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The gravest Beast is the Lar; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Sir Alex. Galt's Mission.

Thousands of confirmed politicians are worrying themselves, notwithstanding the hot weather, to find out what Sir ALEXANDER GALT'S present mission to the Old Country is. Mr. GRIP will not betray the Cabinet secret entrusted to him by satisfying this curiosity, but he may state that the object of that mission is *not* any of the following things:

To shed a halo of respectability around certain Cabinet Ministers who are at present abroad.

To explain to JOHN BULL the beauties of the National Policy, and endeavour to get him to adopt a similar one for the benefit of the Dominion.

To challenge JOHN BRIGHT to a duel for his recent expressions in the House anent the Canadian Tariff.

To assure the people of England of the absolute correctness of anything that may be said on any subject under any circumstances by Sir CHARLES TUPPER.

To open up trade relations between the Dominion and Zululand, with a view to the development of our ready made clothing business.

To negotiate a sale by the Dominion Government of a certain valuable chattel known as Provincial autonomy, for which we have no further use.

Good advice to the captain of the "City of Toronto" as well as to bibulous passengers. —Keep away from the bar.

Now pray don't let us have any confusion about who is to give the ball to the Governor-General. The citizens in general ought to do that, and allow the St. Andrew's Society to concentrate its energies upon the haggis.

Mr. DAVENPORT KERRISON gave a presentation of some scenes from his original operetta of "The Curfew" at the Horticultural Gardens, last Wednesday evening. The complete work is to be performed before the Governor-General and the Princess on their approaching visit.

A Chapter of Assyrian History.

NOT FOUND IN THE AUTHENTIC RECORDS.

In the days of early Assyrian kings a certain province was ruled over by a satrap whom the people greatly loved. Now the servants of this satrap, who had charge of the revenues of the province, were wicked men, and stuck not to lay grievous burdens upon the people, and to waste their treasures, whereat there was great murmuring and much indignation. Howbeit these wicked men heeded not, neither harkened unto the voice of the people when they cried out because of the taxes, but continued in all things as they had done in times past. And the satrap, seeing that this was so, and that his servants sought their own good, and not that of the people, called them unto him, and took from them their offices, and put therein other servants who were honest and good, that the people might no longer be oppressed. At this the sorrowing of the people was turned into joy, and with one acclaim they blessed the satrap, and strengthened the hands of the new servants, for the thing pleased them mightily. Now when the servants who were turned away told the matter to the chief man of their tribe, his countenance shone with anger, and thoughts of vengeance were in his mind. And about this time the people of all Assyria met to choose a great man to stand nearest the king's throne, and to be their friend, and it was so that the chief man of this tribe was chosen. Then said he unto the king, "O king, live for ever! Seest thou the act of this thy satrap, the like whereof has never yet been done within thy kingdom? Now, O king, if thy servant hath found favor in thine eyes, grant me, I pray thee, the head of this wicked satrap, for he hath done that which he had no right to do, seeing it belongeth to my tribe alone to rule, and to administer the treasures of the people even as seemeth good unto us." Now it was a custom of the Assyrians that the king should do as the great man advised. Nevertheless, the king perceiving that what the satrap had done was pleasing to the people, would not at first do according to the words of the great man, but took days to consider. Then the great man also called together the powerful ones of his tribe, and they likewise petitioned the king to take off the satrap's head. And it came to pass, that the king wearied with much importuning, ordered the satrap to be led forth to execution, and his head sent in a charger to the great man, and straightway this was done. But the people of that province waxed wroth, and murmured, saying one to another, "What hath the satrap done that his head should be removed? Let us wait until the great man who hath caused this thing to be done shall come again to be chosen to stand next the king's throne, and then O Assyrians! let us greatly avenge ourselves." So when the set time came again, they arose as one man, and lifted up their voices against the great man, and he was sent into utter exile, and stood no more in the presence of the king.

Our Own Dick Headeye.

Mr. PRIPPS must now resign. The Governor-General has emphatically refused his advise on the LETELLIER question.

I am glad to learn that the editors had a pleasant time on the Press Excursion, though the party was smaller than usual. The place of rendezvous was Kingston, and the party visited the principal points of in-

terest in the city, and were treated with great kindness. This was particularly remarked at the Penitentiary, from which the editors were actually permitted to retire at their option.

Speaking of editors reminds me that our old *confreere*, Col. WYLIE, the Father of the Canadian press, has been ejected from the military paymastership of Brockville by the Party now in power. Some of the papers are inclined to consider this an indignity upon the profession.

Such persons forget that the present Government is economical above all things, and their feelings of indignation over Col. WYLIE'S dismissal ought to be mollified when they learn that his salary of \$600 per year has been saved—for a fellow of the other stripe.

A most scandalous outrage was perpetrated the other day openly in our city Police Court. A poor little newsboy, an orphan, was fined \$1 or five days imprisonment for having gone on board a train at the Grand Trunk Station and sold a paper to a passenger, although the "prisoner" explained that the person had called him into the car. It don't matter what the letter of the law may be, this was a most heartless proceeding, and disgraceful to both prosecutor and magistrate.

I wonder if the *Mail* couldn't find something better to do than to publish long interviews with "noted crackmen." Last Friday's number contains about two columns of gush over "JIMMY PAPES," a wretched being who, after a "distinguished" career as a thief and burglar, now lies upon his deathbed, which, it appears, is littered over with novels and newspapers, with which the patient relieves the tedium of the weary days.

It is simply disgusting to read such stuff as this interview. The high-toned reporter tells how he sent up his card, and how the ex-burglar's attendant "returned after a short interval with the request to please step up stairs." Having entered, the gentlemanly journalist found the illustrious law-breaker, and describes him in a way which must inspire every youthful reader with the lofty ambition of becoming a great bank-robber.

Quoth the London Advertiser:

Mr. Sidney Hunton, of Ottawa, carried off the first prize for mathematics at the London, Eng., University. Now, shall we charter a fleet of steamers to meet him on his return and take up a subscription for the purchase of a homestead?

Well, there is no law against your doing so, Mr. Editor. On the contrary it would be a highly creditable thing for you to do.

HANLAN has a silver mine over there on the Island. It is in the shape of a Challenge Cup, which is displayed in the window of his hotel parlor. Crowds go over every day to see it, and invariably leave liberal quantities of loose change in the bar.

Nobody can visit the place just referred to without regretting that steps have not been taken to improve its natural advantages as a pleasure resort. It might be made a most delightful spot, but either laziness or mistaken parsimony keeps it what it is.