

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.
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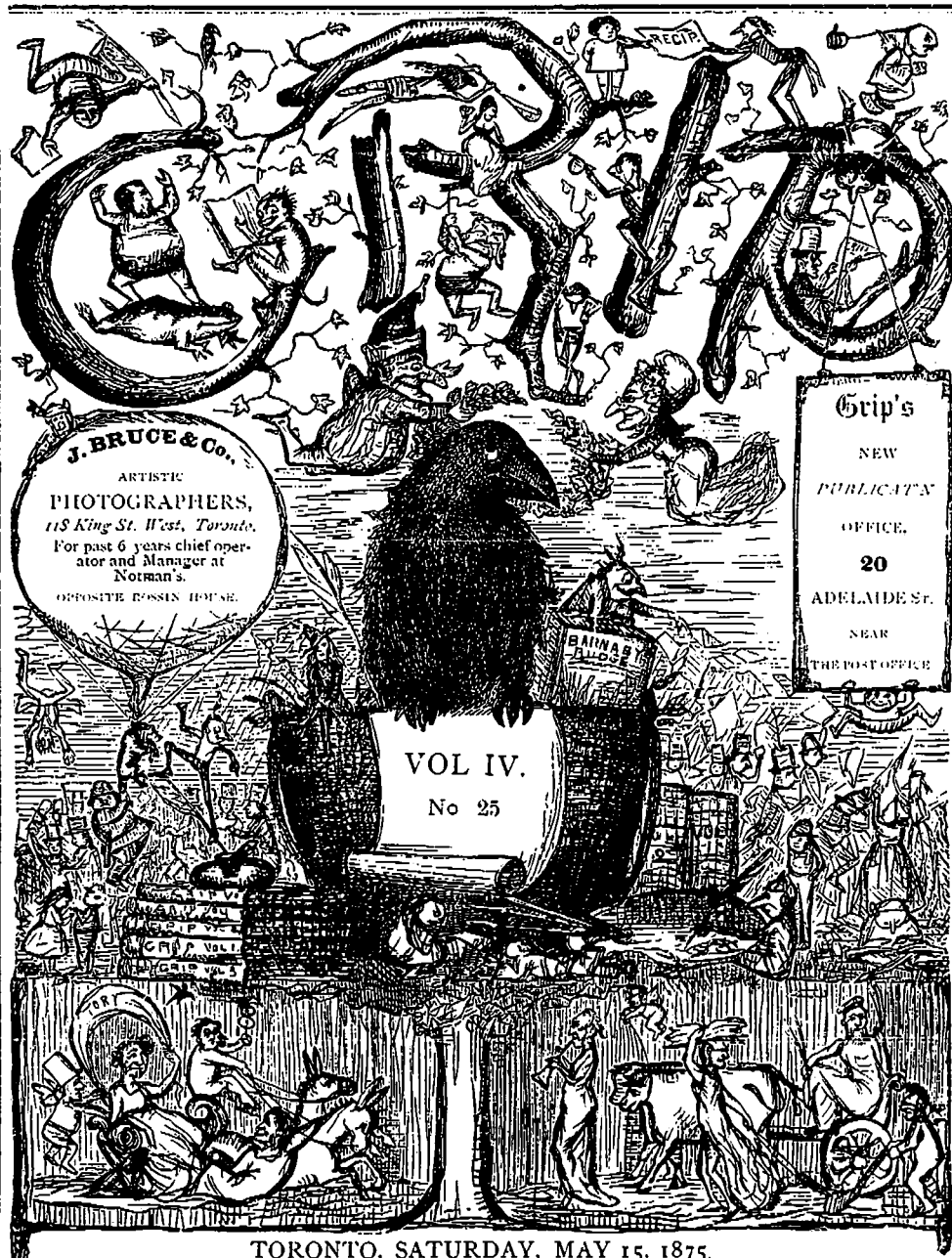
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VOL. I, Nos. 10, 11, 13, 14, 19, 21.
VOL. III., No. 7.
VOL. IV., No. 5.
Persons having any of the above will oblige by communicating with GRIP Office, 20 Adelaide Street.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1875.

GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will all ways be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondences must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. 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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200 Yonge Street.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beaſt is the Goo; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1875.

"Speak Now!"

(Reflections which led Grip to this week's Cartoon.)

IN Egypt's dreary sands, a solemn sight,
Old MEMNON'S statue rears its awful head,
In days of yore 'tis said it uttered speech,
And that at dawn of day its stony lips
Spoke oracles in more than human voice.
Expectant travellers listen for it now
But all in vain—the oracle is dumb.
Though stands the statue yet, as then it stood,
Facing, as then, toward the rising sun,
Alone and awful mid the desert sands.
So the Canadian MEMNON stands unmoved,
No matter what his votaries require.
We ask him what this means. Great Mystery,
Please to explain thyself. Awaiteſt thou
The rising of the sun of Premiership?
Or doſt thou merely play the ſtatuſt thus,
Being vexed or ſulky? All that man can do
Thy votaries have offered. Firſt they gave
An office with no duties, 'twas no uſe.
Next GOLDWIN SMITH and JIMMEL BRIGGS & CO
Offered thee lordſhip over Canada Firſt,
Thou ſpurneſt their party and themſelves alike.
A poſt was made for which all lawyers longed,
'Twas thine if thou haſt ſpoken but the word,
And all MACKENZIE had to give was thine.
What though the Tory papers round thy baſe
Rave ceaſeſſly? Thou deigneſt not a ſign;
Were our fair Canada an earthly maid,
We ſhould do well in aſking "your intentions."
Art dumb, or, like the celebrated bird,
Art dreaming? This can be no more endured,
Speak now, at once, elſe haply men ſhall ſay
Like the old MEMNON, thou haſt loſt thy gifts!

Dot's Domestic Discourses.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

III.—THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

It is bad enough to hear men preaching and talking about women not being fit for lawyers, voters, etc. etc. but when they get up, and try to make out they are not suited for doctors either, I lose all patience. If there is one thing in this blessed world that women are fit for more than another it's just that. If I were a man, I should say it was their vocation, but as I am not one (and don't intend to be what's more) I won't. A man is no more calculated for a doctor, than he is to fly. Look at our old tiger for instance. Poor Mrs. Smith was telling me last week, about the scandalous manner in which he treated her when she was sick last winter. He came in one morning when they were not expecting him, and because the nurse was doing some little trifling thing or other contrary to his ideas—shaking the medicine bottle downside up instead of upside down I think it was—he set to and raved like a madman for about ten minutes, swore he would not answer for the consequences, and that from that moment he gave up all hopes of the patient's recovery. "What did Mrs. Smith do?" What I or any other sensible woman would have done in her place, listened till she could bear it no longer then looked him straight in the face, and told him she would not die, just to please a whim of his—and she didn't either.

"Women could never pass the examinations."—I'd like to know who wants to—A parcel of nonsense, nothing else. You make up a lot of long unpronounceable words, just to mystify folks, and try and make them believe you know something out of the common.—If I've broken my collar bone—I've broken it, and for the life of me, I don't see that it mends matters any to pull a long face, screw my mouth up with that peculiarly learned twist of yours and announce to all enquiring friends that I have had the unavoidable misfortune to fracture my clerical, clavic, clavicle. Bah—pass the examinations. I would never try to. Not because I couldn't but because I discountenance them on principle. I would learn everything that was really necessary—the different treatment, for different diseases and such like, but as for sitting down, wasting time,

trying to get the important fact into my bra-- I had almost said brain, but I forgot that now-a-days people have cere--something's or other. They need them too, poor things, and nerves of iron as well, to stand all your medical nonsense. For my part I always feel rather queerish every time I hear the word cerebo spinal meningitis, and if I were sick, and the doctor told me that was what was the matter with me, I should order my coffin at once, no rational human being could get the better of such a disease. The name is enough to send one into a nervous fever; I don't know anything to equal it, except our school teacher's manner of breathing, she met me yesterday on the street, and greeted me with "Oh Mrs. Jones, this beautiful spring weather! Is it not glorious to expand your chest, and inhale the oxygen?" I told her I should be afraid it might make me sick.—It sounded dangerous. "A woman's constitution could never stand the work"—What tender delicate creatures women are to be sure. They should be kept under glass cases, so they should and never be up half the night with crying babies, nor have to sew and patch and mend till their eyes and fingers both were tired and aching, nor have to scrub, or sweep, or cook, or wash. Oh no, couldn't stand it. It would kill 'em right off.—If you don't want to make me angry, never raise that objection again. It's as bad as old Grumps, who only found out how unhealthy it is for women to wash since he was appointed agent for those washing machines.

Young Knight called here the other day. He said he would like a woman doctor for if a fellow was sick and wanted his head raised she would do it so gently and carefully, while a man comes in and salutes him with, "Here old fellow hold up your top-knot, and stick out your tongue."

"Young Knight is a fool."—

So is everybody I suppose who doesn't agree with you. I'd like to know if you are going to stay dawdling around here all the morning. It must be an hour since breakfast and you are not gone yet.

"You are waiting for me to finish talking" That's pretty rich. And I've not said a word except to answer your questions.—I wonder—but there if you are waiting for me to stop by all means go.—

Supreme Court of Judicature.

Before Lord Chief Justice Gurr

His Lordship took his seat for the purpose of finally settling a number of cases between rival newspapers which had occupied the court of PUBLIC OPINION so long as to become a perfect nuisance to the whole Dominion.

The cases consisted mainly of the use of slanderous and abusive language calculated to provoke breaches of the peace. Of these the first called was

The *Nation* vs. the *Globe*. Both alleged that they had used no stronger expressions than were absolutely justified by facts. His Lordship said he regretted he could believe neither plea. He ordered the *Nation* to abstain from future interference in party quarrels which did not concern it, and cautioned the *Globe* that the use of any stronger epithet than "base bound" would in future be severely punished.

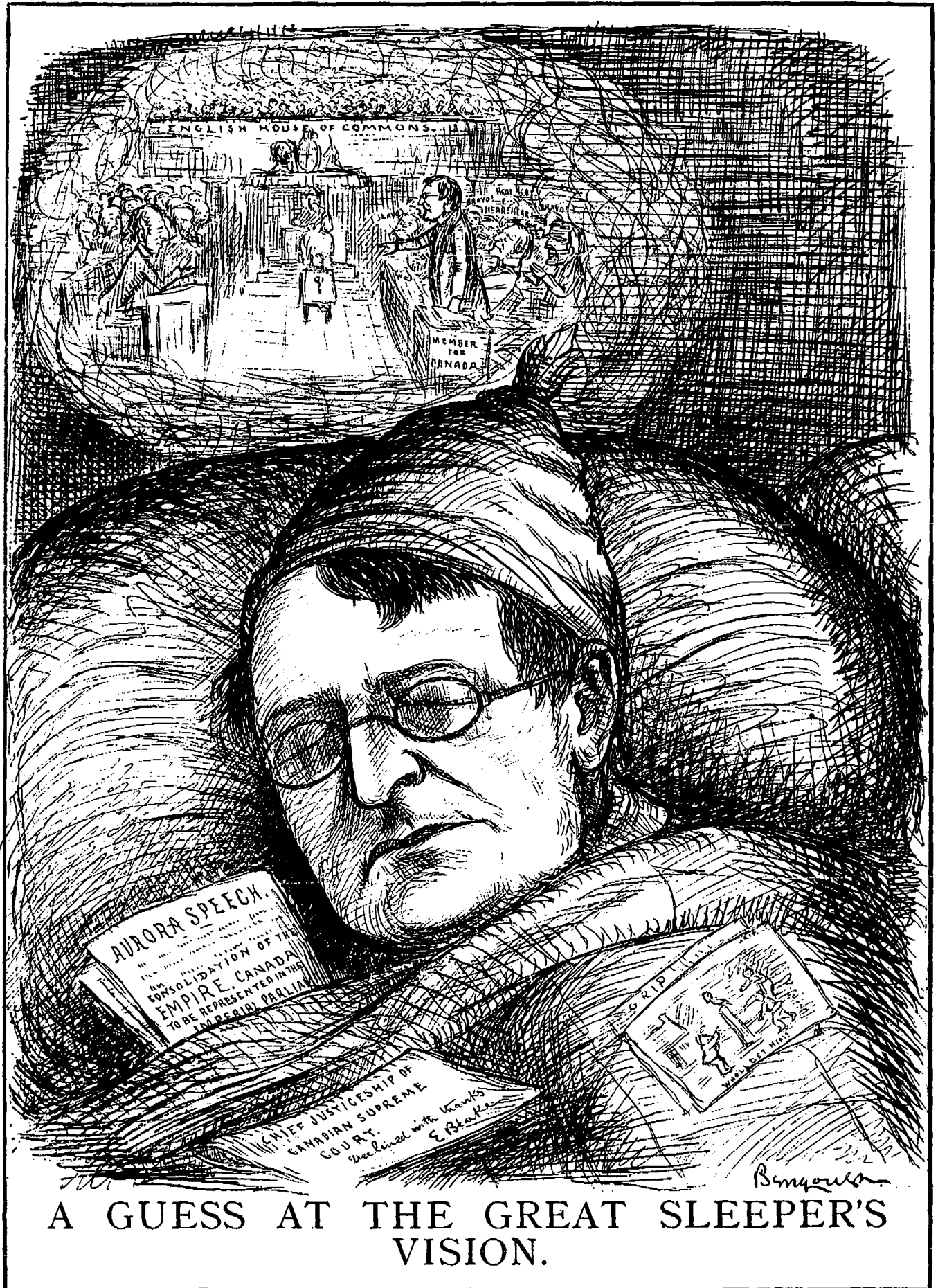
The *London Advertiser* vs. the *National*. His Lordship in giving judgment remarked, "This case affords a singular parallel to that of *Tilton* vs. *Beecher*. The defendant appears to have perverted an expression of the plaintiff's, which the plaintiff swears he never used, and, in another plea, justifies by a forged text of Scripture. The latter offence is too grave a one for a court of law to deal with. Our judgment is that the editor of the *Advertiser* be condemned to subscribe to the *National*."

Hamilton Times vs. *Spectator*. "Perhaps these are the two most habitual offenders of their class. The chief cause of complaint either side seems to be the circulation of imaginary news items by one or the other, and their subsequent denial in coarse terms by the rival journal. They are both hereby condemned to print in each issue for one month from this date the fifth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, and the early life of the late George Washington."

The *Sun* vs. the *Port Hope Guide*. Addressing the litigants his Lordship remarked sternly. "Such petty abuse as that constantly thrown by you at each other is perfectly childish. The defendant has evidently no control over his temper. Our judgment is that he be entirely refused the use of such an argument as is described by the figure "tu quoque" or "you're another." It is to be hoped that when the plaintiff sees his adversary thus reduced to helplessness he will cease to annoy him."

A number of minor cases, several of which were between French papers, were let off with severe reprimands. The Lord Chief Justice in dismissing them observed that he supposed they thought their squabbling and throwing the dregs of their inkbottles at one another amused the public. It might entertain the editors of their exchanges but he believed it even palled on them. Any future cases would be severely dealt with. He had his eye on several old offenders, such as the *Mail* and one or two others who had not appeared in court on this occasion. Let them take warning from what he said.

HIGHLY THEOLOGICAL.—Were a ticketless puppy taken up by the city authorities, in referring them to his Mother, how would he resemble the Pope? Because he would refer them to his dog-ma!!



A GUESS AT THE GREAT SLEEPER'S VISION.

Annexation !!

ADVANCE SHEETS OF ADDRESS TO BE DELIVERED BEFORE THE ANNEXATION SOCIETY TO BE CONVENED AT BUFFALO. PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF HIS REPUBLICAN MAJESTY UNCLE SAM.

Fellur Citizens:—The momentous time hav cum. The awesphisus day hav dawned—The glorious Bard uv freedom has gazed from his gigantik roost on our deluded naburs the Kanuks wallerin in the slimy suburbs uv a base monarchy an panin to bust their chanes an fill their lungs with the free air uv our grate Republik—an he says tew us “Jonathan giv em a lift.”

Fellur citizens let us konsider,

FIRST.—Our Persishun.

SEKUND.—Our prospesks.

THIRD.—The Kanuks.

Fust.—Our Persishun.

The United States uv Ameriky diskivered by Kristoper Kerlumbus, sot up by George Washington, has got to be in the wurlds uv the poit,

“The tip toppest Nashun
In all Creashun.”

The hum uv freedom! Our atmosphere iz manufactured expressly to soot nostrils which woud perish in uther klimes—our government an institooshun iz uv the fust quality—our president iz 'lected by the people; consequently az the people iz the soveren power the president uv the U.S.A. iz; the “Boss uv all Creashun” our Institooshuns iz marvelous tew behold—sich az our—Kongress an Senate—where you pays your money an you takes your choice—our Bench where the longest purse an the sharpest blade doose the biggest wittin—not tew menshun Sing Sing—an sich resorts, where we send our aristocracy fur a change uv air an diet. Our Society's maid tew order—we ain't stuck up—we're all ladies an gentlemen—If you've got the dimes, we'll shew you round—an if you've got the diamonds we'll pass you thru all the circles in our land—If you haint got neither you can stop to hum!

Sekund.—Our prospesks.

Our prospesks iz immense an too numerus to menshun.—In fact they kant be seen with the naked I.—They kant be described or circumscribed—We are jist beginnin for to roll up our sleeves an to shew the world what we're maid uv.—The fact iz Creashun is'nt big enuf to cover with our coat-tails an the immensity uv our desires iz fillin up space. We've got everything thats worth havin,—an a good deal more an what we haint got we kan manufacture.—Ware's the ekul uv Tiltin an Becchur? Ware's the ekul uv Boss Tweed? Ware's yer Tammany kombinashuns? Ware's yer 4th uv Joly,—an ware's George Washington?—If you ain't satisfied—send yer kard (post pade) tew P.T. Barnum.—But, Fellur Citizens, I'me digressin—let's kum tew the p'int—viz.: *The Kanuks.*

Third.—The Kanuks.
These Kanuks in their present persishun air worse than useless.—They air an eyesore tew this free an enlightened nashun.—Ef we don't amalgamate em the pesky kritturs 'ull be gettin wuss and wuss—an bimeby when their cheeks develop they'l amalgamate us.—They air a bad lot as was their pergeniturs them cusses the “U. Es.”—It makes our blood bile tew think uv em—how they bayannuted our aspirin forefathers on Queenstun hites—an chased em like sheep off Kryslers' farm butcherin them as woud'ent run,—an bastin many a luvin hart with grief at their obsturnacy.—The noble bard uv freedom stiks his alkaline beck into his ruffled buzam when he thinks uv it,—an the troubled air seems to wisper “Jonathan now's yer oppertoonty.”

Fellur Citizens we must amalgamate em!!! Our Centennial ain't complete without em!!!

A Lay of the Times.

The mud, the mud, oh the beautiful mud!
Producing the flow rets out of the bud,
Bearing along in your sombre train
The tie-doloreux, and the toe aching pain:
Slipping and sliding, and gracefully gliding
Off the round kerbstones upon the soft mud.

The mud, the mud, oh! black slimy mud,
How it raises the feelings and heats up the blood,
As it splashes around on the high and low,
The offspring that's born of the “Beautiful Snow;”
The long trailing garments the ladies will wear
Bespattered enough to make a saint swear.

How the lords of Creation will bluster and fret
When they think of the damage that's caused by the wet;
Their faces with frowns will be black as the night,
When the “little bills” come, to be paid for “at sight;”
And the ladies all wish to be out of the way,
For they dread as the plague that most ill-fated day.

The mud, the mud, oh! the beautiful mud,
Much better on pastures where kine chew the cud,
Than gathered to lie in a little round heap,
As soft as a cushion. “Twould make a pig weep
That a couch that was soft as the famous “Canoe”
Should be empty except to the “all-fav'ored few.”

Ode to “ye National Club.”

Ho! Canadians one and all,
Ho! ye Natives great and small;
Whate'er betide from every side
Attend ye to my call!

Who dare despise our native worth:
Our genius, honor, freedom, birth,
Usher him bold,—to the magic fold,
Ye minions who wait on the lords of the earth!

There in Elysian pastures new,
We'll lave his soul in ambrosial dew:
From our Bill of Fare, both rich and rare,
We'll give him a roast if he scorns a stew.

Than our company I'm sure there's none finer
From the dead head to the regular diner,—
'Twould surprise you to look, in our membership book,
At art, science, law, dry-goods and physic,
'Way down to the penny a liner.

Nurtured and led by a FOSTERING hand,
Polished by SMITH, o'erlooked by HOWLAND;
With Billiards, and waiters, and no crusty maters,
I'm sure upon earth there's nothing so grand!

'Tis true that quite social are we,
But, we slant round a corner d'ye see?
By good use of our wits, both Tories and Gits,
We'll engraft on our national Tree.

Success to the juvenile Club,
Enshrined in its national Tab,
With its social broth for political wrath,
And sandpaper, coarse manners to rub.

May its influence be noble and good,
Its honor be well understood;
And let no snobbish varnish its surface to tarnish
Be smeared on our true native wood.

May its fair reputation ne'er pale,
But sparkle and gleam like its ale:
And bright wit abound at its table round,
When the members its courses assail.

A Transformation Scene.

To captivate South Simcoe and its votes
Two candidates reverse their former coats.
In the pursuit of legislative glory
WILLIAM McDUGGALL changes to a Tory!
DIXWOODIE finds his Tory coat not fit
For further use—the inside shows—'tis Grit!
The puzzled voters piteously moan,
“What are their politics? What are our own?”

A Paean on one Bell.

Election courts each day a sad tale tell,
How few can prove themselves clear as a BELL!
No guile was in our ROBERTS' record found,
And in the House we know he'll be—all sound!

Croaks and Pecks

“The Mail,” speaking of Mr. WILKES' retirement from public life, says:

We no of know event which would be hailed with more delight by the House of Commons.

The editor of the “Mail” is one of those self-sufficient cynics who scoff at spelling-matches, but we really “no of know” boy at any of the city schools who would have written that sentence so badly. By the way, we quite endorse the sentiment conveyed, and one of the principal ingredients in our joy at Mr. WILKES' disappearance, is a hope of immunity in future from the columns of *Malicious* abuse of which he has so long formed the subject.

SHOULD a fowl take to music what piano should he use? Why a “Chick-e-ring” of course.

If a person desired a new outfit for Spring driving what Mart should he patronise? Why a second-hand store, he could surely find a “buggy suit.”

WHY is a gouty person like a favorite Canadian vegetable? Ans. Because he is a to(c)martyr.

IN what respect did ARISTOTLE differ from an inebriate? Ohe was a Stagger-right, the other a stagger-wrong.

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REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest \$25,486 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims under Policies paid \$8,316 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. 19,194 45
..... \$25,486 13

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HUGH SCOTT, *Manager & Sec'y.*

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