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NOTE.**

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

Vol. 3.

TORONTO, MAY 30, 1874.

No. 1.

**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 965. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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PROSPECTUS VOL. III.

The Publishers of “GRIP” have great pleasure in announcing the first number of the third (half-yearly) volume. “GRIP” was started on the 24th May, 1873, and has, during the twelve months of its existence, attained a popularity and success quite unexampled in the annals of Canadian Comic Journalism. That it has become a power in the land is attested by the universal voice of the press, and the not unfrequent tributes to its influence uttered upon the floor of the House of Commons, or in other public places, by the most prominent men of all political parties. Its Cartoons have been distinguished for originality, power, and humour, and have made the name of “GRIP” a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. The willingness of the people of Canada to support a publication of this class, if conducted honourably and ably, is beyond question. The large circulation which “GRIP” has had from its initial number up to the present, notwithstanding that but little effort has been made to obtain subscribers, is an evidence of this. The publishers purposely refrained from sending out canvassers up to the present time, as they desired to prove that “GRIP”—unlike its many predecessors—would be a permanent institution. The uniform interest manifested by the public in each succeeding number, and the undiminished applause with which the caricatures continue to be received, argue that, so far as the people are concerned, this permanency is assured; while the publishers have confidence that with the improvement they purpose making in the paper, and their increased facilities for its prompt and regular delivery to subscribers, there need be no abatement in “GRIP’s” popularity. The leading Cartoon will be carefully engraved by one of the best artists in the Dominion; and will be supplemented by several smaller caricatures in each number. The editorial management has been entrusted to a gentleman whose past performances in connection with a clever satirical journal of Canada are a guarantee of his fitness for the position. Contributors will be paid liberally for articles of merit, and writers of first-rate ability will hereafter be secured to furnish the literary department. “GRIP” will continue to occupy a position of complete independence in politics and all other matters; he will strive to sustain the reputation he has achieved as “the fearless corrector of public morals, and a wise director of public opinion, regardless of party.”

Liberal Commission to Agents, who will find Canvassing for Subscribers to GRIP a good paying business. Send for Terms and District desired to

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G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1874.

Volume the Third.



THE far-sighted and provident authorities at Ottawa, having foreseen that the 24th of May would fall upon Sunday this year, fixed Monday the 25th for the public celebration of an anniversary made illustrious by two events—the birth of Her Most Gracious Majesty QUEEN VICTORIA; and the Establishment of his Most Genial Highness—GRIP. And the day was most fittingly observed throughout all this True North. From “early morn till dewy eve,”—or, to speak frankly,

it was something heavier than dew—crackers and squibs—pic-nics and concerts—lacrosse matches and stump speeches—went off right loyally, and as the hour of midnight closed over the happy but “played” out citizens, History recorded the fact that the most popular of English Queens had lived fifty-five years, and the most popular of Canadian comic papers had flourished ONE. Yes! ‘tis twelve months since GRIP perched himself on the pinnacle of popular favour, and uttered his first hopeful croak; and a more eventful twelve months is perhaps unknown to the chroniclers of the land. Fortune decreed that GRIP should be the eye-witness and immortalizer of a profound drama, and so the curtain rose as soon as he had shaken his feathers and spoken a brief overture—in other words, after he had issued his initial number. The first act in this drama last precisely six months—that being the allotted length of GRIP’s volumes—and ended with an imposing *tableau* representing “The Overthrown Administration.” The fall made by Sir JOHN MACDONALD, who was ‘playing Heavy Villain in the piece, would have done credit to TOM KING’S *Othello*.

The interval between the acts allowed the Canadian public time to get their back numbers bound, and meanwhile a *pot pourri* was being performed by the newspaper organs in the orchestra. The second act opened with ALEXANDER MACKENZIE in the leading role, and throughout it was replete with interesting situations and occasional exhibitions of good acting, while the little blunders incident to scene-shifting supplied food for mirth. GRIP’S second volume being completed on the date above-mentioned, Parliament was prorogued, and thus the curtain fell upon the historical performance yecept *The Pacific Scandal*. Throughout the play, GRIP kept a sparkling eye upon the stage, and never failed to present the people with a pictorial digest of each week’s doings, with a due accompaniment of literary good things. For all this he received in return a very generous support, so that he has grown sleek and fat at his post, and now comes forth all radiant with glory, and more ready than ever to ejaculate “*Never say die!*” Before entering upon a new term of public service, he desires to croak his hearty thanks to the multitude of patrons whom he has found in all parts of the Dominion, and to bespeak a continuance of their friendship in the future. It affords him genuine pleasure to be able to promise many and great improvements in his general character and appearance in the course of the present month. A gentleman of known ability and experience will hereafter conduct GRIP editorially, and a staff of competent writers will contribute to his pages. The cartoons and other sketches will, it is hoped, continue to improve, and ever be characterized by a spirit which will commend them to all true and honest minds. Just here GRIP desires to thank his *confreeres* of the press for the uniform generosity with which they have treated him. He hopes, while using beak and claw with uncompromising vigour on all subjects suitable for criticism, always to retain the good will of the Fourth Estate by a strict adherence to his original resolve to deal fairly and charitably towards all. It is not vainglorious to claim that GRIP’S influence during the twelve months of his existence has been something, and that it has been—to the measure of his knowledge—for the right. He has no higher ambition than to serve that cause—who has? And from that service, O public, GRIP’S pen and pencil will never consciously depart. So, VOLUME THREE!

Grip’s Sense of the Session.

May 15.—The Senate would have none of the Huron Re-distribution Bill; but has not GRIP already immortalised their action in his last number?

May 16.—The Commons passed the Military College Bill; Quebec or Kingston to be the site; but if it is life they want, why not Prescott?

Mr. LAIRD moved the first reading of a Bill to make the Indian Liquor Law stricter, and meanwhile the House tables petitions for a prohibitory law. This is not right, for GRIP is satisfied that if whiskey isn’t good for Indians, it must be sure death to whites.

May 18.—The “Strange Story” once more agitating the Commons. In the course of the debate, Sir JOHN said his hands were clean, and that he had not sold—No, that wasn’t it; but those words are stereotyped, and the printer shoved them in by mistake. What he did say was that he would have thought it strange if STRANGE hadn’t voted for him; and that as he had appointed most of the Penitentiary officials (not the guests), he did not think it unreasonable to expect their votes.

Mr. BLAKE’S peroration in reply, GRIP here embalms:—“I am quite willing to acknowledge that the hon. gentleman got his majority out of the Penitentiary, and I congratulate the hon. gentleman on his constituency and the constituency on its representative.”

Parliamentary and PICKWICKIAN!

May 20.—Great debate on the Canadian Pacific Scheme. Dr. TUPPER’S speech would have been good if his facts had been facts, his figures correct, and his geography ditto. Unfortunately neither his speech, his figures, or his geography could be so defunct with truth.

The PREMIER referred to the “My dear Abbott” scheme, which Sir HUGH thought such a big thing, called his predecessors “lunatics,” and danced a war dance to the tune of “Pacific Scandal.”

Mr. DE COSMOS said that the British Columbians contributed more per head to the revenue than the other Provincials; but, as Mr. BLAKE observed, it is a question of heads.

THOMPSON, of Cariboo, talked of annexation. Where is Cariboo, and who is THOMPSON?

He ought to be introduced to the Three Tailors of Tooley street.

Mr. CUNNINGHAM, the *Mail*’s “poor man,” wanted to go home, and made a motion to that effect, but wasn’t allowed.

Lively personalities in the House again regarding a letter which Mr. ROSS says he didn’t write, which Sir JOHN says bears his signature, which Dr. TUPPER had but has lost, and which Sir JOHN gave to the papers.

GRIP blushes for his *confreeres*, and thinks, in the interest of public morality, they should decline to print private letters.

May 22.—Private Bills caught it—rather!

May 23.—Mr. MOUSSEAU moved that an address be presented to Her Majesty for an amnesty for all offences committed in Manitoba in 1869-70—meaning RIEL; but it was ruled out of order.

GRIP rather thinks it was.

British Columbia getting anxious about the Canadian Pacific; it’s immense population can’t get out of town as it is.

May 25.—Intermission for fire-crackers.

May 26.—Black Rod took the floor at 3 p.m., and the Commons retired in good order. Thus endeth the first session of the Third Parliament.

SMILE.

Hints to Suburban Gardeners.

Be sure to shoot, poison, or otherwise destroy all the birds that infest your gardens, especially robins. Their singing is a disgusting nuisance, and if you neglect this precaution you will very probably run short of grasshoppers and caterpillars during the ensuing summer.

The modern fashion of gardening in blotches, and putting all the flowers of one colour together, is to be commended.

Do not mow your croquet-lawns too frequently. Long grass gives the bad players a chance with the good ones.

Now is the time for cutting down all your old trees at once and planting fresh ones to give shade in future summers.

Now is the time to dig up last season’s oyster cans, to make room for another crop.

If you haven’t a garden engine, or hose from the cistern, buy a large watering-can. Always remember that watering plants in full sunshine is highly conducive to their health. You can do this when it is too hot to dig or hoe.

Tobacco ashes are a valuable manure. Therefore smoke as much as possible over your labours.

Rockwork always looks best in a front lot where the sun can irradiate it. Don’t be persuaded to stick it away in a shady corner only fit for ferns and such rubbish. You can put cabbage stumps and flower-pots there.

Combine use with ornament as far as possible. Plant pumpkins in your flower-beds.



Ye Olde Costume

Which GRIP will be happie to lende for ye next Olde Folkes Concerto.

Dr. Warbler and the Council of Instruction.

GRIP is delighted to see the Teachers of Ontario taking a stand on some question; right or wrong, it is a good thing, and a becoming, to take a stand and make our influence felt. Of course it is all the better when we are right, but as that depends on circumstances, and we can never be absolutely certain whether we are right or wrong, we should take our stand all the same. It is a proper thing to introduce a—a what may be called popular element into the Council of Public Instruction, which may be called a sort of old fogie executive, and an enlightened constituency like that of the Instructors of this Province are certainly to be trusted in sending the best representative. There is just a suspicion that there are too many Reverends at the Board, and it wants some member with dash and experience to show them the ropes. Dr. WARBLER is just the man to send your hum-drum Professors and D. D.'s to the right-about, and show them some new experiments in chemical affinities, and others—mostly others. We trust that Dr. WARBLER will commence practice on the members of the Council, and GRIP will zealously discharge a public duty in reporting the progress of these worthies in their journeyings in search of affinities. The practice could be extended, as soon as successful, to the great body of the Doctor's constituents, and GRIP predicts, therefore, a rush for the profession. As soon as it becomes known, as it now appears that it is law, for schoolmasters to adopt their affinities without let or hindrance, salaries will come down in school sections. Merchants will forsake their ledgers, bankers their desks, lawyers will fling away their briefcases bags, and, perhaps, even a preacher here and there will desert his flock, in the absorbing search for affinities. Wives and mothers will have a new threat brandished over their heads; the old worn-out intimidation of "I'll go to the States" will be thrown aside for the more effective one. "Well, Madam, if you object to my little flirtation—I give you fair warning—I'll become a schoolmaster!" As a parliamentary Hansard appears to be a necessity for historians, GRIP would recommend a Teachers' Hansard (and hereby tenders for the printing), giving each teacher two bound volumes, one for the present arrangement, and one for the immediate next; with six unbound volumes for future use, for it is clear that no well balanced mind can tell how many affinities he shall have. GRIP has made a rule never to employ slang, when pure English will serve the purpose, but, for once, he says, "Sail in, Doctor, but don't go in for two affinities at the same time, if you please."

The Dog Fiend.

It is sweet to muse at midnight when the lovely bay of Toronto is illuminated by the silvery moon. It is "sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark"—when you don't have too much of it. By the way, why not his bay too. Bay is a good word to pun on. Bay of Naples—bay horses—deer at bay—dogs baying the moon—and, suggests a billiard-loving friend, last, not least, green baize. (No connection with those which wreath the poet's temples.) But the mention of the canine bay is depressing in a city like Toronto, and dashes the yet unspoken pun from our lips. Why do these fearful animals persist in treating the gentle moon as they would a squirrel up a tree, or in endeavouring to hold anything but sweet conversation with the dog assigned by tradition to the inhabitants of that luminary? A valued friend of ours says he has recently been nightly resolved into a Vigilance Committee of one, and asks us to make known his intention of going on the war-path in his neighbour's back premises unless the nuisance abate speedily. He says he is a fair average sleeper, and can endure the warblings of cats (if not too numerous) or the "shrill clarion" of even a Shanghai rooster whose perch is too near some deceptive gas-lamp. Railroads rouse him not, but there are limits to his powers of slumber. We anticipate bloodshed.

The Last Straw.

"MISFORTUNES," the proverb says, "never come singly." Look at the case of MESSRS. SMITH & KEIGHLEY, a most respectable firm of merchants known to all our citizens. On the tenth of this month they were the dismayed witnesses of a conflagration which utterly destroyed their store house and the greater part of their goods, and right on the heels of this disaster comes another, hardly less harrowing, although in quite a different form. Here it is:

For the Sunday Times.

THE FIRE, 10TH MAY, 1874.

What though the hand of fate
Have crippled your estate,
To gaunt and blackened walls
Reduced your ample halls,
Dear Smith & Keighley.

Though furious fiery brand,
Laid by inebriate hand,
Blast with malicious might
Your prospects in a night,
Dear Smith & Keighley—

Though from the sultry South,
As from the abyss' mouth,
Four hurricanes of flame—
Scathless, your honored name,
Dear Smith & Keighley.

The night of fortune's frown,
The morrow shall disown,
And friends untried, unknown,
Shall haste with proffered boon,
To Smith & Keighley.

Arise with Phoenix wing,
My cheery civic king,
Accept the waiting chair,
The meed of merit rare,
Of Smith or Keighley.

Meanwhile let us proclaim,
The heartfelt requiem,
O'er expectation's grave,
"The Hand which freely gave
Hath taken freely."

We think it due to the poet to state that this is *not* a rhyming advertisement.

Belleville Awfulness.

From an advertising column of the Belleville *Intelligencer*, we clip the following municipal proclamation:—

To the inhabitants of the Town of Belleville and all others, Her Majesty's subjects, whom it doth or may in any wise concern:

Whereas I George Eyre Henderson, Mayor of the Town of Belleville, having received a Requisition signed by W. W. Dean, F. McAnnam, W. H. Garritt, A. H. Wallbridge, Joseph P. Reeves, J. P. McDonnell, John Cook, H. Walker, Wm. Wensley, Geo. Backus, John G. Moore, A. L. Bogart, James Harrold, Levi Taylor, H. Grass, Jas. Cummins and thirty-four others, who are citizens of the said Town, having a right to vote for members to serve in the Provincial Parliament in respect of the property held by them within the said Town, requesting me to call a Public Meeting to discuss the By-Law passed at the last meeting of the Town Council.

Goodness gracious! What momentous topic is to shake Belleville to its centre? What iniquitous legislation are the people called in such pomp and circumstance to "discuss." Is it a By-law involving the financial credit of the Corporation—or invading the dearest liberties of the citizens? Yes; it is the latter. It is a By-law—

prohibiting cows to run at large within the Town of Belleville!!!

And here's the per-oration:—

And whereas I have determined to comply with the said Requisition, now therefore I do hereby appoint the said meeting to be held at the Town Hall, in the Town of Belleville, on Tuesday evening next, at eight o'clock, of which all persons are required to take notice. And whereas the said meeting hath been so called by me in conformity with the provisions of the Act respecting the calling and orderly holding of Public Meetings, the said meeting, and all persons who may attend the same will therefore be within the protection of the said Act, of all which promises all manner of persons are hereby in Her Majesty's name most strictly charged and commanded, at their peril, to take especial notice and to govern themselves accordingly.

Witness my hand at Belleville, in the County of Hastings, this 21st day of May, A. D. 1874.

G. E. HENDERSON, Mayor.

Dignity, my boy! Nothing like—pomposity!



THE TWICE-JILTED WOOER.

“TWO (FEMALE) SOULS WITH BUT A SINGLE THOUGHT.”

Grip Gossip.

No. IV.—HALIFAX.

At the HER. Club when members daily meet,
SMITH, DUNN and ROBINSON each other greet,
And speak of news or trade;
And so the world is typified, they say.
By what "The Hercules" may think each day—
Through wine their wit's displayed.
Like "all the world," by SHAKESPEARE deem'd "a stage,"
The play of rivalry they daily wage
In market—gossip—news;
The Husbands much on fashion will dilate,
On Beauty, Bachelors are prone to prate,
Or some "love-topic" choose!
Anon, the purport of their converse runs—
"SMITH! was not that the booming of big guns?
Aye—that means—Ship ashore!"
"Ah, hangs the fog so thick upon the coast!
Let's off to office—calling at the Post,
We'll there learn something more."
"No, I must to the Bank a cheque to cash,
Lest the wife's interest with my pleasure clash;
In fashions wives go mad,
And tho' she says men little know the cares
That weave their threads thro' what a woman wears,
A new dress makes her glad!"
There's WHITE, a bachelor thro' fifty years,
Tho' FANNY lured him by her sighs and tears,
His love remained untold;
He vows it's scandalous that FOGY's wed
To his young Pct, poor, pretty and well-bred,
And he rich, rough and old.
These are but private scandals of the day,
That fit when Spring's bright flowers adorn the May,
And Nature teems with life!
They serve for topics when the town is dull;
But people move now—the hotels are full;
Such gossip's out of date;
Familiar, threadbare scandals fall too low;
Better, what's done at Ottawa, to know
Official Scandal's great!
Of public morals take a brief review,
See what our taxing Parliament may do!
Let FOGIES wed who list;
A score of Bores or Bachelors may go
And spend their honeymoon at Jericho,
They'd not be mourn'd or miss'd!
But talk of our new statesmen; that's the thing
To wake the echoes of the slumbering Spring;
May they our plaudits earn
If scandals please. "Pacific's" overdone,
The Atlantic, too, its scandal has begun,
And well may claim its turn.
There a deep cry of black-art schemes they raise,
Official saints or sinners fit to craze,
Or make Grit Angels weep!
There they rob (p)all that PETER may have pay,
Ere duty's done, or comes the quarter day;
Thus fraud on fraud they heap!
What wonder, then, if DOUGLAS should come down,
And pounce on the official flock, with frown
That startles the M.P.'s?
Can human passions sleep, when din of war
Resounds? The people's cash is gone—what for?
The Loaders, ill at ease!
Cry out, "Our hands are clean of bribery's stains,"
VAIL declares ANNAND innocent of gains
From out the public chest.
ANNAND vows VAIL is just the saint he feigns,
Who makes no blot when public lauds he deigns!
Who's fit to join the Bless!
And both by packed committee's sign and seal,
Confirm their creed—send critics to the De'il,
And prove that black is white!
While Speaker Troop, whose chair is under ban,
Speaks "all our hands are clean, and I'm the man
To set all questions right!"
"So runs the world away," on every hand
Some public man must in the pillory stand,
Blunders to expiate.
The public heart beats sympathy for all,
Grieves if the vile escape, or the good fall
In service of the State!

So GRIP an equal scale essays to use,
Nor would just weight to every man refuse,
That all their ways may mend;
But when grave scandals, as they will, ariso,
By fit cartoon GRIP marks his sad surprise,
Till scandals all shall end!

Logic.

THE following paragraph is being quoted by the papers throughout the Province:—

AN OUTRAGE.—The Ottawa Citizen of last evening says: "As Dr. TUPPER was passing from the Chamber of the House of Commons after the debate this morning, a heavy blue book rolled up and in a compact parcel was hurled at him, striking him in the back of the head and causing a severe contusion. He turned back and asked who had inflicted the indignity, but although Messrs. MACKENZIE, BLAKE, and HORTON, together with others, were conversing in the Chamber, not one member was gentleman enough to apologize for the disgraceful act."

GRIP has a parallel case of despicable meanness. As Mr. MACKENZIE was passing from the Chamber of the House the other day, a large ink-bottle, quite heavy, was hurled at him, and struck him on the head. He turned around, and feebly enquired who had inflicted the indignity, but although Sir JOHN MACDONALD, Dr. TUPPER, and other leading Conservatives were conversing in the Chamber, not one of them offered to apologise.

P. S.—None of the gentlemen named had thrown the ink-stand.

Government House, May 28.

And now it is GRIP's turn to issue a wedding number. Ontario was not to be outdone by the ALBERT-ALEXANDROWNA or even the SARTONIS-GRANT matrimonial events, and this week we have the pleasure of wishing all joy to the LAW-CRAWFORD alliance, formed so auspiciously on Thursday. Although the guests have been gone thro days from Government House, GRIP presumes it is not yet too late to broach a cask in honour of the occasion, and toast—

The End delivered by Hymen—the End of Love.

Answers to Correspondents.

A Freckled one.—Yes; a little nitric acid or a poker at white heat will remove freckles; care should be taken, however, to get the right temperature, otherwise discouragement may ensue.

Billy Doo.—The signification of the name "WILLIAM" is "of much account;" hence the endearing appellation of "little BILL."

Lady Agnes.—Soup is seldom eaten with a knife in refined society; better to drink it out of the plate; it is well to mark your dinner napkin with your initials when at a friend's house; by judicious management your stock of pocket-handkerchiefs may thus be greatly increased.

Steupidd would be obliged to anyone who will inform him in what opera the lines commencing "One more unfortunate" are to be found.

Sally.—Strings are worn of different lengths and tied in different ways. A capital way is with a noose, the knot to rest just under the left ear.

Engaged one.—It may be modest, but it is certainly not politic, to take off your back hair in your lover's presence.

A fond subscriber.—Up strokes good, but why spell "physic" with an "f."

Selina Ann.—Photograph received and burned; do the same with the remaining eleven.

Sweet Tooth.—No; we cannot say that we fancy mustard with apple pie; there is a good deal to be said, however, for snails on the half-shell.

Enquiring Friend.—GRIP is published weekly, price \$2 per annum; among its contributors are numbered Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN, GEO. BROWN, BISMARCK and JOE RYMAL; they are chained by the leg during work, and are paid by the hour.

Gipsy Countess.—No thanks! don't count us among your admirers.
Barache.—Does it? well, send us one more letter like your last, or better, bring it yourself, and we will see what we can do for the other side.

De Vere.—You say your blue blood has never been properly recognised; our advice is, to singe your hair; rub in equal parts of castor oil, coal dust and assafetida; you will be immediately acknowledged as aristocratic by descent.

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