

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH BROS.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by WM. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



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.

**CAUTION.**—All our Agents have printed receipts and written authority from us or Mr. W. R. Burrage, our General Agent. The public are advised not to pay subscriptions to others, with whom they are unacquainted. BENGOUGH BROTHERS.

## The Best of the Crown Jewels.

## GRIP THE PROPHET.

(These lines will be more fully appreciated, we venture to say, a few months hence.)

The Koh-i-noor may hang its head—  
In triumph, not in shame,  
A "Garnet" now reigns in its stead,  
And WOOLSELEY is its name.

## The Perils of the Deep!

## ARRIVAL OF THE "CHICORA."

## HANLAN SEA-SICK!

Three hours from land to land—Heavy gales—Blizzards, Typhoons, Monsoons and Pomerops—Caught in a Cyclone!—All for 25c.

Thrilling account of the passage from the Log of Our Marine Reporter.

Everything was lovely and serene to the unpractised eye of the wretched land lubber as your reporter stepped on board the noble vessel in Niagara; but any nautical man with experience beyond that of a *Pinafore* main-top man could, by simply lifting his weather eye, tell that we were in for heavy weather. Mr. HANLAN quite ill. Hoisted on board on a boatswain's chair and at once retires. Very sorry, hope he'll pull through. Think it likely—he generally does.

I keep a log. Couldn't report any nautical matters without one. Call log in use. My deckalor—my old logs, back logs—good idea.

3 Bells—Jumped on board the *Chicora*—say "How are ye, my hearty," to Captain—get no answer. Don't know me, perhaps. Such is fame! Immense multitude on board. The poor but honest Bankist, the gushing caramel-eating Syren; the university student on parole from his native cloisters, the unprotected maiden and the inevitable cigaretted masher of the matinees.

2 Bells—Get under weigh.—Fort Niagara, bearing N.N.E. Fort George, N.N.W. HANLAN sick. Wind freshening. Gentleman passengers ditto. Weather begins to look "dirty"—so do the decks. Assume guardianship *ad litem*—of young, unprotected maiden; bewitching blonde—would

I get her a chair? Would I, you bet I would!

So I got myself a chair, and one chair more,  
For the pretty little blonde in the pinafore.

3 Bells—Wind and sea rising—HANLAN worse. He took a pull—at a bottle. Ladies one by one retire to the seclusion of the cabin. My beautiful and banged blonde gets more blondy. Says something about Europe and goes below.

4 Bells—Tremendous head-sea—Blowing "great-guns." Captain says, "Mr. Mate, desire those remarkably fine looking 'Roustabouts' to come on deck, and we'll put a couple of reefs in the topsail—if you please" Mate says, "Aye, aye, sir!" Jump up here, lazy, lubberly, idle, Irish sons of Freedom and take in sail—if you please."

"Stand by your reef-tackles—settle away your halyards! Small pull of your weather topsail braces! Belay all! Now jump aloft, and haul out two reefs in one, in five minutes, or I'll rub you down with a belayin' pin, you brass-cased silver-mounted, long-shore, ungentlemanly sons of the brine!—if you please." Coarse man, that mate.

6 Bells. Weather of a decidedly typhoono hurricane sort—HANLAN indisposed—Man at mast head cries, "Sail, Ho!"—Captain, "Where away?"—"Dead astern—gaining on us fast"—"Does she look like a pirate?"—"No!"—"What does she look like?"—"The *Rothesay*!"—"What, after us!"—Mr. Mate, get those gentlemanly fellows on deck again—Turn out here and make sail, you picked-up, junk-devouring, bulwark-scrubbing sons of sea cooks, and get those top-gallant sails on here in two minutes and a half, or I'll part your hair with a heaver!—if you please. Mate's name is KIDD, used to be a captain.

7 Bells. Chaos—Confusion and cold water—ship on beam ends—Hove to under after smoke stack.—Bank clerks' canes taken and piled with stout ladies to windward—"Throw a tarpaulin over them," the cruel captain said,—"they won't get very wet."—Ship a tremendous sea—recollect no more for a time. Fortunately am washed into Bar—Just as we weather the light house, weather moderates—come on deck—officers in good humour—seamen taking grog—*Rothesay* hull down to the southward—but poor HANLAN still lies sick

As we sail in the gale,  
To the Bay of To-ron-to.

NOTE.—Our excuse for inadvertently allowing the above in our columns is our ignorance of nautical matters, which permitted us to be deceived by our reporter, who, unfortunate man, concocted the whole story in LORNE PARK, while under the influence of the Demon Lager. His excuse is that, being a sailor, rum is his usual beverage, and that the lager went to his head. This excuse is of the gauziest. It is needless to say he has been ignominiously discharged from our employ.

## Plums from Blake's Speech.

"Marry come up."—*Shakespeare*  
"Come up Neddie."—*Old Song*.

"It behoved the farmers to buy whatever they might want as cheaply as possible."  
Leave the "honest yeomen" alone for that, EDWARD.

"Look to a National Policy that would hasten the day when Canadians would be able to shake hands with their fellow subjects in the British Isles, and say 'I, too, am a fellow-subject of yours. 'I, too, have a voice in the councils of the Great Empire of which you are a subject.'"

Glorious idea, EDWARD! Then the sub-

jects in the British Isles can reciprocate and shake hands with us Canucks and truly say, "I, too, have a voice in the councils of your Great Dominion." Bully! It quite brings us back to the good old times. Put it there, EDWARD—shake!

"He objected to anything which tended to produce inequalities among our people and desired the continuance of that state of things under which the son of the artisan and the son of the wealthy man would have equal opportunities to gain a thorough education and to rise in the world."

Just so, EDWARD, but we thought our Universities were free to every body's son, providing always he can raise the wind to pay his fees, and does not prove to be an utter son of a gun, and consequently get expelled, a fate which might happen as readily to the son of the wealthy man as to the artisan's "hopeful." And then there are artisans who are wealthy, and a wealthy artisan must be a wealthy man, although a wealthy man must not of necessity be an artisan.

And "it is the people in the Colonial Office who create the Knights, and not the Queen personally." "And how they will laugh at the chosen Canadians." "That is so." They very likely will—they are so funny. In fact I believe they are given very much to laughing at colonial pretensions, and doubtless will continue to laugh at everything from Canada—except, of course, you, EDWARD. They wouldn't be audacious enough for that—of course not. You'd stop their foreign wars. That's what you'd do, EDWARD.

## The Taste of the Mosquito.

Down by the dashing Restigouche,  
Where lordly salmon rise  
To make themselves acquainted with  
A Princess armed with flies.

The Princess reasoned with the sprite;  
What else could fisher do?  
"My newest, dearest, armed Knight,  
Would I could fly with you!"

"I know your taste, your ladyship,  
You love a "laddie" bonny,  
While I forego the vulgar sip  
For blood that's sweet as honey.

Indeed I own a stinging wit,  
That nothing will suffice;  
The best blood of the land's but fit  
For me, I love what's nice!

I welcome to the "fisher's luck,"  
Those who most need repose,  
Far from the stings of GRIP or Puck,  
Those wittlings who give blows!

I welcome Princess, Marquis, suite,  
To my domain of right,  
Where the St. Lawrence river meet,  
And all can get "a bite."

Your taste to streams and valleys takes,  
Where the scaled salmon come,  
Admiring fauna, flowers and breaks:  
My rule's to stay "to hum!"

Lady, then seek great Ottawa,  
There in your brightest sheen,  
May all your paths for many a day,  
Be robed in evergreen!"

NOTICE TO GENTLEMEN.—The red lamps hung in the Horticultural Gardens warn you to "Beware of the trains!" Even now,—such a fashion—it is a *hoopless* matter to obey the warning.