

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

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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. 2.

TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1874.

No. 22.

**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 253. 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  
BARNABY RUDGE.

London, E.: I. M. Rogers,  
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N. York: American News  
No., Nassau St.

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## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

## SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE publishers of *Grip* have much pleasure in announcing that with the present number they commence issuing a double page of illustrations; the regular political cartoon being supplemented by miscellaneous pictorial facotins. They are also able to promise literary contributions from writers of ability in each issue henceforth. By this means it is hoped to make the paper more acceptable than ever to the public who have from the first accorded it so generous a reception. *Grip* being now established as a permanent Canadian institution, we desire to secure intelligent and energetic ladies and gentlemen as canvassers for subscribers in every city, town, village and township in Canada. Our terms to agents are liberal and the work will be found light and profitable. Full particulars sent on application to *Grip*, P.O. Box 958, Toronto.

## TO CONTRIBUTORS.

A.B., Brockville—A capital idea—the essence.  
DOUBLE-EDGE—Hope to hear from you again.

## BY WAY OF ELUCIDATION.

*Grip* purposes sometimes to follow the plan of his illustrated contemporaries, and supplement his batch of sketches with a few words of explanation. To those who always see the point without assistance, wherever there is one to be seen, this will appear to be impudent, and perhaps ought to be apologised for; but there are others whose faculty of apprehension is not so large, by whom it will be taken kindly. Sometimes both may be benefitted by such "applications" of the truth. To-day, then, we have first,

*The Rake's Progress*, a homily sufficiently plain, on the most popular topic of the times—Intemperance. It is a playful, but very profound, simplification of THOMAS HOGARTH'S celebrated cartoons, and a liberty which *Grip* has no doubt that good man would himself be most ready to excuse. Next comes a sort of corollary on the *Progress*, in the

*New Text for the Pulpit and Rostrum*. The popular teetotal orator has a habit of saddling the rum-seller with all the responsibility of the evils resulting from the liquor traffic—forgetting, as THOS. K. BRECHER has recently been pointing out, that "every tub must stand on its own bottom;"—the drunkard is just as culpable for debasing his appetite as his neighbour is for giving way to his avarice by taking to saloon-keeping.

*The New Post Office* sketch is too literal to need comment. It is a fair portrait of the clerk in charge of the box-key department, as seen distributing the new keys one day last week. Lastly, we have a couple of specimens, from *Grip*'s museum, of

*The Common Ninnyp*.—No description of the habits of these creatures is at all necessary. The good people of Toronto are "posted" on that department of natural history. Certain individuals belonging to the "Yonge Street variety," may find it interesting to read what *Grip* has to say in another column on the subject of street-corner rowdiness.

## IMPORTANT TO ROWDIES.

*Grip*, always loth to take evil-doers unawares, hereby notifies that large and despicable class of raggamuffins who infest the street corners and insult young women, that one week from this date he will initiate a scheme for their utter extirpation. He believes, with the respectable public of Toronto, that these persons are an unmitigated nuisance, and should not be tolerated any more than stagnant water or putrid offal. He sees with alarm and indignation their growth in number and in moral rankness; and he is conscious that at the present moment there is no organized power in the city capable of crushing them. The police, always efficient within the section over which they have jurisdiction, cannot reach the evil, for the reason that in most cases the spot selected by the vermin for their depredations is conveniently distant from any given point of the patrolman's prescribed beat; nor can the City Commissioner compass it, for he, poor functionary, has already as many cess-pools to cleanse as he can manage, with all his industry.

"A Sufferer"—presumably one who has been obliged to run the gauntlet herself at some of the street corners of this Christian city—

writes to the *Globe*, and suggests a Vigilance Committee. *Grip* endorses the idea, and will be happy to place his sanctum at the disposal of sturdy brothers and outraged fathers who may wish to meet and devise "ways and means." Moreover, he shall be proud to lend his fertile imagination to the work of suggesting exquisite punishments for the ruffians whom it may be the good fortune of the Committee to capture. Gentlemen who are favourable to the formation of such an organization are invited to send their names to *Grip*, P. O. Box 958. In the meantime, as already intimated, *Grip* has marked out a Crusade Against Rowdies for himself; and again he begs to call the attention of the members of that ilk to the fact. In his next number he will commence a series of pictorial homilies, which he hopes the proper parties will buy, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

## Evenings with the Poets.

III.

## THE RAVEN.

A POEM.

Dedicated to *Grip* by the spirit of EDGAR ALLAN POE.

Long ago a people dreary, who had pondered sadly weary  
Over many a weak and vapid comic journal now no more  
Heard with terrible despairing, far beyond mere mortal bearing  
That another was preparing to dispirit them once more.  
"All the former ones" they muttered "have been trash and nothing  
more,  
"Simple trash and nothing more."

Hardly had they ceased to mutter, when with many a flirt and flutter  
Out there stepped a stately Raven; in his beak a book he bore,  
And with many a curious caper, in his talons long and taper  
Took up ink and pen and paper, and the Public quickly swore  
Such an educated Raven surely ne'er was seen before  
Flowing o'er with comic lore.

Then I saw this bird beguiling their sad fancy into smiling  
By such hits and happy sayings as had ne'er been heard before  
"Stop" said I "awhile your croaking, cease one minute from your  
joking

Stop the fun which you are poking for a minute and no more  
Tell me what the name you are known by tell me, tell me I implore."  
Quoth he "Grip," and nothing more.

"Grip" said I "by that same token, now the silence you have broken  
Tell me also, don't it strike you so much poetry's a bore"?  
Croaked he then "my worthy master, let me catch a poetaster  
He would need a porous plaster where one ne'er was placed before.  
I've at least a cord of verses piled upon my chamber floor,  
Fit to burn and nothing more."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,  
But its answer was so pointed that I sidled towards the door;  
For the Muse in me awaking some short verses I'd been making  
And the same their way were making, making to *Grip*'s office door.  
Then I woke to find 't was dreaming, as I uttered "Au Revoir"  
Just a dream and nothing more.

But that Raven never stopping still is words of wisdom dropping  
On the Great Canadian Nation from the East to Western shore  
Every page with humor teeming, every line with wisdom beaming,  
Every week to outward seeming, growing wittier than of yore  
Till his *Grip* on their affections holds he now for evermore  
Shall be loosened, nevermore.

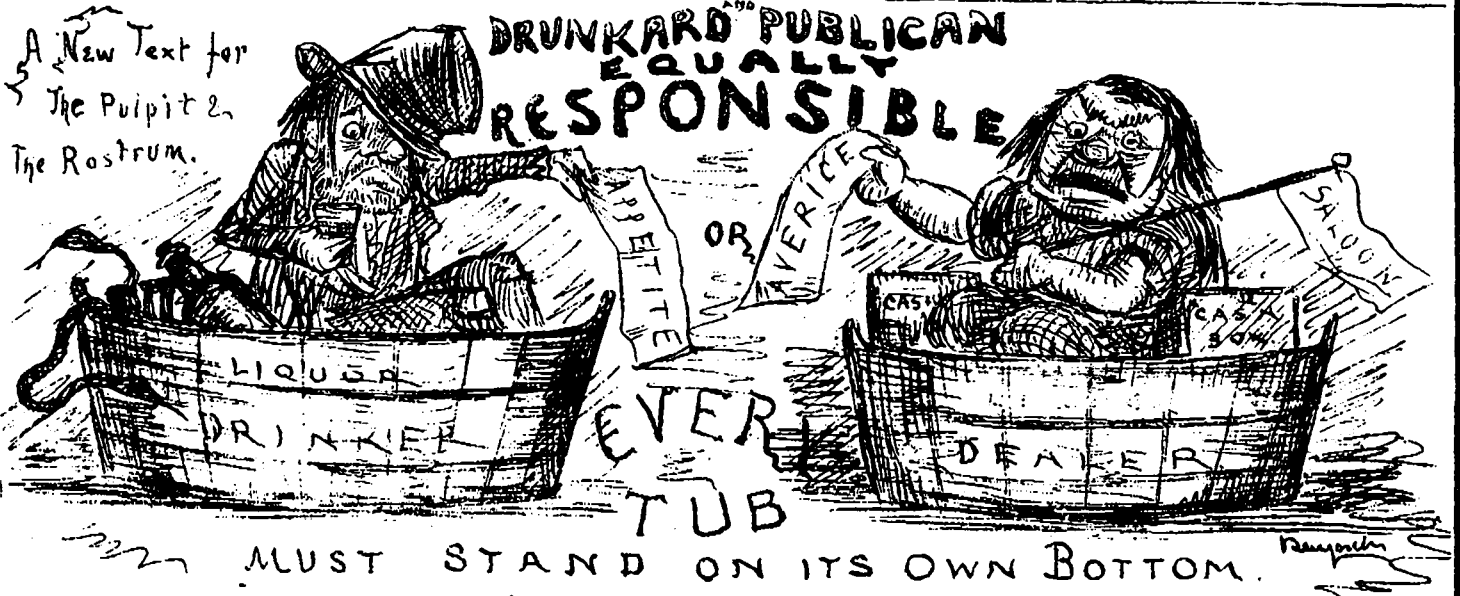
## VERY CANDID.

The *Hamilton Spectator* makes a confession:

"We are waiting in eager expectancy for the moment when we can sound the loud timbral" over Mr. Brown's grand diplomatic feat at Washington. Will the "subsidized" give us timely warning of the proper moment?"

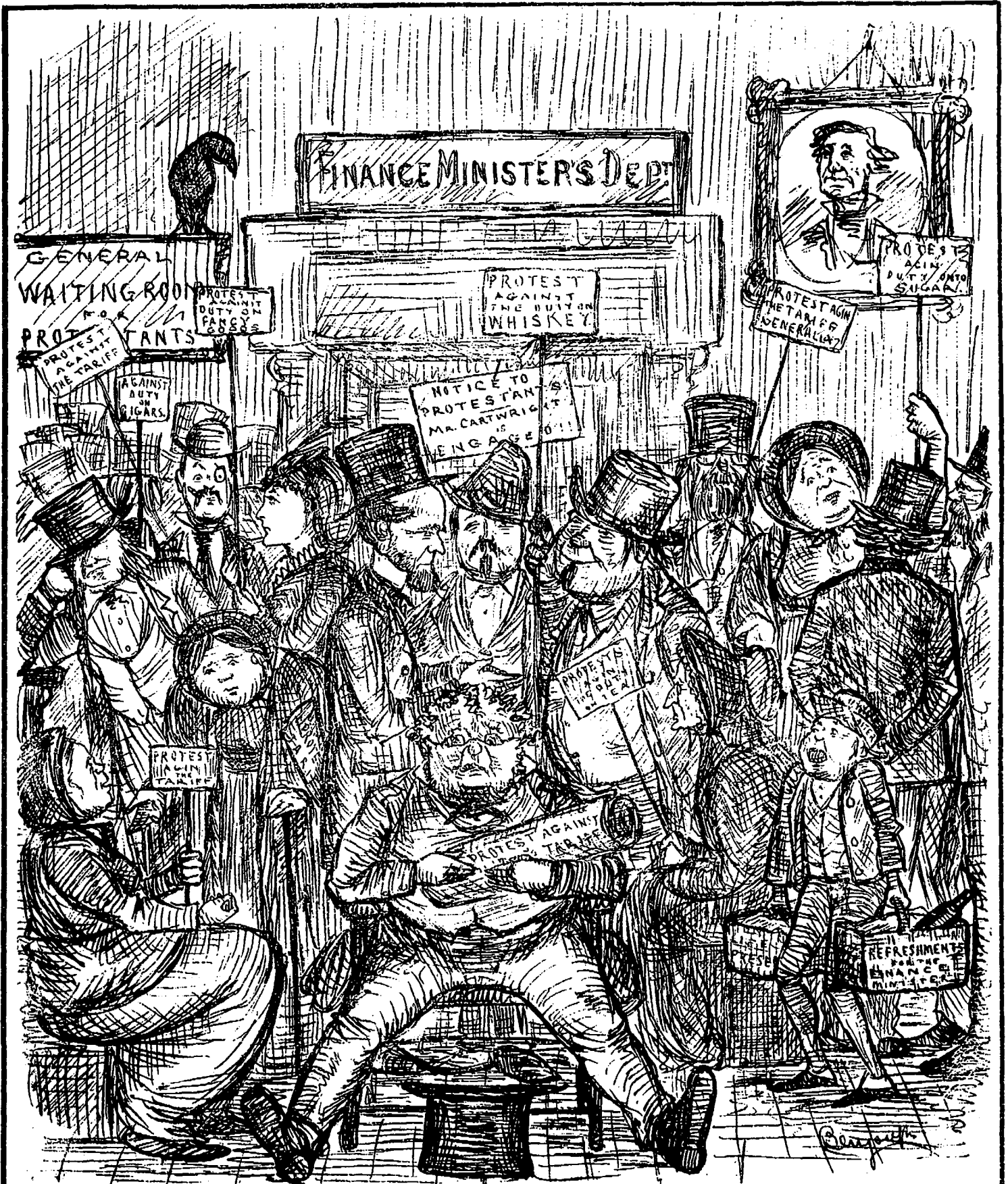
A journalist who made any pretensions to fitness for his position—who claimed to possess the rudimentary qualifications of good sense and decorum—would be ashamed to announce that he was "waiting in eager expectancy" for an opportunity to show his propensities for carping—because it is absolutely certain that is precisely what the *Spectator* will do "over Mr. Brown's grand diplomatic feat at Washington." When will certain great newspapers learn that it is essentially a low thing to be forever "sounding the loud timbral" over a political opponent's feat?

LATEST FROM POMPEII.—Our enterprising contemporary, *The Sun*, fixes the date of the overwhelming of Pompeii at A.D., '79.



Clerk at the New Post Office as seen twirling the box-keeps last Friday.

THE COMMON NINNY. (Ignoramus Scalliwagi bus.)



# PROTESTANTISM AT OTTAWA;

OR, "JOB" CARTWRIGHT'S COMFORTERS.

BEING ONE OF THE "PLEASANTRIES OF PUBLIC LIFE."

## Grip Gossip.

NO. II.

Just as great Parties need a useful "whip,"  
Strength to maintain or win,  
So runs the policy pursued by Grip,  
That all may "take him in!"  
And read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest,  
The whole Dominion round,  
Oft as his Representatives think best,  
To tell what they have found  
Of fashion, folly, fun or other fare,  
Which crop out day by day,  
Just like the mineral treasures everywhere,  
That block the traveller's way.  
To benefit mankind, and not for self,  
Grip visits many a town,  
Or keeps a correspondent—like himself—  
To keep blue devils down!  
And notes that if angelic woman fall,  
To ape the serpent's ways,  
How silvery webs of gossamer recal  
The tales of by-gone days—  
And if from pristine loveliness she makes  
To Gossip's ways a fall,  
Her view of human weakness much partakes  
Of wormwood mixed with gall!  
Stand we at the Club door at Halifax,  
To note the streets and stores—  
The world moves on, while fashion nothing lacks,  
And young Ambition soars—  
Observe how on the walks of Hollis Street,  
The pride of life they heaven,  
One is a dainty lass, with fairy feet,  
Her aunt wears number "seven!"  
Then meet opposing couples, outward bound,  
Exclaiming "lovely weather!"  
But for trite topics quickly run aground,  
They add "let's shop together."  
Calling at BLOWHARD'S, a new fashion mart,  
They glance to try their tresses,  
Then go through shopworn questions known by heart,  
And fix on two silk "dresses"—  
See next our own Reporter pass that way,  
Some item he is noting,  
Perchance some scandal he has heard to-day  
From Gossip's fancy floating.  
Passing the BROWHARD'S door he looks askance,  
Sees pleasure's votaries gather,  
At bouquets in the window takes a glance,  
Admires a bonnet-feather,  
Lists to the crowd of shoppers as they walk,  
The blade but wants a handle—  
And now the dear ones fast and faster talk  
Some non-pacific scandal!  
That's Mrs. A., her husband's gone to stretch,  
His legs—see her false hair!  
He's on the drinking tack, you know, the wretch!  
She's not so deaf—beware!  
There's the prize skater of the Rink!—her beau  
Told her she "looked so nice!"  
That carnival, she tells the friends she knows,  
Was "a big thing on ice."  
There's L., whose little tattle, laugh and shout,  
Is simply too absurd,  
If mother swoons, or brother gets the gout,  
She tells it every word;  
She's not the Miss whose conversation's meet,  
Puts on such strange attires,  
She'd almost wash her linen on the street  
And dry it on the wires!  
By telegraph she lets acquaintance know  
Her wants and griefs and cares—  
Ah, there's the widow—crape two deep in woe,  
Let Tom avoid her snares!  
See MORRIS Goose with her two DOLLY VARDENS  
Parading down the street,  
They live now just "fornest" the People's Gardens,  
That's their own phrase—so neat!  
Their "rus in urbe"—Tom says that's the Latin,  
And means—just out of town—  
But Greek to them although they seem so pat in  
The slang of County Down!  
Here come the TUFFS! in from the Cove—what airs,  
See how their heads they toss!

Forgetting that their mother lived down stairs  
And watched the shop—as Boss!  
There's widow FLINT with Mr. SPARK her beau,  
How slow and sad he seems,  
His looks betray—he thinks this world below  
Is made for love and dreams!  
He's well to do! why not decide—be done?  
He fears she may not do it—  
True—but he knows a fair thing's seldom won  
Except by those who woo it!  
Here comes young STREL, whose irony excels  
The beauty he's now trusting,  
Profane! and yet he ranks among the "swells"—  
To smoke and swear's disgusting!  
See that Miss CODDLE, looking sweet and fair,  
Bowling to all she passes,  
Her father now you know's a millionaire  
By cod-fish and molasses—  
There's dear Miss B., she's bound for her long home,  
By love or church-yard cough—  
But hark! the clock strikes—dinner time is come!  
Quit Gossip—Let's be off!

HUGH MOUR.

## Crooks from Grip's Basket.

THE public—who deem Parliamentary reports as provided by the morning papers a bore—will be pleased to learn that Grip's commissioner has secured a ticket to the Press Gallery of the House of Commons, and will hereafter regularly furnish us with THE SENSE OF THE SESSION—(if there should be any.)

A PRETENTIOUS and very freely patronized picture is at present on exhibition in the window of Messrs. NOTMAN & FRASER'S establishment on King street. It is a photographic group containing about one hundred and seventy-five vignettes, and for want, we suppose, of a better title, it has been labelled "The Toronto Philharmonic Society." It is, as *The Globe* pronounces, a splendid piece of work; moreover, it is a standing refutation of the opinion recently expressed by a visitor to this city that there were no really conceited-looking gentlemen amongst our citizens.

CANADA'S poet laureate, GUID ALEX. McLAUCHLIN, has enriched Grip's library with a new volume of new poems, just issued from the press of Messrs. HUNTER & ROSE. There are many capital things and much real poetry between the covers.

LATEST FROM THE LECTURE-ROOM.—The man who held forth last night, is advertised to hold fifth at an early date.

JEWELLERY.—One of the most precious gems in the British collection at present is a GARNET, that was recently found, not in the African diamond mines, but on the Gold Coast. This GARNET is of a fine flesh colour, and is deservedly held in high estimation by her Majesty the QUEEN, as well as by Englishmen in all parts of the world. GRIP is quite unable to say how many carats it weighs, but it's of no consequence whatever.

APT.

GLANCING through the advertisements of a prominent morning contemporary, the other day, we ran across the following appropriately-headed announcement—for we presume the caption is meant to describe the condition of the man who wrote:

"TEMPORARY INSANITY!—In spite of the maniacal legislation which has added new fetters to an already overtaxed commerce, and met a small temporary deficit with a permanent and commercially disastrous measure at the moment of anticipated national prosperity, we shall continue for a time to sell at old prices. Buy early, for prices must considerably advance."

INTERPRETED.

GRIP finds the following in the editorial column of the *Bowmanville Merchant*, and, as it may appear somewhat mysterious to those who see it, he begs to supply a few words of interpretation:

"TO CORRESPONDENTS.—By no means. We are too well known by the Reform party for any such ——— to injure us. The circulation is small and the influence next to nil. See Prov. xxvii, 22."

KEY.—Perhaps a rival journalist has asked the *Merchant* to extend the usual professional civilities. Perhaps the missing word represented by the dash is *Taxes*. Very likely the third sentence is a precious piece of candour, and refers to the *Merchant*. The Scriptural reference is, of course, a gentle hint to the rival journalist that he needn't reply.

**NEW AND SEASONABLE.**

Just received, a choice assortment of  
**CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS, CHIGNONS**  
**COILS, &c., &c.,**

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 LAMPS, suitable for Burning the Fluid, only  
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**Anderson's Family Safety Oil**

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Than by the Royal Commission.

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**LIGHTNING LUBRICATOR,**

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**GRIP! GRIP!! GRIP!!!**

**OYSTERS!**

AT

**WHYTE'S MANSION,**

**69 KING STREET EAST.**

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**OYSTER BAR.**

Parties favoring him with a call can be served with Oysters from the shell, of the best quality.

Hot Meat Pies at all hours.

**TO PRINTERS.**

FOR SALE.—About 100 lbs. (Roman and Italic) BREVIER, second-hand, part copperfaced, in case. Price 20 cents per lb. Specimens and particulars on application to

TYPE.  
 Care "Grip," Toronto.

**J. DAMER & CO.,**

Have now opened and are selling

**BOOTS AND SHOES**

Cheaper than any other House  
 in the City,

AT

**77 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.**

**J. F. COLEMAN & CO.**

**65 YONGE STREET,**

Have a Large Stock of

**COAL!**

**CALL AND SEE IT.**