

**PUBLISHER'S  
NOTE.**

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the Office, 35 King Street West, Toronto.

Terms—\$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application to Messrs. CLEVER & ROGERS, Agents, 10 King St. East, by whom subscriptions will be received.

Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the **MANAGER, P. O. Box 958, Toronto.**

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VOL. 3.

TORONTO, JUNE 13, 1874.

No. 3.

**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 100, Carleton Place, Quebec. 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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President—Henry Crocker; Vice-President—Daniel Sharp; Secretary—Whiting E. Hollister; Assistant Secretary—Charles H. Brewer.

Statement for Year ending Dec. 31. 1873.

RECEIPTS.		
Premiums,	- - - -	\$1,670,205 13
Interest,	- - - -	501,791 51
Total Receipts,	- - - -	\$2,371,996 64

DISBURSEMENTS.		
Death Losses,	- - - -	\$416,800 00
Paid for Surrendered Policies,	- - - -	189,368 24
Paid Return Premiums,	- - - -	345,401 17
Paid Matured Endowments,	- - - -	7,900 00

Total amount returned Policyholders, \$959,649 41  
Assets, \$3,000,000; Surplus at 4½ per Cent, \$1,253,871.

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**“ G R I P . ”**

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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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SUBSCRIPTION BOOKSELLERS,

10 King Street East, TORONTO.

## G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

GRIP begs to countermand the notice given last week with reference to contributions and exchange newspapers. Address everything as heretofore: Box 958, Toronto.

## "Who struck Billy Patterson?"



N last Saturday's *Globe* there appeared an advertisement calculated to raise this old and vexed question. It was as follows:—

**\$25 REWARD** for the man that struck Mr. W. PATTERSON, opposite the Mail office.

As it is not at all likely that the long sought miscreant has been found up to this writing, GRIP supposes it is not too late to furnish the advertiser with a clue which may "lead to the apprehension" of the fellow; and this he does without any thought of the \$25. Herewith, then, Mr. P.'s friends will find a correct portrait of the individual "wanted." GRIP guarantees the truthfulness of the sketch—particularly the expression about the eyes. The nose, ears, and a few other minor characteristics of the phiz. have been sacrificed in favor of the white hat—a feature likely to be of the highest importance to the detectives, as it is traditionally associated with "the man that struck BILLY PATTERSON."

associated with "the man that struck BILLY PATTERSON."

## The Zig-Zag Papers.

I.—ON A VERY OFFENSIVE CAD.



"YOU'LL REMEMBER ME."

We all know young men for whom our toes itch, they so evidently require several kicks behind. We do not wish those handsome fellows who ornament King street every afternoon, to imagine that we refer to them. We remember too well the days of our youth, when the out of a coat was more important than the paying for it; when a crease in the trousers gave us inexpressible pain, and when the tie of a neck cloth was often repeated. Self-respect makes us think well of an honest dandy. We believe that no young fellow who does not take pride in his personal appearance can feel or act like a gentleman. The youths who slouch round in dingy wide-awakes, dimmed boots and soiled shirt-collars, can never be respectable members of society. They generally become politicians, speculators, railroad men, or something equally disreputable.

But there are many members of the great army of cads disguised under the harmless exterior of swells. They may be known by strange affectations of speech, by ultra fashionable apparel, by bragging of the acquaintance of great people, and generally by self-assertion and conduct not natural.

One of the most offensive of those we came across last week on our return from Malbaie-by-the-sea, where we had been making cheap arrangements for the summer residence of the wife of our bosom and six darling children.

A most uncomfortable eye-glass forced his face into frightful contortions, which caused an old Vermont lady who sat opposite, to offer her pain-killer, with the remark that he must "be pretty considerably griped." He rejected her proffered kindness with a silent contempt that abashed her, and continued to gaze round the car, unmindful of an impudent young Irishman who had fixed a penny in his eye, and was returning the stares with the utmost coolness and self-approval. A narrow forehead retreating under a carefully nursed wave of hair, dress quite perfect according to his conception of the latest fashion, and a very gorgeous rug completed the young gentleman's ensemble.

At a way station a lady whom he knew came aboard, and thereafter he addressed himself to her.

We sat behind and could not help hearing a large part of his discourse.

He was very entertaining, and told about Toronto—which he was honoring with his residence; about his "cattle," and about a new kind of dog-cart in which he was to drive the young lady originals of a number of photographs he then exhibited, and which was the envy of all the fellows whose envy was to be desired. We are afraid the readers of GRIP will be unable to grasp from mere description the original vehicle he expatiated on—which was *not* a dog-cart either single or double, nor any kind of ordinary wheeled thing seen in our little Dominion—which was coming out from England, that was delightfully high and fast, and altogether "stomniary and esentic," combining all the perfections of the most perfect trap, with the peculiar perfections of that young gentleman's designing."

He told his companion of his dining at Government House,—casually mentioning that he thought it his duty to recognize high placed public officials,—and how he and another man walked through the streets in the summer evening in full dress, carrying a light overcoat on their arms, and were not mobbed—which certainly was strange. Warming with his narration, he confided to the lady that Toronto was a disgusting place after all; few young ladies, none whose photographs he had not, and very, very few gentlemen. His friend who dined with him that evening at Government House was one of the very few, as was the speaker by implication.

You may imagine the horror with which we—who have from our earliest youth, regarded our native aristocracy with awe and envy—heard this young man mention the bluest blood of the Family Compact, all the great dignitaries of the Bench, Bar and Pulpit, with utter disrespect.

It was evident that he knew them all personally, for he was alike perfectly at home in the most recondite scandal and the newest gossip. His descriptions of people were by no means bad, and we were for a while at a loss to reconcile his cleverness in this respect with the vapidty of his other talk.

It is, however, by the catalogue of salient points that verbal descriptions of persons are made recognizable,—a fool is as likely as another to see these, and as he sees no more, he is able to throw off a caricature, while one who discerns the minutest shades of character, difficult to describe, finds it impossible to make a portrait.

It was some time before I discovered the vantage ground on which this young fellow imagined himself to stand, and which gave him superiority over the natives he was treating so contemptuously. But an allusion to English society, followed by a whole chapter of his experiences therein, gave the explanation. He had seen high life, he was intimate with the nobility, he knew celebrities of the very biggest kind. His lies and bragging were so frightful to hear that we sought refuge in the smoking car, and never left it till we arrived at Toronto station.

Thence we saw him whirled in the family carriage, with the fattest of coachmen on the box and a large footman behind.

Have you not all met people who, having had their little peep into the outside world, come back to relate wonders they have never seen?

Don't the village beau, after he has studied law in Toronto, and seen high life in a three-fifty boarding-house, go back to his native place bragging of his acquaintance with Local Legislators and other celebrities?

Don't he feel that he is exalted above the general merchant and village doctor, whom he used to look up to? And don't he get the conceit kicked out of him very soon?

We have all seen something of this kind, and the moral is for the local celebrities.

Doubtless Toronto society is perfectly justified in laughing at the village coterie, and it is just possible that there may be people so exalted that the pretentious bigwiggery, silly talk of birth and blood, and apish aristocracy of Toronto itself, appear very ridiculous to them.

## Grip at Sea.

WERE we to read anything really funny in the *Canadian Monthly*, we should be shocked as by a laugh in a meeting-house. A writer in the last number of our grave and heavily respectable contemporary, feeling the incongruity of a joke between those solemn covers, rather needlessly apologises for a pun. His sin is much more in intention than in act, and he cannot be held guilty even on his own plea.

He says—the article is "British, American, and British-American ships":

"The Western farmer, that rank protectionist, who backed the legislation which swamped the tonnage of the seaboard States under burdens far beyond their carrying capacity—forgive the pun—who saw the Eastern shipowner, &c."

We have received thirty-nine letters asking us to show where the pun is. After a week of anguish we give it up, and refer our friends to the editor of the *Monthly*. A poor pun is a disgusting thing enough, but by no means so offensive as an unnecessary apology.



CIRCUS GENEROSITY.

Widow with small family, (*log.*)—"If you please, sir, the Bills says one of those Side-shows is Free; wich of 'em is it?"  
 Door "ORATOR" (*urbanely*)—*Kee-rect* you are! Free as the 'Merican eagle!—It's the *out-side-show*, Missus!"

**Toronto Adaptations.**

A MELODY. AFTER MOORE

Loud and long were the oaths he swore,  
 And a bright rose tint on his nose he bore,  
 But, oh, his courage was far beyond  
 The oaths he swore, or the tint it donned.

"Oh, tell me, dost thou not fear to stray,  
 So corned and noisy through this bleak way,  
 Are Toronto rowdies so little bold  
 As not to go through you in hope of gold?"

(*with hiccup* :)  
 "Ole feller, I feel not the last alarm,  
 No pl—plug-ugly will offer me harm,  
 For though they are fond of the golden store,  
 They've gone through me several times before."

On he went, till he stopped to smile  
 At a well-loved bar that would trust awhile;  
 And safe forever was he who relied  
 On the empty pockets that fools deride.

**Out Upon it**

"PSYCHOMANCY;" OR SOUL CHARMING.—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose instantly. This simple mental requirement all can possess, free, by mail, for 25 cents, together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, &c. A queer, exciting book.

In our capacity of Censor of the Press—an office hereby assumed, to which Government should attach a fat salary—we object to the above advertisement, which is to be found at full in the majority of our country exchanges.

We omit the address of the swindlers who offer the publication, because it is barely possible that, on the long list of Grip's subscribers, there may be the names of two or three pimply-faced, dough-complexioned youths, who would be likely to send for it.

There is a suggestiveness about the announcement that it is a *queer exciting book*, which leads us to hope that it will be seized in the post-office as an obscene publication. It may be a book of that sort, or the italicized words may be merely a bait to catch the lowd—in either case, no decent newspaper should admit the advertisement. It figures in a number of papers, the editors of which, we are sure, only require their attention drawn to its nature to insure its removal.

**"Grip" among the Muses.**



HE spacious pavillion at the Horticultural Gardens proves too small to accommodate the brilliant assemblages attracted by the performances of the English Opera Combination throughout the week. We have been literally revelling in melody. The singing of each evening has been, to quote the *Globe*, "simply beyond praise," and the whistling of operatic snatches with which the city has resounded in the intervals has been capital too—but we would rather not say anything to encourage it. BALFE'S *Bohemian Girl* was chosen to lead the van, and in the person of M'le. PAULINE CANISSA she did so very prettily. This opera, as everybody knows, is profusely gemmed with famous solos, which were rendered on Monday evening in such a manner that it was long past midnight before the measures of "I dreamt that I dwelt in Marble Halls" issued for the last time from the puckered lips of our citizens. On Tuesday night, *Maritana*, a comely young lady, otherwise known as Miss EDITH ABELL, challenged the plaudits of the audience. On this occasion it was the genial Mr. BROOKHOUSE BOWLER who gave the whistlers the key notes in the tenor solos; and long after the foot-lights had disappeared, languid individuals might have been heard here and there rendering, "Yes; let me like a soldier fall!"—



[but in the most un-Bowler-like fashion. VENDI had the floor on Wednesday night, when, in honour, doubtless, of the very lucid plot of "Il Trovatore," four hundred new comers added their patronage to that of Licut.-Governor CRAWFORD. M'LE CANISSA shared the honours of the evening with Mrs. ANNIE KEMP BOWLER and Mr. W. H. TILLA. *Azucena* was, according to the critics, played

and sung with consummate skill by the contralto; and Mr. TILLA whose performance of *Marrico* was all but inpromptu, certainly won his spurs fairly. It is needless to say the singing of the Prima Donna was very good; our critic, who has a garden wall contiguous to his sleeping apartment says it was long enough after twelve before he could forget her beautiful rendering of the solo, "In this dark midnight hour."



This notice must be confined to reasonable limits, but we cannot in fairness conclude it without acknowledging the merits of the baritone, Mr. GUSTAVUS HALL, in this and all other performances of the week. Overlooking some shortcomings in the matter of pronunciation, GRIP congratulates the gentleman on his efforts as the *Count de Luna* in *Il Trovatore*; and does him the distinguished honor of illustrating his last words in that opera—"And I still live!"—which were spoken with great dramatic power. [NOTE.—This wood-cut is not the property of the Conservative Party.] The weather took a benefit on Thursday night and *Martha* was given Friday. The success of the company speaks well for the energy and ability of its manager Mr. KINROSS and his affable friend and co-laborer JONES.



**In Earnest!**

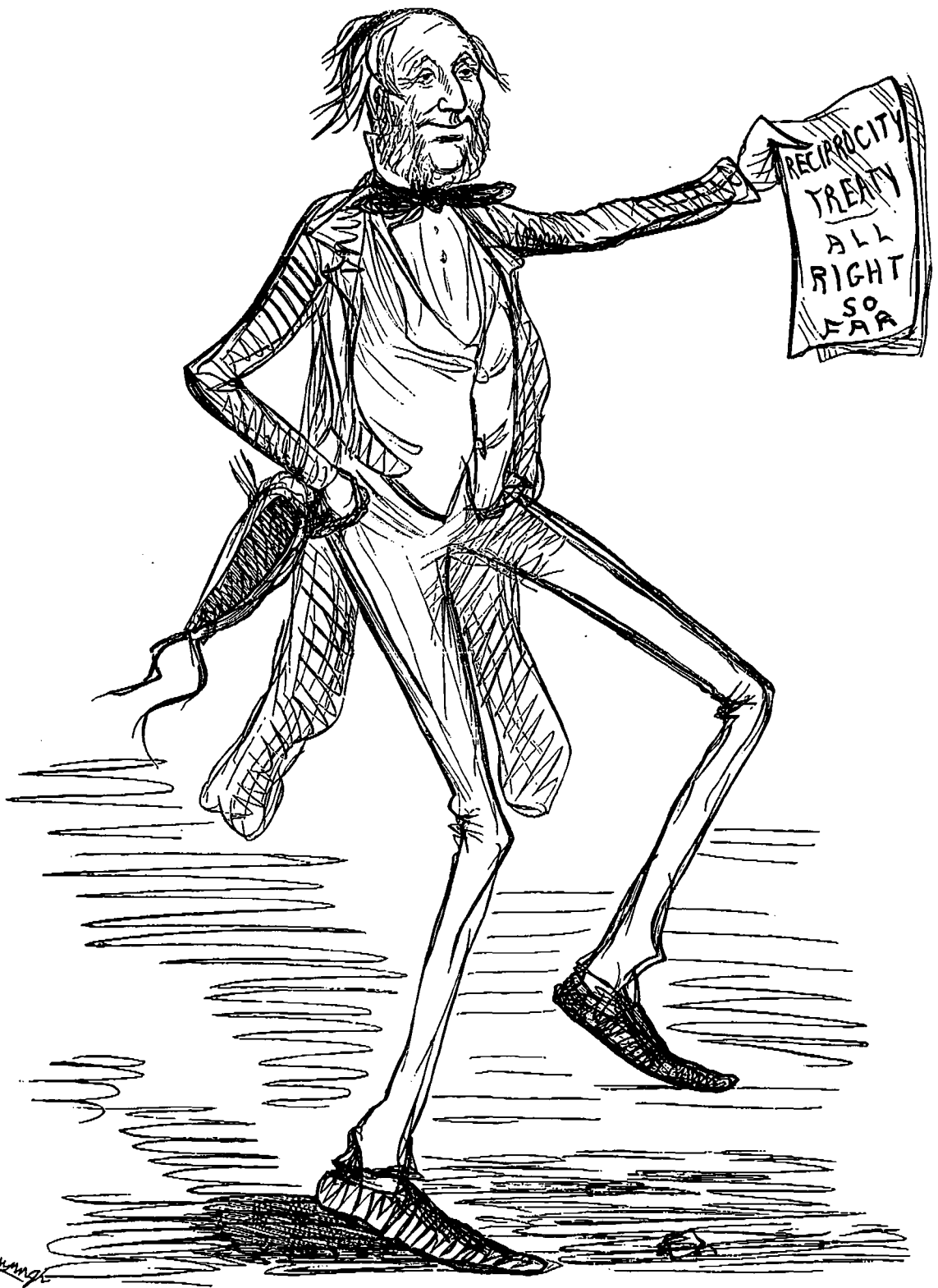
Grip extracts the following from the pages of the *Globe* :

A SINGLE GENTEMAN living independent is desirous of having a matrimonial correspondence with a respectable lady in a similar position; only those who have the same motive in view need apply; all correspondence strictly private. A. S. G., Toronto.

How eloquent, how touching, and withal how business-like! None of the fippantly premature wooing of the matrimonial advertisements in the New York press. "Spooning" would be as out of place in the awful columns of the *Globe*, as in the gallery of a church. This is none of your lover, "this is Erles' vein." Let us hope for the sake of any lady who may be attracted by these inducements, it will not prove "a tyrant's vein."

**The End Approaching.**

A fiend recently proposed to issue a *Punstor's Dictionary*, giving every possible pun on every word. The practicability of such an undertaking is questionable, its utility even more so. When Grip thinks of the endless puns cast daily into his waste-paper basket, preparatory to cremation, he shakes his head sadly over a proposal which would probably result, if carried out, in his having to employ several additional clerks, and to erect a blast-furnace in his back yard. It is evident that the day will come when every possible pun shall have been made, and the supply, like that of coal, will arrive at an end. Then what will become of many who now set up as wits?



A "ROUGH DRAFT" OF THE TREATY.

**Overheard in a Ball-Room.**

(Downy young gentleman, not just escaped from the nursery, as one would at first sight suppose, but sadly, sadly biased, waltzes blue lady round the room, and stops.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN (murmurs)—"Aw, this is the dance of the evening—aw—thanks. Shall we cool off on the stairs?"

(Green lady, pink lady, white lady, and yellow lady appear descending.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN—"Confound it!—pardon. Here come the PLUFFERS. Late. Bad policy. Not like old Miss WALLEFLOWER—brave old girl, present at the taking of Quebec, they say—she is always first in a room, and picks us out one by one as we arrive, with the deadly aim of a sharp-shooter. Irretrievably vulgar lot, the PLUFFERS! Went to a dance there last week for a lark—famous lark. Girls as ugly as sin, but I have a conscience, and suppose I must trot one or two of them out. Ha, SANDERSON! Going to dance with SANDERSON?"

(Blue lady is carried off. Downy young gentleman approaches pink lady.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN—"Devening. Pleasure of a dance? Hope your card isn't full."

(Pink lady blushes, and looks round for green, white and yellow ladies.)

PINK LADY, timidly—"Oh, no, we have just come."

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN—"Oh, by Jove! BLANK! I'll dance this with you, then."

(They whirl round the room. Pink lady is light, and they whirl round again. They stop.)

DOWNY YOUNG GENTLEMAN, languidly—"Aw, this is the dance of the evening."

**In the City.**

A SONG BEFORE SUNRISE.

How sweet to rise ere yet the milkman's cry  
Proclaims the day, with all its troubles, nigh;—  
Ere the first newsboy, in sepulchral tones,  
Shrieks "Globe and Mail!" across the echoing stones;—  
Ere water carts pour out the sprinkling flood,  
And turn the dust of yesterday to mud;—  
Ere the rough maidens in the dim hotel,  
With steaming soap-suds scrub the bar-room well.  
How sweet, I say, to rise with pleasing thirst,  
Induced by last night's half-remembered burst;—  
To seize the wash-jug with an eager hand  
And find it dry as heap of builder's sand,  
To turn the faucet of the water trough,  
And find some fiendish hand hath "cut it off."  
How sweet to stand in pleasing silence there,  
Too much surprised for the familiar swear,  
With burning coppers and with aching head  
And utter loathing for the buggy bed;—  
Then the reluctant trousers on to draw,  
Tangling the toe-joints in the lining's flaw,  
To clap a battered castor on the head  
And rush for cock-tail, swift as arrow sped.  
How sweet to see produced the shining tin,  
And the soft sugar poured with judgment in,  
With artful jerk to watch the bitters drop,  
Then see descend two table-spoons of pop,  
The yellow lemon's fragrant juices flow,  
And render tart th' ingredients below.  
The ingenuous bar-boy seeks your eager eye,  
To that mute question is the answer, *ryc*.  
Straight from the bottle flows the golden store—  
Six lumps of ice—ten shakes—his task is o'er.  
How doubly sweet to feel the cooling flow,  
Down the hot palate to the depths below!  
The rattling ice proclaims enjoyment's close—  
Then, oh how blissful,—to repeat the dose?  
To search the pocket, pay the well-earned cash,  
And slow returning, meditate on hash.

A STRAY SHOT.—The *Sunday Times* has, for several weeks, been publishing a "poem" entitled *The Passover*. GRIP thinks the verses excellently named, as they are systematically evaded by all the readers of the paper, who prefer rhyme with reason in it to the other variety.

**Well Urned.**

OTTAWA is about to erect a Collegiate Institute that will do credit to the capital of the Third Maritime Power of the world, and accordingly a copy of GRIP has been deposited in the corner-stone, which was laid by LORD DUFFERIN on Thursday, the 4th inst. The sprightly RAVEN of course appreciates the distinction thus conferred upon him, but his gratification cannot be perfect while he reflects that by such entombment, the present generation must suffer the loss of a neatly printed copy of No. 1., Vol. III, until some antiquarian of the future, searching amongst the crumbled ruins of the Institute shall find and restore it to the hearts of men. By that time how many hundreds of volumes shall have been issued!

**"Where were the Police?"**

THE Oshawa Reformer thus details

"A ROWDY'S IDEA OF POLITENESS.—A young lady passing along King Street a few evenings since had the skirt of her dress trodden upon by a fellow who was the worse of liquor, and upon her turning her head on being thus impeded in her progress, was accosted by the following vulgar expression of this coward—(Here follow bad words.)—This we heard and witnessed, and felt sorry that constable GURLEY was not present at the time, in order that he might have been made an example of."

GRIP would suggest to the Editor and his fellow-citizens of Oshawa that it is not yet too late to "make an example of" Constable GURLEY: there is a good chance still to teach a wholesome lesson to bobbies who neglect their duty.

**A Politician.**

Take some smug lawyer versed in slow chicane,  
Whose widest wishes all converge to gain,  
One with a callous, shame-proof moral hide,  
Impervious to truth and wit beside,  
Ready to cant, carouse, blaspheme or pray,  
At any season when 'tis like to pay.  
Gift him with that low tact which wins the crowd,  
The hand to shake, the ready laughter loud,  
To please the pious—features grave as death,  
For roughs—foul stories told below the breath,  
A pat on head for children on the streets,  
And gossip for the mothers whom he meets.  
Give him some cry by ignorance held dear,  
To chant it loud and catch the vulgar ear,  
"NO POPERY" or "WORKING PEOPLE'S FRIEND,"  
Or "LOYALTY," or ought that serves the end,  
Or any cant by narrow fools embraced,  
Whose uttered nonsense speaks a vulgar taste.  
With tawdry rhetoric let him unfold  
His borrowed arguments and jests of old—  
He shall succeed—while better men stand by,  
And mark his progress with contemptuous sigh.  
He shall succeed—a politician placed  
To mend the laws by such as he disgraced.  
He shall succeed—but only till he's known,  
Then slowly sink, as sinks in filth a stone.

**To Whom it may Concern.**

Would you woo a stout widow of forty years?  
You must keep from sonnets, and sighs and tears,  
You must show a round leg clothed neatly, neatly,  
And a roll of big bills to soothe her fears.  
Boldly, not coldly, talk her down,  
Squeeze her to please her, fair or brown,  
Press her, caress her,  
Serve her with favor,  
Then praise her complexion and she's your own!

**"Nec Tamen Consumebatur."**

THESE words, surrounding a representation of the Burning Bush, form the legend of one of the branches of Presbyterianism in Canada. It must have occurred to some of the reverend gentlemen taking part in the Synod and Assembly debates at Ottawa this week, that it would be a happy thought to substitute a picture of the 'Union Question' for that of the Bush, as the problem seems to be as far from solution as ever. GRIP is of opinion that if it be not definitely settled before these grave conventions separate, the motto might as well be made to read, "*Nec tamen consummatus-ebatur.*"

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