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VOL. 3.

TORONTO, JULY 25, 1874.

No. 9.

EDITOR'S
NOTE.

ORIGINAL contri-
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be welcome. All such
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spondence must be
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Box 958, Toronto,
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manuscripts cannot
be returned.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1874.

The Model Farmer.

BY OUR OWN ARCHIBALD.

I HAVE perfected a new plan for sowing oats. By means of an ingenious little instrument invented by a pupil of the Model Farm, the sowing of each grain in its proper position, that is to say, with the right end upwards, is ensured. It is astonishing how much depends on sowing the grain right end up. The only difficulty we have found is that our experiments have not yet proved conclusive as to which is the right end. The instrument referred to is capable of putting every grain in a half-bushel measure on its proper end in less than two days.

The cultivation of buckwheat is a simple matter. Its manufacture into pancakes requires more skill. The farmer had better let his wife do this part of the process.

Indian corn grows amazingly fast when planted. We are in the habit of using two hundred wire cages for making pop-corn, and find that our live stock prefer the corn prepared in this way to its raw state.

You will find making hay while the sun shines somewhat laborious. It is a good plan to take out a large tent, under the canopy of which you can cut the hay with comparative ease. Then, shift the tent to another place and cut the grass there, leaving that already cut to be dried by the sun. A soda-fountain is an excellent adjunct to the tent, but is not often used by farmers in this country.

Snakes are not of much use for constructing fences, and the term "snake-fence" has little or no connection with these reptiles. Yet we have known them prove very useful to the cultivators of fruit in the neighbourhood of large female seminaries, as, since Eve's time, ladies object to the society of serpents.

The best fence for a farm is one on the pattern of that supplied for the Central Prison at Toronto, combining durability with cheapness. I purpose having one put up at the Model Farm shortly.

If your land is much cumbered by useless logs, seek the advice of the nearest member of the Legislature, reminding him gently but firmly that his position is a proof of his intimate acquaintance with the practice of log-rolling, in which get him to instruct you.

About the time when turnips come into ear, chipmunks are very destructive to them. The students at the Model Farm are accustomed to sit up at nights with lanterns and rifles on the watch for the nocturnal incursions of these destructive creatures.

Be careful not to allow your horses too frequent access to water. Never indulge animals. What is best for them is known much better by those who have made such things their study than by the ignorant brutes themselves. If they drop down dead you may be sure they have done it out of obstinacy or spite.

Farms can't get on without Rectors. If you can't afford an officiating minister all to yourself, get up a club with some of your neighbours to engage the services of a minister of agriculture.

A knowledge of elementary *acnesties* is invaluable to dairy farmers, and is becoming so fashionable as to be considered quite the cheese.

Do not be in too great a hurry with the plough or spade. I have known acres of raspberries ploughed up by the too enthusiastic agriculturist. They would have supplied jam enough to have lasted all through the winter.

Hogs are much best kept in confinement. The barn is an advisable place. Irish farmers prefer the house, but this is open to objection, especially if there are females in the household, as the animals are not over-cleanly in their habits. Wheat flour, boiled in milk, is a good thing to feed them on.

Poultry, to be profitable, should be carefully shut up and fed on the best of grain. It is a great mistake to allow ducks too free access to water. If there be much water on your place, reserve it for cut-fish and mud-turtle. Although I recently tried to procure one of the latter from the editor of a Toronto paper, it was not with a view of obtaining a cross with the pigeon, as the turtle-dove of old authors is only valuable for its singing powers, and the mud-turtle itself so far surpasses in this capacity any bird of the pigeon tribe that the hybrid would have been a failure.

To my Mamma-in-law.

There is a mystic thread of life
So strongly wrenched with all I own,
That Penury's relentless knife,
Could work the charm and flout alone.

There is a form on which those eyes
Have often gazed in dumb affright,
By day that form all peace denies,
And dreams restore it thro' the night.

There is a voice whose tones inspire
Such thrills of terror in my breast ;
I would not fear a Fiji choir
Until that voice had joined the rest.

There is a tongue whose accents swell
In long tirade from day to day,
But utters not the word " Farewell."
(In fact she'll never go away !)

There are two lips which one had pressed,—
(He does not live to press them more :)
They vowed to make us sweetly blessed,
And manage all our household store.

There is a bosom—all her own—
And secrets in its depths are hid,
A mouth which mouths at me alone,
And warns me do as I am bid.

There are two hearts whose movements thrill
In unison so far from sweet,
That, save the hope of one last Will,
I'd raise a row—or make retreat.

There are two souls whose equal flow
Is much disturbed by endless " jaw,"
That *should* she leave—she leave?—ah no!—
Then I must bear Mamma-in-law !

Honours in Store.

It is said that during his present visit, LORD DUFFERIN will be honoured with the freedom of the Toronto Yacht Club. As compared with this, every other distinction that His Excellency has ever received in either hemisphere is simply dross. The Toronto Yacht Club is a very ancient Institution, and has its headquarters in a magnificent House on one of the wharves. Its roll of membership contains the names of a few gentlemen and a large number of *Tommoddys*. Amongst the privileges which LORD DUFFERIN will enjoy when duly invested with the Freedom, will be the liberty of standing for five minutes at a time on the balcony of the club-house overlooking the Island ; liberty to speak to the less prominent members—those with the longest ears ; liberty to walk behind the gentleman who wears the brass buttons on his coat ; liberty to actually become a member if he can produce the necessary credentials as to his blood and estate. Members of the city press who may wish to get the particulars of this ceremony—or anything else in the yacht club line—are requested to apply, with proper department, to the Steward.

Degenerating.

Our is grieved to mark the gradual degeneracy of the Montreal *Witness*. The other day, an account of HUGH O'DONOVAN'S walk of one thousand miles in a thousand hours, bore the caption, "*Great Feet!*" And such a low pun too!

Allegorical.

ONE of our city-saloon-keepers has been candid enough to put an appropriate emblem over the entrance to his bar-room. It is a large transparency, showing on one side a stately ship under full sail, bounding over the billows full of hope and joy ; and on the other side, the same craft shattered and helpless, foundering in the midst of a storm. This simple and truthful allegory of the Lignor Traffic ought to materially damage the business of the saloon in question, but it certainly entitles the landlord to a vote of thanks from all the temperance loggers now, and a statute like JOHN BUNYAN'S when he dies.

The Zig-zag Papers.

V.—AT MALBAIE.

Now that MARLY and I had made acquaintance we found life not so unbearable. His conversation was not very brilliant, but he was a good listener, a capital mark to fire old jokes at, and therefore much more agreeable than one of those confounded fellows who monopolize the talk. He was unable to walk far, so we chartered one of those absurd, rickety, unbalanced, habitant calcehes, and a hairy, sagacious, solemn, Canadian pony to drive about the country. It was with much difficulty that we got rid of the proprietor, who wished to drive us himself. He seemed possessed of the notion that we were not to be trusted with his rig; not—as he politely assured us in untranslatable *patois*—that he was afraid we should steal it, but that we might be so unskilful in driving as to smash the vehicle. The whole concern might have been worth twenty-five dollars, and that amount we offered to pay him in case we damaged it beyond repair. He seemed very suspicious of our ability to fulfil our promises.

"Are you from Ottawa?" he inquired. We assured him we were not.

"Do you belong to the Government, the Civil Service?" Again we answered in the negative.

After satisfying himself, through the landlord, that we really were not Civil Service people, he agreed to take our personal security, and delivered us the trap.

We almost lived in it for a week. With entire immunity from accident, which may have been due, in part, to the fact that the pony had an obstinate dislike to any faster gait than a walk.

I found MARLY a very much decenter fellow than I had dared to hope, not *purse prond*, but a little ashamed of his parentage. I am not a person of very distinguished family myself, and as all the people who know me are aware of the fact, I am driven, by self-respect, to profess in public decidedly democratic opinions. But in my secret soul I do wish I were a man of family. Not that I wish a distinguished grandfather had handed down to me a comfortable inheritance; no, I have not a mercenary thought! Indeed it is probable, that had I been the descendant of such a one, I would have been, like most Canadians in like case, merely a polite beggar.

But how I could have consoled myself for absence of wealth by fond recollections of ancestral glories. With what dignity would I have worn unpaid-for garments. How scornfully could I have looked down upon the wealthy parvenue. How dignified would I have been with the democratic tendencies of the age. I have seen so much of that sort of thing done, that I can imitate it very successfully, where I am not known, even now.

But alas, my grandfather was a ———. Would that he had been a member of the old Legislative Assembly, a half pay officer, or anything great or reverend.

Then would I have been as aristocratic in bearing and sentiment as any one of these, the proud scions of our native untitled nobility, who borrow shillings, to pay for the game, from the low fellows they condescend to play billiards with in the Rossin House; noble, gallant youths, how I have admired you, envied you, tried to catch your accent, wished to call you each my friend.

How has my heart throbbled with honest exultation when you gave me the casual nod on King Street. But fate has been cruel to me; I profess the opinions of my class, sneer at good birth and go back for an ancestor to Adam.

Darwinism I scout and utterly deny. You say his book is the peerage of the human race. Base assertion. Tell me not of the King street faces which recall our ape-like progenitor. Reversion?—vile argument of a soulless creed. Bring hither the book of DAWSON,—noble and logical defender of the faith. It should have met with an extensive sale in Toronto, Ottawa and London.

As I had just said, when the recollection of my sorrows drove me to the above digression, MARLY was ashamed of his family—being in trade. Young men often are in this "democratic land. When "The Governor" retires, and sits in Parliament for some enlightened constituency, it is a great relief to his ambitious sons. I have known very worthy young men who alluded with pride to the fact that their father was *beaten* in an election, the mention of the circumstance being an argument for a certain respectability.

MARLY's father was a merchant, as I afterward discovered—a shrewd business man, who had risen from the ranks. His mother was a pushing woman prominent in western society, where, as MAJOR PIFLER said, she was received on a cash basis. Although laughed at for many years, she had worked her way upward and acquired, also as PIFLER said, so good a manner that it needed two conversations of fifteen minutes each, to discern the native vulgarity under the conventional varnish. This worthy lady was ambitious that her son should marry into a "best family," that she might be grandmother to an undoubted gentleman.

MARLY assured me, after our acquaintance had reached something like intimacy, that though he was at Malbaie ostensibly for his health's sake, his intention was to turn the visit to good account.

"You see," he remarked, with indescribable coolness, "I'm not

particularly fond of business, and my mother is anxious that I should keep out of trade. But the governor is determined that I shall succeed him. Very little will decide the dispute as I wish. If I can fall in with a well-born girl here, fool enough to marry me for money, I'm going to take her. If she is a *real lady*, I don't doubt that my mother would force the governor to set me up as a gentleman, and give up the notion of putting me into business."

It was on our return from a day's fishing that MARLY made this disclosure. The boat had arrived during our absence. As we neared the hotel, we noticed an unusual stir. Quite a number of guests had arrived, the landlord informed us as we alighted. Great piles of luggage were on the verandah, and the glimpse of ladies' dresses shewed through the trees of the grounds.

I hastened into the house, hoping to meet some one I knew. There were only two young ladies hammering the "Dance Waltz" out of the venerable piano. All the other arrivals were in the grounds. As I passed out my eye caught the initials A. T. on a valise. Was he indeed here? My suspense was awful.

I rushed frantically away to satisfy myself of the truth of my surmise, and there—O joy!—calmly dozing—his hat drawn down over his noble brow—on a garden seat, sat—ADOLPHUS TOMSONDY.

I did not disturb him, but sat patiently keeping off irreverent mosquitoes, and feasting my eyes on his intellectual features till he awoke. How great then was my reward as he slowly opened his eyes, comprehended the situation, extended to me two fingers, and said, "Aw, you here, MUDGE, old fellow? vewy wight to keep the flies off. Beastly hole, isn't it? Any one heal? a fellow can know I mean?—you know."

Why Miss Blanche Hates the Country.

254.

(By special carrier-pigeon between the rural districts and GRIP'S headquarters.)

Oh!—because—!

Because I hate it.

Because it is so dreadful, you know.

Because it is so stupid and dismal and solemn.

Because it is not a bit like town, or like anything one wants to care about, and has so many horizons, always the same, and always staring at one (with trees), and you can never remember the day of the week.

Because the dew generally interferes with one's plans.

Because it was so absurd of papa grumbling over MADAME FITZELLE'S May bills, when all I had from her was a few tarlatanes (eight, I think), as if it was my fault that tarlatane is far and frail and apt to crush, and then awkward people *will* stick their feet through, or entangle themselves with utter roat and ruin to the train. You may talk with papa of ironing, but who wants you to dance at his ball in strings, or spiced bourees? and of mamma giving way (pauic-struck poor mamma! over her own carded silks, so becoming and so expensive), and coming off here to a solitary farm house, dearer than ULYSSES to the marine people at CACOUXA and MURRAY BAY.

Because it always reminds me of vegetables, which is too ridiculous.

Because there are so many cows.

Because flying or crawling or climbing or scampering things are always coming in by the doors and windows and cracks, or clinging to your skirts when you have been trying to take a walk, and making it so disagreeable for you. Especially at night, when, in surprise at the lamps, they go bumping against the ceiling, and tumbling down again from the shock into your hair or your ruff (or down your neck!)

Because I didn't want to leave town just then, as FLORA FAMILY was gone (and people always so glad to tell you how attentive CHARLIE was to her last year), and when the evenings were so long and lovely, with the band playing its best, and fees beginning to feel cool, and when CHARLIE seemed to be growing serious.

Because it is all so horrid.

Because it is so hot. Even the wind, which pretends to rush at you like dozens of fans, and is just as warm as anything else, with absurd country smells, harvests (they tell me) and so on.

Because it is so cold, with that bulky and tiresome comet, and you never know of a morning what you are going to wear all day, except a shawl. (I am too short for a shawl.)

Because CHARLIE has not come down.

Children's Corner.

RETURNING FROM CHURCH.

JOHNNY, (who never before was at church):—"Papa what did Mr. JONES wear a night gown for?"

PAPA, (with suppressed laughter):—"That wasn't a night gown." JOHNNY, (triumphantly), "Oh, I was only foolin'. I knew it was a shirt!"



VIOLENT ASSAULT ON AN OLD PARTY OF THE NAME
OF GAMP.

* * SEE THE "GLOBE'S" ARTICLE IN REPLY TO THE LONDON "STANDARD," FRIDAY, 17TH INST.

A Little Surprise Party.

THE *National*, with characteristic candour, delivers itself as follows:

We wonder how it happens that in these days of testimonials nobody ever seems to think of us in that connection. We would be most happy to receive a slight donation of this kind—not of course on account of its intrinsic value,—oh no!—but merely as a memento of the esteem and respect in which we are held by our fellow-citizens, and the public in general.

GRIP is authorised, as the organ of the Public Heart, to assure the *National* that the seeming obtuseness of the respectable community in this matter has been due not to a want of appreciation of that journal, but to the difficulty of selecting a fitting present. The resources of all the dollar stores and jewellery establishments in the city were vainly ransacked for an article that would be at once cheap, pretty, and symbolical of the feelings which the intending donors properly entertain towards the *National*. It is perhaps needless to say that the presentation committee was composed of good men, without distinction of politics, and that it admirably represented the Morality and Decency of Canadian society. A testimonial was ultimately fixed upon, which received the unqualified approval of all interested, and GRIP has been requested to perform the ceremony of presentation. The Genial Raven has therefore much satisfaction in donating to the *National*, on behalf of its many readers,—

3 Clean Quill Pen,

and reading the following brief and affectionate address to the editor:

DEAR MR. EDITOR NATIONAL,—Here is a new, clean quill for you. Throw away the one you have been using lately, and turn over a new leaf. Look over your file occasionally, and read your introductory article, and if you see as we do that you are drifting away from your original design, get back without delay. Never stain this clean pen in the ink of slander; but dip it up to the tuft, if you please, in the bottle of harmless wit and humor—the only true fun. Spare not the political foibles of your opponents, but for Journalism's sake cease to write things about GEORGE BROWN, ARCHIBALD McKELLAR or any other man, which in your heart of hearts you know to be calumnious and craven. Scorn to write what you do not believe; abhor to pollute your columns with foul and lying paragraphs. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is the best policy of an independent journal. Begin it with this clean pen, and see if it won't pay better than filthily partizanship.

Yours most hopefully,

READERS OF THE NATIONAL.

A Mistake in Terms.

OVERHEARD IN A CITY HOTEL.—A FACT.

Mrs. STEBBINS, from Vermont, where preserves and many other articles of food are known as "sass." Reads the bill of fare.

Mr. STEBBINS, who eats what his wife orders.—"Well, ABIGAIL, what ye'r goin' to hev'?"

Mrs. STEBBINS, with dignity—to waiter.—"Bring us some of this Worstyshire sass."

WAITER—"Wooster sauce, 'mum? Hero y'aro, mun."

Mr. and Mrs. STEBBINS, after studying the label.—"Wal, this is an outlandish country!"

Washerwomanhood.

WOMAN! with the downcast eyes,
O'er the tub where washing lies,
Whence such steamy mists arise.

Thou whose clammy locks of dun,
Hid by bonnet from the sun,
Coil atop like Chelsea bun!

Standing tip-toe in the wet,
Till thy waist and tub-edge meet,
Stocking soles and slippered feet!

Gazing with a steadfast glance,
While thy arms make swift advance—
Thou retreat, and bubbles dance!

Blur, too, than classic stream,
Beautiful to thee must seem
Waters that with washing teem.

Then why pause with indecision,
In so awkward a position,
And a subject for derision?

Is it care thy soul environs,
That thou at the time for irons,
Turnest "chokers" into "Byrons?"

Or, thy genius improvising
Others into shapes surprising—
Shapes that need no advertising?

Spite of all my many prayers,
Why do shirts exhibit tears—
Stockings, too, mixed as to pairs?

And it purse and feeling hurts,
That women who are not experts,
Should wring my bosom and my shirts.

* * * * *

Now the influence *sep*-orific
Stealing o'er my verse terrific,
Makes my theme and me pacific.

A Close Friend.

All women love me, from the giddy girl
About whose brow many an errand curl
Comes downward leaping, to the ancient maid
Whose hair, severely classical, a braid
Confines. Sweet eighteen bursting into smiles,
The staidier matron laughing at love's smiles,
The sombre widow who has plucked the tree
Of sad experience—all alike love me.

And I am privileged; where lovely woman goes
Thero go I. When she is racked with woes
I'm by her side. When merry glances dart,
And her blood leaps with joy, I feel her heart
Thrilling beneath my touch. I press her waist
More ardent than by lover's embrace.
Fickle, but not the ficklest coquette
Has ever dared to do without me yet.
When in the drawing room, I'm with her there;
I go out with her when she takes the air;
At night when in her couch sleep seals her eye,
On chair or sofa in her room I lie;
For I am privileged in many ways—
Seeing, my friends, that I'm a pair of stays!

A Mad Dog and a Wild Reporter.

THIS spicy piece of intelligence appeared in the city column of the *Ottawa Times*:

MAD DOG.—A mad dog, evincing every indication of being a victim of hydrophobia, was despatched on Sandy Hill yesterday morning. It had the salutary effect of calming an excited community.

A mad dog is dreadful enough in any case, but a mad dog that "evinces every indication of hydrophobia" is truly a terrible nuisance, and GRIP can't at all understand how such a scourge could have "the effect of calming an excited community." But, as our Lib. Con. friends say, the Grits are in power, and you musn't wonder at anything an Ottawa community may do.

A GOOD TELESCOPE.

(Charlie held up by his father to look through the telescope of the Surveyor's theodolite.) "FATHER—" "Well CHARLIE, did you see Mrs. SMITH?"

(Mrs. Smith is about a mile distant.)

CHARLIE—"Oh yes, Papa, and she was so close to me that she said 'Good day, CHARLIE.'"

RAPID FLIGHT.

FREDDY,—(a sharp boy with decided talent for drawing). "Mamma, here's a pigeon flying round a corner."
Exhibits the diagram on his slate.

MAMMA,— "I suppose this is the corner, but where is the pigeon?"

FREDDY,—(looking closely at the sketch). "Oh, he's got round the corner now. You didn't look soon enough."

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