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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 Correspondents.

SUBSCRIBER, *St. Mary's*.—Very good indeed; come again.

CHATHAM, *A.B.*—Will write you soon, meantime, "keep your goose quill a floppin'."

HON. C. F. FRASER.—Your proposal to get up a foot race open to the Local Members is premature. You will probably have more running than you care about next June.

G. B.—The word "hoax" does not mean "pictorial representation of an awkward predicament," as you suggest; it means an attempt to deceive the farming or the cab-driving community.

The N.P. Catechism.

Respectfully dedicated to the Government,

By ZEDEKIAH TIMBERTOP, B.A.F.

Ques.—If a duty of 50 cents per barrel be placed on flour and 10 cents per bushel on wheat imported, will it increase the price of flour in this country to consumers?

Ans.—No; because the noble minded farmers and millers of Canada won't take advantage of the duty, and won't charge any additional price for their goods; and should the millers require to import wheat, they will be quite willing to pay the duty out of their own pockets for the benefit of their fellow countrymen!

Ques.—If a duty of 40 cents per barrel be placed on corn-meal, will it increase the price to consumers, especially the poor man?

Ans.—No; because although not much Indian corn is grown in this country (the country for the most part not being well adapted for its growth on a large scale), the farmers, from purely disinterested motives, and in a spirit of self sacrifice, will immediately begin the cultivation of this cereal, to the exclusion of better paying crops!

Ques.—Why should a duty of 50 cts. per ton be placed on hard coal; and can soft coal be used in the same manner as hard coal?

Ans.—A duty of 50 cts. should be placed on hard coal because we have none in the Dominion, but if no stop were put to our consumption, the supply might become exhausted! Soft coal cannot be used in the same manner as hard coal, but that should not be taken into consideration, as the N.P. will "readjust" the whole matter.

Ques.—If peaches be taxed 40 cts. per bushel—the duty on vegetables be increased to 20 per cent., will it increase their price to consumers?

Ans.—No; Because nature will at once accommodate herself to the N.P. and peaches etc., will now be grown all the year round in Canada, as far north as the 75th parallel, which will include the new grain port for the N.W. Territories.

Ques.—Will the sugar duties under the new tariff raise the price to consumers?

Ans.—No; because we will immediately begin to refine for ourselves, and the refiners are to give the public the benefit of all duties, especially the increase—and no more colossal fortunes are to be made in the trade.

Ques.—What is the duty of the people of a country which does not produce everything required for their maintenance within itself?

Ans.—The duty of a people so situated is to elect a Government having a National Policy.

Ques.—What is a National Policy?

Ans.—A National Policy is doing your best to prevent your neighbour from supplying you with what you can't grow or manufacture for yourself, and to generally increase the cost of living.

Ques.—Is this consistent with the received axiom of what good government should be, viz., "The greatest good for the greatest number?"

Ans.—Yes; for the greatest number is No. 1.

Horace, Odes, Bk. I, 9.

I.

Reminiscences of Mutual Admiration.

HE.

As long as I met wid no rivals in wooing ye,
Ne'er a thought had I av trouble or care;
Sure I laughed at the threats av Dame Fortune to ruin me;
I was ready to fight for a lock av yer hair.

SHE.

As long as ye loved me, and regular called me
The salt av yer prattles, and light av yer eye;
My mistress as regular threatened to scald me,
For castin' shape's glances when ye were near by.

II.

Mutual Scorn.

HE.

Now I've taken a shine to Miss CATHERINE FLANIGAN,
She's a voice like the nightingale, eyes like the sloe;
I called on her last night, I'll go back when I can again;
She's the cook for my money, her cake's niver dough.

SHE.

BARRY LAFFERTY now is the lad that is courtin' me;
At the hate of his passion my bosom grows warm;
He's so fond that from mass he's for ever escortin' me;
Och! he's lousy wid money and owns a big farum.

III.

Reconciliation.

HE.

MOLLY dear, li's be frinds, what's the use av yer banterin'
Me wid this tale av the wealth av yer beau?
May the Devil take KATE on his back and go catherin'
Off to bake cakes for the jintray below.

SHE.

Though BARRY's politeness itself in comparison,
And ye'r stingy as mud wid what little ye own;
Av ye ask me to wed ye, I'll jilt the whole garrison,
And "laugh and grow fat," on a crust and a bone.

TABLEAU—*Sung Cabin in the distance.*

A short time since a son of Mr. James Turne, Brantford, drove a nail through the wall of one of the rooms, to his intense surprise a stream of honey, pure as crystal came oozing out. Further examination revealed a stock of the delicious store sufficient to supply an ordinary family for a year.—*Exchange.*

Sir JOHN has more than fulfilled his promises. The N.P. was to make the land flow with milk and honey, but here we have sweetness and abundance flowing out of roughcast houses!

Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.

TORONTO.

WHEN JACQUES CARTIER and SEBASTIAN CABOT were cruising along the coast of the Maritime Provinces, and their Geological Staff were looking for coal deposits,—long after Father HENNEPIN, LA SALLE and other adventurers, journeying by canoe and portage from the head waters of the *Grande Riviere*, now the Ottawa, until they struck what is called in the vernacular of the country the "Upper Missisip," Toronto, the Queen City of the West, was represented by an unbroken forest. The Island was sacred to the wild duck, the beaver and the fiery gazelle. HANLAN was not yet born. BYRON had not yet written the memorable line,

"I stood with Hamlan on this place of skulls."

The old Windmill—(here we must draw a line, as indicating an epoch in our city's history)—was not built. GOODERHAM & WORTS had not erected their colossal structure, which has for so many years contributed so largely to the revenues of the country, and the number of convictions in the Police Court. There was no University, no U. C. College, no Trinity School, no Normal School, no Church Society, no *Mail*, no *Globe*, no GRIP, no nothing. Nothing except the long vista of hemlock and cedars, following the outline of the shore, the brightness of the former relieving the darker greenness of the pines, which served as a back-ground to this picture of solitude. (Ahem!). In this primeval condition it remained until Governor SIMCOE, struck by the beauty of the site, pitched his tent here.

Early in its history this place was called Muddy York, but since the accession to power of a Council which keeps the streets clean, the name has been dropped, and is now Toronto.

The summer tourist, on arriving here by steamer, after viewing with admiration the forests of masts of the shipping lining the noble Esplanade fronting the city, will likely land at TUNNING'S Wharf, whence he will in all probability drive up *York Street*. Nothing, we should think, would please the Southern tourist more, after imagining that he had left all associations of "Dixie" behind him, than the view presented to him on either hand as he drives up this splendid avenue, above King street. After passing a number of magnificent hotels, club houses, etc., further down, he enters upon a scene that will at once bring up recollections of the old plantation "Way down in Georgia." And we take this occasion to state that we attribute to the striking peculiarities of *York Street* a strong reason why Toronto is so much visited in the summer months by fashionable Southern Planters and others. I have no doubt the visitor will agree with us as to its resemblance to the Sunny South, in all but the odour of the magnolia blossoms, alas! not indigenous to these latitudes. At the northern end of York, and across Queen street, lies one of the most beautiful structures in the city. It is the seat of all the legal lore in the Dominion, and its description will be given in a future paper. It is called *Osgoode Hall*.

"All Flesh is Grass."

All in the merry month of June that follows smiling May,
The farmer and the candidate, intent on making hay
While shines the sun, a hint may take, 'tis well that they should know it,
Necessity and Nature both direct them first to Mow-rr.