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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.

## Our Carriers' Address.

Mr. GRIP's carrier boys will have a neat little address to present to our city subscribers with this issue. After presenting it they will wait long enough to enable each genial subscriber to put his hand in his pocket—and fetch it out full.

## The Mayoralty.

Who'll be Mayor for 1880? Mr. ANGUS MORRISON says he will, if the citizens have no objection; and Mr. JAMES BEATY opines that it will be a gentleman about his size and appearance. On another page of this issue will be found a pictorial argument which may assist some of our ratepayers to form an opinion as to the relative merits of the candidates. Mr. GRIP's preference, it may be seen, is given to our present Mayor. It would be easy, however, to produce a good many points in favour of Mr. MORRISON. For instance,

1. He is a jolly good fellow, and highly competent to fill the chair—at a dinner party.
2. He looks very pretty in frills and ruffles.
3. He has done his best to encourage water-drinking amongst our citizens by the gift of an elegant fountain.
4. He is never absent when he makes a speech; he is all "here."
5. He has been Mayor before and proved himself a master of the art of how not to do it.

## Why do Summer Roses Fade?

A PSYCHOLOGICAL ROMANCE.

## CHAP. I.

The super-consciousness of egotism is seldom without its reflex influences. The contact of a subtly magnetic nature with more profuse and introspective ones tends to irradiate as with lambent sun-gleams the entire moral environment. Whereas, on the other hand, the perplexities which result from a too fervid differentiation are directly in the ratio of its irrespectiveness.

ELVINA MULREUNAY, the daughter of aristocratic and wealthy parents, whose life had never known the sordid cares of a more humble lot, awoke to a sense of the futile self-absorption which ever and anon culminates in the contemplative mind. Thought-germs slowly fructifying in an intellect of the expansive order, opened strange vistas into a realm of opal-hued splendor. "O life," she murmured, "what are these ideals, so evasive and yet so potent, which evermore flit athwart our pathway?—What... those strange faint murmurings, these restless voices which seem to speak to my soul?"

"It is the hum!" said her father, who had overheard her soliloquy. He was a Tory.

## CHAP. II.

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, a tall, fair-complexioned young barrister, strolled carelessly along the main street of the village. "So," he soliloquized (if our characters did not have this convenient habit the labor of the novelist would be much more arduous)—"There is no condition so problematical that hope will not illumine by a fitful radiance the gloomful hour. But yesterday, and the proud daughter of yon bloated bond-holder, MULREUNAY, barely deigned a passing nod of condescension—but now her glance has a tenderness which augurs success to my suit. Even her haughty father bids me welcome to his mansion. To-night will I seek her presence and woo her with my most poignant conundrums I will ask her how to give a friend a good send-off, and when with the frankness of a perhaps too reticent nature, she gives it up, I will tell her to bid him bestride the kindly mule. The mule, by the way, is not a fur-bearing animal. Oh no. Much otherwise."

## CHAP. III.

'Twas a scene of revelry. The mansion of the banker FERDINAND MULREUNAY, whose name indicates his patrician Norman blood, was brilliantly illumined, and a gay throng of knights (recently created in honor of the safe return of the Princess LOUISE) cavaliers, members of the U. E. Club, and reeves of the neighboring townships, were assembled within its walls. The wassail bowl went round with jest and song. Fairest among the fair was ELVINA, whose radiant cheek lighted with a flush that mantled to her peerless alabaster brow, as RANDOLPH CHURCHILL propounded the conundrum of the evening:

"Why are the people of Canada the humblest?"

"But," observed a personage commonly reputed to be the editor of the *Bystander*, "the question is based upon a historic fallacy. The people of Canada are not the humblest. Their condition is infinitely superior, for instance, to that of the Zulus or the Abyssinians or the Patagonians. In fact many other nations at various epochs of the world's history have presented in their manner of life and their acquaintance with those—"

"Oh, hire a hall!" impertinently observed Sir FREDERICK CLARENCE DE BILKINS, K. C. B., whose affectionate care of LOUISE's pet spaniel during her absence had procured his promotion to the ranks of the Canadian aristocracy.

The *Bystander* withered him with a glance of scorn.

"The answer is," said RANDOLPH, "because they have been *blest* by the *hum-hum-blest*, don't you see?" [Applause.]

At this stage of the proceedings our reporter left.

## CHAP. IV.

A deep gloom settled down athwart the once joyous features of ELVINA MULREUNAY. Blithe and bloomsome girlhood, had gone, and the current of her young life was perturbed by an unknown woe.

"No," said her father, "thou shalt never be the bride of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL."

"!!!?"

"Miserable girl, he is all unworthy of an alliance with our house and lot. He is the dupe of designing knaves—the propagator of a heresy which outrages the holiest sentiments of our common humanity. He is an advocate of the Rag Baby."

ELVINA fell fainting to the floor.

The demon of gold and greed had triumphed.

## CHAP. V.

The following note was received by the author after sending in the foregoing chapters:

"Our space is limited—boil down—wind up your story.—ED. GRIP."

"Never," said ELVINA, "will I wed the insidious DE BILKINS. He has no soul—no aspirations towards the absolute. How true and yet how beautiful are the touching lines of the poet,

"No evanescence blooms beyond the mist  
Which holds chief consciousness in potent awe,  
Alike in sparkle of the amethyst  
And deathless motives such as Nihil saw,  
A recognition which perchance may claim  
A boundless apt serenity of space,  
Puissant frenzy sharing yet the blame  
Which ill-esteemed besides in every case."

'Tis ever thus. And if, in the weary march of life a drooping spirit may be cheered to struggle on towards the goal—if the seeds of good may have been planted or the eye unsealed to greet with prophetic vision the harbinger of a bright future, the object of the writer will have been achieved.

Please send \$5 by the boy.

THE END.

## Rural Rhymes.

NO. 3.—THE GIRL IN THE CALICO DRESS.

Oh! what to me are your jewels and silks,  
If the girl is fair to view;  
Let me look on her silken hair,  
And her eyes of azure blue.  
The simple tastes of the rustic maid,  
In her springhood's loveliness,  
Is the magnet that holds my heart in thrall,  
To the girl in the calico dress.

I see our maidens parade the streets,  
In a wealth of laces and flowers;  
I see them in gossamer robes fit by  
When music asserts her powers.  
Such baubles will never assail my heart,  
And willingly, I confess,  
I would choose far simpler, calmer joys  
With the girl in the calico dress.

How sweet when the evening shadows flit,  
Among the trees by her rural cot,  
To sit on the stoop with the girl you love,  
In her charming polka dot.  
Oh! the joy one feels at the whisper'd word,  
Or the fond and warm caress,  
As your arm encircles the polonaise,  
Of the girl in the calico dress.

To see her fresh as the morning rose—  
No praises her tongue can utter—  
Milking the cows in the pasture near,  
Or up to the wrists in butter.  
And to hear her laugh with the boys at play,  
I worship her none the less—  
For a romp is better than doctor's drugs,  
With the girl in the calico dress.

She has no piano to thump and grind—  
She embroiders no fancy slippers,—  
But she's hefty at cooking and churning cream,  
And handling the delf and dippers.  
Yet she trips the light fantastic toe,  
Like a fairy I must confess—  
Last year she was belle of the Granger's ball,  
Was the girl in the calico dress.

Now if I was only a marrying man,  
And was looking out for a mate  
To cheer me along life's dreary way—  
I soon would know my fate;  
For I'd fly on the wings of love, or else  
I'd take the lightning stage express,  
For a private interview with the papa  
Of the girl in the calico dress.

Beggars often present an imposing appearance.

When sun spots appear, "old sol" is only putting on his specs to get a better view of the earth.

Prof. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, talks of the immensity of space. But where is the immense city?