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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.

## Hanlan's Welcome Home.

[We engaged our "Special Occasions" poet to compose an ode on HANLAN's return after his recent contest with COURTNEY. He wrote poems to suit either victory or defeat, as the result was not known when we went to press. We give our readers both. They can read the one that suits the occasion.

## I.—IN CASE OF VICTORY.

Hail, noble HANLAN! Conquering hero hail!  
"Tis plain that you know no such word as "fail."  
Champion of Yankees, Britishers, Canucks,  
Pitted with you, no sculler is worth shucks.  
Now risen to the summit of your fame  
You come to us with new and noblest name,  
The world, before, lay prostrate at your feet,  
But *now* your glory is indeed complete.  
Beneath the shadows of Chastanus's shere,  
You've turned to sweets what "biters" were before.  
*Hop Bitters—ship* like rams ye little hills,  
Proclaim "Hop Bitters" cure for endless ills.  
Each patent remedy we know can heal  
All pains and torments that poor mortals feel;  
But never did we think that Muse would sing  
The victor's chant for such a prosy thing  
As Bitters. But to Bitters be the need  
Of praise and triumph for a glorious deed.  
HANLAN, "Our Boy," in whom we take such pride  
Owes to Hop Bitters what the world denied.  
His skill with COURTNEY, fleetest, strongest, best  
Of Yankee scullers has been put to test;  
And now we know that which we felt before,  
That he can vanquish all who pull an oar.  
All glory to Hop Bitters then for showing  
That our own EDWARD is the best at rowing.

## II.—IN CASE OF DEFEAT.

Alas! "Our Boy's" been beaten, but we know  
Our Southern neighbors have no cause to crow,  
Of course there cannot be the slightest doubt,  
There is some cause why he's been put to rout.  
Some Yankee dodge—some patent Bitters trick  
Has been employed; we do not wish "to kick,"  
But then we know that our NED can beat  
The very best who sits on sliding seat.  
And then again, there is no "Hanlan Club,"  
And he was left alone. Aye, there's the rub.  
Insidious snarers were laid, some treacherous wile,  
To make him ill—to fill him full of bile.  
Perhaps his trainer made our boy believe  
That those Hop Bitters would his pain relieve,  
And made him drink them—Perhaps he made him train  
By drinking bitters over and again.  
But we don't care—it isn't much to lose.  
He lost the race because he didn't choose  
To be called "Champion of the Bitter Hop."  
We're glad—The horrid name he'd never drop.

## "The Change of Front."

The change of front! How did it come about? That is the question which everybody is asking everybody. Conservative editors are at their wits ends to prove that there is no change. DE COSMOS is jumping wildly on the Pacific Slopes. The citizens of Victoria are running madly through the streets in war paint and feathers. No one

knows how it came about—except GRIP. GRIP knows everything. GRIP solves the mystery! He went to headquarters. He interviewed Sir CHARLES, and this is what the knightly doctor said:—

"The change of front! Oh! yes, I know the papers are making a great fuss about it. Bute Inlet was what we wanted. Of course we intended to have Bute Inlet. DE COSMOS told us to. But you see—put your ear closer, Mr. GRIP—we got mixed. Those maps in the *Globe* did it. They were enough to confuse anybody, with their great under-written, blurred lines of railway routes. What did we care which is shorter, or which would cost the most. The N. P. and the calm sober sense of the country disdain such trifles. But you see we got mixed. We forgot which was which. We changed to Burrard Inlet when we thought we were keeping Bute Inlet all the time.

Bur-bur-Bu-bu—which did I say? Really I don't know which it is now—Confound the *Globe* and its maps. Good morning Mr. GRIP. Tell the calm sober sense of the country that we don't know whether we have changed front or not."

## Canadian Celebrities.

BY ASPER.

No. 7.—CHARLES JAMES RYKERT.

Mr. RYKERT resides in the town—beg pardon, city—of St. Catharines, where he spends a great deal of his time, and an immense amount of energy and perseverance in compiling for his own benefit—for the good of the public—and in order to always have figures and facts with which to refute anything that is said by an opponent—such notes and memoranda of political occurrences as he may think worthy of entry in his books.

On our Reporter enquiring for the honorable member for Lincoln, he was shown into a large room in which were an immense jar of paste, forty or fifty pairs of scissors of all sizes, and several hundred peculiar looking volumes all identical in binding and in size.

Mr. RYKERT on entering this apartment waved his hand pleasantly, and apparently with a good deal of pride, as if to call attention to the surroundings, and said, as if in answer to a question, "Yes, this is my scrap-book room. Those volumes are my scrap-books about which you have heard so much. This is the room, sir, in which by years of labor I have prepared that mass of evidence—written evidence—with which I confute the arguments and refute the statements of those miserable beings called Grits. Although I say it, sir, those volumes are a wonderful effort of genius. By merely glancing at an elaborate mode of indexing—a mode invented by myself, and which no person else can understand—I can immediately refer to the smallest detail of any political transaction which has taken place since my entry into public life. Now, for instance, it afforded me unlimited satisfaction when that absurd charge in relation to attending a Grit caucus was brought up in the House last session, to be able to refer to the volume of this book made up at the date of the supposed caucus. I saw immediately that the charge was false—of course there was no use in saying so, because my maligners would not have believed me, but if anything of the kind had happened, I should have made an entry of it in my Scrap Book. Now there is no such entry. Therefore the thing didn't occur."

"Do you think Lincoln will be peaceably represented in the House now?" said our Reporter.

"Oh, yes," said he, "there is no doubt of it. Now that I have my parliamentary duties to attend to, I cannot find time to see that NEELON don't sit. There is no one else here with sufficient of that fiery energy for which I am considered remarkable to keep at it until he carries his point. Of course it will be a lamentable thing for the country to be represented by NEELON, but I cannot help it. Besides that, the Local House is a one horse affair now at the best, and NEELON won't be much worse than some of the other members. He cannot do much harm—or rather much more harm than would be done in any event with such a large Grit majority. I have no doubt that the reason MOWAT got such a victory last election was because I had left the House, and the people saw in consequence that the Conservatives had no leader in whom they could place confidence. Dear me, the Chamber is nothing like what it used to be when such men as MATT CAMERON, EDWARD BLAKE and myself were there. The men of ability have left it, and although I should have been able to rule the house in time if I had stayed on, still I considered it my duty to my country to go into that House in which my energy and intellect would be given the most scope, and do the most good. But excuse me, I have to cut out paragraphs for my Scrap Book from fifty-four newspapers and a large number of blue books and reports which have just arrived. I intend, sir, to leave that book to the man that I find to be the most rising and promising politician in the country when I make my will. You might make this known, as it will be an encouragement to talented young men to exercise their abilities. It will be a great reward."

In a few minutes more Mr. RYKERT was working busily with paste and scissors like a country editor outside of election times.

## Lines.

On seeing a Gentleman rapturously gazing at a bunch of *thistles*, worked in the finest style of "High Art."

A human donkey passing by,  
Lifted his mild æsthetic eye,  
And chancing this rare group to spy,  
Euraptured utters a fond cry:  
"Oh, triumph of the highest art!  
What joy now fills my beating heart:  
Would it could be my happy lot  
To stand for ever on this spot!  
Such mediæval charms I prize,  
All modern maxims I despise,  
The rose in June with modest blush  
I value not a single rub;  
The lily's pure and snowy hue,  
Must yield the palm to "sweet corn";  
Earth's living green, for art too bright.  
*Now* wears a faint and sickly light;  
And sapphire skies we make more mellow  
By mixing in a streak of yellow.  
Even our willow plates and dishes,  
Once made to hold our meats and fishes,  
Now hang upon our drawing-room wall,  
Like trophies in a hunter's hall;  
A half cracked cup or crazy tea-pot,  
At any price will surely be bought;  
TITIANs and REMBRANDTs fill our garrets,  
Replaced by Japs and painted parrots;  
A cobweb, with its "crevel" spider,  
Opens to art a field far wider,  
In fact, Dame Nature's quite played out  
In modern phrase—*gone up the spout.*"  
He stops—a tremor fills his heart,  
Causing his frame to shake and start,  
A longeared Brother drawing near,  
Upon his hairy face, a sneer,  
Brays in a voice both loud and clear,  
And shriller than 10,000 whistles,  
"Oh! Booby, do you call *them* thistles?"