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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.

To Correspondents.

CYNIC.—Crowded out this week. Will appear next.

PUGWASH.—Too late for this week.

On the Move.

The *Globe* is in ecstasies, and the little organs dance for joy. Sir Dr. TUPPER, like the prodigal, has seen the error of his (rail) way to Bute Inlet, and humbly enquires of MACKENZIE the road to the Burrard terminus. But, bless you, the organs on the other side are not melancholy over this "come down." On the contrary, they are overjoyed, too, for according to them, the Knight of Railways never intended to go by Bute Inlet at all, but only pretended to do so in order to set the Oppositionists by the ears. Happy circumstance! Everybody delighted and nobody hurt! But hold up, we haven't heard from BUNSTER and DECosmos yet. Old Probabilities says, look out for squalls.

The Quebec Obstructionists.

In 1846 the old fogies of the Imperial Upper House were endeavoring to thwart the will of the people in connection with the Reform Bill, when JOHN LEECH, through the pages of *Punch*, set the world laughing at them by one of his inimitable cartoons. No, not inimitable, for Mr. GRIP has imitated it on the eighth page of the present number, the cycle of time having brought the granddaddies of the Quebec Council into the precise position of the Peers of '46. A transformation of Sir ROBERT PEEL into Monsieur JOLY as the policeman is the only change that was called for, and thus history, by repeating itself, saves Mr. GRIP's laborious artist all the trouble of devising an original picture. Let us hope that the Quebec "old boys" will ultimately "move on" as the English Lords were obliged to do.

Song and Dance

(Performed by the Ottawa Correspondents of the *Globe* and *Mail*.)

Globe.

Oh! I'm the man that never told a lie,
Though my friend here is continually brand-
ing

Almost everything that's written or is said
By a gentleman of highest social standing.

As a slander, or a libel, or in fact
As a falsehood of the very blackest hue,
It's a circumstance no chap can understand,
Why he does so—I can't make it out—can
you?

Chorus.

Mail.—Every mortal thing I write is solemn
truth.

Globe.—Every column that you write is full
of lies;

Mail.—My party's always right—your's al-
ways wrong.

Globe.—Every action then their character be-
lies.

Mail.

For patriots and statesmen high and grand
You must search amongst the party they call
Tory,

For traitors, knaves and thieves and sneak-
ing spies

Search amongst the Grits—it's the old story.
You'll find them there as thick as they can
be,

And when'er they think 'twill give them
any show

Every one will swear that Canada has
sunk

In the very deepest, darkest depths of woe.

Chorus.—Every mortal thing, &c.,

Both.

My journal has endeavoured to uphold
The dignity and truth of honest papers,
Your journal is a solid mass of filth
Got together by dirt throwers and mud scra-
pers;

In fact, no person ever now believes
A word he sees upon your lying sheet—

For honesty and truth *my* noble page
As a party journal never can be beat.

Chorus.—Every mortal thing, &c.,

GRIP (*solo*)

I think you both would be much better off

If you had a little more respect for facts,
And if the lofty virtues that you boast

Were sometimes seen reflected in your acts.

Lord Beaconsfield's Speech.

GRIP regrets that some of the papers have published an incorrect report of Lord BEACONSFIELD'S speech at Aylesbury, and he now gives the *only true* and *authentic* version of that part which refers to Canada.

GRIP was perched on the back of his chair while the noble lord was speaking, and heard every word of it.

"I hear it said on all sides of me that England cannot compete with America. (Hear, hear). Gentlemen, I have it on the highest authority, that grave doubts are entertained in the United States as to their power to compete with Canada. (*Applause*). Owing to the high taxes in the United States, and the generally debilitated condition of the country, five millions of farmers a week are selling out their farms, and are migrating into the illimitable fertile wilderness of North Western Canada. (*Cheers*). I have lately had the opportunity of talking with a *very* remarkable and thoroughly trust-worthy man, like myself, from Canada. As we discussed the matter, over a glass of claret at Hugenden, he informed me that Canada was taking the lead in everything. (*Cheers*). Yes, gentlemen, in everything! (*Immense cheering*.) The New York bankers are giving up their offices in Wall street, and are flocking to Montreal to invest their money in the Consolidated Bank. (*Applause*). Owing to the protection afforded by the N. P. (of which the gentleman in question gave me a

glowing account) STEINWAY and CHICKERING, the great piano manufacturers of America—the greatest, I might say, in the world—(*Cheers*) are pulling down their factories and are removing the bricks by the Canada Pacific Railway, *via* Thunder Bay and the Red River, to Toronto (*renewed cheering*). The Rolling Mills of Pittsburg are being transferred to the iron region of the Ottawa, *via* the Baie Vert Canal. (*Hear, hear and applause*). The fruit growers of the Genesee Valley are taking up the free grants of Muskoka. (*Cheers*). In this climate, made mild and salubrious by the chastening influences of the N. P., they can grow the most luscious peaches, the most tempting clusters of grapes, and in favorable seasons, oranges and bananas in the open air. (*Applause*). In fact, I am informed by this very reliable man, extremely like myself, that before two years are past the United States will be a howling wilderness, all the American railways will have re-laid their tracks in Canada; all the steamers will be plying in the St. Lawrence and the Saskatchewan, and the Great American Eagle will be screaming from the top of the Gothic Capitol of the Dominion at Ottawa." (*Prolonged applause and cheers renewed again and again.*)

A New Toronto Practice.

GRIP congratulates certain of the young men of Toronto on their acquirement of an accomplishment calculated to raise them in the opinion of their acquaintances. On meeting or being about to pass any one in the street, the young man in question considers it correct to vomit a large amount of disagreeable saliva and tobacco juice on the pavement, not exactly in the direction of the passer by, but so that he can fully observe the graceful and pleasing action. So common is this of late that our streets are fairly bespattered with its results. It will be found an excellent thing for these young men, as affording them entrance to a class of society they might not otherwise have reached. In fact, it may not improbably bring about introductions to the Bar, the Bench, and ultimately to the Executive—as represented by the sheriff. In the meantime, if those good-looking statues, painted blue, and marked T.P.F., which are placed occasionally along the streets, were in any English promenade, they would have some influence on the matter. But here they are, probably only used as lightning conductors, for which their great height admirably fits them.

Revolutionary.

The Bobcaygeon Independent man, emboldened by the near proximity of the woods, and the inaccessible character of the country round about his office, boldly declares for a revolution. He demands that the Senate be abolished, and that the "Upper Chambers" of those Provinces at present afflicted with such incumbrances, be swept away forthwith. He is evidently armed to the teeth with shooting sticks, for he nails his manifesto to a convenient tree and hisses between his clenched teeth that these reforms must be brought about peacefully if possible, but brought about at all events. Mr. GRIP regards his *confere* with profound admiration and wishes him all success. The only thing he has to object to is that his revolutionary brother alludes to the Dominion Senate as a leech, whereas a leech is a creature of some use.

AND now the 'Frisco hoodlums wish to be called hatlums. We have long felt that this band of fellows needed a good trimming.