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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 Disappointed Speculator.

My friend, an energetic man,
Who knows his own Canadian nation,
And quickly seizes any plan
For gaining wealth by speculation,
The other day perused with care
The biggest of the morning papers,
Then suddenly rose from his chair
And cut a half-a-dozen papers.

He had engaged in former days
In many paying enterprises,
Knew every dodge the wind to raise,
And planned some very queer surprises:
But never, never had he seen
Till then, such chance of making money—
No wonder that his joy was keen,
And that his acts were rather funny.

His eye, in glancing down the sheet,
Stopped where a telegram made mention,
"The Princess had refused to eat,—
Was sea-sick coming out"—invention
At once thrilled through the reader's brain,
He longed to reach the good *Sarmatian*,
And rushed to take the early train,
With Portland as his destination.

Vain were the task to tell the fears,
The hopes, with which his heart was shaking
As on he sped—the hours seemed years
Till he should end his undertaking.
His object simply was to try
With every kind of artful slyness,
The china wash-basin to buy
Used by Her Seaside Royal Highness.

He saw a fortune in control
If once the steward made concession,
And placed that precious china bowl
Safely within his sole possession;
Not as a sacred relic he
Would keep it—no, his sole ambition
Was to exact a dollar fee
By placing it on exhibition.

Well did he know how crowds would pay
To see the bowl o'er which in sadness
A royal Princess spent the day
In anguish little short of madness.
Well did he know that loyal thrills
Would make all good Canadians eager
To see the relic of the ills
Which made Her Royal Highness meagre.

How vain are human hopes—the snow
Came down in heavy flakes, impeding
The progress of the train—and oh!
How for my friend my heart is bleeding:
He reached his journey's end too late,
Far was the steamer on the ocean,
The sacred basin gone; and Fate
Had mocked a loyal heart's devotion.

Dyspeptic Papers.

NO. VII.—GOOD FELLOWS.

"DICK swipes hard, owes everybody who has trusted him, and has the foulest mouth of any man in town, but he's a good fellow," said TONIC the other day.

"Is he kind to his wife?" I enquired.

"Well, he neglects the little woman a good deal, and cuts up pretty rough when he's corned, I'm afraid. But she's awfully fond of him—he's such a good fellow, you know."

"Are his parents still alive?" I asked.

"His father is—poor old boy. Rubs along somehow or other on a few dollars a year. DICK got into an infernal scrape about money and the old gentleman had to lay down his savings to help him out. Mother died about that time, heart-broken they say. Perhaps you remember how nice her rosy cheeks used to look under her white hair? No! I used to think she was good for a century. Queer how she snuffed out so suddenly. DICK hasn't got over it yet—cries about her often when he's in liquor. Such an awfully good fellow!"

"To whom?" I enquired.

"Well, to everybody. They say he will share his last dollar with a friend, when he is flush. Tells the best stories of any man I know. Always ready for fun. Never quarrels, can't be put out of temper. It does me good just to see him smiling away at all hours of the day and night. Other men get fagged out toward morning over a game of loo or draw-poker. DICK, generally a loser, keeps his cheerfulness till the last."

"Perhaps he is thinking of his wife sitting up for him," I suggested, "or the children going to bed with a prayer for 'dear papa,' and a regret that he couldn't possibly give them a romp that evening."

"Just as likely as not," said TONIC, "he's such a loving nature—always thinking fondly of somebody."

"Except his creditors," said I.

"No, I believe he forgives the beggars. Never says a harsh word about them. There was one brute who followed him every where—a carpenter, I think, that DICK got to put up a shed for him. The man dunned him on post cards; besieged him at the office; tried a garnishee, but DICK had got his pay every morning; brought him up on judgment summons. DICK never said a harsh word against him, even when the fellow accused him in public of murdering his wife, 'who had died for want of wine and chickens,' I think he said. Fancy, 'wine and chickens' for a carpenter's wife! No wonder the man was taken to the lunatic asylum. And after all DICK had suffered from him, he actually put his hand in his pocket and subscribed for the support of the children."

"He is a charming character, certainly," said I, and TONIC went away to chant elsewhere the praises of the remarkably good fellow.

Do we not all know at least one of these good fellows who are said to be "nobody's enemy but their own?" Men who indulge all their own appetites, sloths at work but active in seeking amusement, neglectful of every serious duty, good-hearted to those who treat them with the indulgence of indifference, and veritable destroyers of the beings who depend on them for love and sympathy? The poor soul, rendered morose by constant anxiety for the future of those who depend on him, is treated to few friendly handshakes. The earnest, austere young man endeavouring to aid his fallen fellow creatures is called a prig—and, by the way, he generally is a prig. The just business man is considered selfish. None of these are widely liked, but they all unite in liking the Good Fellow. Yet well together the morose fellow, the austere prig, and the selfish man in one person and gift him with a thousand disagreeable qualities of temper, and it will be difficult to make such an utterly abominable wretch in effect as the Good Fellow, who is "nobody's enemy but his own." "Dyspepsia," you say, "afflicts me." True, and I feel almost thankful for the indigestion which, beginning with my early manhood, effectually saved me from the worse fate of becoming a Good Fellow, after the ideal of my friend TONIC.

"The Conceit of Toronto."

A writer in our spirited contemporary, the *Montreal Spectator*, occupies nearly a page of a recent issue in descanting on the Conceit of Toronto. According to this competent authority—for judging by the self-sufficiency which shines like burnished brass in every sentence, nobody could be more competent to deal with the subject of Conceit—Toronto is about the most intolerable place in the world. Boorish ignorance and ineffable vanity are the chief characteristics of its citizens. The critic looks at us from musical, artistic and literary points of view, and from each point he sees conceit—nothing but conceit. As to music, our organists are all pretentious amateurs; as to art, our painters are daubers without exception; as to literature, our poets are the most egregious twaddlers of doggerel. Now Mr. GRIP doesn't feel called upon to say that this description of Toronto is too severe—because it all depends. This writer may have been "grossly" offended by Toronto, for it is undeniable that Torontonians have an unpleasant way of snubbing certain officious and preposterous young fellows who come from the Old Country, and expect to be accepted as oracles amongst the "Colonists." But, as a matter of fact, Toronto is not distinguished for conceit more than Hamilton, London or Montreal. GRIP will frankly admit that Toronto is proud—with a most pardonable pride—of certain glorious institutions which she possesses. For example, she is proud of her Aldermen, on account of their ability and unswerving rectitude; of her School Board, on account of their ingenious devices for cramming the rising generation; of her Ward Politicians, on account of their disinterestedness and scholarly attainments; of her magnificent Church edifices, on account of their imposing debts; and of thousands of other things, but chiefly of her GRIP, or account of his unrivalled influence, always exerted in a good cause.

"Imitation the Sincerest Flattery."

GRIP is a Canadian and proud of his country. He has felt right along that Canada really played first violin in the Orchestra of the Nations. There is now no doubt that we take the leading part. Like all wise children we are teaching our mother, and she learns rapidly, for the following is from a reliable London (Eng.) newspaper:—"The office of Registrar-General has been given to a person who happens to be private secretary of one member of the Government, and brother-in-law, as we are told, of another, but who is perfectly innocent of all practical knowledge of the very peculiar skilled work of the office he has been pitchforked into. A valuable servant of long standing, &c., &c. has been passed over for this well connected private secretary with the silver spoon in his mouth."

The influence of precept and example, so beautifully combined in our Canadian leading statesmen, has told at last on the "old fogies" in the old foggy land. This is the "missing link," missed so long, which will bind our interests so thoroughly to sympathy with the Motherland that no Political Economy Society, though the Hon. GEORGE himself should lead it with his banner of "revenue tariff" stiffening to the breeze of Annexation and Independence, can ever disturb us more. Why sigh for "Independence," when our statesmen already set the fashion and lead the van of progress towards united "family compacts" in all lands. They don't print such words as "independence," "manliness," &c., or similar foolishness in modern English Dictionaries at all, because no meaning can possibly be attached to them.