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The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**The Lieut. Governor's Speech.**

Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

As MOWAT'S mouthpiece here I greet you,  
It gives me pleasure thus to meet you  
Fresh from the people—their selection  
At the last general election.  
That contest, orderly and quiet,  
Unmarred by any row or riot,  
Was greatly to the country's credit,  
It was, though I myself have said it,  
We've harvested a splendid crop;  
The lumber trade is looking up;  
My Government asks your attention  
To certain facts they have to mention  
About the lands just added to  
The Province of Ontario.  
In that fine district I am told  
The pioneers are finding gold,  
Which many settlers will bring  
Most likely with the coming spring;  
Anticipating this increase,  
You'll please make laws to keep the peace.  
The Boys at Penetanguishene  
Invoke your aid it will be seen,  
And also that great seat of knowledge,  
The Farmer's Agricultural College.  
I'm sure 'twill give you all great pleasure  
To carry through a needed measure  
Our rural interests to conserve,  
And timber limits to preserve.  
My Cabinet's come to the conclusion  
To do some more at legal fusion,  
And to extend Division Courts  
To take in suits of many sorts;  
The law about Insolvency  
Is going to be repealed, I see,  
And when it has been made dead letter  
The goods of the Insolvent debtor  
Will call for you paternal care.  
That all may get an equal share.  
A Bill poor brakemen's lives to save  
Your kind attention, too, will crave.  
We'll also introduce a Bill  
On tax exemption—that grave ill.  
And last, my Cabinet will produce  
Their plans for building a new House,  
Which both our taste and wealth shall mark.  
And now, my hearties, do not shirk  
This pile of solid, useful work,  
Attend to biz., indulge no gas,  
And let these measures smoothly pass.

REMENYI, who is considered by many to be the greatest violinist in the world, is to appear in this city shortly, under the auspices of the Shaftesbury Hall Committee. He will be accompanied by a concert company of corresponding merit.

**Something Like Fables.**

THE BARITONE AND THE CASSOWARY.

A Baritone who had been a member of a Pinafore company was found by a Cassowary wandering, with every appearance of Enjoyment and Delight, upon the scorching Plains of Timbuctoo. Astonished at his joyous aspect, the Cassowary inquired if it was possible he had the pleasure of addressing another Missionary? "I have never been a missionary," replied the Baritone gaily, "though as I intend taking up my residence in this delightful Spot, I may yet become one. You cannot think how the Immunity from certain forms of speech which I here enjoy, fills me with new Hope." The Cassowary stood Musing. "Have you Never," asked he, "been a missionary?" A Deadly Pallour overspread the Baritone's countenance, and he feebly shook his head. "What!" persisted the Cassowary, with whom missionary agreed, "Nev—?" Whereupon the Baritone, uttering a despairing Shriek, fled wildly into space.

Moral: It is better to bear with Pinafore at home than fly to it in Timbuctoo.

THE BANK-CLERK AND THE TAILOR.

A Bank-clerk, who was dressing for an evening party, gazed admiringly upon his Reflection in the Limpid mirror. "What a pity," said he, "that such an elegant form and Figure should be accompanied by so contemptible a Mental calibre." As he uttered these words, his Landlady entered bearing a huge manuscript on a salver, which proved to be the long neglected Bill of his tailor. "He's a waitin' in the hall, sir," said the Landlady in a Tone of sympathy, "and says he'll be Jiggered if he goes away before seeing you." The Bank-clerk stared helplessly about him, when suddenly his despised Intellect came to his relief. "The fire-escape!" he whispered, and letting himself down thereby, he proceeded in safety to the Scene of Revelry.

Moral: Always put off till to-morrow the dun you get to-day.

FLORENCE GRAY.

**The Tay Bridge.**

On through the storm! the rushing, swaying train,  
Chased by the demon winds and mad with fear,  
Up to the cold white moon that will not hear  
Send shrieks for pity as it flies in pain.  
On through the night! the iron sinews strain,  
Freighted with human lives—the Frith is near,  
And in the tempest, surging wild and drear  
The wind-swept waters warning shout in vain.  
On to the bridge! the giant girders groan,  
They tremble—fall!—then under the wide sky  
No trace of aught but ruin, and the moan  
Of waves that roll o'er death and agony.  
Bright hopes, fair dreams—was it for this alone  
Ye blossomed in the hearts that silent lie?

**Celestial and Terrestrial.**

It was in beautiful accordance with the fitness of things that Prof GOLDWIN SMITH should have been chosen to introduce Prof. PROCTOR at his first lecture, for while the famous Astronomer has done much to popularize the heavenly bodies, the chairman has done just as much to unpopularize the *Globe*.

**Still Worse.**

In a highly sympathetic article on Pastors and Choirs the *Mail* says: "Of all the troubles a clergyman encounters, perhaps the worst is harmony in his choir, and concord with it." It is well the cautious writer put a "perhaps" there, for some clergymen are of opinion that a want of harmony and concord with the choir is even a worse trouble.

**Rural Rhymes.**

NO. 4.—YES, INDEED!

When curting my MATILDA JANE,  
Before the knot was tied,  
One summer eve, with fluttering heart,  
While sitting by her side,  
I asked her if in case her Ma  
And Pa should be agreed  
She would be mine? she quickly smiled,  
And answer'd, "Yes, indeed!"

I asked her if when we were join'd  
In wedlock's holy state,  
She would not grumble if at times  
I stayed out rather late;  
I'd get a latch-key for the door,  
And so she would not need  
To rise and let me in at night,  
She answered—"Yes, indeed."

I told her too how fond I was  
Of pipe or mild cigar,  
And asked her if she'd let me have  
My evening C.P.R.,  
She told me that she rather liked  
The perfume of the weed,  
And with a kiss she gave consent  
To smoking—"Yes, indeed!"

I told her too quite lovingly  
I had a friend or two,  
With whom I often took a hand,  
At euchre, whist or Loo;  
I told her I would ask my friends,  
(if she was quite agreed)  
To come and have a quiet game  
She answered—"Yes, indeed!"

We're married now,—my evening hours  
Are under watch and guard,—  
I never have a soothing pipe,  
And never touch a card;  
And when I tell my friends I wish  
From wedlock I was freed,  
They give a sympathising smile,  
And answer, "Yes, indeed!"

**An Original Design.**

We are informed by an advertisement in the *Mail* that at the opening exhibition of the new Canadian Academy of Arts in February, "Mr. ROBERT HAY, M. P., will give \$25 as a prize for the best original design for a cabinet." JOHN A. is sure to win this money if he puts his present Ministry in competition.

Skaters are believers in the theory of evolution.

Edison makes light of a thread; paraphraser makes light of almost everything.

Marble-cutters should make good curlers. They are capital hands at "putting up a stone."

Surrogate Clerks are very industrious: they first open their office, and then go to work with a will.

HINT TO FICKLE LOVERS.—About this time of the year young ladies don't mind getting the sack—sealskin preferred.

The title page of GRIP'S ALMANAC represents a huge raven holding in its claws Sir JOHN and Mr. MACKENZIE suspended between heaven and earth. This was one of GRIP'S delicate compliments to both political parties, which, through the perversity of human nature they have so far failed to recognize. The idea sought to be conveyed was that the leaders (while in the bird's claws) wore the most talon-ted men in the Dominion.