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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.

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The Closed Exhibition

Pass where the Exhibition
Stood but a week ago,
And view its sad position,
It may a moral show.

Deserted stalls full gloomy
In hundreds all around,
Late in those walks, now roomy,
No standing space was found.

Smashed bottles, broken cases,
Small boys collecting bones,
Some goods yet in their places
It seems that no one owns.

It is our mortal story,
Small Exhibitions all
We've each our day of glory,
The next we're not at all.

The Returning Ministers.

SCENE.—A ship in sight of land. The three Ministers and their new factotum.

Sir JOHN.—(sings):

"For England when, with favoring gale,
Our gallant ship up channel steered,
'Stand clear the anchor!' was the cry,
And at the sound the seamen cheered."

Yes, it's deuced jolly getting back. Isn't it? (Looks round enquiringly).

Sir LEONARD.—Certainly, particularly when my protective measures work so well. Don't they? (Looks round).

Sir CHARLES.—Well, ah, um, of course, they do. Oh, of course (oars) they do-o-o! (Sailors run up hatchways supposing all hands culled, and run down again). Well, but, ah, yes, after I have got my steel rails so cheap. Splendid protective measure, isn't it? (Looks round in his turn, everybody meets everybody's eyes, and after trying to look grave, all laugh together for five minutes).

Sir ALEXANDER.—Well, I must say, you made people believe you were going to give protection in good style. And it is curious that so many people, of all classes, wise and ignorant, yell with unanimity that you have fulfilled all your promises. Why, here lately I have in England had to declare you never meant what—what all your Protection friends swore you meant to do—nay, what you said

you meant to do. But one thing consoles me. I wasn't there. I made no promise. And going in with, and backing you now, and, ahem, getting a share of the spoils, does not at all implicate me, eh? (Looks round).

Sir JOHN.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no. There's no proverb about receivers, is there? (Looks round).

Sir CHARLES.—And then, we have succeeded so remarkably in getting English aid to the Pacific Railway, that it will be quite a pleasure to meet our supporters, won't it? (Looks round).

Sir LEONARD.—Well, well, who cares? Our majority will stick to us while we're in. Hence out, my private majority was such a small one I shan't get in again. But that asking English aid of yours, Sir CHARLES, was rather scaly. You didn't seem to make out a case. Your request seemed unfounded. But I suppose the conscientiousness of rectitude and the well-known high character of our Cabinet emboldens, eh? (Looks round).

Sir JOHN.—Come, come, no irony. As to Sir CHARLES' railway request, you know as well as I where we got most of our plans. Isn't it part of PUIPP'S stolen thunder? I know very well he gave the full plan at that meeting at the Conservative rooms at Bay street, before the elections, where he spoke against DAVIN on some confederate debate. He gave a sketch an hour long, with enough reasons, military, naval, civil, and political, to swamp a frigate. Made out an excellent case for English assistance. If it was carried to you, Sir CHARLES, the carrier dropped all the arguments on the way. But I know you would scorn to appropriate another's labors, eh? (Looks round).

Sir CHARLES.—(in thunder tones)—What! (But the forts on shore having immediately fired a gun in reply, the conversation drops, and when they land an hour afterwards Sir JOHN winds up by saying:—

Boys, say as little of what took place in England as possible. We may get ca-h, if—we give 'em a swamping share of the North-west for some British land company. These will of course play the old Canada Co. land grabbing game, so, say nothing. We shall have to introduce 'em as a philanthropic patriotic charitable combination formed to transport the paupers of Europe to the fertility of the Canadian West. By the time they run up the black flag the Grits will be in. Then who cares. *Après moi le déluge*. Speaking of deluges I'm very dry, and they used to keep something near here. (Exeunt omnes).

The English Deputation.

Sir JOHN has arrived home again, and has brought out with him a deputation of English agriculturists whose object it is to spy out the land on behalf of would be emigrants at home. This is one of the most enlightened bits of policy that any Canadian premier has yet hit upon, only, if Sir JOHN is really the high authority, from whom Lord BEACONFIELD obtained his information about the thousands of American farmers who are selling out their places in the Western States and flocking over into the illimitable wilderness of the Canadian North West, he will have to supply these English gentlemen with a sort of spectacles that will enable them to see a phenomenon that doesn't exist, or else suffer in their estimation as an authority on such matters. When the deputation visit the great North West and observe that the exodus is the other way—on account of the peculiar land policy of the government—they will probably be inclined to think that Sir JOHN sometimes sees backwards.

It's an ill bellows that blows no good.

"On Exhibition."

MR. MOULD, the undertaker, visited our Agricultural show last week. What more natural than that he should take a professional interest in the carriage department? Imagine his delight as he beheld in appropriate procession, as if for rehearsal, an infantile hearse followed by an adult bier bearer, and this again succeeded by that which is said frequently to be its precursor, a *lager bier waggon*! Is it not in excellent taste to place thus in cheerful contrast that beer which ministers to natural thirst, and that other bier which we are taught to believe is the path to satisfaction of that soul thirst—quenchless in physical conditions—for the fuller existence of freedom of spirit. Yet 'tis said, lager bier is *not* intoxicating and has no connection with spirits.

It is our melancholy duty to chronicle that the MARQUIS expressed no opinion about the merits of these bier waggons or their suggestive and tasteful classification. Alas! can so poetical an idea have escaped his notice, while all the *E—g T—m's* amateur poet's effusions in his honour have found an honoured place in the Ducal or Royal scrap album?

An Absurd Idea!

It is suggested that the County of York needs a new Court House. The parties implicated in propagating this absurd idea point out that York is one of the chief counties, and Toronto unquestionably the leading city of the Province. They moreover insinuate that the present building is in every way unworthy of such a county and city, being unsightly as to exterior, and inconvenient and unhealthy as to internal arrangements. There is no doubt of the truth of these allegations, yet we desire to put the authorities on their guard against the specious and jesuitical persons who are making them. Their avowed object is to have the present building torn down and a new and elegant structure put in its place. Now, aside from the question of expense—and that should never be forgotten by the poverty stricken women of York, and the indigent people of Toronto, who require all their money for new experiments on the Water-works—this project should be discountenanced on aesthetic grounds. The Court House is the abode of law, isn't it? And isn't the law proverbially associated with narrow, musty chambers, and crooked passages? It would be entirely out of place in fine, new apartments. Again, in the interest of all concerned, it is well that trials should be as brief as possible; but if Judge and jury, witnesses and spectators are made comfortable in a well-ventilated and pleasant apartment, it stands to reason that they will be tempted to sit almost interminably. At present it is well-known that they cannot do so without seriously imperilling their health, on account of the admirably stuffy character of the court room atmosphere. It was only the other day that Judge MACKENZIE felt disposed to get out before he had half finished an important matter. Let us not lay violent hands on this venerable building, which has so well served the purpose for which it was erected!

GRIP met the Hon. WM. MACDOUGALL lately, and enquired with deep solicitude when the hon. gentleman was to attain that high governmental position so much talked about. That hon. gentleman froze GRIP with an icy stare. He then whispered oracularly, "Never write a pamphlet," and walked away. What could he mean?