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NOTE.**

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AND
DEPOT.



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


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 303. Rejected Manuscripts cannot be returned.



VOL. I.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 13TH, 1873.

No. 16.

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Edited by Mr. Barnaby Rudge.

The greatest Feast is the Gss; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Opster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13th, 1873.

GRIP'S NEW BASKET-BEARER.

THE renowned basket, whence the sprightly and loquacious GRIP, is wont to deliver his utterances has been transferred to the back of MR BARNABY RUDGE, who, considering it a proud burden, will endeavour to carry it with becoming circumspection. The warrantable pleasure with which he adjusted the trust in its new position was greatly heightened on finding it half full of *bon-mots*, and pretty favours of various kinds, which had been tossed to the pert talker by his many kindly patrons; and over which he perched with head aslant and eyes sparkling in triumph. Of course this added weight to the basket; but so far from grumbling at that, its new bearer sincerely hopes that it may become steadily heavier, under the accumulating evidences of popular approval. And now, as a prelude to this "new departure," GRIP himself begs to thank the public heartily for the flattering support they have heretofore accorded him; and in bespeaking its continuance, desires to submit his platform, as follows:

GRIP is politically independent and unfettered; and intends so to remain. He will never be neutral where his voice may serve the right. But to be independent it is not required or understood that a tortuous path is to be followed with the object of favouring each party alternately. He will never give quarter to what he cannot honestly approve. His cartoons he will strive to have essentially *true*, whatever else may be lacking. GRIP hopes to be always brave and just without forgetting the beautiful law of charity. Then will he be read and respected—bought, and paid for. So mote it be.

"EX FUMO."

LATELY a deputation, consisting of cooks and housemaids, waited on His Worship the Mayor, and presented a petition praying that he would take steps towards stopping the volumes of smoke from certain factory flues, that caused them so much trouble and extra work. The deputation was introduced in a most becoming manner by the Mayor's own cook, who took the liberty of whispering a few words in His Worship's ear respecting the nature of the deputation, and the threats that some of the less well-behaved of the party were uttering about "striking like the cabmen, and stopping the supply of clean shirts." His Worship received them in his usual urbane manner, and assured them he would lay their petition before the Council at its next meeting, when it would receive due consideration. Here one of the deputation, whose straightforwardness exceeded her refinement, remarked that she hoped the Council would treat their petition with more consideration than it had done the one complaining of the same nuisance sent in by the leading merchants of the city last Fall; whereat His Worship looked rather confused, and endeavoured to explain that the reason the request of the merchants was not attended to, was owing to several of the members of the Council being among the greatest offenders—especially mentioning Aldermen Turner and Clements; but as they had votes, they had to be treated with consideration—that is, with more consideration than the merchants. Here one of the deputation showed signs of dissatisfaction, and presently gave vent to her feelings by showering maledictions upon the heads of those two worthy (or unworthy) Aldermen, expressing a wish that they

might be reduced to the necessity of washing their own linen; but her wrath was kept within bounds by the kindly manner in which the Mayor explained to them, that although it was impossible for him as an individual member of the Council, though Mayor, to control such unfeeling wretches, still he fully sympathised with them (the maids), particularly as he had his full share of the smoke to swallow; and therefore, just as much for his own sake as theirs, he would do his utmost to remedy the evil. After shaking hands with the different members of the deputation, and escorting them to the hall door, he was heard by his cook to say: "Poor girls, it's very hard upon them. I would soon put an end to it if it were not for that inconvenient brace of fumigating Aldermen!"

CANADA TO "PUNCH."

(Apropos of the Pacific Charter Corruption.)

"Canadian brethren, stamp it out,
Or, with still broadening pinion,
Of your wide realm, without a doubt,
I'll make its dark dominion!"—*Punch*.

PUNCH, Sir, as a Prophet, you're a perfect stunner,—
(Witness the way you hit the 'Derby' runner)—
And Sir, abroad, you're not without the honour
Justly your due.

So, when you speak, we'd never think of sneering,
Whether your words were ominous or cheering,
But, as entitled to a decorous hearing,
We'd hear you through.

On our "Pacific" it appears your posted,
And you're afraid that everything we boasted
In our hot shame will hopelessly be roasted
And ruined quite;

Scandal and slander stirred in stenchful fusion—
Knighthood and thieves in unabashed collusion
'Privilege;' 'Black Rod!' 'Hisses!'—'Cheers!'—'intrusion!'—
Heaven help us—*trite*.

Yes, Sir, 'tis so; our case is past 'prevention'—
Upon that point there can be no contention—
And that there's room for gloomy apprehension
No one will doubt.

But, noble Mentor, we've determination
Not to succumb just yet to strangulation—
This present trouble's but the measles of the Nation—
We'll 'stamp it out!'

"ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS."

(NODERNIZING)

HON. GEORGE B. (*Rolla*)—My brave associates—partners of my toils, my feelings and my fame. I have come back from England. Can ought of words add to the longings for office which inspire your hearts? No, we long together; you for some petty berth, I fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule. We follow an adventurer; he that from Chicago came. But he is eclipsed. He dared not boldly steal. He is outdone by him of Montreal! The culprits call upon us to barter our "privilege" for a Royal Commission. Be our plain answer this: Never. I have put down my foot, a large one too; we'll fight, aye fight till bufferin himself must yield to 'scape the fiery storm we'll pour upon him.

CITY SCIENCE.

A CAREFUL inspection with an instrument of more competency than the spectroscope plainly reveals the fact that the spots on the *Sun*, long so doubtful, are paragraphs of misrepresentation and excrescences caused by Government pap, which, like the measles, must come to the surface.

SOMEBODY TO THE RESCUE!

Look at this advertisement, from the "Domestics Wanted" column of the *Globe* a few days ago, and then—if you are a salesman—state calmly your opinion of the age we live in.

WANTED, a first-class clerk for the Dry Goods, must have unexceptionable references. Apply —, &c.

The amount of malice which prompted the employer to have that inserted in the above mentioned connection is rarely equalled. 'Tis a base insinuation.

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CLARA DeLACY ROCHFORT.

FROM MISS BR—DD—N'S LATEST ADVANCE SHEETS.

CHAPTER I.

"There sat three crows upon a tree,
And they were black as crows could be."—POPE.

MELVILLE FRANKFORT was the following, viz: good, brave, generous, rich, gifted.

He loved.

He loved but one. That was Clara DeLacy Rochfort, who was a female daughter of her parents.

Clara was beautiful as good, though she wasn't very good looking. She loved.

At this point the supper bell rang.

CHAPTER II.

Under a tropical sky, a bark with close reefed mizen mast and three sheets in the wind.

The captain, Signor Bendelari Boscovitski, paced the quarter deck.

"I apprehend a storm" roared the captain, "all hands reef the bowsprit."

Suddenly a noise was heard which interrupted these remarks.

When the smoke cleared away the vessel had disappeared.

But one survivor reached the shore, which lay in latitude 64° 29', longitude 28° 13', south-east by east, half east, 100 miles.

The writer couldn't learn the cause of this peculiar accident.

CHAPTER III.

A distant cottage near the border of a wood.

"Melville Frankfort," she exclaimed, "I shall certainly have you divorced if you will persist in getting drunk."

Could it be he? What?

Yea, verilie!

CHAPTER IV.

"Dear wife" said Sir John Rochfort, the next night, as they sat at the fireplace, she wearing a look of unusual care on her face, as might be discerned by the casual flicker of the burning coals; he, more moody and subdued than was his wont, and also appearing anxious and embarrassed, holding a short clay pipe in his left hand, and waving the fore-finger of his right hand lazily as he gazed vacantly into the fire—"Dear wife,—give us a match."

CHAPTER V.

Promise me, Claribel, that you shall be mine!" he said quickly and with much emotion.

He was a dark looking villain, with heavy eyebrows and felt hat. "I live upon your smiles; I bask in your back garden," he continued.

"I consent, sire," was her tardy answer.

N.B.—This was the person who escaped from the drowning vessel.

CHAPTER VI.

Melville Frankfort drew near to the house to which he had been directed. He had an expression of intense hatred on his face, particularly about his nostrils. He was armed to the teeth and intended to kill Bob Brandon, who, he understood, was being married to Clara.

"But haste," he whispered to himself, (the writer happened to be around there and heard him quite distinctly,) "haste, else the nuptials will be over and my pains useless."

He burst into the room without knocking and nearly collided with the bride, who turned out to be another girl and not Claribel at all!

"Sold! sold!" exclaimed the overjoyed Melville, "Sold, but happy!"

CHAPTER VII.

Claribel sat in her chamber gazing at the setting sun and thinking with rapture of her approaching marriage.

"He isn't good looking, nor nice, nor rich, nor educated, and I've heard say he gambles, and she heard he escaped from a pirate vessel, but what's the odds, so long as you're happy," she soliloquised.

The garden gate opened and in walked Melville Frankfort with his own honest, fearless stride. "What, Melville Frankfort?" she gasped, somewhat startled, but much pleased.

Claribel descended to meet him.

"I have come" said he, "to know my fate, fairest; shalt thou be mine?"

She blushed, but rallied sufficiently to utter "Indeed, yes, my noble Melville—indeed I will."

He departed, feeling too rich and happy to be comfortable.

CHAPTER VIII.

(The M.S. has been mislaid, and we have no time to search for it just now. Signed: The Printer.)

CHAPTER IX.

The night of Melville Frankfort's joy arrived! Decked in the proper style, and with feelings too numerous and subtle to mention or portray, he arrived at the mansion of Clara's father about eight o'clock, p.m. The guests were all present and appeared to be in the best of spirits—champagne and such like. How proud Melville felt as he strutted, a conscious son-in-law of this noble family, through the long hall and into the parlour where the fair company were assembled. Claribel was radiant, (we will not attempt any description). She met him at the door and he met her—just in the way circumstances required. "Dear Mell," said she, laughingly, "I really was forgetting my manners, I feel so joyful. "James" she shouted, turning her graceful head partly around. A clumsy and curious looking stranger in the garb of a hostler stepped up. "Mr. Frankfort," she lisped, "allow me to introduce you to my husband!! Why didn't you come sooner and see the ceremony, Melly."

CHAPTER X.

"With a firm step, and an appearance of bravado, the doomed man ascended the scaffold. After shaking hands with those about him, and making a few remarks to the crowd he knelt down. The drop fell and he hung till he was dead. The body was afterwards identified as having belonged to him."

So read the bar room loungee at one of the taverns; complacently casting the newspaper aside, he remarked "and so that's the end of Melville Frankfort; well, he deserved it—any man who would shoot a newly married bride and bridegroom, Sir John and Mrs. Montrose, and twelve or thirteen unoffending guests, and then burn down the house, deserves hanging, I say."

CHAPTER XI.

No doubt the kind reader will be anxious to know what became of Pirate Dick.

CHAPTER XII.

A band of Copperhead Indians had encamped on Dow's flat, and resolved themselves into Committee of the whole on the pale face question.

Writhing in bondages near by, were a white man, and a fair white woman.

"Ugh," remarked Spotted Tail, the chief; "the great brave, die, die."

The prisoners were brought out, and tied to stakes, and a roaring fire made.

2000 warriors set up a yell of joy.

Sharp crack of a rifle.

Squint Eye Bob was thar'.

Having slain all the redskins, he rescued the unhappy victims.

CHAPTER XIII.

These two rescued ones, dear reader, were Pirate Dick and the lawful wife of unfortunate Melville Frankfort, whom we saw hanged.

Together they repaired to New York and called upon Rev. Mr. Jones, to be united in matrimony.

They stood by the altar, each with the happy answers quivering on their lips.

"No you don't."

The voice came with a thunder of authority.

It was the policeman's. They were both then and there arrested, for larceny, on an old line.

THE END.

CROAKS FROM GRIP'S BASKET.

INHERITED INSTINCTS.—It is a fact worth the consideration of Darwin, that woman, having originally been formed from a rib-bone, has a love for a ribbon to the present day.

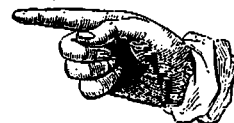
WHY MUST PROFESSOR WISE be angry many times before reaching Europe in his Graphic balloon? Because whenever he speaks there will be high words.

PLEASE DON'T FAINT.—A darkey, stealing fowls, lately, said the circumstance reminded him of a novel he read when young; because while robbing some crew so (Robinson Crusoe l)

THE man who paints the weather-cock of a steeple, needn't lay ridiculous claims to High Art.



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