

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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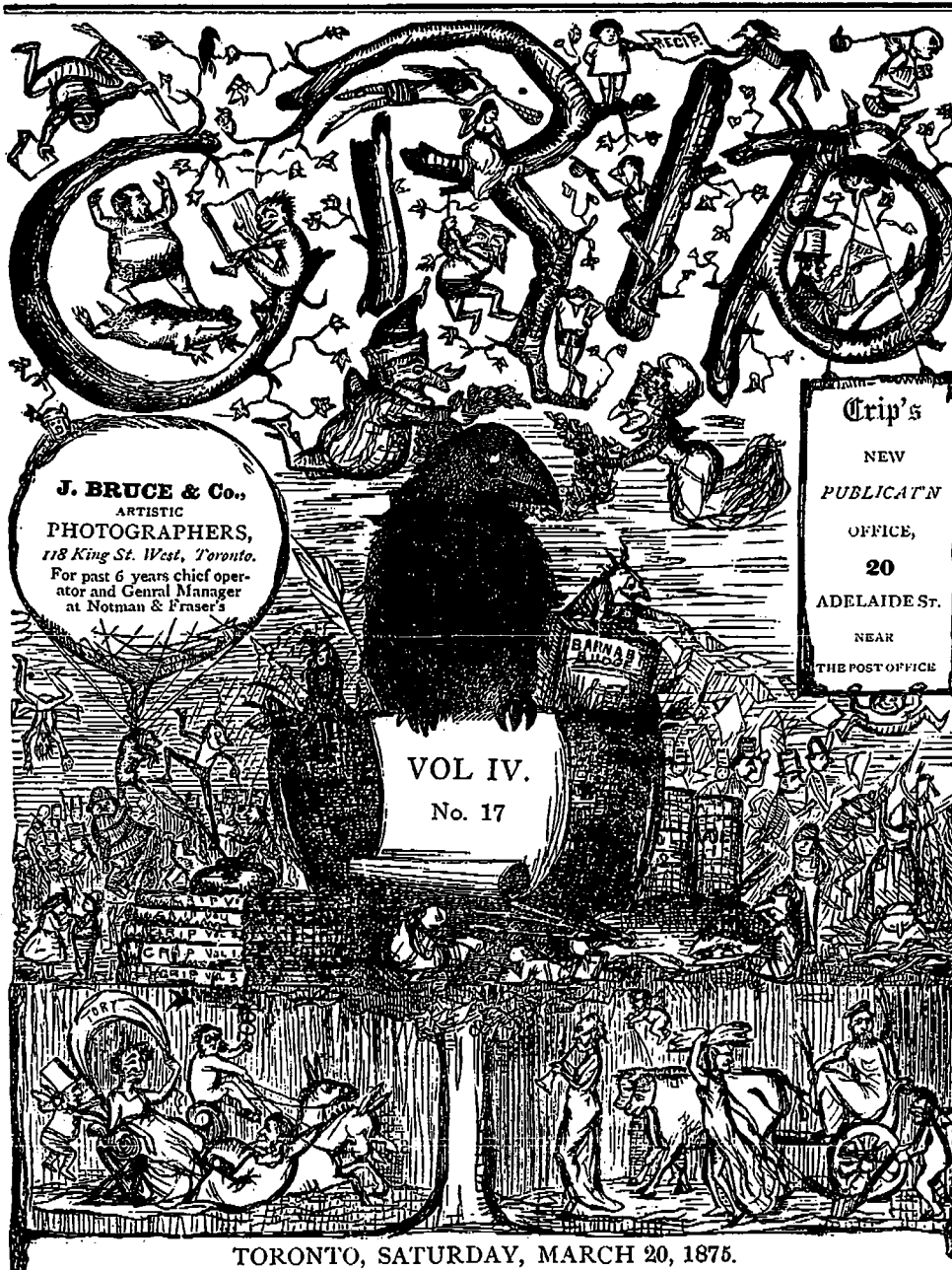
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondences 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 grabeast Beast is the Ass; the grabeast Bird is the Owl;
The grabeast Fish is the Otter; the grabeast Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1875.

Notice of Removal.

GRIP has removed to his new office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, near the Postoffice.

Answers to Correspondents.

Nez Bleu, Halifax.—We think Mr. COSTIGAN'S Bill should pass, as it is essentially a Maritime one. Witness your desire for separating everything. You wouldn't join the Confederation till you got "better terms;" your Baie Verte Canal is to separate and insulate a portion of the mainland; and they say the very whales and porpoises in your surrounding waters are found in Separate Schools.

Doubtful.—You are right. In accordance with the precedent laid down in Mr. WILKES'S case, the trial of the protest against the election of Mr. MEDCALF as Mayor will be postponed until the conclusion of his year of office, as it might materially interfere with his discharge of the business of the Mayoralty.

Richard de Dicke to His Son.

QUITE charmed my dear DICK, to learn that after "mature consideration" you have resolved to adopt a literary career—a delightful and highly advantageous profession, strewn with roses at every stage, to say nothing of dollars. At this commencement of your course you may not object to receive from me a few hints, the fruits of long practical experience and observation, by steady adherence to which you will facilitate your ascent to the highest pinnacle of fame and fortune.

Habits of Life.—Rise late, retire ditto. Keep your head clear by plenty of beer, tobacco, and hourly "nips". There seems a natural affinity between genius and frequent "cocktails". Plodding industry, with its inevitable failures and common-place, is always found in alliance with tea and muffins. Repeated strokes at billiards, varied with cards and horse-racing will prevent the mind wearing out the body. Observe a due balance between these.

Prudent Expenditure.—Economy is an implacable enemy to intellect, and leads to a premature ending of a short and feverish career. When a publisher sends you a cheque dissipate the proceeds as speedily as possible. Savings banks are death on reflection, imagination, and all the highest faculties.

Handwriting.—Plain writing is the distinguishing token of dull heads. The greatest intellects use the most hieroglyphical scrawls. Editors and publishers always throw texthand "copy" into the waste-basket without reading; whereas had it been written illegibly it would have infallibly been read through and accepted. If your pen scratches and flirts the ink about it will improve your M.S. Write on both sides of the paper with as many interlineations and emendations as possible. *Caret* (or "carrot" as it is called in compositors rooms) is the printer's favourite vegetable. Plenty of blots also, showing on each side of suitable thin and unglazed paper, will greatly facilitate his labours. He is fond, too, of pale and coloured ink.

Correspond Copiously.—In the letter accompanying your M.S. to the editor give a full biographical sketch of yourself, parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts. Explain your ideas on literary composition, and on things in general, with your reasons for adopting an author's career, your object in writing that special contribution and for coming to the conclusion that it is particularly good. Intimate that you expect a very early perusal, reply, and remittance.

Make a Bargain Beforehand.—As an author of repute (in embryo) you, of course, have nothing to do with the publishers standard of payment, which is sure (it always is) to be too small,—being regulated by his low ideas of profits instead of your merits. You, who write the article, are clearly the one proper arbiter of its ability and value, as we see manufacturers in other businesses always fix the price of their productions. About sixpence a line—Thackeray's remuneration—is the figure I would indicate as a proper commencement. If the publisher refuses to give this you can ruin his paper or magazine by withholding your article.

Cultivate Your Inner Consciousness.—Nothing is more powerful and affecting than the depicting of real scenery, character, feelings, and events by mere imagining. The more imperfect your idea of a passion or mode of life the greater should be the dash and force with which you should go for its thorough delineation. How interesting and true to nature are the numerous pictures of the indoor manner of living of the aristocracy evolved from the expert inner consciousness of our writers in the middle ranks of life!

Be not Disheartened.—At this beginning of your course you can have but an imperfect conception of the profound stupidity of editors and publishers! Incredible as you may now think it you will frequently have contributions—brimming over with originality, wit, eloquence, and observation—returned upon your hands by these jannies, endorsed "declined with thanks," "not suitable," or "try again." Be not discouraged. Walk down to the office and summarily interview the editorial dunderhead. If he is a small man kick him soundly, and thus figuratively carry off your M.S. *vi et armis*. If he is a big fellow—as most blockheads are—merely tell him you have called to acknowledge the receipt of your M.S. and afterwards send him an admonitory communication, by post, couched on the cardinal principles which invariably regulate *Globe* Editorials, (prudentially omitting your address.) Steadily adhering to these directions your success is certain:—

Tuus.

RICHARD DE DICKE.

Mackenzie to the Boards of Trade.

Awa, Canadian Boards o' Trade, gie nae sic sauce to me.
Resairve ye're conversawtion for those o' ye're ain degree.
Puir local creatures—ignorant—who naething ever saw.
Ye hae maist gross impairment to speak to me at a'.

What suld ye ken aboot canals—what engineers are ye
That ye suld hae the face to bring suggestions here to me?
Ken ye that I a mason was wha wrought in brick and stane,
Gang sairve yer time like me; till then, joost leave my work alane.

What care I for ye're recommends?—ye're members daurna vote
Except for me—they ken right weel whase grip is on their throat;
I've engineered them—that's the way we engineer doon here,
They dinna care a pin for ye—ye canna engineer.

Awa, Canadian Boards o' Trade! if ye were frae Quebec,
Or if ye cam' frae Montreal, my help ye might expect;
But when ye frae Ontario come, it's a' the ither way,
A' she'll get frae me's just but this—an unco bill to pay!

Drink's "Dominion."

The, REV. JOHN GRAY, B.A., Orillia, says, Canada has cause for shame in the fact that she expended, during 1874, \$30,000,000 on liquors.—*Liberal*.

Let others prate of drunken climes,
Of lands beyond the sea,
This liquor bill for Seventy-four
Is quite enough for me.

Dear Canada! loved Canada!
And can it really be;
Full thirty millions spent on drink
Nay! now I blush for thee!

And do thy sons submit to crouch
Beneath drinks tyrant sway?
Why, yonder Scots across the flood
Imbibe not more than they.

Dear Canada! loved Canada!
Wherever I may be
This awful figure haunts me still,
An omen full for thee.

The flowing cup fools love to praise,
Dost hail it as a friend?
Believ'st thou those whose lust of gain
Its follies would defend?

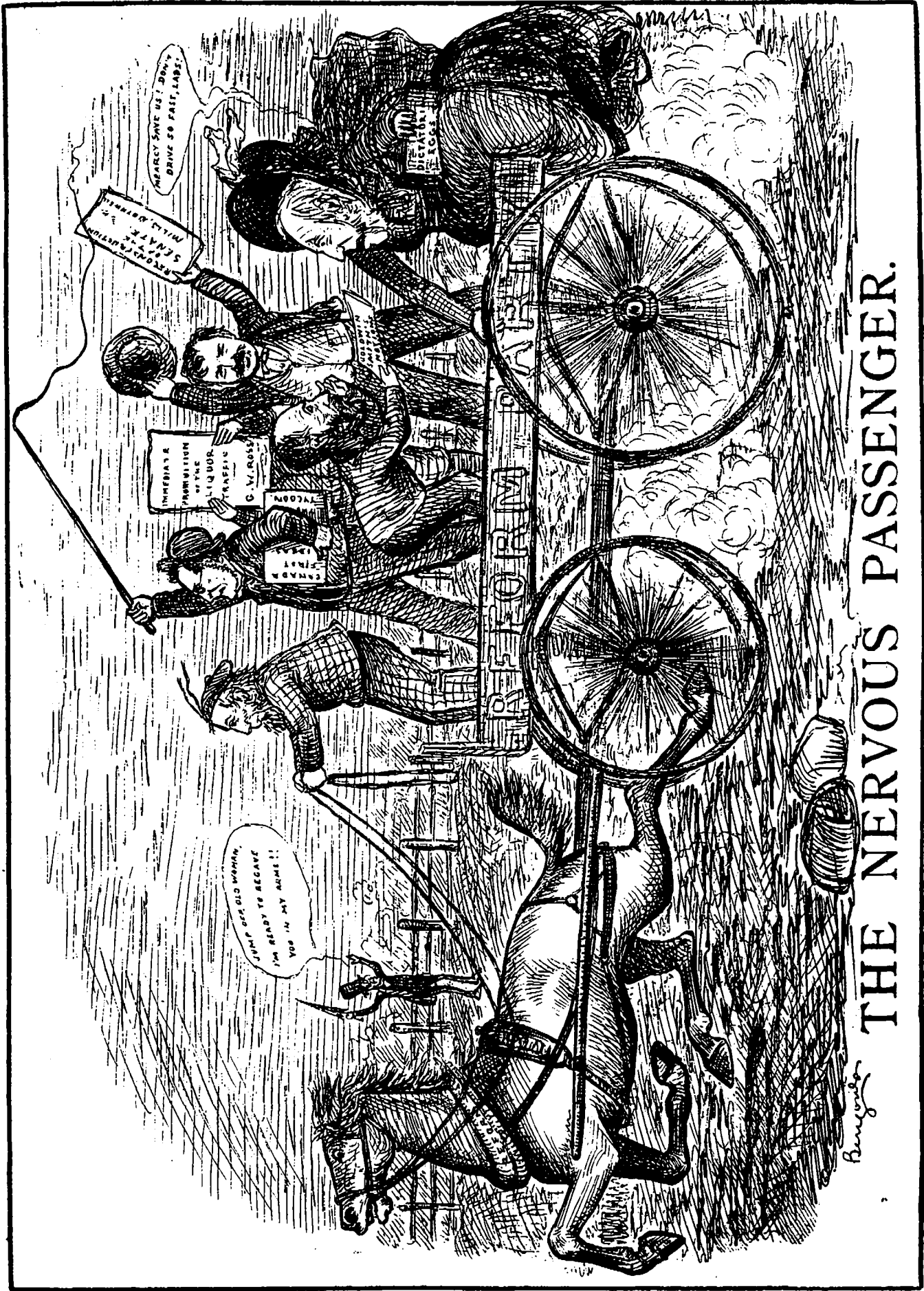
Fair Canada! brave Canada!
No land on earth is free
Whose sons still bow the coward neck
To custom's slavery.

The Scot may boast his "Ferintosh,"
The Englishman his beer;
And Erin's sons extol "potheen,"
While Fritz loves "lager" clear.

But Canada! Young Canada!
Thy liquor bill we see
Stands seven round cyphers in a row
And headed by a three!

On thy fair fame an ugly stain,
Oh! wipe it from thee now,
Remove from fair Canadian homes
The blight that lays them low.

Fair Canada! loved Canada!
Fell thou this Upas tree!
First on thy list of noble deeds
ABSTAINER dare to be.



THE NERVOUS PASSENGER.

**Ad Litem.**

"Give us light on the subject."—[Free translation.]

What have we done, my legal Lords,
To pinafores and frocks,
That we should be bereft of wards,
Like ill-conditioned locks!

Why such a rule? Designed to tap
The country lawyers purses,
Requiring fees for legal "pap,"
To Osgoode-Hall dry-nurses!

Should one whose Docket fairly "groans,"
Be guardian *ad litem*
Of all the infant BROWNS and JONES
And SMITHS, *ad infinitum*!

Nor is your course the Scriptures' path,
Or legal road to heaven,
For, only *unto him that hath*
Should any more be given!

* * * * *

But *Grip*, altho' not learned in law,
Can sympathy to all afford,
For, bear in mind the ancient saw,
That VIRTUE is its own RE-WARD.

King Street, Saturday Afternoon.

YE OLDE FOLKE SPEAKES.

When e'er I take my walks abroad
Full many folkes I meete,
But those I deem to be most odd,
Are seen on King hys streete.

Behold among ye motley crowde
(For varied is its style)
Ye neat attire—ye costume "loud,"
Which calleth forth a smile.

Ye grave, ye gaye, and those that stray
In idlesse to and fro—
Ye man of "biz"—ye flirt—ye quiz—
Ye belle and cke ye beau!

Full many are ye bright-eyed maids,
Of divers social stations,
Shewing by these long parades
Nomadic inclinations.

Ye banker's-clerk—ye legal limb
(Not of ye tree of knowledge,
Tho' Bencher's oft "prune" such as him)
And students from ye College.

Anon there comes ye *genus* cad
With overcoat wide spread,
A-smoking ye cigar that's bad—
Ye "crush-hat" on hys head.

Beneath mine eye youth passes bye—
My youth has heard its knell!
But cease dull care! and let us hie
To Whyte's, and meditative pry
Ye bivalve from hys shelle.

The Advent of Spring.

(By our gushing contributor.)

Spring's delights are now returning,
See the snow revert to slosh,
And the poet's soul is burning
To inflict a flood of bosh.

Now the frog inflates his bellows,
Stretching out his little limbs,
Soon he'll wake and with his fellows
Chant his loud melodious hymns.

Telegraph the feathered choir
They may come and build their nests,
Say the grubs they do admire
Will be round—the little pests.

Now in mirth the gay mosquito
Tries to tune his little horn,
And the sandfly, and the flea too,
Think it high time to be born.

In the marsh the snapping turtle
Opes his eyes and paddles round,
And if we had groves of myrtle
Snakes in them would now abound.

Little boys with baits alluring
Coax the catfish from his lair—
And the reader, much enduring,
Breaks off here in wild despair.

From Our Box.

GRIP was for a time inconsolable over the closing of his beloved Royal Opera House. He lamented (and still laments) the departure of several admirable actors, especially Mr. F. MORDAUNT and Miss SAFFORD, and his heart was sad. But when the Holmans announced that the sparkling absurdities of *Offenbach* and the levities of the lyric drama should be there, he felt consoled to think the pretty little theatre should not be left to desolation. Visions of Wizards of the Nor' Nor' West, of troupes of performing animals, and, more horrible still, "variety" entertainments, had crossed his brain. He is now relieved for a time. May it be long ere such awful dreams be realized.

Turning from this gloomy picture, *Grip* pays homage to Miss JULIA SEAMAN, who has come, seen, and conquered. Only he wished she had not played *Hamlet*. It is bad enough to see the ladies who display their charms so liberally in burlesque assume, as for some absurd reason they always do, male characters. This was a serious impersonation, it was a painstaking one and in many respects creditable—but it was beyond Miss SEAMAN's powers, as it would be beyond those of any woman, and nearly every man. As *Rudiga* the "Woman in Red," she was mysterious and at times awful, while her outbursts of passionate tenderness in this and as *Lady Isabel* in "East Lynne" were *natural*, not merely life-like. By the way, did any of the absurd incongruities in this piece ever strike the reader? They are mostly to be found in the novel on which it is founded and which is nevertheless worth reading, as the play is going to see. As *Leah* she "cussed" away in the one good scene of that bepudded drama as well as the bepudded Miss BATEMAN herself.

GRIP now "rises to remark, and his language is plain," that he saw a great deal of very careless acting among some of the company, and he is sorry to say among some who know better when they choose. If he sees any more like it, he will pull out one of his own quills and write such a fearful castigation that the offenders had better seek refuge under the ice in the Bay. It is not necessary to particularize, so he leaves it to their consciences, the offenders not being the same in every piece. With a parting word for Miss MARY CARR's admirable *Miss Carlyle* in "East Lynne" he leaves the unpleasant topic and hastens to roll up his little tribute to Miss LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON. In these days, when patched-up photographs and lying lithographs puff the padded, powdered, painted and—*passée*, it is indeed a pleasure to find the reality inside the show surpass the picture outside the tent. Miss NEILSON's limners have not flattered her, in fact some of them appear to have industriously attempted the exact opposite with considerable success.

With *Romeo*, GRIP would he were a glove upon that hand and, being a bird already, he was only deterred by the exigencies of social etiquette from flying straight from his box to HER in the balcony scene.

Would the reader like a humorous account of the plot of *Romeo and Juliet*? He shall not have it. SHAKESPEARE is sacred from parody. One word more for the *Grand Duchess* at the Royal Opera House. Miss SALLIE HOLMAN is in every way to be congratulated, most especially so for keeping clear of that vulgarity too many actresses seem to think absolutely necessary. Mr. ELLIS RYSE, a capital bass singer, was as good a *General Bown* as could be wished, always keeping up the spirit of his part. Of the rest, more anon.

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Shakespeare's Comedy of

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ABOUT
NOTHING

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JULIET MISS NEILSON

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REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest \$25,486 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims under Policies paid \$8,348 93
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
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