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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUCH.

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

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The Ball.

"I want to go to the ball,"
The eager maiden cried;
"The Marquis he might dance with me.
If with none else beside.

Papa must get a ticket, he
Has influence, I know;
The charming Princess I must see,
Oh, I am bound to go."

That parent stern the ticket might
Full easily have got,
But buy the ball dress for the night
He swore that he would not.

And now at the Pavilion gay,
White Pa with Ma appears,
At home does that sad fair one stay
Dissolved in bitter tears.

Grip's Guide.

FOR THE USE OF VISITORS TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The Distillery.—In the east end of the city stands this extensive and benign Institution. The visitor will be well repaid for his trouble in going down to see it,—perhaps, indeed, he may be asked to wet his whistle. There are some things about this large concern which teetotalers do not heartily approve of, but the visitor, whatever his opinions on the temperance question, can gaze with interest on the apparatus through which swill is distributed to the carts, and thence to the cattle of the city milk-men. For many years the distillery has been doing this noble work of manufacturing cattle-food, and widows and orphans throughout the land rise up to call it blessed.

Hanlan's House.—Of course the stranger will go over and see HANLAN'S house on the Island. No stranger will neglect to do this unless he is utterly devoid of—ten cents. The most interesting portion of the home-stead to the ordinary tourist is the bar-room, which contains several photographs of the great oarsmen. To get a proper view of these it is necessary to stand up close to the bar. Lager is sold at this bar, but that need not interfere with the business in hand. The Sportsman Challenge Cup is on view in the

adjacent parlour. It is a beautiful ornament, and is freely offered to any visitor who can take it away. To see the Champion himself it will be necessary to go over sometime when he is at home.

The Filtering Basin.—While on the Island let the intelligent visitor not fail to see the celebrated filtering basin of the City Water-works. It was built for the purpose of securing good, pure water to the citizens, but up to the present time it has failed to do so. If the visitor is lucky he may be able to fish out of the Basin some of the \$100,000 the City has already sunk in it. An opportunity will probably be afforded at the same time of seeing some of our distinguished engineers and Aldermen, as it is said some of them are always wandering like disconsolate spirits up and down the side of the Basin, scratching their heads and wondering when they will "get the blamed thing to work right."

The Union Station.—This very handsome and commodious building is, as its name implies, used in common by the various railway companies. For example, if you want to go by the Western or the Northern, all you have to do is to go across the Esplanade to a little shed, and wait there. An hour can be spent very pleasantly at the Union Station, provided you do not belong to the travelling public. It is delightful to watch the trains come in, and to hear them putting on the steam brakes under the echoing roof. This roof is surmounted by a tower, containing a clock, which keeps good time, but is not, as the *Globe* guide affirms, a "striking object."

The Parliament Buildings.—On Front street west you will find the Provincial House of Parliament. When you come to it, perhaps you had better ask some small boy you meet whether that miserable old red brick shanty is the place where your members voted for the salary grab; otherwise you might mistake it for a boarding house. The beauty and costliness of the historic fence which encloses the grounds, however, will more than make up for the deficiencies in the outward appearance of the building. You are at liberty to walk through the Parliament House and there you will find a large assortment of happy and high-salaried clerks, many of whom are "agin the Government." The Ministers' apartments are elaborately and gorgeously furnished with card-tables and canoe-couch damasks.

The Effect on the Illustrious Visitors

Grip's special reporter, disguised as a footman for the occasion, can give the only true and undoubted account of what the I. V.'s really thought of certain features of the reception. Two things puzzled them extremely: They were two pictures, which in transparencies and characters met them everywhere.

"What," asked the M. of L., G. G., etc., etc., of his illustrious and female companion, "can you chiel be intenant to represent? Gin I thocht for ac moment that siccar a queer, white-veesaged, cruds and whey, dae-wi-me-as ye-please sort o' ceevedveedual represent ony o' ma deesteengueused ancestors, I wad—I wad fin out the perpetrator, and put an end tae his usefu'ness wi ac clour o' the claymore o' MACCALLUM MORE, I wad!"

"I agree with you," remarked the aristocratic lady at his side, "but I am equally at a loss to discover who is meant by the awful-looking female who is placed as the *vis-a-vis* of the monster to whose appearance you so properly object. I do not know who she may be, but I certainly never saw anybody like her, and I think if they be people to whom Canada is indebted—York Pioneers,

or anything of the sort, their extreme and unhappy ugliness might have prevented them being chosen for exhibition on occasions of this nature."

"True," said the M. of L. "Conseederation for the feelings o' their surviving descendants suld hae prevented sic an exhebection."

And nobody in the suite had the audacity to inform the I. V.'s that the portraits were supposed to be their own. It is to be hoped nobody will.

The True Explanation.

SCENE—An English dinner table. Present DIZZY, (familiarily known as Lord BEACONSFIELD) and JOHN (called for short Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN MACDONALD, K. C. B.)

DIZZY—What astonishes me, Sir JOHN, is the utter abandonment and confidence the Canadians appear to have in your ability to execute promises made them by you. Now, you promised the most wonderful results from your National Policy. Then, the Pacific line you promised to build. Why, the Yankee one—an easier line—cost \$250,000,000—didn't it? How do you persuade them? The secret will be invaluable to me, especially in view of the coming elections.

JOHN A.—Elections, my Lord? You should send for PHILIPS—we found him invaluable to us for that job, can tell you; and so did MOWAT since. But as for N.P. promises after we threw him overboard, none of us knew how to fulfil 'em. As for the Pacific Railway promises, we do it by a system of alternate blocks.

DIZZY.—Eh?

JOHN A.—Alternate blocks. That's to say, if every second citizen wasn't a consumed blockhead they'd never have believed us.

DIZZY.—Ha! ha! Very good. (*Left drinking*).

The New Regimental Requester.

SCENE—Quebec—Enter a Marquis. To him a Mayor.

THE MAYOR—Your Grace's Most Noble Honor, we implore protection!

THE MARQUIS—Why, Mr. Mayor, I thought you had got too much of it. Times harder since you got it, at least so the U. S. Consul writes?

THE MAYOR—Not at all, Your Honor's Most Excellent Majesty—I mean—that is, I don't mean—that is, although the times are harder, I did not want protection from the times—that is—I—(*is extremely stuck*).

THE MARQUIS—Take time, Mr. Mayor. What do you want protection for? Who from?

THE MAYOR—From the Quebec rioters, Your Illustrious Excellency. I think if we had a British regiment here—

THE MARQUIS—Will you pay for one? About half-a-million dollars a year are all they cost each, Mr. Mayor.

THE MAYOR—We did not contemplate that, Your Lordship's Grace. Indeed it was thought that the money benefit to the city by military expenses might pacify—

THE MAYOR—Indeed, Mr. Mayor! So that, instead of paying for police, you wish the police to pay the rioters. Let me recommend you to raise a proper force yourselves, and if you can get them to serve on *those* terms, I have no objection. JAMES, show Mr. Mayor to the door.

THE MAYOR—But, Your Excellency's, Grace's Lordship's Honor's Illustrious Majesty—

(*But the Marquis has gone, and the Mayor goes away very sorrowful*).