

TO BUSINESS MEN.

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AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL

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

Answers to Correspondents.

J. H. D. E., City.—Thanks for the suggestion. Will probably appear shortly.

Grip's Book of Oddities.

No. II.



HIS oddity also belongs to the *genus bore*. His sphere of action is not, however, the public platform; it is the editor's sanctum. He is a literary man—so he says. He has been connected more or less with all the leading journals of London, Paris, and New York. His articles used to be in frantic demand amongst the editors of those cities, and used to command handsome prices. He never condescends to explain why he voluntarily sacrificed all the brilliant opportunities

of cosmopolitan journalism, and all the refinements of the highest English, French, and American society, and deliberately took up his residence in a little Canadian town. Nor does he ever—though loquacious and confidential to a fault—let us know how he came to drop the writing of high-priced *feuilletons*, and satires *a la* Thackeray, and confined his masterly brain to the drudgery of puns—perpetual (and poor) puns. He has an aroma of stale whiskey about him; perhaps that explains it. We know it is whiskey that usually brings down high literary genius, and undoubtedly whiskey has been an element in the literary oddity's career. It was probably because of his fondness for the wine of the nobility that the publishers of *Punch* refused to give him the editorship, although it is just possible that he never saw Fleet street in his life. Poor soul! He has some good points about him after all—though they are not often in the jokes he brings in. We would be even glad to see him—occasionally—if he smelled of better whiskey, and didn't stop too long.

An Impromptu.

What can I wish you that you are not now,
My ripe, my modest, oh! my matchless Plumb?
Why, when I listen to the stuff you talk,
Then, through the session, I could wish you—dumb

Skates are good things in their season, but avoid flounders.—*New York Commercial*. There is no objection to a kneel, while putting on the fair one's skates.—*Yavocob Strauss*.



Mine Host.

The exigencies of journalism make it impossible that its votaries can avail themselves of all the goods things that are going, otherwise Grip would have abscondedly spread his ebony wings and sailed away to Ottawa last Saturday, to be present at the dinner given by Senator Boyd in honor of his friends, the newspaper men of the Capital, and to which Grip was courteously invited. Nobody will require more than a glance at the sketch alongside of these lines to convince him that nature intended the hon. Senator to preside at dinner tables and conduct feasts of reason and flowings of soul. Not that the picture does justice to the "grave and reverend seigneur"—for it would be impossible to transfer to paper the merry twinkle of the eye and the unctuous humor of the countenance which characterizes this typical Irishman. Of course the affair went off with perfect *eclat*; the guests departed in the best of spirits—but not the liquid variety, for Senator Boyd doesn't require any artificial aid to jollity, and his table was innocent of anything in the shape of stimulants. When the time honored chorus

"For he's a jolly good fellow"

made the welkin ring on this occasion, it was something more than mere formality—it came from the singers' hearts. Mr. Boyd is a gentleman of wealth and talent, and in entertaining the members of the press he was complimenting a profession which his own pen has graced. Long may he live!

Fair Marion.

The hand struck up a dreary waltz,
I claimed fair Marion for the dance,
Her face was lit with happy smiles,
Her dark eyes thrilled me with their glance.
Around her dainty waist I stole
My willing arm,—her graceful head,
With all its wealth of golden hair,
Drooped o'er my shoulder—and I led
Her bright and radiant through the throng
Of graceful dancers sweeping by,
But none so graceful in the room,
None danced so well as Marion Bligh.
As lightly as a fairy thing,
She floated in the dreamy whirl—
A goddess in her peerless grace,
And yet a blushing, radiant girl.
Her dear eyes shone with happy light,
She whispered, "Charlie, this is bliss
The music good—a perfect floor—
Oh! would that life were all like this."
I felt her shiver as she spoke,
She faltered—flushed a rosy red—
A look of anguish crossed her face,
And then she gasped, "Oh! oh! my head."
And I, half frantic at the sight,
Look'd on aghast—my heart stood still—
Recovering quick, I wildly cried,
"Oh! tell me, Marion, are you ill?"
She smiled a faint, wan, sickly smile;
"No! no!"—then came a pettish frown,—
"Not ill, but quick, oh! take me out,"
For all my back hair's coming down.

GARDE.

"What are the Wild Winds Saying?"

The evolution theorists will be after Dr. Wild with a club, and not a ministerial "club" either. He dares to assert that out of a giant race have been evolved the present pigmy humanity, while evolution demands faith in the possibility of the greater evolving itself from the less. This is a severe blow to my revered progenitor, protoplasm. I blow about protoplasm because protoplasm blow me. Dr. Wild blows about giants. Intellectual giants may get wild by and-by and blow upon him. Query: Is it all anything else but "blowing," anyhow?

Disappointed.

A sad-eyed maiden sits alone,
A beauteous maiden fair and sweet,
Her tresses bright in the fire-light shone,
She sighs as she looks at her slippered feet!
With voice of love
She cries "No, no,
I can't go in the snow and sleet,"
A lover calls, "Oh dearest girl!
My only love, 'tis time," he said,
"To start." And as he smoothed each curl
That clustered 'round her lovely head,
She says, "Ah, no,
I cannot go."
With tell-tale glow her face grows red.
What means that guilty blush? Oh say,
Have other lovers tried their suits
Successfully? "False girl away!
I'll tear my love out by the roots,"
She said "Don't go;
If you must know,
I've lent Johanna Jones my boots."

Funny Conloquy.

Witty Wood-Dealer to Cheerful Coal-Dealer, (slyly).—"I hope the *colon* its way to the city will be the means of bringing a *period* to the present high prices of coal. It's not a *bitumen* care the *weigh* you keep it up.
C. C. D. to W. W. D. (more slyly).—"I'm quite in a *cord* with you! *Wood* that it were so. To *beech* sure the poor *maple* through the winter, even if *oak*-asionally they have to *pine* in the *coated*, especially if they have *fers*.
W. W. D.—"Ha! ha! you're very funny, but I'm *ash*-ured I've got the best of you by a *grate* sight.
C. C. D.—"Grnte sita? *Anthrcite* you mean!
(Both, Ha! ha! he! he!)



An Unquestionable Janus.

MR. LOOKING-BOTH-WAYS BRECKEN, M.P., P.E.I.
You've no doubt often heard it said,
It's hard to please two rival parties,
And so it is unless your head
Is double-barreled like mine, my hearties.
For Boutbee's Bill I boldly spoke,
And so I'm solid with the rummies;
I voted 'gainst it—what a joke!
I'm solid with the temperance mummies!
To catch both sides there's nothing wanted
But conscience seared and honor blunted!

Domestic.

It was just ten minutes after twelve last night when Mr. Golitenham took off his overcoat, sat down, and observed to Mrs. Golitenham, "My dear, I've been so full—"
"I know it," said Mrs. G., calmly.
"You see, my dear, we're taking stock and (hic) I'm so full—"
"I perceive it," said Mrs. G., as she went to the front door to lock it.
"My dear, I was going to say that (hic) we've been taking (hic) stock, and I've been so full of business that—that—" Mr. Golitenham meets the unchanging look of his partner and faintly smiling says no more but retires to his chamber.