

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH BROS., Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.



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.

Startling Affair in London!

The unexampled outrage which is so forcibly illustrated in our leading cartoon this week is by no means a mere fancy, though the picture is a work of imagination. The young woman is actually at this moment being put up for sale, if she is not already disposed of to some land-grabbing monopoly. The Ministry's "object in selling" is simply to get her off their hands, as they do not care for the trouble of bringing her up. Her fate, if sold, will be truly dismal, as she is certain to be locked up and kept idle for scores of years. GRIP has done all in his power to prevent the consummation of this rash sale and barter; he must now resign the North-West to her fate.

Canadian Statesmen in London, Eng.

VISIT OF SIR JOHN, TUPPER, AND POPE TO THE QUEEN—SIR JOHN AT A GARDEN PARTY—THEY VISIT THE WAX-WORKS, THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AND THE OPERA.

The auspicious visit of three Canadian statesmen to London, is an event of which Canadians may well be proud. It was a thrilling and a gorgeous sight to see them walking down Pall Mall, preceded by Sir A. GALT and followed by the military *attache* in full uniform, with his sword by his side! The procession attracted much popular attention. The younger and more enthusiastic boys made many comments on the bearing of the military *attache*, most of them being apparently under the impression that he was a beadle or parochial officer, entrusted by the municipal authorities with the charge of these impecunious travellers whom he was conveying to the workhouse. This impression was dissipated when the illustrious group entered St. James Parlor, when the private soldier and guard presented arms, an honor which was duly replied to by the *attache*. The interview with the Queen lasted several minutes. Her Majesty asked affectionately about Canada, and said the reception given to her daughter LOUISE had much endeared that country to the QUEEN. But she shook her royal head when Sir JOHN presented TUPPER, and looking at the Hon. Mr. POPE, asked if that person was really a Cabinet Minister in Canada? When answered by Sir JOHN that such was the case, she replied cheerfully, "You don't mean to say so! Dear me! I should never have thought it." The interview was a little unsatisfactory in one respect. Sir JOHN had expected to be made a Lord by Royalty, but no mention of such a creation transpired. His spirits, however, were cheered by an abundant champagne lunch, and by a garden party, at which he had the pleasure of dancing with the beautiful Mrs. LANGTRY, to whom, and to several other professional beauties, these representative statesmen of Canada were most conscientious in paying every attention.

In company with several of these ladies the

party of Statesmen then visited the "Zoo": the military *attache* being in readiness with his sword in case the animals should break loose. A visit was next paid to Madame TUSSEAU'S Wax-works, that lady having expressed a wish to have the group modelled for her "Chamber of Horrors." She has also determined on setting up a wax fac-simile of Sir A. T. GALT in his official dress, with the *attache* in red coat and sword. In the evening the entire party went to the opera to witness the performance of GOETTER'S *Faust*. Sir JOHN was observed to take great interest in the character of *Mephistopheles*, a character which, as he playfully remarked to TUPPER, in many points resembles his own. Both TUPPER and Sir JOHN frequently shed tears during the performance. A convivial evening was then spent at GALT'S office, the *attache* rendering useful service by cutting the tobacco with his sword. Too much praise cannot be given to Sir A. T. GALT for the liberal spirit in which he supplied the drinks.

Braying against Toronto.

Rev. ALFRED J. BRAY has gone to England for a holiday. He will, however, combine business with pleasure, as he has been commissioned by the Quebec Government to use his influence while at home to induce a number of agricultural laborers to come out and settle on lands set apart in the Eastern Townships. We hope Mr. BRAY may be very successful—so much so, that he will determine never again to enter the pulpit, where he appears to be decidedly out of place. He would also consult the best interests of journalism if he would, at the same time, vacate the editorial chair of the *Spectator*, a journal which his pen has made both ridiculous and offensive. In the last number which he edited, he inserted an article on the churches of Toronto, which might fitly bring his Ishmaelitic career as an editor to a close. The article in question is made up of a number of sentences, almost every one of which is specifically false, and all of which are mean. For example he says: "There is not a church in Toronto but has its scandal, Methodist, Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, or any other denomination."

This piece of wilful mendacity requires no answer. Again he says, "There is not one church in Toronto but is struggling and foundering in hot water through great financial difficulties." This is, in its essence and intention, as miserable a misstatement as the first. He next goes on to insinuate that few if any of the Toronto ministers receive their stipends. Upon this point we cannot speak with absolute certainty, but will venture to affirm that the insinuation is utterly false. Not to waste too much powder on this poor game, we will make but one other quotation:

"Out of curiosity I asked a hard-looking citizen last week if he ever went to church, and his answer was, 'Why, doesn't you see what do you take me for? You bet! I go to Knox's every lick, regular as the clock; how could a poor devil like me live without going to church? Where would I get credit from do you think?'"

The reader, be he "intelligent" or otherwise, may be safely left to estimate this passage for himself. He will probably reason that a "citizen" who appreciated the commercial value of church-going would also be likely to have enough respect for "the cloth" to use decent language to a parson. But perhaps this citizen thought a minister who was in the habit of bearing false witness against his neighbor wasn't very squeamish about profanity. Our only apology for giving these libellous utterances of the *Spectator* any attention is, that some of our most respected contemporaries are copying them, with a prefatory note which does great injustice to the churches of Toronto and its citizens generally.

The capital of Ireland is not always Dublin—in population.

Canadian Learning.

DUMFRIES, July 27.

MR. GRIP, SIR,—As a native Canadian, and a representative of a large class of native Canadians, I cannot forbear writing a few indignant words anent a recent expression which occurred in a *Globe* editorial on the present classical-professorship controversy. In the course of a warm defence of Mr. CROOKS, the journal in question intimated that there was no Canadian whose classical scholarship was equal to that of Mr. WARREN, the young man from Oxford; at least, if there *was*, the editor would very much like to know where that native phenomenon lived. Well, sir, I wish to inform the *Globe* man, through your columns, that he lives *here*, in this village, in this house, in this very room where I am now penning these words of protest—nay, he stands in these very boots of mine—I, *myself*, am he! I hope I do not appear egotistical when I affirm that, although I am considerable younger than Mr. WARREN, my attainments in classics—and I may add, in general scholarship—are far greater than his.

Sir, I know many of HORACE'S Odes by heart, and as for Greek, I am able to speak, or even sing it, fluently. Writing classical poems is my chief amusement, and scanning, declaiming, parsing and translating the most difficult passages of the most profound ancient writers is the veriest child's play for me. It would occupy far too much of your space were I to enter upon the briefest statement of my accomplishments in other directions, besides, it might appear vain-glorious to superficial observers. Suffice it to say that my knowledge of the exact sciences, mathematics, history, metaphysics and *belles lettres* is most thorough.

Now, sir, I do not make these statements in a boastful spirit, for I may truly say my modesty is equal to my scholarship. I speak only as a representative man, for there are hundreds of others just like me, even in this little village, and I doubt not, thousands, if not millions more throughout the Dominion. Mr. CROOKS and the *Globe* editor must have been searching for Canadian competency with their eyes shut, if they searched at all. I do not want the position, nor is it likely that any of my equally-learned fellow-Canadians could be induced to take it. I merely write this to protest on my own and their behalf, against the ignorant and unpatriotic insinuation of the *Globe*, that there are no Canadians equal to young Mr. WARREN, of Oxford.

Yours, sir, A GRADUATE.

Vers de Societe.

Yes dear, the lockets, rings, and letters keep—
And keep the tress I gave you of my hair,
It will have worth, though now you hold it cheap,
When neither you nor I have locks to spare.

Yes! prudent maid! each trifling trinket save,
Nor throw your grandma's crinoline away,
New modes may give it worth—keep all I gave,
Except the unvalued love you spurned to-day.

C. P. M.

Reconciled.

A telegram from Ottawa states that some time ago a couple of kegs of glycerine were buried in a vacant lot in that city, but the exact locality was not marked, and now nobody knows where to find them. Great consternation prevails in consequence. This will probably have the effect of reconciling Mr. PITTS to the cruel fate which has crushed his ambition. He won't want to go to Ottawa now, though if he can manage to ignite the combustible by red-hot writing at this distance, he will be only too glad to see the N. P. "blowed higher'n GILDEROY'S kite."

PROPHETIC.—Turkey will be cut up in the fall "by the Powers!"