

NOTICES.

To ADVERTISERS.—Our terms for advertisements on the first page are \$1.25 per square, first insertion; \$1.00 each subsequent insertion. Spaces on fourth page, 25 cents apiece, each insertion. Terms for contract advertisements made known on application to MR. MURPHY, bookbinder, 47 King street west. W. H. TAYLOR, Advertising Agent, 8, King street east.

To whom it Concerns.—Contributions of suitable matter are solicited; all correspondence to be addressed to the office, 47 King street west.

Issue.—GRIP will be published every Saturday at five cents per copy. Trade orders supplied by ROBEY, MARSHALL, wholesale agent, 47 King street west, Toronto.

OUR CARTOONS.

A Cartoon on a Popular subject will occupy the third page of each issue. Political and Social affairs will always be treated with independence.

GRIP

EDITED BY CH. P. HALL.

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

—JOE MILLER.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 24TH, 1873.

NUMBER ONE.



UNAMENDED DICKENS had not amongst his various and inimitable literary progeny a more original or entertaining creation than "Barnaby Rudge's" protégé, the well-known and beloved raven GRIP. Though the raven race have no enviable reputation, being traditionally stigmatised as bearers of ill-omen only, there is no reader but likes GRIP's company, for he is in all points an exceptional bird: there is, for instance, such a wholesome contrast between his glad and frequent "Never Say Die!" and the dismal "Nevermore!" of his dusky mate in literature—the despairing croaker that perched upon Mr. EDGAR POE's bust of PALLAS, and according to the latest account,—

"Still is sitting, still is sitting" there. Well, having assumed his name, we will emulate GRIP's virtues, and look for the same respect abroad. The belief that there is a place and a welcome amongst us for a satirical paper projected on proper principles, and possessing a fair degree of merit, is not disturbed by the fact that several Canadian comic papers have failed with sorry emphasis, for the experiment of such a platform still remains to be tried. The just verdict pronounced over such of our defunct predecessors as were forced to suspend, was, "Death from Natural Causes." In each instance failure resulted from internal wrongness, from obscenity, partisanship, or incapacity.

Briefly, as to the plan: GRIP will be entirely independent and impartial, always and on all subjects. Nothing unworthy of good breeding will be admitted to his columns, though it will be his to offer timely admonitions to all who may need them; and lastly, his literary character will be jealously guarded by all the clever people in the land.

And now, as GRIP's prologue is spoken, he bows and backs to his post, and the curtain, rolling gracefully down, shuts out for a little his generous patrons—he knows they'll be so—the grave but sympathetic Public.

OUR NEW PARK.

A sage maiden lady, whose opinions have been matured in the slight of many summers, sends us the following 'good and sufficient reasons'—as she calls them—why the property at the Old Garrison should not be transformed into a Park for the use of the citizens.

- (1.) Because persons who might frequent the proposed pleasure-grounds would subject themselves to the reproach of being 'common' people.
- (2.) Because the Old Fort and the Cadets impart a military air which is decidedly baneful to the lungs.
- (3.) Because there is far too large a "field" for flirtation in the place.
- (4.) Because rifle teams practising would prevent other people's teams from doing so, and thus even small bore clubs would become insuperably irksome.
- (5.) Because heavy swells on the adjacent lake and heavy swells in the Park would be entirely superfluous.

CAUSTIC, FREE GRATIS.

The following venomous invective is at the disposal of anyone who may ever be vindictive enough to make use of it. Readers of the most favourably reviewed book of the day will be the first to appreciate its vitriol cruelty:

TO MY ENEMY.

Had Dr. W., like that ancient man,
Bathing, seen thee—he'd sprung ashore, I think;
And rushing, wild with joy, cried—"Caliban!"
Eureka! I have found *The Missing Link!*

THE PARTING.

(CARTOON.)

As Englishman of generous heart and hand;
As Man of moral worth and modest mien;
As Orator whose words have charmed us all—
Canada will keep his memory green.

LEADING QUESTIONS

(TO BE PUT AT THE FORTHCOMING PACIFIC R. R. INVESTIGATION.)

Sir John A. Macdonald on the stand:

- (1.) Do you understand the nature of an oath?
- (2.) Will you oblige by brushing back that wisp of hair on your forehead?
- (3.) Did you, or whom, if so, which and for why?
- (4.) Is that all you know about it?
- (5.) You swear to that—positively?

Mont. Langevin called:

- (1.) Parley-vous Francais?
- (2.) Will you lend the Court your grid-iron?
- (3.) State briefly your political opinions.
- (4.) Do you know the last witness?

Sir Francis Hincks in the box:

- (1.) Your name is Hincks, I believe?
- (2.) Do you not at present reside in Vancouver?
- (3.) What was your motive for resigning?
(NOTE.—Question liable to objection.)
- (4.) Are you aware that it is proposed to build a Pacific Railway through Canada?

Sir Hugh Allan:

- (1.) Have you ever seen the dome of St. Paul's, London?
- (2.) That will do, sir.

THE CRYING EVIL.



A PARTY by the name of Smith,
With a carpet-bag and shawl,
A walking cane and a pasteboard box,
And a wheezy, husky bawl,
In a puffing stew and chequered pants,
And in chase of a what-dy'-call—a street car;

Shuffling on, regardless of how,
With a steadfast gaze ahead,
And a wrinkled nose that told of the wrath
That boiled his face so red;
While with humming wheels ten rods away
In unconscious tranquil sped—the street car.

The party by the name of Smith
Wasn't what you'd call profane,
But he panted some bad language out
As he trotted through the rain,
And he waved his arms and shook his fists,
And signalled and cursed that bane—the street car.

Prompt (that's a joke) the bell is struck,
And the driver jerks the brake,
And waits for the party by the name of Smith,
Who has had such a cruel shake,
And that party crawls up with a haggard face
And utters one word—"Mistake!"—wrong street car!

Old Fables Newly Told.

BY OUR OWN ASS.



NO. 1—THE OLD MAN, HIS SON, AND THEIR ASS.

VERY few people succeed in pleasing everybody. Once on a time an old man and his son were taking their donkey to market to sell; the old man was riding and the boy walking. This brought forth severe censure from the public, so the son was hoisted up and his parent dismounted. This also looked bad, and you know people will talk. They said it was the irreverent spirit of the age. So the old fellow got up behind the lad and rode along till they met Mr. BERGH, who protested against such cruelty to animals in violent terms, whereupon both alighted. A crowd gathered. Somebody suggested that the owners should carry the animal. The old farmer gazed at the author of this suggestion and inquired "what they took him for." "See here, Tommy," he continued, addressing his boy, "if we undertook to carry Neddy there, we'd surely dump him over yonder bridge; so we won't attempt it. Now, you might as well just run home; it don't absolutely require two to fetch this beast, anyhow." Having spoken thus, he remounted and rode off in quiet contempt of the multitude.

HONEST MEN, like piano-fortes, are grand, square and upright.