

**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

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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.

**Grip's Book of Oddities. No. VI.**



The representative of our genuine, no-mistake-about-it Canadian Aristocracy surely deserves a place in the Book of Oddities. He stands alone amidst the representatives of the Best Society in the congress of notions, his characteristics differing from all others. He has not the fine classic mould of countenance which we think of in connection with the British Aristocrat; he has not the air of historic interest which we associate with our idea of the Continental Nobleman, nor on the other hand, can we bring ourselves to bracket him with the American Grandee—not even the Knickerbocker of New York, or the awful swell of Boston. We instinctively feel that the Canadian nobleman would be tainted to some infinitesimal extent by such contact, for his blood is undoubtedly of a bluer shade—it has a royal tinge which can never, never be expected in the blood of a Republican, no matter what may be the age of his house. He stands somewhere between the two poles of High Society—though decidedly nearer to royalty than anything else. He has the same *odé vulgus et profanum* that marks the genuine scions of European nobility. At the same time he doesn't take much stock in the literary and artistic tastes which distinguish the ideal aristocrat. He looks with pride upon his children, in whose veins courses the blood of the old French *noblesse* perhaps, or possibly the equally noble blood of some gallant officer who came out to this colony as the A. D. C. to Governor Guy Carleton, in the dim, historic past; at all events the Canadian First Family man will not allow his offspring to play with the children of his next door neighbor, who is only a wholesalo merchant.

**Just So!**

In his Montreal speech Mr. Blake boasted that we Canadians have an independent judiciary. We have, indeed! Look at His Lordship, Mr. Frank Shanly, Supreme Judge of the Extraordinary Court of Exchequer, for example! His appointment to his lofty and unique position was made by a Government who are independent of public opinion and his judgments have been remarkable for their independence of anything like justice.

**The Globe's Commission to Haint.**

*Extracts from the Commissioners' Diaries.*

Our extracts from the diaries of the *Globe's* Maine Liquor Investigators are duly to hand and read as follows:—

**THE ANTI PROHIBITIONIST.**

March 23.—Still at the elevating work of breaking the laws and guzzling crooked whiskey for the enlightenment of the Canadian public. Mem.—Shall come on *Globe* Printing Company for new stomach and liver if present apparatus is permanently ruined, as I fear it will be. Companion took to stomach pad this morning. Hired horse and buggy and drove down to Cumberland Mills. Evidently no whiskey here, so had to use our Portland flask. Observed a sign-board "Mineral Water,"—remembered the "Malt Bitters," and winked at damsel and asked for some of the mineral. Directed to the back yard; convinced that law works "well" here. (Had to leave this joke out of letter, as Gordon is down on jokes.) Left Cumberland



and drove to Saccarappa. Interviewed Mr. Haskell, old manufacturing party. Got lots of points from him, but no drinks. Too much water-power here for whiskey to flourish. (This joke also suppressed.)

March 24.—In Portland again. Went on another expedition among the drug stores, in search of the fiery. First shop didn't keep it—or rather didn't give it away. (Had to strangle this humorism in letter—blame the luck!) Next shop we got a drink. Told the fellow we were Canadians. He looked pitiful and gave us a drink. Whiskey appears to be a drug in the market in Portland. (Nother good joke wasted.) Had an interview with Mayor Senter. Senter is a weak politician, but Portland whiskey is strong enough to counterbalance him. Mayor down on liquor law, and don't sympathize with Neal Dow. "Why," (as I remarked), "it seems strange that Portland would elect an anti-prohibitionist to repre-Senter." Mayor fainted and we left.

March 25.—Received copy of *Mail* to-day with article on our expedition. So much affected by the showing up of the immoral character of our mission that we concluded to lay off to-day and think it over.

March 26.—At work again. Effects of *Mail* article and crooked drinks gone. Work in Portland to be wound up with a grand walk-around *a la Haverly*. (Elements of joke here.) Started out after dark and did the gambling and drinking deus of Commercial Street. Found it difficult to get drinks—down. Also did Centre Street. Sketch (somewhat figurative) of this part of our onerous duties.



March 27.—Sunday, the day of rest. Up early. Reviewed our letters in *Globe* before church time. Companion opines we have given ourselves away rather badly on some points. Tell him public opinion will charge it to Gordon B. Go to church and listen to sermon on the wickedness of going to a foreign country for the express purpose of violating the laws. Companion slightly moved, whispers, "That's hard on Gordon, isn't it?" Didn't relish the sermon much myself.

March 28.—Last day of our stay in Portland. Waited upon by a deputation representing low groggeries, who beg of us to prolong our visit, as we have been a bonanza to them. Make a feeling reply to effect that we are the slaves of duty and must move on to Bangor. Spend balance of time interviewing Deputy Sheriff Ring, as below.



Deputy Sheriff feels despondent over present state of the law, but hopes for improvement after our departure. Companion draws up list of facts thus far discovered, to wit:

1. Liquor can be obtained in Portland.
2. Whiskey can be had in this city.
3. It is possible to secure drinks here.
4. A jamboree is practicable in this place.
5. Portland liquor is hard on the innards.

Settle up with landlord. Take stock: Expenditure—drinks, \$25.78; sundries, \$10. We're off to-morrow.

March 29.—Arrived in Bangor. This is a free-trade town—whiskey is in everybody's mouth. Interviewed Dr. Brown, ex-Mayor, who is down on the whiskey law. Also Mr. Burr, of the *Whig*, who stuck to us like a brother. Went on tour round the city, and investigated "Hell's Half-acre." Much disgusted to find that Bangor people have very inadequate idea of hell, as the half-acre was a pretty decent place. Got whiskey and rum there, however. My head feels pretty big just now—a good deal more than a half-acher, anyhow. (Had to suppress this joke in letter.) We start out into the country to-morrow.