

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH BROS.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by Wm. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



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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.

Our Competent Critic.

Mr. GRIP has not, up to the present number, attempted to give anything like a critical notice of the works now on view in the Art Exhibition of the Ontario Society. He has merely called attention to the show, and amused himself with a few thumb-nail sketches from the principal works. This apparent indifference to the interests of art needs a word of explanation, in justice to Mr. GRIP's established reputation as a warm patron of all things artistic; and the explanation is, that we have been waiting for the arrival of our specially engaged Competent Critic from Europe. That distinguished personage landed early this week, and immediately went to work. He should have been here a fortnight ago, but states that he was unexpectedly detained in London to advise the Royal Academy upon a delicate hanging matter. Our Competent Critic, like all critics of that kind, works very slowly, as he necessarily must, since he deliberately stakes his reputation on every word, and therefore it need not surprise the reader to learn that the following brief article represents all he has done as yet, notwithstanding the very liberal remuneration he is to receive.

REVIEW.

No. 1. *Study of a Female Head.* H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE. Right royally painted, though cannot be described as finished picture. Complexion well put on and hair done up in good style. Would suggest as companion picture, *Study of a Female Head.*

No. 3. *Sunset, Muskoka.* T. M. MARTIN. Very fine, indeed. Stately trees, mellow light, first-class arable land. MARTIN's sun is undoubtedly setting, but his star is in the ascendant. We give this Muskoka a free grant of our commendation.

No. 5. *Sheep.* By the same. So catalogue says. Does it mean the visitor, or the animals in the picture? Very poor sheep, though apparently fat. Should have put them into his *Muskoka* landscape. Why didn't he? Anti-emigration fellow suggests that would have been cruelty to animals. Hard on *Muskoka*.

No. 6. *Quinces.* F. A. VERNER. Ver' ne'r perfection. That patient study should produce such fruit is a natural consequence.

No. 9. "I'd be a Gipsy, merry and free." Mrs. SCHREIBER. Study of a young woman who doesn't like housework. Apparently willing her mother should do it all. Loafing in a ten-acre field, without a hat. Why don't she go off and become a pedestrian,

or something useful like that? Must ask Mrs. SCHREIBER.

No. 10. *Canadian Lynx.* RICHARD BAIGENT. Typical picture of British connection. Looks shanky about the shanks. Would like to see GOLDWIN SMITH snap this Canadian Lynx.

No. 17. *The Patient.* H. FERRE. "The gentlemen that pays the rent" has been taken ill and the crisis has arrived—as well as PADDY. The pig has been well rendered and might have been better if it had been interlarded with more bright color, and a more liberal application of the palette knife bestowed.

No. 19. *Canadian Fruit.* F. A. VERNER. This picture is interesting to our agricultural friends, as showing the mighty effect the N. P. has had on the fruits of the earth. The portrait of a bronze plate, grown here, shows the prolific nature of the soil.

No. 32. *A Widgeon.* T. M. MARTIN. An excellent example of painting and graining. The composition of this picture is quite o-widgeon-al, although this is not the artist's first appearance on the boards. It is a really fine and clever work, with the exception of the bird, which would stand a more careful study of de-tail.

No. 52. *Preparing for a Smoke.* W. RAPHAEL. Hard to find a match for this, though certainly not up to Mr. RAPHAEL's previous production called "The Transfiguration."

No. 67. *Study of a Child.* O. R. JACOB. This picture is not for sale. For which we are thankful. But what could this child have done to the artist that he should have taken such a merciless revenge upon it?

(To be Continued.)

NOTE.—On receiving the above MS. from Our Competent, we gave him something on account, whereupon his eye was seen to sparkle. We hope he is a teetotaler. We will know in the course of the week.

Gentlemen.

Before I saw that article in the *Mail* informing me that we Canucks are all gentlemen, either descendants of the Grande Seigneurs of France, or greater still, noble scions of old country officers of the "retired list," I hardly knew what was the matter with me. "What's the reason I don't want to work on this doggoned old farm?" was a question I often asked myself, while splitting rails or manipulating the graceful log-chain at a "bee." I always had an inward consciousness that I was born for greater things than feeding cattle and doing chores "to hum." That article of the *Mail* has settled it, and I have finally concluded on cutting the farm, and becoming a professional man of some sort. Law would suit me, I know. I tell you I'm immense in argument at our debating society at the school house on the Town line. In the first place I would be an undisputed gentleman (by act of Parliament), and perhaps become a great special pleader like JIMMY BETHUNE, ED. BLAKE or some of those chaps, who carry a red bag chock full of briefs, and have my name appear in legal documents, as Mr. UNDERBRUSH, Q.C., counsel for so and so. That would be immense. Perhaps after a time I would be UNDERBRUSH, J., and be "beloved" by Her Majesty. I think I'll try it. The only thing required is money, and that I lack. If I only knew enough law to raise money on my "individual interest in the south-west portion of the north-east half of the south half of Lot No. 21, in the concession lying south, south-west of the Corduroy road," I would be solid.

Unfortunately, lawyers as a rule don't pay their hired men much. A feller by the name of NEWMAN NOGGS, who wore brass paper fasteners by way of shirt-studs, told me he kept books and wrote all day for a swell law firm, "for and in consideration in hand to him well and truly paid by the said S. L. F., of the sum of four dollars of lawful money of Canada per week, with the proviso everything herein or hereout, to the contrary notwithstanding, that his the said N. N.'s stipend should be reduced to a greater or less extent during the long vacation, when he the said N. N. could take advantage of the warm weather and bivouac in High Park, or other local rustic situation not in this agreement mentioned, thereby saving a weekly outlay for lodgings, amounting to the sum deducted from his wages during the said vacation as aforesaid, as is hereby specially agreed." My friend Mr. NOGGS added that he made it a rule never to ask more than four dollars, because the only time he was offered and engaged for a larger sum than this there was default made in payment, and as he very truly remarked, "\$5.00 a week is too much to be beat out of." Mr. N. strongly advised me to give up the notion of law; suggested a position on the geological staff of city, or a quarter-mastership on one of the tenders to the dredge at the Esplanade. I would not hear of the like; told him I must be a gentleman; whereupon he flashed up and expressed himself after the manner following, that is to say: "Why, all those miserable shysters call themselves gentlemen. Most of them belong to the "Club." If you want to go into law, find out some respectable firm, but look out for the "shysters." They are mean enough to cheat a poor widow out of her hard earnings; bilk their poor clients out of their dues when recovered at law; or beat their half-starved employees out of the wages due them. There are not meaner petty larceny thieves in the Central Prison than a good number I know among the "Act of Parliament gentlemen." And Mr. NOGGS, producing a five-cent sandwich in an official envelope, said he would go down to the Esplanade for a "lunch."

AND so it is to be Sir LEONARD instead of Sir SAMUEL, in the case of TILLEY, Kt. This is the doing of the Premier; and what if somebody should cut the RICHARD off in the case of CARTWRIGHT, Kt., and make him Sir JOHN? It is appalling to think what the consequence might be of having two Sir JOHNS in the same House with such a violent affection for one another as these two gallant knights have.

The *Rose-Belford Monthly* for June is on our table—a good, solid number. Amongst the contents we note a sonnet by GOWAN LEA, of Montreal. Subject, Love, of course. Sweet and refined enough to do credit to REDPATH himself. FRED. A. DIXON, of Ottawa, tells what he knows about Dinners and Diners. Exhibits a profound knowledge of gourmand literature, and an amazing appetite for one so young. "FIDELIS" expatiates upon the New Ideal of Womanhood, and gives notice that the gals are going to carry their own trains, literally and figuratively. T. C. B. FRASER writes on the Growth of the Post Office. No reference to the superabundance of employees in the Toronto branch. Miss BELLE CAMPBELL makes her debut as an authoress with "Margaret's Sorrow," a touching little story, all about a nice young lady who—but perhaps you had better read it for yourself, as well as the other articles which we haven't space to particularize.