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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.

**Specimen Doggrel.**

(Reviewed by our Literary Editor.)

It isn't often that we inflict upon our readers the doggrel which is sent to us by aspiring poetasters. We usually consign it to the waste-paper basket and oblivion. But we feel like making an exception in the case of the following "poem," just to let our readers see the extent to which editors sometimes have to suffer. Kind reader, imagine the feelings of a man whose profession obliges him frequently to read stuff like this:

**FIRST VERSE.**

Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,  
Where all that was to be in all that was,  
Whirled for a million æons through  
The vast waste dawn of multitudinous eddying light.

Now the spelling and grammar of this is all right, for a wonder, and if it had any meaning at all it might pass. But so far as we can see it is unmitigated bosh, and couldn't be made intelligible if it were "whirled for a million æons" through "multitudinous eddying light" or anything else. But enough; let us pass on to the

**SECOND VERSE.**

Out of the deep my child, out of the deep,  
Thro' all this changing world's changeless law,  
And every phase of every heightened life,  
And nine long months of anti-Natal gloom;  
With this last moon, this crescent, her dark orb,  
Touched with earth's light thou comest darling boy—  
Our own, a babe, in lineament and limb  
Perfect, and prophet of the perfect man,  
Whose face and form are her's and mine in one—  
Indissolubly married like our love.  
Live and be happy in thyself, and serve  
This mortal race, thy kin, so well,  
That men may bless thee as we bless thee.

Worse and worse, if possible. Evidently this is the raving of some rag-baby advocate, whose mind has become a little unsettled by the patronage the Finance Minister has lately been bestowing on their cause. At least there seems to be something about a baby in it, though its meaning is even more obscure than the average run of soft-money speeches. Perhaps Mr. BUCHANAN will kindly put this verse under his microscope and let us know what the "poet" is driving at. Meantime we pass on to the third, and, happily,

**LAST VERSE.**

O, young life, breaking with laughter from the dark,  
May the faced channel where thy motion lives  
Be prosperously shaped, and sway thy course  
Among the years of haste and random youth,  
Unshattered, their full current through full man;  
And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,  
By quiet fields, a slowly dying power,  
To that last deep where we and thou art still.

We give it up. "Breaking with laughter from the dark," is good. It describes exactly the frame of mind in which every reader will throw down this piece of trash, for anything more "dark" than the meaning of this we cannot imagine. It is well for the author that he disregarded our rule that the real name of every contributor should be enclosed with his copy. Perhaps he was ashamed to put it to such verses; if so, he has more sense than we would be inclined to give him credit for. If the writer intended it as a ridiculous burlesque on Mr. BURR. PLUM, he has entirely overshot the mark. We hope he will never inflict us again, at all events.

**APOLOGY AND EXPLANATION.**

[The editor-in-chief rushes in to repudiate all responsibility for the above criticism, which was written by a junior in his absence. As to the justice of the strictures passed upon the poem he says nothing, but considering that it was written by ALFRED TENNYSON, and printed in the *Nineteenth Century*, he feels that this apology is due to the admirers of first-class poetry.]

**He took the Loan of a Knocker.**

DAWKINS went to a swell supper the other night, and on returning home about 2 a.m., he, as cautiously as his condition would permit, ascended the steps to the door, with the fixed determination of admitting himself noiselessly with his latch-key. Once inside the hall, he would take off his boots and ascend to his room. He turned his finger around in his vest-pocket, where it was his custom to keep the key. But it wasn't there. Urged on by the critical state affairs had assumed, he set to work and diligently searched every pocket on his person, when he became painfully and disgustingly conscious that there was no key about him, if he excepted the now useless and inconvenient whis-key. "Ah!"—he moralizingly mused, as he dug his hands deep down into the pockets of his pants, that he might the better steady himself—"whiskey can unlock a man, but I'll be hung if it will admit him unheard through the door which separates him from his longed-for bed."

He was a mad man, DAWKINS was; for he must now do that which he had firmly made up his mind he would not do: arouse some one to admit him. It was very seldom he broke his word, when once given—to himself: it was seldom he changed his mind; but he must do both now, though he, as he reached up to that part of the door where knockers are usually kept, but there wasn't any knocker there. DAWKINS, feeling himself beginning to shake, as the air was damp and chilly, was about to resign himself to his dismal fate of walking about the lonely streets, until those in the house would be astir, when the thought struck him to ascertain if the next house's door was also knockerless. So reaching the next door in the terrace, he ran his hand over it as he had done on the other, when he suddenly came in contact with the object of his search, and taking hold of it, he rapped vigorously and continuously, the sound echoing up and down the silent street. This soon aroused the inmates; who, no doubt, supposing the house to be on fire, or that some such terrible thing was happening, flung up the windows, as perhaps they had never gone up before, and from one came a strong, yet frightened female voice pitched in a high key to get above DAWKINS rapping,—which said:

"Who's there; what in the name of mercy do you want?"

"Want to get in;" deliberately answered DAWKINS, resuming his work on the knocker. "What do you want to get in for?" asked the voice—of necessity loud, but in a decidedly changed tone.

"What do I want to get in for?"—and rap-tap-r-r-rap! went the knocker again, loud and shrill,—"do you think I want to stay out here shaking with the cold?"

"But you don't belong here, sir; go away with you!"

"I didn't say I did, did I?" followed with knocks even louder than before.

"You have made a mistake, I say! Be off with you!"

"No I haven't; no, you're out there;" and he again applied that knocker as though he would bring the door down.

"I shall send for the police, and have you arrested, unless you immediately desist, sir, and go away!"

"No, don't; don't put yourself to any trouble that way, ma'am; it's all right now; very sorry to disturb you though, very sorry; but I'm exceedingly obliged, and shall ever be grateful to you, for the loan of your knocker," said DAWKINS, observing that he had accomplished his end; as the windows in his boarding house, with those of the whole terrace were hoisted up—the result of his last application of the knocker—by parties who anxiously peered out into the dense darkness, to discover the cause of the loud and continuous knocking. DAWKINS going to his own door, and his request for admittance being granted, the clamorous sound of the borrowed knocker was heard no more; and the echo faintly dying away in the distance, quiet and peace reigned again in the vicinity of EDWIN DAWKINS' boarding house.

Paragraphing is like the 15 puzzle, it looks easy—try it.

Ministers are very polite, they are always studying the amenities.

If honey is bee ware, then "Beware" ought to be a sweet song.

Motto for a crows' convention, "Success to the Caws."

**On Stoves.**

Being in the act of going into summer quarters, I lent a hand to move my stoves out into the wood-shed the other day. The unusual exercise somewhat exhausted me, and when the task was done I sat down on a convenient ash barrel and fell into a reverie.

I reflected on stoves, and mused upon their many resemblances to humanity. As with men, it requires a good many dampers to shut them up. Moreover they need to be constantly fed, and naturally prove to be dull, though a little rubbing up occasionally will cause them to shine. They are unmanageable at times. When you want them to stay in they go out; when you try to conciliate them with little fondnesses and allow them to have all the fat, they get beyond themselves and blaze away—just to annoy you—and yet they must have the delicate touch of a gentle creature to manage them. The drawing-room stove, how pleasant and cheerful it becomes when tickled by the young ladies; the small faults gently removed, no harsh measures ever allowed, and don't he repay you for the care bestowed? Then there is the bedroom stove, only allowed in the domestic privacies of a happy home. What would the house be without that stove, or what would the children do? And now the hall stove, like a host or hostess, gently breathes the kind welcome that softly melts the soul of the weary with gratitude and thankfulness. Though the parlor stove is less respected than its drawing-room companion it has an amount of importance, but "familiarity breeds contempt," and the parlor stove like the jolly little man, gets more stirring about than is good for him.

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