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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 Birthday.

GRIP hopes the public, who are so enthusiastically celebrating his birthday to-day (24th), will not forget that this is also the natal day of our good Queen. It is somewhat inconvenient that these two important events should clash, because everybody will admit that they are each worthy of a separate and distinct day and demonstration. And yet, considering the hard times, it is better as it is, in the interest of economy. To-day GRIP is six years old, and Her Majesty is sixty. Both have worn their royal honors worthily, and at the present moment rule over a happy and affectionate people. When Her Majesty ascended the throne she was a young and fair maiden, slight as to person; now she is a lady of good proportions, having a portly but withal queenly figure. GRIP, too, was a small and slight personage when he began to reign, but now he also has grown stout and hearty, sporting eight pages and many pictures. His success he owes very largely to the kindness of his patrons all over the Dominion, and he hopes in the future to retain their respect and support by doing his whole duty as well as he knows how. Before plunging into another volume, he stands on the threshold to say—Subscription price, the same as heretofore, \$2 per year.

Advertisement a la Mode.

We scan the "Meetings to be held" column of the *Globe* and *Mail* every Saturday in the expectation of seeing something like this:

CHURCH OF SOLID COMFORT, Corner of Broad-Way and Slippery Path, Sunday next: Morning and Evening performances. The pastor,

Rev. J. ELIPHAH FRIVOLITY, in his new and popular entertainment, 11 a.m., the amusing discourse, "Spring Poetry." Evening at 7, the new sensation, "Croquet; its use and abuse." Attractive music. Solos by talented amateurs. A brilliant display of bouquets. All are welcome. Collection in aid of the new ornamental turret.

ON Wednesday night three loud concussions startled the city. Many thought it thundered, but the clear sky contradicted that theory; others imagined another dynamite explosion had taken place; others again concluded some large building had collapsed and come down by the run. All these theories were astray; and next morning the whole mystery was made plain when we picked up our copy of the *Mail*. Senator MACPHERSON had fired off three more columns of facts and figures at the devoted head of Mowat.

House Cleaning at Ottawa.

House cleaning operations are about to commence in the public buildings at Ottawa. The Ministry are just on the point of completing contracts with a washerwoman, (whose political views have been found satisfactory after a searching examination), and who has agreed to do the work in first-class style, at a ridiculously small figure. The contracts embrace all the buildings, which are to be thoroughly cleansed and purified. In the Departments, the chief labor will be the sweeping out of superfluous clerks, who are lying around in such profusion (at \$4 per day each) that public business is greatly impeded. A good deal of white-washing will also need to be done. In the main building, and especially in the chamber of the Commons, the contractor will find plenty to do. An enormous mass of chewed paper and other rubbish used by members as arguments in recent debates will have to be carted away. The carpet under the desks of WHITE and HORTINGTON will be found to be very dirty, and the floor alongside Mr. HOLTON's seat will require repairing, being quite worn away by the constant rising of that gentleman to points of order. The room will demand a thorough fumigating to clear it from the heavy odour of bad temper, tough language and rowdyism that hangs around it. The Senate Chamber is tolerably clean, but will need ventilation to clear it from the heavy, depressing and misty air which clings to it after Senator MACPHERSON's speeches.

Notes and Queries.

Does setting the teeth on edge enable one to get in words edgeways?

WHAT is the relationship between Miss Government and Ann Archy?

WHAT degree of sharpness is required to make a pointed remark?

WE ask why *borax* was admitted free. We are of the opinion that there should be a duty on all *borex*.

Is the bridge of a large nose "The Bridge of Sighs?"

Morro for the gray-haired—"Never say dye."

The Parkdale Fete.

The truly rural suburb on our west was full of happiness and visitors last Saturday, when the tree-planting bee came off. Our special artist, who was present, has furnished some sketches of the occasion, which will be found on our eighth page. The proceedings began with devotional exercises, after which, as the *Mail* says, the band played the 100th Psalm. Trees were then formally planted by several distinguished ladies—though we don't believe any such mishap occurred on account of the pull-back costume, as our Special has depicted. Some of the trees were appropriately named after prominent individuals, as for instance, a popular tree was called JOHN A., and an evergreen was named PHIPPS, etc. The crowds of visitors present expressed astonishment at the growth of Parkdale and the activity of J. B. DAVIS, who was rushing around in his shirt sleeves like a perturbed spirit. After the planting was over a promenade concert took place, at which Mayor BEATY made a speech, congratulating the village on the occasion. Parkdale's streets—we beg pardon, avenues—will soon present a glorious appearance, and GRIP hopes the trees may live for ever.

The Montreal Review.

The celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday in Montreal is to be a grand international affair. A regiment from New York is to be present and take part in the review before the Governor-General; and we suppose if his Excellency has any fault to find with their drilling abilities he will point it out and have it remedied, for it is a matter of great moment to us in Canada that these Yankee regiments should be well up in the tactics of war. Some of the unreasonable journals on the other side are showing bad taste and bad temper over this little exhibition of courtesy between the two countries. "What a position for American soldiers," exclaims one of them, "that they cross the borders into a foreign territory to pay tribute to its Queen!" What a position, truly! Even sadder than that of Congress when it had to knuckle down and pay the fish-money! Of course there are very few editors like the one just quoted; our sensible and good natured neighbors in general looking upon the occasion as one rather for congratulation than anger. And why shouldn't they celebrate the Queen's Birthday together? Don't we meet on a common platform of protection against the Britisher; and haven't we beaten JOHN BULL on the river and on the turf? Nothing can be more seemly than this international review; and GRIP hopes it may become a regular institution. If it has the effect of impressing on the American Republic an adequate sense of the valour and prowess of the Queen's Own, it may be the means of maintaining lasting peace on this continent. We hope there may be scores of these celebrations in future, and may the Queen be in good health to enjoy the fun!

Flambeau Flashes.

All jokes on the Rev. JOE COOK, we hang on the joke book until wanted.

Which are the lucky numbers? The 4, 2 n 8 are the most fortunate.

The *Pingore* has worn well and don't seem to "tire." This is *ap-on nous*.

When a vessel is in shore and you're afraid that she won't come in sure that's the time to insure her—if you can.

A new device among florists is to arrange bouquets in the shape of a horse-shoe.—*N. Y. Tribune*. Hoof first thought of that?

The Boston *Courier* says "successful pedestrians must be mile-sians." CORKY is, and ENNIS's skill in walking proves him one also.

More hemp is being planted this year than ever before. This is suggestive.—*Boston Post*. Jokes on this are ex-hempt from duty. We are rope-sed to capital punishment. By the way wasn't GUILLOTIN the originator of Caput-al punishment?

F. LL DRESS.—Messrs. MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLESON, a dry goods firm in St. John, N.B., advertise "Zulu Cloth" as the latest fashionable material for ladies. If the illustrations of the Zulu ladies' street costume in the *Illustrated News* and *Graphic*, are correct, we don't think it would bare reproducing in this cold climate—it's too thin.

A young person who is looking forward to a blissful 24th with his sweetheart, amid the shady dells of the new park near Credit, wants to know why the crowds on the Queen's Birthday will resemble the maid who milked the cow with the crumpled horn? And he says the answer is—Because they will be all for LORNE (Park).