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 Brown's Army and Navy Blacking. B. F. Brown's
 French Dressing; a splendid article for Ladies and
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Ask for TWIN BROTHERS YEAST, and Take no other.
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THE HANDSOMEST FOUNTAIN IN
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All should see it and taste its contents. cm 4

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W. J. HOWELL, JUNR.,
WOODBINE SALOON,
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New Patent Steam Washer!

LOOK HERE, WEARY WOMEN! THERE IS REST FOR YOU!
 Steam will do your work. The Steam Washer, or
 Woman's Friend, is the cheapest and best—steam does
 it all—it needs only to be seen to be appreciated.
 Call and examine for yourselves. County rights for
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WM. & J. H. COLLINS,
 Manufacturers, 586 Yonge St., Toronto.

Under J. C. Tilton's pat., June 20th, 1872.

JUST OUT:

"FATHER SAYS I MAY."

No. 3, IRVING'S 5 CENT. MUSIC.

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 NOTED
 EVERYTHING!
164 YONGE STREET.

A. S. IRVING, Wholesale Agent,
 35 King Street West, Toronto.

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 AND
 DEPOT.



EVERY SATURDAY:
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 A most acceptable addition to
 Come, Sit by my Side, Little Darling.
 IN PRESS:

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TORONTO, JULY 26TH, 1873.

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FAMILY HERALD.
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"FATHER SAYS I MAY."

A beautiful piece.

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FIVE CENTS.

Trade Orders solicited for

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Address A. S. Irving, Publisher.

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. Irvina, King Street West.

Advertising Agent—H. B. Montreville.

G R I P .

EDITED BY CHARLES P. HALL.

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

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HUMORIST:—We have already received and consigned to the waste basket about two dozen jokes on the size of George Brown's feet. The thing is played out. The subject, though extensive, is exhausted.

RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, ENGLAND:—We have no dead-heads on our list. However, if you will send us some comic verses, we will put you on for a year.

SIR HUGH ALLAN, Ravensaraig:—Thanks. No, we won't take any stock in the Pacific—that is, ahem "not at present."

SUBSCRIBER:—Your lines, commencing—
"There is no bar, however watched and tended,
But one dead beat is there, etc.,"
are rejected. You are a base plagiarist. We are sure we have read something like that before.

HAMILTONIAN:—Your effort is quite up to the mark; but the mark ain't high enough.

SHIVER STREET:—Accepted. Will appear next issue.

ENQUIRER:—Wants to know the meaning of that truly remarkable work of genius, "The Woman of Want," which appeared in our last. Enclose one dollar, and we will send the author round to explain it to you. We can't. Its conceptions are too hefty for any but a poetic mind to appreciate.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 26th, 1873.

"GRIP'S" POLICY.

In order to counteract any impression which may obtain, that the political course of GRIP will be changed on account of the recent alterations in our editorial management, we would state that no departure will be made from the line marked out at the initiation of our enterprise.

GRIP will continue to pursue a course of strict unswerving independence—not that pseudo-independence which consists in steering a middle course exactly between the two opposing parties, being "on the fence," in popular parlance; but by upholding that party which is in the right, on each particular question as it arises.

This is the only true attitude for any paper of our scope and design, to assume. No "monetary conditions" shall make us swerve from this policy. We do not clamour for pap and patronage. We wouldn't allow a Government advertisement to appear in our columns on any consideration. Just try us with a few and see.

A PRIZE FOR THE BEST CONUNDRUM.

We propose to offer a prize for the best original conundrum; consisting of an elegantly bound annual copy of "Bow Bells" for any year the winner chooses to select. All intending competitors should forward their little jokes before the 15th of August, with their names. This competition is in every respect *bona-fide* and we hope that a large number of our subscribers will avail themselves of it. Gents who have a knack of punning will at all events have the satisfaction of seeing their pun-gent remarks in print, as all these contributions to humorous literature will be duly given to our readers. Send on your efforts young man. You may not be a star in the literary world, but because you are not a Punshon, is that any reason you should shun puns?

In order that even the feeblest and most pun-y attempt at wit may not be without a chance of recognition, we have determined to supplement our offer, with that of a prize for the worst conundrum, the perpetrator of which will receive a copy of "Gamosagamon," a work chiefly noticeable as containing some of the vilest jokes ever published; and therefore highly appropriate.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.

We notice that Captain Prince, of the police force, has been gazetted as governor of the new Central Prison. It is a good appointment in every respect. The police will be freed thereby from the petty tyranny and arbitrary restrictions of this snobbish martinet; and the terrors of imprisonment will be so heightened by this addition to the usual penalties of the law, that men who would otherwise be disposed to laugh at penal restraints, will hesitate before committing any act that will place them under the control of this tyrannous autocrat. Prince has at last found his proper sphere. No one can object to his exercising upon malefactors the ingenuity he has so long displayed in making the position of guardians of the peace as uncomfortable and humiliating as possible. It will be excellent discipline for the convicts, while the police will heartily rejoice at being free from his despotism.

ILL-BRED HALF BREEDS.

Not long since, a party of Mennonites visiting Manitoba were attacked by a number of half-breeds. They kept those Mennonite *men-a-night* inside a tavern, until rescued by the military. Now, the question which arises is, will those Mennonites venture again into Manitoba, where there are so many *to-bar* the way against them? *Riel-ly* we don't know. Such conduct as those wasn't polite, but then you couldn't expect half breeds to be well bred. It was an outrage, but the Mennonites appear to have acted creditably in meeting the outrage with-out rage. We could keep on in this style to any extent, but forbear; and merely offer these few observations as a sample of what we can do when we let ourselves out.

A SHARP BARGAIN.

We heard, the other day, a good story of a sharp bargain. A poor, shiftless, vagabondish fellow in Etobicoke Township, came into the possession last Spring, of two calves. He arranged with a farmer to have them pastured during the Summer, at a given price. It was approaching winter; the calf-owner had paid nothing for the Summer maintenance of his stock, nor had he made the slightest provision for housing or feeding them during the Winter. He hadn't a cent of money, or anything like a shed for cattle, nor a wisp of hay; but he went over to the pasture to look at his herd. The farmer said to him: "Now, look here, you haven't paid me a red cent for keeping them critters, you know, and you hain't got no place to keep 'em this Winter, nor anything to keep 'em on. Hain't you better let me take them calves for the pasturing, and call it square?" The fellow hesitated; at last he looked relieved. "Squire, seems to me that's rather rough on me. I thought I had quite a property tied up in them calves, and I don't seem to be getting much out of your trade. It don't look to be hardly right, but I'll tell you what I'll do, Squire, to make it fair. If you'll keep the calves a fortnight longer, you kin have 'em."

A CACOUNA WARDROBE.

"Jenkins" thinks this about a fair Cacouna outfit for a young McFlimsey of the *bon-ton*.

Four elegant silk dresses for evening—a white silk, a pink, a blue, and a lavender—each costing from \$150 to \$200.

Two silk carriage dresses—a brown and a black, or grey—with hat, gloves and parasol to match—each dress costing from \$200 to \$400.

Six morning dresses—two of some *ecru* worsted material, an embroidered linen dress, an embroidered white dress, a black silk (for cool days), and a grey poplin—each costing from \$75 to \$100. The silk and poplin probably double that amount.

Four round hats, costing from \$12 to \$25 each.

Two dozen pairs of gloves, with from two to six buttons each.

Two parasols, a sun-shade and umbrella.

Two pairs of silk boots, two of kid, and two of slippers or buskins.

A dozen fans to match different dresses.

A set of diamonds, a set of emeralds. Sets of cameos, of Roman gilt, and of Jet jewelry, are also indispensable.

Curls, puffs, braids of hair.

Cravats, sashes, bows of ribbon.

A large quantity of elegant underclothing, collars, cuffs, *fraises* of muslin and lace.

Two camel's hair shawls, and one lace.

A half-dozen thrilling novels, just suited for summer reading.

That is all.



WILL HE COME TO GRIEF
THE THRILLING ACT NOW IN THE RING OF THE POLITICAL CIRCUS

A THRILLING ROMANCE.

By JOHN P. WILLMORE, HAMILTON.

He dwelt, did Peter Walkshaw Blythe,
Among the forests of Queenhithe.
His patrimony was not large,
Consisting chiefly of a barge.

He loved, did Peter, this said chap,
The barmaid of the Blue Boar tap;
And, as of course you would infer,
He named his vessel after her.

By which my object is to say
'Twas after her—some little way,
The barge was as *The Polly* known,
The barmaid's name was Martha Joan.

"A rose with any other name,"
Was an excuse the youth might claim;
And Martha Joan, too, might demur
To coals, bricks, hay, on board of her.

[Here, you will please to pity me,
The author, for of course you see
I've heroine and hero got,
But, hang it! cannot find a plot.]

Sir Griffin Biggs who dwelt hard by,
Where Anchor Alley towers on high,
Looked downward from its topmost stone,
And caught a sight of Martha Joan.

But Countess Avarilla Butts
Upon Sir Griffin Biggs was nuts;
I think she chiefly loved his gold,
For Biggs, though rich, was somewhat old.

The Countess Butts, when it was known
That Griffin courted Martha Joan,
Sent for a wizard in Pall Mall
To come and poison that young gal.

She placed the message in the charge
Of Peter on *The Polly* barge:
And Peter, seeing the position,
Off Puddle Dock drowned the magician.

[Here, please congratulate the bard,
My task appears no longer hard;
A sort of subject now I've got,
And I can work it like a shot!]

The virtuous Peter Walkshaw Blythe
Woke the wild echoes of Queenhithe,
By telling how with skill sublime
He had averted sin and crime.

And consequently Martha Joan
Who never until then had known
She was Sir Griffin's heart's delight
Wedded at once the wealthy knight.

While Countess Butts o'erjoyed to find
She had no murder on her mind
To make her conscience madly writhe,
Set-to at once and married Blythe.

And Blythe in his eccentric manner,
First wiped his brow with his bandanna;
Then—being now with Martha cut—
He wedded with the Countess Butts.

And next he [Reader, I have done
For all my characters, save one,
No longer task I your endurance]
Scuttled *The Polly* for her insurance.

[Considering, when I began,
I'd not the shadow of a plan,
I think that I may fairly glory
In this most interesting story.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Hon. George Brown is off to Europe; he wisely chose to go *via* New York. Had he escaped the perils of the Grand Trunk, he would never have been allowed to cross safely over in the Allan line.—"De fust ob Augus" will be celebrated with much *pompe* by the darkeys of Western Ontario at Chatham. McKellar and King will be on hand.—The Pacific Scandal still rages, and more startling developments are promised.—Toronto is to have another Park in spite of the obstructionists Sheard and Carr.—It costs teamsters five dollars and costs, to build fires underneath recalcitrant mules to encourage them.—Canadian twelve have beaten an English team at cricket at Lord's, England. Let all the people shout "hallelujah."—Shah of Persia on the homestretch.—For balance of news see daily papers.

OUR POET AT THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

In order to render every department of our journal an unparalleled success, we have secured, at great expense, the services of a brilliant, though hitherto unappreciated poetical genius, who will hebdomadally lucubrate in our chaste columns, in connection with subjects of public interest. Last Monday evening we furnished him with a clean paper collar, and a quarter on account of salary, to enable him to get his flowing locks trimmed, and procure the necessary amount of inspiration—(he takes it straight)—and started him off to the City Council. The following is the result:—

His Worship: The tocsin sounds the hour for Council gathering,
To do the usual amount of blathering;
I find, with eagle eye our numbers scanning,
We have a quorum,—*ipse dixit* Manning,—
Therefore to business let us now proceed:
I'll take a smoke—Turner, have you a weed?

Ald. Turner: Yes, here you are. If not too stale a joke,
I hope our business here won't end in smoke!

Ald. Carr: To get along with biz. is a good notion;
Let's read the *minutes*: who'll second the motion?

(Clerk reads the minutes.)

Ald. Turner: Here's the report of the Finance Committee—
Another loss inflicted on the City;
A clerk in Treasurer McCord's employ,
Cocker by name,—his boss did much annoy,—
Lit out with sixty shekels to the States,
Which muchly on our civic feeling grates;
However, that aint any reason why
The cow should leave her barn, the hog his sty,
And wander where they list, upon the loose,
And with folks' gardens play the very deuce.

His Worship: We'll try to stop the cause of such vexation;
Coatsworth shall issue one more proclamation,
Warning cows, hogs, and horses not to roam,
But stay, like duteous animals, at home.

Ald. Thomas: I have a by-law here, sir, which allows
Coatsworth and doctors to examine house,
Or vessel, which by them may be suspected
To be by dangerous disease infected.

Ald. Sheard: I must protest agin such hefty powers
Given in a country which is free like ours:
I guess a Briton's house, sir, is his castle,
Where he with fever and disease may wrestle
Just as he pleases. If he death endures,
Why 'tis his funeral, and none of yours.
Let this Committee rise, like sitting hen,
Report, and then return to sit again.

Ald. Turner: That man's a ignominious moral coward
Who won't accept that land from John G. Howard;
Acres one hundred sixty-five in number,
And situate contiguous to the Humber.
Allow me, sir, to venture the remark,
No one should quiz our project for a Park.

Ald. Sheard: A park! Quiz it I surely shall and may;
For *parquissites* you're all upon the lay.

His Worship: To think the man who'd perpetrate that ero
Vile execrable effort, once was Mayor!
But he to my posish no more returns;
He'll "gang nae mair to yon tonn," *vide* Burns.

Ald. Carr: I quite agree with Brother Sheard's remarks;
I don't see what the people want with parks.

Ald. Coate: Oh, unæsthetic cuss! with soul so dead
To nature's beauties, and un-level head.

Ald. Spence: Of all projected schemes this is my choice,
And for this purchase I record my voice.

His Worship: Let all in favor of the motion rise:
I now declare it carried by the ayes.

Ald. Davies: To settle this St. David's question, I—

Our Poet: Oh, this discussion's getting awful dry!
I would I had a genial claret cup.

Globe Reporter: Come on, old sardine, guess I'll set 'em up.

Exeunt; which means, "they left."

SILKS.	SILKS.	SILKS.
MUSLINS.	GRENADINES.	PRINTS.
HOSIERY.	KID GLOVES.	REAL LACES.
LADIES' TIES.	LACE COLLARS.	RIBBONS.
MILLINERY.	MANTLES.	SHAWLS.
CORSETS.	PARASOLS.	UMBRELLAS.
CARPETS.	OIL CLOTHS.	HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

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IN THE DOMINION,**

AND THE BEST HOUSE FOR THE PUBLIC TO GET GOOD GOODS AT LOW PRICES.

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GREAT SILK AND CLOTHING HOUSE,

128, 130, AND 132 KING STREET EAST.

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Young Ladies' Journal. August
A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and Retail News-
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The best Five Cent Cigars in
Canada at the *New Store*—Cor. ADELAIDE
and VICTORIA STREETS. cu 8

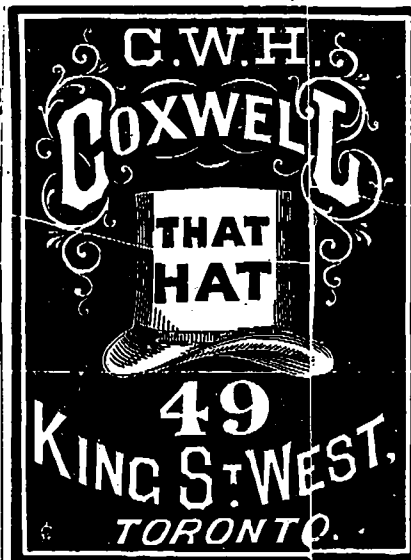
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JAMES RENTON, from London,
Practical Watchmaker, &c., 188 King St.,
East, Toronto. cu 8.

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Cents. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale News
Dealer, King Street west.

BELL & Co.'s Celebrated Par-
lor Organs. T. CLAXTON, Agent, 197 Yonge
Street. cu 8.

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5 Cents. A. S. IRVING, Publisher, Toronto.



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Five Cents. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and
Retail Stationer, 35 King Street West.

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IRVING, Wholesale and Retail Newsdealer,
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can Shirt Factory. Gents' Furnishings.
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King street west.

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

"Mollie Darling." Price,
5 Cents. The Sweetest Bellad of the day.
A. S. IRVING, King Street west.

"I Have No Home." Five
Cents. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale News-
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