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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.

**Popular Air and Chorus.**

SUNG BY FESTIVE GRITS ON THE DAWSON ROUTE.

*Gov. M.C.D.* I am Ontario's Governore?  
*His Companions.* And a right good fellow too!  
*Gov.* You're very, very good,  
 And be it understood  
 I can handle a good corkscrew.  
*Companions.* We're very, very good,  
 And be it understood  
 We can help with a good corkscrew!

*Gov.* Here's lashings of the best  
 To satisfy us all.  
*Companions.* And with it we are quite content.  
*Gov.* You're exceedingly polite,  
 But refrain from getting tight,  
 Except for experiment.  
*Companions.* We're exceedingly polite,  
 We'll refrain from getting tight,  
 Except for experiment.

*Gov.* I dread a glass of beer,  
 For it makes me very queer,  
 But champagne I like when its free,  
 And here it cannot fail,  
 If we drink it from a pail,  
 But we never must get on a spree.  
*Companions.* What! never?  
*Gov.* Well, hardly ever.  
*Companions.* We must hardly ever get upon the spree.

*Gov.* When we go upon a booze,  
 Bad liquor we refuse,  
 Except in emergency,  
 Such as never, never can  
 Overtake any man  
 Who is catered for by Colonel G.  
*Companions.* What! never?  
*Gov.* Well, hardly ever.  
*Companions.* Hardly ever if you leave him free.

*All.* Then give three cheers and one cheer more  
 For the Colonel who catered for the Governore,  
 For the treasury that pays the whole of the score,  
 And the Province that trusts sober Grits with its store.

**The Princess and the Premiers.**

A MEMORABLE INTERVIEW.

London *Mayfair* says:

"I hear that the Prime Minister of Canada is so ridiculously like the Prime Minister of England that when the Princess Louise met Lord Beaconsfield first after her voyage across the Atlantic 'so powerful was the association of ideas that her Royal Highness at once involuntarily spoke with a Canadian accent."

The *Mayfair* man is evidently under the impression that the remarks of Her Royal Highness were something like these:—

"Ugh! Big Chief you! Princess me! Like Canada much—so do—much! So me Brave, too." (Then recollecting that it is BEACONSFIELD and not the great native Canadian who is before her). "Yes, Canada is quite too awfully chawming. So pwimtitiv—aw—the wintabos so vewy wefeshin—vewy—the savages so wespctful—so eu-

thusiastic—but waw and wuff, oh! fearfully so!"

It is hardly necessary to say that Her Royal Highness affected neither the English of an Iroquois nor the slang of London Dunderrearies. She spoke throughout with the perfect purity of accent—acquired perhaps by a residence in Scotland—which distinguishes her in Ottawa as in London. GRIP's informant—one VIVIAN GRAY—was present and states that the resemblance between Lord BEACONSFIELD and Sir JOHN affected only the tenor and not the accent of her utterance. The British Premier advanced, bowing low, and said:—

"I may be permitted to say how the country congratulates itself that your Royal Highness condescends to entertain a liking for your Canadian home."  
 H. R. H. (*dreaming of Rideau's marble halls and thinking of Sir JOHN*) "It would be hard to say how much Canada pleases me. Not the novelty of nature merely. But the charming originality of her public men. Your own ideals for instance, Sir JOHN. Such breadth! None of our English statesmen could have carried through your magnificent arrangement with Sir HUGH ALLAN. Old prejudices linger in old lands. A lofty disregard for a worn out conventional morality—alas! it is uncommon at home. You are justly distinguished by it. It was a sublime conception—that of disposing so profitably of a charter. Even Lord BEACONSFIELD would have hesitated."  
 "Lord BEACONSFIELD is before your Royal Highness!" broke in the English Premier.

"Oh! pardon me, my lord! I had imagined myself at Rideau Hall—and Sir JOHN MACDONALD's great pride and merit is in his resemblance to you. I was congratulating him, in my forgetfulness, on his greatest achievement—that by which he secured the affectionate gratitude of his party—whereby he dished the Whigs, in fact."

"One must not even momentarily appropriate the credit of his remarkable acts," returned Lord BEACONSFIELD, with an envious expression, but a courtly bow. "It satisfies me to have educated my party." The dreaminess of the Princess was at

this moment very noticeable. She heard only the words, while her fancy took wings which bore her to the distant Ottawa.

"Ah!" said she, "that is a proud recollection, sir. To have brought your followers to the level of your ideal—*c'est magnifique*. What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum* does Canada owe to you—are not those ELIA's words? Let me whisper in confidence that I fear my husband's early Presbyterian training has prejudiced him so that he will profit little by your teachings of the possible and the permissible in politics. He is unable to rise to the height, (so different from Lord DUFFERIN let me say), even of the statesman who lays hands on the treasures of other countries than his own—Lord BEACONSFIELD, of course I mean, whose foreign policy"—

"Your Royal Highness does me too much honor," said the English Premier, with marked sternness.

"How can I express my regrets, my lord. In Ottawa one says these things mechanically. It is necessary to conciliate the native leaders. I really begin to accept their original views as a matter of course. How I hope you will pardon my absentmindedness!"

"The honor of being mistaken for Sir JOHN is so great that I can feel no chagrin in being reminded that the resemblance is only external. It goes no further because our circumstances have been so different. Had I had his opportunities and he mine—but the English are Semitic in their prejudices regarding the one's public acts, while the liberality of Canadian views is distinctly Aryan. At this juncture I long for a people who would view with approval the exchange of a charter for a generous subscriber—"

"Really, my lord, resemblance to Sir JOHN is startling at this moment," said Her Royal Highness as she gave her arm to VIVIAN GRAY who had carefully taken notes of the conversation in shorthand on his shirt cuff.

Words are cheap, except when they are sent over the Atlantic cable.—*Cin. Saturday Night.*

**A Tale of a Valentine.**

"Where Bay street crosses King street west,  
 Meet me to-day at five.  
 You'll know me by a rose at breast,  
 And by a necktie blue;  
 In garb of furs, with face in veil,  
 I'll pass the cabin's line,  
 And if you meet me without fail  
 I'll be your valentine."  
 Such was the message came to JONES  
 All by the early post.  
 At breakfast when he growled o'er bones  
 Of chickens, tea and toast.  
 In female hand the words were writ,  
 And through the breakfast room  
 The open note exhaled from it  
 A subtle, faint perfume.  
 As military music sounds  
 To some old battle-steed  
 Who draws a baker on his rounds;  
 As tastes a savoury feed  
 To hungry tramp; as Grits delight  
 Who Tory scandals scent,  
 So did our hero feel more bright  
 By ninety-five per cent.  
 Long had he ceased to exercise  
 His charms on female hearts,  
 For always Mrs. JONES'S eyes  
 Checked the dove's ears;  
 But now that some poor lovesick maid  
 Had marked his goodly form  
 Rapture through all his pulses strayed—  
 He longed to yield to storm!  
 Still he dissembled well—he knew  
 His wife had seen the note,  
 And watched him with her eyes askew,  
 As on it he did gaze.  
 So with a careless air he placed  
 The missive with the rest,  
 Rose from his chair, not showing haste,  
 And pulling down his vest.  
 He said, "MARTIA, you must make  
 Your lunch alone to-day,  
 For certain business matters take  
 Me several miles away,  
 Across the Don in fact"—he smiled—  
 Oh! villainy of man!

How are poor women oft beguiled  
 By simple seeming plan!  
 He buttoned up his overcoat  
 And wended on his way  
 While Mrs. JONES took careful note  
 From window, that more gay  
 Than usual was his air, his gait  
 More jaunty, and his cane  
 Cut flourishes, she saw his state  
 And laughed and laughed again.  
 Long as she kept his form in sight  
 She laughed with feudish glee;  
 But, when he left the street, a fright  
 Her face became to see.  
 "Villain," she cried, "he little knew  
 The scented note was mine—  
 Long have I felt he was untrue  
 And hence this deep design."  
 Up-stairs she had the scarf of blue,  
 Up-stairs she had the rose,  
 Upstairs the veil, which gazing through,  
 No feature would disclose,  
 And, hid away, a neat new suit  
 Of furs he'd never seen.  
 Triumph was certain, "Oh! the brute!"  
 She said, "he look meant!"  
 Meantime her husband scarce forbore  
 To whistle on the street,  
 He saw the joyful hour before  
 When he the fair should meet;  
 Red lips and golden rippling hair  
 Above the scarf of blue—  
 Of course the dear unknown was fair  
 With eyes of heavenly hue!  
 That day—this was, you know, last year—  
 In furs and scarf of blue,  
 Deep veiled did Mrs. JONES appear  
 On Bay and King at two;  
 No husband there she saw, but met  
 At once a strange young man  
 Who, bending to her, whispered "Pet  
 What is your little plan."  
 "Darling, I got your note," he said,  
 "And when I saw your rose,

Your scarf of blue, veiled face and head  
 My joy no more I knew;  
 Here is a cab will drive us two  
 To quiet rooms of mine  
 Where I may be alone with you  
 My own dear valentine.  
 Horror seized Mrs. JONES, her heart  
 Ceased beating as she heard,  
 Her tongue refused to do its part,  
 She could not speak a word;  
 Her letter then had gone astray  
 And those endearing tones  
 Were those—oh! shocking thing to say—  
 Of some one else named JONES!  
 Quickly she turned and almost screamed:—  
 "Go away you naughty man,  
 Or I will call 'Police'—he seemed  
 Surprised, and stopped—she ran  
 A yard or two, then called a hack  
 And off for home she flew  
 Feeling cold shivers down her back  
 At what she had gone through.  
 But, strange to tell, that naughty one  
 To Mr. JONES went straight,  
 They roared together, seeing fun  
 In that poor woman's fate.  
 The wicked husband saw the scene  
 From windows near at hand  
 And he it was—oh! monster man!  
 Who all her sorrow planned!  
 For in a hatter's shop he'd strayed  
 To buy a handsome tile,  
 Becoming suddenly afraid  
 His own was out of style,  
 While there, he asked in casual way  
 About the price of furs.  
 On which the shopman said "And pray  
 How does your wife like hers?"  
 Surprised, he questioned more and smelt  
 A very large-sized rat.  
 The more he thought, the more he felt  
 Just what his wife was at;  
 Arranged to turn to utter rout  
 Her deeply laid design.  
 This year he freely went about  
 And sought a valentine.