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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

The Government Life Insurance.

Grip begs to acknowledge the receipt of one of the blank forms of applications for insurance under the proposed Dominion Government Life Insurance system. From the following interrogatories which we reproduce, the beneficial character of the scheme will be at once apparent.—

State your name, place of birth, age and politics.

For whom did you vote at last general election?

What is your opinion of the N. P.?

Have you ever been subject to heart disease, consumption, gritism, liver complaint, independence notions, gout, individual idiosyncracies, bronchitis, pessimism, rheumatism, annexation or any other serious ailment?

Are your vocal organs susceptible of a good healthy boom at election times?

Do you read the *Globe* or the *Bystander*?

Do you partake immoderately of intoxicating liquors excepting during political campaigns?

Are you troubled with deafness to such an extent that the hum is at times inaudible?

Do you hear it now?

Are you ever afflicted with muscular contraction of the pocket on the eve of a big push?

Are you subject to fits, and if so are you willing to give them to the other side?

Are you in any danger of insanity from too close study of the game of fifteen, the tariff, the character of SIR JOHN MACDONALD, or any other inscrutable problem?

How much are you out on last election, and will you in consideration of the policy if granted agree to forego any claims upon the Government for office or emolument by reason of your exertions in the interests of the party?

Can you give the name of some leading Conservative as reference?

Fame.

The *Chattam Planet* says of H. M. S. Parliament:—

"The oft reiterated 'hum' which had its origin in this connection in a *PLANET* headline, has been immortalized in a chorus."

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene.

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,

Full many a *Planet* headline may have been

The origin of slang both rich and rare."

The Mysterious Wedding.

Have you heard the latest sensation?

The astounding event of the day?

No!—You don't even look interested;

Miss FITZMILLION was married to-day.

What of that?—It's nothing surprising!—

Well, you *are* a most curious woman,

To feel a live interest in such things,

Seems to me to be no more than human.

Don't you see, it was *such* a surprise!

She was *en route* for Europe, they said,

With her folks; but before reaching port

Changed her mind, and decided to wed

And they say she sent *three* telegrams,

And one was: "I'm ready, come on,"

And that each message cost her *nine* dollars;

Don't you think *that* is pretty dear fun?

But the worst of it all was, the pastor,

And even the bridegroom, they say,

Knew nothing about the arrangement

'Till the day preceding the day:—

The bridegroom, you say? Why young RACKBRAIN,

Good-looking, but poor as a rat:—

Though a lawyer, and highly connected;

With cleverness, brains, and all that.

But as I was saying, they never

Said a word to anyone here;

And the pastor got such a short notice,

People think it most awfully queer.

There's all sorts of tattle about,—

Deacon STILWATER says that he knows

Young RACKBRAIN, not three weeks ago,

Was engaged to Miss ANNA MELROSE!

Sister UNDERWAVE says it was sinful

For them to deceive people so;

And thinks the bride's mother to blame

For giving their friends such a go.

She has laid herself open to censure,

No doubt; you know people will talk:

The whole affair looks quite suspicious:—

And one shouldn't take too much stock.

You think it is nobody's business?—

And people had better keep still

About what doesn't concern them,

And let others do as they will?—

Why, my dear, is it true you don't know

That what is called nobody's biz,

Is justly supposed to concern

The whole social fabric that is?

And if people don't want to be held up

As subjects of general reproof,

Let them then do as other folks do,

And from such deceit keep aloof.

But here we are at the Doctor's,

I really must give them a call;

Won't you come too? No? Well then, goodbye;

Don't forget Mrs. FLIAWAY'S ball: R.M.

Soup Kitchen and the N. P.

The *Guelph Herald* says:—

"The Hamilton soup kitchen has been 'closed.' The late changes in the tariff are beginning to show good results."

The *Herald* strangely errs. The soup kitchen closed because of the new duty on oyster cans, which at once raised the price of bivalves beyond the resources of the charitable Hamiltonians. Thus the poor man has been deprived of nourishing oyster soup in the season of deplorable poverty. Score up another against the wicked N. P.

Dot's Domestic Discourses.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

"So that's where you were—is it. If that isn't the very worst excuse for stopping out at night I've heard yet! What earthly business have you men meddling with the education of women,—and what good do you expect to come from all your palaver? Oh! I know; you are desirous of developing the feminine mind, so that eventually women shall rise above the frivolities, etc., etc., in which she now takes pleasure, and become what she was intended for,—'a fit and intelligent companion for man.'—'An intelligent companion for man!—You won't need to attend many meetings, then. It will not

take much education, *higher or lower*, to fit any women to be an intelligent companion for ninety-nine hundreds of the men of *my* acquaintance. But women themselves are anxious to have the question agitated? What women? A few poor, weak, foolish creatures, who let themselves be influenced by your high-sounding talk. You tell them you like clever women,—women who can discuss politics rationally; or talk sensibly on the current topics of the day.—Clever women! fiddlesticks,—you know you don't. It goes against your own interests. I defy you to show me a man who admires sense in a woman, when he has so little himself!

"Birds of a feather flock together," you say, "and a man's brain weighs more than a woman's?" I daresay it does; goodness knows it needs to—the quality is so bad! You'd better spend your time and money on yourselves; you need it. We don't—Charity begins at home.

I'll tell you something else you like; you're opposed to fashion and expense in dress—you like to see women plainly and neatly dressed,—like your mother used to be,—and if you or any other man were placed in a room filled with ladies, some arrayed in the height of fashion, and some in that "plain sensible style" you are so fond of talking about—I know in which part of the room these same men would be found before many minutes were over. No—it would not be among the plain, sensible girls.

Decrease of Game.

The *Montreal Gazette* mourns over the "decrease of game." No more Steel Rails Scandals to be hunted up, no Neebing Hotels rising from the ground, no scent of jobs on the Kaminiistiquia. It is sad that so keen a hunter should be condemned to inaction. But there is game enough if the *Gazette* would join the sport. Sir CHARLES TURNER'S preserves are full, Mr. POPE'S emigration pamphlets are a good mark, the N.P. is afoot. But this is the close season as observed by the *Gazette*, and now only the Grits furbish up their hunting gear.

High-toned Journalism.

A few days ago the *Globe* printed the following sentence in an article on banking.

"The present banks may but local institutions can assist the extend their agencies it is true, development of the country by methods which the great concerns will not use."

It is evident to every newspaper man and compositor that the second and third lines have been transposed, so that the word *extend* should follow *may* and *but* follow *true*. On this manifest error in making-up the *Mail* jeers its contemporary's leader-writer. Such journalism as this should not be allowed to degrade a great newspaper. It is equalled by a recent exploit of the *Halifax Herald* which represented an opponent as saying in his speech,

"The men of the Light Brigade who rode into the valley of death at *Waterloo*."

He had really said "the men of the Light Brigade who rode into the valley of death."

It was proven on enquiry that the *Herald* editor had received the correct copy from the official reporter, and had altered it as shown in order to ridicule the speaker. Men who commit acts like these are the bane of journalism and execrated by the true gentlemen of a profession into which only decent men should be admitted.

See our Cartoon.

Now let this fight of tongues begin.
The man whose *Wright* is sure to *Wynne*.