

**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.

**NOTICE TO ARTISTS.**

The publishers of GRIP will be pleased to receive from amateurs and others, sketches of a humorous character on either political or social subjects. Such as are accepted will be published with the artist's name attached. Rejected sketches will be returned, if the requisite postage is enclosed.



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.

**To Correspondents.**

G. H. M., Cumberland.—You are very welcome. Come again shortly.

H. H. H.—Sketch not suitable.

**The Beautiful Mud.**

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud;  
Plank road and gravel alike with the flood;  
Wagons and buggies are at a discount,—  
Passable only where GILGISTS can mount,  
Splashed even then from the foot to the crown,  
Rider and horse needing currying down,  
Clothes nearly ruined spite water and mud,  
Who would not ride through the beautiful mud?

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud,  
Splashing your shirt over bosom and stud,—  
Useless for dandy look where he goes,  
Ere he's aware, he is over his shoes,  
Floundering and hopping like frog in a puddle,  
Never before in such duce of a muddle;  
No, it respects neither breeding nor blood,  
A leveler sure is the beautiful mud.

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud,  
See how the merchant is chewing his cud,  
Thinking is he of his bills to be met,  
He knows it is useless to fume or to fret;  
Customers come not, who would if they could—  
Bankers declaring no notes be renewed;  
Visions of winter's trade nipped in the bud,  
All through the mud, the beautiful mud.

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud,  
Housewives are sighing for cabbage and spud,  
Farmers can't bring their provisions to town,  
But must idle at home till the roads settle down,  
Doctors must ride where their patients are ill  
With saddle-bag stuff'd with powder and pill;  
No longer careering two-forty they scud,  
They crawl like the snails through the beautiful mud.

Oh! the mud, the beautiful mud,—  
Pity the beggar in filth-spatter'd dud;  
Pity the workman, now idle and poor,  
Struggling to keep off the wolf from his door;  
Ye who have plenty, relieve their distress,  
Be sure that your charity heaven will bless,  
'Till the winter's frosts come to fetter the flood,  
And bind in its ice-chains the beautiful mud.

**A Morning Sketch.**

He wanted his razor-strop. He had just lathered his chin in the most exhaustive manner, and was preparing to put a finer

edge on his razor. Now, the razor-strop was always kept in the wash-stand drawer, the one nearest the wall. He fancied he always put it there himself; certainly he had made a rule to do so. He had already taken out the razor, and he now put his hand mechanically into the drawer for the strop. No strop was there! His hand only came in contact with air of a peculiarly exasperating thinness.

"By Jove!" he thought to himself, as he was opening the other drawer, "what a singular quality of the female mind that is! Not to be able to distinguish between two drawers for two days consecutively. Yet I would wager anything FANNY would swear I had put the strop in here myself." He was groping discursively among what appeared to be the stock-in-trade of a small *friseur*, but nothing so palpable as a razor-strop resisted his touch through the silky fluffiness of the general contents.

"Where is the confounded thing?" he exclaimed, staring about the room vaguely, but like a man whose angry passions are very near the surface. "Why can't they leave my things alone. I should like to know? FANNY! FANNY!" he called over the banister, with more accent than was absolutely necessary. "What the deuce have you done with my razor-strop?" The serene voice of conscious rectitude was heard in fluty tones replying,

"In the wash-stand drawer, love—the one nearest the wall." Now there was something in these fluty tones of FANNY's just at that moment that suggested to her husband a second trial of the drawer. For when FANNY threw a certain *timbre* into her voice, he usually found that she had the maddening quality of being right in regard to the subject under discussion. Back he strode into the room, with an uncomfortable stiffness about his chin as of dry soap, and pulled the drawer out—nay, pulled both drawers out, and turned them upside down upon the floor. Positively no strop! By this time, there was a grimness in the man's demeanour visible to the meanest capacity, and particularly noticeable in his walk, as he strode a second time to the head of the stairs.

"FANNY!" he shouted in loud, impetuous accents. "I tell you again it isn't there! What in thunder do you mean by always meddling with my shaving things?"

The answer was perhaps a trifle more *staccato* than before. "Your strop is in the drawer, my dear. I put it away myself, yesterday morning, when I found that as usual you had left everything on the dressing-table."

"Drawer!" he is believed to have muttered at this point. "I'll drawer her!" and he fairly jumped back into the room, and dashing at the bureau he began throwing the contents of each drawer, one after the other, out upon the floor, with an awful impartiality that knew no distinctions. But after exhausting these receptacles, and shaking, and stamping upon each article they had contained, no razor-strop presented its simple proportions to his blazing sight. "FANNY!" he yelled over the banisters for the third time, in a voice of thunder that curdled the blood in the veins of his little children as they sat at their early porridge.

"FANNY!"  
And then his wife came up stairs and stood at the door while he danced upon the scene of devastation and brandished a curious weapon in his hand, after the fashion of a fearful Feejee or other untamed denizen of wilds too gruesome to name.

"This is past believing!" he observed. "This is the kind of method and order you would expect in Bedlam. Look round this

room, will you? By Jove! it is too much. Look you madam, I'll dine at the Club, after this—and sleep and breakfast there too! Then perhaps my razor-strop, ha! ha! will be forthcoming when I dare to treat myself to the luxury of a shave! Ha! I'm a monster, of course, to presume to want to shave in my own house. I admit that, but for mere curiosity's sake now, I should like to know where the strop is! The coffee's done by this time, and the bacon sodden, so a few moments spent in cheerful conversation can't hurt the breakfast. Did FREDDY take it for a hammer, or has FLOSSY dressed it up for a doll? Or did you give it to an æsthetic tramp, as you did that file of GRIP?"

Pausing an instant for breath, FANNY took the opportunity of making a single remark.

"Are you speaking of the razor-strop in your hand," asked she softly, "or of some other one?" A peculiar tingling sensation seemed to creep along his arm as he heard these words, and he appeared to shrink together and to measure several inches less than usual in every direction. But as he vigorously resumed the operation of sharpening his razor, which he remembered now he had dropped while he applied the lather, he returned angrily,

"Why the deuce didn't you say so before?"

**Human Sacrifices.**

We read in tales of Mexico  
How, when the Spaniards landed there,  
They saw a great high altar glow  
With sacrificial fires aglare.

And on the altar day by day,  
Were offered up with joyful cry  
The people, who, most strange to say—  
Had reared the altar stone on high.

Cajoled at first by priests to build,  
Who swore that blessings would descend,  
They had no strength, and scarcely willed,  
To bring the cursed rites to end.

Meanwhile a few grew fat with spoil  
Of those devoted to the death,  
Seized on the produce of their toil,  
And praised the priests with every breath.

\* \* \* \* \*

How true it is that nothing new  
Is found beneath the mighty sun,  
For here in Canada we do  
What there in Mexico was done.

PHIPPS, artful PHIPPS, Protection's priest,  
Joined with the artful JOHN A.  
Promised all men—both most and least—  
That wealth should shower on their way.

Thus of the people making use  
To raise Protection's altar high,  
Who little thought the very deuce  
They'd have to pay for bye-and-bye.

And now the people who put trust  
In PHIPPS the Wicked, daily bleed,  
While some few—*vide Globe*—who lust  
For plunder praise Protection's creed.

Only one mercy did the fates—  
In spite of those persuasive lips,  
SAM TILLEY now officiates  
On victims who were lured by PHIPPS.

\* \* \* \* \*

GRIP bates a melancholy croak,  
But while the poor pay TILLEY's price,  
He feels that joking is no joke,  
And mourns his country's sacrifice.