

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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

EDITOR'S NOTICE.—Original contributions solicited. All sketches and articles should be accompanied by the real name and address of the author. If payment is expected, a note to that effect should accompany the MSS. Rejected MSS. returned if postage enclosed. Literary correspondence to be addressed to the Editor; business communications to BENGOUGH BROS.

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

Special Notice.

Mr. W. R. Burrage's engagement as general subscription and advertising agent having expired, that gentleman is no longer connected with Grip's business department. Our authorized canvassers are furnished with credentials signed by GEORGE BENGOUGH. Good agents wanted in every part of the Dominion, to whom liberal commission will be paid.



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.

An Unpublished Passage.

The following touching passage was, by some means, omitted from Sir A. T. GALT'S speech at the farewell banquet tendered to that gentleman prior to his departure for England as Canadian High Commissioner:

"Gentlemen, I am sure you will excuse these tears. On an occasion like this, an ebullition of tender feeling cannot argue any want of true manliness; on the contrary, I cannot but think you must consider it greatly to my credit. In leaving the shores of this dear country of my adoption, I am severing many tender ties, and even the contemplation of the truly immense time I expect to have in London with the fellows at the clubs, doing Pall Mall on sunny afternoons, riding in Rotten Row with the lords and ladies—perhaps even in the near vicinity of Mrs. LANOTRY,—going out to five o'clock teas with dukes and duchesses, sporting my figure at select garden parties, and passing many a happy night at the Christy Minstrel's show.—I say, notwithstanding all these bright visions, I cannot suppress the feelings of grief which rise up in my heart when I think of the ties I must sever. I must, for example, tear myself away from Mr. BROWN and the *Globe*; and I leave it entirely to your imagination to picture the distress this causes me. What a dear, devoted friend that journal has been to me! How graciously has it always spoken of me—when I have *pro tem* acted in accord with the Parity! In a moment like this, I think only of those occasions, and I dismiss from my recollection all the sharp and bitter taunts it has uttered against me on other occasions, when *pro tem* I have sided with the other fellows. I dwell upon those passages in which generous things have been said of my commanding intellect, my polished manners, and the unswerving rectitude of my public life; I forget all the articles in which my resemblance to the chameleon, politically, has been the theme. Yes, gentlemen, in parting with the *Globe*, I break a very tender tie indeed! Excuse these tears. But a still deeper depth of feeling is touched in my breast when I think of severing myself from TILLEY. Poor Sir LEONARD SAMUEL! I don't know what he will do

without me. I have been his guide, philosopher and friend, and have come to regard him as an affectionate father might regard his dear little toddling child. I do hope he may be able to get along without me, though I must confess I have painful apprehensions on the subject. I do hope, gentlemen, you will all keep a kindly eye upon him, and those of you who happen to know more about the National Policy than little Sir SAMUEL knows—I hope you will give him the occasional benefit of your advice. I could depart with a tranquil mind if it were possible to arrange that Mr. PHIPPS should step into the place that I occupied as *chaperone* to the Finance Minister, but, alas! that cannot be. The aid of that masterly mind is denied him. Mr. PHIPPS has become soured upon the Government, and he is now wholly given up to the contemplation of the "Conservative failure"—the failure to accept of his services when they were so generously offered. The only ray of hope I see is Mr. WALLACE, and I indulge the persuasion that under the paternal care of that distinguished gentleman the Finance Minister may be guided through the fog which envelopes his path. And now, gentlemen, I must close. You will bear my voice no more for a long time. My parting word is to be kind to Mr. BROWN and the *Globe*, and oh, take care of TILLEY!"

The Cost of Victory.

THE UPSHOT OF A RECENT GREAT LABEL SUIT.

Enter—THE LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

I'm a bogus son of Mars, and I thank my lucky stars
That I'm innocent of wars, excepting at home;
I lately had a toss from a lubber big and cross,
Who imagined he was boss wherever he'd come.

He thought he'd use his lash about some missing cash
And knock me into hash with wondrous *clat*;
But I made the fellow snort, for I hauled him into court,
And provided lots of sport for the limbs of the law.

No dimes had I aboard, so I well could afford
To let myself be floor'd, and lie upon my back;
Then, to his great dismay, when he thought he'd gained
The day,
He had everything to pay with *Cheque*, *CHEQUE*,
CHEQUE.

Ha! Ha! Ha! [*Exit*—LT.-COLONEL.]

Enter—KNIGHT-ERRANT.

Injustice and outrage my wrath do arouse,
And the cause of The People I'll ever espouse:
I'm no fear'd of JOHN BULL, nor of SANDIE, nor PADDY;
But aye keep me clear of a sodger laddie.

To succour my neighbour by impost opprest,
My guid, trusty lance is ever in rest;
I'll fight again, leas, for the Deil is their daddie,
(But no if they're tauld by a sodger laddie.)

Yin day I was sittin' an' suppin' my brose,
When the smell of a swindle cam' into my nose:
Up I joomps, and I says, 'Eh, sirs! I am ready,
But the culprit, alas! was a sodger laddie.

I kenn'dna my peril, but at him I went,
And in huntin' up proofs all my moments were spent;
As became a Knight-Errant, my labour was steady,
But I was gay rash wi' my sodger laddie.

Now, a' things were gathered and look'd vera clear,
And I put them in print without ony fear:
Gran' triumph an' joy I was feelin' a'ready,
When a shock I received from my sodger laddie.

'Twas a writ or a summons, or somethin' like that,
For libel, defamin' an' goodness kens what:
I beat him at la' but no property had he,
So I'd to pay all for the sodger laddie.

My freens and my brithers! noo joost take a hint,
'Twas for you an' your pouches my money was tint.
Come, pass round the bonnet, JOHN, SANDY an' PADDY,
Make up what I've spent on the sodger laddie.

T.

A Theory.

It is suggested that BENNETT'S attempt at assassination was inspired by an ambition to have his portrait published in the *Globe*. We cannot accept this opinion. BENNETT was manifestly reckless, but not quite so insane as this would imply. We think he was actuated by a desire to get hanged.

The Grip Sack.

PACKED BY OUR OWN PARAGRAPHERS.

Spring fever.—Jumping a board bill.
A typographical error—a careless compositor.
The charge of the light brigade—\$2,50 per 1000 feet.

DEAN SWIFT was witty, but CRANMER was martyr.

Who is this PETER SPENCE that is sent to His Holiness at Rome so frequently?

The Czar don't read newspapers any more. He is afraid of seeing daggers.

The paradoxical carriage builder makes many doubletrees out of one single tree.

Spring theatrical intelligence. Black Rook companies are deluging the country.

HAYES believes in hanging.—*Detroit Free Press*. Yes, in hanging on to TILDEN'S chair.

A large proportion of the patent medicine now in use is medicine-gular ingredients.

A man don't always love his wife in reality, but a bird generally loves his mate in 'er nest.

Men are sometimes pressed for cash, but all the girls we know are pressed for the fun of the thing.

It is not the square thing; to arrest people for crookedness, and permit the Credit Valley Railway to go free.

The Wingham brass band has did for want of money. The members refuse to issue notes except on a gold basis.

A mean man, a cent with a hole in it, and a contribution box, are three things which invariably go together in this world.

If this nation should drink as much milk as whiskey, what would we do for water to wash our clothes with?

How do the busy Macabees
Delight to bark and bite;
They gather money from each tent—
Then o'er the pile do fight.

The compositor was told to set an advertisement for the opera, and as he took the copy he remarked: "If it has no *Fatinizza* fraud."

A fellow took his girl out riding one day, and the carriage upset. Since then they are not seen much together, because, he says, they had a fall out.

If the blind of earth should be suddenly restored to sight, a significant amount of spurious shekels would have to seek a new haven of rest.

Spain wants to borrow \$150,000,000. Sorry we haven't the change about us; but the fact is, you see, we have just invested in a whole bunch of spring onions.

When you buy a glass of peanuts at the railway station, don't get embarrassed if the youth who superintends the place scowls at you. He is not president of the road, although he may be some day.

The night is growing late, and as the stars Begin to stretch and nod and yawn and wink,

A basso voice the tranquil stillness mars,
With: "BUB, it's time for you to go, I think."

A man who says he is in destitute circumstances writes and asks us what to do. Keep right on being destitute, of course. Great guns! You wouldn't be so foolish as to thirst for work when there's such of lot of charity lying around loose, would you? Summer not far off, too!