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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.

Tabitha on Art and Education.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—Ever since I took up my residence in the city last winter, I have intended seizin hold of various opinions floatin loose in my head and puttin them on paper for the benefit of your valuated periodical. This very day my feelings have been worked up to such a pitch that I felt obliged to take my pen in hand and say my say.

I went this mornin, in company with MARTHA BLANK, (only daughter of Mrs BLANK, my landlady,) to visit the Exhibition of the "Ontario Society of Artists." My expectations were frustrated. I discovered on arrivin, that there was not an artist on exhibition. I had expected to see them standin in front of their vessels, in the attitude of paintin an embroille picture, but I suppose they had got tired of bein there for show and had gone home. I asked a young gentleman, who was settin at a table takin the entrance money, when he expected the artists back; but he only stared at me in a frustrated manner, and didn't give me any satisfactory answer. However they had left three rooms full of paintings and as I always had a hankerin after picters, though not an art cricket, I took a stroll round. It was a very respectable show. I can't crystallize all the paintings, but there was one that took my eye. It was called "Alice," from DOMBER and Son. I think it was very kind of Mr. DOMBER and his son to lend their picter to the show, and if I knew where the old gentleman lived I would make hold to ask if I might see it again, for something in that young woman's face kind o' haunts me; such a wild, hunted, pitiful look; as I stood gazin at her, I almost thought there was a livin soul lookin out of the great, sad eyes. In the course of my wanderins around the room, I saw the picter that started me to write this letter, it was called "After Tea," and was a nice lookin young girl washin up the tea things, with her dress neatly pinned back to keep it out of the wet—"MARTHA," says I, lookin at Miss BLANK in my fixedest attitude, "isn't that a deal better than the fizzy-oilery and match-matics, and other new fangled abominations that you are addlin your brains with at the Norman School?"

I spoke feelinly and severe, rememberin the breakfast I had sot down to that mornin, which MARTHA was obliged to get through, her mother bein laid up with rheumatics; there was fried potatoes simmerin in grease and half cold, and

pouched eggs, every egg bein broke and so mussy lookin as wasn't fit for a Christian to eat. The natural result of eddycatin women above their spear! However, my words was lost on MARTHA; she tosses her head in a rilein manner and says, "Our curry-coolum embraces a course that is elevatin to the mind." "I wish you had made some of your curry-coolum for breakfast then," says I, "though I'd prefer it hot. And MARTHA," says I, "I hold with givin a woman a sound eddication, but not to the seclusion of domestic economy, in all of which VICTORIA's daughter, wife of His Excellant Marquis of Lorne, agrees with me, as you may see, if you read her remarks at school openins etcetera. If I was a artist myself, just to encourage sensible Canadian girls, I would paint a sort of transportation scene, first, there would be a neat lookin young girl busy in the kitchen, gettin a good comfortable dinner ready for her pa and brothers when they come home tired and hungry, and then the same girl ready dressed for a party, lookin as sweet and pretty as I've seen some of the hardest workin look, and just fit to be the belle of the ball. I feel that my words is far from bein exhausted, but will not persecute the theme at present, and sign myself, as our late lamentable minister would remark, in a Latin frase,—current-tea-calomel,

Yours Respectfully,

TADITHA TWITTERS.

Relic of the late SAMUEL TWITTERS of "Twitter's Clearings."

We Told You So!

LONDON, May 22.—The Canadian cricketers and West of Scotland Club yesterday played one inning. The Canadians scored 162, their opponents 69.—*Cablegram.*

Hip, hip, hip, hooray! hurray!! hurray!!! Tiger—Hurrray!!!! Now we feel able to approach the subject. Can anybody doubt, after this, that Canada is the greatest nation on earth? We should think not! At least, Great Britain ought to be convinced. For ages Britannia ruled the waves with the oar; a Canadian oarsman went over there, and left the British champion a mile, more or less, in the rear. British supremacy at the bat had never been doubted, until the scorer ran up the placard announcing the above sweeping victory for Canadian cricketers. And recollect this is only the first of a series of great successes to come. Our team has only reached Scotland as yet. Wait till they meet and vanquish the All England Eleven, the Rugby, the Harrow, and all the other crack clubs, and then we will be able to appreciate our own prowess. Meantime, let us not forget that Canada is indeed a great country.

Royal Patronage.

In a newspaper account of Lord LORNE's recent visit to the Rysdyck stock farm near Prescott, we read:

On His Excellency's return and on his way to the depot he visited the immense plateau stables of 1,100 heads of fat beaves, fed from the distillery, and expressed great pleasure in seeing such an exhibit. After a hasty inspection of the paraphernalia of distillation and machinery in the buildings, he left for Ottawa by the evening train.

Mr. GRIP regrets very much that the Governor-General's good nature should have led him into the mistake of expressing "great pleasure" at such a sorrowful spectacle as this. Surely His Excellency cannot already have forgotten those columns of startling facts and figures on the subject of "swill milk" lately printed in the *Globe*, and yet it seems improbable that in the face of such an *expose* he would put the vice-regal imprimatur on the atrocious system. Vice royalty cannot be too careful in such matters. Perhaps on his next visit to this city Lord LORNE may find all our swill-milk-men's carts emblazoned with the Argyle arms and the legend "By special approval of the Marquis of Lorne." How will he like that, we wonder?

A Poplar Theme.

Again the organ grinder grinds out spasmodic waltz,
Again the truant school-boy around the corner halts;
Again the pleasant poplar sheds his verdant showers
Of undevolved foliage, like flowers
By loyal subjects thrown into swell carriages,
At the vice-regal shows, or old-time marriages;
Great pity they're not roses, for fall incessant
Of damp and worm-like sprigs is far from pleasant,
Especially to maid with Gainsboro' hat,
Whose roof is quickly covered as with a mat
Of moss and pollen, spoiling its new lustre—
No wonder the young person's in a fluster!
But she—oh, she who doth affect a train,
Declares the tree a nuisance and her bane.
"Alas, alas," she wails in accents wild,
"I do declare my new silk dress is spoiled!"
But still the stately poplar waxes stronger,
Its form grows more robust, its branches longer,
It grows apace in spite of voice of spinster,
And spreads its carpet softer than Axminster.
The poplars yet are popular, although with faults they
tax 'em,
Which faults could be removed, especially if you'd ax 'em.

Emigration.

"Is it not a great pity," said GUSTAVUS SLASHBUSH to his sister ALMIRA, as he sat at the breakfast table and gazed at the strings of dried pumpkins hanging in graceful festoons from the cross-beams of the kitchen ceiling, "Is it not a great pity that the tide of emigration should flow steadily from Europe, to widen out and distribute itself from Minnesota to Texas enriching and building up the neighboring Republic, while our lands—Muskoka with its trout streams and fertile vales—especially its trout streams—our vast valley of the Saakatchewan, and our world-renowned fertile wildernesses, should only attract, let us say, a few Mennonites, a race almost unknown to the majority of mankind, and who don't even know, or don't want to know how to shoulder a rifle for their own defence. "Don't know and don't care," said ALMIRA, as she skillfully inverted a buck-wheat slap jack on the frying pan.

"Nobody even thinks of going there," continued GUSTAVUS, "except Mennonites or scallawags from Ontario, who expect to make a good thing there out of land speculations. Now who's fault is it? I believe it's ED. BLAKE and MACKENZIE who've caused all this by their extolling Texas and running down our own possessions. That's what I think. Texas, of course, has its advantages; it is warm enough any way; not much danger of freezing to death there. The trouble is that the natives have an unpleasant habit of making things altogether too hot for the ordinary emigrant, who would no doubt find the coolness of Manitoba an agreeable exchange. Now, if BLAKE and MACKENZIE have caused this state of things, and by their wild harangues kept the toiling millions of Europe from settling under the meteor flag of England, where peace and plenty awaits them, then I say that both BLAKE and MACKENZIE should be impeached. Yes, they should certainly be impeached for high treason! People in the old times have been executed for less—Look at Lord Lovat! Look at——" "Has that lazy bunkhead not got through his grub yet, ALMIRA?" roared SLASHBUSH the elder from the front gate. "Durn him, he eats so much it makes him poor to carry it around!" GUSTAVUS arose and departed by the back door.

Hints to Cricketers.

Dentists should make good bowlers, as they have great experience in taking the stumps. Musical composers are generally good for a score. Never dispute an umpire's decision *openly*; it is considered ungentlemanly; but you can insinuate quietly among the crowd that a friend informed you that he himself was informed that the opposing umpire was a thorough-going partizan. Finally, never forget to sing "For he's a jolly good fellow," at a cricket dinner. Everyone wants to hear this song, and no dinner is a success without it. Don't you forget it!

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