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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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## Home Again.

(See Cartoon.)

Young Canada has been waiting anxiously for the return of Sir JOHN and the other great men who went away across the ocean, because they promised to bring him something nice from England. Now they have returned, and the little boy, all glowing with delightful anticipation, rushes to meet them and receive the expected good things, but Dame BROWN, the housekeeper, steps forward and arrests the little fellow's enthusiasm by telling him that Sir JOHN has brought him nothing; that the Ministerial mission to England turned out a complete and lamentable failure. This, however, is only spite on the old lady's part, for how does she know what may be in the satchels before the satchels are opened? Young Canada has every confidence in his clever Uncle JOHN, and doesn't mind what poor old Dame BROWN may say. When those satchels are opened, he feels sure he will find heaps of gold to build the Pacific Railway, and lots of other beautiful and useful presents.

## The Governor General's Speech.

AT THE TORONTO CLUB.

In rising to respond I do feel most profoundly grateful for your loyal toast, And tho' I've been at banquets o'er and o'er I've never seen it better drunk before; I'm not surprised, however, for I know You love your Queen—respect, revere her so, You're ever ready, 'tis well understood, To drain a bumper—when the wine is good. Your compliments to me and my LOUISE, I'll take *cum grano salis*, if you please, So far as I'm concerned, though I aver You couldn't say words sweet enough for her. We've been delighted with our visit here, With balls and shows and passes to the Fair; And standing, as I feel I am to-night, In presence of a company so bright— (Who lead the city which leads all the land, A city with a future great and grand, Which even now is known to world-wide fame.

Connected as it is with GRIP's great name). I only wish I could find words, I do, To say how greatly we're obliged to you

For all the arches, bunting, gas and fuss You've been so good as to get up for us. Be well assured my interest in your state Is now, as in the past, extremely great, And though the N.P. was a bitter pill, Old England loves her wayward daughter still;

And now, lest I should over-strain my tether, I'll here remark you have delightful weather; And glorious crops, in fact so very big— That PAT, I'm told, feeds peaches to his pig. Talking of pigs, I think it very sad That public life is looked upon as bad, And men of cleanly hands and wholesome scent

Feel indisposed to enter Parliament, Which should an object of ambition be To men of every talent and degree. I've understood—(of course I've not been there

Like DUFFERN, behind the speaker's chair), I've learned it from reports—not *Globe* or *Mail*,

Which sometimes in veracity may fail— That foremost members of the Commons House

Have oft indulged in most outrageous rows, Which might be cured if makers of the law Would only fetch their wives to Ottawa. Again I think you for the toast, my dears, And now I'm done. (Prolonged and hearty cheers).

## Caught!

CETEWAYO, the Zulu king, has been captured by Major MARTER, of the 1st Dragoon Guards. Sir GARNET WOLSELEY will no doubt rejoice over this, but the rest of the world will go into mourning when the funny men begin to write about the royal captive suffering Marterdom, etc., etc., etc.

## Our Contribution.

Personal anecdotes of the Princess LOUISE are now in order. The *Hamilton Times* relates how Her Royal Highness once looked around in church when she was a young girl. Mr. GRIP therefore believes that the following little story will prove interesting to the public: One day when about eight years old, LOUISE was sitting at a window in Windsor Castle, when a fly alighted on her royal sleeve. Being at the time intent on her Art studies, the Princess did not observe the bold and daring fly, when all at once, and without any apparent cause, it flew away, and hasn't since been seen. This is another illustration of the genial good nature for which Her Royal Highness is famous.

## The British Capitalist thus Choekloth to Himself.

Hurrah! Hurrah! far across the sea, PUPPERS' N.P. Elephant dances with glee, it thought it had got the best of me! it hadn't got tamed entirely, you see. It's awfully nice—in fact awfully jolly, to live by one's wits, but it's reckless folly. It can't be expected I'd be such a fool as to sell my goods without getting full—payment in kind. I don't want to buy. For Canada's wretched stuffs I don't sigh. I want her grain and produce and "sich," but I'll not buy for nothing although I am rich. I will buy from those nations who aren't so mean as to think at exchange I'm so woefully green, that I'll pay hard cash when goods will do to purchase supplies and yield profit too. I don't care where I buy my goods. That's true; but then I've my own to sell, and Canada isn't quick out of the woods: her N.P.'s hardly begun to tell. Wait till she's got a lot of stuff, enough for her home needs—aye, more than enough,—and hasn't got produce or

fruits of the soil to feed her too numerous sons of toil. Then I shall rise in truth and might, not unkindly, but wishful to do the right, and teach her the lesson of wise trade laws—that men don't buy goods without some cause. If I can't have the grain I really need, and must take goods in payment instead: I must have these cheap because they are nasty, compared with mine. So don't be too hasty, dear Mr. PUPPERS, to invent N.P.s. that rest on nothing, the people to please. If you will manufacture I don't object, if you do it well and don't reject the material which the Dominion possesses, and take to utopian Yankee "guesses" at laws of trade. These can't be compelled, but move with a force which is never repelled, by foolish nostrums. Take this as your motto,—retire to consider it, to some cool grove:—A nation's resources, by labour and skill formed into usefulness find ranks to fill all over the world, and need no protection, because they prove *useful* to each and to all, if adapted for wear or for work in perfection. The nation that loves good work never can fall. Take hold of that motto with strong, steady grip, and banish delusions. Just give them the slip.

## Can there be Anything in It?

The night was rude and dark,  
The wind did loud complain,  
None up but weather clerk,  
A making of it rain.

Not one but he and me,  
Yes, and two fellows more,  
Whom sudden I did see  
Come out of tavern door.

One of them there did say,  
(I in the dark stood by)—  
"Want to be rich?—you may  
Make just as much as I.

"This is the way 'tis done,  
New is the plan and fine  
Go strong A. number 1,  
Into the building line.

"Build houses everywhere,  
Then fail—a div'end pay,  
But sell some first, with care  
To put the cash away.

"Or to storekeeping take,  
Or build a big grist-mill,  
Or anything—but break  
On this formula still."

"But how shall I begin?"  
Asked sad the other one;  
"With pockets bare of tin,  
"Spec'ating can't be done."

"Oh, can't it?" asked his friend,  
"That clog don't hamper much.  
There's folks to you will lend—  
Banks—sociations—such.

"Make some official twig,  
He'll lend—if—if—you hear,  
He gets a bonus big.  
Quite private: don't appear

"In balance sheet, I guess,  
And when they go to smash,  
The public will express  
Surprise they lent their cash

"On such security.  
'Grave error,' 'twill be thought.  
'Over-credulity!'  
And who can tell 'twas bought?

"The means are there, I say,  
To build or speculate."  
The rascals went away,  
I home, 'twas getting late.