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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.

To Subscribers.

A subscriber dates a letter at St. Thomas, and says, "Please address my Grip to St. Thomas in future." Now, this would be quite easily done did we know his former address. but, as it is, we are obliged either to wade through a large list of thousands of names or write for his former address. A hint, &c.

To Correspondents.

Hoodstoun—Your hunting sketch is not up to the mark, by a long shot.

The Phaulless Phiz.

OUR WORLDLY-MINDED REPORTER INTERVIEWS THE BEWITCHING MRS. LANGTRY-LONSDALE.

Furnished with the requisite credentials our reporter visited Mrs. L.-L. at her elegant suite of rooms in the *Bore's Head*. The apartments are lavishly furnished, and the walls are panelled from floor to ceiling with costly mirrors, so that no matter in what part of the room Mrs. L.-L. is, the phaulless phiz plagues her. On sending in his card our reporter was graciously received by Mrs. L.-L., who struck her favorite pose for his sole benefit. We allude of course to the one in which she elevates her chin, throws back her head, braces her elbows and hollows out her back. After complimenting her on her beauty and startling affability, the question was put,

"Are you comfortable here?"

"Oh yes!" was the reply, "there are plenty of looking glasses! what more could I desire? I put up at the *Bore's Head* foreseeing that newspaper men would be troublesome, and I thought that perhaps the sign might deter them. I am wrong, however."

"Indeed you are," said our reporter modestly, as he drew in his feet on the crimson satin lounge. "How could you imagine for an instant that the men of our profession would be deterred from paying homage to phaulless phizures by any petty consideration like an hotel sign? Oblige me with a match—I beg your pardon, I forgot that you are matchless."

"What do you think of the character of *Juliet*?" bewitchingly asked Mrs. L.-L. after a charming pause.

"Well," cautiously replied our Rep., remembering that he was in the presence of Genius,—"it all depends. When played by SARA BERNHARDT, now, I should say that *Juliet's* character was slightly—"

"Pardon me, I'm afraid you misunderstand my question," said the great tragedienne. "I mean what do you think of SHAKESPEARE'S creation? What do you think the author's leading idea was?"

"Youth, decidedly, youth," said our Rep., promptly, "and therefore there can be no doubt that he wrote that role for you, madam."

"Tell me now frankly," said she in an irresistible voice, "has my playing of the part any notable defect?"

"None whatever, except a lack of gush, which you can easily acquire by reading the notices of your performances in the Montreal papers. Pray let me ask do you personally like *Juliet*?"

"Oh yes," said Mrs. L.-L., "I'm extremely fond of *Juliet*, especially the latter portion. I dote upon the potion potion."

The reporter turned several handsprings in excess of delight at her unalloyed wit, and then offered to stand treat. Such was his fulness of heart. This being delicately refused, she asked him,

"Have you travelled much?"

"Well," said the reporter, meditatively, "now that I come to think of it, I believe I have. I have been at least one day in each of the divisions of the Globe, to wit, America, Europe, Africa, Asia and Australasia."

"Indeed," said Mrs. L.-L., "and pray let me ask how my loveliness contrasts with the specimens of female beauty whom you doubtless admired during your sojourn abroad."

"Now," said our reporter, "as far as I can judge I never saw anywhere such pretty girls as are to be seen in this city of Toronto."

"You are not answering my question," said Mrs. L.-L., brusquely. "How do they compare with my phizures?"

"As a general thing," observed the reporter, "I am a great admirer of youth and beauty. Yes, I am a true admirer of all that is young and pretty—"

"Will you answer my question or not?" sneered Mrs. L.-L., as she secured a position commanding the fire irons.

"Don't I tell you that I am a lover of the young and pretty wherever met with, what more answer do you want. Don't irritate me unnecessarily, for in my rage I may say things that you won't like to hear."

Mrs. LANGTRY-LONSDALE summoned the servants, and after a short though fierce struggle our reporter left the building via first floor window.

The Autocrat of the Lunch-Table.

By "GRIP'S" TORONTO PHILOSOPHER.

None of the company had ever seen the *Shy-stander*—the young lady from the book-binder's department had once read the advertisements, as she folded it up; and WILLIAM, the Elevator Boy, who had once sold the *Globe* as a street newsboy, had an idea that its accomplished author was a rebel in league with the late Mr. BENNETT. I explained the true merits of that trenchant serial. I shewed that it had been foremost to advertise the HOLMAN Liver Pad; that it had spread the fame of the Peelee Island Native Wine, a liquor to which it was well that the potatoes of the annual dinner of a certain learned body not far from Toronto should be restricted. "I suppose it represents the Grangers," said the young man JOHN. He was always on the outside edge of our conversation, cutting into it with a joke or some extraneous remark. He was not in accord with the key-note of our talk, nor were his rapid jests received with favor by the school-teacher, who was too matter-of-fact, or by the pretty book-binder, who was too thoughtful to like irrelevant interruptions.

"SO WALT WHITMAN is to write a book on the poets in his own peculiar style," said the school teacher; "which seems to be neither poetry nor prose, but something between both."

"Just as what is neither land nor water, but is something between both, is mud, my dear young lady." I then proceeded to read to those present a couple of copies of verses designed to show the difference between WHITMAN and his somewhat milder prototype TURPER. Thus might TURPER sing:—

A dinner is a thing of delight—a well-spring of joy and gladness.

Howbeit, O dinnerless one, murmur not against him who hath dined! For oftentimes the tea is adulterated, the pickles are green with copper. The potatoes are mingled with the Paris-green designed for the unsuspecting potato-bug! So that he who dineth in agony calleth for the doctor. And dieth if he be not at home, or, being at home, possesseth not a stomach-pump!

The metrical fame of WHITMAN is much the same; the matter more vigorous:—

Here am I, the man you was asking about, universal as GUTT, or as sunshine:—

Here am I, the swell at Government House parties, the lawyer in the hospital ward, the convict lashed to the triangles at the Central Prison!

At one with all humanity, sympathizing with everything, from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter!

And I say to you that I love every true man with a supreme and personal love,

And that every man is a true man!

And I say that I hate every liar with an intense and personal hatred,

And that every man is a liar!

The bookbinder smiled—a faint, evanescent smile. That girl has too much lifting of heavy weights, and doesn't eat half enough. The school-teacher asked us to copy the verses into her album; she forgets not to speak of the liberal terms that GRIP affords in remuneration of my poems—the still more important fact that Mr. ROSE still flourishes in Toronto for the encouragement of native authorship.

Notes from the Gadfly.

DEAR GRIP—Times! Times beyond all doubt are improving. Why, here on all sides are signs of National Prosperity and Commercial Confidence. Yes, that's it. That is what is being passed around now. But I tell you old bird, it is all moonshine. And I know it. Now people may talk about extravagance in dress, but I have demonstrated to my sorrowful satisfaction that a pair of trousers are an absolute necessity. The aborigines of this glorious continent would probably have considered it a mere bit of fastidiousness to wear such things, but somehow the people of now-a-days have got kind of accustomed to them, and there is no getting around it, you have to wear them. So I went the other evening to a tailor, not my own tailor, for he has become peculiarly disagreeable of late, always gets off some abominably stale joke about running accounts being on their last lap, and that sort of thing. Well I went to a tailor and talked to him about the great boom in biz, how remarkably easy the money market is; how greatly improved the feeling is at all mercantile centres; how, in fact, Commercial Confidence was, as you might say, entirely restored: then whispering in his ear, I said that I was only awaiting a remittance by the first English mail, and would he oblige me with a pair of Tweed inexpressibles. But bless your heart, Commercial Confidence was nowhere. I tried a coal merchant; talked about the beauties of the N. P.; how grandly it was developing our natural resources, and by amalgamating the separate interests of the different parts of our Dominion, was uniting our country in one homogeneous whole. I incidentally remarked at this point, that my coal hole required replenishing, and after asking his lowest figure per ton, for a large quantity, ordered a hundredweight to be sent to my rooms, at the same time offering a draft on the office of GRIP. As yet, I have not received those coals, and the condition of my never-mention-ems will not permit of my appearance in public. And yet they prate about Commercial Confidence. A fig for such Commercial Confidence. What is Commercial Confidence; what is Mercantile Prosperity; what is the N. P.; to a fellow, when his cold-blooded laundress holds his other shirt? Pshaw!

GADFLY.

A man in a neighboring city has been arrested and imprisoned for 'raising' money. What a world this is to be sure. Many a man has got himself into trouble for not raising money—when his note became due.—*Rome Sentinel*.

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