

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

By BENGOUGH Bro's, Proprietors. Office:—Imperial Buildings, next to the Post Office, Adelaide Street, Toronto. Gzo. BENGOUGH, Business Manager.

Original contributions paid for. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned. Literary and Business communications to be addressed to BENGOUGH Bro's.

**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.

## 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.

## Volume XIV.

It is a gala night at Mr. GRIP's theatre. The handsome edifice is packed from pit to gallery, with the genius, beauty, bone and sinew of the Dominion. (That is to say, all Mr. GRIP's subscribers are present.) The Royal box contains the Vice-Regal party; the other boxes are crowded with distinguished statesmen, judges, lawyers, clergymen and *litterati*; and in the body of the house every class of the community is largely represented. Full dress, opera glasses, and scented handkerchiefs are the order of the occasion. It is a gala night. The country has assembled to do honor to Mr. GRIP's seventh birthday, and to witness the inauguration of his Fourteenth Volume. The roaring piece entitled, "A Fine Child for Adoption," has just been finished amid demonstrations of approval, Senator BROWN and his friends being particularly demonstrative in their applause. (See *Globe* of Monday morning.) With unanimous voice the audience demand the appearance of Mr. GRIP before the curtain, and that sagacious, profound and gifted individual comes forth, radiant in a swallow-tail and white gloves, his plumage glistening in the gas-light, and a fragrant bouquet gracing his button-hole. A tremendous round of applause, echoed from ocean to ocean, greets his appearance, and the most respectful and impressive silence then falls upon the multitude. With a voice betraying genuine emotion, Mr. GRIP speaks as follows:

*My Friends and Patrons:*—Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking (*applause*) you will readily believe me when I say that I feel myself unequal to the task of thanking you adequately for this warm and generous reception. When I ventured seven years ago to embark upon the stormy sea of humorous journalism, I left a shore which was strewn with wrecks, and I was not unprepared for a rough voyage, or even a disaster. I determined, however, that, should my craft meet the doom of all its predecessors, it should not be on account of rotten timbers in its hull, or because of navigating in questionable waters. I made up my mind that it should never engage in an unworthy traffic, nor carry articles that were too heavy. Abiding by these first principles, I have to

tell you that our voyage on the sea of popular approval has been a prosperous one. In the words of the poet:

"We sail the ocean blue,  
And our saucy ship's a beauty,  
We're sober men and true,  
And attentive to our duty."

To drop this nautical metaphor, I, GRIP, rejoice in a continued and ever increasing popularity, which is in part, no doubt, owing to the ability with which I perform my functions of public censor, if I may be allowed modestly to think so—and in part certainly to the generosity of the humor-loving public, whom I have sought to serve, and who have expressed their sympathy in the tangible form of giving me a good subscription list. On the completion of my Thirteenth Volume, I am able to look back upon my work with satisfaction. No doubt there are flaws which the artistic hand would fain correct, but there are no lines which the moralist would demand should be obliterated. It is my purpose, ladies and gentlemen, to go on in the same path for the future, extenuating nothing, and setting down nought in malice. Amid the strife of politics it is often necessary to speak plain words with the pen and pencil, but plain words are not necessarily malignant or unjust. Hitherto it has been my aim to be kind as well as honest, and in the future that humorist shall continue to be my model—him of whom it was written,

"His wit in the combat as gentle as bright,  
Never carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

At the conclusion of his brief but brilliant speech, Mr. GRIP bowed his acknowledgments amid the most enthusiastic applause and waving of handkerchiefs, and retired with difficulty over the heaps of bouquets which impeded his path.

## A Cure for Hiccough.

JOHN SMITH had a bad hiccough the other day and tried a number of so-called cures. He put a cold key down his back, but it did no good: he held his breath till he thought he would burst, and when he did burst it was into a hiccough; he took nine consecutive swallows of water without one inhalation of air. All was no use. At last he remembered that his mother used to say that a sudden shock or surprise was certain death to the hiccough. He meditated for some time on the best method of surprising himself. Then he grabbed his leg violently, but the surprise wasn't sudden enough. He then shut his eyes and walked slap up against a door, but the old thing wouldn't work. He stubbed his toes, trod on his favorite corn, threw a glass of cold water in his face, and performed many other practical jokes at his own expense, which would have surprised him greatly at another time. The hiccough was worse than ever! Then he went out, turned down the Receiver-General's lane from Toronto street, and asked his friends to surprise him. There were a number of them present, as this all took place during business hours. One told him that fashionable girls were really learning to cook, but he had heard that before; another said that of late, PHIPPS looked no more self-satisfied than J. D. EDGAR, but he couldn't believe it, and was, consequently not surprised; another assured him that the *Globe* was receiving more cable specials than the *Mail*, but he wasn't surprised a bit. The hiccoughs still continued. Then some one told him that the U. E. Club intended to pay their notes, and for a moment it seemed that SMITH's hiccough had ended. But then he reflected on the pavement of the bottomless pit and his surprise

vanished in incredulity. Then some one informed him that the police were trying to suppress houses of ill-fame; that Mr. JOHN TURNER had no intention of running for Mayor; that GEORGE BROWN is becoming popular; that MR. BLAKE does not wish to supplant Mr. MACKENZIE; that Senator MACPHERSON hadn't signed his name to a letter for their works; that the Marquis of LORNE thought that he had been decently treated by Sir JOHN in the LETELLIER matter, and twenty other equally surprising statements. Still the hiccough continued and SMITH was about to conclude that he could not be surprised, when a man outside was heard to swear, "This copy of the *Globe* does not contain one attack on the manufacturers." The effect on SMITH was electric. He was not surprised by the statement itself, but he was so much surprised to feel that it did not surprise him that the hiccough stopped at once, and permitted him to get back to this office.

## To Live Forever.

Doctor SCHMOELP is a very great man,  
And he can tell what nobody can,  
(Nobody else, that is, you know)  
The way to survive to a million or so.

Only imagine, the Doctor has told  
How we can all be a million old.  
GRIP puts it a million, not harshly to strike  
Your feelings, but fact is—as long as you like.

We all of us knew that the way we must live  
Was to eat: it was left for the Doctor to give  
The diet immortal—it's simply to stuff  
Yourselves every morning with lemons enough.

And you never will die—only think what a thing,  
And what wonders the cycles revolving still bring,  
And how lucky, no matter how many there be  
We've not got to die off, but may stop here and see.

But a sad thought arrests the smooth flow of GRIP's pen,  
What on earth will become of the funeral men?  
We shall soon meet them begging—all little and big,  
Frozen out undertakers, with no graves to dig.

And a few thousand years from to-day, as we walk  
Smartly round, and with some great-great-grand-child talk  
(It needs fifty more greats, but his columns have been  
So much crowded of late, that GRIP can't get them in).

Then that small many-greated will ask us to say  
"What are all those queer stones there decaying away?"  
And unto him we shall make instinctive reply,  
"They are gravestones, set there once, when folks used to die."

"Have you taken your lemons?" And now by the way,  
What will we do for lemons in that coming day?  
We'll need one lemon orchard all over the land  
While the folks will increase, till there's no room to stand.

There'll be small houses every where under the trees,  
There'll be chaps in the branches as thick as you please.  
We'll be hard up for room if we don't learn to fly  
And annex some waste planets far up in the sky.

With a soil fit for lemons. And what comes to pass  
With the doctors and chemists, and folks of that class?  
Say, how lucky that TURNER and TILLY have got  
Into politics; they'd have been dished, would they not?

But the subject's too vast e'en for GRIP's mighty view,  
And he can't sing always; he has business to do,  
Which reminds him—"Say, office-boy, send for a ship  
Full of lemons, directed, 'Toronto, for GRIP.'"

A Ground Plot.—Making up a plan to rob a cemetery.

Horse fanciers are very fond of jewellery—notably studs.

Mennonites.—Fellows who get home late from the Club.

When a small boy ties an oyster can to a dog's tail he remembers the Latin motto, *Cave can'em*.

When a writer swears when his articles are refused it's a proof that rejected communications corrupt good manners.