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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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## Clear the Track.

(See Cartoon.)

Something has got to go soon! The through express of Public Opinion is on the down grade with a full head of steam on, and the antiquated old dames of Canadian "Upper Chambers" are crooning on the track. Something has got to go, and Mr. GRIP is decidedly of the opinion that it is not the train. Public Opinion is becoming mature on the question of abolishing the House of Lords idea out of our political system. Cool headed and sagacious men—not fanatical constitution tinkers—are beginning to see the absurdity of burdening the people with these useless appendages. The recent goings on of the Quebec grandmothers has surely ripened public opinion in that Province to the verge of mellowness. For a long time the people of Nova Scotia have longed for the day when their little House of Peers (composed of two dozen respectable old gentlemen) will be numbered amongst the things that were, and there are few thinking people (excepting Senators and their wives), who are not ready and anxious to vote the Dominion Senate out of existence. It is worse than useless, for it is simply a repetition of the House of Commons to partyism, and moreover it costs the people of this overburdened country about one million of dollars per annum. In the meantime the train goes thundering along, and engineer GRIP refuses to whistle down brakes.

## Log Her.

*Sir*.—My name is WHIPPLE, SARAH WHIPPLE, and I live within sight of Lake Simcoe. My husband inherited his farm, a good farm, forty acres in fall-wheat this year, a Berkshire pigs of the best pedigree, from his father. He is a deacon of his church, has been in the Council, and we have one son, HEZEKIAH, just twenty-four. My son is a very good boy, has a class at the Sunday School, and sings in the choir. On Monday week he went up to the Exhibition, and on Thursday we had a message, costing 37 cents, to say that the deacon had better come to Toronto for HEZEKIAH wanted looking after. It was just dreadful, but the deacon

said it was all right, and he would go up and send me a message by telegraph. Sure enough the message came next morning, "all right," and I was comforted. But on Monday, another message came for me from the ROTHESAY'S saying "come up." So I just put on my black silk, caught a train, and was in Toronto by two o'clock. Oh, but the streets were crowded! And who do you think I met on Yonge street? Why, who but HEZEKIAH, with a short clay-pipe in his mouth, shouting "rah for LORNE," and looking perfectly wild. The noise, the confusion, I never shall forget. I took him by the arm. He started when he saw me, and when I asked him what was the matter, he exclaimed madly, "log her!" "My poor boy," I said, "do you want to log your own mother?" and he could say not another word, but he was so much offended that it made his very knees weak and shake, so that he could hardly walk. I took him to the hotel and put him to lie down, and then went to look for WHIPPLE, and walked to the ROTHESAY'S who telegraphed for me. But I found him before I reached there, and found him making a speech in the open air, to three persons not very respectable looking and a female who was selling apples. I saw that he was not himself at all, and thought that his loyalty and enthusiasm had, perhaps, proved too much for him, but to my surprise, when I went up to him and drew him away, and asked him what it all meant, he simply said, "log her," and looked, oh, so foolish! You'll not log me, I said, and took him to the hotel, and when there, would you believe it, he was so bewildered that he picked up a ten-penny nail lying on the mantle piece, put one end in his mouth and tried to light the other, as profane people do with a cigar! And do you know, at first, I thought he was tipsy! The idea! Poor old man. After a refreshing sleep WHIPPLE was better, but HEZEKIAH was not himself for several days, and it appears from what HEZEKIAH says, which is partly corroborated by WHIPPLE, that there are wicked people in Toronto who induce persons, under various pretences, to drink a very dangerous and deleterious compound, known by the slang name of "log her," and even so small a quantity will, like opium, cause mental derangement to those not accustomed to its use. Both HEZEKIAH and WHIPPLE assure me they drank only about one tea-cup full, but I wish you to caution all persons against its use. It is an awful thing, and I am sure ought to be put down by the police.

Yours, etc.,  
SARAH WHIPPLE.

P.S.—I lost my watch, HEZEKIAH lost his satchel and everything he had, and WHIPPLE came home without a single thing but the clothes he wore. I don't approve of Exhibitions.

## The Quebec Imbroglia.

GRIP heard with astonishment, mingled with indignation, slightly qualified by contempt, adulterated with suspicion, but tinged with expectation, of the dead-lock instituted by his brother statesmen at Quebec. He immediately went there by the new patent telephone, and in three and a half minutes (Observatory time)—found himself sitting opposite a grave and reverend seigneur—one who used to be before commutation of the old French Canadian, True-dieu, High Tory, Ancien-regime, Church and State, Grab-all-you-can-and-pay-nothing school—(highly respectable school, too, and very profitable to the pupils).

This seigneur—(he's now a Legislative Councillor)—manifested no surprise at seeing

Mr. GRIP suddenly seated opposite. Even a Legislative Councillor knows that Mr. G. is omnipresent. So he said merely, there being various potent liquors in gorgeous receptacles on the intervening table, "Bon jour! Vat vill you ave *your boire*?"

"Nothing," said Mr. G. "What the—but I never swear—I mean, what have you Legislative people been hampering legislation for?"

"Monsieur GRIP," said the L. C., (ex. S.) calmly quaffing off a stimulating beverage, "*cette piece n'est donc pas de votre gout?*—in fact, zat is, you not like it?"

Mr. GRIP considered. It would not do to annoy him—contrary to the rules and the art of interviewing—when you mean to pump him. So he said smoothly, "*Je ne dis pas cela, monseigneur, je la trouve excellent, quoi-qu'un peu au-dessous de vos autres ouvrages.* In plain Saxon: You have done better. Why retrograde? Why not advance?"

But it was not so smoothly received. The seigneur was in a not to-be-mollified mood. He started up, a ten-pound weight silver flagon in his hand, fury in his eye. But GRIP looking straight in the last, the seigneur laid down the first, and spoke.

"Monsieur GRIP," he spluttered, "*N'en parlons plus, mon enfant. Vous etes encore trop jeune pour demeler le vrai du faux.* I mean, zat is, vous teach ze grandmothaire to suck ze egg. *Apprenez que je n'ai jamais*—zat is, I did not never—we did not never—do anything bettair zan zat you choose to be displeas vid—*que celle qui n'a pas votre approbation. Graces au ciel, by ze help of Providence, yet we shall do zat to which zis is not a circumstance. Zey shall not have ze supply—nevaire—nevaire—nevaire. JOLY shall resign—he shall no more appear on ze legislative scene—he is feenish—done—dissolve in fragment—abolish. Ze infame JOLY shall be decapitate as le miserable LETELLIER. Ze Marquis was compel to do it. What he care for zat long paper of your constitutional PRINCES, who is one cochon, and I spit at him! Ze Marquis do as Sir JOHN tell him: Sir JOHN do as his French supporters tell him, or his usefulness depart, he is decapitate at once. Mais, it shall be one ancien regime again—un Family Compact de Bas Canada. Railway, bank, funds publique, harbour, all shall be control of ourself. JOLY shall go out—his infame majority shall not be return—a new sun of prosperity shall arrive on ze horizon; power, fortune, rank, glory, shall smile on ze resuscitate Canada—Canada for ze Canadians, zat is ze Bleus. Adieu, mon sieur GRIP, je vout souhaite toutes sortes de prosperites.*" And as the L. C. was now throwing everything he could get hold of about the room, by way of slight emphasis, and the windows were nearly all broken, GRIP left.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman 'corned!"  
—Shakespeare.

Motto for a rich distiller: "With all thy faults I love thee, still."

The first sculler must have been HERO. He probably used the Styx to paddle with.

What is the difference between the game of whist and that of Canadian political life? In the former odd tricks are often won by honours, while in the latter honours are often won by odd tricks.

Motto for the Water-Works improvers—While the tunnel's planned the people die and those who don't are probably liable to cutaneous eruptions for years afterwards, as the various small serpents and minute rhinoceroses they have swallowed work their way to the surface.