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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.

To Correspondents.

SPORT.—We should say that the people likely to make the best pedestrians would be the *Lap-landers*.

BIG INJUK—Yes; there is an Indian tribe called the Cheyennes, pronounced *Coyenne*. They pepper the Whites when they get a chance.

ANXIOUS ENQUIRER—O. Do the inhabitants of the North of Scotland use the same articles of diet as those living in the South? *Ans.* There is but little difference; it's much the same all over.

Grip's Historical Readings.

EMBRACING NOTICES OF GREAT EVENTS AND CELEBRATED MEN.

I.—THE ROMAN INVASION OF ENGLAND.

In the year 55 B.C., Gen. JULIUS CÆSAR was Roman through Gaul with a large army on a career of remorseless conquest. He had obtained the nomination to the governorship of Rome, at a recent caucus of his party, and was now endeavoring to lay in a large supply of glory to help him in the approaching election. He also wanted tin,—for we regret to state that under the imperfect civilization of ancient Rome, politicians were sometimes known to practice bribery and corruption. Well, after tramping all over Gaul with his band of ragamuffins, breaking street lamps, assaulting the police, and brutally murdering thousands of official assignees, the General reached the northern shore of the country, and pitched his tents at Calais, where he intended to enjoy a little sea-bathing. Happening to cast a casual glance across the Channel, his eye struck the chalky cliffs of the coast of Britain. The eye was not seriously injured, though it was observed that CÆSAR winked with it at his lieutenant, who happened to be standing by his side. He had conceived a happy thought. He had determined to invade the tight little Island, whose reputation as a Free Trading country, and a perfect *El Dorado* for tin had long been familiar to him. He formed his plans without delay; and when it was suggested that perhaps the Britons would prove too many for him, he curled his scornful lip, elevated his Roman nose, and remarked that "if the Zulus could get away with JOHN BULL, he guessed the Italian troops wouldn't have much trouble."

The fires being lighted on the steamboats, and a large supply of rosin and pine laid in the engine rooms, 10,000 infantry soldiers were stowed on board, and at midnight, on August 26th, B.C. 55, the stern lines were cast off the spiles, and the invasion started. When they got out a distance in the Channel the troops all got sick, and the scene which ensued is without a parallel in history, if we except a few occasions last summer which excursionists on the crowded *Maxwell* may remember. Gen. CÆSAR himself was dreadfully unwell, and everybody who saw him felt sure he would throw up the whole project. But at 10 o'clock next morning he had reached Dover, and soon recovered his usual health. To their great astonishment, the invaders found that the Britons had, in the meantime, adopted a Protective policy. The banks were bristling with armed warriors, who looked down from the tall perpendicular cliffs and taunted the Romans with "How is this for high? If you want to get in here, you must scale these rocks!" CÆSAR replied that, as in the case of Mrs. SIDDONS' performances in the Grand, the price of admission was altogether too steep; so he moved down the coast about seven miles, where he found a flat place. Here the troops disembarked and waded ashore, when, without even waiting to change their clothes, they proceeded to a lively skirmish with the natives. None of them caught a cold, however, because CÆSAR, with the forethought for which he was noted, always kept his army supplied with —s* celebrated Vegetable Cough and Cold Preventer. Having overcome the "weak and inefficient opposition" (to quote from the *Mail*)—CÆSAR planted the Roman standard, which bore the strange device S. P. Q. R., which probably meant *Small Profits and Quick Returns*, because this conquest didn't amount to anything, and the invaders soon returned to Rome. Next year CÆSAR made another raid, having found that the previous one hadn't turned many St. John ward votes in his favor. This time he took with him 80,000 men in 800 vessels, and the venture proved an unqualified success. In fact no equally great performance of *Julius Cæsar* has ever been presented to the British public. Having accepted the resignations of the various British Chiefs, CÆSAR imposed a heavy tribute to be paid to Rome, and went home to howl on the hustings about his famous victory. But it seems the Britons never paid any of the tribute, which shows that the United States is not the only nation that goes back on its agreements. This was bad for CÆSAR in the campaign, for Roman statesmen, like SAMUS DAYUS, of East Elginorum, got up and declared that they "didn't give a — for England!" and in the midst of the excitement, as the reader may remember, CÆSAR was fatally stabbed through the toga by a miserable Grit named BRUTUS, and had to retire from the field. Thus endeth this reading.

* NOTICE TO PROPRIETORS OF ANY PATENT SPECIFIC.—We will put your name in there for \$150.

"Things are not what they Seem."

The London *Free Press* administers a paternal "slap aside of the head" to those muddy-pated Custom House officers who began to collect duty on certain weekly papers, under the impression that they were included in the tax on "periodicals." It appears that weekly papers are now excepted from the list, and of course the Grits say that the Government were obliged to remove the duty in the face of the general howl raised. The *Free Press*, however, affirms that the trouble was that people in general, and customs

officers in particular, didn't know what a "periodical" was. Quoth the editor:

"It is now seen that the fault lay with our zealous officials, whose duty was to have ascertained from Ottawa what was really meant by the term "periodical" rather than to have set up their own improper estimate of it."

Only a few days ago the Finance Minister found it necessary to explain that the duties on ship-building materials didn't at all mean what the ship builders imagined; and in view of these constant troubles, arising out of the gross ignorance of the public, GRIP begs to suggest the appointment of a large batch of profound individuals, to be known as Interpreters of Plain English, whose duty it shall be to show that the Tariff doesn't mean what it says whenever it comes into conflict with the views of a formidable portion of the community. Perhaps Dr. TUPPER could arrange for this while re-modelling the Public Works Department.

Flambeau Flashes.

BY J. S. KNOWLES.

WHAT is gas-talk quoted at in Ottawa?

ICE is very properly in the free-zedule.

DOES a knave in the church deserve an *ave*?

THE Policeman's Motto.—"Give us arrest."

IF March is the most disagreeable month, April is s-appiest.

IS the duty on playing-cards for the "protection of game?"

A PAWN-broker may be a very intemperate man, and yet "keep the pledge."

THE lay of the hen is heard.—*N.Y. Express*. Pretty good for the *Eggs-press*.

IN what year was coffee settled?—*Boston Post*. Wasn't it B. 40. Before tea; see?

"BEAUTIFUL Spring,"—as the young man said who saw a big flea jump off his adored one.

WHAT did REBECCA draw at the well?—*N.Y. Express*. Don't know, unless it was a water-colour.

THE small boy is never proud of his tore clothes.—*Meriden Recorder*. Because the other boys tare at him.

JUDGE a wood-chopper by his good acts.—*Dan. Sentinel*. That's a good one, GREENSLERT, when did you hatch it?

MOTHER EVE was a good little girl at school. She never went out without leaf.—*Puck*. You speak figuratively.

FABER the pencil man is dead, but no man ever left more marks behind him.—*Boston Post*. EPITAPH—He lead a good life.

A CARRIAGE maker's wife said she "was tired of hearing her *hub's* tongue waggin' so much, and that's why she wheeled 'round and spoke to the other fellow."

IS THE "Daughter of the Regiment" any relation to the son of a gun?—*Somerville Journal*.—Can non be found to answer this question? it ha-d ought-ter be an easy one.

EVIDENTLY there were no soup houses or free lunch routes in Esau's time.—*Wheeling Leader*. That's only a soup-house-ision on your part. Were there any in Æ-sup's time?

DID you ever know an inkstand up for its writes?—*Meriden Recorder*.—Don't know, but will inquire of some paper on whom we can de-pen-d, and let you know write away.