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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.

CAUTION.

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

Better than the N. P.

The *Moncton Times*, though a Government organ, has published an editorial which throws the National Policy into the shade. The origin of the article is Italian and its title is "Titular Taxation,"—which is even more poetical than the well-known phrase "Tilley Tariff," upon which so many wicked Grit papers are continually ringing the changes. Italy, in despair of living comfortably with the national expenditure exceeding the income, has adopted the novel mode of taxing titles and decorations, according to the degree of dignity attaching to each. Such a process is impracticable in a "raw, rough and democratic" country such as a great philosopher has pronounced Canada to be, but the rage for titles is likely to increase, and, if we are to believe the Grit writers and speakers, the indebtedness of Canada will go on in proportion, and hence it may be well to give some attention to the suggestions of the editor of the *Times*. He is jubilant over his discovery, and says:—"What a revenue might be raised in the United States by levying upon such titles as General, Colonel, Major, Captain, Professor and Honourable! At \$5 each for the lower, and \$100 for the highest, the tax would either wipe out the national debt or deprive the majority of the electors of the titular distinctions they possess at present. Our local Government might utilize the idea by levying upon the title of Squire before the name, and the letters J. P. after it. Our treasury would soon be in such a condition that the Premier would hearken to Mr. HANINGTON'S views respecting vast railway enterprises. Let us, by all means, have a tax levied upon the only title our Government has the power to bestow, and thus rescue it from the depths into which it has fallen. One man has as good a right to the distinction as another; there should be no favoritism; and the only way of offering it to all, and preserving it from becoming so common as to be no distinction whatever, is to tax everyone who accepts it. Let us not be too proud to learn from the Italians, but adopt and improve upon their idea of titular taxation."

GRIP can suggest some other directions in which a tax might be levied, with advantage to the country's finances, and in other ways. Let the parliamentary candidate who assumes the title of "workingman" pay for the privilege. Let a tax be levied upon every merchant—and their name is legion—who calls his establishment "the cheapest store in town." A heavy revenue might be obtained from the Reform Association by assessing the title of which they claim to have the monopoly—the "Party of Purity," while the Conservatives might be similarly treated in regard to

their motto—"Union and Progress." Let the newspapers which claim to be the "only" reliable and enterprising, be taxed at a rate per sheet on the whole edition. Patent medicines, which claim to be panaceas for all the ills to which flesh is heir, would yield a handsome revenue to the National Exchequer, if this system could be put in practice. What is there that could not be taxed under this system? There's millions in it. The *Times* editor deserves a title for his discovery—and the tax on the title should be remitted, too, in consideration of the heavy demand it would make upon him by its importance.

Silver Bolles.

We have often wondered what caused the scarcity of small change. Money was abundant with us in the form of bills, fifty cent pieces and quarters, but the ten and five cent bits, hallowed by the associations of our youth, have been practically amissing from our currency. So much has this been the case that church-goers have on more than one occasion had to sacrifice a quarter where the more modest dime or half-dime would have sufficed, and the mint has had to issue a pile of five cent bits to keep things going. The cause of the scarcity has been at length discovered. The murder is out. The *Hamilton Times* tells us that the ladies of the Ambitious City have been for some considerable time in the habit of making necklaces for themselves of the small change of the country. It takes from fifteen to twenty coins to make a necklace, and, when we add to these the number necessary to form bracelets, brooches, &c., &c., our readers will admit that a Hamilton beauty will be, when in full dress, like the venerable lady that "rode the white horse to Banbury Cross," in having "music wherever she goes," and Hamilton youths will always be listening to "the jingling and the tingling of the Bolles."

Royalty's Remonstrance.

GRIP has received the following cablegram from Her Majesty:

WINDSOR CASTLE, Sept. 7th, 1880.

DEAR GRIP,—Have just received a despatch from Ottawa stating that a journalist of your city represented us as saying, in our speech from the Throne, that certain provinces of Asia are inhabited by *Americans*. We said *Armenians*. Give him a wiggling, will you?

VICTORIA R.

GRIP has much pleasure in exposing the editor and proof-reader of the *Evening Telegram*, who committed this atrocity, to the reprobation of all good men and true.

A Suggestion for Hanlan.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR,—Being a true-born Canadian, I love my country, and am naturally jealous of its honour; and, being a lover of aquatic sports, I fervently admire E. HANLAN. It therefore grieved me much to see his late defeat, and my confidence in him has, I admit, been somewhat shaken. I have thought much and often about that *stitch*, and being anxious that, for the honour of Canada, his race with TUCKERT should not be subject to any such mishap, I have, after painful study, found a preventative against any such weakness, which I hope will meet HANLAN'S eye in your columns. Let EDWARD pull that race *entirely naked*, for then, and only then can we be absolutely certain that he will pull right through *without a stitch*. P.

Harry to the Rescue

On *dit* that Mr. JAMESON, clothier, is to contest St. John's Ward at next Aldermanic election. When HARRY PIPER heard this he turned white, which was more than the majority of his constituents could do. Yes sah!

He Wants Work.

Our exchanges say:—"The Duke of Connaught, having obtained the consent of Her Majesty, has again applied to the Horse Guards for employment on active service in India. There is hesitation on the part of the authorities in complying with the request." GRIP admires the action of Her Majesty, and of the namesake of the Iron Duke, but fails to understand "the authorities" or their hesitation. Do they want to keep the gallant young fellow in cotton wool and leading-strings all his life? The darling of the poor Prince Imperial is a standing reproach to the scions of royalty "who live at home at ease."

A Woful Ballad.

ROLAND VANCOITLAND DE VANDERBILT BROWNE, Was acknowledged the finest young swell in the town, His gait was so fine—though some called it a strut— And his clothes were uncommonly faultless in cut.

His bearing had quite an aristocrat air, And grand the *butcher* of his insolent stare, He claimed that his blood was the bluest of blue, Though that was not the case, as a few of us knew.

SOPHIA ST. LEGER DE MONTREBAN BEGGS Belonged to the race of the great Kilmanseggs, She had no great beauty to mention,—but then, She had *cash*, and was worshipped by hundreds of men.

Miss SOPHIA, however, but sneered at the crowd, And stated (her voice was hoarse, tuneless and loud) That none for a helpmate for SOPHY would do, But one of grand bearing and blood very blue.

At a picnic she met Mr. VANDERBILT BROWNE, And soon it was known, through the whole of the town, That ROWLAND, whose purse was quite out of repair, Had agreed to contract with the opulent fair.

The *trousseau* was ordered, the bridesmaids arrayed, When a *friend* of the bridegroom his secret betrayed, Which was this, that though ROWLAND affected the swell, "His pa had grown rich in a *York street hotel*!"

"Deceiver!" screamed SOPHY, "I'll see you no more, Base impostor! you get!"—and she showed him the door, And history says, ere the week reached an end, She eloped with poor ROWLAND'S perfidious friend.



Professional Art Criticism.

Mr. GRIP, Sir:—

Knowing you to be an enlightened patron of Canadian Art, and that the columns of your esteemed and widely circulated journal are ever open to just criticism of public men and matters, I wish to offer a few dispassionate remarks on the exhibition of paintings at the present Fair. I shall not specify any particular works, but I wish to say that the contributions in general are very bad. The oil work is exceedingly poor, being wanting in breadth and tone, faulty in color, wrong in perspective, and distinguished for poverty of treatment. The colors are also very poor, likewise the frames. Those remarks apply to the landscapes as well as to the figure drawings. The water colors on exhibition are, if possible, worse than the oils, and the photographic work, pen and ink sketches, etc., are so bad that I have no language in which to express my contempt for them. These strictures I wish to apply to all the work shown, with the exception of one picture, which has been placed so high on the wall that its truly artistic beauties are entirely lost. Sir, that picture was painted by yours indignantly,
Tom Daus, R. C. A.