

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Saz; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

GRIP begs to countermand the notice given last week with reference to contributions and exchange newspapers. Address everything as heretofore: Box 958, Toronto.

"Who struck Billy Patterson?"



N last Saturday's *Globe* there appeared an advertisement calculated to raise this old and vexed question. It was as follows:—

\$25 REWARD for the man that struck Mr. W. PATTERSON, opposite the Mail office.

As it is not at all likely that the long sought miscreant has been found up to this writing, GRIP supposes it is not too late to furnish the advertiser with a clue which may "lead to the apprehension" of the fellow; and this he does without any thought of the \$25. Herewith, then, Mr. P.'s friends will find a correct portrait of the individual "wanted." GRIP guarantees the truthfulness of the sketch—particularly the expression about the eyes. The nose, ears, and a few other minor characteristics of the phiz. have been sacrificed in favor of the white hat—a feature likely to be of the highest importance to the detectives, as it is traditionally associated with "the man that struck BILLY PATTERSON."

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The Zig-Zag Papers.

I.—ON A VERY OFFENSIVE CAD.



"YOU'LL REMEMBER ME."

We all know young men for whom our toes itch, they so evidently require several kicks behind. We do not wish those handsome fellows who ornament King street every afternoon, to imagine that we refer to them. We remember too well the days of our youth, when the out of a coat was more important than the paying for it; when a crease in the trousers gave us inexpressible pain, and when the tie of a neck cloth was often repeated. Self-respect makes us think well of an honest dandy. We believe that no young fellow who does not take pride in his personal appearance can feel or act like a gentleman. The youths who slouch round in dingy wide-awakes, dimmed boots and soiled shirt-collars, can never be respectable members of society. They generally become politicians, speculators, railroad men, or something equally disreputable.

But there are many members of the great army of cads disguised under the harmless exterior of swells. They may be known by strange affectations of speech, by ultra fashionable apparel, by bragging of the acquaintance of great people, and generally by self-assertion and conduct not natural.

One of the most offensive of those we came across last week on our return from Malbaie-by-the-sea, where we had been making cheap arrangements for the summer residence of the wife of our bosom and six darling children.

A most uncomfortable eye-glass forced his face into frightful contortions, which caused an old Vermont lady who sat opposite, to offer her pain-killer, with the remark that he must "be pretty considerably griped." He rejected her proffered kindness with a silent contempt that abashed her, and continued to gaze round the car, unmindful of an impudent young Irishman who had fixed a penny in his eye, and was returning the stares with the utmost coolness and self-approval. A narrow forehead retreating under a carefully nursed wave of hair, dress quite perfect according to his conception of the latest fashion, and a very gorgeous rug completed the young gentleman's ensemble.

At a way station a lady whom he knew came aboard, and thereafter he addressed himself to her.

We sat behind and could not help hearing a large part of his discourse.

He was very entertaining, and told about Toronto—which he was honoring with his residence; about his "cattle," and about a new kind of dog-cart in which he was to drive the young lady originals of a number of photographs he then exhibited, and which was the envy of all the fellows whose envy was to be desired. We are afraid the readers of GRIP will be unable to grasp from mere description the original vehicle he expatiated on—which was *not* a dog-cart either single or double, nor any kind of ordinary wheeled thing seen in our little Dominion—which was coming out from England, that was delightfully high and fast, and altogether "stomniary and esentic," combining all the perfections of the most perfect trap, with the peculiar perfections of that young gentleman's designing."

He told his companion of his dining at Government House,—casually mentioning that he thought it his duty to recognize high placed public officials,—and how he and another man walked through the streets in the summer evening in full dress, carrying a light overcoat on their arms, and were not mobbed—which certainly was strange. Warming with his narration, he confided to the lady that Toronto was a disgusting place after all; few young ladies, none whose photographs he had not, and very, very few gentlemen. His friend who dined with him that evening at Government House was one of the very few, as was the speaker by implication.

You may imagine the horror with which we—who have from our earliest youth, regarded our native aristocracy with awe and envy—heard this young man mention the bluest blood of the Family Compact, all the great dignitaries of the Bench, Bar and Pulpit, with utter disrespect.

It was evident that he knew them all personally, for he was alike perfectly at home in the most recondite scandal and the newest gossip. His descriptions of people were by no means bad, and we were for a while at a loss to reconcile his cleverness in this respect with the vapidty of his other talk.

It is, however, by the catalogue of salient points that verbal descriptions of persons are made recognizable,—a fool is as likely as another to see these, and as he sees no more, he is able to throw off a caricature, while one who discerns the minutest shades of character, difficult to describe, finds it impossible to make a portrait.

It was some time before I discovered the vantage ground on which this young fellow imagined himself to stand, and which gave him superiority over the natives he was treating so contemptuously. But an allusion to English society, followed by a whole chapter of his experiences therein, gave the explanation. He had seen high life, he was intimate with the nobility, he knew celebrities of the very biggest kind. His lies and bragging were so frightful to hear that we sought refuge in the smoking car, and never left it till we arrived at Toronto station.

Thence we saw him whirled in the family carriage, with the fattest of coachmen on the box and a large footman behind.

Have you not all met people who, having had their little peep into the outside world, come back to relate wonders they have never seen?

Don't the village beau, after he has studied law in Toronto, and seen high life in a three-fifty boarding-house, go back to his native place bragging of his acquaintance with Local Legislators and other celebrities?

Don't he feel that he is exalted above the general merchant and village doctor, whom he used to look up to? And don't he get the conceit kicked out of him very soon?

We have all seen something of this kind, and the moral is for the local celebrities.

Doubtless Toronto society is perfectly justified in laughing at the village coterie, and it is just possible that there may be people so exalted that the pretentious bigwigery, silly talk of birth and blood, and apish aristocracy of Toronto itself, appear very ridiculous to them.

Grip at Sea.

WERE we to read anything really funny in the *Canadian Monthly*, we should be shocked as by a laugh in a meeting-house. A writer in the last number of our grave and heavily respectable contemporary, feeling the incongruity of a joke between those solemn covers, rather needlessly apologises for a pun. His sin is much more in intention than in act, and he cannot be held guilty even on his own plea.

He says—the article is "British, American, and British-American ships":

"The Western farmer, that rank protectionist, who backed the legislation which swamped the tonnage of the seaboard States under burdens far beyond their carrying capacity—forgive the pun—who saw the Eastern shipowner, &c."

We have received thirty-nine letters asking us to show where the pun is. After a week of anguish we give it up, and refer our friends to the editor of the *Monthly*. A poor pun is a disgusting thing enough, but by no means so offensive as an unnecessary apology.