

**TO BUSINESS MEN.**

MERCHANTS desiring to advertise their business in an ATTRACTIVE and EFFECTIVE form, should communicate with BENGOUGH BROS., Toronto, and order an edition of their

**New Idea.**

This is a sheet, in newspaper form (any title selected), filled with amusing reading matter and profusely illustrated with comic cuts adapted to any specific line of business, and also a double column displayed advertisement. Distributed freely to customers, this forms one of the most attractive and lasting advertisements a merchant can secure. For terms, etc., address GEO. BENGOUGH, Manager GRIP Office.



AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

**E. Bl-ke.**—Since you request our opinion, we must candidly say that we think very highly of your Banquet speech. It was very funny; Mark Twain couldn't have tickled the manufacturers in a more droll fashion.

**John J. Mac-ron, Montreal.**—As intimated below, we think Mr. Mc-ph-rs-n's letter very good fun. If you, as President, feel aggrieved by his strictures on the members of the Young Men's Reform Club, why then don your armour and hit back. It will be a war of giants.

**D. L. Mc-ph-rs-n.**—You are quite too unreasonable. Capital fun as your letter is, we could not, from its length, possibly find room for it in Grip. When we returned the MS. we intimated this politely and offered you a position on our staff of Regular Contributors. What more would you have?

**S. L. T-U-y.**—And so you feel badly about the defeat of the Scott Act in Hamilton, and think both the Mail and Spectator dreadfully bad boys? Ah! Samuel, we have read that "one's foes are those of his own household." We do not like to interfere in these family jars, but why not give the bad boys a sound dressing down yourself?

**J. C. A-k-n-s.**—You do not think the fun in Grip sufficiently fast and furious, and send us a specimen article, "How John A. pulled the wool over the eyes of an old time Reformer." Why you noisy, boisterous boy, you shouldn't tell tales out of school. We will not publish the article, because in after years you might find the reminiscence too painful.

**McKenzie B-w-l-l.**—Joking again, Mac. You are incorrigible, but as you ask for our opinion we give it. You gained the farmers' votes by promising to impose a duty on American wheat. "Good!" shouted the farmer. Then you imposed the duty. "Good again!" shrieked the farmer. Next you tipped the big millers one of your inimitable winks which said, "Bring in as much wheat as you like—grind it and sell the product—we shall never ask you for the duty—that was only imposed to bamboozle the farmers." This is what you have done, and we are ashamed of you. Our advice is, either abolish the duty or collect it honestly—if not, remember the farmers will probably bamboozle you when the elections come round again.

**Quite Right.**

It gives us pleasure to write that Mr. Wright (Point Farm, Goderich) has just gone through the marriage rite, and is now settled down all right, and making ready to receive his summer visitors.

**A Needed Amendment to the Constitution.**

MR. GRIP.—SIR,—As the combined modesty and wisdom of the Junior Bar has seen fit to require a separate representation for the Juniors, would it not be well to apply such a salutary principle to other elections besides those of Benchers—indeed to provide an amendment to the Constitution to the effect that the junior electors should be separately represented? The effect on the legislative wisdom would probably be apparent. A RADICAL.

**Face The Music.**

On Great St James Street, Montreal,  
As a lawyer stood at his window high,  
He caught one glimpse of a friend below,  
Then turned away quick with a gasping sigh.

And fled—but first on his door he placed  
This notice—"Gone to Court for the day"—  
Then chuckled and rubbed his hands and said,  
"I save five dollars by running away."

And all day long with a pleas'd it glow  
At his heart, he pled as your lawyer can—  
And chuckled between the acts and said,  
"It takes a lawyer to dish that man."

When Court was o'er, with the honest pride  
Of one who has done his work full well,  
He sought his office with leisurely step,  
And there he found—what a beastly sell—

This note—"I came to you den this morn  
To borrow five dollars—you were out;  
I entered and sat in your leather chair  
To think what next must go up the spout"—

"When a client came in—he paid a bill—  
Ten dollars—receipt in full I gave—  
And now I borrow not five but ten—  
The trouble of asking twice 'twill save."

"With this you will find my I. O. U.  
For an X—dear boy, don't be so smart.  
You don't know perhaps—but my eyes are good,  
And I saw you round the corner dart."

Then that lawyer man was a sight to see,  
He tore his hair with a wail—you bet—  
And when he started for home that night,  
His brow was dark and his teeth were set.

Then learn from this that 'tis better far  
To face out boldly the ills we fear—  
The coward who shrinks and runs away,  
Pays off—like the lawyer—twice as dear. GARDE.

**The Voice of Spring.**

Beautiful Verdant Spring! When the swelling bud, the teeming shoot, and the dewy leaf proclaim that balmy Spring has come. Listen to the gushing voice of Spring! The music of its murmur, the ripple of its course o'er the fertile waking earth. Green Mossy Spring! When the maternal ruler of domestic habitations announces with a piercing emphasis that makes the flesh of man to creep and the blood to curdle, that she and the girls must start *housecleaning* to-morrow—morning—first thing!—and on the morrow as the good man seeks his home for the noon-day meal, disorder, boots, chaos, and whitewash rule from the attic to the cellar, and the family take dinner in the woodshed—and in the still quiet night, as the stars twinkle and the silvery moon looks down on the dew-tipped sleeping earth, the Lord of that Manor's voice rises like the thunderbolt of Mighty Jove on high Olympus as he demands in accents loud and wild, "Where in thunder have they put my bed and night shirt?" Gentle and Ethereal Spring! When at the grey dawn of the waking morn the peaceful repose of the sixteen-year-old boy is broken by the harsh and rasping voice of an early rising sire, pealing like the thundercrash of doom up the first flight, "Bob! Bob! get up! and dig up that potato patch by breakfast, or I'll rawhide wits on your back like cedar posts. Bob! Bob! you sluggard, get up!" Serene and Tranquil Spring! When the housewife sayeth emphatically to the husband of her bosom and the partner of her griefs—"John! John! if you don't yank down that hall stove and mile of pipes, and whitewash that back shed, and cart that red hot cooking stove out there, there'll be a row in this camp, and a funeral bill to be paid, or I'm not your lawfully wedded wife!" And the crashing

stove, and the tumbling pipes, and the smothering soot, and the upset whitewash pail, and the fierce imprecations and the boiling wrath of the indastrious spouse announce in soft and gentle whisper, the arrival of Nature's sweetest child—Charming, Beautiful Spring! Warm and Balmy Spring! When the corner butcher digs from the recesses of his stable his last summer's ice house, and stuffed with fresh saw dust of the fragrant pine, nails it up in the corner of yore. Sultry, Beaming Spring! When the voice of masculine human nature invites the female world to haul forth from stern Winter's resting place the cotton hose of last season, to darn up the gaping rents forthwith, to sew on for him the missing button, and pack in camphor from the summer's glare and the rapacious moth the woolen hose and guernsey that warm and balmy Spring doth frown upon. Soul-stirring, Musical Spring! When the Organ Grinder is abroad in the land, when in the gloaming of the twilight the marshy ponds ring to the warbling of the frog, and the soft croaking of the harmonious toad, when the goose pastures are golden with new-fledged goslings and peal with the gabbling of the sonorous gander, when the peaceful mud-puddle gurgles with the sound of the twaddling duck, and its tender brood quack forth their chirping melody to the soft, ethereal Spring, when the earth roused from its dull, cold sleep, and all vegetation with its quickly bounding pulse, and the forest trees in the music of their swaying nod, and the moaning dirge of the departing blast, and the clashing symbol of the bursting thunder cloud, and the choir bands of Nature's realm in one grand Jubilee of loud acclaim ring out that Spring has come! has come!

SPRING'S HARDINGER.

**The Dominic Speaks.**

"The profession is, in our opinion, second to no other in inherent dignity." More than a hundred years ago these stood among his boys a dominie who was so impressed with this fact that he dared not lift his hat in presence of the king, lest the young rogues should find out that there was a man in the kingdom greater than he.

"The members of such a profession should take rank easily with the best aristocracy of the land—the aristocracy of moral and intellectual wealth."

There let us gnaw the end of our moustache a little, as with that dominie, so frowned upon we shout in tones of thunder, "Ed. Globe, stand up!"

Master Ed., you seem to have fallen asleep in Scotland and wakened up in Canada. We don't belong to the land of "We and our Neighbors." We're not annexed yet. This is the land of grades, sir—of precedence. How is it you so soon forget your lessons? Weren't you instructed in the famous institution of the grades, precedence to whom precedence, and yet you talk of ranking easily with the best aristocracy. Are you not aware that our lords and masters are trustees who "spell it with a ve, Sammy," whose first personal pronoun generally appears with a dot over it, who request us to send in our photograph with our application, and who invariably let the contract of moulding mind and character to the very lowest tender? To this work we must bring a sunny face and kindly tone, our frowns and stern accents we sternly must repress. To this we must bend our intellect, to this bring the fruit of years of patient study; all for four, five, or six hundred dollars a year. "Entree!" There is no *entree* for such figures. If you wish to see the "rigid lines" relax, the "cloud" disperse, and the "dictatorial manner" merge into the suave blandness of the gentleman of leisure, then pay those from whom you demand so much, as they ought to be paid, for turning out the noblest of all productions. Go to your seat, sir, and write in your copy book, *A man's a man for a' that.*