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## 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. BENGOUH.

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

## Mr. Briggs' Cooking Lesson.

Mr. BRIGGS is a Grit and consequently a man of small income—for everybody knows that people who get large incomes are either Tory at the beginning or join the Tory party for social reasons, just as aspiring Methodists and successful Baptists are popularly supposed to go over to the English Church—the salvation therein being of a very superior quality. When Mr. Briggs makes money he will be conscious of a longing for things better and finer than he has known—he will feel the want of a first-class article in manners and a gentlemanly bearing such as can be acquired only in the party of both the JOHN A'S. He may recognize the hopelessness of "getting shet" as he would say, of all his own low tastes, acquired by a long adherence to the party of Mr. BROWN, Mr. BLAKE, Mr. RUPERT WELLS, and Mr. J. D. EDGAR, but observation will have shown him that his children may acquire by Conservative associations the exquisite courtesy with which the U. E. Club men greet each other, and the very superior tone of its members in relation to tradesmen and money-mongers—counting these classes as so low that it would be undignified to keep promises made to them. However, pending his accession to large income, Mr. Briggs as we said before is a Grit; and we say this with no desire to hurt his feelings or humiliate him. He is a G—t and a husband, likewise a father several times. He is a G—t and puts faith in the *Globe*.

Seeing on Tuesday in his favorite newspaper that people of small incomes wasted money by bad cooking, and that Miss Dods would teach the humble woman in the evening after enlightening the fashionable female in the afternoon, he resolved that Mrs. BRIGGS should spend at least ten cents in acquiring the art to make the food of the poor man palatable. Up to that moment he had been rather proud of Mrs. BRIGGS' cooking—her bread is always sweet and light, with crisp crust, her beefsteaks come juicy and hot and tender from the grid-iron, she fries a sausage in a manner to make a pig content with early death and fame, and you buckwheat pancake comes from her griddle puffed up with its own excellence, in a fervor of brown heat, and altogether guiltless of greasiness.

"JANE," said Mr. BRIGGS, "I wish you

would go and take a cooking lesson from Miss Dods."

"Miss Dods, indeed!" said Mrs. BRIGGS. "Show me e'er a woman in this city as can give me a cooking lesson—I'd lessen her!"

"But, JANE," said he, "the *Globe* says that—"

"None of your *Globe* sass to me"—said JANE violently, "wot does them perlitical chaps know about cooking—unless its accounts"—said Mrs. BRIGGS who was a protectionist and read the *Mail* regularly till the new tariff raised prices all round without increasing Mr. BRIGGS' salary.

"Lord bless you," said BRIGGS, "don't you know that the *Globe* has speshul writers for every subjec. Hain't they got a man for the waterworks, and one a purpus for the woolen business, and one to nothin' but find out wot BEMARCK is thinkin' about, and a tax-gatherer to write about the N. P.—who else could know so much about taxation—and a scholar to keep pilin' on the *obiter dictum* to the judges when they goes wrong, and a constitutional lawyer to watch how the Markiss acks, and by consequence wasn't that e're article written by a purfessed cook? Why, maybe it was the cook of the Queens, though I never heerd of him bein' littery!"

"Yes, and perhaps by some one givin' cooking lessons," said Mrs. BRIGGS, snappishly.

"JANE," said Mr. BRIGGS, "don't insinuate nothin', it ain't lady-like. I want my income to be saved more'n it is."

"Save it yourself then," said Mrs. BRIGGS defiantly, "spendin' money in beer; buyin' a plug hat; talkin' of joinin' a club ever since the *Globe* praised the Toronto club! You don't get me makin no experyments in French cooking—maybe you'll be wantin' me to cook frogs next. Oh, that ever my mother should have said I was most as good a cook as herself to come to this for JOHN BRIGGS—after all these years—turnin' up his nose at good plain food, and wantin' frogs on my table! Never, my peoty pet," shrieked JANE, suddenly seizing the baby—"it never shall have no frogs—nor filagrees," said she, with a sense that she had somehow forgotten the right word.

By this time Mr. BRIGGS was off to the shop swearing at the "pekiness" of women and determined to take a cooking lesson himself and see if JANE could not really be improved. He went on the sly during the remainder of the week—afternoon and evening—six lessons in all. They were to Mr. BRIGGS purely delightful. Surrounded by all that is noble and beautiful in Toronto society, ladies of limitless lineage and those of the very newest fashions and families, his soul sniffed up at once the delicate savours of the frying pan and the aristocrat, and he melted away with the soft rapture of a man who has paid his way into high life.

He determined to effect a change in JANE's *kweezen* and contemplated a bill of fare for Monday's dinner every *plat* of which should be fashioned after those which he had seen prepared at Shaftesbury Hall. He could explain how to do it to JANE during the evenings, and on Sunday he could stay home from church and see her carry out his designs. It is sad to relate that his usually dutiful spouse refused to listen to his account of the lectures or to give him any aid whatever, saying, she "wasn't goin' to have another woman's notions lugged into her kitchen."

"You know so much about it, JOHN," said she, "just go to work yourself, I'll go to church Sunday morning and leave you all alone."

"All right," said JOHN, "all right, we'll have one first-class south-Kensington dinner any how," and he felt a consciousness of a power to talk all that he had seen done

at the Hall. "It was explained so clear," he said to himself.

On Sunday morning Mrs. BRIGGS went to church, took the children and smiled sweetly as she departed, with the remark that she would return with a fine appetite.

Mr. Briggs went into the kitchen where the supplies that he had purchased were laid arow—oysters, piece of halibut, fine pair of chickens, macaroni, and materials for pudding. A great sense of loneliness came over him which vanished as he reflected that he would only have to do one thing at a time. He said to himself that he "knew how to boil oysters anyhow!" and at once proceeded to boil them anyhow. When he got the milk boiling he popped them in and began a search for something to cook the halibut in. Not knowing that the pot cupboard contained stew-pans and pots he rummaged through the back kitchen, wondering how JANE got along with so few "things." At last, as time was swiftly passing, he resolved to cook the halibut in the clothes-boiler, and put it on with a feeling that he was very clever to have thought of the utensil in that connection. In the confusion he had entirely forgotten to take the oysters off. Not for a half an hour did he reflect that he should have cooked them last and then, as they were tough as leather, he, with masculine promptitude, dumped them into the swill-barrel. His chickens were in the oven meantime, browning finely, he said—and he proceeded to make the pudding with a sense that his education as a cook would not be completed without a few more lessons. The pudding didn't mix properly, and he suddenly remembered that he had forgotten to stuff the chickens. He went instantly to the oven to take them out and put in the stuffing, opened the door and out rushed a great black cloud of smoke—the chickens were as black as his boot—he had forgotten to baste them. He carried them to the table burning his fingers, and deposited them on top of the pudding bowl, which thus got full of the blackness of the pan. Suddenly thinking of the halibut, he looked into the clothes boiler, the fish was vigorously boiling—in shreds. A sense of failure came over him, he dreaded to touch the macaroni, and went back to the pudding, becoming then aware of its condition.

"Blank dash the blank dash chickens!" he shouted, thrust the pudding spoon into his trousers pocket, pitched the chickens into the swill-barrel, threw in the halibut after them, and rushed wildly for his coat. "I guess" said Mr. BRIGGS, "I'll go and dine down town," and out he went—only to bring slap up against JANE and the children.

We draw a veil over his confusion. For the credit of womanhood let us remark that Mrs. BRIGGS was never more amiable. JOHN went up stairs to wash the pot black off his face and hands, both thought him while brushing his hair that his wife really ought to have a new dress, and came down in a humble frame of mind, to find on the table one of the best cold turkeys a man ever stuck a fork into, a deep apple pie, cold, with crust of singular lightness and crispness, and a couple of bottles of first-rate beer to wash the repast down. "I thought you would need a good dinner, dear, after working so hard," said JANE and so I got this ready yesterday. It would be a pity not to have a nice Sunday meal after all the knowledge you got at the lectures."

He has made a vow to content himself hereafter with the practical result of JANE's cooking, but she—strange to say—went out on last Monday and Wednesday evenings to see "a friend" who somehow has managed to put her up to several Shaftesbury Hall wrinkles.