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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.

The Fifth of June.

Great Speech of Professor Calcimine.

WHAR'S ALL DE ENTHUSMASAM!

What old and classic memories does the word Amphitheatre bring up? Visions of Olympic games, with fierce set-to's between the "fancy" of the period, TOM MILTADES, of Sparta, and JIM THEMISTOCLES, of Athens, for one hundred talents a side, and the championship of Greece. Not to mention the javelin throwers and all those fellers, who must have been a bad crowd to handle.

These reflections arose to my mind as I gazed on a large poster (it was the fifth of June) informing me that for the small consideration of ten cents, I would be able to get the latest intelligence as to the result of the Ontario elections from the different constituencies; furthermore, that the place wherein I could be so enlightened was "The Amphitheatre." Never having been in a regular out-and-out Amphitheatre, I determined to go. So proceeding to the chaste and classic region of James street, I chipped in my dime and entered the sacred enclosure. The place hardly represented the ideal I had conjured up, it having on the whole a snide and, as it were, lumber yardish look in its appointments. The atmosphere alternated between that of a saw mill and a guard house, being at times strongly suggestive of each. I arrived just in time to get a fair opportunity to hear the celebrated Professor CALCIMINE, a powerful orator, and one of the political lights of the Ward. The eloquent gentleman being loudly called for, came forward to the front of the rostrum. His appearance was darkly grand. He was clothed in a customary suit of solemn black, but it was "not alone his inky clonk" but the commanding and almost Cetewayish presence that caused the outburst of applause as he commenced this

SPEECH.

Mistah Speakah, and Gemblem all.—I come befo' you dis evening to delucidate de reasons why I am and always hab been Consarvative. I will not enthusamize to much of an extent on de N. P., case brudder TILLEY form St. Bruns, New Johnswick, de odder evening spoke most delapidatedly on dat question. Tell you what it is, my belubbed hearers, dat we don't want no moah shoo fly on de wheel policy for dis kentry. Massa CARTWRIGHT went to England to try to raise money on a shield. Tried to make de people ober dar tink it was silvah; but old BULL couldn't be fooled—no, sah—he turned de

shield ober and he found it was brass! and de consecue is, dat now in de old kentry Toronto benches ain't woth a cent—and de benches hab been sent back to Mr. HAY, who made 'em; and dey was mighty good bass-wood benches, too! (cheers). Dat shield business is good enough for a Zulu to fight with, but we don't wau't no moah of it yar, I tell you (loud applause). Now, gemblem, I'll just 'splain to you de reason why de Grits stayed too long in powah. Why, its because we habn't got enuff of enthusiam, dat's what's de mattah. I see, my hearers, dat de reports coming in is not quite so favable to de cause as I did expectorate; but, gemblem, if we had shown a little moah enthusiam in de hulchycultural districts dar would hab been a clean sweep; yes, gemblem, in de language ob de Telegram poet,

If we enthuse on the fifth of June,
We'll sweep the country with a bran new broom,

Enthusiasm will gain the day
From Ottawa City to Thunder Bay.

(*Tumultuous applause.*)

(Here the eloquent gentleman after wiping his mouth with a tumbler, proceeded to read several messages just received)

Feller citizens—I hab just reciebed intelligence dat Mistah MOWAT and Mistah CROOKS hab been elected by a majority ob two each, and dat Mistah GEORGE BADGEROW WASHINGTON is in fo' East Yawk—(Receives another message)—Feller sufferers (to dissolving crowd) don't go. I want to tell you dat HARDY and de rest ob de Ministars am in, and dat we's all gone coons! oh, my belubbed hearers, whar oh, whar's all de enthusiam?

I, not being able to answer the question, and finding myself alone, stepped down and out the "Amphitheatre."

Our Competent Critic.

We know now. He is *not* a teetotaler. We are sorry we went to the expense of bringing him out from Europe. He has been quite incapable of doing the art exhibition ever since he got that slight advance on account, and before we can get him sobered up the doors will be closed and the pictures all sold. For the sake of the artists we hope their works won't be sold so badly as we have been with this competent critic. The following fragment of criticism is sent to us by the mistress of the boarding house where the gifted but unsteady individual is staying. It shows what a dilapidated state his mental faculties had got into, and we print it here more as a warning to the young than anything else.

REVIEW, CONTINUED.

78. *The Signal.* F. A. VERNER. Glad and astonished to find an Indian subject from this artist's brush. The painting 'is full of point, and a noble red-man standing on it, waving a flambeau to apprise his friends that the Toronto's are beaten in three straight games. Would advise Mr. VERNER to make a specialty of Indian subjects; he seems to have great ab-originality.

140. *The Glory of the Fall.* JOHN A. FRASER. Should have been JOHN A. MACDONALD, who glories in the fall. See? 17th September.

49. *Cupid on a bed of Roses.* Mrs. SCHREIBER. A love of a picture, though not the Cupid our fancy painted. Thought the little deity had ambrosial locks, etc.? Seems not; or else Mrs. S. has made a model of some mundane youngster rolling on the floor preparatory to entering the Saturday night wash tub.

55. *Waterfall.* F. M. BELL-SMITH. Very disappointing; poor rendering of human hair. Let us shin on to the next.

62. *Newsboy.* R. HARRIS. The artist is very happy in this: much happier than the newsboy, apparently. He has a stock of *Telegrams* on hand. That accounts for the depressed look. Let him invest in GRIPS if he wants to prosper.

To the Editor of Grip:

SIR—I must apologise for failing to keep my promise to send you the poems for the Poetic Academy. I hope that the establishment of that institution has not been delayed in consequence. I began to write one day when the thermometer stood 90° in the shade, but found that though heat may make most things expand, it had not that effect upon my brains. Though, as you doubtless perceive, I am usually gifted with great fluency of expression. Upon that occasion I ransacked my head in vain for an idea. The following week, I was assisting in theatricals which were gotten up to help defray the debt on our new church. Of course, everything must give way to a religious object. I have not yet recovered from the fatigue consequent upon my exertions, so JACK has written a few verses for me. He wishes me to say that he possesses an abundant supply of language and ideas which object to being cramped by rhymes and metre; that upon the few occasions when he has endeavored to express his sentiments in verse, he has experienced a sensation somewhat similar to that which HANLAN would feel, if he had to row in a mill pond and found himself obstructed on all sides by floating timber. He therefore considers it *bootless* labor to attempt to make his feet fit, so you must excuse incorrect metre.

JACK'S POEM.

Musings on the Moon.

This eve while the moon gleamed over the lake,
These solemn reflections my brain pan did shake:
I considered how bored she must surely be feeling,
But like many a dame her boredom concealing.

Though she constantly looks upon mortal emotion,
Smiles, tears, broken vows or endless devotion,
She gleamingly gazes, as calm in the face
As if little she heeded the whole human race.

For aught we can tell, she's as good as when new,
Nor *Auto*: has grown since she made her debut,
Though she's passed over ages still calm she's proceeding,
With that air of repose which stamps dames of good breeding.

MORAL.

Now Indies attend, while I kindly advise,
If the foot prints of Time you'd erase from your eyes,
Have your foreheads unwrinkled, expressio's ne'er acid,
In future, just like the fair Luna, *Be Placid*.

Jack desires me to say that he is not ungallant enough to think that Indies ever have a vinegary aspect, but acid was the only word he could find to rhyme with placid,

Very sincerely yours,
SU SCEPTIBLE.

In a tavern in Calcutta there is a notice hung on the halls, "Guests are requested not to beat the waiters and servants."—*Et.* Of course they are at liberty to beat the landlord.

LAST Thursday's vote had nothing to do with the N. P. The great question decided at the polls was whether Mr. MOWAT was in a better condition to govern this Province than the late Mr. JOHN SANDFIELD MACDONALD. And the people decided that he was.