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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BINGOUGH.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

Xmas.

GRIP TO HIS READERS.

Merry Christmas to you all and happy greeting:

To rich and poor
And great and small
In lonely cot, or stately hall, in friendship meeting
Grip sends his kindest wishes,
Hoping of loves and fishes
You have your share,
Of turkey and "plum duff"
He trusts you have enough
And some to spare
For those who in this merry season
Lack food,—and fire perhaps to keep from freezing.
So don't begrudge your gifts of bread or coal,
There's few that e'er repent their Xmas dole.

Hezekiah Dunn.

GRIP'S OWN CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY ASPER.

HEZEKIAH DUNN is a collector of debts in our own town, and a pretty hard customer to deal with;—a man who wouldn't think twice about turning a family out of doors for a small amount of indebtedness.

One Christmas, not long ago, HEZEKIAH, while sorting out a number of bills, with which he intended to give a pleasant little holiday surprise to several poor people, found on his table—how it got there no one ever could find out—a volume of DICKENS'S Xmas Stories. He was about to throw it aside contemptuously, but by chance opened the book first, and was struck by the sound of one name in it. The name was SCROOGE. He read a few lines, and, becoming interested, he read the beautiful story of old SCROOGE straight through. That night he laid in bed and thought of how hard he had been on debtors, and resolved that this Xmas, like old SCROOGE, he would go forth and do some deeds of charity.

Next morning, full of his good resolve, he sallied forth with no definite object in view, but just resolved to do some good to somebody, in some manner,—he didn't know how.

After walking along a little while he espied a small boy gazing most wistfully into a pastry cook's window. Here, he thought, was a glorious opportunity. He had often heard of a poor, half starved little boy looking at the bread in a baker's shop, and just wishing as hard as he knew how to carry

home a loaf to his sick mother, and he had heard of how charitable strangers had taken that little boy by the hand and filled him chock full of bread and cakes and things, and then gone home with him and raised his dying mother from a couch of desolation and despair.

He went up to the lad and said as kindly as he could, "Well, my little man, are you hungry, eh?"

"Hungry nothin'!" said the small boy, contemptuously; "What are ye givin' us? I've just had as good a tuck in as I could stow away, an' I was wishin' I had room for some o' them cakes. Here's ten cents for you, if you'd like one."

HEZEKIAH was surprised; he felt grieved and hurt. He said nothing, however, but just turned on his heel and left for a poorer section of the town. He had turned up a narrow, dismal street, when he met a long, cadaverous, ragged man, who at once accosted him with, "Ay ye plaze, sorr, would yez be afther helpin' a poor man?—Sure 'its nothin' I've aiten for these three days, barrin' wan loaf I got the mornin', an' me sick wife ate that. She's down with the typhus fever, yer honor, an' she's seen bether times, an' she can't daisyid wid an empty stomach. Would yez kindly give me a trifle to buy her something wid?"

HEZEKIAH seized on this opportunity, and walking along with the man, he passed a shop in which was the inviting sign: "Hot Meals at all Ours." He gave the man fifty cents, and told him to go in and get something to eat, and he would wait outside and go home with him.

The man went in with alacrity. He was gone a long time. At last HEZEKIAH went in to see what he was doing—thinking he must be dreadfully hungry to be eating for so long. What was his surprise on entering to find that the place was a low unlicensed groggery, and to see his poverty-stricken friend in a glorious state of inebriation at the rear end of the room.

He turned to go, but the man espied him, and he and one of his friends seizing him affectionately each by one arm, insisted that he should "set 'em up for the boys." He did "set 'em up," and was compelled to do so several times in succession—and each time was forced to drink a tumbler half full of vile whiskey. He complied in fear and trembling, although it went much against his grain, as he was President of "The United League of Total Abstemious." Not being used to liquor, it very soon went to his head, and his friend insisted on seeing him home.

Next morning he woke up with a very sore head, and a very indistinct recollection of the previous night's performance. On rising he found his purse gone, and a letter on the table, which said that having been seen the previous evening going home in a state of intoxication arm and arm with a notoriously bad character, he was requested to resign the Presidency and membership of The League.

HEZEKIAH is now harder than ever, and swears that Xmas stories are frauds.

Seasonable.

Now is the time when little boys
Prepared for fun and frolic,
Find, all too late, that Christmas joys
Merge sadly into colic.

VANDERBILT has naturally a good deal of Car-King care.

In England about Christmas time children are very anxious to see what their mummers are going to do for them.

Dyspeptic Papers.

No. IV.—CHRISTMAS.

Fearful, reeking mince pies have smelted to heaven for ten days past; bloated turkeys insult my dyspeptic vision in every street; the rank, fat goose hangs high before the shops in a most unseemly manner. Coils of indigestible sausages; flabby, clammy, unwholesome looking oysters; apoplectic, awful plum puddings; black, moist, fruity cakes; every eatable thing which makes a dyspeptic man miserable has been thrust forward with horrid enthusiasm. Butchers, poulterers, greengrocers, bakers seem to suppose that all men have suddenly been endowed with cavernous stomachs and ostrich-like digestion. The Christmas season is regarded as a carnival of greasy eating. Suet is the most pronounced component of a holiday diet. The land sends forth its deplorable fatness. Let us be thankful that Christmas comes but once a year.

Why should men who can endure no breakfast more savoury than porridge, who reject fowls except when broiled, and regard dry toast as the only safe preparation of flour, be compelled to witness this annual preparation for the glorification of gluttony. A law should be made to prevent the exposure of edibles suggestive of indigestion. It is positive cruelty to inflict on a man of my temperament the tortures to which he is condemned by the Christmas display.

And to think that time was when we hailed this terrible season with rejoicing! The memory of our youthful abdomen bulged out with turkey and stuffing, the skin stretched tight over pudding, raisins, nuts and sweetmeats, is very afflicting. Odors of the rank feasts on which we once fell with avidity come back to us with every whiff from multitudinous kitchens. Why will people leave their back doors open? The present is pondered doubly terrible by recollections of the past. It is inexplicable that we could have once been of the great army of gross feeders. Is it regret that we have passed out of the ranks, or remorse that we should have been in them which is so infernally depressing?

When DICKENS revived the Convivial Christmas he incurred the deadly hatred of generations of dyspeptics. The connection between the holiday season and tradesmen's bills had been thoroughly apprehended before Boz began to write, and a decent gloom consequently pervaded the last days of December. In a few years more the custom of devoting one week each year to fictitious hilarity might have entirely disappeared. Then the unspeakable DICKENS brought forth his TINY TIMS and his repentant misers, his fat fellows exuding oppressive jollity at every pore, his cheap and beaming philanthropists, his theory that virtue consists in the distribution of oily viands calculated to make the poor acquainted with the pleasures of colic. Since then the world has adhered to his barbarous teaching, and we see every year the apotheosis of the enormous eater.

Perish this right hand if ever I counterfeited enjoyment during the Christmas holidays. It is all very well for young people—who have something to get and nothing to pay—to eat, drink and be merry. But nobody thinks of making presents to me; I have a hundred demands to meet next week; eat I cannot, drink gives me a head-ache; and all merriment is distasteful to a man whose habitual reflections are of a world even worse than the present.

Let us go out among the tombstones, dyspeptic brethren, and moralize on the Christmas dinners of the worms below.