

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, MAY 23, 1874.

No. 26.

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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31 Boulevard Street.
N. York: American News
No., Nassau St.

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G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1874.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.

Next week "GRIP" will appear enlarged to eight pages and illustrated with carefully prepared wood engravings. A gentleman of experience and ability has been engaged as Editor-in-Chief, and a staff of able writers secured. The publishers take this occasion to thank the patrons of "GRIP" for the very generous support and encouragement their enterprise has received in the past, and hope that, through a merited continuance of the same, they may be able shortly to announce further improvements. A canvass of the Dominion, for the purpose of securing a large subscription list is being inaugurated, and suitable persons (of either sex), are wanted as agents. To those who have any capacity at all for such work, the undertaking cannot but be very lucrative, as the commission is liberal and the "field" easily worked. All particulars can be learned from Messrs. CLEVER & ROGERS, subscription booksellers, 10 King street east, Toronto. "GRIP" will be mailed to any address for one year on receipt of \$2. Address "GRIP," Box 958.

Grip's Sense of the Session.

May 11.—Senator's minds were exercised about the dismissal of certain officials on political grounds, and Hon. Mr. HOWLAND wanted Government (to use his own exquisitely grammatical expression) to "get up and state" that they would never do so no more.

In the Commons, Mr. CHEVAL thought twenty cent pieces a nuisance (who doesn't?), and asked if Government would abolish them, which GRIP is happy to say they will.

Major WALKER moved for statistics in connection with Civil Service Employees, and wants them to be subjected to the indignity of competitive examinations. Think of it, ye Tom Noddy's and Fitz Noodle's who, according to Dr. TUPPER, are overworked and underpaid, toiling for an ungrateful country from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

May 12.—The Premier introduced his Pacific Railway Scheme, and made it rather warm for Sir JOHN in a speech, for which GRIP pats him on the back with an approving croak.

It is to be called "The-Canada-Pacific—part-of-the-way-by-rail-and-the-balance-by-water-in-the-summer-Company," and is intended to utilize those great lakes with unpronounceable names lying between this and the Rocky Mountains.

Of course, in winter, people can stay at home and drink tea (with the tax on), which will swell the revenue, and delight CARRWRIGHT.

\$15,000 was asked for, for unforeseen expenses, but it's no use, ALECK, you can't buy up GRIP. And, at 11:40, members had the usual trouble with their latch keys.

May 13.—They decided in the Commons to sit on Saturday; industrious Legislators!

Mr. FORBES enquired if Government could afford to place a fog whistle on some remote island where one of his constituents lives, but Government wouldn't and couldn't.

Mr. McDougall wanted Government to interfere and restrict the St. Lawrence from flooding Three Rivers. Now, Mr. MACKENZIE—emulate CANUTE.

And here GRIP joins with Mr. HOLTON in deprecating the childish practice indulged in by members, of throwing books at one another.

"Some white man's going to get killed with jest sich d—d foolishness as this."

May 14.—Ascension Day, and a holiday. GRIP and the other members adjourned to the cricket match, in which the Commons came out victorious.

Let SOUTHEY sing it—

And if you want to know the man
Who such a match did win,
'Twas he who bowled so straight and fast—
'Twas Dr. LANDERIN.
JAMES YOUNG did well, but 'twas not he
Who won that famous victory.

In the Commons, smokers tried to get the duty off tobacco; failed by 118 to 46.

Old women tried to get the duty off tea—a vote resulted in the following analysis of the House: Old women, 51; others, 108.

What a pity women can't be members? Wouldn't they tuck it on to tobacco, and wouldn't it be "tuck" off the tea?

SMIKE.

PARLIAMENTARY SPEECHES.

It has been hinted that there is to be an official and exact report of all speeches made by members of the Parliament at Ottawa. GRIP regards this novelty with dismay. It is totally subversive of all his ideas of the value of things. These speeches are to be printed, and each member will get two bound volumes and six unbound volumes. GRIP supposes that each constituency will provide a safe—one of Taylor's of course—to hold these invaluable works, so that intellectual burglars shall not steal them. There will be great danger of that! Caw! Caw!! GRIP's well fed sides shako with laughter over that. But, behold what will follow. The Provincial legislators will next want their speeches reported accurately, and printed. Alderman will follow suit, and the archives of the city of Toronto will be enriched with the eloquence of Blunt, Snivel, and Splurge. Lawyers will come in with their demand to be perpetuated; ministers probably, and the chairmen at debating societies certainly. The Pacific Railway is a boy's game compared with this scheme.

After half an hour's unwonted depression of spirits, GRIP has solved the problem of what it all means. Some friend of humanity has devised this plan for cleaning out the House. It is probably another deep laid plan of Sir John's for killing off the majority. Only let them believe their speeches are to be fully reported, he says, and they'll kill themselves talking. GRIP thinks they probably would, but they would take an awful amount of killing, and the story of the dog whose vital spark was quenched with butter rises to view.

After another thirty minutes' deliberation, GRIP abandons the above theory, and now believes that this is one of several steps in a subtle design to advance the interests of the Dominion. It has been already hinted that in the event of a Federal Union of all the portions of the Empire, it would be advisable to remove the center of gravity to some point in Canada, say Toronto; and bring the Queen, Lords, Commons, Squires, men on strike, poor houses, banks, Liverpool docks, Jenkins emigrant agency, everything in fact,—except "Punch," whom GRIP considers a regular allopath in comic practice—and that it would be a fine thing to have a Hansard ready-made for the use of old country wind bags. If it isn't this,—GRIP feels his head giving way—oh, oh, caw! caw!!

After another half hour's insensibility, in an epileptic fit, GRIP gives it up; there is somebody crazy, that's certain, thinks it must be somebody down at Ottawa, or somewhere. GRIP advocates that at the next election a qualification of candidates for parliament be that they shall understand the deaf and dumb alphabet, and be restricted to its use in the debates in the house. Ordinary members to be allowed five minutes each, and the Ministers ten in addressing the house. The reports to be printed in "Hansard" in the ancient Chaldean character. The scheme reminds GRIP of the colored pusson's conundrum—"Why is a rail fence like a hog?" Because it is straight on the whole but crooked in de-tail. We don't want speeches made of de-tail.

A LEGAL LAY.

BY A SPECIAL PLEADER.

My BLACKSTONE! Ah, 'tis with a sigh
I con thy pages tame;
And thou, O COKE, altho' so dry,
Thou feed'st not CUPID's flame!

There is a maiden fair indeed,
Without consideration;
No Notice have I yet to Plead,
Or file my Declaration.

Upon my Suit she seems to smile,
And at my firm adherence,
Should I a Declaration file,
She'll enter an Appearance.

Would that a Habeas Corpus writ
By CUPID signed, could gain her;
Content by my fire-side I'd sit
With such a fair Retainer.

Alas! some weary years I wait
Ere Freedom thou returnest,
Till law has settled in my pate,
And then—a lass in earnest!

SHALL an official report of Parliamentary debates be published? This question has been Hansard.



AMBITION'S THORNY PATH.



Remond

"DIGNITY," WITHOUT "IMPUDENCE."

OLD MADAM SENATE—"I SAY, MR. LOWER-HOUSE MACKENZIE, WHO'S RUNNING THIS COUNTRY, ANYHOW?"

PUFFERY.

The *Hamilton Spectator*, in noticing the performance of Mr. T. C. KING as *Othello*, takes occasion to insert in its critique the remark "this is not a puff." The system of "giving notices" has reached a disgraceful height, if it is really necessary for editors to make a statement of this nature in endorsement of superlatives. It is by no means reassuring to the reader of a newspaper to find that every species of performer from a Shaksperian actor to a nigger minstrel, is spoken of in terms of the most unqualified laudation, after fearful experience of some of the wretched frauds in the musical and dramatic line who visit our shores when unable to "draw" in the States. Now, every petty performer requires a "notice" of his or her previous career, as well as a flattering account of the pending performance before giving an advertisement; and the short-sighted newspaper proprietor, whilst haggling over the price of a line or two in the advertisement, readily consents to insert a "notice," forgetting that he thereby inserts a double advertisement, in addition to degrading his journal in a manner which the lowest class of European papers will hardly stoop to, and the better American ones are rapidly casting aside. As for musical or dramatic criticism, it is, of course, completely non-existent under the present state of affairs. The evil will however work its own cure, as the "opinions of the press" will soon, we fear, be regarded as merely advertisements, even if any take the trouble to read them at all. Even the most credulous readers can hardly be taken in by critiques which mostly appear before the performances have taken place.

A DOMESTIC BALLAD.

BY REV. CHAS. KINGSLEY.

Three women went shopping in King street west,
In King street west as the sun went down;
Nor thought of their husband's stern behest
To run no accounts in Toronto town.
Nor men must work, though it's rather steep,
Where there's little to earn and many to keep,
With the butcher's bill still owing.

Three men sat perched on three office stools,
And posted their books as the sun went down;
And little they knew, poor innocent fools,
Of the bills that were rolling up all over town.
But men must work, their spouses to keep,
Though silk be costly and bills be steep,
And a whirlwind of debt they're sowing.

Three curses were heard when the New Year came,
When the New Year came, and the bills rolled in;
And three women sat wringing their hands in shame
At the way they'd wasted their husband's tin.
For men will swear both loud and deep,
And as women will sow, so must they reap,
In spite of conjugal blowing.

AN OTTAWA INCIDENT.

AS TRUE AS ANYTHING IN THIS WEEK'S PAPER.

THERE was a little man and he made a little pun,
And then his little face grew red, red, red,
For after he had spoke, nobody saw the joke,
And all remained as grave as the dead, dead, dead.

So the little man went home and related with a groan,
How he had just been talking to a very stupid lot,
And his wife said in a minute, "they were members of the Senate,
Now tell me little husband, were they not, not, not.

Then he said, "I own the corn, for as sure as I was born,
They all sit in the house called the upper, upper, upper,
Except one, most stupid there, who sits in a Commons chair,"
"Oh, that one," said his wife, "must be Tupper, Tupper, Tupper."

DEMOS MUDGE.

P. S.—If MILLS could be got to rhyme with upper, she would have said MILLS.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

A London, Ont., paper, in announcing a lecture by a phrenologist in Spettiguo Hall, the other evening, said: "the arguments would be illustrated by the examination of heads secured from the audience." The reporter who wrote the paragraph must have been experimented upon.

AN ANALOGY.

Suggested by a patient perusal of the Poets of the Canadian Monthly.

When they strive to write
They are like the wight
Who, down in a well,
Ere his bucket fell,
Saw the water shine
With a gleam divine.
To him there we turned
While our coppers burned,
And in thought we quaffed
A long delicious draught.
But when on the brink
We had stooped to drink,
Found no water there
More than in the air,
For the bucket leaked
While it upward creaked.
So when these do raise
Their ambitious lays,
To them turn our eyes—
We fancy poems rise.
But when we would drink,
Undeceived we shrink,
For the verse is naught.
Empty and untaught,
Passionless and weak,
They but make a creak.

A BURNING SHAME.

BY SMICE.

It was on a bright summer evening that little FRANKIE lay a dying. For the doctor had said that ere tub-night came round again little FRANKIE would be where soap would be no longer an object.

Which was inconvenient for FRANKIE and rather rough on the angels.

He had always been what is called a good boy in the general acceptation of the term; he had grown up in preference to growing sideways, which was creditable to him, and he had never told the truth when a lie would answer his purpose.

Five cents would not have led him out of the paths of honesty, and he had gone on and waxed strong and got waxed, and won the esteem and the marbles of school-mates until the fatal Sunday morn when drowsy sleep coming on him in Church, he woke at "Amen," shouting "Knuckle down tight."

And remorse was now working its fell purpose on poor FRANKIE.

By his side sat his toothless and ritualistic mother, the eye that didn't squint gazing heavenwards, the other with equally good intention but defective aim resting somewhere between the key-hole and the door-mat.

"Mother," said little FRANKIE, "soon I shall be gone, and if you go to the cremation, mother, don't weep. (I know its a burning shame), but jaw the stoker, mother, and tell him to pour on the kerosene."

And with a smile on his little face as of one who sees the furnace "gates ajar"—he was gone.

When another spring time came round his weeping mother planted daisies round his little grave (confound it, that's not right), they dusted his little urn and thought of FRANKIE.

JOURNALISTIC COOKERY.

This advertisement is from the *London Free Press* :—

"Cook wanted. She must thoroughly understand the business. Wages \$12 per month. Apply at this office."

Innocent outsiders, who have no idea of what it is to get up a political morning paper, will of course be at a loss to understand why the *Free Press* should advertise for a cook. But let such contemplate the experience and skill required in dishing up canards and rumours, and the matter is plain.

CORRESPONDENCE.—A spirited correspondent intimates that since the imposition of increased tariff on distilled liquids, for increase of revenue, the Premier has received a word of timely advice through a "Spirit medium," which is this: "Be careful not to spend at the bung what you save at the spigot." May the revenue be the gainer by this most timely reminder. It's wholesome as "bitter beer"!

A VOICE from the Maritime Provinces says: They tell us there are too many Heads of Departments at Ottawa. But no matter, provided they don't give us too many and long "tales for the Marines"!

NEW AND SEASONABLE.

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

In Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen. Pads in sets of six. Pompadour Pads and Frisettes.

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WHYTE'S MANSION,

69 KING STREET EAST.

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Hot Meat Pies at all hours.

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 Care "Grip," Toronto.

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J. M. TROUT,

Business Manager.

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