

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

The gravest East 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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### To Correspondents.

*Fratres.*—Shall be pleased to hear from you at any time. Be brief and you shall be happy.

### Our Royal Visitors.

The city begins to put forth signs that some great event is about to happen. Many of these signs are in the paint-shop windows, in the shape of transparencies to be used on the occasion of the Vice-regal Reception. In most cases the artists have tried their hands at portraiture, their victims being of course the Marquis and the Princess. GRIP sincerely trusts the royal lady may never see any of these alleged pictures of herself, for she has probably been brought up to believe that she is a tolerably good looking person. The King street arches are approaching completion, and promise to look very imposing. The Reception will be brilliant beyond a doubt. Amongst the transparencies to be displayed, it is whispered that the following designs may be seen:

On the *Globe* office, GEORGE BROWN holding up LETELLIER'S head; *Legend*, "Its not all over yet!"

On the *Mail* office, picture of a gigantic flesh-pot, filled with loaves and fishes. *Legend*, "We've got 'em!"

On Consolidated Bank.—A crying child. *Legend*,—"I want my par!"

On the *Telegram* office.—JACK ROBERTSON giving the medical profession a blue-pill. *Legend*, "Down with the Commission!"

On one of our fashionable churches: A beautifully illuminated mortgage; *Legend*, "We may be happy yet."

### Sir John at Osborne.

#### PART II.

According to promise, we proceed to narrate the particulars of that remarkable episode in the life of Canada's greatest statesman—his dining with Her Majesty the Queen. Having seated himself at the royal table, as stated in our last, the right honorable gentleman began his meal with all the *sang froid* of an old boarder. Long familiarity with the great statesmen of the Dominion enabled him to retain full command of his nerves in the presence of the Sovereign,

and to sustain the dignity and honor of his country by using his knife and fork in the most accomplished manner. The Queen was graciously pleased to lead the conversation by remarking that the weather was rather disagreeable, to which Sir JOHN loyally assented.

"I wish I could send Your Majesty some of our Canadian climate," said he. "I think it is decidedly the best in the world."

"Indeed," replied Her Majesty, with a slight rising inflection. "Why, your Governor-General's Consort has written me occasionally quite to the contrary effect."

"Ah, but that was before the change of Government," explained the Premier, promptly.

"Yes; perhaps that accounts for it. By the way, the late Government suffered a rather disastrous defeat, didn't they?"

"They did, Your Majesty; they were, I may say, driven from the offices they had disgraced by a whirlwind of righteous public indignation," responded Sir JOHN warmly.

"They were; I quite agree with you, Sir JOHN," acquiesced the Queen. "I read all about it at the time in the Canadian paper I get. I decidedly think that their crooked dealing with Sir HUGH ALLAN richly deserved the punishment it received."

"Um ur—yes, Your Majesty," replied Sir JOHN; "they were a bad lot."

"Let me see, their leader's name was MAC—something, wasn't it?" queried the Queen.

"Yes, Your Majesty, MACKENZIE," replied Sir JOHN. "He is rather a clever man but very extravagant, especially in purchasing steel rails."

"Clever is he? Is he then that person I have heard spoken of as 'Canada's Greatest Statesman'?"

"O! no, Your Majesty, I am the humble individual so called," said the Right Hon. gentleman, modestly.

"Oh!" exclaimed the royal lady; "I thought so; you look so much like our Drizzy. I suppose now, like Lord BEACONSFIELD, you are able to enumerate a great many statesmanlike measures which you have placed upon your country's statute-book? I would feel an interest in having you name one or two of them."

"Well, really, my most gracious sovereign, I—I,—you have taken me up too short," said the knight, blushing and stammering. "If you will kindly allow me time to think the matter over, I could name thousands upon thousands. At present I can only think of the Secularisation of the Clergy Reserves and the Washington Treaty."

"And the National Policy?" suggested Her Majesty.

"No, I would not go so far as to claim that for myself," said Sir JOHN. "That must be credited to PUPPS."

"PUPPS, yes, by the way, I have often heard of PUPPS. Do you think he would accept of a knighthood for his distinguished services?"

And so the conversation ran on—our talented Premier distinguishing himself by uttering a great many *impromptu bon mots*, as well as a large amount of sober sense. The dinner at length was finished and Sir JOHN took his departure, highly pleased with the good pleasure, hospitality and condescension of Her Majesty, Queen VICTORIA.

### Grip's Guide.

FOR THE USE OF VISITORS TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

On Monday next the great Fair opens, and in all likelihood the population of this busy

metropolis will be very much swelled, not only by the arrival of thousands of visitors from abroad, but also by the extra amount of swelling which our city swells will feel called upon to do. Mr. Gurr, who is the natural guide, philosopher and friend of all, and especially of strangers, proposes to take this floating population under his wing, and to give them a few practical directions which may aid them in the arduous task of sight seeing. Being intimately acquainted with every nook and corner of the city (barring sundry corners among the Front street commission merchants)—and also with every man of distinction likely to be met, Mr. G. feels that he is a most competent conductor.

Without further preamble, therefore, he proceeds to indicate a few of the sights worth seeing, and to give a brief hint as to the best method of seeing the same. First of all attention is respectfully called to the lovely

*Lorne Arch.* This fine work of art is on the corner of King and Yonge streets, and cannot fail to be seen by any who look for it there. It is in the Gothic style of architecture and is of a deep green—typical of the city Council. It cost a \$1000. Please don't handle the buttresses. \$1000. Don't you forget it.

*The Globe Office.* Faithful Grip visitors will file down King street East and view their political Mecca, the *Globe* office. This fine building was given to Mr. BROWN for nothing. This was before the N. P., which, alas! has made property much dearer. The office is very clean and neat on the inside. It is untrue that Mr. BROWN's private room floor is covered with the gore of Tories. Walk in and see.

*The Horticultural Gardens.* Don't fail to visit this delightful resort before leaving town. Don't attempt to get in, though, during the Citizens' Ball unless you are a good person, as all others are rigidly excluded; you must be "good" for at least a \$7 ticket. On a fine afternoon you can spend a pleasant hour here gazing at the fountain and the nurse girls. The big Pavilion looks lively on a fire-works night, and so does Mr. PEL-LATT, the gent with the white hat.

*The Normal School.* Take in the Normal School Museum and Art Gallery. It is first rate. There you may see some of the old masters, and perhaps one or two of the pupils. If you find the gate locked, as we believe it sometimes is on holidays, your best plan is to climb the fence. Enter by the front door and sign your name in the visitors' book; then proceed to the theatre, where you will find a great many distinguished men, each on the bust.

*The Queen's Park* is seen to best advantage on Sunday afternoons, when the harmony of nature is enhanced by the *odivum theologium*. There you may have fifteen varieties of doctrine within a compass of as many rods. Should the odour of heresy prove too strong for your nerves, it is quite lawful for you to move away to another part of the Park—say to the side of the purling stream which meanders through it. Here you will find another odour, perhaps more to your taste—or rather smell. Adjacent to this stream stands

*The University.* It is very interesting to walk through the long scholastic corridors of this renowned academy, and reflect on the vast number of Bachelors of Arts that have been turned out of its class-rooms to earn an honest livelihood by joining the mounted police, becoming newspaper reporters, etc. Just at present the visitor may gaze pathetically at two vacant seats of learning which Mr. Crooks has not as yet been able to fill with classical and chemical Professors.