

Marriage Licenses and CERTIFICATES under the provisions of the new Marriage Act, July 1, 1874.

GEO. THOMAS, Issuer. Office—40 Church St., West Side, three doors south of King Street, TORONTO.

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. JOHN ROGERS & Co., Agents, 10 King St. East, by whom Subscriptions will be received.

Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the MANAGER, P. O. Box 558, Toronto.

DENTIST,
MR. R. S. TROTTER,
53 KING STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

TERRAPIN SALOON
AND
BILLIARD PARLOR,
With Restaurant attached,
89 King Street East, Toronto.
M. REDDINGTON,
Proprietor.

J. M. WINGFIELD,
ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES
OFFICE—Trust and Loan Company's Buildings, opposite New Post Office.
Residence—163 Teranley Street.

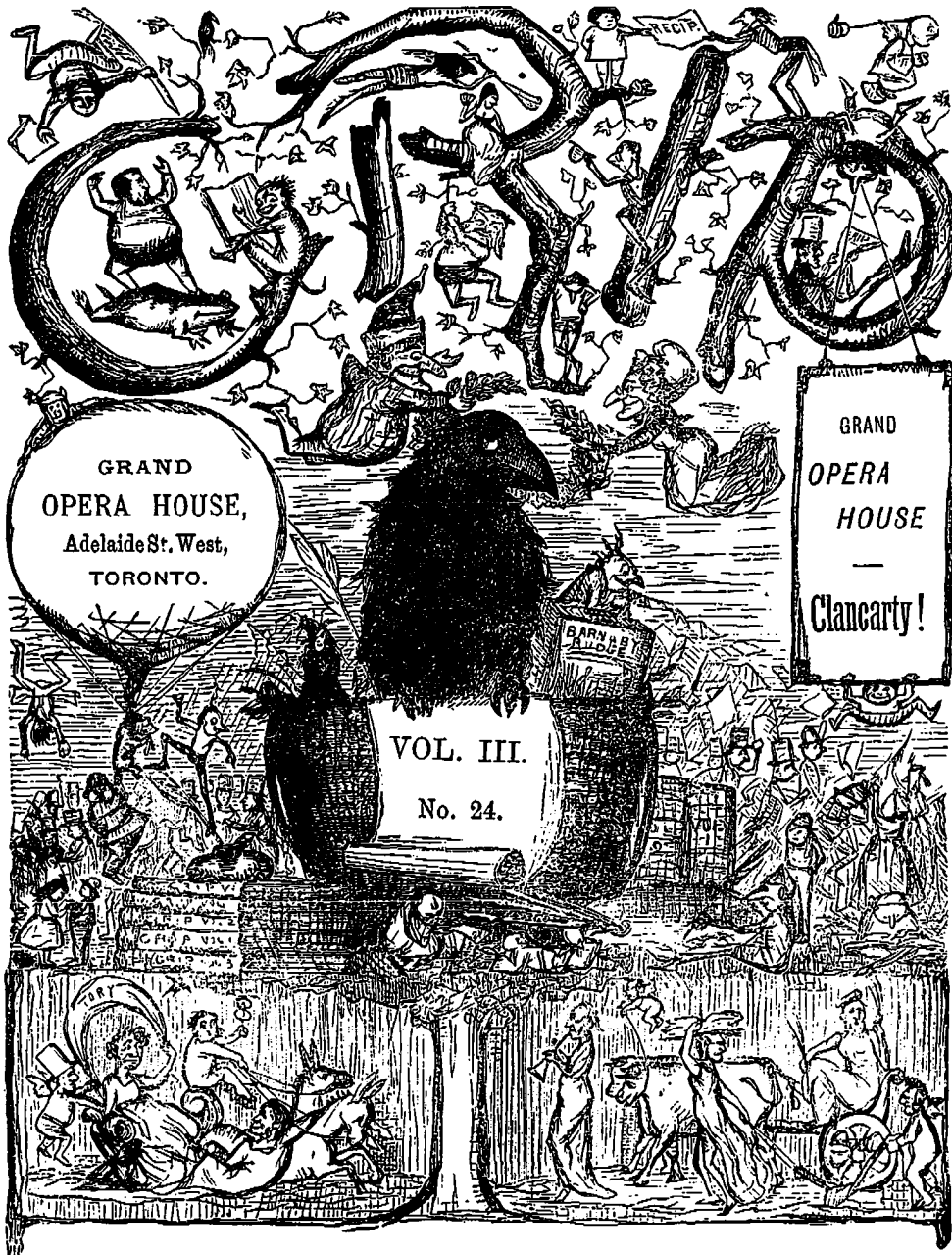
SCARTH, COCHRAN & CO.,
STOCK BROKERS,
Real Estate Agents,
38 Toronto Street, Toronto.
W. B. SCARTH, J. L. SCARTH,
R. COCHRAN.

JOHN S. GRASSICK & CO.,
FAMILY GROCERS,
WINE AND SPIRIT
MERCHANTS,
167 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

NOTMAN & FRASER, PHOTOGRAPHERS TO THE QUEEN, 39, 41, & 43 King Street East, Toronto, AND AT MONTREAL AND HALIFAX.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.



**GRAND
OPERA HOUSE,**
Adelaide St. West,
TORONTO.

**GRAND
OPERA
HOUSE
—
Clancarty!**

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 558, Toronto, Ontario. 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.

G R I P.
A. S. IRVING,
WHOLESALE AGENT,
35 King St. West, Toronto.
OFFICE AND DEPOT.

EDITED BY
MR. BARNABY RUDGE.
AGENTS:
London, E.: I. M. Rogers, 31 Boulevard Street.
New York: American News No., Nassau Street.

JOHN ROGERS & CO.,
SUBSCRIPTION
Booksellers & Publishers,
10 KING ST. EAST,
TORONTO.
P. O. Box 2642.

**APPLICATIONS
FOR**

Advertising in these Spaces

TO BE MADE TO

JOHN ROGERS & CO.,

10 KING ST. EAST,
TORONTO.



PARLOR SHOE STORE,
61 King Street East,
TORONTO, - - ONT.

The Largest and Finest Shoe Store in Canada. Three widths to each size and half size, insuring perfect fit. Prices moderate. Remember the address.

KING & BROWN,
61 King Street East.



EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874.

The Blinker's Papers.

HIS FIRST DINNER PARTY.

ALGERNON BABINGTON BLINKERS had reached the age of 27, when his first and greatest misfortune befel him.

His maternal aunt, *nee* STOGGS, left him a fortune, and his cousin, on his father's side, Sir HERCULES HALIBUT, who up to the date of this too true history had resolutely ignored the existence of Mr. A. B. BLINKERS, Messrs. QUILL, DRIVER & Co.'s clerk, with the Christian grace characteristic of his high estate, hold out the right hand of fellowship to ALGERNON BABINGTON BLINKERS, Esquire, landed proprietor, promising him at the same time the *entree* to polite society.

Thus it came about that in fulfilment of this promise a document arrived by post one fine day which disturbed the peace of BLINKERS for a week that seemed an eternity. It was merely an invitation to a Christmas dinner party at Mrs. FOLLER St. URBAIN's, of Fern Lodge, Poppleton, a snug little villa in the heart of Muttonshire; but to BLINKERS, who had never yet been "out," the "invite" came like the shock of an electric battery, or the unexpected advent of one's mother-in-law. There were various cogent reasons why ALGERNON felt that, however much he might prefer to decline the invitation, he had no alternative but to accept, and that day's post accordingly apprised Mrs. St. URBAIN with the usual social verbiage, that Mr. BLINKERS had "much pleasure in accepting Mrs. St. U's kind invitation," etc., etc., etc. Alas! poor ALGERNON, had'st thou but known the dire denouement that Fate had in store for thee, sooner would'st thou have elected to be sunk "full forty fathoms deep" in mid-Atlantic.

Now, although ALGERNON had accepted, it was by no means certain that he would go, and, after a week of irresolution, Christmas Day, and four o'clock in the afternoon at that, dawned upon a still undecided BLINKERS. At 4.15 it permeated his inner consciousness that the last train for Poppleton left at 4.30. At 4.16 he proceeded in search of his carpet-bag and at 4.17 $\frac{1}{2}$ precisely, ALGERNON BABINGTON BLINKERS had decided the knotty question "To be or not to be" in the affirmative. Evolving his carpet-bag, therefore, from some domestic abyss, ALGERNON went through the form of packing. His brushes and pomatum, his boots and neck-tie, were thrown promiscuously together, and hastily donning his regulation swallow-tail and black unmentionables, he hailed a passing cab which landed him at the Central Depot as the hands of the clock indicated 4.28.

Now it had been raining for the day or two preceding, and the streets were, to say the least of it, muddy, nor was it until ALGERNON was fairly seated in the railway carriage, and was being whirled away at some thirty-five miles an hour towards his home, that he discovered the havoc a passing wheel had made of his shirt front. One big splash of mud where the middle stud should have sparkled, two larger ones tucked nicely under his chin; in fact, what twenty minutes before would have excited the envy of a Chinese laundryman was now as dissipated looking a shirt as ever graced the bosom of a Yankee politician.

All this ruin and disaster was born of a futile gallantry on the part of BLINKERS towards a young lady with a scarlet feather, whose unsuccessful attempts to thread a maze of vehicles at the depot had excited the compassion and elicited the assistance of the chivalric ALGERNON; to say nothing of her boots; for ALGERNON B. had an eye for beauty, and she was indeed excruciatingly *beau chaussee*.

Thoughts of what he should do in such a predicament contended for mastery in the mind of BLINKERS, with visions of that scarlet feather and those number two's, while dire spectres, as of a bashful man sitting down to his first dinner party in a mud-spangled shirt-bosom, kept BLINKERS reasoning powers in a state of most unenviable chaos.

Turning over the leaves of his time-table in mute despair, a happy thought struck BLINKERS; the Middletown Tunnel, one of the largest on the line, would soon be reached. Eureka! BLINKERS had it! Hastily selecting a spotless shirt from his valise, it took our traveller but a few minutes to insert studs, links and collar-button, and then unbuttoning his vest and unstrapping his suspenders, BLINKERS awaited in calmness the approach of congenial darkness.

With a scream and a rush the train is in the tunnel, and BLINKERS is in his—well—shirt; thirty seconds more, and the light again shines in upon the passengers and discovers a figure mysterious and embarrassed, as of a man with his head in a pillow case—in short shows BLINKERS struggling with his shirt, which, firmly buttoned at the neck,

resists all the efforts of its occupant to induce it to desbend over his shoulders:

With a wrench that sends the obstinate button like a shot through the glass of the opposite window, BLINKERS frees himself, and a face tinted like the autumnal sun beams out upon the fellow-passengers and rests with reproachful gaze upon—the young lady with the scarlet feather, the object of BLINKERS' gallantry at the station and the innocent cause of this dire dilemma.

It was the wrong tunnel!

Time, the great consoler, banished BLINKERS' blushes and brought him in due course to his journey's end where a mysterious Providence permitted him this time to finish his toilet. This completed, beset with doubts as to his neck-tie and hedged in with difficulties as to the whereabouts of his pocket handkerchief, ALGERNON presented himself in the drawing-room, where, safely moored to a chair, he felt as though he could defy fate.

Even as he enters dinner is announced, and our friend finds himself paired off with a damsel whose name he had not caught and whose face he dare not glance at, and he is in an agony of doubt, moreover, as to how he shall break the conversational ice.

Seated at the table the sherry somewhat reassures the timid ALGERNON and turning to his neighbour finds:—"By Heavens! it is indeed his travelling acquaintance! She of the No. 2 gaiters.

After this BLINKERS lapses into imbecility.

He felt the eye of the majestic personage in black who stood behind his chair fixed upon him with an ill-concealed scorn, and fishing for his napkin with his boots did woeful damage among adjacent corns.

He used his knife for the salmon, and being detected by the man in black, wiped it on the table-cloth, whereupon that stern and uncompromising man immediately changed it for a clean one.

He was in doubt as to whether to thank the waiter, when that functionary offered him another dish, and so, going to the other extreme, he assumed a most bloodthirsty and ferocious demeanour as he partook of everything that was handed to him, till his stomach rose in indignation at the indigestion he was putting upon it.

And last of all came the finger-glasses, of the contents of which poor BLINKERS in blissful ignorance imbibed, under the watchful eye of his foe, the waiter.

Then, indeed, BLINKERS felt the truth of the poet's words, "That it would have been money in his (BLINKERS) pocket had he never been born," nor were his feelings relieved till he had quaffed mighty potations of his host's "Peiper Heideek."

Years have passed over BLINKERS' head since his first dinner party, and he is not as sensitive as he was; but, hardened man of the world as he now is, the sight of a shirt that buttons at the back sends a colder thrill down BLINKERS' vertebrae than the CAUDLE-lectures which he nightly receives from his quondam fellow-traveller, once of the scarlet feather, but now by the grace of Canterbury and a special license, Mrs. ALGERNON BABINGTON BLINKERS.

Croaks and Pecks.

ADVOCATES of woman's rights may now rejoice. WIDDEFIELD has been nominated as the Reform candidate for the Provincial Legislature in North York.

A DISCUSSION has arisen as to whether the name of the Indian fiend is "Nana Sahib" or "Nena Sahib." This was answered by the prisoner himself, who when asked if he was the man he was taken for, replied, with a powerful Scotch accent: "Na, na, Sahib." He is, however, doubtful authority upon both the main and the indirect question.

VALENTINE, the Sculptor, has been ordered to make a bust of Washington. If he succeeds he will accomplish what the British failed to do in the Revolutionary War.

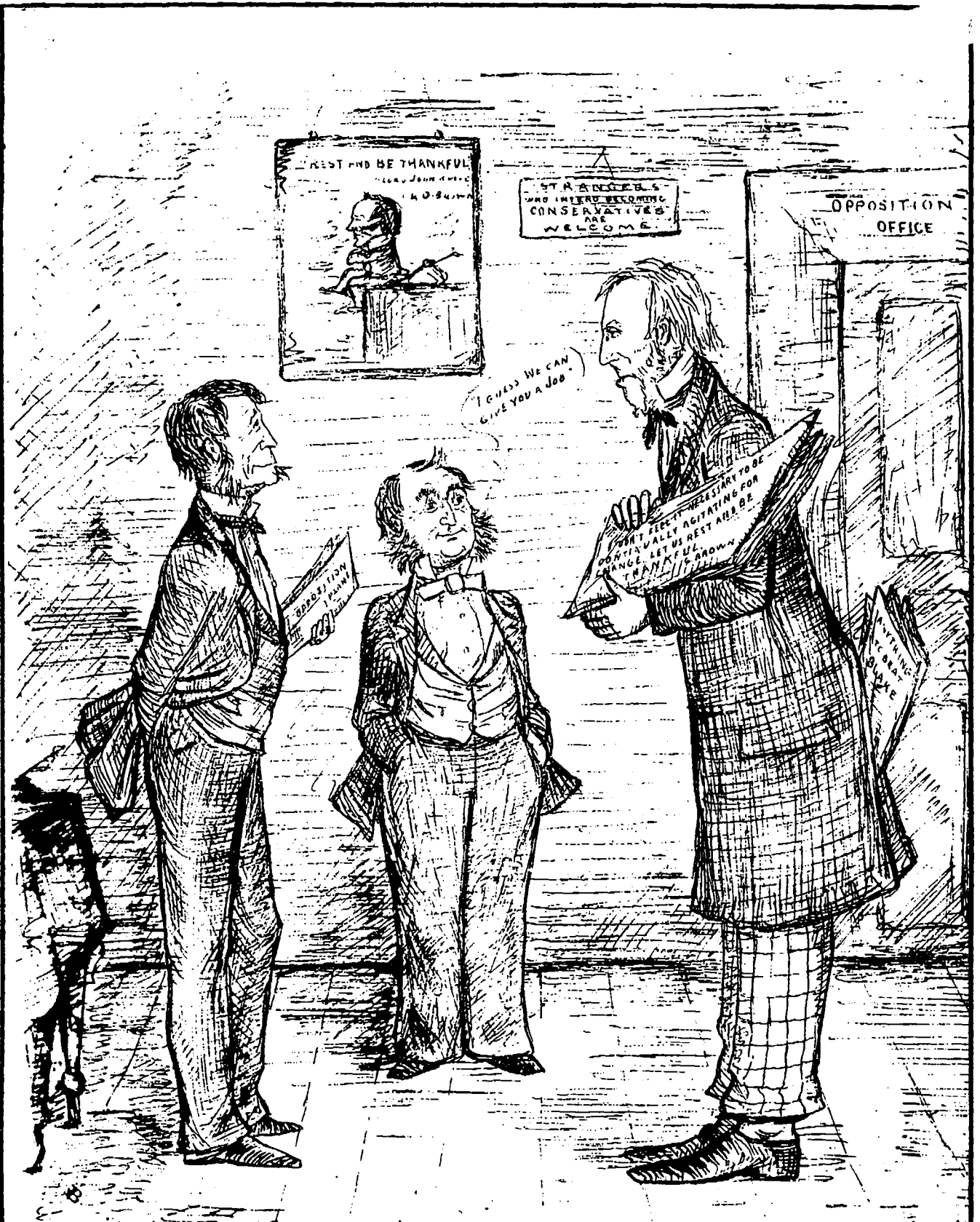
A POLICE Magistrate is needed among those (Bowman)villians.

THE Carlists are really acting rusty in Spain, having invested Iran.

A MARINE insurance agent sends us the following conundrum: "What harbor should high class vessels prefer? Answer: Darling-ton." GRIP fancies swells would there abound.

WE are informed that on the event of Mr. LAIRD declining the nomination to the parliamentary seat of Birkenhead, vacant by the death of his father, the Conservatives will probably support a Mr. STATT, the Liberal candidate. STATT is sure to stand; or there's nothing in a name.

THE Kingston News objects to WILLIAM ROBINSON, M. P. P., as a representative on the ground that he is uneducated. We fear if the test of education were applied there would be comparatively few unobjectionable members either in the Legislature or the House of Commons.



THE NEW CONSERVATIVE.

SEE "THE GLOBE," WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4.

A DIVISION COURT is a good field for the student of nature. Lately a plaintiff in a Division Court suit was closely interrogated by the Judge upon a point involving a small sum, when he indignantly asked, "Do you think I'd tell a lie and perjure myself for that amount?" It is at such odd moments of excitement that a man will reveal his true character.

ROCHEFORTE appropriately carries his *Lanterne* to Berne.

SINCE the notice taken by GRIP of 37 Vic, cap. 38, sec. 11, he observes that it has disappeared from the columns of a morning newspaper. He thereupon feels it incumbent upon him to repeat one of his pet phrases,—“I'm a devil, I'm a devil.”

“THESE be piping times,” say the men who are engaged on the Toronto Water Works.

“Ye Gods and little FISHES!” is the exclamation of a western paper over the marriage of a man named FISH. We reproduce it for the benefit of Mr. SAMUEL WILMOT.

THE *Mail* says: “Glanford Township is inflicted with sheep-worrying dogs.” What has Glanford been doing? It is just possible that it is being punished for its Grit proclivities; and that the importation of a few Tories would soon prevent the dogs from worrying—what they could not find.

THE Police Commissioners contemptuously refer to a prominent temperance man of the city as “one SHARP, key of G.” LUKE, not to be outdone, declares that *they* properly represent the key of E, three flats.

From Gay to Grave.

DIED.—At St. John, N. B., on Saturday, 24th ult., QUIP, aged six months.

QUIP was an enfant terrible. At its birth it was hailed as a funny child. This is the funniest incident in its history. Embarking on a witty existence its life was marked by the “soul of wit,”—brevity. Its projector worked like a horse to drag his enterprise along the straight road to success; but was unable to do so because of his attention to the adulations of the multitude who shouted out his unfortunate name, and incessantly called to him, “DAVID GEE.” *Quip* was a comic paper: it was a paper to be laughed at. We have often been amused at its funny attempts at fun, and wondered if they were an average specimen of Bluenose brilliancy. It could not live. It did not have sufficient natural humour in its composition. Therefore in death it is lowly lying, as it too frequently was in life. It sometimes committed the sin of stealing from GRIP, and found that “the wages of sin is death.” SMITH, D. G., of *Quip* editor and proprietor, having sent you bantling where it will never trouble St. John again, has himself made an *Advance* movement upon the town of Chatham, where he hopes to lead a better life, and, as he says, “endeavour to win the esteem and confidence of the people.” His ruling passion, however, is still upon him, so that he cannot avoid the satirical remark that “he trusts his connection with the *St. Croix Courier*, with the *St. John Telegraph* and with *Quip*, will be accepted as a guarantee of fitting experience.” We fear SMITH is an inveterate cynic; but we hope he will yet prove a credit to his well-known name. He has begun well by burying *Quip*, over whose remains we beg to fraternally raise this monument:



The Fifth of November.

THURSDAY was the fifth of November, a day to be marked in the history of Canada, as it has long been in the annals of England, as the anniversary of the discovery of a plot. In the one case the English House of Commons was not blown up, in the other the Canadian House of Commons, as then constituted, was. In both, the result was a great deliverance from danger, and Canadians can chant:

Remember, remember,
The fifth of November,
When Sir John's big political plot
Was squelched for the reason,
The Grits smelt the treason;
And they'll see it's never forgot.

Lo Trying.

I.

Lo flies to get a swallow, scenting rum,
And Lo is bound upon a dreadful “bum,”
When the braves scatter “something's got to come.”

II.

To get a swallow sneaks poor Lo, and tries
To find in secret what the law denies;
To get one taste he'd tell a thousand lies.

III.

Nor sip nor swallow has he had to-day,
For sip or swallow wildly does he pray,
'Tis well for him, that rum's put from his way.

IV.

But though the world forbids, he'll find a son
Of SATAN, who will drink give for his gun,
Then Lo will guzzle while a drop will run.

V.

Thirsting, to-day Lo could not, if he would,
Forego his drunk, and be of sober mood:
As well might hunger halt in sight of food.

Bytown.

CELIA O. NORTH.

In the Starlight.

THE Grit papers consider our twinkling, scintillating, evening contemporary a fixed star, as it is “a *Sun* of another system.” This luminary, the shimmering rays of which come from a perilous distance, sometimes casts erroneous reflections, as when it dimly demonstrated that the *St. Catharines News* had announced the absence of Hon. Mr. Mowat and other members of the Government in Paris, raising to the top of the Vendome column the bronze castings which form the pedestal of the statue. This is a mistake; for everybody who is even slightly acquainted with Ontario politics, knows that these Ministers but lately expended their whole available stock of brass to form a pedestal for a Canadian statute, known as 37 Vic., Cap. 38. For further particulars see *Mail*, issue of a fortnight ago.

Offended Dignity.

Scene: Parliament Square, Ottawa.

Western Editor, just arrived, (to kid-gloved military exquisite emerging from Western Block.) “Say! Where's SANDY MACKENZIE'S office?” *M. E.* (elevating his nose somewhat higher and bestowing a withering glance on hapless W.E.) “Oh! Aw! demnation! I'm not a messenger! I b'long to the Gawds!” (W.E. retires crestfallen.)

Plain Words from Truthful James.

J. G. C. to W. A. McD.

TELL me not in gloomy accents
You will keep me out of stamps,
For, see here, my boots don't lack rents
To bring on the cold and cramps.

Spirits then I'll have to take Mac,
To relieve the gripes and pain,
For my stomach then will rake, Mac,
And on you I'll lay the blame.

And I charge you, if this follers,
It's your duty to come down
With (we'll say) about ten dollars,
Or I'll have to leave the town.

So, dear boy, relieve the needy,
And I'll do the same for you,
Then I pray you be not greedy,
Or begad, I'll go for you!

Golden sayings—“Current Events.”

The American merchant when buying goods patriotically exclaims,
“The dearest spot of earth to me is home.”
Result of the North Renfrew election—Luke, xxii, 52.

**MRS. MORRISON'S
GRAND
OPERA HOUSE**

ADELAIDE ST. WEST.

Mrs. MORRISON, - - Manageress.

Mr. COULDOCK, - Stage Manager.

ON

SATURDAY,

NOVEMBER 7TH,

AND UNTIL FURTHER

NOTICE,

TOM TAYLOR'S

NEW AND HISTORICAL

DRAMA

OF

LADY

CLANCARTY;

OR

WEDDED AND WOODED.

New Scenery,
New Dresses,
New Appointments.

KING WILLIAM III,

MR. COULDOCK.

Elizabeth Spencer & Lady Clancarty

Mrs. MORRISON.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WINES FROM THE WOOD.

Gentlemen requiring refreshment through the day can obtain a glass of wine, etc., pure as imported, and drawn from the original cask, by calling at 32 Church Street.

Light that eclipses 'the light of other days.

ANDERSON'S "FAMILY SAFETY OIL," brilliant and free from odor. Wholesale and Retail Depot, No. 11 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

FORBES & DOW, Land, House, and General Agents.—Rents and Accounts collected; house property carefully attended to, and good tenants procured. Loans to build houses advanced without delay. Special attention given to sale of Farm Property. No. 6 Victoria Street. P. O. Box 1984, Toronto, Ont.

**USE THE
DIAMOND YEAST CAKE!**

BURNING FLUID—NO SMOKE—NO CHIMNEY. Suitable for Hotels and private dwellings. Splendid night light. HUGH MILLER, & CO., 167 King Street.

COR. JARVIS & ADELAIDE STS.,
Toronto, Ont.

JOHN D. NASMITH,

Manufacturer of

BREAD, ROLLS, BUNS, CAKES, &c., &c

A superior article of Bread delivered daily throughout the city.

TO THE TRADE ONLY

FOR LATEST PATTERNS IN
ALL KINDS OF REAL AND IMITATION
HAIR GOODS,
At Lowest Wholesale Prices.

APPLY TO THEE

New Dominion Chignon Factory,
96 YONGE ST., TORONTO,
FRANCIS J. BORMUTH, Proprietor.

JOHN LAIRD,

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Looking Glasses, &c.

335 Yonge St., Opposite Elm St.,
TORONTO.

PICTURES KEPT ON HAND FOR SALE.

THOS. RUSSELL & SON



**KEYLESS
WATCHES.**

- Silver Hunting Keyless \$35
- Silver Hunting Lever, with Albert Chain..... 25
- Silver Hunting Lever, Nickel Movement..... 30
- Silver Hunting Lever..... 50
- Gold Ladies' Hunting-cased Lever 50
- do. do. do. 60
- Gold Keyless Ladies' Cased Lever..... 90
- Gold Gents' Hunting-cased Lever 125
- Gold Gents' Keyless do. From \$200 to 300

Retail by all
PRACTICAL

WATCHMAKERS
in the Dominion.



WHOLESALE

No. 57 Yonge Street, Toronto.



TAYLOR & WILSON,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

CHOICEST BRANDS OF CIGARS,

DEALERS IN TOBACCOS, SMOKERS' SUNDRIES, &c.,

Nos. 118 & 120 Yonge Street, - - TORONTO, Ont.
JOHN TAYLOR. SAMUEL WILSON.