

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

READER.—This paper is named GRIP, after a raven that figures prominently in CHARLES DICKENS' story "Barnaby Rudge." It is of course rude and improper to call it *The Grip*, as some do.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17TH, 1874.

REWARDS OFFERED.

GRIP offers the following rewards, viz: a handsomely bound copy of his first volume, and a place on his free list for all time to come, to any one who can give such information as may lead to the apprehension and conviction, of the imbecile who first perpetrated the joke (?) about Canou Kingsley, who is visiting Canada—being a Great Gun, loaded with honors, and likely to create quite a noise when he is heard.

Also, a Silver Dollar for the name and address of any of the recipients of Christmas gifts who have not "been taken by surprise," and who found words sufficient to adequately express their thanks. Also: the nearest post-office address of those who returned the watches, which would not keep time more than 24 hours without winding. To the latter we will send GRIP free for one year.—**GOOD SAVE THE QUEEN.**

TO THE KINGSTON CANDIDATES.

MY DEAR BOYS:—The eyes of the whole Country are upon you. The interest felt by the citizens in their respective local contests pales before the attraction of the battle you are to fight. And no doubt a more morbid motive than the mere importance of the Kingston election actuates many to watch you closely. There are those who cherish the memory of your former candidature, and the sport—as they say, attendant thereon; and no doubt it would tickle such depraved persons mightily if they could witness another boxing scene on the hustings. So, in view of these things, I have thought it incumbent on me to remind you of your critical position. You have a capital opportunity, boys, of exhibiting the grandeur of manly virtue, in a manner that may leave lasting impressions on the rising generation of your Country. To this end, I would counsel you not to call each other Liars in the personal presence of thousands, and as a consequence in the newspaper presence of thousands more. It sounds ill, and does nothing towards securing the triumph of the principles either of you advocate. And further, do not slap one another's faces on the public platform. This is not only impolitic, but rude. It is enough that Township Council or Aldermanic hustings should witness such sights. It is absolutely unbecoming the great cause of Dominion politics and of the great City of Kingston. I would recall to your mind those lines which in your tender years I have no doubt you learned by heart:—

"Children, you should never let
Your angry passions rise,
Your little hands were never made
To tear each others eyes."

Try and realize the philosophy and force of these words. Don't say hard things about one another; don't refer to anything that is likely to damage anybody; let us see you illustrate the beautiful theory of loving ones neighbour as one's self. Adieu, boys.

Your tender counsellor,

GRIP.

GASTRONOMICAL.

QUOTE the Markham Economist:—

HARD TO BEAT.—Mr. Ruebottom killed a Berkshire pig, ten months' old, that weighed 185 pounds. It was bred by Mr. W. STOTTS, and fed by Mr. JOSEPH RUEBOTTOM, Wellington Hotel, Markham Village. Can this be beaten?

Perhaps the best way for the Editor to find out whether pork of that quality can be-be-eaten, is to dine at the Wellington Hotel while the hog lasts.

The Cobourg Star thinks the St. Catharines Times "one of the worst printed papers in the world." The Times' ready retort is "You're another."

The Tomnoddy Papers.

BRING THE LETTERS OF DEMOS MUDGE, TO ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY, ESQ., LATE OF THE CIVIL SERVICE, OTTAWA.

NO. I.

Toronto, January 10th, 1874.

MY DEAR ADOLPHUS,—I cannot tell you how very much flattered I am by the kindness and condescending familiarity of your last note, and shall be only too happy to comply with your request that I should give you my advice concerning your affairs. You tell me that, owing to the change of Government, the deputy-head of your Department has dispensed with your services, and, in consequence, you will be compelled to trench upon your father's not illiberal allowance, for the purpose of providing yourself with the needful article of gloves, in which your former salary from the Department was just enough to keep you.

I sympathize most heartily with your feelings as to the barbarity of your dismissal, and shall take care that, at the coming elections, together with other grave charges of ministerial disregard for the private feelings of many amiable individuals, your wrongs shall not pass unnoticed. I advise you to remain quietly in Ottawa till Sir JOHN gets his rights again, as, no doubt, he will, *some time* after the elections.

Do not relinquish your comfortable, though, I must confess, expensive quarters at the Russell House, for there gathers the best of Ottawa male society and the celebrities of the political world. Of that society you are an ornament, of that world you are the hope; the first would be sadly uninteresting without you, and the second would be put to much trouble in seeking you in other quarters. Moreover, as their duties at the House occupy the whole of their time, it would be a serious detriment to the business of the country, if they were forced to look for you in regions new.

Curtail your expenses for curacao, claret and weeds, to the extent of your lost salary, and remain at your post as becomes a TOMNODDY and a MAN.

Do not imagine that I shall feel it a labour to give you now, and in the future, the benefit of my knowledge of the world. I have received from your illustrious family benefits which I can never forget—benefits, the remembrance of which in the past is the brightest of the pleasures of memory, not less than the wish for their continuance is among the pleasures of hope.

Can I forget the emotion that thrilled me when your distinguished and still beautiful mother bowed to me on King street, from her carriage emblazoned with the Tomnoddy arms. I was, fortunately, just in front of SNIP'S establishment at the time, and that excellent man, and most admirable of tailors, noticed the salutation. A trilling account, to which my attention had several times been drawn, has since that time not been mentioned. On the contrary, SNIP, who is anxious to get his girls into good society, has intimated his desire that I should honor him with a further order, and his worthy lady has sent me a large, highly glazed and meretricious looking card, by which I discover that she is to be at home this day fortnight. There I shall go; I shall be looked upon as a "first-class Nob;" I shall immolate myself upon the altar of "ARABELLY" SNIP, and for some time to come shall be clothed by her excellent and credulous father.

You too, my dear fellow, have bestowed upon me attentions which are not likely to escape my memory. Do you remember how, on my last visit to Ottawa, you kindly introduced me to a number of your mild and interesting companions, intimating to them that I came of the family of MUDGES, of Mudgeville, who, I am forced to confess, utterly scout the claim?

I had previously, in their presence, at the Russell House table, called to the waiter for tripe and onions, and, unconscious of the horror excited in their minds by the order, had aggravated the offence by afterwards filling my short, black clay pipe with the navy tobacco that my soul loves. After your friends had partaken of numerous drains of "Bass" at my expense, they were considerate enough to warn me against a repetition of the offence, and to promise that they would not mention the matter. In some future letter I may take occasion to refer to further and equally great favors from your family, and to recount my obligations to your connections.

You tell me, my dear ADOLPHUS, that your society is much courted by political men, and ask my advice as to your deportment under their solicitations.

I should counsel you to be very cautious in forming an intimacy with any of them, for their manners, as a rule, are not such as would be becoming to your mother's son, and their occupation of brawling in public lends to their private conversation a disagreeable and disputatious tone. There are, also, but few of them against whose characters some grave accusations are not made.