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**PUBLISHERS' NOTE**

**GRIP** is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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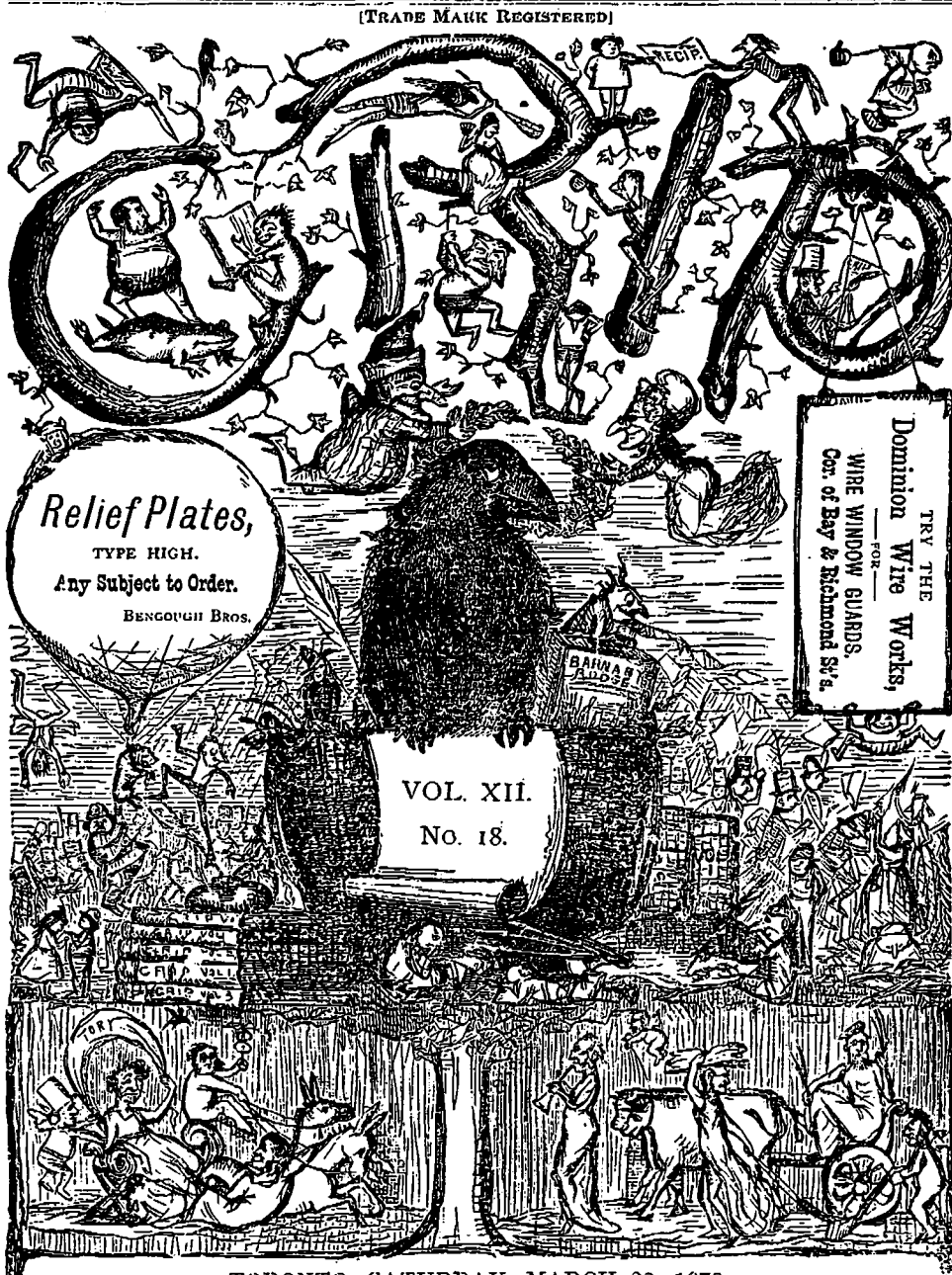
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1879.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Benet is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;  
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 22ND MARCH, 1879.

**NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.**—Subscribers will please observe that the date marked on the address-slip, opposite the name, indicates the time up to which the subscription has been paid.

**The Local Member at Home.**

At last the jolly M.P. has to his family gone,  
To read his wife the blue books, and tell her all he's done;  
After the story has been told his better half will say,  
"JOHN, I'll take that little salary which MOWAT did you pay."  
"Ahem," says JOHN, "there's one small thing that I forgot to mention,  
The Local Government, you know, has just reduced our pension."  
"Now, stop right there, you wicked man; you know that that's all hosh,  
For though that may go down with some, with me it will not wash;  
If all your session money's gone, then give me an account  
What it was spent on, how, the date, place and exact amount."  
"My dearest love, MATILDA JANE, to go into details  
Would cause you only heartaches and disappointed wails,  
Balls, concerts, suppers, theatres and incidental benders,  
Have cleaned me out completely of all my legal tenders;  
I had to borrow money from a comrade at the Mansion,  
To do Diplomacy, KELLOGG, the Pinafore and FANCHON;  
My wickedness in this will be to me a serious lesson,  
But let the matter drop, love, and I'll make it up next session."  
"All right, my boy," MATILDA cries, "I'll wipe it off the slate,  
But should such things occur again, dreadful will be your fate."

**Hints on Etiquette and Deportment.**

For the use of the Young Ladies and Gentlemen of Canada, with suggestions how to speedily remove vulgar habits, inculcated on Farm, or in Shop or Office, by PROFESSOR B. GLIDE STUNNING, M. C. Late Custos Rotylorium in the U.S. Observatory of Fantasticis, Ohio.

## BALLS.

Gentlemen, on entering dressing room, should take care that refreshment flask is removed from overcoat to dress clothes, and deposited where most convenient, and least conspicuous, as man in charge may be unscrupulous, and consequent intoxication, with confused ideas as to ownership of coats and hats may follow. *Mem.* Avoid depositing same in tail pocket, as such proceedings have often led to the most direful consequences.

On entering Ball Room, be careful that your hair is properly arranged in order that you may not be obliged to complete your toilet with pocket comb before the pier glass. People have been known to object to this.

When soliciting lady's hand for dance, and she pleads an engagement, do not tell her that is "too thin"; she may not understand you, and it would be as well that you should not ask her to give the other fellow a "stand off."

In addressing an elderly lady, to whom you may have just been introduced, do not ask her if you "had not the pleasure of meeting her daughter at the Prince of Wales' Ball in '61." Time flies rapidly, and the date of event brings up "long time ago" idea; don't do it.

While up in Quadrille or Lancers with golden haired partner, do not compliment her on its luxuriousness, or shade; she may think you satirical. You can't sometimes always tell.

If on solicitation you are unable to secure the desired partner for *valse*, avoid posing against mantel piece. You may imagine that it will indicate your indifference to the little disappointment, but the critical eye sees the blighted being in you; therefore at once retire; refresh, return and obtain prettiest girl you can substitute for former object of attention. This will fetch her if anything will.

## ROYALTY.

To gentlemen the approach to the *Royal Presence*, though awe-inspiring to a very great degree, is not attended with the disturbing influences that appertain to ladies, arising in a great measure from the wearing of trains by the latter. I have found that it takes six, and in some cases (from North York) eight months of steady city drill, to teach the average Canadian girl how to kick her train clear off from her foot.

*Rule.*—Ladies, before approaching Throne, should ascertain that all their belongings are properly made fast, and the materials thereof are secured by lashings of sufficient strength, to resist the usual extraordinary wear and tear of a Reception.

After being presented, ladies are supposed to partake somewhat of the qualities of a steamboat, and back out from the *Royal Presence*. This is a very difficult proceeding, and to the novice it is almost an impossibility to do so with fitting grace.

*Rule.*—After bowing, draw back the left foot after the manner of facing about, then in a circular manner throw back the right foot smartly outward, extending it to the rear as far as possible, at the same time knocking the train to its greatest extent in the same direction, and remain steady. Repeat the same motions, commencing with the right foot, and so on until the required number of retrograde paces are completed. Then turn slowly to the rear and disappear among the giddy throng.

Ladies from Garafraxa and other outlying districts should be warned against the unfortunate habit, (doubtless acquired in the rustic rambles of childhood) of raising the feet in walking above a certain elevation from the plane of the ball room floor. I find the greatest difficulty in correcting young ladies who have been nurtured in the vicinity of a cedar swamp, from this ungraceful mannerism. Phantom logs and prostrate underbrush they appear to see always in their path.

As we are now approaching a period in our social history, when matters of *Etiquette* and *Deportment* will be considered above all other requirements an absolute necessity in our childrens' education, I have taken advantage of Mr. GRIP's kind offer to allow me from time to time to throw out occasional hints gratuitously in his columns, my sole desire being that we may become a nation of *Etiquette* and *Deportment*.

**The Insolvent Law.**

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR—I am one of the old school. I do not believe in the childish humanitarianism of to-day. No, Sir. If a man owes money, what does Scripture say? Deliver him to the judge; the judge to the officer, clap him in quod till he pays the uttermost farthing. That's common sense, Sir.

Talk of men getting undeservedly into difficulty! If they do, that's their own look out. Suppose they have got wives and families. What of that? Shouldn't have got married.

Sir, I believe in the old way. Put 'em in gaol if they can't pay up; let 'em starve and rot there, unless the creditors choose to forgive 'em. Don't they own 'em? Haven't they bought and paid for 'em? If they, or any of 'em, likes to starve his debtor, why shouldn't he? The old times of the Fleet and Marshalsea were the days. Used to teach these debtor fellows. Humanity! Faugh! No such thing in business, nor shouldn't be.

Therefore, Sir, I say that the Insolvent Law should be repealed, and give us the Good Old Times again, and the debtors fishing out of gaol windows for a copper to keep 'em alive, and too good for 'em.

I am yours,

SKINFLINT.

TORONTO, March 10, 1879.

**Fable III.—The Hare and his Many Friends.**

ONCE there was a Hare who had many friends. "Ah" said one, just before election, "if our party were but in office, how quickly we would provide for you." "The worst thing that I have to say against the present Government," said another, "is their failure to recognize your great merit by a suitable appointment." "If I were but Premier again" said the Fox, "my anxiety would be to get an office good enough for you."

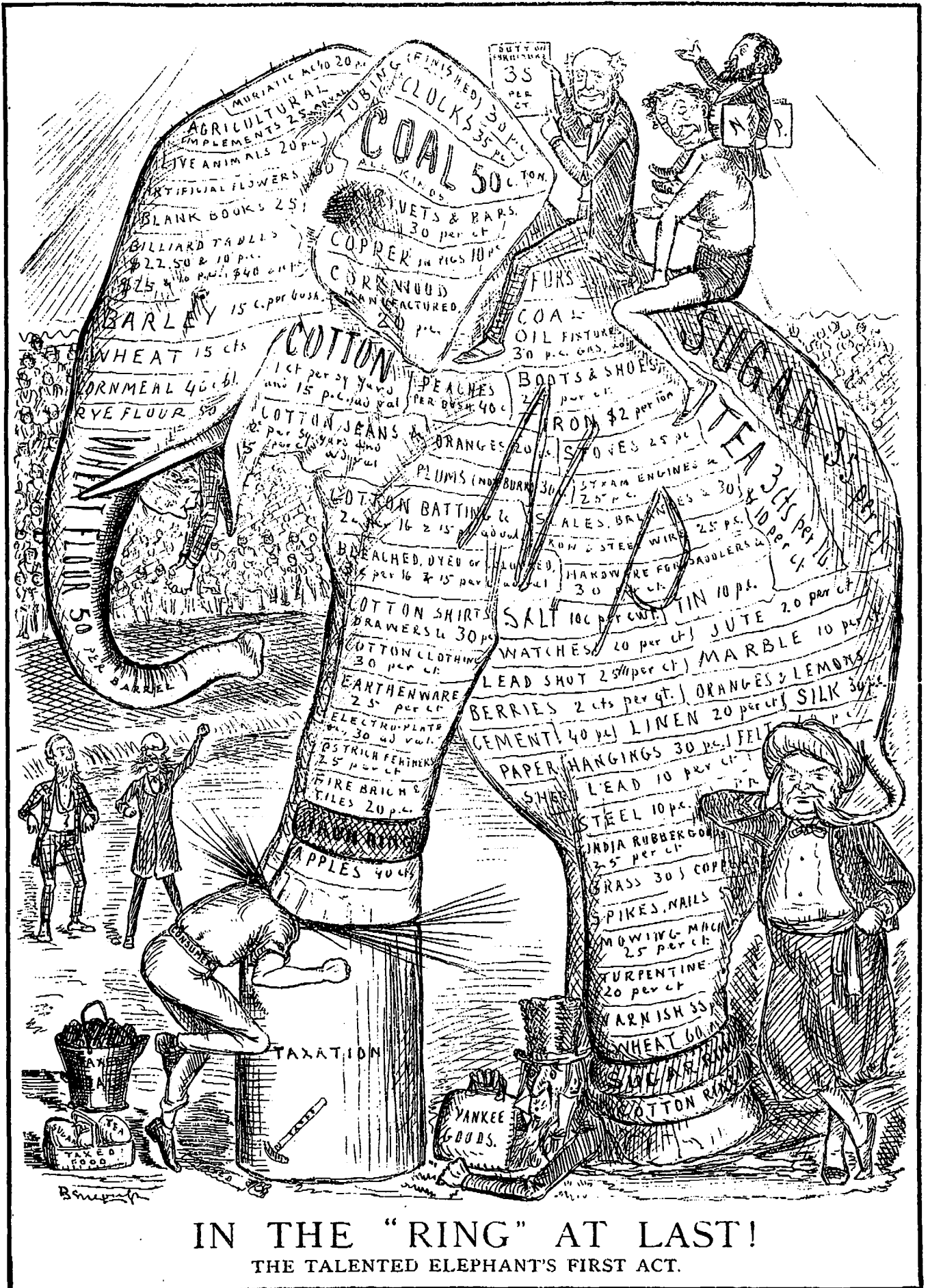
The Hare worked well during the election excitement, and waited patiently to hear from his warm admirers. At last a cry was made that the Wolf was at the door. "Give me a seat in the Cabinet," said the Hare to the Fox. "My dear fellow" replied the Fox. "I am so busy training an Elephant which has been left on my hands, that I have no time to attend to you, but here comes the Lion, one of your warmest friends." "You know you promised me something" said the Hare. "Yes, yes," said the Lion, "but I fear your dear friend, the Bear, would be jealous if I robbed him of the pleasure of caring for you." "Of course," said the Bear, when spoken to, "I have the greatest admiration for your abilities, but the fact is the Calf who comes behind wants just such a person as you are for his companion." "Alas," said the Hare when appealed to, "I am myself left without an office." "Then," replied the Hare, "it is as the Bear truly said, we are fit companions," and the Hare and Calf walked away together, and were interviewed by the Wolf.

MORAL.—Fair promises sown before elections may not blossom into official appointments afterwards.

SPEAKING of sugar beets reminds us that "beats," as a general rule, don't have much "sugar."

WHAT do they weigh down upon the Swanee River?—*Fovial Fimuel Briggs*. They probably weigh swan's down there.

Is an ice boat fitted with sliding seats?—*St. John N.B. News*. They are probably steered by rudders made of slippery (h)elm.



IN THE "RING" AT LAST!  
THE TALENTED ELEPHANT'S FIRST ACT.

**Human Adaptability.**

What pleasure is it in the course of his biz when GRIP *can* express gratification,

With the statements of those who have charge of the woes which afflict this woe-stricken young nation.

Who, with telling him what would come whether or not, late put him in a panic most frightful.

Whereas now by this light they declare it all right, which of course is to GRIP most delightful.

It's four years or more since the tortures in store for the people were daily expounded

By Conservative folks as things which were no jokes, but on facts the most hideous founded;

And for all those four years, as it plainly appears, us most horrid destruction awaited,

We were on ruin's brink, and slap in it would sink, at some moment quite soon but unstaticd.

All our banks would soon break, while our commerce would take rapid wings, and the rest of our riches

Would fly off in a crack, till no coat on a back, no, not even a whole pair of breeches

Would be anywhere found the Dominion around, while the pall of dark Poverty blinding

Would descend on us all, and we'd starve great and small, unless p'rhaps we all went organ-grinding.

This was coming to pass on us all quite *en masse*, great and small, young and old, boys and wenches,

Unless worthy Sir JOHN could contrive to get on with his friends to the Treasury benches.

When he'd work like a Turk and some measures rush through, which he'd then in complete preparation,

If it quickly were done, there was that chance—just one—that he'd save us from annihilation.

Well, six months they've been in, and it lately has been unto GRIP a delight past concealing

To find certain things out which as true beyond doubt all the organs are to him revealing.

The Depression is past—not a shadow is cast—it is perfectly, totally drowned out,

And the way that Sir JOHN has contrived it is one that no fellow besides could have found out.

*Similia similibus*—true as the Syllabus—to cure like there's nothing like beats, Sir,

The Depression thus ends by Sir JOHN and his friends, all depressing the Treasury seats, Sir.

And that's why though once sad all the organs are glad, and in riches now all of us smother,

And it's well as they say that he's cured it that way, for it's clear that he knew of no other.

**Bridget O'Flannagan on Pedigree.**

SINCE the Queen's daughter came to this barbarous country, I've heard a dale av talk about ancestry. I niver thought meself that there was anny ancestry in Canada. To be shure Mистер MULLIGAN, my prismit mather, is a cousin wanst removed av the MULLIGANS av Castle Mulligan, Co. Tipperary; but he's an aceptional incidium.

I was shjakin on the subject the other avenin at Mистер BROWN's, and we came to high words about it, for I seized the oppertunity to spake before JANE KEMP, Mrs. PETERS on's table maid, about the lesson Miss PETERSON gave to Mather HUGH MULLIGAN in the school. "To order meself lowly and rivirintly to me bethers," was what she taught the blessed child to say. "Inlode," sez I, "did she think that a MULLIGAN av Castle Mulligan, Co. Tipperary, was goin' to demean himself to old PETERSON's daughter?"

"I don't see how ye make out anny relationship to yer Tipperary MULLIGANS," sez MARIA SIMMONS, "for I've been tould these MULLIGANS were settled in Canada a hundred years ago."

"Yes," sez TIM LARKINS, "U.E. Loyalers they was called."

"U. E. Loyalers they was," sez I "and there's nothin agin the name, and what do you know about U.E. Loyalers?"

"They was followers av a praste or a monk named LOYALER," sez TIM, "and he set up the Imposition."

"No, TIM," sez I, "None av Mистер MULLIGAN's ancestry ever practised imposition on no wan, though I'm plased to hear they was good Catholics."

"Well," sez MARIA SIMMONS, "if these MULLIGANS was Loyalers, how do you make them out Irish?"

Wid that I puts me hand in wan pocket and I takes out two paises av calico. "Do you see that stripped paise," sez I, "would ye have anny hesitation in sayin that it's off the same goods as me dress?"

"No," sez she.

"Thin," sez I, holdin up another paise, "do you see anny resemblance betune this and the stuff in me apron?"

"None whatever," sez she.

"Thin," sez I, "the colours in me dress is like the blood av the aristocracy; nothin'll wash it out av the veins av mimbbers av good families. There's quite a slitrong relationship betune fourth and fifth cousins among the gentry, but thin that's low born, their blood is like the poor colors in me apron; relationships soon gets wakened, and that's the mainin av niver havin a grandfather; leastways wan that you'll own up to."

"Talk av yer good families," sez JANE KEMP, tossin her head. "wan's just as good as another in this country."

"Oh, are they?" sez I, "and I'd like to know if the PETERSON's have their family arms on a scullion, as has Mистер MULLIGAN av Mulligan Castle? No, JANE KEMP," sez I, "Miss PETERSON may set up for a lady, and be goin to the Governor's Ball, but I've seen plated forks that thried to pass thimselves off for silver, and ivery wan that was used to the handlin' av good stuff knowed the difference. And iverybody knows that Mистер PETERSON was niver borrun a gentleman, and riches'll niver make him wan."

"BIDDY," sez TIM, "I thought ye had more sinse than to dish porridge honest industry."

"Dishin porridge," sez I, "has nothin to do wid the question. I said ould PETERSON wasn't a gentleman borrun, and I mane to stick by it."

"And if Mистер MULLIGAN is as poor as a church mouse," sez TIM, "what good does his ancestry do him?"

"TIM LARKINS," sez I, "personal delusions isn't argument, but I know that ould PETERSON spint a fortune last winter trying to buy a sate in Parlyment. And the Governor General wrote a lather wid his own hand to Mистер MULLIGAN offerin to sell him one for half price, and he'd be glad av the bargain." And wid that I took me lave, secin they was all so contrary, and knowin that TIM LARKINS niver will listen to raison.

**Scientific.**

THE London *Herald* prints on its editorial side a learned essay on "Shortsightedness" from *Galigani's Messenger*, whereof this is an excerpt:

"That short-sight is constantly increasing is proved by comparative statistics. We must not attempt to exonerate ourselves from the responsibility of that visual failing by attributing it to vague and undecided causes. We are more short-sighted than our ancestors were simply because we recklessly place ourselves in conditions to produce that effect, or carelessly allow our children to be subject to them."

The subject cannot but prove very interesting to the gentlemen now managing our affairs at Ottawa, and it will be satisfactory for them to learn the scientific causes which led to their own short-sightedness in propounding a policy which they find so hard to carry out

GAMBLERS are winsome creatures.

TRAMPS believe in being well bread.

ANTI-FAT must be the original *Stout 'n Bitters*.

OCH HOSE! as the barber said when stropping his razor.

AN old saw new set: "Many a *nickel* makes a muckle."

WHAT kind of cloth does Spring weather resemble? Frieze and then melton.

WHAT to do with the surplus emigration of China is a *crute* question in the United States.

A MAN who always goes to sleep while reading the morning paper calls it his snooze paper.

If everyone is to make so much money out of the N. P. Elephant why not call it the *Rhinoceros*?

THE remedy for Hard Times is Hard Cash, although perhaps you might not credit the assertion.

If signing your name is an autograph isn't forging another man's name a naughty-graph as well?

THERE is a broker in St John who will never take stock at par, because "the par-taker is as bad as the thief."

AT a carnival in Lindsay recently a gentleman represented an Afghan chieftain. Sikhs alive! Khan this be?

LORD BEACONSFIELD has the influenza and is confined to his residence. —*N. Y. Herald*. He always had a good deal of influence, hev?

WHEN a newly appointed Postmaster gets his commission is he furnished with *Letters Patent*? We presume the Dies are Letters of *Marque*.

GEORGE SAND, the authoress, should have edited a journal. It would have been a veritable *sand paper*, and she could have polished off her critics in it. Its politics would have been *Gritty*.

**M. J. HYNES & BRO.,**  
**Contractors and Plasterers,**  
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 Send for circulars. xii-12-1y

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25 Cards, (one name, one style type), 30 cents.	
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*Robert Taylor.*

2

*William Richardson.*

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*Miss Maggie Thompson.*

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*George Augustus Williams.*

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*Mrs. Thomas Jones.*

6

*William Arthur Crawford.*

7

*Miss Susie Wade.*

8

*Byron W. Scott.*

9

*William Shakespeare.*

**Chromo Cards:**

(Five Beautiful Pictures)

100 Cards, (one name, one style type) \$1.50.	
50 " " " " 1.00.	
25 " " " " 75.	

**Mourning Cards:**

25 Cards, (one name one style type), 50 cents.	
50 " " " " 75 "	
100 " " " " \$1.25 "	

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Beautiful Designs,..... \$ 1.00 per dozen.  
 Samples by mail,..... 5c. each.  
 Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire *plainly*, to prevent mistakes.

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**"GRIP"** Now in its sixth year and Twelfth Volume, and more popular and influential than ever before.

Our confidence that the Canadian Public would extend a hearty support to a humorous journal conducted upon principles of honesty and decency has been amply justified in the established success of **GRIP**, which, during the six years of its existence, has enjoyed the patronage and respect of a large constituency of our best people. In dealing with the public men and affairs of the country it has been the aim of the controllers of **GRIP** to avoid the coarseness and unfairness which too often characterize satirical publications. The political Cartoons, although sometimes severe, have never been unjust and never vindictive. The attitude of *absolute independence* which the paper has maintained from the first is attested by the appreciative notices which the Cartoons constantly receive in the press of both Part es. A few of these referring to recent Cartoons are here appended:

*The Political Pinafore.*

Ever vigilant and ready to apply anything that has caught public taste to the topics of the day, **GRIP** has delved into the mine afforded by "Pinafore," and got out a capital cartoon, which represents Mr. Cartwright as Admiral Porter eager to investigate Mr. Tilley in the guise of Ralph Rackstraw. The Admiral is supported, of course, by his "sisters and his cousins and his aunts," who are officiously clustering round him, and represent Holton, Mills, Anglin and others. The figures are hit off to the life, and the whole cartoon is one of **GRIP**'s best.—*Montreal Gazette.*

*The Conservative Tragedian.*

"**GRIP**" cartoon of the 11th inst. is unusually good. It is intended to represent posters on a fence, announcing the opening of the Dominion Theatre at Ottawa; and the engagement of the popular tragedian—Sir John A. Macdonald—for a brief season. \* \* \* The cartoon is one of the best "hits" **GRIP** has yet made.—*Port Hope Guide.*

*Charging the Local Ministry.*

The cartoon accompanying this week's issue of comic **GRIP** gives a glowing sketch of the charge upon the Ministry. \* \* \* The picture is intensely humorous and edifying.—*Kingston Whig.*

*The Fastidious Tramps.*

**GRIP** this week has another scorching cartoon on the Opposition tactics in the House. It represents two unsavory looking tramps calling at a farm house for something to eat. \* \* \* The cartoon expresses the situation exactly.—*London Herald.*

*Leo and Leo.*

**GRIP**'s cartoon this week is a good one. It represents the British Lion habited in military garb, with a paper peeping from his coat pocket, on which are the words "Cyprus, J. Bull propr." In front of the Lion stands Mayor Beaudry of Montreal, a very small figure, holding in his hand "Beaudry's license to riot proclamation, whilst behind him stands a much larger figure of the Pope. The words "The British Constitution protects every citizen in the exercise of his legal rights. Party processions, &c. may be prohibited by law, but must not and shall not be put down by mob violence," appear prominently, whilst the lion addressing His Holiness, says, "I am the Leo who governs Canada." This cartoon is very much to the point at present.—*Bellefleur Intelligence.*

*The Unwelcome Visitor.*

Few persons will have forgotten **GRIP**'s reference to Sir John and the "hard times" a little over a year ago. There was a slight improvement in business, and poor old "hard times evinced an intention to depart, when Sir John, as portrayed by **GRIP**, pleaded "Stay, oh, stay, till after the general election." "Hard times" apparently yielded to the piteous appeal of Sir John and remained, and, much to the disgust of the Tories, persists in remaining now. **GRIP** has seized upon the idea, and the inevitable cartoon appears.—*Halfpenny Chronicle.*

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