

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH Bro's, 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 Bro's.

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, Pacific Building, Scott Street, 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.

Our New Form.



GRIP has thought it well to assume his new and elegant form without any preliminary intimation to his friends. He has preferred to take them by surprise, as the young people do their clergymen—to enter their houses all unannounced, and plump down a basket of good things on the dining room table, thereby creating both astonishment and delight.

It will be observed that in the present shape, GRIP not only retains the former space occupied by original contributions, but also has facilities for brightening up his countenance with the freshest wit and humour of other journalists (who will always get credit for their work,—while his original writers get cash). In addition to this, he has reserved a regular place for Musical and Dramatic notes, which are always interesting to the intelligent reader; and lastly, he has given his art room to supplement the leading cartoon with minor sketches on general topics.

He has reason to believe this expansion will be eminently satisfactory to all his old friends and patrons, whose generous support has enabled him to effect it; and he also indulges the hope that the more general character of the paper will secure it a host of new friends, whose names will be accompanied with the cash.

In the present arrangement GRIP has not overlooked the claims of his advertisers, whose announcements receive a fair distribution, and are sure to be read, as they deserve to be, to the mutual profit of him who reads and him who advertises.

An Unreported Episode.

GRIP was in the Gallery of the House at Ottawa filling his sketch book with raw material for future cartoons, and listening to the roar of the legislative machinery in operation beneath him. The vote had just been taken on the LETELLIER affair. Suddenly all the noise ceased. A great and solemn silence fell upon the House, and every member sat with his eyes fixed upon the First Minister. Nobody seemed to compre-

hend the cause of the instantaneous change from deafening clamour to absolute stillness. The silence became oppressive, and great drops of perspiration, begotten of inward apprehension, began to break out on the foreheads of honorable gentlemen on both sides. This period of suspense was at length ended by the Premier, who arose in his place in a manner so calm and dignified that it added tenfold to the strangeness of the whole affair. The honorable gentleman's face was serious; the accustomed twinkle was absent from his eye, and an expression of high moral resolve marked the expression of his features. Gazing steadfastly at the Speaker, he said:

"Sir, I rise to ask you to receive my resignation, and that of my colleagues in the Government. Gentlemen possessed, as we are, of the instincts of honor, and the susceptibilities of true statesmen, can no longer occupy the Treasury Benches after the vote which has just been carried by so large a majority of this Chamber. The Governor of Quebec is an official who is responsible to this Government; this Government is responsible to this House. If that Governor does wrong it is the duty of this Government to censure him, and if this Government fails to do that duty, then it becomes the province of this House to censure this Government for that remissness. If this Government is censured by this House, it becomes the duty of the Government to resign. Sir, I call your attention to these well understood rules of our Constitution, because it is in accordance with these rules that I now tender my resignation. The Governor of Quebec did wrong; this Government did not censure him; this House did censure him, thus plainly censuring this Government for neglect of duty. Mr. Speaker, (*here the honorable gentleman shed tears*) it has been said by the enemies of this Government that its members have a greater regard for office than for honor. The injustice of that cruel taunt is made apparent at the present moment, by my present action in handing in my resignation rather than clinging to my place after the virtual vote of no confidence which this House has just passed."

The honorable gentlemen resumed his seat amid the cheers of all persons of high moral character in the House. The cheer was so loud that it awoke GRIP, who found himself sitting in his office chair with a copy of the *Mail* in his hand. He had fallen asleep after reading the report of the LETELLIER debate and the vote with which it ended. He found on enquiry that Sir JOHN *hadn't* been sensitive enough to resign.

A What-is-It?

A contemporary records the return of BARNUM's manager, who has been abroad purchasing monkeys and elephants, and says that "besides all these he has purchased a most extraordinary unknown animal. The creature is said to be eight feet long, four feet high and weighs nearly a ton. His front quarters resemble the front of a rhinoceros, and his hindquarters are like those of the lion. The head resembles the head of a hippopotamus. A mane eighteen inches in length parts in the middle and falls upon each side of the neck. The animal is said to have four ears, one pair in the proper place and the other about four inches lower down. Two strong, sharp tusks, capable of doing much damage, run from the lower jaw like those of the elephant."

We are astonished at the editor's ignorance in not knowing what this animal is. Why, anybody should know that it is a—excuse us a moment, there's a man in the front office wanting to pay his subscription.

"Nobody Pleased."

DEAR MR. GRIP:

The enclosed letter to the Editor of the *Globe* has been kept out of that tyrannical sheet, and I mechanically turn to you for justice, just as a magnet turns to a loadstone.

Yours in extremis,

C. H. H.

ROBERTCAGEON, March 20, '79.

To the Editor of the *Globe*:

SIR,—As I have seen remarked somewhere in your valuable paper, "The subject who is truly *loil* to the Chief Magistrate will not submit to arbitrary measures." Now sir, I am a truly *loil* man, and I quite agree with you, especially as to the arbitrary measures of *Oats*.—Whereon, in accordance with the new Tariff, we are taxed 10c. per bushel. You, sir, are no doubt aware, sir, that that cereal in its various forms and conditions has lately become a very important factor in our daily provender. Even in the highest circles of society it is now considered *en regle* to have porridge for breakfast, oatmeal cake and sherry for lunch, and gruel and "sowans" in the evening instead of the hitherto fashionable *boben*. So, in fact, we now have neither a free breakfast, dinner, or even supper table, on account of this infamous clause in the tariff.

And now, sir, with your permission I will say a word as to the clause affecting

Spirits.—It is seldom indeed (except for medicinal or mechanical purposes) that I use alcoholic liquors, and, except while suffering with spasms, never as a beverage. Yet I feel that I would be unworthy the name of a British subject if I am obliged to submit to a *SYKES'* Hydrometer test in making a mixed drink—(I allude to my spasm remedy).—Who the deuce is SYKES anyway? Perhaps a descendant of the veritable *BILL*, of that ilk?

The framers of this obnoxious Tariff while endeavoring to delude the people into the idea that they are protecting the industries of Canada, while taxing all manner of unknown products, such as Melado, Can juice, Beet root juice, and concrete dragon's blood, Damar, Tragacanth, etc., etc., seem to have entirely forgotten

Sassafras.—In our neighborhood some years ago this article was used almost entirely as a substitute for tea. In fact we called it tea—"Sassafras tea." I yet use it my family. It is healthful and economical. As I say almost daily to them, "Give us plenty of porridge or mush, and sassafras tea, and what more do we require?" My eldest son says he would just as soon have a beefsteak, but then he has been to Toronto for a term at the Normal School, and has consequently grown unduly aristocratic in his tastes.

These, my dear sir, are a few of the most notable examples of the false measures in the so-called National Policy, and I feel satisfied that had the hon. member from Clarksburg* carried out his own ideas of the same in detail, there would be many fewer complaining voices in the land.

I am, Sir,

Yours truly,

CYRUS H. HEYCEEDE.

* Can the writer mean Mr. PHIPPS?—ED. GRIP.

IF MR. TILLEY feels at a loss to reply to the *Globe's* objection that the Tariff fails to protect the consumer, might we suggest to him the reply that the manufacturer is himself the consumer, that well protected gourmand being about to consume not only the revenue of the country, but also the substance of all the other classes—possibly the country itself, for aught we can tell.