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NOTE.**

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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 958, Toronto, Ontario. 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.

EDITED BY
MR. DEMOS MUDGE

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VOL. 3.

TORONTO, JULY 11, 1874.

No. 7.

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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.”

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1874.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

ARCHER.—Grip has learned to whistle "Then you'll remember me."
J. A. D., Toronto.—Thanks for suggestion.
W. S. B., Toronto.—Try again on some subject of living interest.

Grip as a Critic.

"CLARICE: AN OLD STORY OF THE NEW WORLD."

THIS capital burlesque on the "Flatulent School" of novelists, should really have been sent to us. It is strangely out of place in the columns of *The Canadian Monthly*, in the July number of which magazine it appears.

The plot is that old favourite much used by writers in *Bow Bells*, the *New York Ledger*, and publications of that class. The scene is laid at Quebec, in the year 1690, during the assault on that city by the English squadron under Sir WILLIAM Phips. The hero, LEON ST. OURS, a young French officer of the garrison; and the heroine, CLARICE, niece to DE FRONTENAC, the commandant; whose respective fathers "made a compact, when these children were babies, to unite them at a suitable age in marriage, as a seal to their life-long friendship, and in order to bind in one their two estates," were united accordingly at the "suitable ages" respectively of fifteen and twelve years. They then part with sentiments of disgust, and very properly and conveniently, see or hear no more of each other till the date at which the story opens—when entirely unaware of their connection—they fall very much in love one with the other. After the stereotyped agonies, they discover their relationship, and of course are very much pleased. This framework has been happily chosen by the humorous author, who improves the many opportunities for parodying "gorgeous description" and windy dialogue.

BRET HARTE'S "condensed novels" are not better in their way than this very funny extravaganza, and we are almost inclined to rank it with THACKERAY'S burlesque of G. P. R. JAMES. In fact, the only fault which we can discover is a too close imitation of the style of the originals, which may lead a public not yet educated up to critical taste, to imagine that the tale is narrated in sober earnest. Of course, such a mistake would be very absurd, yet those who know the intense gravity usual to the articles in *The Canadian Monthly*, may refuse to believe that the publishers would insert anything so airily humorous as "CLARICE." It has even appeared possible to us that the editor himself has been deluded into the belief that the story is serious, for there is nothing but internal evidence to indicate its character.

We shall be very happy to welcome the author—whose attention we call to the munificent terms offered in our "Editor's Note"—as a contributor to GRIP.

Baby Showers.

THE following went the round of the papers last week, dated Ottawa, July 2:—

"Among the humours of yesterday's celebration was the baby show at St. George's picnic. Eleven mothers, exhibiting children under twelve months, Mrs. J. Allan got the prize for the prettiest, healthiest, and most intelligent child."

If those fine children are boys, we advise their mothers not to let them get pipes or cigars before they are eight or nine years of age, and if girls, not to allow them to begin sparking before they are seven or eight. Moreover, we solemnly, seriously, truly, eagerly, compassionately, earnestly, and affectionately beg, pray, recommend, admonish, caution and entreat of the fond mothers to provide the most approved remedies for measles, whooping cough, croup, and scarlatina, and to have them ready in the house, so as not to have to incur the delay of waiting for the arrival of a doctor. We give this advice as a precautionary measure, because we never heard of an exhibited child living for twelve months after date of exhibition.

THE GIANT KILLER AT WALLACETOWN.



REDOUBTABLE CHARLEY RYKERT has met and vanquished the foe. The towering giants of the Ontario Government, beneath whose tread the platform at Wallacetown trembled, fled in dismay from the presence of the Modern Giant Killer, being unable to withstand his prowess.

MACFELLAN strode into the presence of his antagonist with all the affrontery and consequence of the unwieldy Philistine of old, but he received a stone in the forehead before he knew where he was. That is to say, CHARLES RYKERT touched him in a vital spot by rehearsing the *Canoe Couch Scandal*, and the reeking corruptionist of the Model Farm shrank from the exposure of his unparalleled baseness. The giant HOBAINS fared no better. So the host of honest yeomen, nearly all supporters hitherto of the "most corrupt Minister of modern times" (Mr. MOWAT) witnessed that day a signal rout of their own heroes. CHARLEY THE GIANT KILLER was transformed in a twinkling from the obstreperous nobody he has always been considered, into a valorous statesman—a varacious statesman—and a very probable future leader of the coming Conservative Government of Ontario. The spectacle of their utter discomfiture at the hands of one so small and insignificant would have been sufficiently humiliating to the Giants under any circumstances, but in this case it was aggravated by the fact that the Dwarf had been specially challenged to the combat.

GRIP awaits the coronation of the plucky little fellow who fought and won the battle of Pure and Economical Local Legislation at Wallacetown!

A Duo

(Translated from the Moorish.)

He.—
THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The policeman's lamp is gleaming, love,
As we gaily pass
The parting glass,
While each better half is dreaming, love.

Then awake and open the door, my dear,
'Twas never thus barred before, my dear,
You're mighty (hic) deep
To pretend you're 'shleep,—
But its rather too thin is that snore, my dear.

She.—
Nice hours these are that you're keeping, love,
Coming home when the day is peeping, love,
To plague the life
Of a loving wife,
Disturbing her when she's sleeping, love!

Let you in? not till rise of sun, my dear,
I'll teach you the glass to slum, my dear,
If you will get so tight,
You may stay out all night,
And I hope that you'll relish the fun, my dear!

Freedom!

MR. ADOLPHUS TOMNODDY is greatly exercised just now over the intelligence that

"Mr. DISRAELI and Lord DERBY have had conferred upon them the freedom of the Merchant Tailors' Society, one of the most ancient and wealthy guilds of London."

He asks us for information as to the character of this "freedom." Does it obviate the payment of all bills for clothing in future? Is there such a guild in Canada? If so how can a fellow obtain the freedom of it?

GRIP must decline to answer these queries.



THE "SUN-SKIT" URCHIN AND HIS PLAYTHINGS.

The Zig-Zag Papers.

IV.—MY TRIP TO THE SEASIDE AND WHAT I SAW THERE.

(Continued from last week.)

WHEN I left Toronto, the city had been for a few days so hot and dusty that summer seemed fairly begun. But, as a Yankee woman said on the steambot, "Law sakes, it was only a spell of weather." The sky clouded, rain drizzled, and the weather became so cold that all the people who had been too lazy to take down their stoves, bragged of their foresight in leaving them up.

Wealthy people—who go to the sea-side to show that they are wealthy; gentlefolks—who go for pleasure, and all the rabble, neither wealthy nor gentle, but merely genteel, who wish to be thought swells, staid in town awhile longer. At Malibuic the weather was positively cold. From the sea blew a fresh breeze that told of glittering icebergs. The few ladies who, in advance of the main body of their families, tenanted the cottages down the road, appeared in white jackets of cony skin—surely the prettiest of fur when left free from the abominable black tags that make it a cheap imitation of ermine. Little boys, who rashly tried to swim in the icy water, came out after one plunge, and shivered on their clothing.

Monsieur my host, his house void of visitors, vented his disappointment in an undertoned monologac, that fairly bristled with *sacres*. I walked furiously, fished for trout in every stream for miles, or rowed out on the billowy, half salt water, till my hands were blue and numb. All was no use; ennuï was overwhelming me, and on the third day I desperately resolved to make the acquaintance of my cadaverous companion.

During nine solemn meals, each exactly like the last, we had sadly stowed away the necessary prog. The difficulty of addressing the thin youth increased as the square of the number of meals, whereby any ingenious person may easily calculate exactly how hard it was for me to break the ice. Had other visitors arrived, it is improbable that we, the first arrivals, would have spoken, one to the other, during the season. He was to me, as yet, only S. G. M., a thin youth, possessing a wonderful appetite, and much baggage on which these initials were evident.

Now, I determined to know more of him, and went into the tenth meal suiting in the most engaging manner. I might as well have r tined the stern gravity befitting a correspondent of Grip, for S. G. M. being engaged in the dissection of an unusually large trout, did not look round.

Passing him, I brought my hand down rather quickly on his shoulder. He rose, straddling his chair, as suddenly as if my hand had loosed a spring, and confronted me with surprise.

"It is plain," said I, "that we must shake hands and be friends, or be bored to death."

"Ah yes," he said, extending a hand that felt in mine like a bundle of boiled chicken bones, "yes, very glad, I'm sure. How are you?"

I assured him of my perfect health, and joined his attack on the provisions.

The pleasure of grubbling, in which we both indulged during the meal, added to the flavour of the trout, and detracted from the waxiness of the potatoes.

JEANETTE, on her entrance with the tea-pot, flew back to the kitchen with the information that we were talking quite rationally. *La Virille* opened the door a handsbreadth to satisfy herself of her handmaiden's veracity, and then, with effusion, brought in a double supply of onions, with the air of awarding naughty boys who have suddenly repented.

My new acquaintance informed me that his name was MARLY, but, as he did not mention who his father was, nor refer to any uncles who were prominent personages, I justly conceived an immediate contempt for him as not being a youth of family—a feeling which was the stronger because the peculiar vacancy of his expression had at first led me to believe him a young man brought up in the most distinguished circles of Toronto society.

My curiosity as to the cause of his emaciation somewhat abated, as I became convinced that he was not a person of importance, and it was not till, in the smoking room, I was puffing clouds from a large-bowled meerschaum, with MARLY lolling in a huge-backed, cane-seated rocking chair near the stove, that I questioned him concerning his illness. I was astonished and delighted to hear that he was convalescing from an attack of Syrian fever; astonished because I had fully expected to be told of some vulgar disease, and delighted because it seemed probable that he was, after all my doubts, a patrician youth.

"Caught it at Damascus, you know," he said, "was down with it there for five weeks. Riding knocked me up again. How I got back to England I hardly know."

"You are young," said I, "to have travelled, but I suppose you were with friends, or, perhaps, with a party of Coor's tourists?"

"No," said he, "entirely alone. You see I'm going into business next year. So my father wished me to see the world before I am tied down to the desk. I had letters to his English correspondents. They mapped out my journey and passed me on. With the dragoon I had, there was no difficulty going anywhere. Come up and see some of the things I have brought back."

He had his pile of luggage sent to his room—the best in the house and quite comfortable, in pleasant contrast to my rigid outline of bed and floor, bare, except for a strip of rag carpet.

"You see," said he, pointing to the furniture, "I have some traps of my own here. Can't rough it as I used, you know. These things came down a week before me."

He did not at once proceed to display his acquisitions, and I suspected that he had brought me up from the smoking room as much that he might escape its unwholesome smell and the fumes of my pipe, as that he wished to shew his purchases.

We sat and chatted for a while over some very decent brandy which he produced, I questioning him concerning his journey and he answering as if the things and places he had seen had all been passed by in a dream. It was hard to discover what he had gained by travel.

Fresh from school he should have known native society before seeing the world.

As it was he had no standard of comparison.

It was some time before he proceeded to shew me his treasures. When he did my respect for him very much increased for it was evident that he had not been stinted in money. There were curious eastern weapons, jewels rarely set, diaphanous fabrics of Asiatic looms, all costly and peculiar.

His narrative became quite lively as he recounted each purchase, for he had a capital memory for a commercial transaction. Still he seemed to value the articles very little for the associations connected with them, they were shown with the pride of a collector and not of a traveller. Not till he had finished did he display any enthusiasm, saying:

"You should see the Eastern dresses I have left at home, I shall always so glad to have taken that trip for the sake of those costumes. They will create such a sensation at masquerades on the skating rink."

Think for a moment on the mental condition of a human being, who, after travelling through Asia, was glad that he had done so "because he had acquired some good dresses for masquerades at the skating rink."

Yet do not many tourists pride themselves merely on the fact of their travel—having acquired no more than if they had journeyed with their eyes shut.

This young fellow was neither oppressively instructive nor absurdly vain.

Sometimes you meet people who come back from Rome fancying themselves Popes, at least in their native towns—you see others who, having visited Constantinople, are ready with any quantity of information as to the creed of JALAX, and look mysterious and wise, when the Eastern Difficulty is mentioned—saying "Ah, I've been there."

(To be continued.)



“THE GIPSY’S WARING;”

OR, THE EDUCATION MAIDEN AND HER IRREPRESSIBLE LOVER.

Gipsy—(*The Globe*)—“TRUST HIM NOT!!”

Young Kanuck to Brother Jonathan.

4TH JULY.



EAR JONATHAN, from
where I sit,
I hear your nasal cheers,
Break out in answer to the
gun
That numbers off your
years;
While, free above, your
waving flag
Displays its stripes and
stars,
And "YANKEE DOODLE"
proudly played,—
Forgets the stars and bars.

Well, JONATHAN, as nations
live,
You're yet the merest youth,
A knowing young one, I'll
allow,
And quite well grown, in
truth;
But yet a dissipated life
And your almighty greed,
Have left a look upon your
face
Of running into seed.

Dear JONATHAN, I've lived so long
In hearing of your voice,
That I've half learned to sympathize
When yearly you rejoice;
Though over me the ensign waves
That's braved a thousand years,
Which I salute with filial pride,
And you with scornful jeers.

Dear JONATHAN, at bay I stood
Beneath that Union Jack,
When you to tear it from me strove,
And stoutly beat you back.
At Queenston Heights, and Lundy's Lane
And Cryslers Farm, you found
A grave was all a foeman earned
Of this Canadian ground.

And JONATHAN, when I resign
The flag I loved of yore—
As must be soon—'twill be because
I see a hand before
That beckons me to take my place
Beside my Saxon peers,
And enter boldly in the race
Of glory, through the years.

Then, JONATHAN, I hope that peace
May watch our harvests grow,
And that the strife she stirs will be
The only strife we know;
But should your Eagle scream for fight,
My Beaver to his wars
Will muster hosts of better men
Than ever bore your stars.

'Cute JONATHAN, in times gone by,
When mother held my strings,
You chiselled her completely out
Of many of my things;
But now, I rather guess, that when
We make another trade,
You'll find such bargains can't be got,
As those that mother made.

Dear JONATHAN, I heard you brag,
And thought 'twas no disgrace,
For never did performance fail
The promise of our race.
If you can brag, why shouldn't I?
For I can point with pride
Not only to my mother's deeds,
But brother, yours beside.

Among our Exchanges.

Believing as GRIP does that you have to go from home to hear the news, our readers can understand how earnestly we rake over our exchanges from the back woods for items in regard to the Government plans. In this connection it is refreshing to hear from the *Twerton Watchman* that

"It is now hinted that Sir John Macdonald is to be appointed by the Municipal Government to the governorship of the West India Islands."

We are too modest to pry into the why and wherefore of this remark, but we would like to know how the *Watchman*—so far from the centre of civilization—came by the information. But perhaps the above is a local item, and the "Municipal Government" is a polite term for "Village Council". GRIP anxiously awaits explanation.

From the Lucknow *Sentinel* we clip this complimentary puff:—

"RHUBARB.—We return our thanks to Mr. John Hill, 10th con. Grey, for a bag full of tender rhubarb. Some people seem to know that editors are very fond of new fruit and young vegetables."

WILL CARLETON, in speaking of the representative editor, says:

"On vinegar, kind hearted people were feeding him every hour, Who saw not the work they were doing, but wondered that printers are sour."

The people around Lucknow are not satisfied with vinegar, but go to the extent of rhubarb—tender and by the bag full. Yet the editor seems to relish it.

Overheard on a Steamboat.

TABLEAU.

(YOUNG AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, with Byron in one pocket, and "New York Ledger" in the other, passing forward deck in an abstracted manner and meditating lofty verse. YOUNG AMERICAN LADIES, on stools, admiring young American gentleman, and believing him a poet. Moon behind a cloud. Scene only illuminated by lamps. Moon suddenly appears, lights up black clouds, lights up black river.)

YOUNG AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, with outstretched arm, suddenly: See! the moon!

(Young ladies see it.)

YOUNG AMERICAN GENTLEMAN, with strong action of the arm, rapturously: Heow grand! heow beautiful!! heow elegant!!!

YOUNG LADIES: Heow poetical!

COCKNEY GENTLEMAN, just out, staring: Heligant! How Hawful!!

Montreal Munificence.

HERE'S a very religious notice from the *Witness*:

IF the Lady who took my Black Silk Umbrella out of Miss Clendinning's store, Radegonde st., will call at 47 Metcalfe, she can have my Parasol also.

We consider that this indicates in the advertiser a too generous disposition. Benevolence should be very cautiously exercised, and we are not inclined to believe that the lady referred to can be a deserving object for charity. Scripture requires no more than the bestowal of our other coat, and we conceive that a person, after the loss of a black silk umbrella, would be perfectly justified in retaining a parasol.

A Startling Charge.

We clip the following from the city items of the *Montreal Witness*:

"EFFECTS OF THE HEAT.—Henry Thompson, 17, and Robert Wiggins, 17, were found sleeping in a hayloft. When asked by the Recorder why they chose such a sleeping place, they answered, 'Because the weather was so warm.' His Honor said, 'I'll send you to a cool place to sleep in,' and fined them \$5 each, with the alternative of getting cool lodgings at Hochelaga."

GRIP croaks his indignation against the miscreants, THOMPSON and WIGGINS. The frightful crime of sleeping in a hayloft should have been visited with more severe punishment. The infliction of HIS HONOR'S exquisite irony, would have driven to the verge of madness anyone of sensibility, but persons sinful and degraded enough to sleep in a hayloft probably would not wince under it. We call the attention of those who are partial to naps in haylofts, to their liability to a fine, or "cool lodgings in Hochelaga," which alternative, we fear, may, in this hot weather, possess a fascination for many people, which will lead them to commit the dangerous offence of WIGGINS and THOMPSON.

Astronomical.

THE star humourist of our staff worried his brain for a long time to evolve a brilliant witticism on "our heavenly visitor," with which to fill this corner. He was forced to confess that he couldn't comit.

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