

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Advertisers and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.

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VOL. I. Nos. 10, 11, 13, 14, 19, 21.
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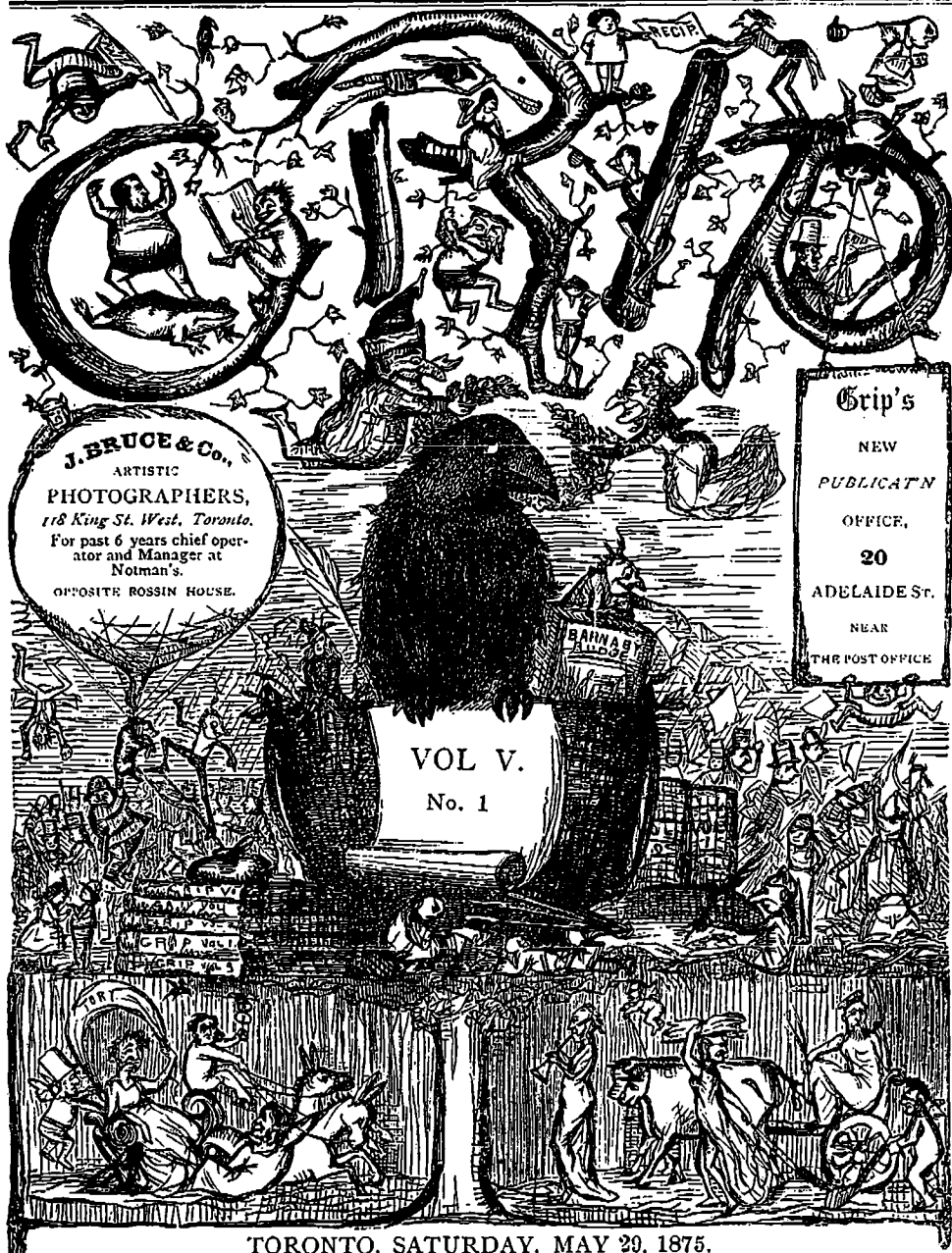
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach G. office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, G. office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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

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The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

ANNOUS ENQUIRER.—The piece of music you saw hanging in the window of SUCKLING & SON'S store, entitled "Can we grow old together, JOHN?" was not written by the Hon. GEO. BROWN and dedicated to Sir J. A. MACDONALD. We believe, however, the composition is just as good as though it were.

Volume Five.

GRIP for himself and his Sovereign Lady the Queen gratefully acknowledges the firecrackers set off last Monday in honour of their joint birthday. That day closed the fifty-sixth year of the life of the best of British Queens, and the second year's Existence of the most successful of Canadian humorous papers. In anticipation of the future, GRIP makes no vain-glorious boasts. He takes this opportunity of expressing his thanks to the members of the various branches of the Legislature, to those of the Toronto City Council, and other distinguished persons, for the amusement which they have from time to time afforded himself and his readers. He welcomes MR. MACDOUGALL'S return to public life, in which sphere he trusts he shall shortly see MR. RYKERT again moving. To his brethren of the press he returns his liveliest thanks, especially to the editor of the *Nation* for the flattering notice lately bestowed on him. The members of the Canada First party are recommended to continue in their present course and they shall be assisted in immortalizing themselves. As in former years GRIP'S pen and pencil will be gratefully placed at the service of all the gentlemen referred to—when they do anything worthy of his notice. With these short and touching expressions of gratitude GRIP hereby presents an enraptured public with VOLUME IV. and commences his fifth volume.

Mr. Davenport Blake.

(See Cartoon)

This talented performer
Is with us once again,
And goes into the "Cabinet"
Neath padlock, bolt and chain.

His arms and legs are pinioned
With many a *Globe*-made thong—
But the boys of the committee
Find they cannot tie his tongue.

His tambourine, and bell, and horn,
Are with him in the box,
And the mystery is he'll play 'em
Notwithstanding bands and locks.

He's done the "Cabinet act" before;
That time they put him in,
And thought they had him fixed for sure,—
But he got out ag'in!

So walk up, gents, to *Grip's* free show!
Now, GEORDIE, bar the door,
You'll bet he can't play on those things?
But don't you be too sure;

Let Can'da First take up front seats
And BROWN Grits, you sit there,
Now lock the box and draw the veil,
And hear what you shall hear!

From Our Box.

GRIP is glad to see MR. TOOLE here again. Whether bewildering the jury as *Sergeant Buzfuz*, hopelessly muddling himself "Off the Line," conjuring up sad pictures as *Uncle Dick*, or displaying the low cunning of the *Artful Dodger* he is always welcome. Who does not wish for so true a friend as *Simmons* the Spitalfield weaver, and who does not sympathize with the ridiculous distresses of poor *Billy Lackaday*.

But a few days more and we lose him. Let us trust we may yet have another visit to this side of the Atlantic from this most pleasant of modern comedians.

Did you go and see the SOLDENE troupe? Yes, Madam, I did, and they were not one atom more improper than many other exhibitions you have been pleased to honour with your presence. But Miss SOLDENE seemed scarcely in voice and was but poorly supported. You lost a treat if you did not go to *Chilperic* and *Genevieve de Brabant*, particularly the latter. Yet I had rather you did not cultivate a taste for opera bouffe. It was curious that you did not mind half so much when AIMEE played *La fille de Madame Angot* in French with all the improprieties left in, than you did when they played it in English and cut them all out. Since those days you have had two new renderings of it. The HOLLMAN'S cut out most of *Mlle. Lange* and the SOLDENE most of *Clairette*. So now you see how a play with two heroines can afford to preserve the unities and do without either of them.

On Monday next, we shall have the melancholy satisfaction of attending the farewell benefit of Mr. and Mrs. HARRY RICH. We are indeed sorry to lose so excellent an actor, whom it will be difficult to replace, although for his sake we are glad to hear that he goes to fulfil a good engagement in the old country. We wish him every success.

We were glad to see MR. COULDOCK came out from his retirement on the occasion of Mr. TANNERHILL'S benefit at the Royal. We trust this veteran actor is not altogether lost to the stage but that we shall have many more chances of seeing him. But we are more than ever convinced that some prominent politicians ought to take lessons in elocution, having had the misfortune to attend several public meetings lately.

The Lay of the Merchant, not of Venice.

The drain, the drain, oh, the horrible drain!
How truly we wish it were over in Spain,
A remedy would some kind Christian devise,
In sympathy list to our sorrows and sighs.
Behind a mud-rampart we all are confined,
To the freaks of misfortune must fain be resigned.

The drain, the drain, oh, the savoury drain!
Anathemas direr than Eden on Cain
Most freely are poured out on every side,
Of commerce and traffic that stops the tide.
This beautiful Spring, that's decked not with flowers,
But is copiously deluged with drenching showers.

The drain, the drain, oh, the foul-smelling drain!
An antidote would there but prove to our bane,
That poisons the air, that as crystal is clear,
In this season so balmy, the Spring of the year.
The profits from out of our pockets that sweeps,
That touches our feelings till ev'ry one weeps.

The drain, the drain, oh, the wide-yawning drain!
Its volumes of filth would well-nurture the grain,
Provided it only be carried away,
Nor left there to crumble beneath the hot ray.
In a white blinding cloud in the hot summer noon,
When the bats in the archway somould'ring croon.

The drain, the drain, oh, that troublesome drain!
A volume along thy dark cavernous lane
Is rushing away with a torrents speed,
Like a wild moustang or a frantic steed.
To lose itself then in the calm, still Bay,
And return through the water-works pipes next day.

The Globe to Mr. Blake.

(Freely Translated.)

DEAR SIR,—You see how it is. You had got to go into office and you have done so. You were getting very troublesome outside and we had to take you on board. Now mind, that is to say, please, don't go on with your original speeches and independent ideas. We can't have any national nonsense talked, at least we had rather you did not. Your Aurora speech didn't amount to a row of pins and we told you so at the time, but as you made it, people thought a great deal of it, and it was rather clever. Of course you will now have to give your opinion on every subject, but you must not expect it to be attended to. This is what we call sacrificing your individuality. You will have to do what we tell you, whether you like it or not, at least if you won't do so it will be very inconvenient. It was quite right of you to upset the Vancouver Island railway scheme, but you must not do so again unless you particularly want to. Those are very ingenious ideas of your's for improving the Constitution but you must keep them in the back ground, at all events just at present. We don't like violent changes unless we introduce them ourselves. Some day or other we mean to take up some of your plans and then you will of course support them. You must be a little more



Lock the door, Geo. Mackenzie. We have him this time.

He canna play this instrument now! I hae tied him ver fast!

MR. DAVENPORT BLAKE IS PUT INTO THE "CABINET."

Beagoupe

thoughtful. Remember whom you are interfering with in your attacks on the Senate. They must under all circumstances be stopped. Never mind what the Tory papers say about you. We will always defend you so long as you do what you are told. Think how much better it is to have an adviser always ready to tell you what to do than to harass your mind by thinking for yourself. We know you are very ingenious and very energetic but we don't want you to be either one or the other. Because one newspaper (we really forget what it is called) does what you tell it, there is no reason you should not do what we tell you. Now please do as you are told, there's a good fellow, and let us run the machine in the old way. Drat Canada First, that is if you don't object.

Review.

Dick Larkaway series of tales for young lads and lasses; 160th edition. New York: SLAP BANG & CO. (By our special revisor.)

THIS series of charmingly natural tales, intended to develop the manners and morals of the rising generation, in all countries, is, we are glad to say, increasingly popular. The writer of them is well up in school and boy lore, and is backed by an artist of corresponding ability. Judging by the Larkaway adventures we opine that boys, now-a-days, are bolder, more nimble on their pins, more dashing, precocious, and certainly a good deal stronger, than boys were when we were small. We are sure at any rate, we never did such feats in field, flood, fight, frolic, foray and flirtation as LARKAWAY performs with ease and dispatch.—We make a few extracts from this racy and fascinating work.

LARKAWAY AT 11 MONTHS OLD.—Dick lay in his cradle. He sucked his thumbs—thumbs such as HERCULES might have envied, and CORREGIO painted. His truant nurse was on the area steps with a male "cousin". Lo! Butcher SMITH'S fighting bull dog steals in, and snaps at DICK'S nose. When did a LARKAWAY, old or young, ever submit to an indignity? DICK'S eye shot fire. His form dilated. His muscles stiffened. Seizing the bull dog in his heroic infant grasp, it is but a second, and the powerful but ill-bred animal lies strangled on the carpet.

LARKAWAY AT 10 YEARS OLD.—"Come out of that 'ere! roared LONG JACK, Squire NOBSTICK'S "bully" head game keeper, as Dick undid the snare, and slipped the rabbit beneath his shooting coat. "Get out yourself," said DICK, and whipping a long squirt from his pocket, he dexterously shot a stream of dirty water into JACK'S eye. LONG JACK, BIG HARRY, and LARGE FISTED NED, now made a rush at our hero, who planted his back against a tree, and defiantly waved his cudgel. Fearfully wondrous was the sight of that calm, pale, strong, and dauntless stripling—springy as India rubber, agile as a rat who dodges the bootjack which disturbs her midnight performances. In a trice JACK, HARRY, and NED, lay *hors de combat* on the turf. Their two large mastiffs fell brained upon the ground. It seemed almost the work of a conjuror as DICK, terrible in prowess, butted his intellectual head, glorious in Grecian contour, full into Long JACK'S stomach, while with a scientific turn of his elbow, and a drive of his heel, he sent NED toppling with such force on HARRY that all three said they had "had enough," and invited him to stand the drinks.

LARKAWAY AT 12 YEARS OLD. Love! sweet Love! 'Tis the dream of youth! And what dear reader if DICK was only twelve, and Farmer JONES' niece thirty-five, the silvery ray of chaste Dian beamed forth none the less witchingly, nor did DICK spring less friskily from the School dormitory window to the ground (twenty-four feet below), because of said disparity of years. Oh! youth, youth! Now it was that Polly for the first time in her virgin experience found a fitting object for her heart's idolatry. Now did our hero stake upon POLLY'S love all his hopes of felicity. How sweet, calm, and satisfied was the thrill which passed through their enamoured hearts, as DICK poured forth his tale of passion to his spirit's Sovereign. "Oh! POLLY," he murmured, "this is the hour which I have hoped and longed for.—Amid the seeming carelessness and lightness of schoolboy simplicity I have yearned for this trembling, restless glow, this subduing, engrossing feeling which stirs up all a man's dormant faculties, and pours consolation in hours of despondency brought on under the degrading yoke of vulgar ushers and pedagogues."

Hasn't room for more extracts. But if DICK was such a charmingly terrible fellow at and before twelve years of age, your readers can easily apprehend what he was afterwards.

R. DE DICKE.

Post Mortem.

DR. WILLIAM CANNIFF has just held an inquest at Messrs. HART and RAWLINSON'S, on a deceased infant known as "Canada First," whose birth about a year and a half since created some stir in political circles, and has given the results of his investigation to the world in a neat little pamphlet entitled "Canadian Nationality, Its growth and development." As might be expected DR. CANNIFF is a keen, incisive dissector, and applies the scalpel with considerable vigor to the mangled remains which have been so barbarously treated by friends and foes. The public verdict after the perusal of the pamphlet will no doubt be that the unlamented deceased committed suicide, though the Doctor thinks that "the unfortunate selection" of the name had much to do with hastening the death of the unhappy bantling. There may be some-

thing in this theory. Names often go by contraries. A high-sounding designation has a tendency to depress the wearer into insignificance.

The NAPOLEON BONAPARTES and JOHN WESLEYS generally fall lamentably below the ideal of generalship or piety before the mind of the fond parent—the GEORGE WASHINGTONS are just as likely as not to develop into editors or insurance agents, and is it therefore to be wondered at that a small and puny organization dubbed with the magniloquent title of "Canada First" should have succumbed to the pressure?

A Queen's Birthday Nuisance.

If ever any man's whole existence was mistaken,
It was the case most surely with the late Sir ROGER BACON;
By finding out of gun-powder in his alchemistic vanity,
He bequeathed a heavy curse on all subsequent humanity.

Now I'm not so much alluding to the sanguinary ravages
That gunpowder and guns have made among interesting savages;
Nor speak I of the cruel and unnecessary slaughter
That so-called sportsmen perpetrate in earth and air and water.

The killing fellow-creatures oft productive is of booty,
And slaughtering wild beasts is a necessary duty;
There's some sense in shooting game, and in hunting ducks and
wigeons,
But there's neither sport nor profit in the murder of tame pigeons.

But one of all the hundreds of gunpowder's abuses
Would alone outweigh the whole of its most questionable uses;
For we don't suppose the most enthusiastic of its backers
Can attempt to justify the letting off of fire-crackers.

Oh, why don't they put a stop to these vile abominations?
For their powers of doing harm make them more than mere vex-
ations:
Just think how many ladies have been seriously frightened
By firing crackers on the streets in an age they call enlightened.

Then we've horses scared and bolting, and their drivers overturned,
And as a climax now and then, some houses fired and burned.
It wouldn't be amiss, nor much disrespect to Royalty
If they only would suppress these displays of so called loyalty.

On Behalf of Mr. M. C. Cameron.

GRIP rises spontaneously to explain that when, in the course of his speech at the COLFAX Collation the other evening, the Hon. M. C. CAMERON alluded to his new colleague, Mr. WM. MACDOUGALL, as one who "professed for the time being to be an humble follower of his," he did not intend that statement as a joke, and he hereby desires to convey a rebuke to the *Mail* reporter for putting "*cheers and laughter*" after it, as well as to the gentlemen who were present for "cheering and laughing" aforesaid. The passage in the newspaper is calculated to injure the reputation of the able and honest Conservative Member for South Simcoe. The phrase "for the present" is particularly calculated to do this, by seeming to insinuate that at some period, more or less remote, the aforesaid Hon. WM. MACDOUGALL would *not* be and continue an humble follower of the said Hon. MR. CAMERON. GRIP authorizes himself to state, for the repose of Conservative souls, that Mr. CAMERON has the fullest assurance that Mr. MACDOUGALL will remain in his present relation to the Local Opposition—at all events he will remain in the Opposition ranks—until next time.

Croaks and Pecks

The winner of this year's Derby had nothing to do but to *Galop-in*.

MR. T. M. DALY says patriotism is a good thing, but procrastination is a better. He finds it more economical.

THE Tories wanted to run MR. GZOWSKI in Centré Toronto. Probably they thought that a *Pole* was just what they needed to enable them to "elevate the standard."

THE *Leader* thinks the clock in the Sheriff's office was too fast. We fear Mr. DALY and his supporters must have started by the *Leader* clock. Most things in that place are behind time. And yet it is a *Daly* paper.

It has suddenly dawned on the *Globe* that people sometimes get frost-bitten in Canada. What a long time Mr. BROWN has been here to learn this. But of course he kept himself in hot water all the time.

Crooks for Monck. That's wrong, anyhow. Bishops are entitled to carry them by virtue of their office. Besides, Algoma must be thawed out by this time, and ready for the innocent festivities of an election.

THE *Orange Sentinel* re-appears on Thursday after ceasing publication for about a month. A *Sentinel* should not be caught napping on his post in that fashion.

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Having secured twenty lectures from this world-renowned orator, J. B. Gough, for the month of January next, I wish to give notice that I have five lectures not engaged. Any Y.M.C.A. or other Societies wishing to engage him will please write me before the 15th of June. Terms \$250.

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Cash Premiums and Interest	\$25,486 13
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Claims under Policies paid	\$8,348 95
Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted and waiting proof	750 00
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors Fees, Office Rent, &c.	6,192 73
Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian Bank, being forty per cent.	10,194 45
	\$25,486 13

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