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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.

CAUTION.

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

"Our Financial Article."

Our financial journals are real sad, just now, about the flow of gold away from Europe towards the United States. The horrible thought begins to dawn upon them that, by-and-by, the United States will have absorbed it all; then nobody in Europe will have any money—unless we send our "rag baby" men away on a "Yurrupean tour," to supply them. We don't share their sadness—for several reasons. Perhaps if the "rag baby" could be thus induced to take a holiday in "Yurrupe" it might be content to stay there; if so, the innocent joy which overspreads so naturally the rag child's open countenance might irradiate ours with a still wider smile. Moreover, it stands to reason that before any nation would permit its markets to be flooded with so valuable a commodity as gold, it would invent an "N. P." to "protect" it from its inroads; while, if that failed to "protect," there is a natural law that never fails. Even gold ceases to be prized when one has too much of it; people want to exchange it for something else. Our financial journals will cheer up, when they find the Yankees spending their gold for the choicest goods they can find in the European markets; but none of them will remember that Grip told them so. Naturally, comic Editors take no interest in anything that isn't funny. Editors generally esteem gold as a solum subject—just because they never make any. To see the way people smile in order to get some, and smile again after they have got it, there must be something humorous about it. Gold is the most valuable natural substance, just as Love is the most valuable human faculty. When the one is used, and not hoarded up, the other has a chance to spread itself too, in the form of brotherly love. Flimsy paper promises, which carry no gold value, are no more "money,"—are no more useful—than loving words which do not carry their face value of kindly deeds within them. It is positively "funny" how men are deceived by either.

Mixed Somehow.

And this is how a contemporary (surely not the London 'Tiscr?') concludes its comments on Lady BURDETT COURTS' marriage:—"It seems as if marriages between January and May were the rule in the Baroness's family, but, in the majority of cases, January is usually masculine." Well, you can't always generally somehow tell. January is (or used to be) the youngest month in the year, and May is not even middle-aged. What does our contemporary mean, anyway? We fail somehow to catch the point of our friend's application either to the case of Lady BURDETT COURTS or that of her paternal ancestor who married Miss WELDON. Will the editor explain which is January and who may May be?

The Hamilton Exhibition.

BY A VISITOR WHO DIDN'T SEE IT.

MARIA, and me, and "bub" JONATHAN came over to gaze onto the Hamilton Exhibition. We kom hum satisfied full up to the brim—just as full as one of your first-class one-horse street kyars, side-wheel steamers, or Dundas Railways. We didn't go to no hotel. I have a brother-in-law; MARIA has a mother. She put us up, and we put up with her. Bright and airy we sot out for the Xhibition Grounds. We waited for the kyars, but nary kyars took no notice of us, and we didn't notice any of them, becos why, there were none in sight. We had gone to the wrong place to wait. We sot there, however, may-be an hour or more, enjoying the distant view of the mounting, while we roosted on a log and saw JOHNNY's intellect expand as he watched the people scoot by. I liked it; so did JOHNNY. But MARIA got mad, and when MARIA gits riled—though I always maintain my dignity—I have got to submit. "Kyars or no kyars," says she, "I'm goin' to see that thyar Xhibition." "I guess," says I, "the depot is our best holt," says I, "for mayhap they don't stop at pints along the line to let one swing onto the kyars, when he waves his umbrella at them." "Why, aint this the depot?" says she. "Nary depot," says I. Thenshe said that I had called it the depot when we sot down, which I may have done in a previous state of existence, but certainly not in the present sphere. However, there was no use argufying the case, and we meandered toward the depot. Personally, I don't like riding on the steps of a railroad kyar, but there wasn't no chance to ride anywheres else. JOHNNY suggested the cow-catcher, but MARIA expressed objections rooted on women's rights, and those garments—the badge of slavery which men(?) compel the weaker sex to wear. So JOHNNY was told he was a little fool; and his father, bein' a good deal more growed up, riled innardly over the inference. But I am a man of peace, and bald-headed already, so I meekly said—nothing.

Finally, it was found that the railroad kyars did not go to the Xhibition Grounds at all, and MARIA got madder than ever. She said it was my fault, just as if I had been a railroad conductor or engineer. We were told we had to take the King Street horse-kyars, and thus get thar. We went to seek those kyars, and found them—at least, one of them, with a pile o' people on board—a good, respectable crowd on them, in fact,—and there was standing room for MARIA inside. JOHNNY rested one foot gracefully on the hind step of the kyar and the other on the axle-box, clinging, at the same time, like all creation, to the open window. There was no place left for me unless I hung on by my eye-lashes to the advertisement board on top; so, hearing MARIA beginning her well-known oration on women's rights in general, for the edification of the inside passengers, and, sceing no prospect of doing better, I concluded to stop, and go back to the depot, running the chances of getting *somewhere* by the kyars. I met several saloons on the way, and faced them without finching, commending MARIA and JOHNNY to the care of Providence and the conductors of the horse-kyars.

I think I must have fallen asleep, for I have a vivid recollection of going to the Xhibition, and describing in eloquent language to MARIA and JOHNNY the natrual curiosities of the Xhibition; but she says I was never there at all, and it was only by the exertions of Chief-of-Police Stewart that she ever recovered me. He tracked me to Burlington; thence to Toronto; and, finally, he says, he found me in Toronto, in keen discussion with an "Eternity" man on the subject of the reprobation of the million. This is a vile libel. I *did* see the Hamilton Xhibition, and, with the exception of its being a little mixed, there was no particular fault to find with it. I saw several men processioning. I spoke to LOBNE, and asked him about his moth-

er-in-law, and how he got along with her. I subsequently asked him to liquor up, and he said that he had signed the pledge till Mrs. LOBNE got back again.

Altogether, in spite of MARIA's cutting-up, I had a good time. I want to know when there will be another Xhibition in Hamilton, becos I want to leave MARIA to hum, and have the hull thing to myself.

I like Xhibitions. They fit in well with the exigencies of my moral nature. Next morning ain't so good; but then you have to make up your mind to that.

Xhibitions is a great success. MARIA and me don't thiuk the same on this pint, but it is so! (print this in italics, and don't you forget it! On this one fact MARIA's heart and mine don't beat as one; and yet, there has been some beatin', too. But not of hearts.

Yours, YANK F. GREENEYNE.

Sad Case of Monomania.

"Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad."
—*Comedy of Errors, Act iv, Sc. 3.*

There are, we regret to say, doubts entertained of the sanity of the Minister of Education. It is feared that he is laboring under a monomania that he is the whole Senatus of the University, and that the other members of that court are merely limbs of his, subject to his volition in all things, and liable to be made to come and go at his beck. Thus, at one time, he is said to labour under the delusion that he is to appoint a Dean, and he forthwith issues an advertisement something like this:—

NOTICE.—IMPORTANT TO PASS-MEN.
Wanted, a facitum, to fetch and carry at the Minister's will. Sometimes he will be required to be the Minister's right or left hand, as the case may be; to do little jobs of work connected with the Department, such as spelling hard words for the Minister, writing up elaborate defenses of his mistakes, when such occur; addressing his letters, and arranging, classifying, and filing the contents of his waste-paper basket. At other times he may be called upon to act as his foot, and kick any of the refractory members of the Senatus. He may, on occasions, be also called on to allow himself to be sat upon by the Minister. Any young man with befitting natural humility who will accept the post, subject to these conditions, need not, necessarily, have any other qualifications. N. B.—No Canadian or honours man need apply.
(Signed,) ADAM CROOKS,
Minister of Education.

Mr. Grip having, as is well known, a great deal of skill in mental diseases, and, hearing that all the other learned men were afraid to to diagnose this case in consequence of the paroxysms of fury to which the patient was subject—when he did not hesitate to call them "no gentlemen," and other bad names,—resolved to interview Mr. C., and report. He accordingly called, sent up his card, and was admitted. He immediately fixed the minister "with his glittering eye," and took in the situation at a glance. By an intuitive process he saw the most manifest signs of acute *dementia* in the wandering eye of the patient, and proceeded to prescribe, as his invariable manner is, a wholesome dose, compounded of some grains of plain truth, common sense, and ordinary prudence; but the worthy Minister was too far gone, and his stomach too proud, to take kindly to the medicine, and that organ rejected it at once, bringing up with it a considerable quantity of atrabilious matter of an abusive tinge, and Grip left him, in disgust. His verdict is—"Mad, my masters! mad as the gravedigger in *Hamlet* says all men in England are; and he recommends that Mr. Crooks be sent there, where his madness will seem nothing out of the common, and where he may be tolerated and his vagaries overlooked." This report he respectfully submits to the Canadian public, and suggests *Coventry* as the spot of Adam's exile.

A prominent politician was serenaded by six brass bands upon his return home, recently. It is not stated what terrible crime he had committed to merit such punishment. This mode of revenge is not an improvement on lynching.
—*Norristown Herald.*

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 281 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

GOLD HEADED CANES.
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