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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.

To Correspondents.

Quip, Windsor, N. S.—Not considered suitable.

THE Session at Ottawa is ended, and the grand allegorical tableau of the Triumph of Virtue, as represented in our cartoon, occupies the centre of the stage amid a blaze of colored lights, as the curtain goes down. The Opposition are crushed; the Ministry are jubilant. The outside public, too, cannot but rejoice that the trouble is over, for every day of the inconsequential squabbling means a pile of hard cash out of the people's pockets. And what have we got for our money? Heaps of first-rate, practical measures. In the first place, there is the National Policy, which has already inspired new life and vigor into several shingle mills, and brought the blessings of high wages to many a horny-handed son of toil; next we have a splendid assortment of Official Assignees, a boon for which the country cannot be too thankful; then we have been favored with the appointment of a new Postmaster in Toronto, and several new officers in many other parts of the country, in all cases, of course, effecting a great saving of money; again, we have received the head of LUC LETELIER, a measure which must give universal satisfaction; and further, we may mention the Act repealing the Insolvency law, a most meritorious measure. These are but a few of the Acts passed by the present active and energetic Administration. Much more has been accomplished since Sir JOHN returned to his old seat. HANLAN has beaten HAWDON; the Long Island prize-fight has passed off amid great eclat; ROWELL has carried away the pedestrian belt, Parole has won the thousand guinea stakes at the races, and several circuses are announced to make their entrance into our disenfranchised and glorious country! Long live good Government!

THE Prince of Wales introduced a Bill into the House of Lords the other day to legalize marriage with deceased wife's sister, but it was defeated. From this we gather that not many changes of sentiment on this matter Heir Apparent as yet amongst the noble Lords.

The Hon Members.

Extract from Notes of our own Private Secretary, taken at alphabetical interview of M.P.'s to obtain correct knowledge of requirements of different constituencies of Dominion, etc.

FINALE.

Terrible *contre temps* this morning, DWYEN and ELLIOTT argument. Members forget they are not in the House. Forbear giving names—call them respectively X Y Z. Last interview of the season.

THE SCENE—Members heard arguing outside. Enter unannounced altogether.

Mr. X.—Your excellency I have to lay before you—

Mr. Y.—(interrupting)—Don't lay anything before him, he'd walk off with it. He's a pyrite your Excellency.

HIS EXCEL.—(aghast)—What? a pirate? Mr. Z.—I beg to reiterate the statement made by my honourable colleague, he's a pyrite, and a copper pyrite, that's why he's got brass enough to buck in here ahead of us.

Mr. X.—Your Excellency will perceive that the buffoon who has had the audacity to address you last, has been emitting some wretched attempts at punning on the words pyrites, brass and buccaneers to cast a slur upon an industry that I have been engaged in.

Mr. Z.—I may be a buffoon, but I have never yet been accused of being a "chicken lifter."

HIS EXCEL.—(in despair)—What is a chicken lifter?"

Mr. Z.—A hen thief. I've enquired at the honourable gentleman's hotel, and find that he is very liberally supplied with spring chicken—and the landlord don't pay for them.

Mr. X.—For your foul language the presence of the Governor only restrains me from quickly "cooking your goose."

Mr. Y.—Say that ore agnin, although my Hon. friend don't mind you much, I'll rise to a point of order and—

Mr. Z.—Never mind, I don't care a copper for him, he's an undermining bore. (all rise and grapple)—Pratorian Guards called—members secured—Tableau—Quick Curtain.

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Distribution of Characters at Close.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR:—As you apparently approve of my proposal with reference to the "Canadian School of Poetry," I will give you my idea of the manner in which it should be conducted. In the first place, I think it should be called the "Chaucerian Academy," or "Chaucerian Poetical Institute;" it would be a delicate compliment to the "Father of English Poetry."

Secondly—Oh dear! I feel as if I were writing a sermon. I am sure I never can put my opinions under different heads, in fact, I find it impossible to keep them arranged in my own. Papa says that I am very unsystematic. I am sure that he thinks that our brains are full of pigeon-holes and that we should do up our thoughts in parcels and stow them away as he does the papers in his office. But I wander from the subject, I had got as far as secondly. 2ndly, we will suppose that the school is established and Professor and pupils assembled. The first thing to be done is to choose a subject; I should think it well to begin with a Love Poem, for there are many people who are not much affected by the beauties of nature, there are many in whom Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S "souful of involuntary unbelief;" or Mr.

MORRIS' "Mythological Story;" or "vials of tribulation and wrath" poured out by other poets, would awake no responsive chord; but most young people can be brought into a sentimental frame by pondering on the materials for a Love Poem, and though original sentiment is not necessary, it will lighten the work of the professor if the pupils possess it. There is an excellent recipe for a Love Poem in "The Inspired Singer Recipe Book." We are told to take two large and tender human hearts, which match one another perfectly. Arrange these close together but preserve them from contact by placing between them some cruel barrier. Wound them both in several places and insert through the openings a fine stuffing of wild yearnings, hopeless tenderness, and general admiration for stars, etc. There are many other useful recipes in the book. It would also be necessary to have several volumes of poetry, from which ideas could be gathered. Some people call the use of other peoples ideas plagiarism. I do not. When I buy anything, I consider that it is my own property, and if a man chooses to cut his sentiments into given lengths and sell them as poetry, my opinion is that those who buy may make use of them as they please. As you may have observed many of our modern poets agree with me in practice, though not in theory.

Having selected subject and sentiments, the professor should hang printed lists of words that rhyme with each other where all the class could see them. Many words, for instance, rhyme with light, as blight, flight, midnight; then there are such words as cling and wring which are suggestive of dependence and heart breaking. The professor should throw out a few remarks suggesting such ideas; then the class should begin the poem; it might be limited to six verses, the first and third lines of the first verse to end with light and sight, the second and fourth with shine and twine and so through the remaining verses. The pupil must be dull indeed, who would not soon become proficient under such favouring influences. I think no one need despair. I have known girls at school who could hardly distinguish one tune from another, but by practising a great deal they became brilliant musicians, with a surprising amount of execution. Poetic execution could, I am sure, be acquired in the same way. JACK (my brother), says that murder would be the more correct term, but poor JACK is quite destitute of the finer feelings. However he has promised to help me with the sample poems for next week's paper as I have really been too busy to prepare them. As this is a subject in which the public should be interested, if any of your correspondents can propose a better mode of conducting the Poetical Institution, I shall be delighted to listen to their suggestions.

Yours faithfully,
SU SCEPTIBLE.

Candour.

MR. ALEX. WRIGHT may be a very tricky politician, but he is at all events candid on the subject of Federal Interference. He got up boldly the other evening at a public meeting and moved a resolution affirming the proposition that the Local and Dominion Governments ought to work together, and in fact ought to be of one Party. After that we are prepared to hear ALEXANDER declare that bribery funds for the Provincial elections ought to be voted regularly in the Committee of Supply at Ottawa. But, by the way, Mr. WRIGHT is one of the humorist; so perhaps his resolution was intended for a joke.