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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.

Parliamentary Autographs.

The correspondent of the London *Advertiser* says that autograph hunters are always to be found at this time of the year hanging around the House of Commons, and pestering the notable members for contributions to their albums. It is mentioned that Mr. BLAKE has a mortal horror of these nuisances,—a feeling which is no doubt shared by many other distinguished representatives. This repugnance is easily accounted for. The autograph hunters expect something "original," and none of these great men possess the happy faculty of extemporizing poetry. A little hand-book containing epigrams and stanzas adapted to the circumstances and characteristics of our leading statesmen would "fill a want long felt." Mr. GRIP commends this suggestion to his friend Mr. CARROL RYAN, the bearded poet of the capital. It might be called the *Parliamentarian's Companion*, and the ready-made contributions might be modelled after the following:—

For Sir John A. Macdonald.

You ask me for something poetic,
An "original measure," you say,
I'll get the Grit party to make one,
And then bring it down (signed)

JOHN A.

For Senator McPherson.

One unaccustomed to write
May have a message to men,
Mine is—"don't wear silk stockings
On a cold winter night,
For bronchitis punishes the vanity
Of showing one's legs.

P.S.—This should be sent to my office if the rhyme is not correct.

D. L. MCP.

The poet's mind sees all things well,
The beauty of earth and air and sea,
And in political life the poet can tell
The great and glorious benefits of the N.P.

his
J. BURR X PLUMB.
Mark.

How sad would life be to the earnest student if he did not look to future generations for justice

R. W. PHIPPS.

'Tis truth—I've put it to the touch
In many a year of contest keen—
"No statesman can protest too much,
But he whose hands are really clean."

JOHN A. MACDONNELL.

I love the cold sequestered shades
Of opposition well, because
Therein the virtuous man parades
His rectitude, nor shows its flaws.

ALEX. MCKENZIE.

How sweet to hear the rude Reformers bray
Of contract frauds, and money thrown away;
I listen and I know they play my game,
And mark me as the heir of great JOHN A.,
Whom all good Tories love more for his shame.

The more the Grits declare that I'm Springhilly
The more I'm sure of disappointing TILLEY.

CHARLES TUPPER.

Reflection profound is the Mother
Of deeds that will alter the Ages:
Action the turbulent Brother
Of Thought the maker of Sages.
'Tis good to think and to act,
A chancery practice is good,
So is a knowledge of fact.—
Long has a Great One stood
Scanning the universe wide,
After the glow worm fashion,
By the light of his own inside:
Now he thrills with passion
And fateful deeds betide.

EDWARD BLAKE.

Be pious in your youthful days,
Be temperate likewise,
Religious reputation pays
The man who wants to rise.
He who has character may quit
His principles at will,
With crooked chaps in office sit
And feel quite moral still.

S. L. TILLEY.

De Tale of De Spanish City.

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I. CHAPTER I.

THE ASSIGNATION.

"Meet me by moonlight alone."

—John Stuart Hill.

'Twas eve; myriads of stars flung a subdued, enchanting light o'er a grove of orange-trees, whose blossoms were gently tipped by the effulgence of the summer moon silently rising, and whose rich perfume stole on the enraptured senses like the sound of sweet music—soft and low. 'Twas eve, and through the groves of orange and jessamine the summer night winds sighed, sweet and soft on the cheek as is the breath of the dreamy Tarantula o'er the slumbers of a sinless child.

Half reclining they sat on a rustic seat, arched over by the purple limbs of the luscious vine, whose heavy branches of ripe fruit hung dependent, almost to their heads. No sound was heard save the occasional cry of the Pata Morgana from some neighbouring thicket, or the quick, metallic chirrup of the Cantharides or Spanish fly, which made the air musical.

"Non e ver carissima!" he gently murmured, "SANTISSIMA TRINIDAD, donna e mobile."—"Why do you thus doubt me?" she rejoined, casting her eyes down, "is it not enough that I have promised? Per Baccho di tanti palpit, il flauto magico e il BARRIERE DI SEVIGLIA. Nozze di Figaro! Will that not even satisfy you?"

CHAPTER II.

THE PROMISE.

"Promises were made to be broken."

—Bollingbroke.

They were lovers.—She, dark as the beauty of the night shade, or the lithe *Cachuca*, scion of a princely lineage, daughter of the Hidalgo BOLERO COSPETTO STILETTO!—He, fair as is the flaxen blue-eyed *Olla Podrida*, only son of GUANO MANUERO, the city scavenger!!! Their lips met. "Swear it," he gasped; "swear it, ISIDORA, on the graves of your ancestors!" Seizing the unresisting female by the voluminous mantilla or pull-back, which hung in heavy folds from her queenly form, he with mad haste dragged her to the aforesaid graves. Standing on them in the dim, weird, dreamy starlight, ISIDORA swore a very big oath.

CHAPTER III.

THE RIVAL.

"At last I have thee! oh! mine enemy."

—P. T. Barnum.

He was tall and dark, his mustaches tied lightly behind each ear, slightly revealing

his pearly teeth clenched as though in rage. Dressed in black velvet *chiaro oscuro*, and with his trusty sombrero at his side, he was a noble son of Hispaniola. He strode to and fro impatiently—a footstep—"Tis she!!!" With an ecstatic *pas seul*, he clasped her in his muscular arms, and gazed fondly, longingly, and with a fierce love, on the face of—his grandmother! "How can this be?" pondered the blue-eyed MANUERO, who was secreted behind the arras.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MEETING.

"But see! what light from yonder window breaks."

—Dr. Watts.

Night,—darkness,—black darkness enveloped the city as in a shroud. No sound but the roaring of the tempest through the forest of chimney cans, or the wail of the torrent hurrying to the sea down the gutters. Night,—darkness,—a solitary light beams from her casement. The light twanging of a guitar mixes with the sound of the wrestling trees. The light twanging of the trees mixes with the sound of wrestling guitar. MANUERO serenades the Donna ISIDORA. So does the Rival. They meet in deadly combat, and MANUERO utters a piercing cry as his opponent cuts all the strings of his beloved mandolin with one trenchant blow of the afore-mentioned sombrero.

CHAPTER V.

"Water! water! everywhere."

—Petruchio.

Above the shrill fandangos and war shouts of the combatants, an ominous sound arises. "Hark! what's that?" said the breathless MANUERO. "Fish, and find out," gasped the Rival, as he hurled a cast-iron gas pipe at his opponent, who meditatively avoided it, allowing it to strike the Alhambra such a blow that the famous gridiron trembled. Again the sound, the ominous sound, made itself heard. "'Tis she," said the Rival. "Ah," said MANUERO, "it is, it is—"
"Boiling water, you villains!" sang a feminine voice from the battlements, as a shower descended on the true lovers' heads.

The scene of the fight next morning presented a fine exhibition of cuticle to the curiosity spectator.

(To be Continued in our Next.)

The Mail on Mr. Dymond.

The *Mail* argues that because Mr. A. H. DYMOND reported Mr. HOOPER as guilty of defalcation, the report was worthless. Whereupon Mr. DYMOND writes to the *Mail* that he was not the Commissioner in Mr. HOOPER's case. To which the *Mail* makes this remarkable reply:

"Of course Mr. DYMOND's statement sets the matter at rest so far as he is concerned, but it is a little singular that he has been connected with the Lennox Commission by men and journals on both sides of politics. Probably the Lennox Commission has been confounded with the Corn wall case, in which he certainly was Commissioner. This does not, however, effect our argument in the slightest."

Our contemporary has possibly been reading *Middlemarch*. It will be remembered that Mrs. FAREBROTHER was once told that HYDGATE was a natural son of BULSTODES. She

"did not fail to tell her son of it observing, 'I should not be surprised at anything in BULSTODES but I should be sorry to think it of Mr. HYDGATE.'"

"Why mother," said Mr. FAREBROTHER, after an explosive laugh, "you know very well that HYDGATE is of a good family in the North. He never heard of BULSTODES before he came here."

"That is satisfactory so far as Mr. HYDGATE is concerned, CAMDEN," said the old lady with an air of precision. "But as to BULSTODES—the report may be true of some other son."

The explanation that the *Mail* got concerning Mr. DYMOND was satisfactory so far as he was concerned, but the partizan spirit might be true of some other Commissioner.