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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 Correspondents.**

—**NIXON.**—No! The Great American Zollverein is not an animal found near the Rocky Mountains.

—**SPORT.**—We can not inform you in what city the tallest man living resides, but if you go to Concord N. H., you will find a Longfellow there.

—**MEDICUS.**—The first medical pad ever invented was a shin pad. It was invented by a cricketer.

**The Irish Insur-raction.**

Hurroo! for the ruction thats goin' to rise Hurroo for cracked skulls and lovely black eye, Such fightin' an' shootin' divarsion is seen At Cork, at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen.

Swate luck to yer, **PARNELL**, me broth uv a lilyo! Your praises we'll raise to the roof uv the sky, You'll, sure, get a wave from each **PADDY'S** caubeen At Cork, at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen!

Bad scran to thim landlords! an' that's what I say, To ould Nick we do pitch them; no rent we will pay, Sure the saints said at Knock "Arrah, dont be so green! At Cork, at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen!"

Och! load all yer guns wid good powder an' shot Remember the battles yer ancestors fought! Thin shrike for **St. PATRICK'S** bright shamrock so green At Cork, at Clonmel, an' at Ballyporeen.

Home Rule! ye're a jewel, for you we would doye, Yes, lay down his life would each rollikin' bye, So prome up yer sperrits wid Erin's pooten, At Cork at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen.

The Red-coats may come—fai! we care not a fig, We'll tache them to dance the ould humpnaker's jig, An' the hangin' once over, we'll shmoke a duhdeen, At Cork, at Clonmel, an' at Ballyporeen!

Be the bones o' **St. PATRICK** the fun's to begin, There's **MURPHY'S**, **MAGDONAGH'S** and **BRIAN O'LEIN**, That's the mustherin' an' bludtherin' in every shebeen At Cork, at Clonmel an' at Ballyporeen.

Home Rule we will have, an' then, be me sow! We'll sind thro' ould Oireland an' iligit howl; An' a **BRIAN BOYD** on his throne will be seen At Dublin, Cork, Clogher and Ballyporeen.

**Timothy's Essays.**

NO. I.

**THE ELEVATOR BOY.**

Who among us have not felt our hearts thrill with a present but undefinable fear as we stood before that mysterious personage, the Elevator Boy. To the average mind the Elevator Boy resembles the mysteries of creation, inasmuch as he is totally incomprehensible. He, or it, rather—for he seems scarcely human—is always a little-old boy. Nobody can tell his age. It is utterly impossible, judging by his appearance, to say whether he is ten or one thousand years old. They are all the same size, are all freckled, all possess the same sore ear, which is the only thing, outside the elevator, that claims their serious consid eration. Passengers are something entirely beneath their notice. There is a

bench in the elevator, but the Elevator Boy never sits down. They are never tired, never hungry, never suffer from thirst. Nobody ever saw them smile; they never frown; their thoughts, if they have any, seem to be afar off, soaring in realms of eternal darkness. They never speak; you never expect them to speak. An oration from the Sphinx would not be [more surprising than the utterance of a single word by the Elevator Boy. When you step inside the elevator, you find him standing beside the rope, mysterious, immovable. His eyes wander slowly from the sole of your boot to the crown of your hat, and, before that searching gaze, you instinctively feel the utter impossibility of hiding even your inmost thoughts. He shuts the door mysteriously, gives the rope a vicious jerk, and takes a grim delight at your sudden start at finding yourself whirled aloft through the air. The higher you rise the more mysterious does he become. You involuntarily fancy yourself imprisoned with a ghou. Visions of DANTE'S "Inferno" float through your mind. You mentally speculate upon the chances of going through space never to return. If you have the temerity to address him, a single glance from those ghoul-like eyes sends you back trembling in a corner. Suddenly the elevator stops, a door is flung open, you step out with a great sigh of relief, and your mysterious conductor sinks down out of sight like a Prince of Darkness, hurrying down to the lower regions. Whether the Elevator Boy ever eats is not known. What becomes of him after his hours of work is as much a profound mystery as his presence while at work. He is never seen upon the streets; he is unknown at the boarding-houses; he simply vanishes, to appear the following morning at the exact minute he is required. He is always punctual, always clean, perfectly honest, and cannot lie or swear, because he never speaks. He does not use tobacco or liquor. With all his mystery he possesses traits of character that even our city fathers would do well to copy. Long may he flourish! He is kind and obliging in his own dark way; he is never out of temper, and, above all—we need him. May his race never become extinct!

**Edison Left.**

**GRIP** hesitates before inaugurating a revolution in scientific circles. He is not like **EDISON**—whose pauses come after his inventions. He has discovered a principle and invented a machine for the condensation and "bottling" of sleep! The Princess Louise can therefore come back to Canada without any apprehensions of insomnia.

*Sleep is a substance.* This great principle has not yet been clearly stated by the scientists—but it is there all the same.

Sleep can be condensed, when in the process of evaporation from an able-bodied man whose day has been spent in hard manual labour, and whose sleep is ponderous.

The apparatus is not, for the present, to be fully explained, because a patent has been applied for, and partially secured, but the results are open to the investigation of the public generally. The invention is to be called "THE HYPNOMETER."

The instrument, by a peculiar process, concentrates the following essences, and compounds a "dose" sufficient to secure, (if necessary), a Ripping-forty-Winkle snooze:—

Essence of *Globe* Editorial—1 dram. Distilled Communism from the *Commonwealth*—1 scruple.

The Average Sermon from City Pulpits—*ad lib.*

Items from "Canadian Spectator"—Thrown in at hap-hazard.

*Mixtura fiat.*

By the administration of this most effective soporific, satisfactory effects have been obtained. Here are some testimonials:—

DEAR SIR,  
I could not sleep for thinking of Angelina. Cured by one dose. Yours,

JA KASSIE.

DEAR SIR,  
That story of **BILL THOMPSON'S** deprived me of several nights' repose. Three doses fixed me. Yours,

ANNANIAS BATES.  
(Late of "The Ballahoo.")

DEAR GRIP,  
It is a perfect "Canada Pacific." Yours, &c., J. A. MACDONALD.

Further testimonials are on view at our office. The compound is especially recommended for the sires of a qualling babies and speculators in the Syndicate Stocks.

\*[**DR. WILD**, **MR. MILLIGAN**, and one or two others, are accepted.]

**Fired Out**

Just as the brilliant inaugural services of the new Queen's College are completed, word reaches us of the destruction by fire of another celebrated Canadian seat of learning—Coboconk University. This mournful intelligence is accompanied by the following touching lines from the pen of a distinguished Professor of the now defunct Institution:

**In Memoriam.**

COBOCONK UNIVERSITY,  
Destroyed by fire Oct. 9, 1880.

Lament and weep or bow in grief subdued  
Let lamentation take the place of joy,  
May tears of anguish gush from every eye  
And manly sorrow pierce our very soul:  
The sacred spot—the venerable pile—  
The nation's pride—its glory and its crown,  
Its stately halls, its vast magnificence,  
With all its mystic glory—passed away.  
A scudding heap—the remnant that remains,  
The only monument to mark the classic spot  
Where men, now scattered on the earth's wide field,  
Drank at its Fountain education's light  
Or sipped its nectar from convivial cups,  
Surviving all—above the ruins lives,  
The ever present memory of the just,  
Fresh through the fading fallacies of time  
The changing scenes of earth's decaying day.  
Where'er thy sons, O Coboconk, shall dwell  
Engraven on their hearts thy name shall be.  
—Prof. Grimes, L. L. D.

The first regular meeting of the Reform Literary and Debating Society was held on Monday evening in the Ladies' reading room, Mechanics' Institute. After routine business, Messrs. **JONAS EWAN** and **F. S. BROOKS** were proposed for membership. **Mr. W. G. MURTON** read a selection from *Richelieu*, after which a stirring debate on the Pacific Railway question was decided in favour of the affirmative, who argued against the policy of the present Government. We are glad to observe that this club exhibits vigorous signs of life, and would commend it to the attention of young men who are desirous of cultivating their literary gifts.

We are given to understand that at the next regular meeting of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club, the following rules and regulations will be added to the code at present in existence:

1. **Mr. GROUX** shall be allowed to have his lacrosse "loaded" and shall receive a premium on all the Saxon heads he breaks.
2. In any match for the championship, the fifth game (when decisive) shall invariably be decided in favour of the Shamrocks, whether they win it or not.
3. Whenever a dispute is decided by the Referee against the Shamrocks, said Referee shall be liable to be called a liar, or shyster, or both.
4. That on the occasion of the next match with the Torontos, the Shamrocks shall take three straight games, or know the reason why.

We observe that our esteemed contemporary, the *London Free Press*, has treated itself to a fine new outfit of type. The *F. P.* is generally acknowledged to be the best conducted newspaper of Western Ontario.

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