip. It is some satisfaction, however, that we won't have to wait for an account of the trip until the English mail arrives. We can't, in these times, afford to wait for anything. No, Almira," said Gustavus, warming up, "we will not be kept waiting—"

"Waiting! Consarn ye, how long are ye goin' to keep me waitin' at this consarned gate?" roared old Slashbush, who had heard the last of the conversation through the open window. "Hurry up here you, Gus., and give that long tongue of yours a rest."



An Elogy.

BY A DISGUSTED TORONTONIAN.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day
As my own gal comes slowly down the street.
(My first line's stolen as you see from Gray.)
The blue and stately "copper" walks his beat.

From curfew to a few curs is not far,
'Twas for this pun I struck upon old Gray,
Upon whose nerves my jokes I fear would jar.
Yet of a few curs I will sing my lay.

That there are curs and curs can't be denied,
Some of them have four legs and some have two,
'Tis of the last I sing, and far and wide,
Around the city they offend my view.

I take my lady's arm and stroll along,
Watching the corner "mashers" as they stride
In idle blasphemy and obscene song,
The sidewalks with their vile tobacco-juice.

My girl and I walk by the Esplanade,
And gaze out on the pleasant moonlit bay,
But still the masher in flash garb arrays,
With "weed" and cigarette obstructs our way.

With evil leer he ogles the young face,
Of each and every girl who passeth by,
Each masher tries how far he can disgrace
Himself in every decent person's eye.

Is there no city law or order which
Can keep these mashers within proper bounds?
For sure the mashers, loafers, curs, 'and sich'
Should be like other curs locked up in pounds.

A mother who is fond of taking her children sailing, says she always does so when there is a spanking breeze, as it keeps them in good order.



INTERESTING CEREMONY.

Presentation to the Zoological Gardens of a Fox by the Toronto Hunt Club.

Barney O'Hea goes to Church.

ERINGORRAGH SCHOOL SECTION,
July 20th, 1881.

ME DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—Shlap! bang! here I am again, an' don't yez be afther laffin' at me nayther. By the same token, I moosht confiss it is wake moinded I am intoirely; I mane in the way av overcomin' timplation. For, bedad, the romembrance of the quare ould gospel av take-fwath-we-give-an'-be-thankful prached that Sunday in the Prodestan' church, always gives meself such a turn whiniver I think av it that, "The devil fly away wid you, Barney O'Hea," says I, "shure is it snakin' afther more Prodestan' prachin' you'd be?" "Thruve for yez," says Barney, "more's the pity. Shure meself is afther hearin' so much about Joseph an' thim identical lost brethren av his, (the tribes I mane) that its itchin' ears I've got, bad luck to thim."

No matter; the other Sunday but wan, I gives meself a bit av a clane up, an' Nora she fixes me up wid an illigant paper collar an' a foine foive cint tie, an' afther oilin' me hair an' drappin' somethin' out av a shmall bottle on me coat that made me smell for all the world like the tail av a mooshrat, moosht beautiful—she shteps back a bit, an' cockin' her head on the wan side, she says to me, says she, "Now, Barney," says she, "go wherever yez want to go, an' just let thim see fwath it is to be a good luckin' Oirishman. Bedad! Misther O'Hea," says she wid a curtsy, "fwath wid yer clane face, an' yer hair all brushed up that way, so nice an' so nate, an' yer collar as white as the show, wan 'ud think now you'd a bin brought up widout father or mother, the very piether av wan av thim orphahs that cum out av the bye's home, God bless thim." She's grate on the blarney, is Nora, so I chased her out av the back dure, an' she a schreechin' an' a laffin' at the fun av seein' me clane Sunday face; but the bells began a ringin', an' another thing, I didn't want to be gettin' me good black Sunday coat all over wid goose feathers. There was a grate crowd round the church dure, and fwath does they do but show a little bit av a ticket, just as they do at the thayatre. "Sowld again, Barney," says I, but wid that the dures open an' in goes the whole crowd, ticket or no ticket, an', bedad! loike many more that know betther, I follow the multitude. As soon as I gets inside av the dure, I takes off me hat an' shteps in moighty saft. The pracher was a young man from Toranty, that used to go, they towd me, to Bond St. Church. Ye'll nivir belave me, Misther Garr, but raley it was about the quarest prachin' I ever heard inside av a prachin' house. He said there was to be two gates, the Scotch was to difind the wan, an' the Oirish the other wan. An' it lukt as if ould John Bull was to have a moighty aisy toime av it betune thim.

An', bedad, all this was to be when Johnny came machin' home to Jerusalem. An' he said the first symptom av the millinium was "no taxes to pay." D'ye moind now! That's fwath I call a masher sthroke. An' there's no doubt at all but that the pracher knew a grate dale av the moneyed human nature av the present day whin he bribed thim into kingdom come wid "no taxes." Maybe perhaps now iviry man will swape the strates in front av his own dure clane, an' they'll manage things that way widout any expinse. There 'ud be thin, he said, wan crowd, an' what they call the betther sort, an' they are nayther to buy nor sell, nothing so low, but they are to live in the wan ind av the grand city, all by thimselves (much as they do now, bedad), an' then there's another crowd av unfortunate divils, an' they moosht live like lepers at 'tother ind, an' do all the buyin' and sellin' an' all the dirty work ginirally, an' a grate dale more av sich talk he gave us. Raley, Misther Garr, it was as good as a circus any day. I laffed fit to kill. But I was moighty sorry whin I was comin' out to see two av the foimst girls I ever clapped me eyes on. I think the grato hate had milted the marrow in their backbones, for they stud lakin' up agin the wall like as they were goin' to faint, an' as limp as the discloth. "Can I do anything for yez ladies," says I, in a swatho whispher. They smoled in a far aff moonlite kind av a way. "No thank you, kind sur, we are Assthates," says they, both together at onst. Now betune you an meself, private Mesther GRIP, what is is an Assthate anyway? Is it the statc uv bein' an ass? An' diz yez really believe now in the trausmogrication av sowls?

Yours,
BARNEY O'HEA.



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

The London Free Press takes the Telegram to task in a manner worthy of Sir Joseph Porter, for daring to express the opinion that Canadians care more for bread and butter than for naval glory, as represented in the *Charlybdis*. Mr. GRIP hopes the bold young man of the Telegram may not be ordered to a dungeon cell for his treasonable utterance, or if so, that the dungeon will be somewhat commodious. If it is to hold all who approve of the sentiment it ought to be large enough to accomodate two-thirds of the population of Canada—that is the entire population, barring the *Free Press* and the infants-in-arms. The idea of establishing a Canadian navy is only less ridiculous than the miserable old hulk which has been graciously presented to us as a nucleus, and upon which we will have to expend nearly \$20,000 before she will pass the Marine Inspector. It is not the portentous wrath of our London contemporary that troubles our mind at present so much as the question above written, though it must trouble the Minister of Marine a good deal more.



ONE FROM THE SHOULDER.

Snobkins (returning from Saratoga, meets his tailor).—Hello, old fellow, I'm back, you see. Had a capital time, you know. How is it you don't do the seaside like othaw fellows?
Snip.—Can't afford it myself when so many of you chaps go on my money!

Sanguinary Polly or Queen Mary Tudor.

A Historic Drama written quite independently of Mr. A. Tennyson by GRIP'S Dramatic Poet.

ACT I.

Queen Mary:
Strictly forbid the Orangemen to walk!
Cranmer's cremation satisfies me not,
I want to burn his Lordship, Bishop Sweetman,
Sir William Howland and Vice-Chancellor Blake.

Enter King Philip:
I much applaud your Majesty's pious purpose,
To aid in which ourselves would fain present you
With some new-modelled instruments of torture,
Pray you accept these thumb screws and this rack.

Queen Mary:
I'll try their virtues fully. No! bring forth
The city editor of the *Telegram*,
The comic writer of the *Evening News*,
The caillif slave that jesteth on the *World*.

Enter Inquisitors—The newspaper men are tortured.

ACT II.

Princess Elizabeth's boudoir—The Princess with the Earl of Essex at her feet:

Oh that we two were staying,
For a day at Victoria Park,
Where the journey's expense is but fifteen cents,
And 'tis safe to spoon and spark.

Oh that we two were gazing,
At monkey, and coon, and crow,
At lynx, and at bear, collected there,
In Harry Piper's Zoo.

Oh that we two were getting,
Some government sinecure,
With income clear, of thousands a year
To the rich man, paid by the poor.

Princess Elizabeth:
Accept this ring—'tis gold and genuine stones,
And if you want a favor, send it me,
And don't forget, and give yourself away!

ACT III.

Enter Queen Mary:
Don Philip loves me not. I catch him flirting
With one of my maids of honor every time,
He kisses the hired girl that sweeps the rooms,
He chucks the chamber-maid beneath the chin.
Such conduct hurts me. I no longer find
In burning heretics much satisfaction.

Enter Messenger:
Calais is taken;

Queen Mary:
Then my heart is callus.
(Dies. Tableau.)

Sullivan says that when he gets his girl fairly seated in his lap, with arms around her waist and hers about his neck, the whole situation beats the Albany deadlock all to pieces. And there is no adjournment until the business of the session is concluded, either.



SAM SLICK AMONG THE BLUENOSES;
OR, "SOFT SAWDER AND HUMAN NATUR."

*. See comments on page 2.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

ORATION.

Delivered July 4th, by Pop-eyed Caterpillar, of the Ute Nation.

Warriors of my people:

You come together to-day beneath the forest shade to celebrate the white man's anniversary.

It is a proud day for the paleface. It marks the crowding years since he got the bulge on his oppressors. It is the tally by which he reckons the flight of time since he banged the snout of tyranny.

The glorious day is not for the red man.—He feels the thrill of conscious pride and greatness, it is true, but he awakes on the following day to find nothing but vain regret. The joy of the red man is fleeting. It is a hollow mockery, a delusion and a snare. I see the flush mantle in your dark cheeks to-day, but to-morrow it will be a bob-tailed flush.

The patriotism you feel to-day will only give place to depression and gloom. You are now proud, complacent, and drunk. You are brave and highstrung, and heap bad man from away back; but when another sun shall rise upon White river my people will be subdued.

Look at Bran Mash Susan. She comes here to-day clothed as the Goddess of Liberty. She is the fair daughter of the full moon. That is why she is full.

Look at Peeled Nosed Blizzard, the daughter of the whirlwind. She represents the state called by the paleface the Empire state. She is clothed in a flour sack as the emblem of purity. Across her back, in red letters, is the inscription:

SNOWFLAKE
FLOUR.
XXXX.

That is because she is a flower of our tribe.

And yet, she too is as drunk as a billed owl. As her tawny features are turned toward mine, I see that she does not know whether there are two orators or nine addressing this audience.

Look at Vinegar Bitters Pochontas, clothed in a coffee sack and gloom, she is in the land of slumber. On this day she sleeps the hours away, while the blue-tail fly frolics over her copper colored nose.

We were once a nation of orators. Our people listened to the silvery tones of those who told them of their wrongs and bade them brace up.

Now the shattered remains of a great nation gathers in a hot canyon, wrapped in nothing but a brown study, and snores through the tardy hours.

A few more summers and your tale will be told. The red man never weeps. He may suffer, but he scorns to cry like a woman. Pop-Eyed Caterpillar's heart is filled with sorrow for his people but he will not squal. His soul is filled with agony but he will not give way to scalding weep.

Each year we go upon the warpath, but we do no damage. We kill a few consumptives, it is true, but it is not a glittering success. Our warriors are too prone to relent when there is danger near. They spare the paleface who happens to be armed and show mercy to the able-bodied Caucasian with the double barrel shotgun. He always spares the paleface who is loaded.

Once we went upon the warpath to protect our devoted squaws. Then they were fair to look upon, and brave and true. We gladly faced death to show our devotion to the bronzo beauties of our nation.

Now it is not so. Times have changed. The maidens and matrons are not beautiful. They have ruined their complexions with fat pork and whiskey. You can purchase a whole herd of them at five cents a bunch.

Most of them would stop a clock with their wild, peculiar beauty. Look at Coyote Kate, who walked away with the clam shell bracelets voted to the most beautiful bolle of the White River agency.

Her nose is three quarters of an inch out of plumb, and she has a wart over her nose like a moss agate.

Warriors, must we lay down our lives in order that we may leave a widow who wears cavalry pants, and whose cooing voice sounds like the sad refrain of a plaining mill?

I throw not.

When we die and are laid to rest beneath the cottonwood in the valley, we want to be mourned over by brown-eyed gazelles whose general appearance will not kill the vegetation.

We cannot give up our heart's blood for wives and sweethearts with feet like a sugar cured ham, and hair like the soft tresses of a bald-headed shoe brush.

The only hope for our tribe is for each warrior to plight his troth to one of these club-footed damsels and then rush madly into battle, that they may climb the golden stair, and thus evade their horrid fate.

If there be aught that would nerve our flagging warriors to brave death and destruction it is this.

A BOLD, BAD BOY.

Perhaps the following is not founded on fact. We have endeavored to make it so, and will at the outset disclaim any intention to deceive the public.

An Omaha youth professed great affection for a young lady schoolmate of his and frequently alluded to her as his individual "huckleberry." A coolness, however, sprang up between them, and his anxious mother, seeing the fresh color of youth fading daily away from his wasted cheeks, sought and obtained an interview with the young Adouis, in which ensued the following colloquy:—

"Now, Erastus, I would like to inquire the reason of your apparent melancholy."

"Well, you see, Matilda's weakened on me."

"Weakened! What do you mean?"

"She's shook me."

"Shook you! How could she shake a great boy like you?"

"Why, don't you twig the thing? She's give me away."

"Give you away—to whom?"

"Yes, she went back on me and tumbled to a long clap with a red goatee."

"My son, your language is utterly inexplicable to me. Cannot you give me a more clear account of the disagreeable subject?"

"Well, I'll try. You see Matilda is a nobby sort of a dulciana, and as most of the chaps were rather sweet on her, I kinder thought it would be a soft thing to go for her on my own account, and get her to sack some of those low down snides who are always on the bink and never do the square thing anyway. Well, Matilda waltzed right into the game and we just slid right along for a spell till Boliver Mason struck the town, and then she soured on me. You remember when old Cauliflower turned up his toes and they planted him? Well, ever since then Matilda has thrown off on me, so I've concluded to brace up and strike for a new deal. The fact is, when you get to bed-rock in a girl's affections, it ain't no use prospecting any further. I jumped the game and now call for a new lead. Money talks, and a fellow might as well pull down his vest and button up his lip. Some other time I'll rent a hall and tell you all about it. The jig is up, and I ain't the fellow to squal on her. Matilda is as gay as a peach, and I ain't a-going to get at all spooney. If you talk it over with Susan, don't sling in too much chin music, but give us a rest; matters will come out all hunkey."

The good woman wilted.—*Omaha Item.*

A check for beer is not a check for bier.

SOLEMN SUGGESTIONS.

Give sparingly of everything but advice. Advice doesn't cost anything.

Don't respect a man unless you have to. If you're of that stripe you have to soon enough for all practical purposes.

Don't go to church if the sky looks threatening. It might rain, and it is not necessary to go to church when it rains.

Always attend to all the parties to which you're invited, but don't reciprocate by giving a party occasionally. Its expensive.

If you are the smallest frog in the pond increase your croak. It will attract attention to you and give everybody a chance to see how little and insignificant you are.

Read all your private correspondence to your friends. Of course it will bore them, but show your importance up in a manner to please at least yourself.

If a young lady condescends to give you her photograph, show it to everybody you meet. The young lady will appreciate your regard for her self-respect.

Always make yourself heard at a public meeting. Interfere with all the arrangements, but the thing wide open, pay no attention to decency and respect for the rights of others, but go in and make yourself prominent, and everybody will despise you as heartily as soul could wish.—*Keokuk Gate City.*

Dog days are a curs to the canine race.

Found in a fit—the man with a new suit of clothes.

Approaching a crisis—walking towards a restless girl baby.

When a cat is in market she should be sold at so much purr pound.

Why is one vegetable like milk?—Because it belongs to the pump-kin.

"I feel a little soar about this," said the young bird after trying its wings.

The man who was buried alive found himself living in straightened circumstances.

The fellows that never objects to being let down—the fellow that is being strung up.

If a smoker were to chew up his cigar and swallow it that would be a cigarette, would it?

"I'm down to bed-rock at last," said a tramp as he laid down to sleep on a pile of soft gravel.

Court plaster is what they call kissing girls. The custom will no doubtless stick for a long while.

Glass eyes are made so cleverly now-a-days that even the wearer can't see through the deception.

Every dog must have his day, we know; but it seems as if the distribution need not begin as early as this.

It's the bad boy near the river without any clothes on who laughs in his sleeve, paradoxical as it may seem.

Soubrette:—"How is the prettiest way to hold the hand?" Why, so the other side can't see what cards you've got.

Explorations at Lima, Peru, have developed the remains of another city beneath it, as sub-Lima a city as you ever saw.

Every kitchen in town is running an opposition shop to the cunning establishments. It jars a barrel of sugar berry bad.

"And will thou love me, dear," he said,

"Wilt love me, fond and true?"

As on his breast, she laid her head,

Their collars wilted too.

He sat in front of the battery, and, with a serene smile, he remarked, "Electricity is life, and I'm going to try it anyhow." He then took the positive pole in his left hand, and with his right he applied the negative to his back-bone, puckered his mouth like a triangle, said "ouch," and fainted.



A PASTOR-AL SCENE ON THE ISLAND

The Island is becoming a fashionable summer resort for our citizens, who are beginning to appreciate the advantages it offers over places more remote and less economical. It is now the residence of not a few prominent people who live a blissful life, of which the rest of the world knows nothing. The ordinary denizens of the Island are believed to pass their time in boating, fishing, bathing and walking on the pebbly lake-shore, but it is hinted that there are certain extraordinary residents who practice other healthful pastimes. One of these, for example, a popular young clergyman, finds it capital exercise for the muscles—in the absence of regular gymnastic apparatus—to take his breechy old cow by the horns and hold her while Patience, the kitchen-maid, extracts from her unwilling udder the matutinal lacteal fluid. This in the vernacular of the Island, is called taking a morning horn. When that expression is hereafter heard the reader will understand that it has no connection with Hanlan's bar.

Society Idyls.

No. II.

SCENE—*Boat on the river near old Niagara town. TIME.—Midnight.*

He :

Awfully glad you have come! Step on to the stern sheets, steady!
Wrap yourself well in your shawl—now steer for the Lewiston landing.
See how the lamps are gone out in the old Niagara main street—
Cold, grey court house and sombre church, like ghosts in the moonlight,
Frown over Fort St. George with its gunless, gaunt embasures.
—Starboard a point or so! let us keep to the midst of the channel.

She :

What shall I do if mamma should wake and find I am missing?
—Yet the night was so fine, I could not resist the temptation,
So when mamma had gone in, and cousins, sisters, and aunts were
Safe in bed, and you asked me to go for a pull in the river, quite "too too" it seemed to me such a novel excitement
After that stupid dance, those dreary, conventional people!

He :

Do you remember last June, when first I met you, Miss Alice?

She :

Call me "Alice," and miss the "Miss."

He :

As I entered the garden,
There in the porch you sat, a spray of clambering roses
Bent caressing above the flower-like grace of your figure?

She :

Yes, I remember. I wore a *princesse* of wine-colored satin
Trimmed with the real malleso, and a skirt of loveliest velvet.

He :

We have met often since then, at dances, parties, and pic-nics,
Yet could I never speak as now I speak to you, Alice!
'Mid that frivolous crowd, that life insane and untruthful,
Could not profane the name of love—for Alice, I love you!

She :

Since that day at the Falls I always thought that you liked me.

He :

Liked you? I loved you, thought of you always, lived for you only.

She :

Après?

He :

Be my wife. I have sufficient to live on,
Am not afraid to work, and yet will win a position!

She :

See how the dark green tide beneath us gliding unbroken,
Ever flows on the same, yet not the same for a moment!
Such am I. I like you, and yet know well that I can not
Like you long, fond youth, and kind dispenser of "taffy."
Know, had your unwise words been haply spoken to
other

Maidens whose boots parade the dusty streets of Toronto,
Straight had it there been run into the matrimonial prison!
I, more merciful, spare; but when the years shall have
taught thee

Sense, and the ways of the world, and the noble science of
flirting,

Say, "These things have I learned. I once the greenest
of chickens,

"Taught by a prudent maid, a clever girl of Toronto:
"So if hearts I have mashed while my pulsations were
normal,

"If I have played with love unsinged by the fire that is
sacred,

"I was the pupil, the teacher she, to her be the glory."
—Here is the wharf—good night. Forget my words—or
remember!

C.P.M.

The Marquis at Barrie.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—It is so long since I have written to a real editor that I feel some natural embarrassment about beginning. I think I must have been inspired by the visit of the Marquis of Lorne. I wish I could describe it all to you, but Jack says that my descriptive powers are not my strongest point. We had everything that everybody has on these occasions, arches, evergreen, flags, and flowers, to say nothing of a brass band and bagpipes. Do you feel any emotion when you hear the bagpipes? I feel several. Then we had our military out for inspection, and all our societies with their various badges on, and all our local dignitaries, full of the importance of the occasion, and many of them in wondrous attire. A great many people were presented, and had the honor of shaking his royal hand. Jack says that I am writing nonsense, because he is not royal. That boy has no logic in him. I explained to him that the husband and wife are one, so, if the Princess is royal, her husband must also be, but he can't see it. He won't even call him demi-royal. I have often thought that it was such a mistake to leave us without a court in Canada. An old gentleman, a great friend of mine, in a grandfatherly sort of way, used to say that the reason why so many Canadians failed to speak the Queen's English in its native purity, was because we had no court to keep up the standard. (He was an Englishman and had some national prejudices.) Perhaps we may have a court or resident royalty some day. I wonder whether our representatives in parliament would take advantage of their opportunities? I don't know anything about it myself because I never read speeches, and I always hated grammar, but Jack says that a great many school teachers speak better English than some of the members of parliament, though he does not want to be too severe on the members. I would not think of blaming the teachers, for I dare say they get so tired of those grammatical rules, they are so awfully dry that they really can't put their theories into every day practice. I never could learn rules myself, for if I did it would not be one bit of use, for I should be sure to get as badly mixed up about past participles, and objective cases, and all that dry stuff, as the most ungrammatical speakers in the Dominion. Of course I am not such a little goose as to think that people should not study grammar, and if I had to choose between theory and practice, I should prefer practice. Now, I have got ever so far away from the Marquis, I mean from what I was writing about him, and I have no more room on my paper to say any more.

Very truly yours,

SU SCEPTIBLE.



Letter from an Exasperated Farmer.

MR. GRIP,

Sir.—Knowing you to be the true friend of all sort of distressed persons, I write to let you know the trouble I am in at present, and to receive from you if possible the advice and assistance I require. You must know, sir, that I am a farmer—a political farmer—and at present I am endeavoring to cultivate a bit of new soil down by the sea. For several days past I have been at much pains to sow a certain valuable variety of seed which I had reason to hope would suit this soil well, and bring forth a big crop of votes at the next general reaping. Not only have I worked hard by day, but I have labored far into the night scattering this precious seed broadcast, but, sir, I have now great fear that my toil has been thrown away, to a very large extent. Sir, the occasion of this fear and painful anticipation is the appearance upon my farm of a couple of ill-favored fowls, who have set to in the most aggravating and determined manner to scratch up what I have sown. I would not entertain such a strong feeling against the invaders,—knowing it to be an instinct of their race to scrape for a living—were it not that they do not eat the seed. They simply scratch it up and leave it there. I have reason to believe, sir, that the facts and figures I have sown cannot be digested by these fowls, or else act as poison to them, for after scraping them up and leaving them in the *Sun*, they go off to commit further depredations. As I have a large quantity of the same seed still to sow, and am by no means pleased with the prospect of working in vain for several weeks to come, I implore you to tell what I had better do. Do you know anything that will kill off these rapacious fowls? I may say that they are of the N. P. species and are known to the natives of this part of the country as the Tilley and the Tupper respectively.

Yours in exasperation,

E. BLAKE,
Political Farmer.

"French Conversations."

"What *Tunis* that?" asked President Grevy as he was walking with a few friends down the *Boulevard des Italiens*.

"That," said Gambetta, laughing, "that is one of our spies from Africa amusing himself on one of his native Arab instruments."

"Well by the powers of Moll Kelly," said Marshal McMahon, in his inimitable Irish way, "we don't want any of his *Kaironan* here, for *Amena* lot of spalpeens I never saw than thim same Arabs. We don't want any music, shure its *Sfax* we're ather."

"But," said the President, "he did not attempt to give us any 'French airs' at anyrate."

And the three jolly old fellows laughed at their own little jokes.

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THE NOR-WESTERN DESPERADO!

Sir Charles (soothingly).—Don't be alarmed, my dear; he's a perfect gentleman, and would not do anything sordid!!

* * * See Comments on Page 2.



THE CUP OF CHEER!

Young Canada.—Well, Daddy, here's your health, and better luck to you next time!

Parnell and John Bull.

Parnell:

I tell you sir, before you stir,
That I will be the victor;
So you, poor fool, may take things cool—
You'll be no more our dictator.

We'll have our crown in Dublin town,
And I shall be the wearer,
And though you fight, from morn till night,
You shan't be with me sharer.

Ould Ireland's throne will be my own,
And so will be its sceptre;
She'll break her bands, like other lands,
Though England long has kept her.

The em'rald flag will bravely wag,
In every breeze that's going;
To "Union Jack," we'll give the sack,
So Johnnie cease your blowing.

John Bull:

Oh don't display, by night or day,
Your ignorance so glaring,
For well 'tis known, in every zone,
Without a fresh declaring,

You ne'er shall be, from England free,
While England is a nation;
So cease your prate, it has no weight,
It brings but indignation.

Rev. Dr. Mohammed.

The recent Dr. Mohammed was a gentleman of precarious orthography. It was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether they spelt his name Mohammed, or Mahomet, or Mehemet, or Mahommed, or in fact any other conceivable combination, so long as you got in at least two "m's," an "h," and a final "t" or "d." He slung the vowels in with a reckless looseness just as he happened to think of them. He was in the prophet business, which it may possibly be deemed superfluous to remark, he found a profitable business. He was born some centuries ago when there was more time than there is now, and used to go into the wilderness to muse and meditate upon why things were out of harmony with the Absolute, and fix up little miracle rackets to fool the general public. His birth-place was Mecca, in Arabia, where he resided during his earlier years. But one day the street Arabs got after him with clubs and rocks, and being roused to a sudden sense of his utter superfluity in that section he girated thence with much promptitude. He did not stop till he reached a village

in the back townships, where he entered the most convenient hotel and remarked "Can I get something to eat?" "Dinner just on, colonel," retorted the landlord, "Ah good! some people prefer Mecca, but as for me give me Medina." Fortunately for him the guileless villagers did not tumble to the latent humorism or it is probable that the Korau would never have been written. This work was penned about this period, and reveals a profundity of contemplation combined with a purity of diction which was calculated to render it eminently adapted to fill a want long felt by the Arabian public. Its marvellous subtlety of conception, its transcendent sublimity and facile flowing style commend it to all who would be soothed, elevated and wafted as it were, on the wings of an impassioned and over mastering emotion into the regions of illimitable ideality, while the price is fixed at a rate which brings it within the reach of all. No library should be without it. A limited number of advertisements inserted on the fly leaf. The work created a tremendous sensation, and the author was overwhelmed with invitations to the dinner parties of the first circles, and engagements to lecture. Quite a number of infants, mules and scows were named after him, and, in short, he received all the honors usually accorded to a literary celebrity. The daily papers of the period occasionally went for him in a somewhat lively strain, remarking that his ideas were the crude emanations of a feeble and depraved intellect, and that native literature would never amount to shucks as long as blathering idiots and disreputable slangwhangers were its principle representatives. But Mohammed didn't care a continental about observations of that character and settled right down to his preaching and miracle business and soon had quite a congregation of enthusiastic adherents. After a while he quit preaching on vacant lots and built a first-class mosque—and by and by pretty near all the population fell right in with the new persuasion. About this time Rev. Dr. Mohammed began to put on style and concluded to take a few new wives and thus his social status was still more firmly established. Then the Mohammed boom got fairly started and he went back to Mecca in triumph; the citizens apologized and the daily papers regretted that they had been altogether

misinformed as to the character of Rev. Dr. Mohammed, who was one of the brightest intellectual lights of the ago and an honor to his country. A big revival was then inaugurated, anybody who refused to be converted being promptly slaughtered. It was surprising how quickly sinners were brought to see the error of their ways by this simple process. Finally Mohammed died leaving numerous widows and orphans. The career of this remarkable man was highly sensational to the last. The funeral was characterized by an original and startling novelty. Instead of planting the corpse as customary, they hitohed the coffin onto a rope attached to a derrick, yanked it up into mid air, and left it hanging there. The immense concourse left for home remarking that Mohammed was always full of peculiar idiosyncracies.

Crushed.

We went on board the steamer,
Dear Isabel and I, clouds like streamers,
And we watched the azure sky,
Floating in the azure sky,
We wandered through the mazes,
Of Lorne's romantic park,
For the sun was hot as—anything,
'Till the summer day was dark.

We sat beneath the birchen tree,
And looked out on the lake,
I said how dear she was to me,
And for her own dear sake;
Just when I thought her love I'd won,
She screamed, "Get up from that I
You stupid fool, see what you've done,
You've sat upon my hat!"

MORAL.

Be careful when you seek the hand,
Of her by whom your smitten,
However high with her you stand,
Just look out where you're sittin';
For in spite of fine orations,
You are sure to have a spat,
And she'll crush your aspirations,
As you crushed her Sunday hat.

Women are biased creatures. When they can't hem a difficulty down, they tucker out and gore it to their own satisfaction. This may seem very moderate fun but it has a thread of connection. We will accord justice to our suffering readers by com-pleating this skein of thought.