

PUBLISHER'S 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.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, JULY 4, 1874.

No. 6.

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RECEIPTS.		
Premiums,		\$1,070,205 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
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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 Zaa; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Opster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

Answers to Correspondents.

J. S., Woodstock.—Received your letter too late. See editor's note of this week.

INQUIRER.—Doctor TUPPER is said to have assisted Mr. BAGSHOT in the preparation of his book "Physics and Politics." The Doctor knows as much of one as of the other.

To Contributors.

Contributions are to be addressed to "Grip," Box 958, Toronto.

So Very True.

The art-critic of *The Mail*, in his remarks upon the recent exhibition, displayed the masterly hand, fine, fearless judgment and knowledge of painting which might be expected from—a local reporter well acquainted with signboards.

Not satisfied with giving to the public a critique, to which nothing by RUSKIN can be compared, he enlightens the world by the following historical information which shows very deep research indeed, but is a little—just a leetle—beyond GRIP.

"We must take some exception to the assertion of the catalogue, that 'Dolwyddelan Castle, North Wales, was built about the eighth century,' as there are no ante-Roman buildings existing in England or Wales until late in the Saxon times."

It's as clear as mud.

Fashionable Personal.

Mrs. TIBBETS says her duties in connection with a peanut stand prevent her going to the sea side. Determined, however, to be fashionable, she has closed the blinds of her private residence on Dummer street, and locked the front door for the season. Every evening she stands in a large pork barrel with a foot of brine at the bottom, and gets her old man to blow on her, through the bung-hole, with a pair of bellows. She says "the salt air agrees with her wonderful."

Decidedly!

A CORRESPONDENT enquires:

If DOCTOR JOHNSON'S assertion that a man who makes a pun would pick a pocket, be true—does it necessarily follow that the man who laughs at one would be guilty of receiving stolen goods?

He verily would if he laughed at the puns of certain plaguey and plagiarising punsters.

"Smoke on the Land."

"Say, Stranger," said a tall American to the purser on board the "City of Toronto," as they were steaming up the bay on a sultry day, with the wind in the east; "What is the origin of the name of your city?" "Toronto, sir," replied the courteous purser, "is an Indian word signifying 'Trees in the water.'" "You ought to name it over again," replied the Yank. "Find out the Indian word for 'Smoke on the land,' for I'm blowed if it ain't the most smoky place I've seen this side of Pittsburg."

Some Consolation.

"BARAINE leads a very uniform life," says an account of the captivity of the exiled Marshal, which is at present going the rounds of the papers. GARR rejoices to know that they haven't stripped the old man of his military clothing as well as his honor and peace.

Letters on Men and Things.

CONCERNING A SCRUPULOUS TEMPLAR.

My dear O'Foolze,—

If a man, in former ages, had a natural repugnance to applying himself steadily to hard work, the fighting market stood conveniently open, and he could hire out as a soldier, with a good conscience, and a better prospect of what heathen writers called plunder, and current Christianity recognises as loot. Or he might set up as a robber on his own hook; or go begging among the Monks, who had good kitchens and larders, and received with open arms such vagrant unfortunates as were necessitated to appeal to them for largess owing to a constitutional antipathy to bodily exertion. These, my dear boy, were the good old times—to the view of which distance lends hazy enchantment, and which well-conditioned persons are bound much to reverence because they know next to nothing about them. All human things however, as DRAXDEN tells us, are subject to decay—good old times included. Except among dear relatives fighting is not so prevalent as it was. Beggars now are apt to get more kicks than half-pence; while as regards plunder—loot—if people take to it they discover (unless behind a church bazaar stall, that both the glamour and gleanings of Norman days are gone—and that they are summarily laid hold of by some base valet in the form of a hired constable, and anon shut up in prison, or sent out of the country, instead of founding a family and felonising their way to broad lands and an abbey. Society now-a-days discounts rogues and vagabonds, unless they have a good character, wear broadcloth, attend public worship, and have a nice house, and plenty of money. Look which way I will, my O'FOOZLE, I find nothing, in these hard prosaic times for the mass of ordinary folk—who do not know a Cabinet Minister, or are unable to strike out a new "Mission"—but to choose some honest occupation, and stick to it. 'Tis a nuisance,—but one wholly unavoidable—that we must eat and drink, and wear Nosey and Son's latest evolutions in coat and pants. In the good old times men donned a garment of blue paint, lived in caves and woods, and lunched on a raw root. But man is a progressive animal. He has a mind. He has reason. Innumerable inventions have now increased his happiness and necessities. The paint point is broken; caverns are left to the lizards; and we rejoice in stucco, shoddy, chicory, chignons, bonedust, and other great and useful evidences and issues of civilised and ennobling enterprise.

And yet, my boy, even civilisation and honest exertion for one's bread and butter, are not all plain sailing, as has lately been discovered by one GEORGE BENJAMIN, of Bath, England—by business a coal-dealer—by conviction a "Temperance" man—the latter being the new term in vogue to represent not, as most people would conclude, a moderate partaker of, but an entire abstainer from the beverages which cheer, and also inebriate. These alcoholic forbearers used to be known as Tec-(or tea) totallers, signifying probably, that they went totally for Tea—as their ordinary potation—blended at times with chicory, gingerette, pop, Temperance-Champagne, and other exhilarating and ingenious tipples, from which, while giving due heed of praise to their discoverer, I have found myself obliged to abstain owing to some unfortunate stomachic eccentricity, inherited from my ancestors. The name 'Totallers, however, has now gone out, and Temperance reigns in its stead. For myself, I preferred the original appellation, as being in accord with what CARLYLE would call the eternal realities; while "Temperance," as an *alias* for abstinence, seems to me an entire misnomer. However, the total (or temperance) BENJAMIN—call him what you will—navigating his commercial bark over the waters of industry, found himself suddenly entangled among the rocks and shoals of Casuistry. This, my dear O'FOOZLE, was doubtless not an unexampled experience. One can easily conceive how nice points of scrupulosity must often prick tender souls, as, piloting their vessels over the glorious ocean of trade, they scan the dubious question what amount of sand in the last hog'shead of sugar will be in harmony with current Christian ethics; or whether that barrel of chicory in the back office is in accord with holding the church plate on Sundays, and "leading" the dear brethren at Wednesday's prayer-meeting. Mr. BENJAMIN'S trouble was this. He did not drink any beer. But he supplied the coal, which warmed the boiler, which heated the water, which made the unclean potation. Pondering this distressing circumstance he resolved to avoid the appearance of evil. When the brewery-man sent an order for more heat—promoter the man of black-diamonds informed him that "as an abstainer and Templar, he could not consistently supply him with any more coals for the manufacture of, etc., etc."

The ancient King COLE was a jolly old soul, but the modern King COAL—for Coal, my boy, is King, and no mistake in these days—has not inherited his mantle. Our friend BENJAMIN is, one fears, only at the commencement of his "testifying." The victim of casuistry, like the victim of jealousy, "doth make the meat he feeds on." The demands of "Conscience"—a conscience of the coal kind—momentarily appeased, are soon lively again. Every concession only makes them more exigent and insatiate. Mr. BENJAMIN will soon find him-

self nervously weighing the agonising question whether he can consistently continue to sell coal to the manufacturer of the barrels which that beer party uses in his trade. If he is a railway shareholder he will begin to be teased with the thought that he is annually pocketing dividends which have partly accrued from carrying beer. Ultimately one is afraid he will be driven to the distressing consideration whether he will be able to have transactions of any kind with anybody save a total Temperance Templar, seeing that part of the profits he makes may otherwise be connected with fermentation. As regards the expenditure of the local and general revenue, derived from Government taxation, or issue of licenses, many subtle points will arise. I should imagine that when my O'FOOZLE sees his way to enrolment among the tribe of BENJAMIN, he will never consent any more to walk to his place of business over a sidewalk or roadway constructed for his benefit out of fees paid by saloon-keepers; and that he would rather be robbed or assaulted than be protected by a policeman who, with such questionable connections, might be said to draw a staff redolent of what DICK SWIRELLER calls "the rosy," and to walk about the streets a deputy official BACCUS.

If the 'total temperance punctilious extend to other schools of wisdom and virtue—if anti-tobaccoists, vegetarians, and what not decline "shop" transactions with anybody who may expend a modicum of his profits not in accord with universal abstinence from everything, we shall have a glorious, high old time. The mistake called civilization will be exploded. The nuisance known as society will be disintegrated. Every man his own ADAM, we shall return to a state of nature, drawing our guiltless feasts from the mountain's grassy side, and regaling ourselves from scrips well stuffed with herbs, washed down with water from the nearest spring. To this complexion it must certainly come; for how, my dear boy, could I have anything to do with anybody under the present regime? Snoozers might bring his devious wheel to my door with the chronic inquiry whether I had "any razors or scissors to grind, O"; but how could I tell what he meditated doing with the tuppence pertaining to the renovating whirligig, when he had trundled his instrument beyond the ken of my moral optic? Should he invest it in beer, I am undone forever; while, if he went for the weed, a hot corner in the regions of retributive limbo would be my inevitable destiny.—*Finis.*

RICHARD DE DICKE.

A Brief Retrospect.

BY A SENTIMENTAL SOLICITOR.

Turning over papers,
Musing on each one,
An envelope of yellow
Shews itself a "dun."
Face of hostile Bailiff
Searce had moved me so;
'Twas a bill for clothing,
Rendered long ago!

But to see the items—
Suits for Spring and Fall,
Principal and interest,—
Saddest sight of all.
Oh the clothes of childhood,
Breeches long and short;
Now are many breeches
Of another sort.

Oh the inexpensive suits
Made up by Mamma,
And the suits at present,
Furnished by the Law!
Happy, happy, boyhood,
Days of lollipops,
And the time when *spinsters*
Take the place of tops!

Oh that time when twenty-one,
On his bended knees
Comes to court for hearing
Of his special pleas!
Now a luckless Barrister,
By contradiction's laws,
Feels the effect of poverty
And yet he lacks a cause.

Turning over papers,
Musing on each one,
All these sad reflections
Brought on by a dun.

The Zig-Zag Papers.

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

WHEN I went down the St. Lawrence a few weeks since, in that search for a cheap watering place mentioned in my last paper, I noticed on the train, shortly after leaving Toronto, a sickly looking youth, who was so very thin and light that I feared to see him blown out of the open back door of the car every time the brakeman entered at the front. This catastrophe he, however, escaped till bed time, and I soon forgot him in the misery of my berth, which retained all the dampness of the last two or three occupants, and, like the city of Cologne,

"Some seventy different stinks all well defined."

After a night passed partly in failures to accommodate the chorus of the last popular song to the peculiar monotonous rattle of the car-wheels, partly in short and vivid nightmares, and partly in the half comatose condition which results from the stoppage of the train at stations, I turned out about three hours before my usual time of rising. On hearing that the train was two hours late and breakfast about sixty miles further on, I desperately went forward to the smoking car, where the stale smells of the previous night, assisted by a pipe of tobacco smoked on an empty stomach, made me so extremely sick that when the breakfast station was reached I could not eat anything. On the return of my fellow travellers I derived some consolation from their criticism of the meal, of which a commercial traveller in particular said "It was about the same as usual, and not a darned bit reshershy."

My misery was so great during the remainder of the run that I did not take my usual microscopic notice of companions. A few hours in Montreal devoted in part to the investigation of the chemical properties of cocktails, restore my normal condition of body and wonderful acuteness of observation.

After reaching the steamboat for Quebec, madly fighting three-quarters of an hour for a ticket, and being calmly snubbed by the purser before he condescended to take my money for berth and meal cards, I entered the "Gentleman's saloon." The first person on whom my glance rested was the sickly looking young man, who again looked so extremely light, that the portemonnaie on his lap appeared to act as a paper-weight. He astonished me two hours afterward by his knife and fork performance, when he put in a quantity of ballast sufficient to make the steward utter a fervent wish that "the boat wouldn't cant over if that young feller went too sudden to one side."

There was on board the usual miscellany of a steamboat.

Half a dozen commercial travellers in very loud trousers, very dingy linen, very goldine watchchains, and soft, rough, knowing litte felt hats, who made it their business, first to discover the locality of the bar, then next to make the acquaintance of the the bar-tender, and thereafter to exhibit to every one how infinitely they felt themselves at home.

There was a young couple on their wedding trip, who were very fond of scenery, and repaired to all sorts of quiet out of the way places, where they could indulge their raptures with the views.

There were several sporting Montreal merchants, with licenses for salmon fishing, who told of manifold hairbreadth escapes by flood and field, and talked about camping out and bush life so persistently that two overdressed Yankee women were led to believe themselves in the presence of some of those prodigiously valorous and hardy back-woodsmen of whom they had read in the *New York Ledger*.

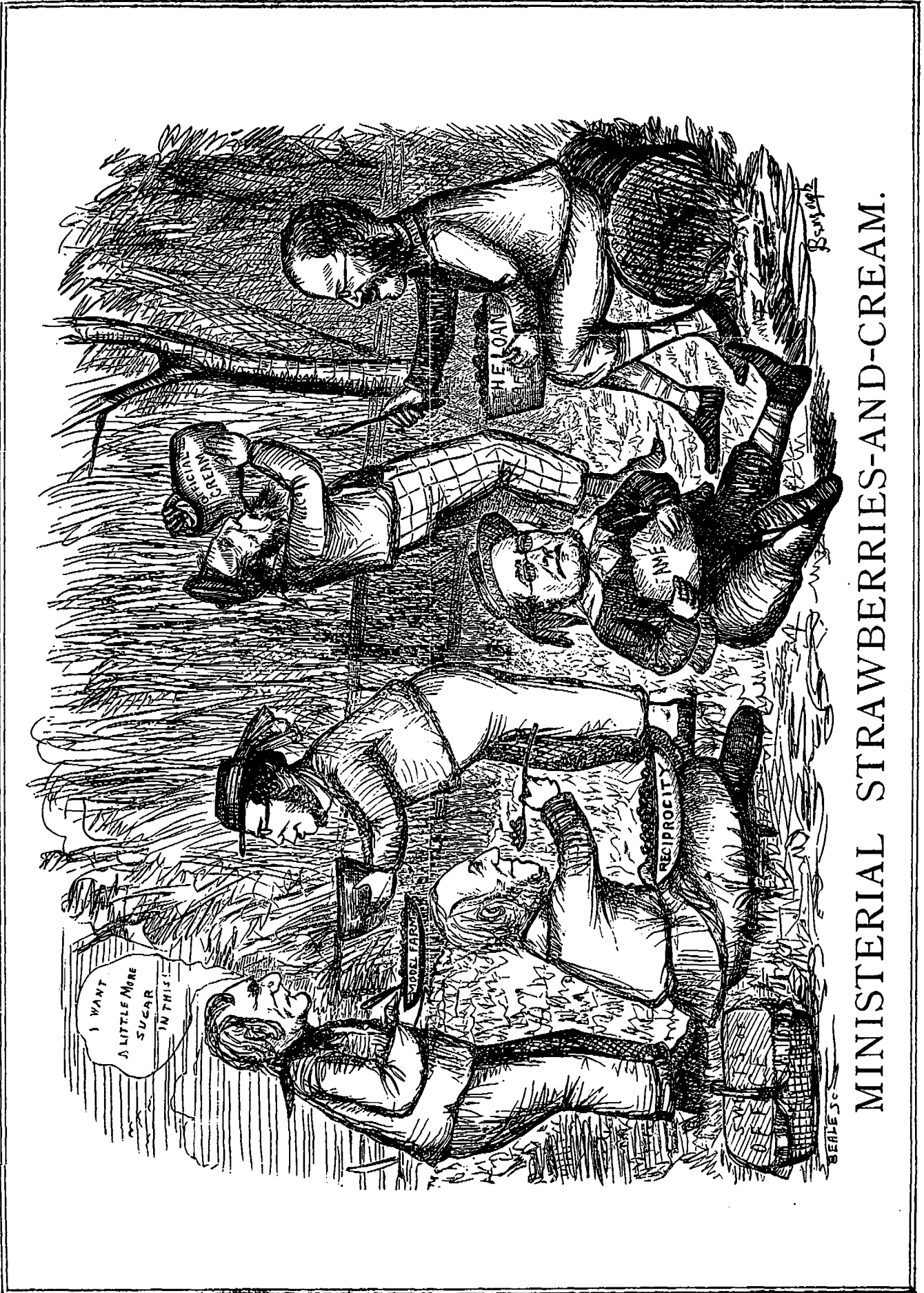
The Yankee women made use of the expletive "Sakes alive!" and "Kinder guessed things was wild in this here country, and a sight behind the fixins to hum."

There were portentously respectable fathers going down to Cacouna to secure family cottages for the season, old fellows in stiff collars and black stocks, whose appearance made one wish to see their names on the back of a bit of stamped paper with one's own name at the end of the legend on the other side.

There were a number of scalliwag little boys who were in every one's way, as many molly-sop boys who staid with their mothers and were good, and half a score of prim little girls in sea-side hats, with blowing hair. There were three French priests in the sombre habit of their order, two of them paternal looking old boys who evidently did not greatly mortify the flesh, and one young Jesuitical bilious-looking bigot, who scowled diligently over his breviary.

There were French natives on the lower deck who danced to the whistling and clapping of their comrades, then got drunk, then quarrelsome, made any quantity of noise, swore the most frightful and fantastic oaths, spat on their hands, took off their shirts, made terrible and bloodthirsty demonstrations, and then, without striking a blow, calmed down, went to sleep on their backs, or engaged in bluff for plugs of tobacco.

Now all this description, the observations for which were made before I went to bed, of course don't interest the ordinary reader of GRIP in the least, but it shows that I *have* actually gone to the seaside, *have* been out of town at the proper season, and consequently stamps this paper as the production of a person entitled to consideration, and secures for it readers in the very best society. Moreover, it



MINISTERIAL STRAWBERRIES-AND-CREAM.

allows me to insinuate in my humorous way a dislike for commercial travellers, spooney married people, ridiculous old fogies who want to pass for sporting men, Yankee women, Romish priests and jabbering habitants, by which I gain the sympathy of gentlemen at large, all couples who have been married more than a year and all old maids, our own fair countrywomen, and the puissant proprietors of the *Montreal Witness*.

Next morning on reaching Quebec, nearly all the passengers went up to the city, while the few who remained on board beheld with anxiety the boat for the lower ports puffing, whistling, working her paddles, and altogether making a furious pretence of immediate departure. As it was yet too early in the season for her captain to expect a large number of passengers, he of course did not think it worth while to draw his boat alongside ours. We were consequently compelled to find our way to his wharf, in which attempt four of the six who started, foolishly believing they had only a hundred yards to travel, lost their way, and are probably still wandering hopelessly around Lower Town, the streets of which are so crooked and narrow that all the local policemen and cab-drivers require to be squint-eyed. I, having been there before, jumped into a cab, told the driver to make haste, and was frantically whirled around forty corners, and over at least a mile of very rough streets. When I arrived at the steamer, she was puffing and whistling more violently, if possible, than when I first saw her, and all her gangways were drawn in. My carter wanted two dollars, and not being able to make change, pocketed the balance of the V. I handed him. About ten minutes afterwards, while I was still congratulating myself on having scoured my passage, the gangways of the steamer were shoved out, her whistling ceased, and she settled down to a state of apathy for two hours, after which the thin young man, evidently more experienced than I in the ways that are dark, walked leisurely on board. During the trip down the river I saw very little of him, and he did not seem disposed to converse, evidently believing that his dignity required the ceremony of introduction.

On reaching Malbaie, I thought I had seen the last of him, for I saw no passenger but myself go ashore. What was my astonishment, after being driven to the hotel in one of those antediluvian ricketty *caleches*, to see the youth ascending the stair just as I entered the hall.

"The season had not begun," Monsieur my landlord informed me, "but in a few days, ah then, when hot the cities became, when Messieurs les Américains travelled, we should see."

"Was no one here?" I asked.

"There was but one gentleman arrived yet, by the *stimbote*, the same who had just gone up stairs. This was his boxes, his valises," and Monsieur waved my attention to a heap of luggage. "Did Monsieur know the gentleman young and fair?"

"No, I did not," and I was piloted to my room.

The house was undergoing the last touches of the annual repair. The passages had each a causeway of boards for the preservation of the fresh paint on the floor, branch lines from which ran into each room, and prevented their doors from shutting. The whole house was odorous of turpentine. A more dismal outlook could not be imagined than that on the grounds. The swing-frames were ropeless. The merry-go-rounds were locked, as were all the gates but one. An empty theatre by daylight is not more cheerless than a watering place before the season opens.

Before supper was announced, I had got in a fine rage with everything. The appearance of the supper room did not soothe me—long and low—it looked like a tunnel, and the huge buffet at the farther end of it closed the *vesta* like a box car. On it, Monsieur my host's pewter shone, vaguely refulgent. The table stretched away for a hundred yards, and on it the cloth for two looked like the last patch of snow at the end of a ploughed field. A dim twilight gloomed through a window opposite the plates, while overhead two coal oil lamps threw a glare downward from tin reflectors.

The thin young man occupied the chair opposite me, and we scowled speechlessly at everything and at one another. It struck me that life would be happier, if I could for a few minutes take him across my knees and exercise my right arm on the baggy part of his trousers. Dismissing the thought as unmanly, because of his emaciation, I turned my attention to the catables.

No cooking can spoil fresh caught trout, and no human being can cook them as well as a French Canadian girl who can't cook anything else. This is a fact for which no reason can be given, but is vouched for by every one who has been down the St. Lawrence, when nothing is good but trout, and when they are better than anywhere else. Those before me were delicious, but supported only by cheery potatoes, sodden toast, weak tea, and sliced onions, the last offered by JEANNETTE, the waiting maid, with much pride and evidently regarded by her as a very great delicacy, our refusal of which she could not at all understand.

I heard her afterwards speculating with Monsieur my host's mother, irreverently called by him *La Vieille*, as to the likelihood of our refraining from onions as a penance. The "old one" doubted whether the phenomenon was thus accounted for, but agreed there could be no other reason.

During supper there was a strict silence between the occupants of the table, observed by the thin young man because some one told him that "English gentlemen never talk to strangers"—which is a lie, as they are the most sociable of mortals when with people they *don't* know—and by me because I was in a very bad temper. Had I not been, it is probable I would have broken the ice, but, before the flavor of seven trout had restored my equanimity, the thin young man had retired. The first evening in Malbaie was only rendered endurable by potatoes that would have roused the angry godliness of twenty temperance societies, and ended in clouds of smoke.

(To be continued.)

Toronto Adaptations.

(AFTER CAMPBELL.)

ON King Street, ere the sun was low,
All soulless passed the unmeaning show,
And dark as winter did they flow,
The dandies passing rapidly.

BUT King Street saw another sight
When GRIP came out at fall of night,
And bar-room lamps shone forth to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By curb and lamp-post fast arrayed,
Each newsboy instant profits made,
For gladly every passer paid,
To see the weekly devilry.

Then shook the air with laughter riven,
Then swore the fools to anger driven,
While loud and louder praise was given
To us and our artillery.

BUT better yet cartoons shall grow,
And knaves and dolts know deeper woe,
And wider circulation shew
GRIP's well earned popularity.

AS wide as looks yon level sun
His name and fame will soon be run;
His fiery wit and furious fun
Shall shake the arching canopy.

Few fools shall 'scape whom he may greet,
Nor Grit nor Tory fail the sheet,
And every rogue and all deceit
Shall find a public pillory!

(AFTER TENNYSON.)

AS to the band at eve we went
To listen with our ears;
We fell out, my wife and I,
O, we fell out—the cause was rye
And half a dozen beers.

BUT when we came where others whiled
The time with drink and cheers,
Thou we, all penniless, even grave,
Then we became exceeding grave
And kissed again with tears.

(AFTER MOORE.)

COME rest in this flagon, my own slandered beer,
Though testotallors d—n thee thy home is still here,
On thee do I dote as the froth rises fast,
And wish that the pleasure thou givest would last,

Oh, what was drink made for, if one cannot name
The tippie he longs for, and swig at the same?
I know not, I ask not a loftier part,
I know that I love thee wherever thou art.

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