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VOL. I.

TORONTO, JUNE 28TH, 1873.

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NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Our terms for advertisements on the first page are \$1. 25 per square, first insertion; \$1.00 each subsequent insertion. Spaces on fourth page, 25 cents apiece, each insertion.

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.—Contributions of suitable matter are solicited. All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Box 308, P. O.

ISSUE.—*Grip* will be published every Saturday at five cents per copy. Trade orders supplied by A. S. IRVING, King Street West.

ADVERTISING AGENT—H. B. Montreuil.

G R I P .

EDITED BY CHARLES P. HALL.

*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, SATURDAY, JUNE 28th, 1873.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"IGNORAMUS."—You must be one not to know.

"MOLLIE DARLING."—The lines you mention are not contained in Dr. Watts' poetical works, nor do we know what poet composed them. The polite version is as follows:

"If I had a donkey averse to speed,
Do you think I would castigate him? no, indeed!
I'd give him some provender and observe, proceed!
Ambulate, Robert!"

"ENQUIRER." wants to know the slowest living thing? We should say our boy on an errand.

"ASPIRANT."—We should recommend you to adopt the medical profession, as the bad work you are likely to do cannot be returned on your hands.

"AGRICULTURIST" asks who are most interested in the coming of green fruit? Coroners and undertakers, in our opinion.

"EDITOR."—Certainly; you are right to abuse the circus profession, when they will not advertise with you.

A TERRIFIC TEMPTATION.

(A TERRIBLY TRUE TEMPERANCE TALE.)

A young man of this city, we forbear mentioning his name for obvious reasons, was invited to the house of his employer to assist in celebrating the natal day of the said employer's daughter. Being in a new black dress coat during the whole of the evening, on which the subject to fits of abstraction he remained wrapped in thought and a touching incident about to be narrated occurred. Invited to partake of a glass of wine, when the company were standing to honor the toast of the evening he manfully refused.

"But you will take just one small glass of wine to my health and prosperity," said the fair young lady in whose honor the toast was given. Our friend stood unmoved and erect in conscious rectitude. Note the unparalleled heroism of this young man: heedless alike of the jeers of his companions, the manifest anger of his host, and last, not least, the supplicating gaze of a lovely pair of blue eyes bent beseechingly on him. And did he yield? No! With undaunted courage and flashing eyes, he exclaimed in a voice husky with emotion—"I never do drink wine, but I'll take a little good Scotch Whiskey if you have it."

NEMO.

HIGH LIFE IN TORONTO.—One of our young men on whom we can rely, informs us that on Sunday he saw a King, a Queen, a Duke, and a Duchess going into Church (Street). [Our young man was there himself.—EDITOR.]

A drunken Irishman rather startled a fruit-vendor a few days since by the demand, "Say (hic), boss, show us (hic) an Orange-(hic)-man will you.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

By telegraph from London we learn that the troops have been reviewed in presence of the Persian Shah, for the delectation of that monarch; and that the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice "assisted on the occasion." We presume these royal ladies conducted the *dressing up* movements.

OUR CALVES.

As an illustration of Journalistic inconsistency, we quote the following touching "local" by the tender hearted Trojan who does the police news for a certain little evening paper:—

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—As our representative was passing through the market to-day he heard one of our leading citizens remark that it was a disgrace to some of our butchers and farmers bringing in cattle and leaving them in the scorching heat. There were 20 calves, some with their feet tied and others tied to the wheels of different waggons, all of which were in the sun. It is well a Humane Society is being formed.

Notwithstanding that gush of feeling, the wretched itemizer shows that he is capable of still greater cruelty himself, for he drags not only the calves, but also the butchers and farmers into the *Sun*, and passes on without compunction.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The South Ontario election is the most stirring thing at present on the *tapis*. Considerable *Gibberish* is spoken throughout the riding, but there is every probability of the reform candidate *Holden* on to a good majority.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—It is actually stated that in this the nineteenth century, and on a crowded thoroughfare, a prominent dry goods merchant in King street, has been lately making a royal Bengal tiger *yell-oh!*

CRUELTY.—A Hamilton paper states that on Sunday last the bells were *peeled* at an unusually early hour. We hope that their natural covering was restored as speedily as possible, as they would be liable to catch cold in this changeable weather.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The imperative mood. Stand and deliver.

Why is an old building like a madhouse? Because it contains lone attics.

What part of Toronto puts you in mind of the moon on a cloudy night? The Crescent; it is so badly lighted.

Why is a smoker like a braggart? Because he puffs.

When is a schoolmaster like a carpenter? When he is forming a new rule.

When does a lady look her *worst*? When she is in a *bustle*.

When does a man like his clothes? When it suits him.

When you see an envelope "On Her Majesty's Service," is it not equivalent to saying "let us go free" (letters go free).

What is the average weight of "lighthouses?"

Some men earn their living by turning *summersaults*. Do they rest in *winter*?

Is trying a garotter to the *triangle* doing the square thing by him?

When can a bull *stand* more than a man? When it treats him to a *horn*, and makes him stagger.

The Wimbledon Contest.—Friendly riflery.

GUIDE TO ANGLERS.—A bad place to fish in.—In vain.

How to get into a scrape.—Shave with a rough razor.

If it is true that "Nature abhors a Vacuum," how she must deprecate a great many City Councils!

FALSE, ENTIRELY SO.—The *Sun* printed the statement a few evenings since, that the population of Constantinople numbers 6,000,000. We feel it our duty, in the interests of truth, &c., to give this an emphatic denial.

OBITUARY NOTICE.

D-DE-DEAR GR-RIP,

Pl-please ins-ert th-the en-clos-sed ob-olit-(boo-
hoo)-tuary no-tice, and ob-obl-lige,

You-yours, wee-cep-ping,

C. McQUA-ADR.

Al-ala-s! and ar-art thou go-gone at la-last?
Are al-all thy da-days of hu-hnn-hunting o'er,
And are tho-those hap-appy gambols pa-past,
Which thou ha-hast played in day-ays of yore?
It ca-casts a sha-adow o'er my heart,
To th-think I've lo-lost a friend so t-true;
Och-one, dear Po-pomp-ompy must we pa-part?
If so, ma-chree, adicu (boo-hoo).

EP-EPIT-PITAPH.

Be-beneath this plo-pilot
Beho-behold the lo-lot
Of do-dogs that lo-love good ch-choer;
Clo-close to this spo-spot
Old Po-pomp was shot,
Who-whose bones lie mo-mould'ring ho-here.
For f-feathered fe-feasts,
Or sa-savage be-beasts,
He did not ca-care a but-bulton;
A do-dog so chaste
Shou-should have a tas-taste,
And h-his was all for m-mutton.

P.S.—He ww-as sensible to the l-last (B-boo-hoo).

"A logician and a swimmer," says a Persian story, "were in a boat together. Said the logician to the swimmer, 'Have you ever studied logic?' 'I never heard the name 'till now,' was the reply. 'Alas!' said the logician, 'then has half your life been drowned in ignorance!' Just then a squall came up. Says the swimmer to the logician, 'Have you ever learned anything of swimming?' 'Nothing but logic,' was the reply. 'Alas!' said the swimmer, 'then the whole of your life is drowned!'" The moral of this, our teacher told us, is that *logicians sometimes get beyond their depth.*

A certain person had a friend who was a miser. One day he said to him, "I am going a journey; give me your ring—then I shall always have you near me; for whenever I look upon it, you will come to my remembrance." The miser made answer, "If you wish to keep me in remembrance, as often as you look at your naked finger, remember that you asked a certain person for his ring, and he refused to give it to you!"

TO THE BENEVOLENT.—There is a man so hard up that he even sleeps on tick.

A school-boy being requested to write a composition upon the subject of "Pins," produced the following: "Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women, and children—in fact, whole families." "How so?" asked the puzzled teacher; and the boy replied, "Why, by not swallowing them."

A late poet, in describing his ancestors, who were among the first settlers at Amoskeag Falls, said, with a spice of exaggeration:

"Of the goodly men of old Derryfield
It was often said that their only care
And their only wish and only prayer
For the present world and the world to come
Were a string of coils and a jug of rum!"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

(An Emotional Poem by THOMAS HOOD-wink.)

One more unfortunate,
Robbed of her breath,
Killed by her husband,
Gone to her death.
Take him up tenderly,
Treat him with care;
Try the case slenderly—
Hanging ain't fair.

NEW YORK, JUNE 27.

ELDERLY NAVAL MAN TO THE PREMIER.

SOUTH ONTARIO, Monday.

If you don't HOLD-ON to your anchor, John,
And dump overboard all your fibbs,
I'm afraid on a reef ye'll come to grief—
I can tell by the cut of yer *Gibbs* (G soft).

ACCIDENT.—A Gentleman walking along the Esplanade close to the water's edge accidentally fell in with a friend.

PARADOXICAL.—That human nature ever loathes to be disappointed, should (during the visit of the great Persian) be willing to put itself about a great deal to secure only Shah-grin.

An old bachelor, who has become melancholy and poetical, wrote some verses for the village paper, in which he expressed the hope that the time would soon come when he would

"rest calmly within a shroud,
With a weeping-willow by my side."

But to his inexpressible horror it came out in print,

"When I shall rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."

FIELD EXERCISE.—Plowing.

THE HOME CIRCUIT.—Walking about with a baby in the night.

Ought not a hermit to call his house a man-shun?

Who is the oldest lunatic on record?—Time out of mind.

Why is a provident man like a monkey?—Because he's fore-handed (four-handed).

Why are the cook's tongs in a ship like great mosquitoes?—Because they are galley nippers.

A person who tells you of the faults of others intends to tell others of your faults.

When may two people be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

An Irish sailor visited a city where he said they copper-bottomed the tops of the houses with sheet-lead. Perhaps it was the same man who saw a white black-bird sitting on a wooden mile-stone, eating a red blackberry.

A CHINESE PUZZLE FOR THE INGENIOUS.

Inth isto wny ouma yofte ns ee
 Sto resth attr ytos el lba dt ca
 Bu tif toyo nge stre ety oul lrepa ir
 Yo ullf indt hepe kinte asto reth ere
 Whe recus tom ersa retr eate dwe ll
 Asal lwhod ealt heren owc ante ll
 Ifg roce rie syo uwa nttob uy
 Yo usho ul dth epek inte astor etry
 An dify oudo wellp lea scdy oul lbe
 Wi tha llyoutas tes mel lhe aran dsee.

N.B.—To the first householder bringing us a written solution of the above, a POUND OF GOOD TEA will be given as a Prize; to the second, a POUND OF SUGAR. The Names of the successful candidates will be published in "GRIP" next week.

T. D. WAKELEE & CO.

PEKIN TEA COMPANY,

YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

b5

IN PRESS!

"FATHER SAYS I MAY."

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Young Ladies' Journal. July. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and Retail Newsdealer, King street west.

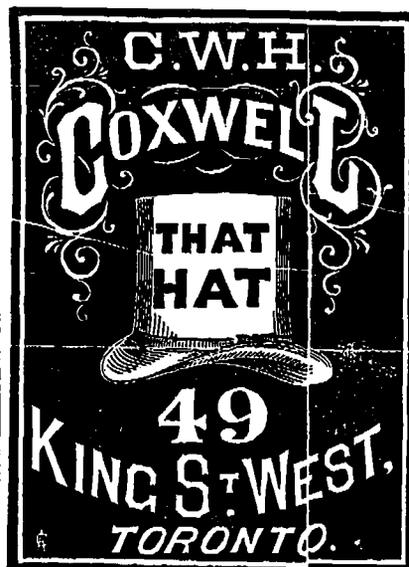
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"MOLLIE DARLING." Price 5 Cents. A. S. IRVING, Publisher, Toronto.



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BOW BELLS. July. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and Retail Newsdealer, King street west.

J. & F. COOPER. The American Shirt Factory. Gents' Furnishings. 129 Yonge Street

FAMILY HERALD. June. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and Retail Newsdealer, King street west.

LONDON JOURNAL. June. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and Retail Newsdealer, King street west.

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