

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

GRIP is issued every SATURDAY morning at the Office, 35 King St. West, Toronto.

TERMS: \$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application.

All business communications must be addressed as above, A. S. IRVING, Publisher and Proprietor.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome: all such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and *Literary* correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 308. Rejected Manuscripts cannot be returned.

When Contributors require payment for their productions, the amount expected must be marked on the M.S. All articles will be considered as gratuitous unless so marked.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 27TH, 1873.

No. 18.

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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

Toronto, Saturday, September 27th, 1873.

A JOURNALISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

OUR Neighbours of the quiet village of Thornhill, have a true philosopher, in the person of one Mr. Horne, who has recently pitched his tent amongst them, and established a newspaper to be known as THE REVIEW. This is the way in which he makes his bow in Vol I., No. I.

"This is the third time that we have embarked in the publication of a local Newspaper, within the short period of nine years, but unfortunately as yet, with anything out success. It, however, the old usage, that there is "luck in odd numbers" be true, success must attend our present undertaking. So, emerging from the wreck of misfortune, we launch our little bark on the billows of treacherous time, and trust that with increased energy, a steady helm, our friends' assistance, and the favour of kind Providence, to be enabled to sail clear of the rocks and quicksands of adversity."

We commend the lofty eloquence, and faith of that passage, to all who are in the habit of starting papers with bombastic boldness, and sincerely hope that this time, the captain of the "little bark," will find himself a very Horne of plenty in the waters of success.

Between us, however, his past failures are not to be wondered at if the following paragraph, in another part of THE REVIEW, has not been misprinted, and may be taken to indicate his notion of editing:

"Our Readers, will please excuse the inaccuracies in this issue. In our haste to get out our first paper, we have no doubt omitted a number of errors."

An apology on that account is surely the height of politeness; but the Editor should rather be thankful that he has omitted the errors; he has narrowly escaped some "rocks, and quicksands," right in the harbour's mouth.

"EDUCATIONAL" CLAPNET.

THE PICTON GAZETTE happens to be published in a county which is blessed with two or three Common School Inspectors, who are just now at loggerheads, and the unhappy Editor is in consequence suffering from a weekly surfeit of letters between the combatants. These epistles, as specimens of execrable composition are certainly unique. One of the writers, D. P. CLAPP, in a three-column tilt, intended to establish his own fitness for the "inspection," and the unfitness of his adversary, puns a masterly deduction in these words:

"He G. D. Platt, is therefore, a jackdaw with borrowed feathers: a handful of mosquitoes might as well attempt to swallow a large camel, as for you, G. D. Platt, to prove that,"—(and so on).

Mark the beauty of the metaphor! Observe the matchless rounding of the period—but don't attempt to parse it. That was written by an Inspector of Schools, and this is Canada, and the nineteenth Century! Where is Dr. Ryerson?

AN EXCUSE.—A barber who assaulted a neighbour with a razor sharpener, justified his conduct by saying that he had a right to do what he pleased with his honc.

WHEN is a clergyman not a clergyman.—When he is a lame man, (layman.)

SIR JOHN says that the Commissioners are keeping him out of his scrape so nicely, that whenever he thinks of one of them, the words *Du(y) dextrum misero* occur to him.

LETTERS FROM LOW LATITUDES.

NO. I.

TO THE EDITOR OF GRIP.

Colenzo's Terrace, Sept. 22.

SIR.—In this day av partyzan baldtherdash, I expect it'll be refreshin till yes, to hear from wan what is no party man what-somdever. I am dthat man, tsur; an bi yer keind admission, i'd be afther tavin yes a bit av my opinion, wanst in a fwyte, consarnin the queshtuns av the day. I do be radin the papers these times wid deep inthrest, (and, bedad, dishcount too; d'ye moind)—so, in the mather av bein "poshted," nar a Blake, or Batey amongst yez, can wink an eye av them at me in contimpt. Av coorse me chafe subjeck consists av skandle radin; but be way av a relish, I take a fill av the Claymint wanst a week, and saysin the divershun wid fraquent licks at the City News, and the New Yark murtherin intilligence. But tis at prisint chafely consarnin the Ryle Commishun, dthat I would make me prisint remarks. Contrhary to expectashun tsur, I foind Tsur John A. is goin to get aff; phareas, I have obsarved it in the Globe, dthat he soult the Chartur to Tsur U. Allin, an thim. Av he explains it all out av sight, on his own shtandpint, I'm afear'd Misther Day an the rest 'ill discharge the case, notwithstanding the statemint av Mishther Mick Mullin, who I see by his likeniss in Notmen an Frazur's windy, is a thruthful appearance av a man. I hav spint menny an hour studyin this subjeck, and I come to the detarmination, dthat the trouble is all intirely in the misfortunate fact, that there is more nor wan story about iverything. I observe Tsur John has shuvell'd away, (so to spake,) a grate many things, dthat the Grits—which I call thim Reformers meself, bein indypindint—riz up furninst him; but I dunno. Lid he do away wid the "sind me annuther tin thousand" telegraft! Af he hasn't he will, take me word. Tsur John is'nt the man to choak on the likes av that. Bedad, what wud yez say af he med out dthat he must send hin another tin thousand copies av GRIP—sure dont he be buyin thim ivery wake.

George Brown says in the *Globe*, dthat he wudd'nt be astonished at nothin'—and there's no knowing phat a timid gintleman liko Tsur John moight be caused to say af they troubled him too much wid there unmarciful cross-examinashun. But no more at prisint, and belave me, tsur, your humble sarvent,

TEDDY TIBBNEY.

ESSAY ON MAN.

NOT BY POPE.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,  
Girls never are, but always to be dress'd,  
When fully rigged to man's unknowing eyes,  
There still remain some ribbons, bows and ties.  
Lo! the poor Indian whose untutor'd mind  
Knows naught of modes by milliners design'd;  
How happy she by fashion uncontrol'd,  
She courts the hardy brave, but not fer gold;  
But we, deceitful ways continually must tread,  
Add artifice to artifice, before we wed.  
From childhood's days, to old maid's latest span,  
Our lives one ceaseless *Essay upon Man*.

DEFINITIONS.

(NOT ACCORDING TO WEBSTER)

POLITICIAN,—(if of the other party,) a rogue, a swindler, a perjurer, a corrupt person; (if our own party,) an honest man, a patriot, a statesman.

PARLIAMENT—a safety vent for the follies of a nation.

DEPUTATION—a noun of multitude, which signifies many; but does not signify much.

PARTY—a political clique, always doing right, in opposition to the other side of the House.

EDITOR—an unmitigated liar, well paid for dirty work. (*Popular idea*.)

MISTAKEN.—Smith created some excitement the other night, by telling Policeman 32X that he saw a dead body in a certain tavern. On investigation it appears he saw a gal-on-a-bier, (*gallon of beer*.)

MORAL reflection by the editor of the *Collingwood Times* probably or opening his morning post,—“In the midst of life we are in debt!”



"WE IN CANADA SEEM TO HAVE LOST ALL IDEA OF JUSTICE, HONOUR, AND INTEGRITY."—The "MAIL," 26th Sept.

## "Grip's" Popular Series of Pirated Romances.

## THE WOMAN IN—WHAT.

BY H. COLLIER WILLKINS.

## A PRESENTIMENT.

We have all experienced at times a strange presentiment, as if some event still buried in the future, were suddenly revealed to our inner perception. Is this really a prevision, or is it only a fortuitous occurrence—who shall say?

Mrs. Arabella Bosco felt such a sensation thrill shudderingly along her nerves, as she drummed on the window pane, looking out into the street, where amidst the incessant rain, the good little Sunday-school boy hurried home.

Mr. Bosco came in laughing with an unctious laugh, as he fed the tame hedge-hog, that always perched on his shoulder.

"Arabella," he said, "I can read thoughts. Crush those that are now rising in your mind, and remember this; the possessors of secrets are not always the happiest people!"

He passed his short, fat fingers through his lustrous black hair, and went out.

## THERE IS A SECRET.

Mr. and Mrs. Bosco lived in an old baronial pile, in a pleasant Midland County. One half only of the house was occupied, the other had long since been shut up, and the housekeeper mysteriously hinted at some good reasons for keeping the commanding door closed.

"There is a secret," mused Mrs. Bosco; "a secret, and I do not know it; Bossie knows it, and I will!"

Again the thrill passed through her nerves, and she thought of her husband's warning words. Well had she stopped there, and saved herself from the long train of after misery; well had she stifled every longing in her soul to know the mystery of the abandoned room; but impulses are even stronger than ideas, and she went on.

She worried herself over the secret, and Bosco seemed to know it, and the tame hedge-hog appeared cognizant of the thoughts passing in her mind.

## THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

Bosco had gone to London on secret business. His sympathies were with the Fenian organization, and he had a Sunburst in Indian ink on his right breast.

Now was her opportunity; now would she unravel the secret. She called the old deaf housekeeper, obtained the keys, and started out for the abandoned chamber, followed by the housekeeper, and the giggling servant maid at a distance.

The passage was covered with dust, and hers was the first foot to disturb it for years. Would she turn back? She had still an opportunity; and the warning voice grew loud, and dinned into her ears, "Return!" But woman's obstinacy triumphed. "I will go on," she said, and stamped her foot until the dust rose in a cloud.

The room was reached, the housekeeper scant of breath, sat on the foot of the stairs; the giggling housemaid covered her face with her apron and stood still, afraid of ghosts. Arabella entered, and she felt a cold vapour rise from the crevices of the floor, which for a moment paralyzed her faculties, but she pressed on. An old picture with its face turned to the wall, a wash-stand, without a basin, a chair with three legs—was there nothing more? Yes, a small cluster of drawers. She instinctively felt that there lay the secret. She hesitated, but only for a moment. She opened the first drawer—only an old fine tooth comb; the next drawer contained a worn out tooth brush; but the third drawer—ah! a little piece of paper. She trembled as she unfolded the slip, read with eager haste, gave a great scream, and fell to the dusty floor.

"Loiks, here's maister," said the old housekeeper toddling in; seizing the clutched hand of her mistress, and taking away the folded paper, on which her dim old eyes could discern *Saunders's Hair dye, warranted to produce a lustrous black.*

"Bosco," she cried recovering, "take me away; take me away. Now I know the secret of those Black Locks! Take me away from a horrid wretch who dyes his hair!"

"I will take you away!" he hissed in her ear; "where none shall heed your secret!" The next morning a covered coach drove away with the inquisitive Arabella, the deaf old housekeeper, and the giggling housemaid, to a private madhouse, where they shortly after fell victims to the psychological experiments of the doctor.

On the memorable day of the Fenian rising, a corpse was found in the River Liffey, with a Sunburst on his right breast. It was he.

## THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

(VERY MUCH BOILED DOWN.)

Three Judges sat like three black crows,  
Reporters sat beneath in rows,  
Witnesses waited in silence there,  
For sapient questions from the chair.

A crowd as like as peas to each other  
Said they knew nothing of all this pother,  
Never heard tell of the famed Pacific,  
Save from the *Globe's* remarks prolific;  
Didn't know Mc Mullen, didn't know Sir Hugh,  
Didn't know black from white, or yellow from blue,  
In a word, they were all a know-nothing crew.

Sir John, he stepped up dapper and spry,  
With a smile on his lips, and a wink in his eye,  
He got cash from Sir Hugh in galore,  
The pity it was, he didn't get more;  
The Grits were bribing both left and right,  
And he bribed too, with all his might.

Next stepped up the famed Sir Hugh, full  
Of his little tale; and looked quite rueful.  
He spent money, no doubt of that;  
To catch the salmon, he threw the sprat;  
But Sir John didn't promise to give him the charter,  
Though he very well knew it was that he was arter.

Above is condensed from my short-hand diary,  
And thus ends the Royal Commission enquiry.

## "TO OUR FRIENDS."

I.

Follow John; never know  
Go it strong,  
He's the man you Tories blow,  
Right or wrong.  
He's the Hero of your story,  
He's the one, has all the glory,  
He's your own dear Brother Tory;  
Love him long.

II.

Love him long; your *Mighty Brother*,  
And his cause.  
Truth, he'll never, never smother,  
Nor her laws.  
His an honest soul and pure.  
Money! Dross! of that be sure,  
He has told you, "*Then Endure.*"  
Grits are straws,

III.

Grits are straws; 'tis so, he tells you;  
Do not heed;  
Grits are dying at each fell blow;  
His the deed.  
His the Arm the Mind, the Muscle,  
He can stand the toughest tussle;  
Courage his—the whiskey bottle  
He'll ne'er bleed.

IV.

He'll ne'er bleed, nor cannot die,  
So he says.  
Gowan, Day, they dare not lie,  
And live. Praise  
The *Duffer*, that has *duffed* them.  
Praise the way I've fooled 'em, stuffed 'em.  
Grits are liars! thieves! I've cuffed them;  
Such his lays.

V.

Such his lays! and the fools  
Still believe.  
*Leader, Mail*; Behold his tools!  
They'll retrieve.  
Honest soul, and pure they tell;  
Honest—see—he's false as Hell!  
None are spared: no matter. Well,  
Learn and Leave.—"PHIS."

# 'CHATTERBOX'

## VOLUMES.

### 1873.

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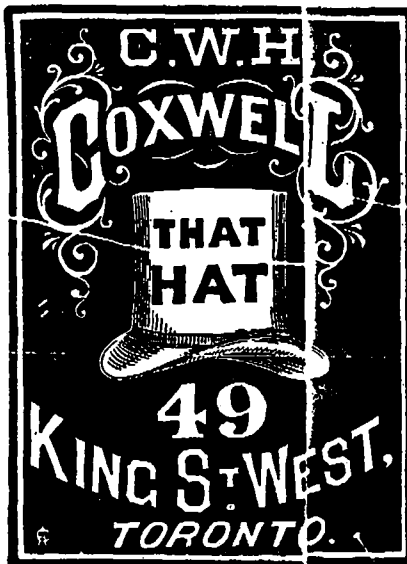
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FAMILY HERALD. Aug. A. S.  
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LONDON JOURNAL. July. A.  
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