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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.

**CAUTION.**

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

**Wanted, a Programme.**

This being the season of Fairs it was not strange that Donnybrook should have furnished an idea for the representation of the present political situation in our cartoon of this week. The leader of Her Majesty's Opposition feels in first-rate fighting trim; he never had such a masterly grasp of the shillelagh of invective, or felt a more enthusiastic desire to crack a few Government craniums, but, alas, he can find no adequate outlet for his pugilistic passion—he has nothing to fight for. There is no grand principle at stake; the items of the Reform programme have all been accomplished in the past, or have not sufficiently ripened for present discussion. There is therefore no living issue for aggressive warfare. And, in the meantime, the grounds of mere opposition have vanished away; if we may believe the *Mail* and its friends the National Policy is a grand success, for there really is a hum of prosperity from one end of the Dominion to the other; the Pacific Railway business goes on swimmingly, all arrangements having been made so deftly by the sublime Sir JOHN as to leave no basis for fault finding; the Civil Service of the Dominion is working like oiled machinery, and there isn't room for even a suggestion of greater economy; the deficit is melting away like very light snow before an exceedingly hot sun, with hopeful promises of being supplanted by a surplus! In these happy, yet distressing, circumstances, we seem to hear the voice of the Opposition in the words of our legend, "Arrah be japers, av I only had somethin' to fight for now!"

**A Warning.**

From the sporting column of the *Globe* we learn that HANLAN lost twelve pounds in the course of his passage out, and calculates that it will take him a month to recover his loss. GRIP would advise EDWARD to leave bad enough alone; he may lose a good deal more, if luck goes against him. The moral is that Canadian boys shouldn't indulge in poker when they go away from home.

A guest at the Albion Hotel, Montreal, writes to us that although he is delighted with the accommodation, and charmed with the gentlemanly clerk Mr. STARR, he cannot but feel that it would be more in keeping with the harmony of the house if the proprietors, MURRAY & STERN, would exchange names, as STERN is always merry, and MURRAY is occasionally stern. [We suspect this happy thought occurred to our correspondent on his way from the bar.—Ed.]

**A Modern Novel, in Three Fyttes.**

FYTTE 1.

She was single. He was single. And they met at St. Catharines. They were there for their health and for solitude, which they obtained.

They met. It was in front of the *Journal* office. Curious coincidence—the Editor was looking for an item at the moment.

They both appeared, fully described, in the same evening's paper.

Mutual recognition of descriptive portrait.—That night restlessness, sleeplessness. Will he (she) be there to-morrow?"

FYTTE 2.

He was there.

She was there.

They gazed, and gazed, and gazed at each other. Then they spoke. She found he was the Count of Villafranca and he discovered that she was Miss WELLPKISED. And thus they loved. They met in the moonlight several times by the shore, and exchanged avowals and a-consouants. Yum! Yum!

FYTTE 3.

Miss WELLPKISED remarked casually that her "pa" was a "tearer." The Count trembled, but fingered his derringer and made a *sotto voce* remark about "bluffing the old man if he cut up rough."

Then she whispered.

And this was what she whispered. "Knowest thou about the recondite science of elopement?"

"Yes"—he hissed "but isn't it a stale dodge? Gretna Green is only for the verdant; we want some better place and newer plan. Do you think he'd give way?"

"No! He would die first."

"At his age," murmured the count, "and with his black hair, he must be constantly dyeing!" Then aloud, "Ah! I have it! let us cross the lines." And they did. They reached Buffalo and were married before the old man knew. And of course he came round and blessed the countess.

Equally of course, it made no difference to two loving hearts when, a few months after, it was found that Villafranca's name was Higginbottom and that he was, in short, No 'COUNT.

**The Enterprising Publisher.**

(A STUDY IN PEN AND INK.)

Just list to my tale of a man that I know, He's a newspaper editor in To-ron-to, And he's famous for this—how well he can plan, To start a new paper—this newspaper man.

From Dover to Brampton his papers extend, To their number, I fancy, there's hardly an end, Of all shades and parties those papers he ran, "Tis no matter to me," quoth this newspaper man.

He rigs up the plant and the sheet he brings out, He stirs up the interest of all men about, And, when it's agoing, and sell it he can, Why he sells it at once, does this newspaper man.

He runs here and there, like a goose on the cluck, But it must be confessed he has wonderful luck; You may see for yourself that all that he ran Have prospered (save three) with this newspaper man.

We propose, when the North Pole is found to exist The services sure of this man to enlist, And he'll start *The Pole Star* in that place, if he can, For he's hearty and plucky, this newspaper man.

When a girl talks about the "two strings to her bean," does she mean his suspenders? *Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

**Canadian Men of Letters.**

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, BY D. DWAN, ESQ.

Sure an' isn't he the broth of a bhoyn entirely, and the darlint of my heart, for a thirne son of the ould sod. Fain an' he's all that, an' it's meself has pleasure in writing his outygeography anyway, for himself an' Mister MURPHY, sure, is the vans that never will let a poor bhoyn be bamboozled by the lawyers and the court, whin he's in a bit o' throuble by rayson o' the sup o' drink. Sure it takes an Oirishman to understand an Oirishman's feelin's. By the same token Mither DAVIN was born in Oireland—in St. Patrick's blessed soil—and mish, but it's himself has all the marks of a thirne-born Oirishman, includin' modesty, bashfulness, and the blarney. By this and by that, though, it's meself remembers a fault he's got that's not an Oirish fault anyway. Plaze the pigs, he hates the cratur. Fain I'm not in sympathy wid him at all, at all, in regard o' that. But sure we all have our little wakenesses. An' it's Mither DAVIN has written the illigant buk entirely on Oirish Eycetallians in Canada, and, be jabers, yez can see that same buk on the drawin' room table, so yez can; though, truth, when I think av it, I believe it's on the piano. I'm hearin' that he's to be made premeer av the Dominion an' sure it's no more than he deserves. Fain whin that day comes, we'll have all this foolish nonsense about DUNKIN SCOTT an' his acts sent to smitherens, so we will. Hurroo! bad cess to thim, and sweet luck to you Mither DAVIN, agra!

**The Editor and Lawyer Jones.**



The Editor sat in his rickety chair, His forehead was wrinkled and furrowed with care.

With pen and with scissors—the latter well tried, He made a vile paper, and the Law he defied.

He set himself down, and he struggled and thought

What to write of the case that was recently fought In the odorous Court House, on Adelaide Street, Where D. B., and Q. C., and such fellows meet.

Then he dipped his old pen in a bottle of gall, And the Judge and the Lawyers had names he did call;

And the *Slasher* came out "piping hot" the next day.

But the Editor—well—he kept out of the way.



But oh! Lawyer JONES was a very mad man, When he glanced o'er the *Slasher*; so off he ran And punished the scribe who had played the caper, By suing for libel, and stopping the paper!