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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.

To Correspondents.

E. B. C. *Thuro*.—Have written you.

Geographer.—No. The Andies are not in Ireland. The sound of the name has no doubt misled you.

E. J. W. *City*.—You send us *Hamlet's* soliloquy. We don't dare to publish it. It isn't even as good as the one SHAKESPEARE wrote. Try something fresher. The other piece is hardly up to the mark.

A Lament.

Hop Bitter is my fate!
Hop Bitter is my luck!
Alas, in "awful state"
Goes home the young Canuck,
A conquerer again,
And I, alas, must suffer,
And bear the lasting name,
OF COURTNEY, THE BIG DUFFER.

My dream of life is oar,
Shall I, shall I subside,
And never nevermore
Disport upon the tide?
My sea of life is rough,
It hardly can be rougher.
I tell you boys it's tough,
To bear the name of Duffer.

The Great Quebec Speech.

"The most magnetic speaker in Canada, the shrewdest politician, the ablest statesman, the wittiest man,"—*vide Monday's Mail*—has spoken, and this is about what he said:

Gentlemen:—I feel almost too full for utterance (*Cheers*). I feel overpowered by this magnificent ovation—this spontaneous outburst of your devotion. Gentlemen, I appreciate the great honor of this banquet, for I have some idea what trouble you had in getting it up. (*Hear, hear*). And only to think that I am alive yet! Gentlemen, I feel decidedly queer just now. I have been in existence several years, but who would ever have thought that I would have lived till the present moment? Grant me a moment for my emotions. (*Intermission for refreshments*). Gentlemen, I believe this is Quebec. Dear old Quebec, what memories does it not revive! Here is where WOLFE and MONTALZU fought (*Great applause*), yes, gentlemen, and I have fought here too.

There is where I killed HINCKS. (*Fleeting glee*). Glorious old Quebec, where FRONTENAC spurned the demand to surrender to PHIPPS. I also, gentlemen, have spurned PHIPPS! (*Great cheers*). Here also the traitor LETELLIER—but I will carefully avoid all allusion to that subject. In this classic atmosphere, gentlemen, I drink in (*varice for refreshments*) the inspiration of by-gone times. I think of CARTIER, and I say that a greater, nobler, purer, grander patriot never lived. We were like brothers—we were as one man. They say he was my master, and I was his slave. Gentlemen, I am proud to confess it, I was bound to him by chains of gold, to wit, \$8,000 per annum. (*Applause*). Gentlemen, French Canadian gentlemen, believe me I feel just like a Frenchman to night; I feel in the humour of putting the whole of the Dominion under the heel of Quebec, as in the good old days. (*Loud applause*). But you musn't mind what I say on such an occasion as this. Gentlemen, I look around at the mottoes on this wall, and I see one—or is it two or three? It seems to wobble—which says "Canada's Greatest Statesman." Gentlemen, I thank you; you are correct. I am sure you will congratulate me on the result of our mission. We have—that is we shall—yes, I am convinced—I might say I am almost sure—I might even say I think—yes, I may say I hope to get money from England (*Loud cheers*) to build the Pacific Railway (*Murmurs of disapprobation*) which will leave us cash on hand for all other purposes (*Tremendous applause*). But, gentlemen, suppose we didn't. Or suppose we did. My colleagues will tell you about finance. I will tell you what I did. The Grits talked of driving us from power with whirlwinds, because we Pacific Scandalized a little to keep our places. Ask us why we did it. Now, we don't answer impertinent questions, but we had each eight thousand good reasons, and expected to have as many more annually. Well, they said we darsen't go home and be Privy Counsellors. Darsen't we? I brought back to power every man who'd been in it. Parliamentary majority didn't say a word—tell you what, the fellows who had needn't look for any pickings. Then went to London, what were they to do? I showed 'em my majority; they couldn't oppose general opinion of Colony, so, consider Pacific Scandals correct things here, and let me in. I take oath, dine with Queen; all lovely and serene. Result, reputation of Canada lowered; don't care a straw; myself all square. Grits floored; do care very much. Gentlemen, was it a success? (*Great cries of "splendid!" "Clever old fellow!" "Canada's Greatest Statesman!"*) Then, I appeal to one other point, and on it I wish to stand or fall. I have been called Canada's Greatest Statesman, I don't say correctly; but I ask you this—? I never was any good at legislation, settlement, tariffs, or such things—if others went ahead there. I ask you to read BEACONFIELD'S speech, and tell me if BALDWIN, or MACKENZIE, or CARTIER, or BLAKE could have so skillfully thrown such bushels of dust in the eyes of the English Premier. It was the crowning achievement of my life. I pause for a reply. (*Immense vociferations of "Grand!" "Wonderful!" "Diplomatic!" "Statesmanlike!"*) Gentlemen, I will now take my seat! (*Unusual cheers*).

We learn from the newspapers that the house of Mr. H. E. SMALLPIECE, Guelph, was the other night entered by burglars, "who retreated after a fruitless search for money." It is unnecessary to remark that Mr. SMALLPIECE is an editor.

The Fair Canadian Wilderness.

Talk not to me of Southern climes,
Of green banana and orange groves,
Where mocking bird among the limes
Enchanting sings where'er he roves.
Speak not of Persia's rosy bowers. [Tresses,
Where perfumed breeze stirs the maiden's
What are these all to this land of ours?
Our own Canadian Wildernesses!

Who sings row of fam'd Araby,
The fields of France, Italia's scenes,
Or Down East States, where by the sea
The Yank still clings to pork and beans?
What is the theme at festive board
Where haughty Albion's lord expresses
His thoughts in eloquence high soared?
'Tis our vast fertile Wildernesses.

Though yet the buffler and the bar,
And Sioux are seen in the mountain range,
They'll disappear when the C. P. R.
And the engine comes with its noises strange.
Tho' the festive fly and the mosquito
Too lively may be with their light caresses,
Let myriads shout out Westward ho!
And pack their bags for the Wildernesses.

King RICHARD I. was, on account of physical deformity, surnamed Crook-Back. On account of moral deformity certain of HANLAN'S friends at Chatauga deserves to be hereafter known as Crooked-Backers.

City Nuisances.

Grip rejoices that his big brothers, the *Globe* and *Mail*, have come out strong on the line of virtue and good order. The Conservative organ has often before provoked its contemporary, but not always to good works, as in the present instance. The assault of the *Mail* on the York street dens has incited the *Globe* to attack the Sunday night strollers on King and Yonge streets, and Mr. Grip rushes forth to bear a hand in both of these highly commendable enterprises, wielding his pencil to assist the editors' pens. The supineness of the civic authorities on the subject of the dens deserves the severe comment which has been made upon it both by press and pulpit. Up to the present, however, these strictures have failed to arouse his Worship the Mayor, who calmly sleeps in his easy seat just as if this very offensive matter had not been laid before him at all. Mr. Grip pictures the situation in order that the Chief Magistrate may see himself as others see him, and it is to be hoped this will fetch him to his senses—at least to his sense of smell. Let him wake up, and go and get his fellow Commissioners, the ornamental Chief of Police and the truly good County Judge, and let them put their heads together and do something. If the mere consideration of the city's reputation be not enough to excite the Mayor's zeal, let us remind him that—the civic election comes on shortly.

As to the strolling nuisance, Mr. Grip comes to the *Globe's* assistance by sketching a section of the throng that monopolizes the principal thoroughfares every Sunday night. The reader may in his mind magnify this section almost *ad infinitum*, stretch it out at least a mile, and add all the *et cetera* of bad language, bad tobacco smoke and unbecoming conduct. It certainly is a nuisance, but how it is to be dealt with in the present state of the law concerning liberty of the subject is quite beyond GRIP'S apprehension, unless we consent to make GEORGE BROWN civic Dictator, and let him prescribe just where and when and in what numbers promenaders may indulge their propensities. Mr. Grip consents, but alas! Mr. Grip isn't everybody.