

PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.

A. S. IRVING, Wholesale Agent,
35 King St. West, Toronto.

OFFICE
and
DEPOT.

Crisp is published every SATURDAY morning, at the Office, 35 King Street West, Toronto.

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Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the MANAGER, P. O. Box 953, Toronto.

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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.

Vol. 3.

TORONTO, JUNE 27, 1874.

No. 5.

EDITOR'S
NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 953, 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.



EDITED BY
Mr. DEMOS JUDGE

London, E.: J. M. Rogers,
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Statement for Year ending Dec. 31. 1873.

RECEIPTS.	
Premiums,	\$1,670,205 13
Interest,	501,791 51
Total Receipts,	\$2,171,996 64

DISBURSEMENTS.	
Death Losses,	\$416,800 00
Paid for Surrendered Policies,	189,368 24
Paid Return Premiums,	345,401 17
Paid Matured Endowments,	7,900 00

Total amount returned Policyholders, \$959,649 41
Assets, \$8,000,000; Surplus at 4 1/2 per Cent,
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PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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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G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1874.

To Correspondents and Contributors.

A. B.—Your contribution was crowded out last week; will certainly be used as soon as possible.
R. J. C.—RTWR—GHT, Ottawa.—Never mind what they say; your enemies will never leave you alone.

A "Quid Pro"—All Chewers.

WITH characteristic gallantry *The Globe* responded to the suggestion of its lady correspondent that the "Spitting Brotherhood" were as worthy of editorial reprehension as the "Fanning Sisterhood," and in Thursday's issue we had the official deliverance of the Reform Party on "Tobacco in Church." The article was characterized by spasms of disgust, which would lead one to think the editor had engaged some victim of the odious habit to perform in his presence while he wrote. These were no doubt proper and highly effective; but nothing can be said in palliation of certain other characteristics of the article—for instance its rashness. Hear this:

"One of the evidences of this abominable practice is loud clearing of the throat—a noise of which persons of sensibility who have once heard it will never forget the horrible notes. This noise is the report of the cannon."

We willingly dismiss the idea that the editor intended a disparagement of any church dignitaries in the last sentence; but it is dangerous to use the word "cannon" in such a connection; the writing is far too loud any way. A few more sentences and we come to this:

"Yet there are men who go regularly to worship God with a plug of tobacco in their mouth."

GRIP has no respect for the weed and nothing to say in defence of its votaries, but as an honest Raven he indignantly challenges *The Globe* to name the man who ever took so big a "chaw!" But perhaps the writer means the combined "mouth" of all these "mcu." Further on he says:

"Happily, amongst us it is the rarest possible thing to see a person claiming to be a gentleman chewing. But the practice is unworthy of any man, however humble."

GRIP don't wish to be inquisitive but he would like to know what the gentlemanly editor of *The Globe* does in the case of a tough beefsteak. In concluding the article he quotes:

"I never smoke," says VIVIAN GRAY, "tobacco is the tomb of love." But what would he have said if he had contemplated tobacco in the point of view of chewing?"

"Tobacco is the tomb of love" when smoked,—cremation you observe; Mr. GRAY would probably have called the weed as rendered by the other habit "the watery grave of love."

Ode to a Forgotten One.

Oh, Broker from unblest Chicago,
Oh, thou who far outshone Iago,
And on those letters laid embargo—
McMULLEN!

Oh, thou who on Sir HUGH turned tail,
(Oh, more than woman false and frail!)
And sued that truthful sheet *The Mail*—
McMULLEN!

Where art thou, oh tell me where,
That I may breathe a gentle prayer
For one whom we can so well spare—
McMULLEN!

Perchance in some far distant land,
Some other scheme you've ta'en in hand;
Hob-nob with knights and do the grand—
McMULLEN!

Gone like the wind that swiftly bears
The passing cloud, so your affairs
And where you are, none knows, or cares—
McMULLEN!

Hints to the Wise of both Sexes.



CHILDREN should not be allowed to want for the same thing twice, their little requirements should ever be anticipated, if possible. In this connection we may remark, that a broad band of sole-leather, about two feet long is more convenient than an ordinary razor-strop. It should be used every morning early, before the children go down stairs.

If the weather appears doubtful always take the precaution to leave your umbrella at home, particularly if going to church. Thus three disagreeables may be avoided;—the wearing out of your umbrella; the sharing it with a friend; and the trouble of carrying home two umbrellas in case you should see a second "lying around loose" without an owner near.

Nothing looks worse than shabby gloves—or rather, shabby gloves look worse than nothing. Gloves are expensive articles of dress, and great care should be taken with them. Instead of wearing them in public, carry them neatly folded in one hand, with the fingers displayed—by doing so they will be noticed more than if worn, they will last much longer, and everyone can see that your hands are not dirty.

Never be without a pocket-handkerchief. Change it or have it washed at least once a week. It may be washed in one's hand basin if economy is an object, and ironed on a clean stove pipe. To keep it fresh looking, spread it out on the knees after using and fold it back into the original creases.

When you introduce distinguished people always make some little remark calculated to put them at their ease, as, "Mr. TIMPYS, the eminent politician—used to be our family grocer;" or "Mr. IRONS, the famous art connoisseur—made all my clothes when I was a dressy young fellow." Thus your own familiarity with our native great will be shewn, and a momentary pleasure will fill their hearts at the mention of the beloved occupations of their youth.

When you dry salt for the table, put it at once, while warm, into the salt cellars and crush it well down. It will then become a hard lump, impossible to break with a salt spoon—thus a saving will be effected and the bad luck of spilling salt be avoided.

In mending your husband's shirts or other underclothing, put in small patches that will not endure a day's wear—thus you will be relieved from the trouble of patching by the purchase of a new garment, and native manufacturers will be benefitted.

Morning's milk yields more cream than that taken from the cow at evening. It is therefore advisable not to milk the cow at night.

New Advertisements this Day!

Here are a few gems from our Montreal exchanges:—

WANTED by a Thorough Servant, a situation to go to the sea-side, without washing.

The servant, who wishes to go to the sea-side, probably intends to defer washing only till she reaches the salt water. If engaged, she will be unable to wash on the journey, and it is likely that she merely wishes employers to know that this will not be considered inconvenient.

LOST, on Saturday night, by a poor boy, a Parcel of Clothes, containing two pairs of pants, one pair of drawers, two shirts and one vest. The party finding it is charitably requested to leave it at the Water Works Shop.

This charitably disposed poor boy evidently intends to bestow the above mentioned garments upon the Water Works Commissioners. If all our citizens were as liberal, these gentlemen would be able to make a more respectable appearance.

NOTICE

TO CIRCULAR SAW-MILL OWNERS!

The advertiser probably wishes to procure some round man; who is willing to be put into a square hole.

WANTED, a situation by a young man, as Assistant Bar-tender, on and after the 25th.

We notice in several exchanges the following advertisement, and advise the above young man to apply for the place, as it is very improbable that a youth who would be preferred, will apply.

WANTED, a Bar-tender. A member of the Young Men's Christian Association preferred.

Grip's Political Parodies.

A Dream of Great Canadians.

Vide—"A Dream of Fair Women."—By TENNYSON.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
The "Lives of Great Canadians," long ago
Told by the sapient MORGAN, he who made
The book whose sale was slow.

He, MORGAN—not the Mason—whose sweet tale
Precluded wakefulness when read, and will
Till sleep induced by bores the eyes shall fail.
The man is writing still.

A little while my wonder at his art
Held me above the subject, till strong gales,
Laden with fume of onions, from the part
Where cook-maids scour the pails,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
I saw, wherever light illumined,
Freedom and jobbery walking hand in hand
The downward slope to death.

I started once, or seemed to start, in pain,
Resolved on noble things, I strove to speak,
To make bright freedom free from jobs again;
But I had not the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to pull down
A minister from his portfolio,
Held but two days; the man methought was Brown
And then, how I don't know.

All those cheap fancies, by downlapsing thought
Streamed onward, lost their edges, and did creep,
Rolled on each other, rounded, smoothed and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wandered far
O'er a broad floor, freshwashed, as seats were too,
Till laughter, from the region of the bar,
Drew me the scene to view.

I knew the place, I knew the men, I knew
The cheerful glimmer of the bottles drawn
On those long shelves in rows, while not a few
The counter were upon.

Then from before me a clear undertone
Thrilled through mine ears from out that blissful clime:
"Pass, stranger, in, and make a seat thine own,
And say what drink is thine."

I did, and saw a gentleman treat all,
Joking from old JOE MILLER, standing there;
A barrister-at-law, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

His utterance with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech; he turning on my face
The wandering glances of his wily eyes,
Spoke slowly from his place:

"I long held power; MORGAN tells my name;
No one could be more wise, till bribery
I thought would help our side; from which came shame
And great calamity."

"Too bad, clean-handed knight! in any field,
Myself for such a bribe had boldly lied,"
I answered free, and, turning, I appealed
To one that stood beside.

But he, with sick and scornful lips averse,
To his full height his stately stature draws;
"For years," he said, "I wasna worth a curse;
You men there was the cause."

"I was cut off from lopo, till his disgrace
Gave to the party, which I long had led,
Poore and sawlary, and me the place
Which GEORDIE coveted."

Whereto the other, with a downward bow,
"I would the white, cold, heavy, bungling Brown,

With his ill-temper, led the 'party' now;
I soon would have him down."

I turning, saw, where no decanters rise,
One sitting on the *Daily Globe* unrolled,
A man with long-drawn cheeks and fishy eyes,
In his demeanour cold.

He flashing forth a solemn scowl, began,
"I governed through the *Globe*, and so I swayed
All moods. I tell you what, my man,
Once when I spoke, I made

"The ever-shifting currents of Grit blood
According to my humor ebb and flow.
I have no Grits to govern now, or would;
'Twas BLAKE that made my woe.

"Nay-yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull, cold-blooded Irishman. Say, friends,
Why don't you stick to rye?"

(To be Continued.)

Never Touch Rum.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER III.

JOHN DUSENBURY, after a few trifling errors, a few false starts, became a very wonderful accountant. The head porter of the establishment, an intemperate and envious man, who had been long in Mr. DUMPLER'S employ, one day, after undue indulgence in rum, asserted in a loud voice:—"I'll be blest, if that there temperance feller knows how many beans makes five."

JOHN, who overheard this unwarranted remark, at once saw that the time had arrived for putting down the porter and distinguishing himself. He had a lofty confidence in his power to solve the problem thus suddenly suggested; dismounting, therefore, from his stool, he walked boldly into the warreroom, confronted the audacious porter, and to that functionary's intense mortification, amid the applause of all who listened, returned the correct solution. The news of this extraordinary mathematical feat travelled far and wide, and added to the reputation of our hero. Many prominent members of the different temperance societies waited upon JOHN DUSENBURY, but he would join no organization on account of the pledge.

"I love to think," he would say, "that the promise to my mother is the only one which binds me. From respect to her memory I cannot supersede it by another. Never will I break the obligation she imposed on me. Rum shall never pass these lips."

He would often drop into a cool, shady little saloon up Yonge street, and say, as he passed the bar:

"A drop of the same—not much sugar—mind, no rum. O, mother, mother!"

What "the same" was we are not at liberty to state, for the quantity our hero imbibed was too small to be of any consequence. We mention the circumstance, only to illustrate the consistency with which he kept the very letter of his youthful promise to his maternal parent.

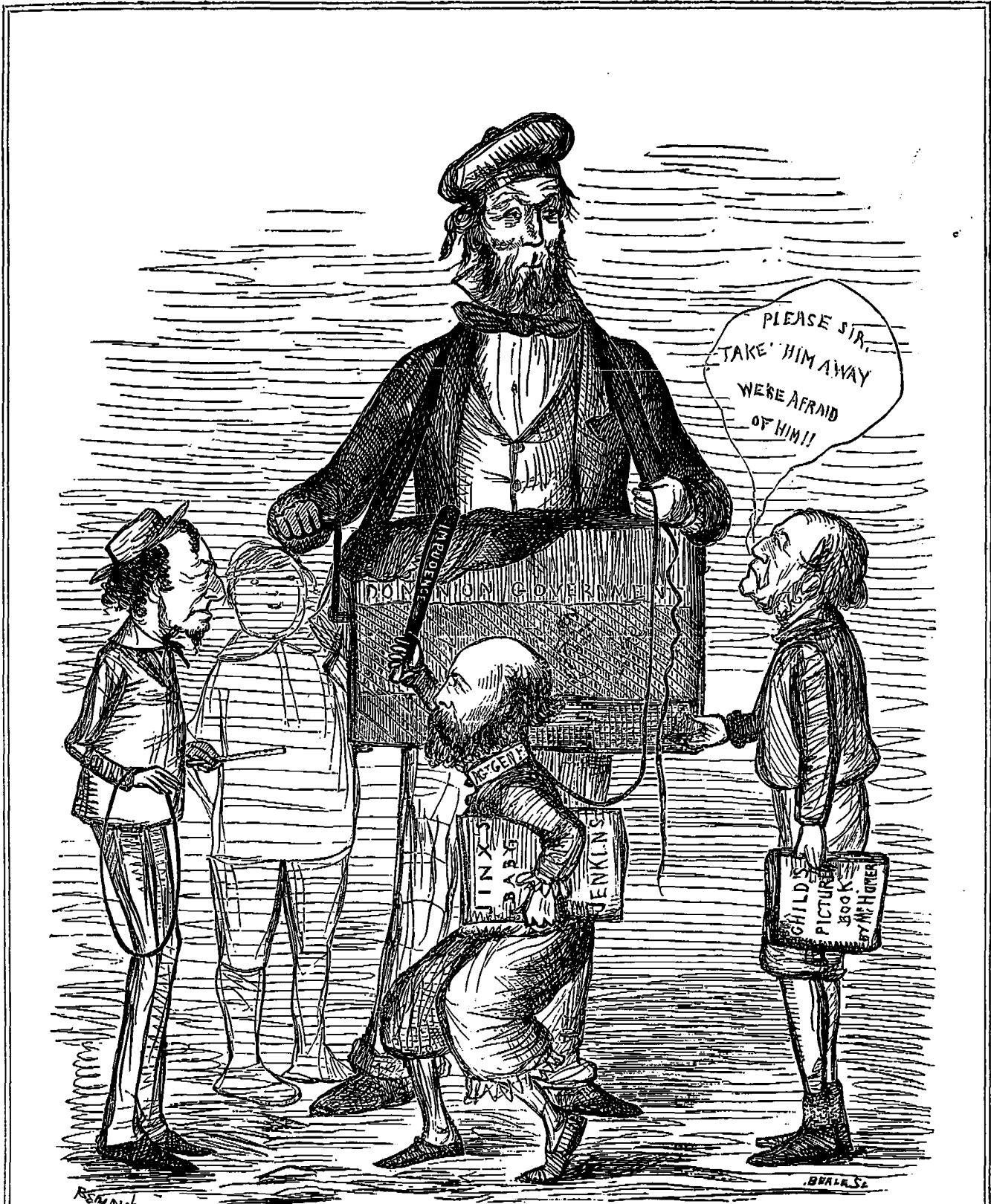
JOHN DUSENBURY had not been ten years in the employ of Mr. DUMPLER, when that worthy but bibulous man finally shook off the evil habit which had been the bane of his life. In short, he died.

As his profits had been only about seven thousand dollars a year, and as he had, for some time previous to his death, spent on his fatal vice an average of eighty-seven and a half cents each day, it is, perhaps, needless to say that his affairs were badly involved; as JOHN DUSENBURY, who had sole charge of his books and papers, easily proved to the creditors. JOHN offered, from affection for his late employer, to take the business himself, and guarantee the creditors twenty-five per cent. on their claims; an offer which was gladly accepted. After this occurrence, our hero rapidly increased in wealth and girth, and was looked upon as so exceedingly virtuous and important a citizen, that, we have no doubt, had he been a married man, his children would have been admitted into good society.

CHAPTER IV.

We fortunately live in a country where a reputation like that of JOHN DUSENBURY is considered by a large and influential class of the community the proper passport to Parliamentary honors.

The specious arguments of immoral men, who assert that knowledge of public affairs, talent, breadth of view, and liberal toleration for the



Reason

D-SR-LI.

J-NK-NS.

GI-DST-NE.

CANADA'S ORGAN AND ITS CLEVER "AGENT-GENERAL;"
 SHEWING HOW NOT TO GET COPPERS.

opinions of all classes, are the most important qualifications for a legislator, are seen through at once by this acute and powerful class. They know that a man who does not touch rum is eminently fitted to shine as a statesman.

This noble section of the community, attracted by our hero's fame, determined, at the time of a general election, to run him for the House of Commons.

The city had already been plentifully provided with moral candidates, and so it became necessary to run JOHN DUSENBURY for a country constituency.

Every preliminary was satisfactorily arranged with the local men of the selected county, they were delighted with their candidate, and all went well.

But in our most prosperous moments the enemy lurketh near.

Our hero, after a life of devotion to his youthful promise, was about to fall.

It is with a sad heart that we recount the circumstances.

He had been canvassing for some weeks in company with a temperance attorney, several temperance farmers and manufacturers, and a temperance editor.

A pocket flask of "the same," labelled "pain killer," had enabled him to endure the worry and excitement of the campaign, and the old, old speeches of his friends, who invariably concluded with a touching reference to their candidates' lifelong abstention from rum.

The season was winter. One morning his friends departed, promising to meet him the next evening on the platform.

He set out alone for a day's canvassing.

The day was cold and stormy, and though he had taken the wise precaution to fill his flask with "pain killer" in the morning, he frequently found it necessary to enter the roadside inns for warmth and refreshment.

His invariable address to the bartender was "something hot, not rum, mind."

When he had but two miles farther to go, he alighted for the last time, and gave the usual order. The bartender was a person of a facetious mind used to saying when he wanted a drop, "Nothing strong, you know. By no means. Not at all," or words to that effect, and he imagined JOHN DUSENBURY's order to be given by a kindred spirit.

Why proceed to the melancholy end?

The first seductive drop, taken abstractedly, had not passed from the tongue to the throat, when our hero knew that his pledge was broken.

"Oh, my poor mother," he wailed as he desperately drained the glass.

The demon had obtained possession of him.

The first glass is that which ruins.

There is no such thing as drinking rum in moderation.

JOHN DUSENBURY emptied a two-gallon keg before the next evening. Of course there is no kind of use in asserting that he was not intoxicated.

He became stupidly, beastly drunk.

In this state his committee found him, and their grief was so overpowering that they fled to rum for consolation.

The election was lost, and so was JOHN DUSENBURY. He never left that house but to be borne to his grave,—his pauper's grave.

He had expended his whole fortune, amounting to seventy-six thousand dollars and forty-eight cents in one continuous carouse.

Moral:
NEVER TOUCH RUM!
The End.

Flowers of Rhetoric.

At a recent entertainment, given by the pupils of the Cobourg Collegiate Institute, a writing desk was presented to the retiring Principal. We do not remember having read anything couched in more lofty language than the accompanying address. We have not space for a lengthy quotation, but the following eloquent passage is really too fine to be lost:

"As a slight token of our esteem, and as a souvenir of the pleasant hours spent together, we offer this WRITING DESK, in the hope that, 'thro' the long years of the future,' it may be a memento of the past joys,—that the sharp click of its spring may be suggestive of the readiness of a true heart to respond to the call of friendship; its brazen bands, of those bonds of union more enduring than brass; and its secret drawers, of those recesses of the heart where lie concealed feelings which no words can express."

The document is signed by the Preceptress, the Classical Master, the Mathematical Master, and the English Master. The Rhetorical Master has scattered the flowers of his art so literally through the performance, that his signature would have been superfluous.

Our Art Critique.

Grip has paid a visit to the Second Annual Exhibition of the

Ontario Society of Artists, now open at the Music Hall; and for the delectation of his cultivated readers who are so unfortunate as to reside out of Toronto, he transcribes a few notes from the margin of his catalogue. The profusely frescoed chamber in which the paintings are displayed is the resort for the nonce of our best citizens, and the *tout ensemble* of pictures, flowers and finery is brilliant. To plod through the whole list of works and briefly comment on each is by no means Grip's intention here; the enterprise and industry of a hard-working *Globe* reporter has already supplied the public with a dose of that sort. Only a few of the more notable productions can be specified at present, and to show that in doing this Grip means no disparagement to the others, he will barely mention No. 75, an admirable oil portrait of himself, which has been, naturally enough, the centre of attraction, or the observed of all observers, since the Exhibition opened. The artist is Mr. T. M. MARTEN, a gentleman of true genius, as the felicity of his choice of a subject attests.

To pass without further preamble to our task, we come *vis a vis* with a pretty landscape by Mr. J. C. FORBES. The subject is *Ugenia Falls*. There is little foothold for adverse criticism; the drawing being correct and the colouring tasteful. Grip has gone to some expense to reproduce in wood the fact that *Ugenia Falls*. The engraving will impart a tolerably correct idea of the main features of the person alluded to. Pass we into the presence of No. 9, *The Insecure Retreat*, by Mr. T. M. MARTEN. As will be seen from our hum-



"UGENIA FALLS."

ble reproduction of it, the subject is one of more than average interest, and its treatment very spirited. The foliage is a little defective in some points, but altogether this picture sustains the opinion we have already expressed about Mr.



"THE INSECURE RETREAT."

MARTEN'S abilities. No. 55, *The Wreck*, is a capital piece of marine painting, by Mr. H. FERRE. It is impossible to give the details of this subject in a limited wood-cut, but here we have a few of its characteristics. A shattered and top-heavy barque with three sheets in the wind, is seen making for port. The rock upon which the ill-starred craft has been ruined is prominently in view just ahead. The picture is one before which we fancy JOHN. B. GOUGH would stand in profound contemplation by the hour, and retire a more formidable man than ever. Mr. Mr. HENRY



"THE WRECK."

MARTIN has given us No. 61, a pretty little conceit culled amongst the beauties of our University Park. It is evident that Mr. MARTIN'S sketching was not done on a Sunday, or he could not have ignored the presence of the inevitable, the irrepressible theological assembly. The accompanying little sketch may be of use to the next member of the Ontario Society who chooses the Queen's Park as the subject of a painting. Mr.



"QUEEN'S PARK."

FORBES is a young gentleman of great versatility, as his contributions to the Exhibition will testify. No. 30, *The Coming Storm* is his. Nothing short of a well executed wood engraving can impart anything of the majestic fury and power of this composition. Grip refers his reader to the adjoining illustration. The unsavory reputation which certain newspaper correspondence has gained for the Don and its vicinity, makes it a bold thing for any artist to choose that locality as a scene for a landscape, and, if certain statements about "Eastern Smells" be true, it must require still more heroism to sit there and draw. But Mr. H. FERRE is devoted to his art, and we have to thank him for No. 67, a pretty scene which he has entitled *Near the Don*. The painting is more remarkable for its omissions, however, than for what it contains.



"THE COMING STORM."

There is no portion of GOODERHAM & WORS' cattle byers to be seen; the cows grazing in the foreground are plainly not swill-fed, and therefore cannot belong to that firm; there are no pigs in the composition; there are no carcasses in the water; there is no effluvia. All these remarkable oversights are poorly compensated for by the group of figures reclining under the trees; these, it must be presumed, are correspondents of the *Globe* in the act of inditing their complaints. Here endeth the present notice.



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