

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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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.

To Subscribers in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia.—Please remit Dominion Notes if convenient, as there is a discount of 5 per cent. on your Local Bank Notes here.

### To Correspondents.

*Editor.*—Shall be pleased to hear from you again. Try some thing shorter.

*Advertiser, London.*—Grip goes regularly from this office to your address. Why it fails to reach you is one of those things no fellow can find out. Perhaps our postmaster don't know where your little town is.

*A Subscriber.*—You say, "Our postmaster, being of an aquatic turn of mind has kept my copy of GRIP." We have sent another, but would prefer that the Government should put an appropriation in the estimates to provide those postmasters with copies of GRIP in future, and save us from these unceasing complaints.

### The Judicious Sir John.

**SIR JOHN**—I am the monarch of Premiers,  
And I haven't any fears,  
But I can extricate myself from any kind of mess,  
**ALL**—No more have his colleagues, his Party or his press.

**SIR JOHN**—I was once thrown out of power,  
And they said my day was o'er,  
But again the country gave me its cares,  
**ALL**—And so did his colleagues, his Party and his press.

**SIR JOHN**—Now this here Letellier dish  
Is a pretty kettle of fish,  
It has very nearly settled me, I do confess,  
**ALL**—And so do his colleagues, his Party and his press.

**SIR JOHN**—But while the Frenchmen fume,  
I will just take ship for home,  
For I happen to have business there, more or less,  
**ALL**—And so have his colleagues, his Party and his press.

**SIR JOHN**—So when the breezes blow,  
And Quebec is all aglow,  
I will not be there to be spoken to, I guess,  
**ALL**—No, nor will his colleagues, his Party nor his press.

### How I Passed Dominion Day.

5 a.m.—Arose; refreshed; looked out on the glorious summer morning, its delightful quiet yet undisturbed by the fresh-fish and strawberry fiends, or the untuneful though welcome clang of the matutinal milkman's bell.

How glorious the thought that but a few short years ago I was a mere colonist, and to-day, Dominion Day, I am a—a—what am I anyway? what shall I call myself? A Canadian I was before Confederation, and the name is usually corrupted into "Canuck," which is not by any means an euphonious title. Dominion and Dominionist are both equally objectionable.

*Mem.*—Must write to the Government as to adopting new name.

8 a.m.—Refreshed. Started out "on pleasure bent."—Where shall I go? what shall I do? I am told by an advertiser in the *Telegraph*, (city circulation 500,000, &c.)

to "Hurrah for the Old Sandbar at Home."—I won't hurrah for the Old Sand bar, or any other bar, at home or abroad. I obje to all bars, sand, saloon or legal; they are to me all "bars sinister." Go to the Falls? No; the Falls are a fraud, and the TURPER like turpitude of the inhabitants of its surroundings is as proverbial as TURPER's philosophy. Crossing the Lake is very well in fair weather; fine groupings of passengers, handsome mothers, lovely children, pensive maidens reading (?) Lake-side novels; charming black-eyed damsel and good-looking swain, probably bank clerk—looks banky—sitting on rail eating caramels. Fine study for artist, but on the whole too spooney for general observer. Crossed last week with volunteers; splendid corps; well up in South African drill,—they were safely "langered" all the passage.

10 a.m.—Weather hot; called at Rossin House,—refreshed. Must go somewhere. Why not Victoria Park? It is the height of enjoyment with some to go to Scarborough on the "Maxwell"; the boat seems inseparable from the place. Happy thought, why not call the Park Maxwell town? So poetic! "Maxwelltown braces are bonny."—*Mem.*—Must write to proprietors as to this.

11 p.m.—Called at Queen's Hotel; met friend from Oxford, Eng. Self and friend refreshed. Friend *admirari*, won't go to Victoria Park; won't go anywhere. Vulgar to amuse oneself, especially on a holiday. Refresh again. Suggest Lorne Park;—five sail on lake; place of rustic simplicity. Proprietors say it is "peerless." Don't know, but think it likely will be peerless some day after a heavy East gale. Told friend there was to be a regatta. Friend says "Pshaw! you've nothing here, you know, for me to see in that way. You ought to come home, where—" (Friend here stops short; something *apropos* to the subject recurring to him—but continued) "Well, yans, you have some fair oarsmen here, I know."

12 noon.—Refresh; bid good bye to Oxonian. Guess I'll go up to ALLAN Gardens. Change of name here was suggested by me. Long walk—felt quite exhausted.—Stepped into wayside inn and refreshed. Old fashioned place; lithographs of BURNS and his Highland MARY over bar; landlord conversing with customer in unfamiliar tongue, either low Dutch or broad Scotch; proved to be the latter. Debating on the propriety of inserting a certain "ad" in the *Globe*. Hot words over it. Question referred to me. Landlord said that as a Reformer he thought it wrong for a Grip paper to be an instrument in spreading Conservative fallacies. "I presume, Sir," said I, "you keep a no-tory public?" No reply, but *Globe* of 25th ult. put in my hand. "Ad" referred to was in the words and figures following, that is to say, "Files of the Toronto *Leader*, dated from 1846 to 1873, well bound, for sale cheap, Box 535, P.O., Toronto." Great Jupiter BLAKE! a treasure trove. My old friend the "*Patrol*" (it was I who suggested the name being changed to the *Leader*) going as it were begging! I addressed the North Briton BONIFACE thus: "My friend you are a self accused Grit, and consequently my deadly political foe, but you have done me a lasting kindness, and are now my friend the enemy—Refresh the crowd. To-day I thought to seek amusement among the votaries of pleasure in incongenial company, but when I look upon that advertisement I can cry with the Greek philosopher, *Eureka!* Let all hands refresh again."

I sought out 535 P. O., obtained the volume, returned to my room, and passed the remainder of the day in quiet enjoyment, happy in devouring the contents of the Toronto *Leader* from 1846 to 1873.

### The Birthplace of Hanlan.

The birthplace of a great man has always a more than common attraction. Being on a visit to the city I thought it would not do to leave without visiting the birthplace of HANLAN. Accordingly, hiring a boat for an hour, I pulled over to the Island, sprung out on the shore—which I found to be nothing more or less than a low sand bank—pulled up the boat, and turned around to feast my eyes on the immortal structure. The last glimmer of day was fading in the west, a gentle breeze disturbed the foliage of the trees which surround the building, through which the beams of the moon pierced, and silvered o'er the roof; lamps were shining brightly in the windows, and from the open door came forth a sound as of tumblers falling on a counter and exploding pop bottles—for it was Dominion Day—to mingle with the laughter and hum of loiterers along the shore, and the musical squeak of rickety swings. As I gazed I thought how beautiful! how impressive! But soon my feelings of admiration and pleasure found vent in words like these: "And this is the birthplace of HANLAN! Who would have thought that I should have lived to see so goodly a sight? Surely now my life has not been in vain." As visitors generally carry away, if it is at all convenient, some memorial of their visit, some relic of thee, at whose shrine they have met, in whose admiration they have indulged, I proceeded to the corner of the house and commenced to cut off a small chip, but was aroused from my work by a person who, I suppose, belongs to the place, kindly offering me his boot to help me away. However, upon explaining the object of my visit, and sincerity of intention, he allowed me the consolation—since I could not carry away the chip—of nibbling a pebble against the boards until it imbibed all the charms, and became, as it were, a part of the house itself; which pebble, I assure you, Mr. GRIP, I shall ever wear on a chain of gold around my neck, as the greatest treasure a Canadian can possess.

While still my bosom swelled with admiration, I turned and spoke to the waves: "Oh, ye waves that roll day and night unceasingly upon the shore, I would that I were one of ye. Proud would I be to think that I had kissed the sands while yet they bore the impress of the feet of the mighty HANLAN, that I had borne his boat upon my bosom and felt his arms embrace me, that I had washed the pebbles his hands had gathered in childhood, as he was wont to linger long beside me to dream of future glory—rejoice, for ye are honored above all other waves!" Then a wave, as it rolled back from the shore, murmured sweetly, "HANLAN; the wind caught up and bore onward until a thousand waves responded, "HANLAN!" and back from over the waters came an echo, "HANLAN." A straggler passed me by and on his hat and collar I saw HANLAN; the sand seemed rolling into the features of HANLAN; I looked toward the house and all was HANLAN; the moon, and she had put on the face of HANLAN; on every side, wherever I turned my gaze, all was HANLAN. Getting into the boat I pulled for the city, with "HANLAN" still ringing in my ears and dancing before my eyes, running the risk in my hurry of riding down a returning excursion boat. I reached the wharf to find that I had been three hours out instead of one, but I didn't mind the extra charge as the pebble I bore away I have set beyond value. As though to make all complete, as I paused for a moment on the steps of the hotel to take a parting look of the island, an owl swooped down and, close to my ear, screeched "HANLAN!"