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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.

The Model Official.

ACT I.

Scene—Office of Hon. C. F. FRASER, Commissioner of Public Works.

Enter Deputation of respectable Canadian Architects.

Spokesman of Deputation.—Good morning, Mr. Commissioner; hope you are quite well, sir.

The Hon. Com. (rudely.) What do you want?

Spokesman.—We called, sir, as the representatives of a respected profession—that of Architecture—to politely request you to make a few amendments in the terms and conditions governing the competition for designs for the new Parliament Buildings. Our requests are very reasonable and cannot but commend themselves to your judgment, we believe. May we proceed, sir?

The Com. Hon. (pulling his soft felt roudy down over his nose, and dropping back in his chair with an expression of contempt and impatience)—Go on!

Spokesman.—Thank you, sir. Well, then, firstly, considering the great importance of the proposed work, we would suggest an extension of the time allowed to competitors to prepare their designs. There are but ten weeks now remaining, which length of time is utterly inadequate. Will you kindly extend it to December or January?

The Hon. Com. (fiercely.) No!! you insolent upstarts, no!!

Spokesman.—We beg your pardon, sir, if we have unintentionally wounded your feelings. May we proceed?

The Hon. Com. (savagely.) Go on!

Spokesman.—Secondly, we would respectfully suggest that instead of asking competitors to state the amount they will ask for their services,—and thus making it a competition of professional charges instead of designing skill, you should adopt the plan of offering the usual rate of five per cent. commission; and also that the successful competitor shall be engaged to superintend the erection of the building, if found competent in all respects.

The Hon. Com.—No, you presumptuous pettifoggers,—no!!

Spokesman.—Thirdly, we humbly suggest that the judges of the work sent in shall be competent Architects chosen from different points outside of the Dominion.

The Hon. Com. (contemptuously,) Humph!—Go on.

Spokesman.—Fourthly, we would suggest that competitors be permitted to finish their perspective drawings with sepia or India ink, so long as they use no colors.

The Hon. Com. (roughly.) I'll do no such thing, you miserable botches. Get through with your palaver as soon as you can, and clear out. Go on!

The Spokesman (considerably agitated,) Fifthly and lastly, honourable sir, we would wish you to alter the condition that the persons to whom the second and third premiums are awarded, shall be compelled to sell their drawings to the Government for \$400.

The Hon. Com. (rising and opening the door)—Now, if you've got through, dig! I'll grant none of your absurd and preposterous, not to say cheeky and impertinent requests, you wretched orowd of scallwags! Get out!

[Exit Respectable Deputation, with expressions of sorrow at having given the *Hon. Commissioner* so much annoyance.]

ACT II.

Scene—as before. Enter office Boy.

Boy.—Hon. Sir, there's another deputation of Architects waiting to see you.

Hon. Com.—Maledictions on—! More noodles who think they know as much about building Parliament Houses as I do, I suppose! Tell them I won't see them!

Boy.—Here's their card, sir; they asked me to give it you.

Hon. Com. (with sudden change of manner.) From the United States? Ah! Show the gentlemen up. [Exit Boy.]

Enter American Architects.

Hon. Com.—Ah! how do, gentlemen? Delighted to see you, I'm sure. Be seated; what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?

Spokesman.—Much obliged for your kindness, sir. Will you have the goodness to read this little petition?

[Hon. Com. politely takes petition and carefully reads it over.]

Hon. Com. (pleasantly) Why, this is very remarkable, gentlemen. I had a visit from a number of Canadian Architects proposing these very things. Of course I shall have the greatest pleasure in making the alterations you suggest. It shall be done forthwith. Anything else I can do to oblige you? Will you drink a glass of wine? (Treats Deputation.) Good day, gentlemen, delighted to have met you; good day.

[Exit Deputation, deeply impressed with the amiability of the Hon. Commissioner.]

Tabitha Abroad.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Though I have objections to argufyin females, there are times when I get a sort of inspirin spell, and feel that I must say my say. My late lamentable pardner, SAMUEL, has sometimes endeavored, in a ineffectual manner, to cut short my observations on weighty subjects, by remarkin that any simpleton could get into deep water, but a considerable number couldn't swim when they got there. "SAMUEL TWITTERS," I would reply (feelin my tongue sharpen up sufficient to make a cuttin answer). "SAMUEL TWITTERS, as our respectable pastor remarks, in a Latin phrase, *ek speary-ensha cloze it*, so I suppose you have often felt yourself sinkin when you headed into arguments that could swamp any man of your metal qualities." SAMUEL was mostly always silenced by my observashuns, knowin that *diskreshun* is a better pardner than valor, or somethin to that effect. But I am digressin, digressions is my weakness.

As I propose to decant on currant topics, I will remark that I took considerable pleasure in readin the statement that Her Graceful Majesty VICTORIA's youngest boy, LEOROLD, honored this city with a visit, and was likewise pleased to observe that town councils, and setters, have

had respect to his wishes, and though it must have evolved much self denign, have refraned from presentin him with any addresses. He has done a good deal in the speechifyin and corner-stone layin line in England, and perhaps a spell of rest will retrooperate him.

I spent a very pleasurable evenin last week at a rehearsell of St. Andrew's Koran Society. I was taken in superstitiously by one of the members. They performed a sacred canter of the late Mr. MEDDLESOME. My friend told me that it was one of his — works, I don't remember the name, it was something about post and mouse, but if folks will use outlandish words instead of speakin good, plain English, they must expect other folks' minds to get confused.

I felt touched and uplifted by the performance. It was quite inspirin to see the head musishun flourishin his batong, and evincin a manner brimfull of Annemashun. The young gentleman who resided at the piano-fort looked serious and minded his business, which was the musical implement, as folks should, and the Augustra performed with eksellent armoury. I will go to the performance at the Haughty cultural Gardens on the tenth day of this month, so that I can then cricketise it with great satisfakshun.

I am also goin to attend the meetin of the Anglinecan Sinod, beginnin on next Tuesday. I hope I shall not be necessitated to see any delicates at logwood heads, or looking dragons at each other. I hold that it is unbecomin for ministers of the Gospel of Peace to be flingin spiritoal wepuns about in a unspiritoal manner, and leavin hard words and bitter feelins as stumblin blocks in paths that are too rough already for some feet to walk strait ahead on them. So hopin to see a whole Sinod full of eyes beamin brotherly love all round, I will put a v 2 on my remarks, subscribin myself,

With much respect,

TABITHA TWITTERS,
Relic of the late S. TWITTERS, of
Twitters' Clearing.

A Sensible Letter from a Workin' Man.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—I've been a-readin of the paper a good bit lately, and see a deal of talk about doin way with the Senate—squelchin of it out altogether. I don't want for to take and give no opinion bout that, cause I arren't sure that I propply take in all the facts of the case. But there's one pint I see through, and that is about them Senators as takes more pay than wot is right, bein that the Act allows 'em to do so. GRIP showed this up strong to my mind. Now, wot I says is, this is wrong, but still I don't see as them Senators is to be blamed, bein made out of the sort of human nature as other folks, and I shouldn't wonder if I would do the same thing myself, if I only had the chance. Well, if it is wrong, wot makes it so? The law that allows it, to be sure. Them of course all you've got to do is to change the law. Then Senators and members of Parliament, when they makes speeches, often calls themselves workin men, and if they are so, why they be paid the same a workin' men, namely, accordin to the amount of work they do, just like the rest of us? If this was only attended to we wouldn't hear no more about salary-grabs and such things. You can print these remarks for the good of the country,

And oblige yours respectfully,
A WORKIN MAN.

In one of our exchanges we read that,

LOUIS WATSON, the Indian Chief, who is over 100 years old, and who lives at Lake George, has just received a long-expected pension from the British Government, for war-like services rendered as Chief of the Abenakis in the contest of 1812.

Now this will probably serve as a text for philippics against governmental ingratitude, in some quarters. But no doubt the Government purposely postponed the payment of the money until LOUIS WATSON had reached years of discretion and was not likely to squander it on circuses and such like.