

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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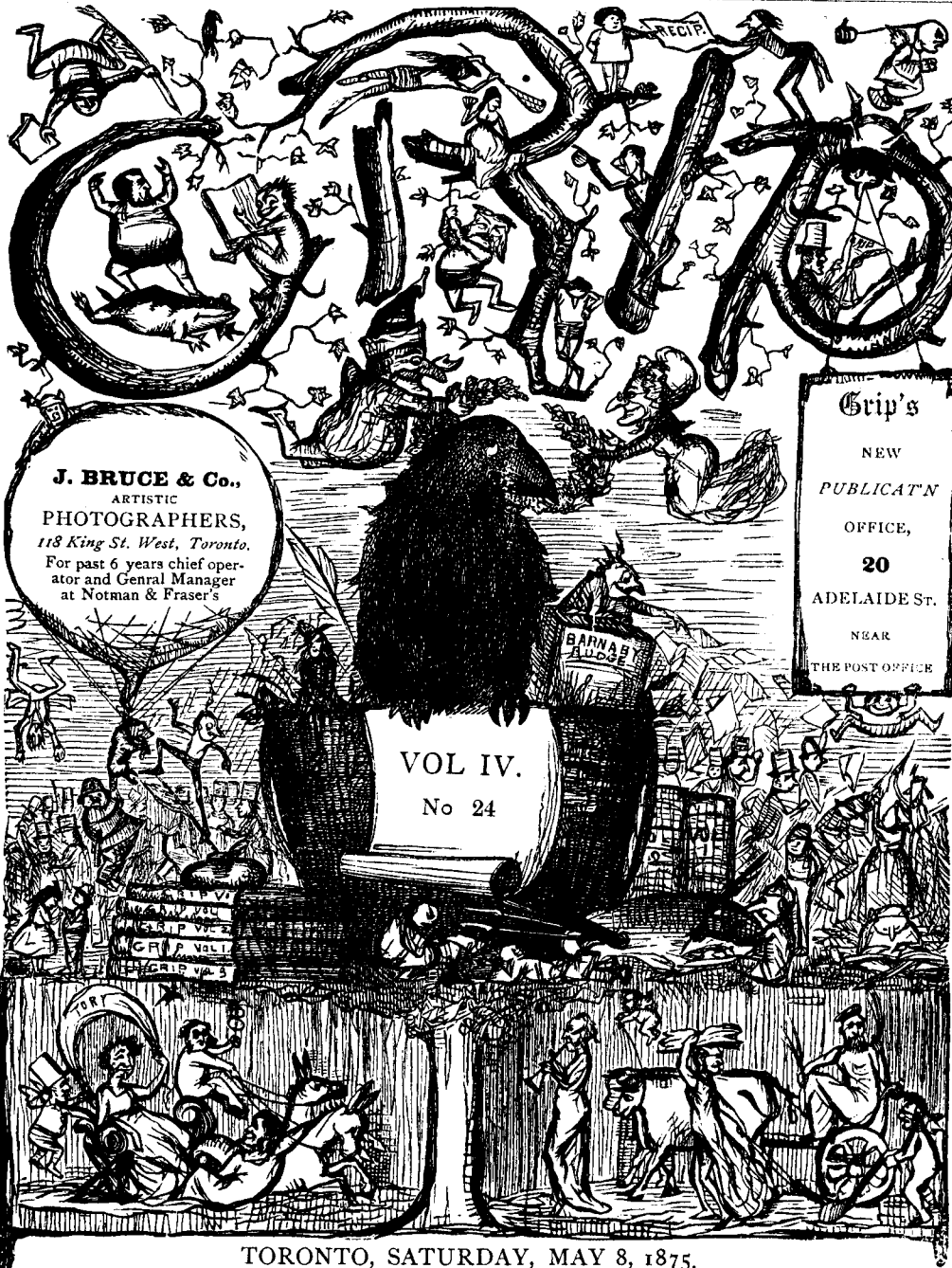
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

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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.

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.

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The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1875.

THE PUBLISHER wishes to convey his ſincere thanks to the unknown friend who ſent in three back numbers of GRIP advertised for in recent iſſues.

From Our Box.

GRIP greets MR. TOOLE with delight. This gentleman poſſeſſes the power of making an audience laugh till they almoſt weep, and, in a ſingle inſtant, of changing to the pathetic and extracting tears from a different ſource. His transitions from the moſt grotesquely humorous to the moſt touchingly pathetic ſide of his characters are like thoſe of DICKENS, of which great writer he is perhaps the beſt ſtage exponent, entering into his conceptions from the point of view of a kindred ſpirit. Can it be wondered that the mere ſight of his face is ſufficient to put the London audiences, to whom he is ſo familiar, in a good humour. There is an extraordinary heartineſs about the way in which he enters into every thing that reminds one of DICKENS, and the claſs of characters played by him are moſtly of the DICKENS type. You even ſympathize with him in his well-deſerved tribulations as the rascally old lodging-house keeper in "Ici on Parle Francais," whiſt in his more ſerious parts he relieves you with an occaſional laugh, inſtead of trying to keep the pathetic ſtop perpetually on. Perhaps his extraordinary powers over his features are his moſt ſingular gift, the endless varieties of expreſſion that his face ſhews and their inſtantaneous transitions ſeeming to be more than mere art. He is always the Engliſhman, in fact the Cockney, but this gives ſcope for a very wide range of impoſonations. There are thoſe who charge CHARLES DICKENS with the ſame thing as a fault. Let them keep their opinion but let them keep it to themſelves.

We are very ſorry among the late departures from the company at MRS. MORRISON'S to notice that MR. COULDOCK has left it. Some of the other loſſes will not be eaſily replaced, as for inſtance MRS. LINDEN and MR. LAURENS, who, though not altogether faultleſs, are very hard-working, uſeful members of any company. But MR. COULDOCK is indeed a loſs. He is an actor of exceptional powers, particularly in ſuch parts as are ſuited to his physical capacity. We are glad to hear that he will not leave Toronto, but will remain here and give leſſons in elocution, of which it would be as well if many perſons who are in the habit of ſpeaking in public, and even ſome miniſters, would avail themſelves. If MR. MCDUGALL'S much-talked-of example does not produce the expected improvement in the Ontario Legislature, GRIP would ſuggeſt the placing of a claſs of M.P.'s at MR. COULDOCK'S diſpoſal. We were about to ſuggeſt his taking the City Council in hand but fear nothing will do them any good.

Farewell to Mrs. Rousby.

Fair ROUSBY—thou! whoſe claſſic face
Outwits the potent chisel's grace;
Whoſe magic voice doth well impart
Nature's ſweet tones enhanced by art;
Whoſe ſhapely form and luſtrous eye
The Painter's genius doth defy.

Fair lady—ere thou leave'ſt our land
We offer thee true frienſhip's hand,
Our humble offering freely take
For Englands' and thine own dear ſake,
Tho' far across the waters blue,
Our hearts grow warm to her thro' you.

We love her and her daughters fair,
We love thee for thy moſt air;
Thy ſimple, unaffected worth;
Thy Saxon parentage and birth;
Thy manner lady-like, refined:
Rich out-growth of a cultured mind.

Long may your gentle heart retain
Our frienſhip offered not in vain,—
And when you've crossed the ocean o'er
And grace again old Englands' ſhore,
Faithful as NOAH'S truſty dove
Bear the glad tidings of our love.

Soliloquy of Hamlet MacKenzie.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion.
Whether 'twere better in the end to ſuffer
The evils born of this outrageous traffic,
Or to take arms againſt this ſea of troubles
And, by oppoſing, end them? To dare, to do
No more:—and by to do, we mean, to end
The manufacture, and the thouſand woes
That drink is heir to. 'Tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſhed. To dare:—to do.—
To do!—perchance to fail; aye, there's the rub!
For in this death of drink, reſults may come
When it hath ſhuffed off its mortal coil
Muſt give us pauſe. We have reſpect
Unto the revenue derived from its long life;
But who can ſtand the whips and ſcorns of Truth,
Her tale of wrong, of drink-born miſery,
Of every growing crime, the law's delay,
The arrogance of the trade, and theſe petitions
That ſignatures of all and ſundry bear,
When he himſelf might their quietus make
With Prohibition. Who would fardels bear
To grunt and ſweat beneath their ſpeeches dry,
But that the dread of ſomething afterwards—
A reconſtructed tariff, from which ſource
We needs muſt ſeek returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus calculation towards makes us all,
And thus real ills that call for prohibition
Are dwarf'd by unreal ghos of what may be,
And this great enterpriſe of pith and moment
With this regard, its currents turn awry
And loſe the name of action. Soft you, now!
The fair OPHELIA:—Canada, in thy ſpeeches
Be all my faults remembered.

Ophelia. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day.

Hamlet. I humbly thank you; well.

Ophelia. I have ſome promiſes of yours
That I have longed long for fulfilment;
I pray you, now fulfil them.

Hamlet. No, not I;
I never gave you any.

Ophelia. My honoured lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of ſuch ſweet breath composed,
As made them ſeem more ſure; y their meaning loſt
Take them again, for, to the noble mind
A promiſe is a promiſe, ſpoken or impiled.
There, my lord.

The Artful Dodger.

AIR. *Burlesque Galop.*

Fare you well my Radical boys, and fare you well for a while
For you ſee the *Liberal* and the *Grits* has tumbled to my ſtyle.
It's all very well when you're in luck, the *Globe* will fill your cup,
But when you're down it keeps you down, acos it turns you up.

From ſide to ſide I've twiſted round and you muſt own I've got
Of principles and ſuch like things a well aſſorted lot.
I'll ſhew you what I've picked up in wandering about
From a lot of coves whoſe mothers hadn't ought to let them out.

This annexation ſcheme you ſee—to Washington it looks;
This conſtitution one was BROWN'S—and ſeveral other cooks';
This Grit address is one which I composed in former days;
This Tory one juſt ſuits me in the way the land now lays.

Conſervative I mean to be, until I want a change,
And as the Grits won't take me back, I ain't ſo free to range.
Whatever may be ſaid of me, all have ſaid their worſt when
They can't ſay I've been ſuch a fool as to take up "Canada Firſt."

When MR. TOOLE come on the boards, he drew my character well
Atween the Artful Dodger and me, none could the difference tell.
In a paper they call GRIP, too, the picter you may ſee
The werry Artful Dodger I mean, all of a twiſt like me.

WHY is Profeſſor MULLER of the Grand Opera Houſe like THEODORE TILTON? Be cauſe they both depend upon their BOWEN (bowing).



THE GREAT POLITICAL TOOL(E)

IN HIS WELL KNOWN CHARACTER OF "THE ARTFUL DODGER."

Dot's Domestic Discourses.**WOMAN'S RIGHTS.****I.—VOTING.**

Of course—A woman has just as good a right to vote as any man; and a better one too:—Why? Never mind why. The thing is plain enough without giving any reasons. Reasons indeed—I'd like to know what reason there is in one creature being allowed all sorts of rights and privileges, and another not. Because that's what we all are—creatures, though I maintain a woman is the better one of the two. I don't care if all the world differs from me. I'll keep my own opinion in spite of it. "Lords of Creation"—Fine lords—Who made them so? Not women I'm sure; and the Bible does not say they are, though you are so fond of quoting from it—Don't talk to me about "Adam being first made and then Eve" and so on and so on. I know all about that;—if I didn't I ought to, for as far back as I can remember I've heard father tell mother the same thing over and over again, till I'm fairly sick of it. And mother would just sit as quiet as a lamb, and never say a word. I would'nt—Catch me—That's all. Just as soon as he commenced that piece (from Ephesians I think it is) about a wife's duty to her husband, I'd have set to and finished the chapter, for he never did. "Adam first and then Eve." That very fact itself proves all I've been saying, or intend to say—Don't we always commence with what we don't care about spoiling? I repeat again.—"A woman has just as good a right to vote as any man, and better."—Now I know all you are going to say—"That a woman would always vote for the handsomest candidate, no matter what his political principles were. If I could'nt think of anything better than that—I'd hold my tongue,—that I would." "You saw"—What if you did? Because *once* at an election "you saw" some servants in a hotel shake their towels out of the bedroom windows when the best-looking candidate specchified the people, and slam them (the windows) down hard when the ugly one dittoed, you think; or say you think,—all women would do the same. I suppose no one has eyes but you—Don't you remember me telling you about that man I saw, at our last election, who was making a great row, (with red cards pinned all over him) shouting at the top of his voice, "Jones for ever." and hardly half an hour after this same man was staggering up the street, all his red cards changed into blue ones, crying out—"Brown for ever—Jones in the river."—You've forgotten that I suppose.—Now I did not go straight off, and write a long letter to the papers—and say men ought not to vote because they would sell their votes for liquor, money or anything they could get. Whatever you say won't convince me or make the least impression on me. It's just as much to woman's interest who makes the laws as to man's—So you need not waste your breath trying to make me think to the contrary. "A woman has just as good a right to vote as any man, and better." "Why?" "If you ar'nt enough to provoke a saint—talk about the patience of Job, poor man—twelve Job's could'nt stand you—Because she has—there—

THE LAW.

Yes, that's what I'd like to see thrown open to women. Then will be the time for folks to get justice done to them. It would'nt take a woman 999½ days, to find out whether a man was the person he said he was or not—Just look at this Tichborne case—It's a nice specimen of the way men do their work. Suppose after all "he is the man." Isn't it a crying shame the way he has been treated. "The jury found him guilty of perjury"—you say—"Jury forsooth!" I'd soon jury them and per-jury them too, and if they were not satisfied with that I'd scarejry them. Twelve great grand juries would'nt make me think him the man if I didn't, or Arthur Orton, if I thought him Tichborne. I like people to have an opinion of their own. For my part I consider it extremely probable, "he is the man." His mother said he was her son and what more could people want. I know women would make splendid lawyers.—You say that for a man to succeed as one, he must possess—a keen wit, shrewdness, and a ready tongue. Now women have all these three qualities. "Woman's wit" has passed into a proverb. "Shrewdness" You told me yourself only yesterday I was a *shrew*: and if women have not ready tongues then men waste a good deal of time and paper, and tell a great many lies in saying they have when they have not. "Woman's tongue." I hear little else from morning till night but—"No more do you"—"You're to be pitied you are"—I was going to say I heard nothing else from morning till night but talk of woman's tongue, woman's tongue, woman's tongue,—till one would suppose, a woman had nothing, and did nothing else but talk. "No more they have"—"Oh, no," of course not, I only wish you were in my place, you'd soon see. Men complain about the sameness of their lives—let them try a woman's for a little while. You're everlastingly raving about that poor misguided woman who never met her husband without a smile on her face—(That story goes for just what its worth with me. All made up you may depend upon it, by some bear of a man, who took good care to give his wife no occasion to smile when she saw him, I'll be bound.) Would you have me tell a lie, or act one, and that's just as bad, by pretending she's glad to see you, when she's not?

You men change places with us women for a year or two. I guess each of you would meet his wife with a smiling face when she came in "tired to death with the worry of the day's work"—(that's your favorite

phrase is'nt it?) would they not? and "they have her slippers and coat ready warming by the fire."

"Women don't wear coats"—

Don't they? dear me! how singular. I suppose you don't know what I mean either? You think I am getting the best of it, so you try and annoy me by frivolous interruptions, but you can't do it. No and I have forgotten where I left off. "The children would be all dressed and clean, looking like well-cared-for children should, quite delighted at Papa's—I mean Mamma's return (Poor things they would have reason to be after a day or two of Papa's housekeeping) and the kettle would be singing cheerily on the hob" "the cloth laid for tea" "everything ready, only waiting for Mamma" I hate such trash. I only wish I had the chance. I would soon show you that women could make not only good lawyers, but good laws too.

Grip to his Victims.

GRIP has observed with grief and indignation that some of his most esteemed and precious subjects have taken a mean advantage of him and reorganized their whiskers so as to set at nought all the traditions of his past cartoons. Mr. P.—T.—N., whose expressive face has been familiarized to our countrymen from Windsor to Gaspe, as smiling out between mutton-chop whiskers, has been and gone and grown hair over his chin; Mr. G.—L.—N.—S.—I.—H., who really looked well in the orthodox moustache and side pieces, has also concealed his finely chiselled chin from public gaze. GRIP hopes these gentlemen have not been actuated by the base desire to give him trouble, and put his patrons in a quandary, in thus *post facto* giving the lie to his representations of them. He would rather put a charitable construction on their conduct,—say that they let the hair sprout because they are too busy with their news-papers—or too lazy, to shave. He would respectfully remind them, that the inconvenience to him and his readers is infinitely greater than it can be to themselves, and rather than have to reconstruct his representations of them in future, GRIP is even willing to bear half their tonsorial expenses as long as they remain in public life. He can say nothing fairer than that. The precedent these two gentlemen are setting is a most dangerous one. We shall next have Mr. M. C. C.—M.—N. robbing GRIP and the Canadian public of his imperial, or Messrs B.—K.—E. and M.—W.—T. removing their specs, or Mr. M.—K.—N.—Z.—E. shaving his chin or Sir J.—N. getting his hair cropped close. The merest politician can at once see the ruin that would wait upon such proceedings. If this country is to have a standard publication in which future generations can study and admire the features of the great men of to-day, there must be some sort of understanding between GRIP and his indulgent sitters; there must be no going back on the faces once established and recognized by the body of the people. To the offenders specified GRIP would respectfully say that razors are to be had, ready for use, at CARDY'S, Yonge St.

A few Offerings.

IN the interest of the public, GRIP will try hereafter to keep track of the offers that are made to the Hon. member for South Bruce. Up to the hour of going to press, the following tempting baits were all that we could hear of.

1. An offer of a Seat in the Cabinet, by Mr. MACKENZIE.
2. Ditto of the Chief Justiceship of the Supreme Court, by Ditto.
3. Ditto of the Leadership of Canada First, by the National Club.
4. Ditto of an Editorial notice, double headed, by the *Globe*.
5. Ditto of a Stab under the fifth rib, by the *Mail*.
6. Ditto of the chair of Political Sphinxology in University College.
7. Ditto of GRIP for one year, by a friend.

A Difficulty.

We hear that it is proposed to hold a congress in Buffalo, at which Canadian representatives are to attend, for the purpose of discussing the prospects of annexing the Dominion to the United States. GRIP has taken considerable pains to ascertain the probable members of the coming assembly and has discovered that a number of the leading politicians have replied to invitations in the following terms or something like them.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.—Will think about it.

HON. GEORGE BROWN.—Had quite enough of Washington to last his life time.

HON. W. MACDOUGALL.—Looked to Washington but didn't see anything.

HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE.—Can govern the country without assistance.

HON. E. BLAKE.—Would a Canadian be eligible for the Presidency?

HON. M. C. CAMERON.—Is engaged in Toronto.

HON. O. MOWAT.—Would consult his colleagues.

PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH.—The *Nation* cannot be improved.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.—Hears there is talk of a Canadian Cardinal.

JOHN L. TOOLE.—Hopes not to intrude.

HON. A. MCKELLAR.—Wishes particulars as to the appointment of officials at the congress.

MR. J. C. RYKERT.—Was ready to give his professional services.

HON. ADAM CROOKS.—Referred them to his partners.

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REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest \$25,486 13
DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims under Policies paid..... \$8,348 95
Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted and waiting proof..... 750 00
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors Fees, Office Rent, &c..... 6,192 73
Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian Bank, being forty per cent.... 10,194 45
\$25,486 13

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