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EDITED BY  
 Mr. DEMOS MUDGE.  
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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. Articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

Vol. 3. TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1874. No. 12.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1874.

### To Correspondents and Contributors.

D. M., Chester.—Not at all suitable, either in quality or quantity.  
A. B.—Very well put, indeed. We make a note of it.

### An Easy Man's Experiences.

OUT OF TOWN VILLA, Aug. 13.

Dear 'Grip,'—

UNLIKE most great leaders of mankind, you ever attain great practical ends without having resort to deception. You know there has not been much doing during the past week or two, and as many of my most intimate friends had already betaken themselves to the Lakes. I became tired of my lonely condition, found fault with the sun, grumbled at business, quarrelled with your staff, and went off in a frightful state of irritation, to seek consolation, repose, and pleasure for the next month at my Villa near —, but you know the place. What madness, you will say, ever possessed the fellow to go there? You are right, dear Grip,—as you always are; it was indeed the height of folly. The children and the nurse girl required my constant care all day long, lest they should make themselves ill; it is dreadful for me to think of the quantity of green apples they demolished with impunity, but MARY tells me most girls eat them on the quiet, and that they are—delightful.

My wife has done nothing but read novels, find fault, and kept me continually running to the post office and back. Not having received your last week's number, by what miserable misfortune I know not—I am without a friend in the world. For three days past my wife has spoken to me only in monosyllables, varied occasionally by a request to keep the children quiet and not bore her by my presence. You know what a patient, peaceful, quiet, good tempered fellow I am,—so I lit my last cigar, and went out, and never slammed the door. I have a host of acquaintances, who each know the exact state of my affairs much better than I do myself, or the most intimate of my relations. The pitying smile of recognition with which I am patronized by those persons whom I am always meeting, is "calm to my chafed soul," but I make it a rule to look as pleasant as I can, and try not to grind my teeth. I return their civilities with a calmness of feature and expression worthy of the highest commendation. When in a fit of abstraction, I generally wander to the Necropolis. I observe most melancholy people go there. Lovers there take their walk, and those who have no friendships so close, go there to make them. Singular is it not, oh Grip, but this is one of the most lively and fashionable of promenades. Some time since I read Sir HENRY THOMSON'S essay on cremation, and I thought to find people—but no matter,—you are my confidant and I will tell you everything. All is now finished; I shall go to the Necropolis no more. My wife has discovered all,—there has been a scene—and I am coming to town to-morrow. Pray do not imagine that I have been guilty of any fearful act of impropriety. No, Grip; learn the extent of my folly. I held an opinion in favor of "Cremation." The fatal passion took such fast hold of me that I was unable to shake it off, and so infatuated did I become with the heathenish custom that I insensibly spent six hundred dollars in three of the most elegant and original designs in Vases the genius of WEDGEWOOD could produce. They came home yesterday; I placed them in the most conspicuous position my drawing room commands. My wife, poor creature! saw, and was delighted; and I, fool that I was, could not find courage to deny her assertion that I was the kindest, dearest, old duck that ever ever lived. But I suffered the torments of a guilty conscience for upwards of two hours with a silent, dogged, determination—I never said a single word. Alas! but such is my nature that I am incapable of being "the sole depository of my own secret." It became insupportable; I could bear it no longer.—Oh Grip! had you been near me to receive and quiet those fervid expressions, and bring me into a calm rational state of mind—all would yet have been well.

In an evil hour I had made the acquaintance of a stranger, at the Necropolis, of course—and, wonderful to relate, my wife, by the light of her countenance, had allowed it to continue—actually approving of it. Shall I describe this respectable young man? I cannot; but he was tall, thin, and very pale; always wore a large white necktie; was close shaven, and was never seen but in deep mourning. He came

often—too often; twice a day nearly, and demolished all we had to eat. I never saw any one eat so much in my life. At the very moment I was about to rush forth and breathe my secret to the wind, he entered, and from that instant all was lost. I entered into the most lively panegyric of my new property. I was carried away by the interest I took in the subject, and idiot that I was, forgot the presence of my better-half. I whispered in trembling tones of passionate eloquence my faith in cremation, and as a proof of my sincerity pointed in triumph to the three beautiful vases, and begged to know if he was a supporter of the theory. "Sir," replied the stranger, "I am a coffin-maker." I was startled, but continued without any further notice. "Look!" cried I, "at that lovely piece of skill; that it is that shall contain the ashes of my mother-in-law; that (pointing to the thinnest of the three), those of my respected maiden aunt; and that, which is so splendidly adorned with allegorical representations of freedom, is for her who has ever so jealously guarded the interests of my unworthy self. Yes, sir, behold the honored receptacle which shall contain the ashes of my wife—"

There was a shriek, a loud crash, a mingling of tears and crockery, and a scene—alas!—but—I shall be with you to-morrow, and you will find me quite

ANOTHER MAN.

### Moral Reflections on Boxing.

BY CHARLES AUGUSTUS.

BOXING, or "the manly art of self-defence," as it is called, is a delusion and a snare, and the teaching of it should be prohibited by law.

To teach it is diabolical.

To learn it is madness.

To understand it is dangerous in the extreme.

It would afford me peculiar satisfaction to contribute a few dollars toward paying the expenses of hanging the wretch who taught me the art.

I regard my youthful desire to learn it as a species of lunacy.

I understand it, and the understanding it has led me into trouble, caused me to drain to the dregs the cup of disappointment, crushed me with mortification, and contracted for me many doctors' and dentists' bills.

Alas! Alas!

Years ago, when I was younger than I am now, I went to school.

One day a boy who stood next to me in the class shoved against me, and I fell to the floor.

The master calmly went to his desk, took from it a switch, and said, "CHARLES AUGUSTUS, take off your jacket."

I took it off.

Then he proceeded to wear out his switch upon me.

I explained that it wasn't my fault that I fell.

Then he exercised upon me with another switch.

I swore to have *Revenge!*

I marked that pedagogue.

Gradually I grew older, larger, and stronger.

But the school-master was some three inches taller than nature made me, and though I yearned to pummel him, I reflected that as I was a member of a Young Men's Christian Association it would be wrong, very wrong to do so, and therefore until last week I let him alone.

Some six months ago I was so unfortunate as to see two men quarrelling; one was a large, powerful man, the other was smaller than myself.

Presently the large man struck at the little one, but he didn't hit him.

Far from it!

The little man parried the blow gracefully and then let the other have it, right and left, full in the face, felling him like an ox. The large man rose again, but this performance was repeated until he was so badly used up that he couldn't stand.

Then I approached the little man.

"You understand boxing?" I inquired.

"Rayther," he replied.

"Can you teach me the art?"

"You bet I can."

Well, I made a bargain with him, and he gave me instructions.

He took a great deal of pains with me; I was a good scholar and made rapid progress. I used to put the gloves on with men much larger than myself, who did not understand boxing, and I could hit them whenever and wherever I chose, and knock them down with the greatest ease.

I regarded myself as a whale, speaking figuratively, and after deep and profound thought I concluded that I would settle with my old schoolmaster.

I reflected that to thrash him would be a simple act of justice. For weeks I watched for him. One morning I saw him in a crowd. I went to him. "You are the man I am looking for," I said.

He made no remark.

"Do you remember the licking you gave me at school?"

He remembered it.

I took off my coat and handed it to a friend.

"Well," I said, smilingly, confidently, exultantly, "I'm going to pay you for it now, with interest."

Then I squared myself in the most approved manner.

He put up his hands awkwardly. I fainted. He left himself open. I let out with my left.

He ducked his head.

My heart gave a great throb. I was sure I had him! I drew back my right for a terrific blow, and—a curious feeling suddenly came over my mouth, and I lay down and commenced spitting out teeth.

Then I thought I wouldn't whip him any more, but would get up and go home. I got up to do so, but he placed his hand upon my nose very impulsively, and I again discontinued standing up.

A couple of my friends helped me home, where I have remained ever since.

The doctor put a silver bridge in my nose.

My new teeth feel awkward yet, and it hurts me to sit down.

I don't think it was right now, to attack the school-master.

It would have been nobler—much nobler to have forgiven him.

And less expensive.

And more healthy.

### Don't!

The atmosphere is fragrant,  
With the sweet perfume  
Of flowers, that blush around us,  
All radiant in bloom.

Pretty feathered songsters,  
Flutter through the trees,  
Lading with their melody,  
The gentle summer breeze.

Twistingly still ocean-ward,  
Majestically flows  
The river, ever murmuring  
Gaily as it goes.

Nature is full beautiful,  
With pure and glorious light,  
And Nature's heart of hearts,  
Seems throbbing with delight.

But, ah! alas! alack!  
Aye, several times alas!  
There sits a gentle maiden,  
Weeping in the grass!

Her golden hair—(her very own)—  
Has fallen down behind,  
And streams out wildly, gracefully,  
On the summer's wind!

She sits and weeps,—ah, me!  
The tears roll down her cheeks,  
And o'er her sweet, tip-titled nose,  
In briny, burning creeks.

She weeps,—but from her lips  
There issues not a groan,—  
She does not sigh a single time,  
Nor give way to a moan;

And yet she sorely weeps,  
As though her heart would break—  
As though she strove with tears,  
A little sea to make.

Oh! broken-hearted maiden  
With the golden hair!  
Oh! thou tearful darling,  
Wonderously fair!

Spare thy pretty eyes from pain,—  
Thy breath too—I implore,  
Oh, wipe thy tears away, and don't  
Eat onions any more!

Advice to persons about to eat garlic—*Don't!*

### Plain Words to Canadian Editors.

Grip protests, in the name of decency, against the tone of the Canadian press. The desire of editors seems to be to go as close as possible to libel without overstepping the bounds. As usual in cases where limits are not strictly defined, there is a broad debateable space between the legal and the moral crime; this is being taken possession of by the press in the supposed interest of the public, and in defiance of all private rights. The result has of late been a succession of disclosures with which the public have absolutely no concern. Not only have facts, which should have remained unknown, except to those concerned, been related in the manner calculated most to damage certain individuals; but the grossest falsehoods have been invented concerning the private lives of many prominent men. We are becoming surrounded with a social atmosphere as foul as that of the United States, vitiated by the breath of slander, in which no pure or holy or refined thing can exist. The American press, influenced by the democratic idea of the exclusive rights of the majority, has long treated the private life of public men as public property. A total disregard for individual rights has produced the vilest press the world has ever seen, saturated with vulgarity, teeming with slanderous items, peering impudently into the family circle, pandering to the lowest appetites of a half-educated mob, and leaving to public men no moment of privacy. The law of libel is a dead letter, and an appeal to it is considered ridiculous and almost an offence against the public.

The result has been, that every noble nature has shrunk from entering political life—the Government is carried on by rings of swindlers—the sight of infamous men filling high places, has reacted injuriously upon public opinion, which is now sceptical of all virtue, and private life has been deeply affected by every description of vice.

Unless the Canadian press is to sink to the level of that of the United States, and in its degradation drag our people with it, there must be an immediate reformation and a reformation from within. The press is too powerful to be muzzled by any libel law, and in effect must define its own privileges. The discussion of any circumstance whatever, not a legal offence, the revelation of which can be productive of no benefit to the community, and which must injuriously affect individuals, should be tabooed. With private life, newspapers have nothing to do; no man should be abused for opinion's sake, and in the treatment of public affairs, a decent courtesy should be maintained toward opponents.

### Our Montreal Exchanges.

The ultramontane movement in Lower Canada is influencing social life in a very remarkable manner, as elsewhere, in the direction of medievalism. In the Middle Ages it was often ordered by the Church that penitents, especially if of noble rank, should wash the feet of the vulgar. The following advertisement, taken from the *Montreal Star*, indicates a revival of the custom in Quebec:

WANTED—A strong girl to wash. Apply to James Cox, 576 Craig street.

We have known city sportsmen, members of the Junior Gun Club, for instance, who consider snow-birds, tame pigeons, robins, &c., &c., fair game; but till we read the following advertisement, we did not know that canaries were thought game by anybody. But those Montrealers are getting so awfully rich by land swaps and Pacific Railways and such things that perhaps they shoot high-priced canaries, just as poverty-stricken Torontonians shoot garden birds:

LOST—on Friday morning, from 15 Drummond street, a dark spotted Canary, highly prized by owner. Any person returning the game to the above address will be rewarded.

If the next advertisement were seen in a Toronto paper what an enormous increase would occur in the number of hotel waiters! There are lots of fellows now who wait round the hotels, but they don't get boarded any cheaper on that account:

BOARD—Three dollars a week at 17 Little St. Antoine street. Hotel waiters at \$3 per month.

Perhaps Montreal hotel waiters forage on their employers.

In the *Montreal Witness* we find this:

LOST—on Sunday morning, a Parcel, left in a small refreshment shop. The finder will please return it to 110 St. Denis street.

There is a reticence about this advertisement that is highly suggestive of ante-sermon tipples. What sort of a small refreshment shop was it in which the parcel was left? We hope not one that should be shut on Sunday morning?

### Prince's Prisoners.

SEVERAL prisoners have escaped from the Central Prison of late. They thus carry out the scriptural injunction, "Put not your trust in PRINCES."



A NICE LITTLE GENTLEMAN  
IN A NASTY LITTLE FIX.

**How to Make a "National Song."**

GIVEN, boy under twenty  
With confidence plenty,  
And a knack of believing  
There's no sin in thieving  
Ideas poetic.  
Let him take an enetic;  
And then a goose pinion,  
And write down "Dominion,"  
With "mountain" and "river,"  
"Broad vales" and "Great Giver,"  
And then, in a fever,  
Allude to the "Beaver,"  
"Great Pines," "Sturdy Maples,"  
For these are the staples  
That change the crolic  
To strain patriotic.  
Then let him write "faemen,"  
With "liberty," "yeomen,"  
"The Queen," "free" and "royal,"  
And "traitors disloyal,"  
Also "ploughshare" and "spade,"  
And the poem is made,  
Except for the adding  
Of rhyming and padding.

**Family Reading.**

FELLING her to the ground—drown her—knocked her down—kicked her savagely—"Murder!"—"Pa was murdering Ma!"—He would murder her—"Pa is stabbing Ma!"

Dear reader, this is not the skeleton of a novel by Miss BRADDOCK; it is a collection of display lines interspersed through an account of a local occurrence printed in a quiet and respectable family newspaper published at Port Hope.

**Anthropophagous.**

"So you see, love, we stand a chance of soon being able to extend the hand to the Fiji Islands, and claim them as a Sister colony!" said ARTHUR during his honeymoon, as he laid down the paper.

"Yes, indeed, dearest," murmured ANGELINA, who had been reading the article over ARTHUR'S shoulder, "and I am so sorry that we got married last week!"

"ANGELINA! Sorry? Why?"

"Oh, ARTHUR, because perhaps if we had waited, it might have become by that time quite proper and fashionable to really, really eat each other up!"

**Hard and Soft.**

SOME of our contemporaries are publishing an excerpt headed, "Don't use a hard pencil." Judging from the quality of a good many editorials written in this city, there are some journalists using particularly soft ones.

**Sour and Sweet.**

Grip had a bottle of vinegar sent him the other day, in appreciation of his remarks on female fashions, by a couple of old maids. He begs to acknowledge the gift. It was a good deal sweeter than the givers.

**Discovered!**

PROF. WISE, who made a balloon ascension from Stratford a few days ago, reports that he found the eastern current we have heard so much about. A quantity of it, put up in air-tight jars, is, we understand, to be added to the other humbugs in BARNUM'S museum.

**The Cause of it.**

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Uxbridge Journal*, last week contributed to its columns a valuable piece of historical information. He says:—

"To the long and persistent neglect or refusal of the Church of England and the British Government to send bishops to America may distinctly be traced the loss of the colonies now composing the United States to Great Britain."

Grip desires to call the attention of all friends of British connection to this important fact. Let us have a few dozen of English Bishops at once.

**Merely Suggested.**

THEY have a new paper named the *Progress* in St. Andrews, P. Q. The first number contained an article on "Our Manufacturing Capabilities," some of which are thus enumerated:

"Prettiest village scenery exists nowhere—for agricultural purposes the soil around us cannot be surpassed, and the excellence of our spring water for domestic purposes is too widely known to need further laudation."

We don't know exactly what they propose to manufacture in St. Andrews, but if the spring water is as good as represented, we should suppose they might make very fair cocktails by a judicious mixture of it with other ingredients; or perhaps they would like a pump factory started.

**Ale, Porter, and Resignation.**

A CHRISTIAN philosopher of a truth is the author of the following advertisement in the *Port Hope Times*:

CARD OF THANKS.—I hereby return my sincere thanks to all who aided in saving my property on Monday night and Tuesday morning; and God forgive the miscreant who fired the stables, causing the torture in a fiery furnace of poor dumb brutes of horses, and endangering the lives of a number of human beings, helpless children and others, sleeping on the premises, nearly adding murder to the crime of arson, and causing the wanton destruction of nearly two thousand dollars worth of uninsured property. I respectfully request those indebted to me to oblige with the amounts owing as soon as possible, as in consequence of this calamity I am unexpectedly called upon to provide for immediate expenditure I did not calculate upon. I further beg leave to announce that no interruption in my business will take place, but everything (D. V.) I trust, will go on as usual. I thank my customers and the public for past favors, and hope I will be able to supply and please them in the future as I have done in the past, with good, sound, pure, and unadulterated fine Ales and Porter.

**Choler-ical.**

THE malignant little giant from Welland threatens to collar Mc-KELLAR. We always knew CHARLEY was a great plague but we didn't take him for a malignant choleric.

**High Soaring.**

Grip desires to congratulate Brother B. T. of the *Leader* that he refrained from going up in a balloon, as he intended. It is a well-known fact that people may be the best friends in the world at starting to ascend in a balloon, but they rarely fail to have high words and come to hard blows during the trip, and a fall out under the circumstances is quite a serious matter.

**The Skipper's Home.**

THE Kingston *News* tells us that the largest shipment of cheese that ever reached there, arrived last week. Kingston being a harbor for vessels, Grip supposes they have to lay in a great deal of cheese for the *skippers* that come there.

**A Gas-ty Joke.**

AN enterprising city contemporary had two columns about Gas a few days ago. It might very appropriately put that heading at the top of every column.

**Who'll Have Me.**

"Let the Conservatives be united to a single man," says the *Sun*. Our neighbour takes the party for an old woman, and is advising her to get married. Grip is afraid the poor body cannot find any "single man" to take her, now that her good looks are gone, unless she can raise a dowry of "another ten thousand."

**A Simple Shaker.**

CHARLEY RYKENT says he "trembles for the fate of the country." Tremble as much as he pleases, he is certainly no great shakes.

**Short Allowance.**

THE last number of a leading organ in this city only contained three falsehoods. Until the appearance of the next number the subordinate organs must live upon short allowance. It is "fast day" with them.

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See “GRAPHIC” of 16th September, 1871, for the names of ONE THOUSAND British Newspapers that have strongly recommended MACNIVEN & CAMERON’S Renowned Pens to the Public. Beware of spurious imitations of these Pens.

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