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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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## "Wild Sports of the West."

MUSKOKA FELIX—NIMROD'S PARADISE—A NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

From the Journal of our Sporting Editor.

Monday morning. Stroll by Queen's—great surprise! Meet friend from Europe—Lord BALLYTOBY, north of Ireland—Castle Batherem. Visited him last spring—great Irish peer—now strictly incog—SHAMUS O'SHAUGNESSY in hotel book. Left retainers in Griffintown for short holiday—all from "Black North." Expect they will enjoy themselves—Irish fashion. My Lord going "to do a bit of shooting and fishing in Muskoka"—will I join him? Certainly. Told him plenty stories while in Ireland of buffalo, bear, grizzlies, catamounts, and Injuns. Assume the DAVY CROCKETT role. Take Northern train unattended, and escape the dread "address" from burghers *en route*. Ha, ha! They are foiled! They know not we are people of distinction. Arrive in Bracebridge. Hire Injun and canoe. Unpack munitions of war. Lion guns, with two ounce balls. Shot guns. Duck gun warranted to kill an acre of ducks in one broadside—quite *mittrailluse*. Prepare to start for camp. Injun anoints himself with fat pork—no shirt. Atmosphere unlike Bendamere, or "Araby the blest." Advises us to use cosmetic—"Flies no like grease"—Refuse. Reach encampment. Muskoka soil—rocks and sand. Leave Chipewey in charge of commissariat—two pounds bread and cheese, and imperial gallon of KILLAMAN'S Irish whiskey. Start for woods. No bear, no deer, no wolves, no nothing but chipmunks—yes; flies, of course, —Mosquitos, sand flies, black flies, and and "bull-dogs," or Cariboo flies. Lordship sees black animal slowly approaching. "Be japers its a bear!" Bang! "Down he comes! Fix bayonets and charge on him!" Find wounded heifer. Owner approaches. Countryman of his Lordship. Obligated to pay \$20 for the "baste" shot. Lose our way. Give five dollars to Irishman to pilot us to camp. Nearly blind with mosquitos. Arrive in camp. Injun has "received nomadic friends of his tribe; whiskey all gone—warriors dead drunk. Canoe stove

in. Give Irishman ten dollars to pilot us through the woods to village. Obligated to use mosquito preventative—murder! Cologne no where! Arrive at Bracebridge blind. Passengers leave our car on entrance. Railway people object to carrying us. Explain matters—Are suffered to proceed. Arrive in Toronto. Nearly arrested by "peelers" as tramps. Get to Queen's. Obligated by landlord to take bath before admission. His Lordship goes to bed ill. Takes the next steamer for Belfast. Says he has had enough of "Canadian sport." Farewell! *Bon voyage!*—Adieu!

## Our Own Dick Deadeye.

As soon as the Premier gets time he must turn his attention to the appointment of successors to Profs. McCaul and Croft in our University. It is suggested that the opportunity should be taken to establish a chair of Constitutional Law. If this is acted on there can be no possible difficulty in making a choice of a professor, after the display of legal and constitutional acumen made by Mr. R. W. Phipps, N. P., in his LETELIER letter to the *Globe*.

Some of our steamboats run regular excursion trips on Sundays just now, and the authorities decline to stop the practice, on the ground that the working classes need rest and recreation, and Sunday is their best day for getting it. The engineers and firemen of the boats no doubt endorse this idea.

The Chicago *Journal* announces that much of the tobacco which is being smoked or chewed this year was last year stored in the yellow-fever districts of the South. Upon reading this, the judicious young man will cease to buy tobacco, and take to borrowing from his friends.

The present night editor of the *Globe* is no doubt beloved by the printer who happens to get his elaborate headlines to set up, but the general public would like him better if he always took care to print the news he announces in such a loud manner.

The *Globe* ought to write a scathing article on the Sunday meeting of the Dominion Cabinet, which, according to the Hamilton *Times'* correspondent, was held last week. And then it ought to be discovered that no such meeting was held. And then the *Mail* ought to chuckle.

Some people are born great, others achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them, but Miss ANNIE EDWARDS, of this city, snoozed herself into renown. She attended a prayer-meeting in the Metropolitan Church, fell asleep during the service, was locked in until 2 o'clock in the morning, broke a window, and was arrested in the act of creeping out. Hence her name has been telegraphed to all the papers.

The moral of this sad case is, don't make your meetings so dry that people will go to sleep in them.

The boat-builders and boat-house keepers of the city ascribe the improvement in their lines of business directly to the N. P.—which being interpreted means, NED'S Presence.

The sea serpent is on hand promptly for the opening of the seaside season. He has just been seen by the crew of the pilot schooner *Advance*, in the Gulf of Mexico, heading in a south west direction and going at the rate of nine miles an hour. On his way to Long Branch, undoubtedly!

I read the *Mail's* column of "Personals" with considerable interest, but here is one item from Tuesday's edition, I don't quite see the drift of:

Mr. Henry Beatty, of the Beatty line of steamers: Sarnia; Mr. E. Patrick, Clerk of the House of Commons, Ottawa; Mr. S. S. Peck, M.P.P., Munden; Mr. A. H. Webster, freight agent Erie railroad, Buffalo; Mr. W. C. Ruger and Judge Wallace, U. S. Court, Syracuse, N.Y., are at the Kossin House; also Dr. Volney, of Brockville.

Finding that the Twelfth of July celebration is so delightfully in keeping with the genius of Canada, the Belleville Orangemen have determined to celebrate the Twelfth of August, too, that being the anniversary of the opening of the Gates of Derry. Medically this is unfortunate, as two big spees so close together must be bad for the health.

Of course in other respects it is all right and most praiseworthy. The Twelfth of August should be held sacred by all means. If the Gates of Derry hadn't been opened on that occasion, there is no doubt the Derry people would have been uncomfortably hot, and Canada would at the present moment be suffering all the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition.

If members of opera companies don't like to be arrested and locked up, they shouldn't get tight and raise a disturbance at the wharf, as *Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B.*, did the other day. Our policemen are utterly impartial and inexorable, and they'll

Teach you all ere long,  
To refrain from liquor strong.

The HANLAN Homestead Fund appears to get along slowly. Up to the present time \$2 800 have been secured, and I suppose five, ten or twenty thousand are wanted. How would it do to call upon EDWARD himself for a portion of that \$32,000 he is said to have brought home in the shape of winnings?

But perhaps the rumour of his having won that amount is unfounded. Mr. LANGEVIN happened to be in England at the time of the race, and the person who started the report about \$32,000 probably got that eminent statesman mixed up with the Oarsman.

Lieut.-Col. Gibson, M.P.P., won the Prince of Wales' prize of £100 and a badge yesterday at Wimbledon, with a score of ninety-four. This is certainly most creditable, and we congratulate the gentleman upon his success.—*Hamilton Times*.

And GRIP extends the same to Hamilton, On having such a clever M.P.P., No riding can produce a greater gun, He'll be a man of mark most certainly.

Hint to those in want of employment—Look for it.

If the dead body of a free-booter is cremated isn't it a *pyre-atical* affair.

When HANLAN gets into his new homestead he will think its very like a *rou-manse*.

Fish are said to be good brain food. There must be some mistake here as many fish when landed are *in sine*.