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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.

### Jack A. Macdonnell at the Bar.

(Special Despatch from Our Own Correspondent at the Capital.)

The preliminary exercises being over, Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD moved that Mr. JOHN A. MACDONNELL do now appear at the Bar of the House of Commons.

Mr. JOHN A. MACDONNELL, neatly attired in frock coat and lavender pants, and accompanied by his ever faithful eyeglass, then entered and took up a position at the bar.

The PREMIER hoped the gentleman was well, and that the journey to the Capital had not proved inconvenient to him in any way.

Mr. MACDONNELL replied that his general health was very good, and as for the journey to Ottawa, he rather enjoyed it.

The PREMIER then asked him what he would have to drink.

Mr. MACDONNELL replied that he would take a taste of Highland whiskey.

The glasses having been filled,

The PREMIER proposed the health of Mr. MACDONNELL, which was drunk enthusiastically.

Mr. MACDONNELL, in response, said that he felt honored by the kind regard of the Premier and the Conservative members of the House in general. It would always be his endeavor to do the party a service whenever he had an opportunity. With reference to the episode which had taken place on the floor of the House, he had only to regret that he had not said more to HUNTINGTON while he was at it.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD said it was unfortunate that the House of Commons happened to possess a thing called dignity.

Mr. DALTON MCCARTHY begged pardon for interrupting the Premier, but it was a mistake to say the House of Commons possessed dignity. Dignity was not mentioned in any of the statutes.

At this stage of the proceedings, Mr. MACLENNAN, M.P. for Glengarry, entered and asked permission to kiss the hand of the illustrious and honored martyr, Mr. MACDONNELL.

The favor was granted.

Sir JOHN, resuming, said that in characterizing Mr. HUNTINGTON as a knave, etc., etc., Mr. MACDONNELL had done only what any gentleman of his mental calibre acting under the same influences would have done.

The drinks having been paid for, Mr. MACDONNELL retired from the bar and the case was ended.

[NOTE.—We are afraid our Special Repre-

sentative has made some mistake in sending the above. As we understood it Mr. MACDONNELL was to have appeared at the other Bar—in the Commons Chamber. But perhaps this was a subsequent occurrence. At all events it is no more farcical than what was reported in the big dailies.—Ed. GRIP.]

### The Splendid Young Hero.

It was an ambitious young man,  
Whose blood was both ancient and blue,  
So at least he averred—and who can  
Show that such an assertion's untrue,  
Except he who'd imbrue  
His hands in the fluid, and show it quite new,  
And reddish in hue.

His manners were *comme il faut*,  
So a "Gent" has been heard to declare;  
His garments were very much so;  
And he carried his nose in the air;  
While his eyeglass's glare,  
And his wonderful stare  
And ambrosial hair—  
Ah! how lovely they were!

His sneered like the *ancien noblesse*,  
Oh, a terrible thing was his sneer,  
More than twenty young nurse girls, I guess,  
Who marked it had wilted with fear;  
And the newsboys, I hear,—  
Though it's rather too queer  
For belief—used to clear  
When they marked him draw near.

It is strange, but the fame he achieved  
By merely existing, was not  
Sufficient to please him, he grieved  
Like a commoner man at his lot;  
He said life was "rot,"  
Unless one had got  
In the Commons a spot  
To make speeches red-hot.

He longed for the time to get ripe  
When HANSARD should follow his name  
With columns and columns of type,  
Yes, he craved for political fame;  
But to Canada's shame,  
And his party's great blame,  
His excellent claim  
To election was treated as game.

But think ye this hero was balked?  
No, he felt the hot blood of his race  
Impelled him to act—so he walked  
Right into the House, eyed the Mace  
With a proud, haughty face,  
Put his thumb, with much grace,  
To his nose in that place,  
And thus gained in HANSARD a space.

The wild cheers of members arose,  
For beauty and courage so great,  
Ten ministers rose to propose

A grant for a service of plate  
At the cost of the State,—  
And named a committee to wait  
And beg the young hero to state  
If he would accept, ere too late.

### A Sigh for the Good Old Times.

DEAREST MR. GRIP,—I lately read an account of a very interesting lecture by Prof. HICKS, of Montreal, on "Women in Canadian History," and I take the liberty of sending you the following little extract from it: "The government also was not satisfied with merely facilitating marriage, but went so far as to stimulate it by bounties on early marriage and by penalties for celibacy. In addition to the king's dowry, which was generally fifty livres in household supplies and a barrel or two of salted meat, twenty

livres were given to men who married before the age of twenty and to girls who married before sixteen, while any father who neglected to marry his children when they had reached the age of twenty and sixteen was fined." This, Mr. GRIP, was the French Government of Canada in the olden time, and a dear, sensible old government I think it was, too! Our present rulers profess to be Conservative, but they have quite failed to conserve this excellent arrangement. They also claim to be paternal in their policy, but they do absolutely nothing to persuade the young men of to-day to take us girls off the market. I do hope that when Sir JOHN and his colleagues have got entirely under the control of the Quebec party (as I am led to believe they soon will be) this delightful French idea will be revived. Until then,

I remain,  
Yours hopefully,  
A. SPINSTER.

P. S.—You needn't remind me that this is leap year. I have tried it, and it don't work.

### Athletics a la Mode.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR: I wish, through the medium of your widely circulated and esteemed journal, to challenge LYNCH and JOHNSTON to a wrestling match, any style, any number of falls, for any amount of money, upon any date and in any place. I mean business. LYNCH and JOHNSTON have been indulging in a good deal of talk lately; let them now put up or shut up.

Yours,  
(Signed) DUNCAN C. ROSS,  
Champion.

Editor Grip.

SIR:—I observed DUNCAN C. ROSS' challenge in your sporting columns, and have only to say that he is a great big blow. I mean business; and I want you to tell ROSS that I am ready to meet him anywhere on any terms and give him his choice of holds and ten seconds of a start. If he don't come to time after this notice, I will have nothing more to do with him.

Yours,  
(Signed) THOS. LYNCH,  
Champion.

Sporting Editor of Grip.

SIR:—In reference to ROSS' challenge, I have to say that I have repeatedly written to him accepting the same on his own terms, but without receiving any answer whatever. He is afraid to meet me, and in my opinion is nothing but a blowhard, and you can tell him so.

Yours,  
(Signed) JOHNSTON,  
Champion Athlete.

Editor Grip.

SIR:—Do you know anything of the whereabouts of LYNCH and JOHNSTON? They have taken no notice whatever of my challenges. They are evidently afraid to meet me. I will wait one week longer, after which I will drop them, and publish them to the world as putty men. We have had enough talk, let us have some wrestling now.

Yours triumphantly,  
(Signed) D. C. ROSS.

Editor Grip.

SIR:—We the undersigned would like to know what has become of ROSS, the self-styled champion. We have hunted for him in vain—he is evidently hiding from us, because he knows we mean business. We have had enough talk, let us have some wrestling now.

Yours,  
LYNCH & JOHNSTON.