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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. 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 Editor of GRIP's forthcoming Almanac desires to thankfully acknowledge contributions for its pages from Mr. JAS. FOSTER COATES, *N. Y. Express* and Mr. ED. L. ADAMS, *Marathon Independent*, and E. D. DEEMING, *Gowanda Enterprise*. They are spicy, too. He has still a warm spot for the other funny fellows.

Amen.

ADMIRAL AMEN is 'getting up a Franco-American Company to construct the long looked for Nicaraguan Canal, and it is rumoured that Gen. GRANT, (U.S.) is to be the President. No "Britishers" are allowed to hold any stock in the Company. This is quite a new departure, British gold generally being quite acceptable to most people. However, the bloated Briton may console himself with the thought that he has sunk enough money already in the Egyptian, Turkish and other bonds, and no doubt, too, he will be glad to respond to the Company's decision with a hearty Amen.

Dyspeptic Papers.

No. 2.—HAGGIS and NATIONAL SOCIETIES.

The immortal haggis testifies more than all their victories to the courage of the Scottish people. TOM BROWN, sitting cold and wet on the top of a mail coach, felt a surly pleasure in the endurance so dear to the heart of every Englishman. It must be some such feeling which causes Scotchmen in all lands to gather round the haggis on St. Andrew's night, and prove their bravery by assaulting their hereditary enemy, and their more than stoicism by looking cheerful as they devour him.

They get together to show one another that the awful thing has no terrors for them under the changed circumstances of life in a new country. For three hundred and sixty-four days in the year they live on Christian viands, abandoning their hereditary "spune ment" for substantial food, and eating real puddings after tangible dinners. But they have a secret fear all the time that they are becoming effeminate, even as the Scotch hunter did as he kicked away the lump of snow from under his son's head, with the

observation that he would permit of no luxurious habits in his family.

Your true Scot feels that there is something incongruous—even wicked—in being habitually well fed. Reflective by habit, he muses on the vicissitudes of humanity, and never loses sight of the possibility that even individuals of his race may revert to the primitive condition of their ancestors, to whom plenty of "parritch" was the *summum bonum*, and an occasional haggis necessary to make them content with their ordinary fare. Wishing to prove themselves equal to any fate, Scotchmen abroad cling to the annual haggis as a touch-stone of their capacity to meet ill-fortune.

It is not inconceivable that in old days gaunt Scots may have required no unusual fortitude to devour the fearful composition of sheep's stomach and nasty sweet things. It may have seemed no worse to them than treacle-and-sulphur to the lank youths at Dotheboy Hall. They proved their endurance by merely existing, being even mighty men of valor on the thinnest sustenance. But now that they have wherewith to line their stomachs every day, it is indeed an evidence of sublime courage that the haggis is annually cooked and cheerfully eaten. Such, at least, is the belief which prevails with the dyspeptic.

An occasional objection is made by native Canadians to the yearly Scottish glorification. But it is hard to understand why anyone should find fault with their St. Andrew's assemblage. Could it even have been thought strange that the children of Israel should have rejoiced periodically in companies at their escape from the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage? Have not Scotchmen in Canada every reason to exult exceedingly that they are not in Scotland, a country where banks fail and directors are wicked? It is indeed strange that they should enjoy one another's company, but perhaps their apparent merriment when met together is due to the knowledge that they are not compelled to meet so many Scotchmen every day, nor to confront the terrible haggis more than once a year. It is reported that a great deal of toddy is necessary to make them wait contented for the better associations of the St. Andrew's morrow.

Englishmen and Irishmen in foreign lands are like Scotchmen in this habit of assembling together once a year. A common thankfulness at the change of *habitat* is really at the root of these national demonstrations. It is possible that Canadians might have national societies in Paradise, any other change of residence after the introduction of the N. P. would be so much for the worse that each man would bemoan his sad fate in solitude.

A Little Mixed.

Dramatis Personæ:

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE,
HON. EDWARD BLAKE,
HON. GEO. BROWN.

The scene is laid in BLAKE's office, Toronto. Time—The day following the recent banquet at Ottawa. Hon. EDWARD and Hon. ALEX. discovered conversing familiarly.

HON. ALEX.—Weel, ma gude fren', what think ye o' this banquetting beesness? Sic a daft-like set, to be banquetting an awfu' scoundrel lek you mon. Dinna ye ken hoover, it has a mighty effect upon the country. The people are sic awfu' fules, they really think JONE A. has benefited the country. (Aside—Alas! that they should be so near right). Would na it be a grand idea, to have the

great Reform Pairty tender *their* leader a banquet?

HON. EDWARD—Your ability, my esteemed friend, as a philosopher and manipulator of men, has never been denied; and this excellent idea you have promulgated, gives but another proof of your sagacity in dealing with mankind. And I am sure you will not accuse me of egotism, when I say I shall receive with pride and satisfaction any honor the great Reform Party may confer on me.

HON. ALEX.—Aye, mon, but it should be the leader, the chieftain, ye ken, that should be banquetted.

HON. EDWARD—I quite coincide with you, my dear sir, and as leader, I may—

HON. ALEX.—Leader!! Are ye daft a' thegither, mon? Who made ye leader?—I—I—

(Enter GEO. BROWN.)

GEO.—Hail brithers in a mighty cause! What's a' the contravarsity?

ALEX.—(Excited)—You mon, BLAKE, dares to say he's leader o' the Pairty—

HON. EDWARD.—(Sneeringly)—That MACKENZIE fellow, fails to perceive his "usefulness is gone"—

GEO.—Aye, aye; but dinna squabble, bairns. I ken yer baith wrang. I—I—I, (very impressively and planting his left half-acre very fiercely on the floor), AM THE "PAIRTY" AND THE "PAIRTY'S" LEADER!!

(Tableau).

The Hunting of the "Hum."

There was an F. M. who said "Come,
I'm determined to capture this "hum,"

"And will be easily found,
If not, I'll be bound

I'll indulge in a jolly good "bum."

His face that at first was all gleec,
Soon lengthened—the shape of a V—

As he'd peer through the gloom,
To discover the "boom,"

The Grits would all chuckle—"heh, heh!"
What d've see?"

No music enlivened his way,
No mirth—tho' at one place, they say,

Some indigent Tories
Climbed up on a door as

He passed, and said, feebly, "Hoo—ray!"
That's their way.

He talked to the people of hope,
And gave himself plenty of rope,

But the people thought half he
Related was "taffy,"

The other half chiefly "soft soap,"
Merely "trops."

Said he, "It becomes very clear
To some other point I must steer.

What the deuce has become
Of the "boom" and the "hum,"

I can't tell, but, for sure, they ain't here,
'Twould appear."

When home he returned to his folk,
They asked him, by way of a joke,

If he'd "captured the hum,"
And he merely looked glum,

Put his hands in his pockets and spoke—
With a (h'm h'm) choke.

"I found it a terrible tug
To make things in Ontario snug,

This blessed N. P.
Is too many for me,"

And the people called him—a hum-bug.

Tough Mutton.

Last week the *Mail* gave in its telegraphic brevities the following extraordinary story:—

"Fourteen fat sheep belonging to MR. THOMAS JOHNSTON, were left last night in BULLOCK's butcher yard, London East. This morning ten of them were found dead and greatly mangled, but still alive. They were attacked by dogs, and being confined in a small space were easy victims.

Considering that ten of them although found dead and greatly mangled, were "still alive" we can hardly see the propriety of calling them "easy victims."