

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

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EXCURSION

Under the Auspices of the  
CATHOLIC  
YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION,  
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ON  
Friday Evening 22nd June, '77.  
Full Band Queen's Own Rifles.  
Tickets 50 cents. Boat leaves  
Mowat's Wharf, foot of Yonge street,  
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A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 31 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is

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About \$12 per month,  
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CLOTH, \$3.00, PAPER, \$2.00.



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1877.

GRIP OFFICE, IMPERIAL BUILDING. } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.  
} The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

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FOURTEEN WEEKS IN PHILOSOPHY \$1.50 LIVES & LESSONS OF THE PATRIARCHS \$1.50.  
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IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (First door west of Post Office) TORONTO.

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 correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

GENTLEMEN

Collars of all the Newest Styles gotten up EQUAL TO NEW, at  
2 1-2cts. each, or 25cts. per doz., at

TORONTO STEAM

LAUNDRY.  
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RUPTURE CURED

In from 2 to 6 months, by the use of the patent

SPIRAL TRUSS

which received the highest award over 1,000 competitors at the Centennial Exposition. Can be worn day and night without any inconvenience, and retains its position with every movement of the body.

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for all deformities of the human frame supplied.  
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FINE BOOTS AND SHOES  
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2 Doors south of Queen St.

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TO PURCHASE

HOUSE on Church St., south of Carlton, 8 to 12 rooms, must be first-class.  
COTTAGE in St. John's Ward—5 rooms.  
FOUR COTTAGES,  
Not more than Seven Rooms—between Simcoe and Seaton Streets.  
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Samples of

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ORDERS OF DANCING.

Prices on application at

"GRIP" OFFICE

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,  
(First door west of post office.)

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, 23RD JUNE, 1877.

## The Case Settled.

WONDERFUL UNANIMITY!

The "Confession of Faith" is a pretty big book,  
And its table of contents is long;  
Its definitions outnumber the stars,  
Its statements are many and strong;  
Each word has the weight of Divinity's will,  
Each sentence will challenge your thought,  
And the whole is so deep that 'twould take a man's life  
To comprehend all that it taught.

And yet tho' they tell us no two human minds  
Can in many such matters agree—  
If we look at the council in Halifax met  
The marvel of marvels we'll see;  
For there we find hundreds of grave, thoughtful men  
Who every small tittle and jot  
Of what is contained in that wonderful book  
Believe without shadow of doubt!

In all the Assembly there's *now* not one man  
Who can honestly say he don't hold  
Every doctrine taught and in it laid down,  
By the reverend Fathers of old.  
But all, it would seem, can sincerely affirm,  
In spite of the adage we quote,  
That they see eye to eye and believe heart to heart,  
Each sentence the good Divines wrote.

## The Strike.

JACK.—Hold out, and we'll bring the bosses to their senses.

TOM.—But they are comfortable at home, and don't feel it a bit. My wife tells me she can't get any more credit, and the rent's not paid this two months.

JACK.—We musn't give in, \$2.50 is little enough.

TOM.—But this cutting us out of half the summer is going to make it \$1.25 instead of \$2.50. Don't you think we had better staid on as we were?

JACK.—Well, perhaps we had. But now we're in, we must hold out.

TOM.—Yes, but what if one's stomach won't?

## The Credit Valley Line.

Toronto paid a bonus big,  
Four hundred thousand near,  
For LAIDLAW shouted "Dash my wig,  
The thing's entirely clear.

"By bonusing this road of mine  
You'll make with you to stay  
The traffic which the Grand Trunk line  
Rolls off another way.

"You'll have an independent line,  
You can't be humbugged then,  
So now this small demand of mine,  
Shell out, my merry men."

They shelled it out; but now 'tis seen,  
That shellers look awry,  
'Tis whispered that the Grand Trunk mean  
The C. V. line to buy.

## Lines to a Slandoror.

"IF CANADA'S comic paper, *Grip*, must steal its ideas, might we suggest that it would display greater discretion not to steal from such a well known author as Cornelius O'Dowd."—*Guelph Herald*.

When the *Herald* of Guelph calls his neighbour a thief,  
But don't state any facts, he's unworthy belief.

## Man and Wife.

SHE.—The pattern is perfectly faultless, my dear. Such a lovely green; and the crimson such as one *never* sees in carpets. Just what I have been long wanting for the front drawing-room, and I'm sure the thing we have there is a disgrace to the room. Such a bargain, too! Only seventy-five dollars, with a piece over size, which is always so useful for patching.

HE.—But, ma'am, where is the seventy-five dollars to come from? At this very moment I am asking an extension on my paper, failing to get which I am bankrupt.

SHE.—Oh, indeed! But there's another thing. The Reverend Mr. BEGWELL has been here, wishing our help towards building a new church. Such a plain building as he now uses is a burlesque on religion, poor man, he says. No steeple; not a single groined arch about the building; no pillars, no carved work, not a painted window. He half hinted at leaving for the congregation in Chicago, which sent him a call. He said, indeed, that \$100 each from a few of the prominent members could settle matters; but otherwise he was afraid that the outpouring of the spirit was not sufficiently evident to induce him to remain here. I put your name down for \$100.

HE.—Good heavens, ma'am! Don't I tell you I am asking an extension—  
SHE.—Yes, of course, but we could not be mean in such things. And, let me see, the man came about the plaster statues for the lawn, and the fountain in the centre. I let him go on with them. Only \$250, and we must be a little stylish, you know, for the sake of the girls, if we ever intend them to marry.

HE.—Bless my soul! Don't I tell you I am asking for an extension—  
SHE.—Certainly. But one must live. And I want another riding horse. Only one for two girls does not do. I am offered such a perfect beauty, almost an Arabian, for \$400. *Could* you let me have a cheque for \$700? I must give a party next week, and the dress-maker and confectioner are unpaid for the last.

HE.—Ma'am, you will certainly drive me mad. Don't I tell you I am asking an extension—

SHE.—Oh, yes. But everybody is better able to spend after that than before. See Mr. KITEFLYER across the road. Failed three times, and keeps a splendid establishment all the while; gave all his daughters \$2,000 apiece when they married to start with.

HE.—But, ma'am, even if I did meditate securing anything from the wreck, why spend it all in extravagance beforehand?

SHE.—Secure a little more, my dear. But let me have the cheque. *(And she gets it.)*

## The Soliloquy of the Alderman's Cow.

"For some time past it has been whispered abroad that notwithstanding the fact that the aldermen had put off the letting of the grass at the Crystal Palace, there were several cows in the inclosure day after day. It was further hinted that Ald. Close had not only put his own cow to grass here, but that he had, on his own responsibility, given orders to other parties entitling them to enjoy the same privilege."—*Globe*.

Under a tree in the Palace Grounds,  
The Alderman's cow serenely stood,  
Switching her tail in ecstatic joy,  
And reflecting thus as she chewed her cud:

"Well, now, this is comfort, and no mistake,  
This grateful shade from the heat intense,  
And this fresh green grass, and pure, cool drink,  
And this whole affair—it is simply immense!

When I think on the state of the times outside,  
And the lot of most of my tribe just now,  
I bless from my heart of hearts the day  
When I became an Alderman's cow!

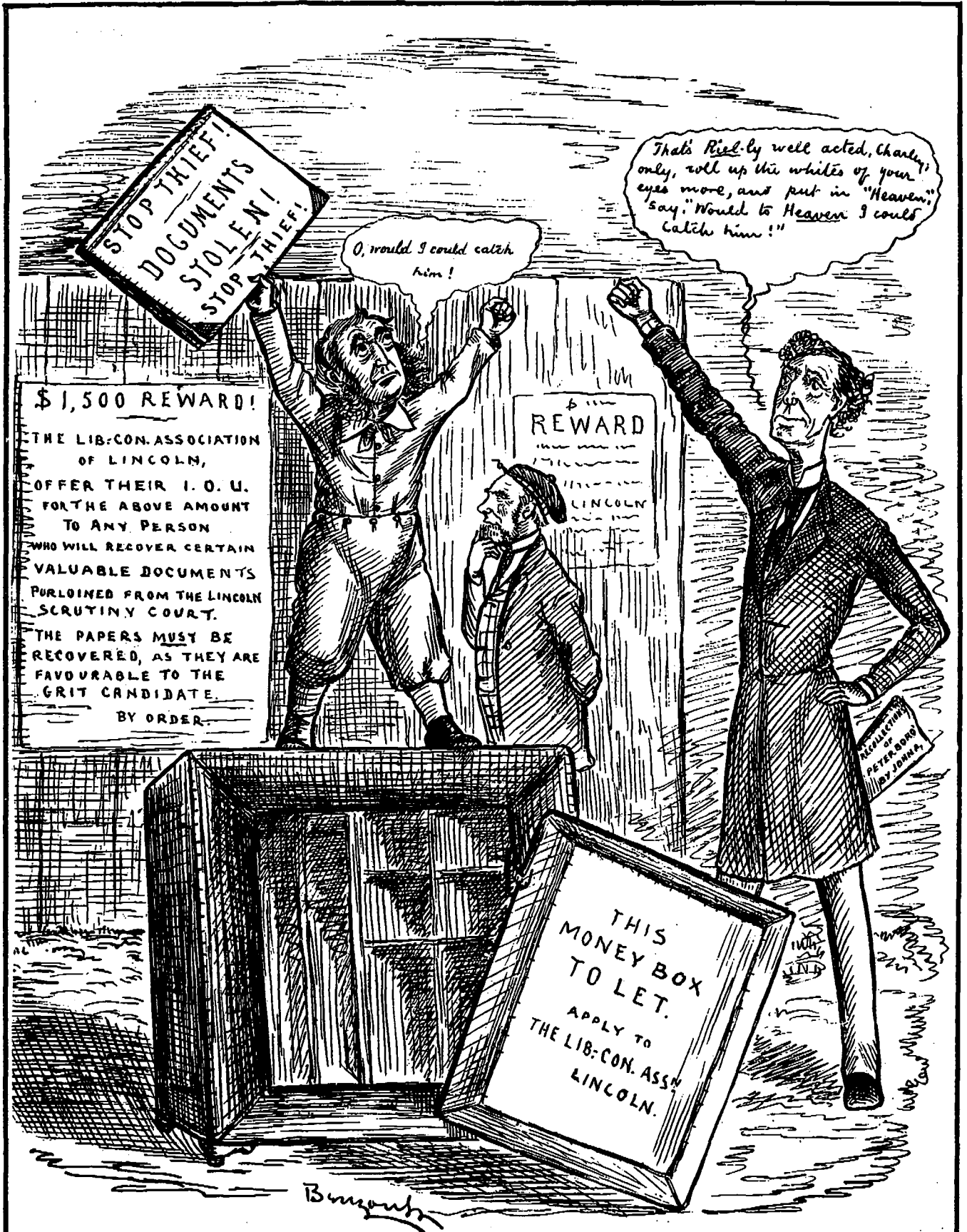
Aldermun! all that the term implies  
To put into speech I am at a loss,  
You cannot know the fulness thereof,  
Unless you yourself should become a *boss*.

For instance, look at this Palace ground,  
This grazing patch so rich and rare,  
It belongs to the Public, but observe  
The cows of the public don't graze here.

It's reserved for me and a few more beeves  
Whose luck it is to be Aldermen's kine,  
Or belong to keepers of taverns and such,  
At whose houses said Aldermen drink their wine.

There's no use in any mere citizen chap  
Attempting to rent a pasturage here,—  
His cattle would "injure the pic-nic ground,"  
That's what our bosses would tell him sure.

So if there's a cow that would like to come  
And graze in the Palace Grounds, she can—  
Provided only she first will go  
And sell herself to an Alderman!"



# "CATCHING" THE ST. CATHARINES ROBBER,

SHOWING HOW HISTORY RIEL-LY REPEATS ITSELF.



### The Calf's Tail Philosopher.

THE Editor of the *Leader* is puzzled at the MURPHY Wave movement. He can't understand why there should be any excitement in the work of rescuing men from the curse of strong drink. He is utterly at a loss to account for the fact that hundreds of the victims of intemperance in Toronto have been liberated from their degrading vice within the past few weeks. In fact, he occupies about the same attitude as the philosopher in our picture, who studied the calf's-tail protruding from the auger-hole in the wall, and almost ruined his intellect in trying to conjecture how in the name of sense the calf had got through so small an opening. The *Leader* says that RINE is crazy. Moreover it says he advocates legal prohibition and the Dunkin Act, which it knows is a deliberate misrepresentation. RINE does no such thing; his movement has its beginning and end in moral suasion and individual reformation, as the man who wrote the *Leader's* article knows perfectly well. The journal, in a Christian country, that would raise its voice against a purely moral movement deserves the pillory, and GRIP thus publicly inflicts it.

### The Turco-Russian at Home.

(Concluded from last week.)

JIGGES cast a contemptuous yet triumphant glance at the gory array of baffled invaders outside, and then coolly lighted a fragrant Havana. The lonely Christian on the inside was just becoming heart-rendingly familiar with JIGGES' left ear, when a cannonade of smoke was opened upon him. The demon laughed and begged for more, swallowing it greedily to the astonishment of JIGGES. A determined man is not easily baffled, however, and JIGGES filled his room with a dense puff of battle, all fired at the grinning Cossack who was emitting sounds like a cornet in an asthmatic brass-band, or a dying dog in a sausage-machine. A howl of rage came from the outsiders at this cruel treatment of their colleague.

JIGGES puffed. He knew that narcotics would win the day yet over his solitary adversary. The warbler grew dizzy in his warbling, staggered, squinted, licked his parched jaws, yawned, nodded, and finally settled down on the corner of the table, near JIGGES, with an imploring moan on his lips.

JIGGES gazed out of the window. The bottoms of a billion stamping feet, more or less, and frothing trunks, met his eyes. He laid a knife upon his prostrate foe and then gazed out again. The Russians were making preparations to cross the Danube, marching round cannon and iron-clads, issuing proclamations, denunciatory of the awful Turk within, and the covering small fry about, and the white moths in the sea of leaves. The suffocating Russ within sent a wild, throbbing appeal into JIGGES' eyes, which went to his soul, and he could not kill the Cossack for the present. The dreamy little insect had charmed him and was whispering *Thanatopsis* and passages from *Faust* into his ear, when he related, in a confidential way, how he was a descendant of MARK TWAIN'S *Celebrated Jumping Frog*, although now a Russian, JIGGES' romantic heart beat a response and he frowned all malice into the next Centennial, and fell upon the dear creature's neck.

Then JIGGES heard the iron-throated artillery without. He imagined himself an impregnable Constantinople and the roar of the impending battle sounded doleful. But it grew fainter, and JIGGES knew no more.

It was morning when JIGGES roused himself from the table on which he had fallen asleep. He rubbed his nose, but oh horrors! it was swollen to a two-fold size, and itching, and groaning for pain-killer. He rubbed his eyes, gazed into the looking-glass, smiled a ghastly flicker, and moved and seconded that he was in a dream. But he wasn't. Presently he looked up and made a discovery. At one corner of the window sat the little Cossack, as plump as a beer-barrel and grinning

like a drunken owl. On the outside were encamped a hilarious crowd of Russians, all under the influence of blood. Among them was the Colonel, sitting upon an imaginary Turk, the prostrate and disabled Captain Yow-w-w-w, and singing a national hymn while he punched the unfortunate 243 times, to slow music by the surviving cymbals of the band. It all became clear to JIGGES now. The little villain had drained him at the nose and delivered the red beverage through a crack in the window pane, while he was snoring from the effects of his big smoke. JIGGES did not stop to debate whether the crack was a breach effected through the cannonade. No. There was a rush for the little outlaw; a murder and a funeral were performed fifty times over, and a war dance which might have made the Man-who-wears-the-bear's-shirt envious, was executed over the grave of the Cossack. The enemy without were next scattered to the winds, by means of every movable object within fired through the pane of glass; and the night's campaign was ended. Then JIGGES descended to breakfast and had his feelings once more harrowed by such remarks as, "Uncommon fine blossom, that of yours, JIGGES." "I've a receipt that can demolish all the boils in creation, dear." "That's a temperance tract, I'll bet," &c.

### The Pic-nic at Brampton.

By our Irishman.

Were you niver at Brampton?—then it's you should be stamped on,  
Not by this time to have faisted your eyes  
On that nate country village, surrounded wid tillage,  
Paratees and turnips, and cabbages likewise.

An the iligant mansions, wid their lawn expansions,  
Tastefully bordered wid a painted fence;  
Sure a hermit wise there might moralize there  
Through the summer sayson, livin' like a prince.

As you'd have said there, whin the tables spread there,  
Bindin' wid weight down, did your view surprise;  
An' the bafe an' musthard intherspased wid custhard,  
Hams also an' sirloins, puddins too an' pies.

Green boughs all a swayin', in the breezes playin',  
All beneath them dinin' coolly in the shade;  
Folks in cities livin' thinkin' then of givin'  
Up the town complately, country lives to lade.

Fine young ladies waitin' on the people aitin',  
Graciously dispensin' cofee out and tay,  
Shure that crayture CUPID is extramely stupid  
Or he would be takin' more av thim away.

There SIR JOHN was dinin', and his inside linin',  
Jovially laughin', and makin' lots av fun;  
Just as if *Globe* writers—it's thim is the inditers—  
Hadn't tould the public all the wickedness he done.

While his chafe physician, an' grate politician,  
TUPPER an' MACDOUGALL—did their dinners take,  
Busily preparin', for the wear and tearin'  
Av the mighty spaches they wor about to make.

There was Mистер DAVIN, too, his dinner havin',  
Evidently quite in some deep poetic drame,  
Chafe av all the writers an' descendant av the fighters,  
Wid a big shillalah like a waiver's bame.

Whin the faist was inded, thim we all attinded  
Where tin thousand people waited in a crowd,  
Thim MACDOUGALL takin' the lead commenced the speakin',  
Faith it was himsilf had to shout out purty loud.

After him kem TUPPER, and 'twas time for supper,  
Vis, or mighty near it, whin the two were done.  
Ayther they were prosy, or mesilf was dozy,  
But I wint to slape there sittin' in the sun.

But a noise like thunder woke me up in wonder,  
'Twas SIR JOHN reasavin' a great applaudin' shout,  
Spakin' av Protection, for the nixt election,  
He said that he would give it, av it put MACKENZIE out.

Talkin' like a charmer on Protection to the farmer,  
Givin' him home markets and a bether chance to live,  
Givin' his sons chances in life to make advances,  
Thim they hurt my hearin' with the yell they give.

All was now hurrayin', while we med our way in  
Where the cars were waitin' for us on the track,  
We poured in like ocean; they got into moshin,  
Clappin' all the stame on, rowled us nately back.

**WANTED!**

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPH operating for offices opening in the Dominion. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address MANAGER, Box 955, Toronto.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.****SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS**

On and after May 5th, Saturday Excursion Tickets will be issued during the Summer months, between Toronto and neighbouring Stations,

**AT SINGLE FARES,**

valid for return until Monday following, date of issue included.

Further information can be obtained on application to the Company's Agents.

JOSEPH HICKSON,  
General Manager.

MONTREAL, April 25th, 1877.

**THE GREAT****Dog and Bird****SHOW**

WILL TAKE PLACE

On the 4th and 5th July,

AT THE

**ADELAIDE ST. RINK.**

Entrance for Dogs \$1, Birds 25c. Subscription \$5.  
For full particulars and form apply to

W. C. BEDDOME,  
Secretary,

Or to  
HARRY PIPER,  
Treasurer.

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" Small, W. C. Beddome, Esq.,  
" Piper, D. Walker, Esq.,  
J. Maughan, Esq., M. A. Thomas, Esq.,

T. McGaw, Esq.

**WELLAND CANAL****ENLARGEMENT.****NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.**

THE letting of the works for the enlargement of the Welland Canal, advertised to take place on the FIFTH day of JULY next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Tenders will be received until FRIDAY, the THIRD day of AUGUST next.

Plans, Specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after FRIDAY the TWENTIETH day of JULY.

By order,  
F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,  
OTTAWA, 14th May, 1877.

**IMPERIAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.****DIVIDEND NO. 15**

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of eight per cent, per annum upon the capital stock of this Company has been this day declared for the half year ending 30th June inst., and the same will be payable at the office of the institution, Imperial Buildings, Adelaide street, on and after Monday, the 9th day of July next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th inst., both days inclusive.

E. H. KERTLAND,  
Sec.-Trea.  
ix-4.2

Toronto, 11th June, 1877.

**J. F. DANTER, M. D.**

Homeopathist and Medical Electrician, 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medicine for sale, vials refilled, Letters promptly answered.

**PROPERTIES WANTED.**

A DETACHED OR SEMI-DETACHED house of a out 9 rooms—3 bed-rooms at least. Good yard, with Stable, or room to build one. Price about \$2,500.

SMALL STORE IN THE WEST OF CITY.

COTTAGE OF ABOUT 5 ROOMS IN ST. JAMES' Ward.

HOUSE OF ABOUT 6 ROOMS WITHIN 10 Minutes walk of the Post Office.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,  
NEXT POST OFFICE.

**CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.**

Ottawa, 15th June, 1877.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON American invoices until further notice, 5 per cent.

I. JOHNSON,  
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

ALBKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters without press brush or water, St. James Building, Room 11 46 Church St. next to King St.—Agents wanted.

**GOLDEN BOOT.**

198 & 200 Yonge Street,

IMMENSE STOCK OF

**NEW SPRING GOODS**

NOW ON HAND.

All the different widths, sizes and half sizes Largest variety as to style quality and price in the City.

**W. WEST & CO.****Marlborough House,**

UNION RAILWAY STATION,

Cor. Front and Simcoe Sts., Toronto.

The above commodious and centrally located house combines all Modern Appointments, Steam Heating, etc. Affords Excellent Accommodation at Moderate Rates.

Having reduced its figures from \$2 to \$1.50 per day.

M. A. FROTTER, PROPRIETOR.  
F. HODGINS, and A. M. CARDIGAN, Managers.

N.B.—Omnibus free.

BOARD AND LODGING. A FEW gentlemen can be accommodated with good board and pleasant rooms; also day board, at 49 Richmond St., East.

**REMOVAL.**

"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the gentlemen of Canada for their liberal patronage heretofore, and to inform them that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer, now known as the

**IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,**

WHICH IS

One Door West of the Post Office.

Where he is prepared to execute all Orders, from a

**LABEL TO A 3-SHEET POSTER**

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

**CARDS.**

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the following

**RATES:**

100 Cards, (one name), - - 75 cents.  
50 " " " - - 50 "  
25 " " " - - 30 "

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

THE FOLLOWING ARE

**SAMPLES OF TYPE**

FROM WHICH A CHOICE MAY BE MADE.

1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson

3

Miss Maggie Thompson

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron Ed. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

**BENGOUGH BROS.,**

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, ONT.