

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNADY RUDGE.

The grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeast Fish is the Otter; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875.

### Notice of Removal.

GRIP has removed to his new office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, near the Postoffice.

### Answers to Correspondents.

*Nez Bleu, Halifax.*—We think Mr. COSTIGAN'S Bill should pass, as it is essentially a Maritime one. Witness your desire for separating everything. You wouldn't join the Confederation till you got "better terms;" your Baie Verte Canal is to separate and insulate a portion of the mainland; and they say the very whales and porpoises in your surrounding waters are found in Separate Schools.

*Doubtful.*—You are right. In accordance with the precedent laid down in Mr. WILKES'S case, the trial of the protest against the election of Mr. MEDCALF as Mayor will be postponed until the conclusion of his year of office, as it might materially interfere with his discharge of the business of the Mayoralty.

### Richard de Dicke to His Son.

QUITE charmed my dear DICK, to learn that after "mature consideration" you have resolved to adopt a literary career—a delightful and highly advantageous profession, strewn with roses at every stage, to say nothing of dollars. At this commencement of your course you may not object to receive from me a few hints, the fruits of long practical experience and observation, by steady adherence to which you will facilitate your ascent to the highest pinnacle of fame and fortune.

*Habits of Life.*—Rise late, retire ditto. Keep your head clear by plenty of beer, tobacco, and hourly "nips". There seems a natural affinity between genius and frequent "cocktails". Plodding industry, with its inevitable failures and common-place, is always found in alliance with tea and muffins. Repeated strokes at billiards, varied with cards and horse-racing will prevent the mind wearing out the body. Observe a due balance between these.

*Prudent Expenditure.*—Economy is an implacable enemy to intellect, and leads to a premature ending of a short and feverish career. When a publisher sends you a cheque dissipate the proceeds as speedily as possible. Savings banks are death on reflection, imagination, and all the highest faculties.

*Handwriting.*—Plain writing is the distinguishing token of dull heads. The greatest intellects use the most hieroglyphical scrawls. Editors and publishers always throw texthand "copy" into the waste-basket without reading; whereas had it been written illegibly it would have infallibly been read through and accepted. If your pen scratches and flirts the ink about it will improve your M.S. Write on both sides of the paper with as many interlineations and emendations as possible. *Caret* (or "carrot" as it is called in compositors rooms) is the printer's favourite vegetable. Plenty of blots also, showing on each side of suitable thin and unglazed paper, will greatly facilitate his labours. He is fond, too, of pale and coloured ink.

*Correspond Copiously.*—In the letter accompanying your M.S. to the editor give a full biographical sketch of yourself, parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts. Explain your ideas on literary composition, and on things in general, with your reasons for adopting an author's career, your object in writing that special contribution and for coming to the conclusion that it is particularly good. Intimate that you expect a very early perusal, reply, and remittance.

*Make a Bargain Beforehand.*—As an author of repute (in embryo) you, of course, have nothing to do with the publishers standard of payment, which is sure (it always is) to be too small,—being regulated by his low ideas of profits instead of your merits. You, who write the article, are clearly the one proper arbiter of its ability and value, as we see manufacturers in other businesses always fix the price of their productions. About sixpence a line—Thackeray's remuneration—is the figure I would indicate as a proper commencement. If the publisher refuses to give this you can ruin his paper or magazine by withholding your article.

*Cultivate Your Inner Consciousness.*—Nothing is more powerful and affecting than the depicting of real scenery, character, feelings, and events by mere imagining. The more imperfect your idea of a passion or mode of life the greater should be the dash and force with which you should go for its thorough delineation. How interesting and true to nature are the numerous pictures of the indoor manner of living of the aristocracy evolved from the expert inner consciousness of our writers in the middle ranks of life!

*Be not Disheartened.*—At this beginning of your course you can have but an imperfect conception of the profound stupidity of editors and publishers! Incredible as you may now think it you will frequently have contributions—brimming over with originality, wit, eloquence, and observation—returned upon your hands by these jannies, endorsed "declined with thanks," "not suitable," or "try again." Be not discouraged. Walk down to the office and summarily interview the editorial dunderhead. If he is a small man kick him soundly, and thus figuratively carry off your M.S. *vi et armis*. If he is a big fellow—as most blockheads are—merely tell him you have called to acknowledge the receipt of your M.S. and afterwards send him an admonitory communication, by post, couched on the cardinal principles which invariably regulate *Globe* Editorials, (prudentially omitting your address.) Steadily adhering to these directions your success is certain:—

*Tuus.*

RICHARD DE DICKE.

### Mackenzie to the Boards of Trade.

Awa, Canadian Boards o' Trade, gie nae sic sauce to me.  
Resairve ye're conversawtion for those o' ye're ain degree.  
Puir local creatures—ignorant—who naething ever saw.  
Ye hae maist gross impairment to speak to me at a'.

What suld ye ken aboot canals—what engineers are ye  
That ye suld hae the face to bring suggestions here to me?  
Ken ye that I a mason was wha wrought in brick and stane,  
Gang sairve yer time like me; till then, joost leave my work alane.

What care I for ye're recommends?—ye're members daurna vote  
Except for me—they ken right weel whase grip is on their throat;  
I've engineered them—that's the way we engineer doon here,  
They dinna care a pin for ye—ye canna engineer.

Awa, Canadian Boards o' Trade! if ye were frae Quebec,  
Or if ye cam' frae Montreal, my help ye might expect;  
But when ye frae Ontario come, it's a' the ither way,  
A' she'll get frae me's just but this—an unco bill to pay!

### Drink's "Dominion."

The, REV. JOHN GRAY, B.A., Orillia, says, Canada has cause for shame in the fact that she expended, during 1874, \$30,000,000 on liquors.—*Liberal*.

Let others prate of drunken climes,  
Of lands beyond the sea,  
This liquor bill for Seventy-four  
Is quite enough for me.

Dear Canada! loved Canada!  
And can it really be;  
Full thirty millions spent on drink  
Nay! now I blush for thee!

And do thy sons submit to crouch  
Beneath drinks tyrant sway?  
Why, yonder Scots across the flood  
Imbibe not more than they.

Dear Canada! loved Canada!  
Wherever I may be  
This awful figure haunts me still,  
An omen full for thee.

The flowing cup fools love to praise,  
Dost hail it as a friend?  
Believ'st thou those whose lust of gain  
Its follies would defend?

Fair Canada! brave Canada!  
No land on earth is free  
Whose sons still bow the coward neck  
To custom's slavery.

The Scot may boast his "Ferintosh,"  
The Englishman his beer;  
And Erin's sons extol "potheen,"  
While Fritz loves "lager" clear.

But Canada! Young Canada!  
Thy liquor bill we see  
Stands seven round cyphers in a row  
And headed by a three!

On thy fair fame an ugly stain,  
Oh! wipe it from thee now,  
Remove from fair Canadian homes  
The blight that lays them low.

Fair Canada! loved Canada!  
Fell thou this Upas tree!  
First on thy list of noble deeds  
ABSTAINER dare to be.