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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.

Volume XV.

Pursuant to announcement in last issue, GRIP opens his Fifteenth Volume with a change of front, though his principles, political and otherwise, will continue to resemble the laws of the Medes and Persians. He trust that those of his readers who have an eye for the beautiful will agree that the alteration is an improvement. There are many who used to take delight in studying the lately-discarded frontispiece week by week, who will now be deprived of that recreation, and should these esteemed patrons feel disposed to grumble, we can only inform them that additional space was needed for advertisers, and "business before pleasure" is one of GRIP's cardinal axioms. On this auspicious opening of a new volume our speech from the throne foreshadows the same old policy of praise and pretty pictures for those who do well, and pickled rods for the backs of transgressors. Now that he talks weekly to his thousands, Mr. GRIP begins to feel the grave responsibilities of his position, but so long as he is dealing with such a generous public as that of Canada has proved to be, he feels confident of ability to discharge his duty at least faithfully.

A Lacteal Lay.

Swill! swill! odoriferous swill,
Helping our green growing graveyards to fill,
Loudly I'll raise songs in thy praise,
Sweet little verses in honor I'll trail.

Tell me, oh cows! dear little cows!
How do you like on the refuse to browse?
Say, is it sweet? Is it a treat?
Tell the sensations a dose will arouse?

Tell me, oh grain, green growing grain,
Is it for this you are clothing the plain!
Is it for bread? or poison instead?
The subject is vexing my ignorant brain.

Tell me, oh graves! green little graves!
Answer, the city respectfully craves,
Why do you fill? Is it the swill,
Sold by some opulent murderous knaves?

Tell me distillers—rich old distillers,
Are you professional cemetery fillers?
With swill and with drink. Do you really think
You rank any higher than slayers and killers?
N. A. B.

A Chronicle of the Past.

And it came to pass, that the Opposition clamoured for a new leader.

So the high priests of the party, the centurions over many men, and the captains over a few held a caucus to consider the matter.

And being desirous of following precedent and making much show they first appointed a secretary.

And MACKENZIE spoke unto the high priests the diviners, centurions and captains, saying; What is that I hear? Go to now, every man to his seat. Ye shall not shout nor think until the day I bid you think; then shall ye think.

And the secretary took down his words.

But CARTWRIGHT, the son of his father, rose to his feet and said, Thou poor lone low crittur. Thou perverse man, always going contrary; the Tories laugh thee to scorn and mock at thy beard, get thee hence, for the party desires a new king.

And all the high priests, the diviners, the centurions and captains laughed aloud and cried, Ho! Ho!

And MACKENZIE lifted up his voice and wept aloud, saying. Is it real? Am I MACKENZIE or some other fellow? Alas! for the good old days when no man dare to think, except as he was bid.

And the secretary took it all down. Then BLAKE, the son of Aurora, arose and said,

Now, therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, if my presence is acceptable, anoint me your captain and let me consider thee my people.

And MILLS said, EDWARD, my son, my philosophic soul goes out towards thee. Thou hast found favor in our sight, for thou wilt scatter the Tories into corners, and make the remembrance of them to cease from among the electors.

And all the high priests, the diviners, the centurions and captains together with the secretary lifted up their voices and cried aloud, "You bet."

So it came to pass that they anointed BLAKE, the son of Aurora, leader of the party.

A Mean Advantage.

MR. DAVIN is enthusiastic in both his likes and dislikes. He has expressed himself in regard to the Rag Baby. He is a strong Conservative, and doesn't believe in the spurious infant, but that is no reason why he should be hard on JIMMY BROS. The poor Cobocon graduate is writing a novel, and cannot defend himself just now, so GRIP comes to the rescue. In the police court the other day a cheque was used in evidence signed "old man." Mr. FENTON was of opinion that any man who would perpetrate such a document ought to be committed. To this Mr. DAVIN replied that none but JIMMY BROS could have done it. This is a great mistake on the part of Mr. DAVIN, and apt to ruin the character of one of Toronto's brightest citizens. The idea of any journalist signing a cheque at all is a libel upon every member of the craft. Those gentlemen carry their bills in their stockings and pay out ready cash with the air of a Duke whenever they are dunned. This accounts for their dodging up lanes so often, and being conversant with back entrances, for a man can't let down his stockings in the street very well. But there is another reason why Mr. BROS never signed that cheque. He is a constitutional humorist. He doesn't do things like other people. If he had signed that cheque he would have subscribed himself "old boots," "old hoss," or "old fireworks." GRIP is surprised at Mr. DAVIN. To hit a man who is writing a book, and a novel at that, is a piece of meanness unworthy the chivalry of the noble house from which he is sprung. Wait till BROS gets through and there will be wigs on the green. His eyes are wild and his hair long, and when he does commence he generally makes things lively.

A Song of the Times.

Oh, the house-cleaning mania is now in full blast,
I wish, how I wish that the season were past;
For how can a man enjoy comfort or ease,
While carpets and curtains wave out in the breeze,
While dusters are flourishing, and broomsticks and mops,
With the usual allowance of whitewash and slops,
And a woeful contraction of cutlets and chops;
When spiders are routed and cupboards are dusted,
No wonder with life that a man grows disgusted.
When miniature hurricanes rush through his doors,
And rivers of water roll over his floors,
Confusion confounded and chaos supreme,
Not a spot for the sole of one's foot to be seen,
Though one's wife may announce with a satisfied grin,
How she'll soon have the house just as neat as a pin,
You smile very faintly—the joke is too thin;
Your meals at such times are a series of snacks,
While your wife blows you up for forgetting those tacks,
Or the carpet rings ordered from Mr. O'NEAL,
Never guessing, dear creature, how writhed you feel;
You sneak off to bed in the hope of repose,
Your bedstead stands empty without any clothes:
Then SARAH comes up and she says, "Mr. HARRAT,
The Missus sent word you're to sleep in the garret."
You go to the garret and sleep with the rats,
'Midst the squeaking of mice and the mewing of cats:
How thankful I'll be when the housecleaning's o'er,
Like the rest of the male sex I vote it a bore!

More Marine Intelligence.

Matters have been dull in marine circles this week, and there is very little of importance to chronicle.

The Government guard ship *Macdonald* has sailed for the east, preparatory to being paid out of commission. This vessel has been on the station some years and has done good service.

Government officials are busy inspecting the boilers and machinery of several vessels with a view of fitting one of them out in the place of the *Macdonald*. No choice has yet been made.

The prompt action of the authorities in meeting and frustrating the designs of a low Yankee filibustering expedition on Lake Erie is regarded with unmixed satisfaction. Regrets are expressed that the casualties and material damage inflicted upon the Americans was not greater.

The piratical craft which lurk around York Street have been overhauled by the local forces. Orders were issued from the Court Street navy yard, and on Monday an action was commenced which resulted in the defeat of the pirates and the capture of many of their ringleaders. It is to be regretted that the gun-boat *Jamieson* received severe injuries during the conflict, and will have to be laid up in dock for repairs.

Several vessels have passed through from the east, bound west, since our last report. Most of them anchored for the night and took in provisions and stores. They all report good business whilst absent, and having received their freight money recommend Ottawa as a good port to visit. None of them have any complaints to make regarding shortage.

A new captain has been appointed to the *Globe*. This is a very old craft, but still seaworthy and capable of service. The experienced old salt, ALEX. MACKENZIE, is spoken of as first mate.

IRISH WIT.

PAT (paying tailor.) Now since you've resated these breeches I'll trouble you to resate this bill.

A scaly wound is among the "ills that flesh is heir to."

A live issue in politics—the new issue of Dominion currency.

Blue Monday has a sud-orific effect on the girl who does the washing.

"Trout fishing is all the rage."—*Ex.* Yes, and won't the mosquitoes make the fishermen rage, too.

The birds are actively engaged in "hopping the twig." Many young couples are following their example.