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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.

To Correspondents.

A Grit.—You write to us proposing to unseat Mr. BEATY by a petition. We have informed Dr. CLARK at the Asylum of the fact of your being at large.

A Student.—You ask if McLELLAN'S Mathematical books convey any new ideas about curves. Scarcely, but they do teach us something about Crooks. We fear you incline to go on a bend.

Etymological Student.—"Potato" is derived from the French word *pot-etre*, which means "perhaps" and signifies the uncertainty of the potato crop. "Butterfly" is formed by transposition from "flutter-by."

The Novelty Department.

The Fair ground is at present a scene of great activity. The whole enclosure echoes with a hum of industry which it would do even Sir LEONARD TILLEY good to hear. Workmen are putting the finishing touches on the various buildings, and enterprising exhibitors are scooting around making arrangements for space in what is going to be without doubt the greatest Exhibition Toronto has ever seen. In addition to the usual departments, we understand there is to be a unique Exhibition of Novelties, to which many distinguished persons are likely to contribute. Amongst others it is said that,—

Rev. Dr. RYERSON will show his new book on the "U. E. Loyalists," accompanied by GOLDWYN SMITH'S "recommend" of the same, beautifully embossed on parchment.

Hon. Sir S. L. TILLEY will exhibit a new and ingenious contrivance for diminishing deficits.

Mr. G. B. BROOKS will exhibit a working model of the Reformed Monetary System, shewing the working classes reclining on couches of paper money and quaffing nectar and lemonade.

Mr. JAS. A. LIVINSTONE will show a superb series of volumes containing his complete speeches on Financial and Political questions, illustrated with perspicuous drawings on canvas ten yards square.

Mr. GONDON BROWN will exhibit an extraordinary collection of sour grapes, labelled "Fruits of the N. P."

Hon. A. CROOKS will exhibit a unique assortment of Educational Apparatus, embracing imported Professors, and book-peddling Inspectors, also, paste, scissors, and other raw material used in the authorship of School Manuals.

The ONTARIO SOCIETY OF ARTISTS will shew a magnificent painting, the joint production of all the members, representing Her Majesty the

Queen graciously granting permission to the Canadian Academy of Arts to call itself the Royal Canadian Academy, if that will do it any good.

The MARQUIS OF LORNE will honor the Exhibition with an original National Ode on the subject of salmon-fishing.

Mr. HENRY J. MORGAN, of Ottawa, will exhibit a striking collection of autograph letters from distinguished merchants.

The London *Free Press* Co. will shew a miniature model of its machine for extracting coppers out of moral garbage, the working of which will be fully explained by its Ambassador.

Time would fail us to enumerate all the other curious things which the public may expect to find in this department; the above are but a very few of them.

Canadian Statesmen in England.

It is to be regretted that the visit of those great statesmen who a few months ago left their country so very much for that country's good, should from untoward circumstances be drawing to a close. The true inwardness of the facts is as follows. At a breakfast given by Sir WILFRED LAWSON, our own TUPPER so far forgot his accustomed caution as to indulge in a strain of reckless fiction respecting his support of the Temperance cause in Canada. He soared to such a wild height of metaphor as to commit himself by saying that he, TUPPER, had supported the SCOTT Act. Of course he might as well have claimed to be the original author of the eighth commandment, but the Tupperian audacity was productive of the most disastrous consequences to poor Sir JOHN and Mr. POPE, who were thus much, against their will, compelled to pose themselves as Temperance Advocates. Sir JOHN'S face is said to have worn its most tragic expression—some have even gone the length of saying that our Premier was heard to swear at TUPPER. The result however has affected all parties concerned—for the liquor interest in London at once shut down on the Canada Temperance Statesmen. Not a drink could they procure. This lamentable state of things is entirely owing to TUPPER'S giving himself away as a Temperance man. The illustrious party will soon return to Canada, accompanied by GALT, but not by the *attaque*, who by the sale of his sword and red coat, has been enabled to get set up in the peaceful occupation of a member of the shoe-black brigade.

The "Bystander" on Woman's Rights.

Professor GOLDWYN SMITH may be clever; but he is very unwise. He has insulted us—we, the fair sex—by plainly intimating that he considers us unfit to be entrusted with a vote. "To suckle fools and chronicle small beer" is to him our implied vocation. No wonder he and other men think so, considering the number of "fools" we have suckled, who are foolish enough to think no "small beer" of themselves in comparison to their mothers, their sisters and their aunts. We who advocate women's right to vote are strongly of opinion that men are such weak creatures, so amenable to flattery and home influences, that it is absolutely unsafe to entrust them with the franchise. What man is there who *dare* vote contrary to the will of his sweetheart, or, in late years, to the expressed opinion of his mother-in-law? Echo answers—none. "Lives there a man with soul so dead he never to himself hath said, 'I'll vote the ticket my darling pled?'" Were it not for innate horror of *shams*, we women would never ask to be allowed to vote openly. We do the most of the voting as it is—that is, we let the men hold the reins but we show them the way to go. It would be quite easy for us to continue to work it in that way; but we don't think it is good for the men that we should "always" gammon them thus.

We want no secrecy of the domestic ballot, we want to come out openly and set them the example they so specially need. We think the time has come when men should be taught to respect women as well as obey them, and therefore feel impelled to show them that they are not so really our guides as they fancy. We are almost compelled to this course when we find even such learned men as the Professor trying to separate "sins against our sex" in its holiest relationship with them, from "sins of malice"—as if there could exist a longing to gratify self at our expense which had not its root in malicious intent to injure. Love injures no one. Malice does. By their fruits we can discern the one or the other. When we vote, we vote against malice in any of its numerous forms. Till the malice between the sexes ceases, and is replaced by real love, we shall not cease to advocate our right to vote, for women's rights are the only cure for women's wrongs. So at least thinks
ANGELINA.

Plain Words from Truthful Edward.

Which I wish to remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
Sir SAMUEL L. TILLEY'S peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Which his new balance sheet
For the year that's just past,
Is a regular treat,
And it can't be surpassed
As a piece of financial cooking—
And I'll tell you for why it's so classed.

The amount he had spent
Of the people's bright tin
Was—well, several per cent.
More'n what he'd got in,
And the consequence was a Deficit
Of a million-and-half to a pin.

Now, how do you s'pose
He gets over this count?
Why, he placidly goes
And takes an amount—
One million and three hundred thousand
From the previous *annum's* account.

Which cash had been spent
In the year it was got,
And this financial gent
Knows it's all gone to pot,
And his counting it in again this year
Is what's called in Parliament—*rot*.

Which is why I remark—
And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
Sir FINANCE L. TILLEY'S peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

Punscitorial.

1st Fisherman.—Say, we've perched here long enough; let's pike!
2nd do.—Heaven *succor* us from such puns; give me my bass-ket and let me *scote* the fence!

Scotland Yet!

PAT and GULL once with SANDY
Dry humor did bandy,
When SANDY replied with a whistle,
Wi' the shamrock and rose
You may blow your proud nose,
But ye dare na' do that wi' the thistle!

The majority of the Montreal policemen must have fine moral perceptions. They have decided not to pay anything out of their benevolent fund to the widow of MOISE COURET, a member of the force who committed suicide. She and her children are starving.—*Globe*.

Grip endorses the first paragraph of the above extract from his witty contemporary the *Globe*. If "The Policeman's lot is not a happy one" the Montreal Policeman's lot is made harder by his unchristian and unmanly conferrers. We suggest to our trenchant friend of the Montreal *Spectator*, what a fine field is here presented for those strictures on the conduct of other people.