

## HUMORLAND.

OH, I have heard tell of a wonderful land  
Where marvels surround you on every hand,  
Where the plumber revels in wealth untold,  
And the iceman gathers in piles of gold;  
Where barbers incessantly work their jaw,  
And every man fights with his mother-in-law;  
And no fond lover dare press his suit  
For fear he'll be kicked by her father's boot.

In this most remarkable mystic land  
The grocers' sugar is two-thirds sand,  
The goat to grass prefers circus bills,  
The mule his driver with terror fills,  
When tom-cats squall on the back yard fence  
A shower of boot-jacks drives them thence.  
And the poet who ventures of Spring to write  
By an editor always is slain on sight.

The people who live in this wondrous land  
Are a most peculiar and motley band.  
There are Irish, Negroes, Chinese and Dutch,  
But no one here ever heard of such.  
There lanky Yankees and Britons stout,  
And cowboys whose pistols are always out,  
And tramps and toughs in demeanor rude,  
With the howling swell and the vacuous dude.

The customs are strange in this far off land  
So full of surprises on every hand.  
The conversation appears to run  
In the one direction of quip and pun,  
And no observation is too absurd  
If the chance is given to twist a word.  
For frivolous fancy, you understand,  
Is the *raison d'être* of Humorland.

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"WELL, MR. GRIP," said Ald. King Dodds, as he sank with an exhausted and yet triumphant air upon an empty fire-works' box. "It's done; and it's been a glorious success!"

"In saying which," responded MR. GRIP with a gratified bow, "you but echo the universal public opinion."

"It represented a lot of hard work of brain and hand, but the labor was expended to good effect, and the game proved decidedly worth the candle," went on the energetic alderman.

"There's no doubt there was a good deal of work put into it, and I'm glad you feel satisfied with the result; as I before intimated, I think everybody does," assented MR. GRIP.

"I hope you enjoyed it thoroughly yourself," said Mr. Dodds.

"Well," replied GRIP, "perhaps it wouldn't be wrong for me to say that I did; there is a good deal of pleasure, you know, in contributing to such a result."



## A BAD GIVE-AWAY.

Old Boodlebag has thrown away the butt of his cigar, which is picked up and "sampled" by the cobbler's apprentice.

THE C. A. (with disdain)—"Oh, here, I really thought you smoked something better than the two for five sort."

"Yes, there is;" responded the alderman, heartily, "and I may just take this opportunity of remarking that nobody contributed more to the success of the affair in question than yourself, MR. GRIP!"

"I must, as modestly as possible, admit that," answered GRIP.

"The main consideration after all," pursued the alderman, "is that the double object was accomplished. It was, in the first place, *amusement*. I don't think anybody can deny that there was a fair amount of fun in it, hey?"

"Only the most incorrigibly dyspeptic victim could take such a view," replied MR. GRIP.

"And a good proportion of solid instruction as well," went on Mr. Dodds.

"Quite so!" answered GRIP.

"What's more," resumed Mr. Dodds, "it's something one can review with pleasure at any time, as it was, I flatter myself, kept free from everything of an objectionable character."

"That was certainly my purpose in producing it week by week," said MR. GRIP, with another bow.

"Your purpose?" repeated Mr. Dodds, in an astonished tone. *You*, producing it week by week? And where do *I* come in, pray?"

"*You*?" replied MR. GRIP, astonished in turn. "You certainly come in here and there in connection with the 'Civic Circus,' but I'm not aware really that you contributed anything to—"



"What! not to the great Toronto Carnival?" roared the irate alderman, breaking in abruptly.

"Who's talking about the Carnival?" replied GRIP. "I've been referring all along to Volume XXXIV., of GRIP, which has just closed, and I have pleasure, notwithstanding your display of rudeness, in presenting you with a copy of No. 1, of Volume XXXV."