

**Lament of J. A. M.**  
*"Fam satis superque."*

How sorry I am  
 I have been such an ass,  
 As to bring myself down  
 To so lowly a pass;  
 I have trifled with friends,  
 And coquetted with foes,  
 That I now can scarce tell  
 Which way the wind blows!  
 It is now very clear  
 That I'm losing my power,  
 And shall soon have to seek  
 For another "right bower,"  
 As unless I can hit on  
 Some new "thimble-rig,"  
 I shall soon have to "foot it,"  
 And give up my gig;  
 For the game's nearly up,  
 And a "gone coon I'll be,"  
 Unless I find out  
 How to "bark a new tree."  
 Now this trip o'er the water,  
 I don't like at all,  
 As it surely will lead to  
 Our well deserved fall:—  
 Our ambassador also  
 I very much fear  
 Will be "posted" right back  
 With a flea in his ear,  
 For thirty-two thousands  
 Will not be enough,  
 To save us from getting  
 A Royal rebuff;  
 But worse still—LETELLIER  
 The noble St. Jusr.  
 Will rise up a knight  
 To retain his high trust.  
 Thus, we who have treated  
 The Marquis with scorn,  
 Will find that, like SAMPSON'S,  
 Our locks have been shorne.

DARIUS.

Quebec, 10 April, 1879.

**Grip's Guide to the Cities of Canada.**

TORONTO—(Continued).

The tourist on viewing the Parliament House, cannot but be struck with its severely chaste and simple architectural design. Built at a period when luxurious "canoe couches damask" were unknown, the architect caused it to be constructed in harmony with the primitive tastes of the early inhabitants of the country, whose highest notions of the sublime in architecture were derived from a contemplation of their meeting houses with steeples either of the pepper-box or

**EXTINGUISHER**

order of design. Little did the architect dream of the great change that would, before many years, take place in the ideas of the ambitious descendants of the plain-going citizens with whose tastes he endeavoured to coincide. If he had known that in after years some of the resident Ministers would have their apartments so palatially furnished and adorned with such voluptuous belongings, that weeks would be expended in legislation touching the enormous sums spent thereon, he would have modelled it after the

**PALACE OF VERSAILLES**

or the Stadt Haus of the Grand Duchess of Lagersweipen. We have searched the archives of the Canadian Institute in order to find the date of the laying of the foundation stone (or rather brick) of the House, but after deep research we remain still uncertain. In its varied career it has been a Lunatic Asylum, and a barrack room, and in years past the private sentinel did "sentry go" at every corner. Some say it was designed by

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Addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on

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For the conveyance of Letters, Papers, &c., between the several Street Letter Boxes in the City of Toronto, and the Toronto Post Office, on a proposed Contract for Four Years from the 1st July next.

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**MATTHEW SWEETNAM,**  
*Post Office Inspector.*

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE, }  
 Toronto, 5th April, 1879. } xii-21-3t.

**Good Words from the Great Weekly.**

Canada has been a sort of a grave for comic papers. They have started up in Montreal, Toronto, and elsewhere, but invariably flickered and went out. This was not caused by a lack of a sense of humour in the Canadian people, as the *Fringe Press* has a large circulation in the Dominion, which is evidence that the Canucks know a good thing when they see it. What was lacking in their comic journals was humour. They had everything else. About six years ago, Grip started in Toronto, and it possessed not only humour, but in its cartoons great genius, and it has become a power in the land. Last week it doubled its size and quadrupled its cartoons. So cutting are its hits on public men and journals that the *Globe* a few days ago saw the necessity of devoting an editorial to one of its cartoons, while the Premier, not long since, alluded to Grip on the floor of the House, and its admirable cartoon caused considerable discussion among the M. P.'s. Mr. J. W. Bengough is the Nast of Canada.—*Detroit Free Press.*

**INDIGO JONES,**

others that it was built in the days of the early GEORGES. In these opinions, however, we are not inclined to agree, for although the building has a decidedly

**HANOVERIAN LOOK**

about it, being composed almost entirely of brick, once red, but now, after the lapse of so many ages, divested of that cardinal virtue; and, from the evident antiquity of the crumbling walls, which threaten at any moment to collapse and bury the collective wisdom of Ontario in their ruins, we would pronounce the building of much more

**ANCIENT DATE.**

However, we leave that question for the antiquary to decide. The Building is beautifully situated, fronting the Bay, whereof a splendid view is obtained by merely ascending to the roof; and the G. T. R. sheds in its closer proximity afford quite a source of languid amusement to the permanent clerks, as they watch from the departmental windows the labourers at work in the

**"SWEET SUMMER TIME,"**

and await with pardonable impatience the hour of Four P.M. The House has two wings, East and West, respectively flanking the main or centre building. These wings are devoted to departmental "work." In the centre building is the Legislative Chamber, which may with propriety be called the *Alma Mater* of all the celebrated politicians of the country. Here MACKENZIE (Wm. Lyon, not SANDY of that ilk.) used to make his famous speeches and get pelted with paper balls and other light articles by the playful Tory members. Here it was that "Big Thunder" uttered his famous oration, when the mutilated memo. from the great BLAKE told him—"you had better speak now." It is a gorgeously appointed apartment; its windows hung with costly crimson damask of the same pattern as the celebrated canoe couch. The Throne or Speaker's Chair has a very awe-inspiring effect on the visitor as he enters. Scoffers of grovelling tastes have likened it to an overgrown cottage piano, but the fact remains, that the Speaker in his gown and cocked hat, the Clerk in his official robes, the Mace on the table, not to mention the Sergeant-at-arms with his

**DEADLY RAPIER**

at his side, give the scene a sort of demi-semi-air of Royalty, which is very useful in awakening the newly arrived country member to a proper sense of his own importance in being a member of the

**AUGUST ASSEMBLY**

to which he has been introduced. It has been darkly hinted that the place is to be pulled down, and another and more pretentious building erected. We would be sorry to see this ruthless act of Vandalism, especially as, from all appearance, if left alone for a very few years, a mound of brick like ancient Babylon will be all that remains of the Old Parliament House.

**A Pina-fore your thoughts!**

The new pavilion in the Gardens will be a better place for vocalists than the old one, though not half so airy.

AND now our City Council want the Government to hand the rifle butts over to them. They say the butts are of no use to the volunteers, when at rifle practice, as they are situated immediately behind the targets. GRIP hopes the Minister will drum out the petition of the Council.