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VOL. I.

TORONTO, AUGUST 16TH, 1873.

No. 12.

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## NOTICES.

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To WHOM IT CONCERNS.—Contributions of suitable matter are solicited. All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Box 308, P. O.

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ADVERTISING AGENT—W. H. Tapson.

## GRIP.

EDITED BY JIMUEL BRIGGS, D.B.

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

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**INQUIRER** :—No, we cannot entertain your proposition. We have already one of the driest humorists on our staff, at a large salary. He is so very dry, that we have generally to advance him his little squidge before it is due.

**RUBYNASAL** :—A red nose is not always a sign of intemperance; but it is a fair indication of how a man invests his savings.

**ASPIRANT** :—You had better send your jokes to the *Church Herald*, or some serious paper. They are pretty certain to slide 'em in before any one detects the latent humour.

**ALBERT** :—If you would punctuate your article some, we might be able to see some "points" in it. At present they are microscopic.

**SPORT** :—We do not undertake to decide bets, unless the applicant is willing to allow us a fair commission for deciding in his favor.

**IGNORANCE** :—We don't know. Consult a solicitor, a physician, a clergyman, a hook peddler, a dictionary, or an encyclopedia—hang it! consult anybody or any thing you please, but don't bother us with such questions.

**PROF. G. F. DE VINE** has sent us the words and music of "Fair Canada," a patriotic song—"To err is human, to forgive De Vine." We forgive him.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1873.

## THE PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

FURTHER FUNNY, FAR FETCHED, AND FIENDISH FABRICATIONS—  
ORIGINAL ODDITIES—AND PALPABLE PLAGIARISMS.

And still they come. Were we so disposed, we could easily fill this number of Grip with conundrums alone; but we are afraid that if we did so, we should be inundated next week with an equal number of brief communications from subscribers, to the effect of "stop my paper." We refrain, however, out of consideration to the feelings of our readers. Although "misery loves company," yet we have not the heartlessness to inflict one-tenth of the evidences of total depravity we have received, upon a patient and long-suffering community. The following are some of them, viz. :—

Mr. Butler, of Queen Street West, enquires—

"Why am intoxicashun like a washbole? Gub it up? Why case it am *de-basin*, ob course. Yah, yah!"

Hon. Archibald McKellar writes that he is bound to have that volume of "Bow Bells," as the elegant binding will harmonize with the canoe couch damask, choice photographs, and other adornments of his office, and so he has got off this little *morceau*—

"Why is a mouse like a load of hay? Because the cat'll (cattle) eat it."

Pshaw! we can do better than that; as, for instance—

"What is the difference between a load of straw and a crowd of rougns assaulting a policeman? Because the one will hardly tempt a cow, and the other is a cow-ardly attempt."

We had to diminish the corn-juice in our pocket pistol by about three fingers before we got that fixed to suit us.

Custy diffidently passes in the following—

"Why may a boy be called a man? Because he has arrived at man's *he-state* (estate)."

"When does a drunken man act contrary to the by-law against the destruction of city property? When he is *taking up* the whole sidewalk."

"Why are our cousins across the line a jolly people? Because they are *a merry kin* (American.)"

Mrs. Wimple, who writes a very masculine hand, sends the following, appropriately headed "the worst," supposed to be by an Irishman—

"What kind of wool puts one in mind of a *punch-in* the ribs? *Barl-in* wool."

EXPLANATION.—The Irishman is supposed to pronounce "barrel" "barl,"—A puncheon is a barrel. Consequently, punch-in—puncheon; barrel-in—barl-in—Berlin. Don't you see. Well, we guess that is the worst yet.

The same author asks—

"What is the greatest gormandizer in the world? The *goblet* (gobble-it)."

These things make life a burden, and induce a longing to rest 'neath the maple, where the weak head ceases from troubling, and the weary are addressed—no more by such punsters in human shape.

James Dilworth puts forward the following claim to immortal renown—

"Why did the Grit M.P.'s at Ottawa, on the 13th, resemble a prominent government official?—Because they were *howlin'* (Howland)."

James, we thought better things of you. You are prominent in temperance circles, we know; but we submit to an intelligent public whether it is not better to get on a bender occasionally, than to incur the fearful responsibility of giving to the world such a production as the above.

Next week we shall give the names of the winners of the prizes.

## THE PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

"The Clear Grit chief, and ninety of his men,  
To Ottawa went, and then went back again."

That is about the sum and substance of this prorogation business, about which the big dailies are raising such a fuss. The whole affair was cut-and-dried in advance; but the Grits were determined to have a debate on the Scandal, and being denied an opportunity for discussing, they curtailed their lofty flights of rhetoric, and took to cussing. The Opposition tried the bluff game, but Sir John enched 'em. They held a trump card, but the little joker was too much for them, and the Commission is to be issued, after all. Some time since, the Tory journals had a good deal to say about Grit "missions" and "missionaries," but our Grit friends can now retort by animadverting on the ministerial "sins of Com-mission." Now, the question which arises is, will the ministry ever allow those impounded documents to see daylight again? Not to any extent, probably.

Our readers, doubtless, do not remember the hymn of childhood's days, as follows:

If I were a cassowary,  
On the plains of Timbuctoo,  
I'd devour the missionary,  
Hat and boots, and hymn-book too.

We can fancy Sir John, on accomplishing the prorogation, paradoxically warbling—

If I were a cuss-so-wary,  
On the plains of Ottawa,  
I'd appoint Commission nary  
Till I'd papers got away.

This is an awful country.



WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?

## DIRECTIONS TO DUFFERIN.

Greeting thee well, and trusting thou hast read,  
 And read with profit, all our late commands :  
 (Beware if that thou hast not I)—know, that We,  
 The Printing Company, who have deputed  
 Ourselves to Educate, and also Rule  
 This New Dominion, hereby order thee,  
 Who art sent here to rule it under Us,—  
 Us—We—a Printing Company embodied,  
 Of mighty personages, known and unknown,—  
 Two of us known, and visible, and busy,—  
 The third invisible, but great, and awful,  
 And of sulphurous odour ; but his name—  
*Nominis umbra*—we do keep in shade,  
 For reasons obvious ; but all our acts  
 He instigateth ; and he is, indeed,  
 The father of most statements such as those  
 We print ; and if thou dost our bidding well,  
 Thou art in road to know him. Hear ! We do  
 Command, that in the case of one Macdonald—  
 Unwisely called Sir John—thou take sure means  
 That he escape not punishment, most swift  
 And heavy, for his vile and great offence—  
 Not his Pacific one—but that he dared  
 Himself to prove superior to Us  
 In much ; and did from office keep us out ;—  
 Wherein we greatly could ourselves enrich ;—  
 And had don't but for him, whose paltry sense  
 Of honour suffers him not so to do.  
 Base dog in manger ! If there be no law  
 For his destruction, see that one be made,—  
 And so retain our favour ; so our columns  
 Shall far resound thy praise ; and thou shalt be  
 The Wisest, Greatest, Best of Governors,  
 Combining every chiefest Excellence  
 Of Statesman, writer, traveller and wit.  
 Thy famed High Latitudes we then shall raise  
 Into the highest latitudes of praise.  
 We shall discern the blood of Sheridan  
 In all thy deeds ; and if thou call on us,  
 With whiskey Scottish we shall aid its flow.  
 And all our servants, then, shall strive to please thee,—  
 Blake shall chop logic for thee, and McKellar,  
 In his canoe-couch, rock thee into slumber ;  
 And gently sing the song of Elgin to thee ;  
 All joyance, and all good things shall surround thee,  
 If thou art docile ;—otherwise, remember,  
 Thou know'st thy fate.

## THE INVOLUNTARY INCONSISTENTS.

Oh ! hard is the fate of a Government writer  
 All in these times of "Pacific" abuse,  
 Pray, pity the luck of a hapless inditer  
 Who don't know what "line" to accept or refuse.  
 The first day our organ gives out most explicit  
 Denial. No ! Sir John received it has not.  
 Next day. Fresh despatch ; and, confound it, this is it :  
 "He'd an excellent right to take all that he got."  
 Then at first we're to write that a quick prorogation  
 Will just save us from going right smash to the wall ;  
 Next, alas, we must swear that would ruin the nation,  
 And there aint to be no prorogation at all.  
 Good gentlemen all, on the head organs playing,  
 We'll prove that black's white if you'll only so say,  
 But pray, for consistency, don't set us saying  
 The opposite thing on the very next day.

## THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

A telegram, a special to GRIP, of course : all the papers have  
 specials, and why should not we—from Paris, informs us that  
 "The members of the Right propose presenting a constitution to  
 the Count de Chambord, which, if he accepts, they will make him  
 king." And a very appropriate present for a king of France, too.  
 If Chambord gets a chance to fill the vacant throne till the regular  
 revolution comes round in due course, he will want a constitu-  
 tion—an iron constitution. Whether the gentlemen of the Right  
 are right in their proposal to restore the monarchy, is another  
 matter. France ought to have had enough of kings by this time.  
 No party, the principal plark of whose platform is a *Chan-bord*  
 (sham board) will be apt to commend itself to the French  
 people.

THE MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO RUN A COMIC  
PAPER.

He has just left our office. He is the most numerous man we  
 know. We meet him everywhere, and if we don't happen to run  
 against him outside, why he drops in to see us, and keep things  
 straight. His mission is, to give "advice gratis to the poor,"  
 which is us. He has always taken a deep interest in the estab-  
 lishment of a comic paper; and if he could only see our enter-  
 prise fairly on the road to prosperity, he thinks he could die  
 happy. This is an additional incentive to us to attain the success  
 we merit. The man who knows how to run a comic paper is  
 mostly an Englishman. He don't think much of Canadian jour-  
 nals; but then, as he despises everything else Canadian, this is  
 not to be wondered at. "They can't make good beeh in this  
 country yah know; and the beef is tough, and as'n't got the flavor  
 of Hinglish beef; and as for theatres, by Jove you can see more  
 in a penny gaff or a Punch and Judy show in London; and the  
 tone of the press is fearfully low to a Hinglish gentleman accus-  
 tomed to the 'igh standard of the *Times*." That is his style of  
 conversation. But altogether despicable as the country is, he  
 somehow persists in staying here, and is determined to benefit the  
 benighted inhabitants, by improving the tone of the press. He  
 freezes to us. "Ah Briggs, my deah fellah, yah know I rather  
 appreciate your style, although, as a general thing, I don't like  
 these blawsted Canadians. Hi'ope yow'll be able to make GRIP a  
 success. I do, upon my soul. Why last week there were one or  
 two good things in it that were really not much inferior to some  
 of the harticles in *Punch*." He paused, and looked at us as though  
 we ought to feel immensely flattered. We didn't, but calmly  
 replied that if we couldn't write any better than some of *Punch*'s  
 contributors, we would eat our shirt. The fixed stare of *Hamlet*,  
 when he beholds his father's spirit, wasn't a circumstance to the  
 look of aghastitude on that Englishman's countenance. He was  
 speechless with amazement at our audacity for about half a minute,  
 and then observed, "Well, by Jove!" "*Punch* is too tame; it  
 hasn't got half snap and vim enough to suit a Canadian public."  
 "Oh," he replied, "of course it isn't so low and personal, if  
 that's what you mean. The Hinglish press, sir, is 'igh toned. Hit  
 don't descend to the low scurrilous abuse and vituperation such  
 as you see in the Canadian papers, yah know. You want to  
 himitate the superior style of the Hinglish press, hand raise the  
 popular taste, sir, so as to obtain the approval of cultivated  
 hintellects." We tell him we think the English press, written  
 with the fear of libel suits continually before their eyes is the  
 dullest, tamest, prosiest reading imaginable; that the editorials  
 in the *Times* are insufferably stupid and long-winded; that we  
 infinitely prefer the *Globe* and *Mail* to any of the English dailies,  
 and a lot of similar blasphemies; whereat he leaves in disgust,  
 which was just what we wanted.

That is the English variety of the man who knows how a comic  
 paper ought to be run. Then we have another breed who want more  
 spice. "Make it spicy, at all hazards. Libel suits—pshaw! Why,  
 that's just what you want. Two or three libel suits would adver-  
 tise you splendidly. Every well regulated paper provides a special  
 fund out of the profits every year, to cover the expenses of such  
 actions. It's just as necessary an expense in running a good  
 lively paper—the kind of paper a man cares to read—as wages or  
 press-work. Pitch in. Give it 'em hot and strong. Stir up the  
 animals, and make things howl. I'd just like to have charge of  
 your columns for a week. I'd make folks stand on their ears, you  
 bet."

Then there's the man that wants more politics, and the man who  
 is sick and tired of this Pacific Scandal business, and wishes we'll  
 turn our attention to other matters. The man who thinks it is  
 perfectly scandalous to touch on religious matters, even in the  
 remotest manner; and the man who wants us to show up the  
 hypocrisy of the churches; and the countless host who have  
 hobbies to ride—grievances to ventilate—wires to pull, who are  
 sure if we would only take their advice, we would hit the popular  
 taste, and make GRIP an enduring success. It's truly wonderful  
 how so many people come to know just how to run a comic paper.  
 In ordinary affairs they may not know any more than the law  
 allows; they may be complete failures in the spheres in which  
 they have had the training of a life-time; but they all have a kind  
 of intuitive perception of the necessities of humorous journalism,  
 and instead of burying the secret in their own bosoms, as a pearl  
 of great price, and straightway bringing out a paper on their own  
 account, they come to us, and blab it right out. Generous and  
 unselfish mortals! We are not mean enough to take advantage  
 of your weakness, and abuse your confidence. We would scorn  
 the action. By all means keep your knowledge of just what the  
 public requires in the way of a comic paper to yourselves, and  
 turn it to your own advantage. You will find in GRIP a generous  
 and friendly rival.

THE ONLY RELIABLE ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

TWIN BROTHERS.



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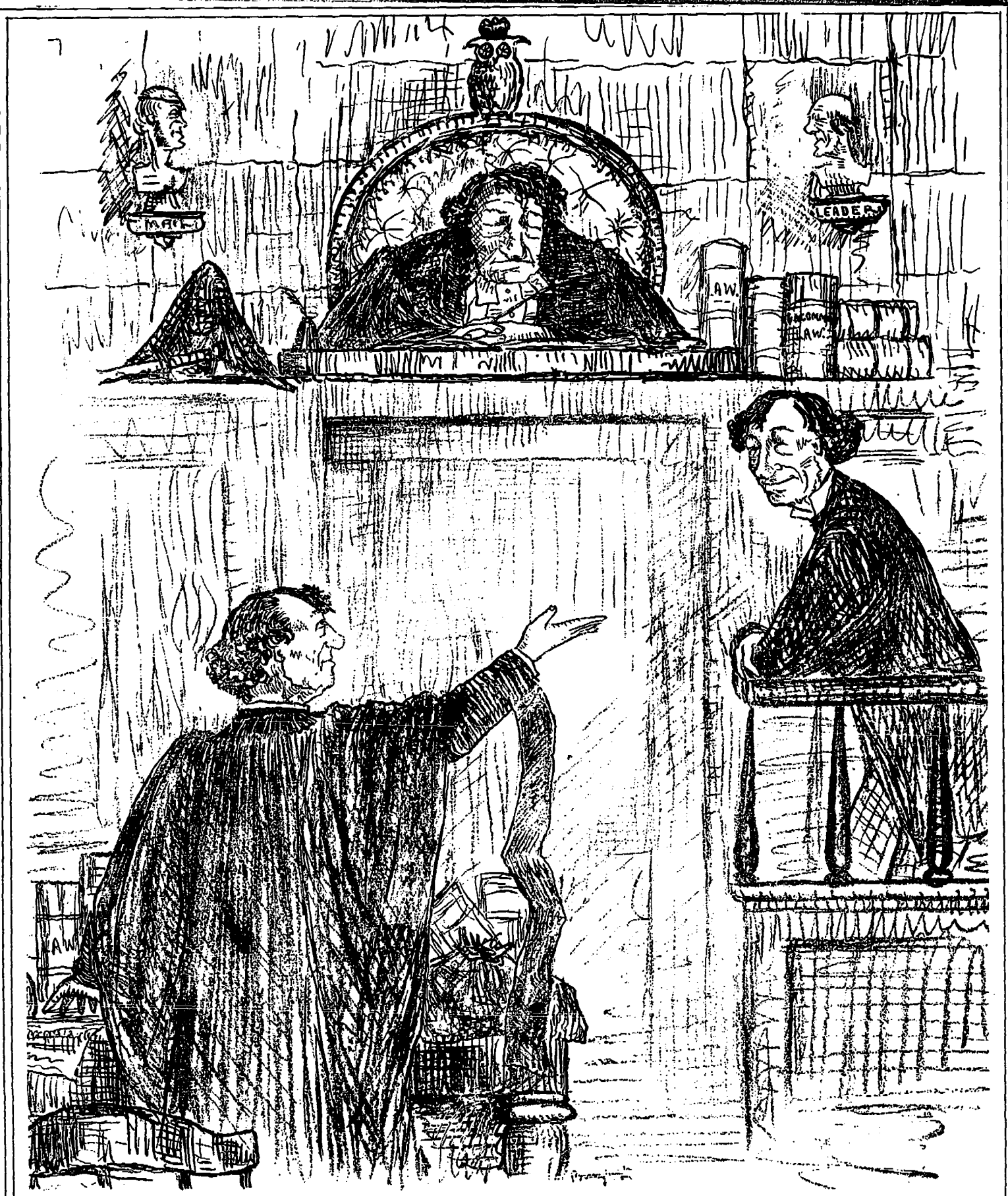
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