

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH Bro's, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. GEO. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS:—Two dollars per year, payable in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements are received at the office, or by Wm. R. BURRAGE, General Subscription and Advertising Agent, 26 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH Bro's.

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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.

The Knight and the Maiden Fair.

(A SIMPLE STORY.)

Come, ye who've nothing else to do,
And listen to my lay,
You'll find it all is owre true,
So ponder it, I pray.

Sir BALDER DASH, he was a knight
Who once lived in this town,
A man he was of power and might,
Of credit and renown.

This knight he loved a nice young girl,
A maiden fair to see—
A maiden fit for any earl
Or gallant knight was she.

This maiden fair she loved the knight,
She loved him passing well—
And if she had not, perhaps I might
Have had no tale to tell.

The knight he loved the maiden fair;
He loved her as his life,
And he would frequently declare
He'd make her his dear wife.

But oh! alas! alack a day!
The maid took sick and died,
And all the poor knight then could say
Was, "Lay me by her side!"

Now, all ye maidens and young men,
Take warning by my lay;
The chances may never come again,
Get married while you may.

Don't put it off from day to day,
Whatever may betide,
For who can tell but that you may
Find both of you have died?

Saratoga Potatoes.

"It is an amazing thing," he said, quite mildly, as they sat at breakfast one morning, "that we can't get a potato cooked decently in this house. Now I should say that there couldn't be any process much simpler than the frying of a potato. Why, I'd be ashamed if I couldn't teach a child six years old how to do it! And I happen to know what I'm talking about too, FANNY, for we had Saratoga potatoes three times a day in camp,

last summer. Fried 'em myself many a time. By Jove, the very perfection of potatoes! Crisp, hot, puffed out, you know, and as dry as a bone! It makes my mouth water to think of them. Why the deuce can't JANE—Stop! look here FANNY! I'll go into the kitchen myself some morning, and show you how it's done. That's the idea! Let us say to-morrow morning, eh? For the sooner we get rid of this greasy inefficiency the better."

So he pushed his plate away, and possessed his soul in dignified consciousness until the following morning, when his wife roused him at a quarter past eight with the remark that the children would be late for school if he didn't get up soon and give them their breakfast.

"Oh, the deuce!" he said, turning round and settling himself in a new position.

"JANE usually broils the steak at the same time that she fries the potatoes," continued his wife. "Will she wait till you begin the potatoes, my dear? The porridge was ready at 8 o'clock as usual."

"Confound it, no!" he exclaimed, starting up, but determined not to be irritated. "Let her get all the breakfast ready except the potatoes, and then leave the kitchen. I'm not going to have JANE snickering round at me while I am doing her work!"

When in the course of half an hour he got downstairs JANE had disappeared off the face of the earth. A splendid fire glowed in her beautifully polished stove, however, at the back of which, in sundry artful positions, the steak, the coffee and the toast were doing their best to keep warm. The charming order and shininess of the place, together with the subtle fumes of the coffee acted like an inspiration upon our *cordons bleus*, who stepped about in high good humour, while FANNY and the children seated themselves at the breakfast table, and began to discuss the porridge.

"That's right!" said the master of the house genially, as he looked in upon them. "I intend to breakfast off Saratoga potatoes. By-the-way, FANNY, where *are* the potatoes?"

"In the cellar, dear, of course. JANE always slices and puts them to soak over night, but I suppose that's not the way you do in camp."

"I should think not," returned he, beginning to whistle. He didn't seem to remember that the potatoes in camp had been as dirty as this, either. Ugh! these preliminaries were always unpleasant. But there were lots of dishes to hold water and grit and things in this kitchen, thank goodness! and JANE *did* keep her towels in excellent order, that was a fact. And then there were plenty of clean shirts upstairs,—so what matter?

"Goodbye, papa! Good-bye, dear papa!" called his children, running in. "We have to go to school now without tasting your potatoes and we're so sorry. Won't you save us some? But oh, papa how funny to see you slicing them with your penknife!"

"Hurry off, children! Be off with you, but first tell your mother I want her for a minute. FANNY, look here! I wish you would get the grease ready in the pan, eh? These confounded potatoes take so long to slice,—what's the matter with them anyway? I believe you've been taken in by whoever sold you this lot. You *do* get taken in most amazingly, FANNY!"

"Oh! is that the way they should be sliced?" asked FANNY, examining his work inquiringly.

"Ye-es—Look here! you needn't mind staying in here, you know. I'll get on all right. Go back to the dining-room, and I'll follow you in a jiffy with a dish of potatoes

such as will open your eyes as to what potatoes may be!"

But FANNY had read through the lighter columns of a heavy morning contemporary before she was recalled to the thoughts of breakfast by her husband, and then it was a blood-curdling yell that roused her, coupled with such a sputtering, cracking, exploding sound as might be heard in the next block. He had discovered the flour barrel, and was burying his face and hands in its cooling depths as she flew in—for he remembered reading somewhere that flour was good for burns.

"Oh!" said FANNY calmly, "when your lard gets too hot in camp you cool it with water it seems. Well, the top of the new stove is cracked, you have completely ruined a suit of clothes, your face and hands are so burned with boiling grease that you won't be able to go to your office for a month. JANE will be put two days behind with her work, we have lost our breakfast, and you don't seem to know a great deal more about preparing Saratoga potatoes than I do after all."

But he stood manfully up with his burns and blisters, in his muddy shirt and his greasy coat, and all be-powdered, smarting and hungry as he was, exclaimed, "It was that confounded lard—that's not the kind we used in camp!"

Rural Rhymes. No. 1.

WE MET BESIDE THE RIVER.

We met beside the river,
When the moon was young and fair,
When the spreading trees were waving
To the balmy evening air.
We listened to the surging
Of the ripples on the shore,
And the yellow cornfields waving
To the bull-frog's gentle snore.

We met beside the river,
And we whispered soft and low,
Lest the prying tell-tale night wind
Should let the echoes know
What foolish dreams we cherish'd
Of a life all bright as June,
While the crickets chirped in chorus
At such a case of spoon.

We met beside the river,
Where a pleasant scent of hay
Was wafted from the meadows
And the marshes far away.
She spoke in tones poetic
Of the incense from afar,
While I listened to her raving,
And smoked my C. P. R.

We met beside the river,
And enjoyed a happy time,
Nor cared how time was flying,
Till we heard the village chime.
And as fondly to the cottage
My trusting love I led,
I heard her mother shouting—
"SAL, ye'd better get to bed."

We met beside the river,
But ah! those days are gone,
Yet often are their memories
Recalled by look and tone.
But of all those recollections
I never can forget
Her mother's salutation—
"Young man, ye'd better git!"

Now no longer by the river
We wander as of yore,
To listen to the surging
Of the ripples on the shore,
Gone are those days of gladness,
Of pleasure and of peace—
She's been, and gone, and married
A sergeant of police.