

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

ARCHER.—Grip has learned to whistle "Then you'll remember me."
J. A. D., Toronto.—Thanks for suggestion.
W. S. B., Toronto.—Try again on some subject of living interest.

Grip as a Critic.

"CLARICE: AN OLD STORY OF THE NEW WORLD."

THIS capital burlesque on the "Flatulent School" of novelists, should really have been sent to us. It is strangely out of place in the columns of *The Canadian Monthly*, in the July number of which magazine it appears.

The plot is that old favourite much used by writers in *Bow Bells*, the *New York Ledger*, and publications of that class. The scene is laid at Quebec, in the year 1690, during the assault on that city by the English squadron under Sir WILLIAM Phips. The hero, LEON ST. OURS, a young French officer of the garrison; and the heroine, CLARICE, niece to DE FRONTENAC, the commandant; whose respective fathers "made a compact, when these children were babies, to unite them at a suitable age in marriage, as a seal to their life-long friendship, and in order to bind in one their two estates," were united accordingly at the "suitable ages" respectively of fifteen and twelve years. They then part with sentiments of disgust, and very properly and conveniently, see or hear no more of each other till the date at which the story opens—when entirely unaware of their connection—they fall very much in love one with the other. After the stereotyped agonies, they discover their relationship, and of course are very much pleased. This framework has been happily chosen by the humorous author, who improves the many opportunities for parodying "gorgeous description" and windy dialogue.

BRET HARTE'S "condensed novels" are not better in their way than this very funny extravaganza, and we are almost inclined to rank it with THACKERAY'S burlesque of G. P. R. JAMES. In fact, the only fault which we can discover is a too close imitation of the style of the originals, which may lead a public not yet educated up to critical taste, to imagine that the tale is narrated in sober earnest. Of course, such a mistake would be very absurd, yet those who know the intense gravity usual to the articles in *The Canadian Monthly*, may refuse to believe that the publishers would insert anything so airily humorous as "CLARICE." It has even appeared possible to us that the editor himself has been deluded into the belief that the story is serious, for there is nothing but internal evidence to indicate its character.

We shall be very happy to welcome the author—whose attention we call to the munificent terms offered in our "Editor's Note"—as a contributor to GRIP.

Baby Showers.

THE following went the round of the papers last week, dated Ottawa, July 2:—

"Among the humours of yesterday's celebration was the baby show at St. George's picnic. Eleven mothers, exhibiting children under twelve months, Mrs. J. Allan got the prize for the prettiest, healthiest, and most intelligent child."

If those fine children are boys, we advise their mothers not to let them get pipes or cigars before they are eight or nine years of age, and if girls, not to allow them to begin sparking before they are seven or eight. Moreover, we solemnly, seriously, truly, eagerly, compassionately, earnestly, and affectionately beg, pray, recommend, admonish, caution and entreat of the fond mothers to provide the most approved remedies for measles, whooping cough, croup, and scarlatina, and to have them ready in the house, so as not to have to incur the delay of waiting for the arrival of a doctor. We give this advice as a precautionary measure, because we never heard of an exhibited child living for twelve months after date of exhibition.

THE GIANT KILLER AT WALLACETOWN.



REDOUBTABLE CHARLEY RYKERT has met and vanquished the foe. The towering giants of the Ontario Government, beneath whose tread the platform at Wallacetown trembled, fled in dismay from the presence of the Modern Giant Killer, being unable to withstand his prowess.

MACFELLAN strode into the presence of his antagonist with all the affrontery and consequence of the unwieldy Philistine of old, but he received a stone in the forehead before he knew where he was. That is to say, CHARLES RYKERT touched him in a vital spot by rehearsing the *Canoe Couch Scandal*, and the reeking corruptionist of the Model Farm shrank from the exposure of his unparalleled baseness. The giant HOBAINS fared no better. So the host of honest yeomen, nearly all supporters hitherto of the "most corrupt Minister

of modern times" (Mr. MOWAT) witnessed that day a signal rout of their own heroes. CHARLEY THE GIANT KILLER was transformed in a twinkling from the obstreperous nobody he has always been considered, into a valorous statesman—a voracious statesman—and a very probable future leader of the coming Conservative Government of Ontario. The spectacle of their utter discomfiture at the hands of one so small and insignificant would have been sufficiently humiliating to the Giants under any circumstances, but in this case it was aggravated by the fact that the Dwarf had been specially challenged to the combat.

GRIP awaits the coronation of the plucky little fellow who fought and won the battle of Pure and Economical Local Legislation at Wallacetown!

A Duo

(Translated from the Moorish.)

He.—
THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The policeman's lamp is gleaming, love,
As we gaily pass
The parting glass,
While each better half is dreaming, love.

Then awake and open the door, my dear,
'Twas never thus barred before, my dear,
You're mighty (hic) deep
To pretend you're 'shleep,—
But its rather too thin is that snore, my dear.

She.—
Nice hours these are that you're keeping, love,
Coming home when the day is peeping, love,
To plague the life
Of a loving wife,
Disturbing her when she's sleeping, love!

Let you in? not till rise of sun, my dear,
I'll teach you the glass to slum, my dear,
If you will get so tight,
You may stay out all night,
And I hope that you'll relish the fun, my dear!

Freedom!

MR. ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY is greatly exercised just now over the intelligence that

"Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY have had conferred upon them the freedom of the Merchant Tailors' Society, one of the most ancient and wealthy guilds of London."

He asks us for information as to the character of this "freedom." Does it obviate the payment of all bills for clothing in future? Is there such a guild in Canada? If so how can a fellow obtain the freedom of it?

GRIP must decline to answer these queries.