

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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

TERMS—\$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application to Messrs. FISHER & TAYLOR, Agents, 35 YONGE Street.

Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the MANAGER, care of Mr. A. S. IRVING, Exclusive Wholesale Agent, No. 35 King Street West.

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VOL. 2.

TORONTO, MAY 16, 1874.

No. 25.

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 958. 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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EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874.

OUR BIG RAILWAY.

Our correspondent at the Yellowhead Pass, who went out there two years ago, has telegraphed the following, which will be of first importance to the Government, and GRIP assures them they are heartily welcome to it.

YELLOWHEAD, May 14.

DEAR GRIP.—The surveying party has just reached here. The reports of this being a difficult road to build across the Rocky Mountains and the cascades is an infamous historical and geographical item. We have hit upon a route that will inevitably be adopted. The first trifling obstacle we met was an ascent of 500 feet of perpendicular rock, but we easily surmounted that in about three weeks by means of ropes and balloon ascensions. The cañons (I see you had a cañon in Toronto, lately), got a trifle worse; we lost three men by falling out of the balloon while going up the face of Broken-Nose Bluff, a slight elevation of rock about 3000 feet high. The bodies went into a ravine apparently about 15,000 feet deep, and we left them there. We have been across the Cascade range on the coast and found the descent could be made with great rapidity, the grade being two miles to the yard. This we considered eminently satisfactory, but did not try it. There is no doubt in our minds that, as your enthusiastic contemporary the *Globe* says, a route "will be found, free from any very appalling obstacles." We propose to dam the water in one valley, bring it up to the level of the mountain tops on each side, and run the cars across on a raft. At another point where damming don't pay we will have the cars taken up the precipice 1700 feet, by means of a hoist, the passengers remaining perfectly safe inside unless the hoisting machinery gives way. The cost of this road has been ridiculously under-estimated. The cascades for about 15 miles will not cost more than about—for hoisting and damming—\$120,000,000; to cross the Rocky Mountains, say \$175,000,000; a short railway running north to bring down fuel from the shores of Lake Athabasca, say \$200,000,000; and so the road can be built from the Pacific to Fort Edmonton for the minimum of \$495,000,000 or, say \$500,000,000. (Don't believe a word of it.—GRIP.) A few of the Manitoba Mounted Police came into our camp yesterday, and reported that some Yankee contraband had opened a grocery at Damn Gulch, and was selling flour and pemican cheap. They said he wasn't there now. It was our stock he was selling.

D. Y. O.

P. S.—Have just heard that Toronto has given a bonus to T. G. & B. R. of \$100,000. Noble Toronto; they will no doubt take four or five millions in the Crooked Creek Railway, and help railways generally. Taxes aint now so heavy as they might be by a little effort. Toronto debentures sell well out here.

D. Y. O.

Grip's Sense of the Session.

Monday, May 4.—Business in the Senate especially funny; first, Mr. SPEAKER laid on the table; then Mr. SCOTT did the same (returns simply).

Discussed the Libel Law, and Hon. Mr. HOWLAN didn't think the Canadian press sufficiently "high-toned." Hon. Mr. HOLDEN was of opinion there were exceptions (GRIP, for instance), but they finally decided not to hang editors for their correspondents' opinions.

Whereat your Commissioner rejoiceth. In the Commons, Mr. CATCORN thought that, as Committees were so much in vogue, he would take a little one, and moved, therefore, for the establishment of a "Joint Committee for the Despatch of Business"; but, it being dinner time, the House resolved itself into a "Business Committee for the Despatch of Joinks," and adjourned accordingly.

Afterwards, in Supply, Maritime members thought it unfair that all the money should go to Manitoba, and wanted a little slice for themselves. Mr. JONES put it at \$7,000,000 for the present. GRIP wishes they may get it.

May 5.—The Libel Bill troubled the placid [waters of the Senate, but at 4.50 the pool was still.

And in the Commons the Speaker was ten minutes late (GRIP moves that it be deducted from his pay), whereupon the thousand and one committees reported.

On the Immigration vote the great Canadian JENKINS was pretty thoroughly discussed, and Mr. HOLTON wanted to know if he had really been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to Great Britain. Mr. MACKENZIE explained that his duties were not ambassadorial, but that he would be a sort of "Tourists' Companion," would introduce travelling Canucks to the "upper ten," would supervise contracts, would be, in fact, a Canadian maid-of-all-work.

SIR JOHN didn't like the appointment; thought he was too "rude of speech"; in fact, like the Canadian press, was not "high-toned" enough.

Dr. BROUSE came out strong in arithmetic, and entered into an abstruse rule-of-three sum with great effect.

After tea, members poked fun at one another anent the location of a Military College.

Major WALKER suggested London!

Mr. KIRKPATRICK—Kingston!!

Mr. MCGREGOR—Amherstville!!!

Mr. SMITH—Winnipeg!!!!

Mr. GILMORE—Charlotte County!!!!

GRIP—35 King Street West!!!!

The only suggestion adopted, however, was one to adjourn at 11.30.

May 6.—Prohibitory petitions poured in on the Senate, but pigeon-holes are mighty, and must prevail.

Senators were very evenly divided on the question of stringing up editors; 25 to 25; but the Speaker has GRIP's sincerest thanks for giving his casting vote with the nays (*Never say die!*), and he therefore has no hard feeling at their adjourning at 5.20.

In the Commons the Speaker took the chair at three, and was immediately confronted by the hydra-headed Committee.

Major WALKER wanted to know why the Governor General's Foot Guards were placed on a different footing from any other Guards, and moved that, in the interests of public morality, they be no longer allowed to appear in public in their bear-skins, of which GRIP approves, and thinks there is already too much TOMORROWISM in Ottawa.

May 7.—Will Mr. BORSFORD kindly "rise to explain" his little joke respecting the Company for the Conversion of the Mohawks; it seems, GRIP quotes, "that 500 (Indians) still remain who worship the Great Spirit uninfluenced by the bad example around them." Missionaries, to the front!

The Commons read the Election Bill the second time, and "Trust him not, he is fooling thee," was prettily rendered by Mr. INVINA in respect of SIR JOHN'S advice to the Government.

Vote by ballot on and after January, 1875.

May 8.—More committees, and the Commons discussing the Tariff. Mr. DOMVILLE stated that he earned his living adorningly, and that the duty on scrap iron was an outrage, an outrage on DOMVILLE, Sir! who imports scrap iron, and against which he must protest; and if Government didn't immediately imprison those members who were interrupting his eloquence with desk-lid solos, let Government trouble!

Mr. D. did one thing at any rate which is worthy of note; *he made the Premier laugh* (it may only have been "accidental") and GRIP promises him the first vacancy on his witty staff.

Virtue is its own reward, DOMVILLE!

Grip in Council.

Present, GRIP, in the chair; BARNABY RUDGE, PATRICK SMALLWIT, Q. C., MACGREGOR SLOWCUM, WILLIAM SPAKEQUEER, and TIMOTHY TONGUEGRASS.

GRIP—Well, well, well! Where have you all been this age?

TONGUEGRASS.—Like DIOGENES, in quest of an honest man have I been.

SPAKEQUEER.—Found you him?

TONGUEGRASS.—Time must be left to answer that question. He says he's nothing if not honest, but as you would be likely to word it, he doth too much protest.

RUDGE.—You do not vouchsafe us much enlightenment, and are over-cautious in naming no names.

SLOWCUM.—Any sensible man would know who it is TIMOTHY refers to.

SPAKEQUEER.—Verily, not he of Kingston, whose proudest boast is—These hands are clean!

TONGUEGRASS.—Ho! Time has already solved the question with regard to him. 'Tis the other Mac. The gentleman who does not owe quite everything to tailors, and who, as a Master of Department, could not have filled the place of the inimitable TUNVEYDOR.

RUDGE.—Methinks he's pretty sound on the railway question.

SMALLWIT.—If the sleepers of that railway are only half as sound they will stand a good deal of railing. Do you think there are likely to be any ties in the House on the Bill?

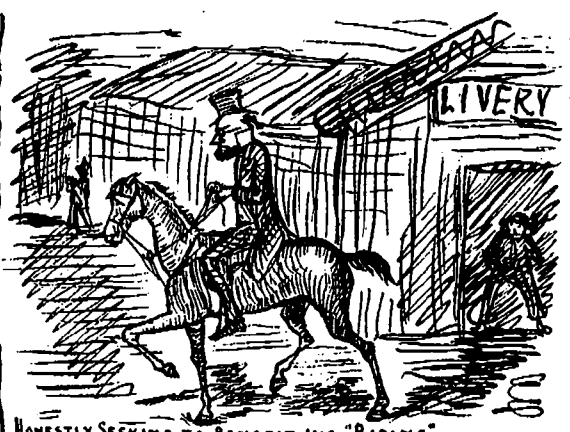
TONGUEGRASS.—Come, come, PATRICK, be a little careful. Tell this worshipful company how and where *you* have employed your fine but wasted powers.



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HONESTLY SEEKING TO BENEFIT HIS "RIDING."



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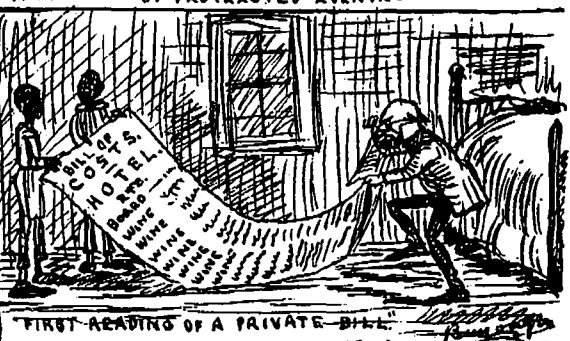
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"TAKING THE FLOOR."



"FIRST READING OF A PRIVATE BILL."

Grip's STUDIES AT OTTAWA: ILLUSTRATING SUNDRY PHASES OF PARLIAMENTARY LIFE. RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



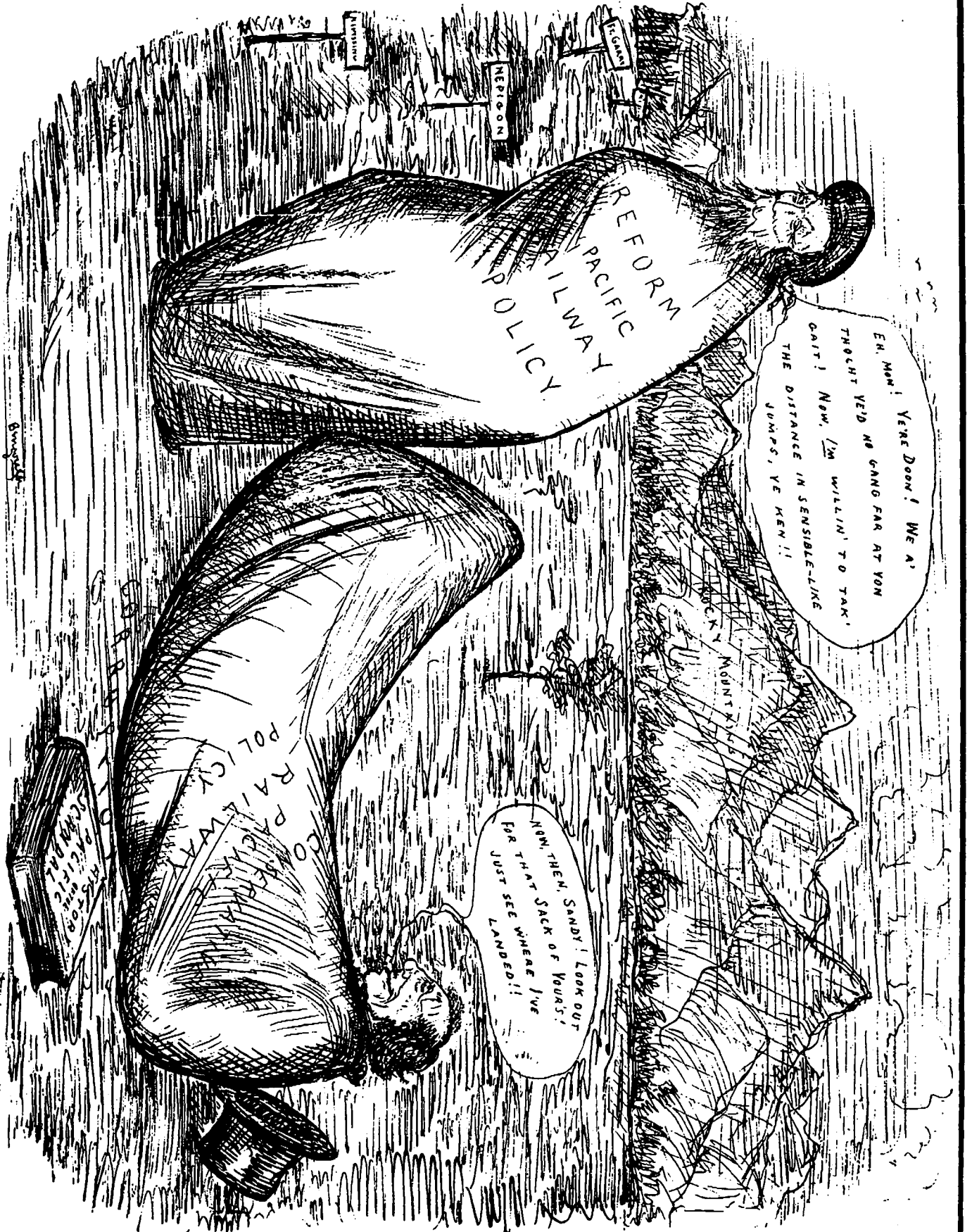
"SHAKESPEARE IN THE ASCENDANT;" OR THE INFLUENCE OF MR. KING'S VISIT.



"HAMLET" Act I, Scene V.

8

PACIFIC PASTIMES: OR, THE "HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL."



SMALLWIT.—I despise your jealous sneer. Don't you wish you had some powers to waste? I have been improving my education. I visited the School Board, and drew from that fount of poorest English not a little enlightenment.

GRIP.—Tell, tell, tell, something of what you heard.

SMALLWIT.—You know, do you not, that there was an office, in the gift of the learned gentlemen of the Board, recently rendered vacant, for which there were not many more than the customary number of applicants. These had their several supporters, each Commissioner being sternly opposed to everybody else's candidate. The aspirant for the honour of inspecting the schools of Toronto, who was ultimately appointed, is a comparatively young man, whose previous career has been noticeable on the one hand for good teaching, and on the other for a depraved tendency to over-exertion in an aboriginal pastime; and, would you be surprised to learn that a member of the Board (who has, too, had the inestimable advantage of long association with at least one of the leaders of public opinion here), got up and objected to this muscular Christian's claims because he had been addicted to Lacrosse, and mixed up with clubs, to say nothing of netted sticks, and other demoralizing associations.

SLOWCUM.—What did he mean?

SMALLWIT.—He meant to be exceedingly proper, no doubt. However, the objector had not all the sense of the meeting in his possession, and though there were others whose reasons for voting against the successful candidate were at least equally weighty, the result of the vote enabled me to retain my equanimity, and I forgave the Board many, if not all, its accumulated sins in the shape of offences against the popular LINDLEY MURRAY.

SPAKEQUEER.—You become tiresome. Verbosity is an evil weed that fast doth grow, and your's is a soil most rank.

SMALLWIT.—Where weeds spring up most rapidly, there too will you find the flowers and the fruit.

TONGUEGRASS.—If they be not choked and smothered. Your wordiness is an all-pervading bind-weed, which conceals the flowers and stunts the fruit.

SMALLWIT.—How complimentary! If you and WILLIAM there go on abusing me, I will really turn the tap and treat you to a real specimen of loquacity.

SPAKEQUEER.—I cry you quits. No more of that, HAL. You have not, anybody, asked me what I have been about.

GRIP.—It's a shame. Go on.

SPAKEQUEER.—It is private and most confidential. To see RIEL have I been, and a most pernicious scoundrel it is. I wanted to induce him for the sake of peace to leave this Canada of ours.

SMALLWIT.—He said he'd as lieve do it as not, I suppose.

SPAKEQUEER.—No, he didn't say anything of the kind. I offered him an annual pension of thirty-seven and a half cents, paid quarterly, if he would with stealthy footstep seek the shores of the neighboring Republic. He therefore made that famous speech, "To go, or not to go, that is the question? By gar, I'm off." As soon as the pension was made secure in a friend's name (being secret service money precautions had to be taken), then comes back to Beaversland this arrant rogue. A plague upon him! I fear me much there will soon be seated upon me a Committee of the House, with power to call for persons and papers.

SLOWCUM.—Can any of you guess my movements?

TONGUEGRASS.—Practicing a slow march?

RODGE.—Chewing the cud of Smallwitticisms?

SLOWCUM.—It is past guessing. I have been to St. John, and there I have started a comic paper. The publisher is nominally SMYRN, but really, you know—

SMALLWIT.—It's rather more slow come. Has it been christened?

SLOWCUM.—It comes out once a fortnight, and it's name is QUIR.

SMALLWIT.—Who turns the cranks that always go with the quips? Has it merit?

SLOWCUM.—Modesty forbids my saying. I can hardly hope to find its illustrations equal to those which eventuate from the facile pencil of the "talented" and "celebrated" cartoonist of whom the journals of the day have been making mention; but, then, I think the effort is not so bad.

TONGUEGRASS.—The name—QUIR—GRIP, GRIP—QUIR. What labour there must have been in the bringing forth!

GRIP.—Too bad, too bad!

RODGE.—Never mind the young New Brunswicker. It's a long cry to somewhere or other. We are not of those who sing, "There's nae room for twa."

GRIP.—Never say die, never say die! Away with you.

WHY NOT?

According to an American paper "The Legislature of Massachusetts has lately passed a law making it necessary that a dozen eggs weigh one and a half pounds." GRIP has not seen the text of the Act referred to, and he does not know what penalties are inflicted on the recalcitrant hens who may refuse to lay 2 oz. eggs; but when, on sitting down to breakfast, with two microscopically small eggs before

him, which in the egg-cup become entirely invisible, GRIP meditates on the disappointingness of all things terrestrial, he is then prepared to endorse the wisdom of the Massachusetts law and is constrained to desire its extension all over the universe. Barnyard fowl, beware of chanting your lays, unless of legal ponderosity! Make an effort. Put more henery into the matter. Mrs. Chick always made an effort. Go you and do likewise, and let the average of your lays be eggsactly two ounces.

CREMATION.

BY C. A. SWINBURNE.

If everything's true that one hears
Ancient the cremation of man,
Soon in the lapse of years
Burning will be the plan.
A Company's got it in hand,
And they make the matter so pleasant
You can easily understand
How nice it would be to be present.
Into a furnace you go,
Beneath a cord of wood,
And you burn with a gentle glow,
As a decent mortal should.
In flames you vanish away,
And smoke as it ascends,
And a pound of ashes gray
Is all left your weeping friends.
What happens after this
Wont cause you any concern,
For when reduced to an ash
They pop you into an urn.
Think how your eyes would rest
With joy, not unmingled with awe,
On the urn wherein was compressed
The dust of your mother-in-law!
How, when twice married, you'd turn,
Mindful of her who was gone,
Pointing out to your second, the urn
Containing dear number one.
How, too, in the papers you'd see,
"BILL SMYRN—his incineration—
Fires started at half-past three—
Accept this intimation."
Then down with the undertakers,
Far better than bury, to burn,
And when old Death shall take us
The wages of sin we'll urn.

A SELL BY "GRIP."

As down the street the other day
So gaily I went skippin',
The newsboy hailed me by the way—
"Here master's Grip to dip in!"

I called a cab, the better plan,—
To quickly take my trip in;
"Hi!" called another little man
"Do master, take your Grip in!"

"Well, my good boy," I soon replied,
"Of fun I'm not a scorner,—
"Here are ten cents!"—the joker tried
With speed to turn the corner.

"Hold! wretch, you're worse than half the men!"
I cried, and followed trippin',
"My five cents change! I gave you ten!
"You well deserve a whippin'."

But newsy no attention paid,
He made off with his poff, sir;
GRIP, I took in, but by his aid
Was taken in myself, sir.

And all day long I did repent
The comic sheet to dip in;
Lest my five cents might be mis-spent
And newsboy might take Grip in.

But pray don't think I tell you this
Because I've lost in ymoney;
Your hearty Grip I'll never miss,
It makes me lau—'t's funny.

HUGH MOUS.

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Canadian subscribers, per annum . . . \$2 00
American " " U.S. cy 3 00
British " " Stg .. 10s.

Postage prepaid on British and American subscriptions at the office of publication. Rates for other foreign countries furnished on application.

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