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**IMPORTANT NOTICE.**

On and after July 1st "Grip" will be discontinued when subscription expires. We advise those who wish to have complete files to keep their eye on the date which appears on address slip each week.



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.**

*W. H. F., Ottawa.*—Have written you privately.

*Tabitha Twitters.*—Unfortunately your esteemed contribution arrived too late for this issue.

**The Legend of Jon Ah.**

HOW HE WAS A FALSE PROPHET, AND WAS MADE CHIEF MANDARIN.

*From the Chinese of Ah Sin.*

In the days of the second dynasty, when MA KEN SI was chief mandarin, there came a scarcity on the land, and the merchants could not sell their merchandise, and the farmers who sent their barley to the land of the men who say unto you "Let us liquor," could not get the price they got aforesaid. Whereupon all men were discontented, and said, "Of a truth something ought to be done!" But the chief mandarin MA KEN SI said, "Verily, all ye people of the land are as the wheel that turneth, and I am as the fly that sitteth on the wheel and taketh his ease thereon!" And so MA KEN SI smoked his opium pipe and did nothing. Then there arose a false prophet whose name was JON AH and spake smooth things to the men of the land, and kissed their wives and daughters and persuaded them to make him chief mandarin. So MA KEN SI was deprived of his mandarin's cap, and after being put in the pillory for many days was beheaded. And JON AH was made chief mandarin, and lived in a palace, and filled himself with pleasant things very exceedingly. And he showed the men of the land a talisman called the En Pe, and said "Lo! put your trust in this, for this shall deliver you from the scarcity, and shall increase your gains from the men who say unto you "Let us liquor," and from the men beyond the sea who cry "Arf and Arf." And the men of the land believed for a time in the chief mandarin, JON AH, and in his talisman the En Pe. But soon they found that the En Pe was only an old medicine bottle which had been cast away as useless by the men beyond the sea who say "Arf and Arf." And the men of the land said, "Surely, we are done brown, and JON AH hath blackened our faces." And the daughters of the land said, "Of a truth it was in vain that he kissed us, and spake pleasantly to us, as saith the poet: 'Verily, the soft words of delusion butter not the parsnips of fact.'" And they arose and took away from JON AH his mandarin's cap, and put him in the pillory, and cast dirt in his face, and cut off his head. And they smote all his relations and slew them, and took the En Pe and cast it into the sea. Then the land prospered and men said "it is good."

**The Annual Press Excursion.**

The regular annual meeting of the Canadian Press Association will be held in Toronto probably in the last week of July, when the Grit lion and the Tory lamb will lie down together and discuss the beauties of the *Globe's* now evangel of political "sweetness and light." After getting through this business pleasantly, the genial brethren, with, it is hoped, a goodly number of their sisters, their cousins and their wives, will start off on the usual excursion, which this season is to consist of a journey to Thunder Bay, and a special trip from that point over a section of the Canada Pacific Railway one hundred and fifty miles in extent. The party will be chaperoned by Mr. BARLOW CUMBERLAND, who will no doubt prove himself a most desirable guide, philosopher and friend. Jolly *Times* may be expected, as the *Mercury* in that part of the *World* is never too high, while every editor who participates will be a *Spectator* of some of the grandest scenery on the Continent, and the trip up the railway may be considered an *Era* in his life. Those editors who must remain at the *Post* of duty, will have to content themselves with reading the *Review* of the trip furnished by their more fortunate confreres in their respective *News*-papers. GRIP wishes the party *bon voyage*; may the Grit *Banner* and the Tory *Standard* be entwined in peace, and may all party tunes be strictly prohibited as usual.

**Important Letter from Mr. Mackenzie.**

The Shades, June 12.

MR. GRIP, Sir.

I am amazed to see the amount o' commotion which has been caused in the ranks of the Reform Party an' in the press by the rumour that I am about to become a member o' the Government. Without consultin' me, the editors in general g'ive you rumor a maist exprecit denial, an' scoot the hale story as a silly canard. Alloo me to say that in takin' this coorse they are a trifle ower fast, and I wad thank them to haud their horses. It is my intention to become a member o' the Cabinet vara soon; I ha'e given the mether my maist careful attention, and I am convencent that in takin' this step I will be servin the best interests o' the countra.

Wi' mony respects,

Yours truly

ALEX. MACKENZIE.

P. S.—The Cabinet I allude to, ye maun understand, is one to be formed shortly by the Hon. EDWARD BLAKE.

**The Book of Unthaackerayed Snobs.**

NO. I. THE SNOB IN PETTICOATS.

Unfortunately, the genus snob is not confined to the wearers of broadcloth, for specimens of the species, masquerading in petticoats, are not uncommon. Perhaps the most unwholesome samples of women to be met anywhere are the fashionable and would-be-thought-fashionable flibusters, who, taking many forms, are met in kitchen and in drawing-room, in cottage and mansion. Every female snob, no matter whether of high or low degree, clings with jealous tenacity to the liberty of free speech. No one and nothing is free from their interminable prattle. They are not passive victims but active aggressors, letting their tongues rage like fire,

"Defaming and defacing, until they leave,  
Not even LAUNCELOT brave nor GALAHAD clean."

Female snobs have a double motive in life—to commend themselves to men and to pose in positions which neither their intelligence, means nor manners fit them to fill. In order to achieve these ends, their lives are one long string of falsehood, resorting to a series of simulations and dissimulations, shifts, expedients and manoeuvres. Should the female snob of high

degree fail in achieving the first of these two ends, as she gradually ages and becomes a fossil, she assumes various positions. Sometimes she becomes a professed misogamist, loving to babble of the splendid matches she might have made had she been so minded. Others develop into benevolent bullies, and with pachydermatous boldness, begging circular in hand, attack the pocket-books of others, hinting at the danger of spiritual penalties if refused. Still others enter the region of metaphysical mysteries and either become ritualistic devotees or atheistical philosophers. Unnatural as the foregoing types of the aged female snob of high degree may be, they are bearable when compared with the same character who affects the dress and manners of the Miss just out of her teens. These aged angels, made up with puffs and padding, lean, angular and often all askew, after spending long hours at their toilettes, dispert themselves at some entertainment with all the friskiness of a fashionable nymph, persuading themselves that the lords of creation are flim-flammed by the show. There is nothing real or loveable about them. Still considering themselves in the marriage market, they are always on the look-out for a good catch, and all the rest is tinsel, frippery and paste.

While the female snob of low degree is by force of circumstances free from some of the idiosyncracies of her more aristocratic sister, she is none the less unloveable. Her supreme desire is to be thought genteel, and to accomplish this end she bedizens herself like a macaw, wearing feathers and artificial flowers in great profusion by way of head-gear, and is ready to bear any amount of matrydom for the sake of wearing a boot a size too small. Like the female snob of high degree, the one of low is chronically affected by the husband headache, but he must be genteelly employed, mere honesty and industry being minor matters compared with rank and station. In her own home this fragile creature is not altogether an angel, the goody, goody, simpering manner assumed abroad being laid aside. The house is "pokey," her father "rough-mannered," her younger brothers "smell of boy" and her elder ones are not sufficiently "stylish." If asked to help her mother in the household duties, she does so in a jerky, irritable manner and is often hard on the cottage crockery. At home, this specimen of the female snob is much of a shrew, abroad, she is fastidiously correct, at all times she makes vulgar pretensions.

All female snobs, whether of high or low degree have a few idiosyncracies in common. To their parents they are an anxiety, to their sister they are rivals, to society they are useless, to the world a burden, which would get along just as well without them. Nothing is sacred, good or true in their eyes; money and position is their religion, pleasure their god, and distressing ignorance their failing.

**"Working Both Ways."**

The *Maritime Farmer*, of Fredricton, appears to be "all at sea" in dealing with political matters; at all events he is pretty much mixed on the question of the N. P. Speaking of the recent arrival of Sir SAMUEL TILLEY at his old home, we are told

"He was, of course, glad to escape from the gloomy political and commercial atmosphere of St John, and steep himself in the sunshine of the capital, to get out of the way of the blank looks of disappointed manufacturers, ship builders and office seekers, and find himself among friends."

From this we would be inclined to draw the inference that the N. P. had not turned out to be all the Maritime fancy had painted it, but after reading on a few lines further, we come upon the following:

"But who here could entertain doubts of the success of the National Policy after enjoying a short interview with the Finance Minister, and listening to a rapid exposition of its actual working from his lips!"