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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.

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

ADVERTISING AGENT—H. B. Montreville.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"PHILANDEER."—You are right: seeing a young lady home twice is not equivalent to a proposal of marriage.

"MAGOFFIN."—We are not aware of the precise title or family of the king who reigned in Ireland at the time of the Deluge. The flood itself was the greatest power raining at that time.

"SHORT-ISLAND REPORTER."—Call at the *Globe* office.

"LONELY FEMALE."—Asks what we consider the most suitable newspaper for her? Might we suggest a *Mail*?

"OUR TAILOR."—Your manuscript is respectfully declined. *N.B.*—It was a bill.

"MISANTHROPIST."—Your expression is correct, but your orthography will bear improvement. Poverty ought to be *chequed*.

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 14th, 1873.

CANINES IN COUNCIL.

In obedience to a circular issued in *dog-Latin*, a numerously attended meeting of canines was held on Tuesday evening in St. John's Ward.

Mr. BULL PUP, having a dogged expression of face, was called to the chair.

Mr. KING CHARLES addressed the meeting. He said this was a business—not a social—meeting, therefore they could have no w(h)uling. There was a grievance. *Cur-tly*, he might remark, dogs were to be muzzled. Were they to submit to this? He was *dogoned* if he thought they ought. (Round of ap-paws.)

Mr. MASTIFF: Did not want to be *dogmatic*; but if they were not to sing with Lord Byron, "My bark is on the sea," and emigrate, some stand must be taken.

Mr. N. F. LAND had a resolution to propose: "Be it resolved, that if the iniquitous and oppressive law to *cur-tail* our rights be enforced, it becomes not only the privilege but the duty of every dog to bite away, and tear the calves of his Worship the Mayor' their Honors the Aldermen, and the Police Force of Toronto, wherever and whenever found." Carried.

The meeting then separated, and not to *entail* any expense, each went home on his own *bark*, stopping on the way to refresh themselves with some "dog's nose!"

TOWSER'S APPEAL TO THE CITY COUNCIL.

A dogmatic Doggrel against the New By-Law.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old dog,
Who wears your bit of brass about his neck,
And sadly knows, that in its dangling there,
His days are *numbered*, and his joys in *check*;
Yet knows full well that if he wears it not,
The case is still the same in dire effect!

And then this cruel muzzle on my nose,—
(A very torture while the weather's hot!)
Crowns all the evils of your heartless law,
And fills the measure of my wretched lot:
For here 'tis either wear the *leather* death,
Or choose the *pistol-muzzle*, and be shot!

THE UNCERTAIN FUTURE.

Few committeemen interested in a forthcoming public *fete* of any kind would have the shrewd sagacity, while making their announcements, to provide against the contingency obviated in the following paragraph from an advertisement which is being printed week by week in the Collingwood *Enterprise*.

PUBLIC FAIRS.—In pursuance of the Statute, Public Fairs will be held in Ballycroy, on the First Tuesday of July, unless such day fall on Sunday, when it will be held on the following Monday.

Having consulted the almanac which hangs in our sanctum, we find the first Tuesday of July falls very near but not on a Sunday, so there will be no occasion for a postponement, as, of course, a fair in the country is never affected by a foul in the weather.

CITY LETTERS.

I.

(From a young husband, who engages, when business detains him from a noon-day dinner with his wife, to send an excuse by the messenger.)

Don't expect me to dinner; I am littered with letters,
And the hours to-day will bind me in fetters;
My chain of ideas on business must dwell
Till the shades of the evening, and the six o'clock bell.

I regret the nice soup you said you would make,
And the red cherry-pie you promised to bake;
And the turkey you bought with me at the fair;
But solely for your sake, Louisa *ma chere*.

For I'll dine here in town, at some chop house or other,
P'raps S—, or Th—'s; one's good as another;
But alas! with hot haste I must eat and must drink in;
For business like this one must doggedly sink in,

Or else it will sink him; and buyers will vanish;
So, setting my face, I must poesy banish:
Louisa, adieu! I've been making of verses;
Not poetry, likely,—which better or worse is!

But much I regret my absence from home;
For there would my arm most lovingly roam
Round your waist,—not a waste of time, since 'tis thine;
And then thine eyes! such a feast! 'tis not easy to dine

On aught else, howe'er tasty! for, rivetted there,
Like a bird on the wing, fleets the mentor dull care:
And therefore, Louisa, 'tis painful to write
That I will not get home till the hours of night!

BEFORE THE MAGISTRATE.

FROM THE DOCK.—BILLY ROUGH, LOQUITOR.

"Do I want to ax the witness any questions? Yes, I do:
If he'll kiss the book, and look this way, I guess I'll ask a few;
Which the same 'll show yer Worship what his story isn't true.

"You say that you're a Peeler, and was on your beat last night,
And that you found me stavin drunk, or leastwise beastly tight;
And also that, moreover, I had likewise had a fight.

"You're on yer oath, remember; that's a Bible thar', you know—
Yer know it? well, go on then—but go mighty sure and slow,
For my charakter's in jeopardy, and I ought to git a show.

"Don't never mind the time o' night; that don't consarn the case,
Nor 'bout them other follers: say, jest turn round yer face;
I want to know if you don't think you're in a ticklish place?

"Them's the fax, you say; then, witness, "to the very jot
and whit;"

You're on your oath, and sworn it—that I was drunk and fit:
I don't know nothin' 'bout it;—don't doubt yer word a bit!"

CRUELTY IN HIGH PLACES.

Members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and other humanely-hearted persons, must have been shocked at an advertisement in one of our city papers the other day, which read as follows:—

WANTED two good men and six smart boys for Pounding Cattle running at large. Apply at
THE CITY COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

Surely it is time to ask, "Whither are we drifting?" when such barbarity may stalk forth under the immediate patronage of an official like the City Commissioner. The business of "pounding cattle" is simply cruel; and its character is not bettered even if "good" men are secured, to go into it. The tribulation of vagrant cattle draweth nigh, of a truth! Think of "two good men" and "six smart boys" on the rampage, with *naughty sticks*,—and we know smart boys have a *penchant* for pounding dumb creatures. Every kindly heart will ejaculate, "*O miserima Bos!*"—(which may apply to the Commissioner, as well as to his victim.)

OLD FABLES NEWLY READ.

BY OUR OWN ESOP.

No. 5.—THE WOLF AND THE CRANE, OR A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

A Wolf once got a bone stuck fast in his throat, and engaged a Crane, at great expense, to put down her head and draw it out. When the bird's head was fairly down, the Wolf remarked: "I'm afraid this is too terrible a temptation; you may consider yourself well paid if I allow you to withdraw your head." "How about this bone?" queried the Crane, in smothered accents. "Ah! that's a fact!" rejoined the ungrateful wretch. *Moral.* Read this paper.

No. 6.—THE SOLDIER AND HIS NEGLECTED HORSE.

A Private in the Horse Marines owned a fine charger, which he treated with great care during the period of active service; but when war was over he grew careless, and allowed the animal to go to grass, and take care of itself. Being again suddenly summoned to the scene of strife, he found his good horse had been reduced so as to be utterly useless. He said nothing about "human nature," "true friends in adversity," etc., but went to the barrack and got a fresh horse. *MORAL.*—Never cry over spilled milk.

A FAIR QUESTION BY THE TAX-COLLECTOR.

TO THE RATEPAYERS:—How many of you, now, could conscientiously come down town with a metallic plate bearing the happy initials C. T. P. hung round your own neck—or say on your watch-guard? *Quis flagellum sentit? Hey?*

A COMPLAINING H—OWL!

If I had to be a bird, I wouldn't be a lark;
They have to rise so early, and go to bed at dark;
I wouldn't be an eagle; the king of birds so called;
I wouldn't be his majesty, for fear I might be bald;
I wouldn't be a pheasant, for it wouldn't be much fun
To have a noble (?) sportsman come around with dog and gun;
I wouldn't be a chicken, 'cause when this mortal coil
Was shuffled off, my quiet life might finish in a broil:
But as I have to be a bird, I'd be one that was "fly,"
A gay canary would I be, and this the reason why:
Because you're treated properly, and if one only sings
Gets cuttlefish and lollipops, and lots of jolly things;
And to some lovely creature you can breathe your love in song,
And warble out your roundelays right to her sweet and strong;
She'll call you all the prettiest names, you'll live in her boudoir;
Now if you had to be a bird, ain't this worth living for?

NEMO.

"HONESTY'S THE BEST POLICY."

BY THE CYNIC.

A worn-out proverb—'tisn't worth a curse;
'Twill never put a dollar in your purse;
Feed it to babes, with water-gruel and pap;
But *sharp's* the word for men—*sharp!* *Verbum sap.*

Hurrah for sham in cleric robe and bands!
Hurrah for sham fresh from the merchant's hands!
Sham fees arrayed in sham attorney's bills,
And sham physicians to compound our pills!

Hurrah for fraud in church and market-place!
Sham love, sham marriage, and sham wives to grace
Our shams of homes; and while sham friends remain
'To dine on shams, and suffer from sham-pain.

Another sham I'd sing, and lark-like, from the sod
Raise sky-ward chants for honesty and God;
Strike down the false, to virtue vote the palm,
Were I not, with the age, myself a sham!

THE DREAM OF PHILANDER ARAM.

BY HIMSELF.

I wonder where I was last night?
I wonder what took place?
I have a dread presentiment
That stares me in the face;
An oft-recurring murdered form
Haunts me in constant chase.

And on my pants are spots of blood,
And on my face as well:
My hands are grimy, as with soot,—
Whence—whence—I cannot tell!
My head's confused; and still, anon,
I hear a dying yell!

My heart is silent, in dismay,—
My uncombed hair I grasp,
In hope, perchance, to ease my brain
From this infernal rasp:
Oh! could I only slam it shut,
And clasp it with a clasp!

Even now I hear the awful voice,
In dismal monotone,
Invoking curses on my head
With every hard-drawn groan!—
Or is it some one reading out,
In the parlour, all alone!

What's that I hear! Down, leaping heart!
Mercy! O, vengeance, stay!
Hark! "Harmless man . . . last night . . . alone . . .
Coal-yard . . . blood marks . . . away . . .!"
My grimy hands! O heav'n, my clothes:
Speak, speak! What can ye say?

(Faints. Lapse of ten minutes.)

Wife, bring that morning paper here!
(I'll read my doom again!)
There! ask me not—withdraw—avaunt!
Is this the curse of Cain—
This wretched frenzy in my heart,
And flame about my brain?

Here, truly, in black, startling type,
My fearful deed is told:
This Tuesday morn—But yesterday
Was Friday! Pshaw! . . . What! . . . Sold?
Impossible? No? Yes! . . . the date!
The paper's seven years old!!

NOTE BY MR. ARAM.—The thing is all clear now. I had been wining too freely on Friday evening, and on my way home fell into a coal cellar, bleeding my nose, and subsequently inducing the severe attack of *Aramania* herein worked off.

A CHINESE ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

THE HERO NOW IN TORONTO.

About nine years ago, at the close of the disastrous war waged by the inhabitants of the Chansee mountains upon those of the Royal City of Peking, one of those romantic episodes occurred which give rise to the familiar assertion, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

Tehek a dealer in spices and perfumery occupied with his wife and five sons a small dwelling in the Loofovia, or principal street in Peking. Embarrassed in business, and with want staring them in the face, the prospects of the family were anything but brilliant, until the sudden death of an uncle left Tehek the master of a considerable fortune, and guardian of Lha Eung, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of the deceased. Geng, the wife of Tehek, thus suddenly removed from actual penury to comparative affluence, proved herself a worthy woman in every respect. Not so her husband, however, who no sooner found himself in a position in which he could gratify every whim than he plunged into a headlong course of dissipation. As is usual in such cases, a fool and his money were soon parted, and Tehek was not long in squandering all the wealth he had acquired so easily, except that part of it set aside by her father as the marriage portion of Lha Eung. To gain possession of this the heartless scoundrel forced the girl to become his wife; heedless alike of her remonstrances and the pleadings of Ah Saum, his eldest son, who had long loved the wealthy beauty. A quarrel ensued between the father and son, the latter being aided by E Wah, a younger brother, in the course of which Tehek was severely beaten, and his two sons, supposing him to be dying, left their home and fled to the city of Tientsin on the Ci Ho river, near the gulf of Pecheleo, where they engaged with a firm of tea growers and learned the art of tasting, sorting and mixing the various brands of tea.

In the meantime, Tehek had recovered and resumed his old dissipated habits, and the money of Lha Eung soon followed the rest of her father's hard-earned savings. But the murder of Tehek by one of his associates during a drunken orgie in an opium den, left his unwilling bride once more free but penniless.

At this time, an incursion of the Asiatic negroes from the Shamo desert beyond the great wall proved successful, and, amongst other prisoners carried off by them were Geng, the first wife of Tehek, with her three remaining sons, Lan Sing, Outh, Chi Geng, and the bride-widow Lha Eung, who were incarcerated to await ransom by their friends.

Ah Saum and E Wah having, by this time, risen in the service of the planter to the positions of overseer and valuator of brands, and being as industrious and thrifty as their father was improvident, soon began to realize the fruits of their mother's good training. One day, as a train of captives was brought into Tientsin, E Wah fell into conversation with one of the guards, and obtaining his permission to speak to the prisoners, learned from them to his utter amazement, that his mother, brothers, and Ah Saum's betrothed, were prisoners in the hands of the Shamoese, and could

only be released on the payment of an immense ransom. That evening, after communicating the sad news to Ah Saum, the two brothers resolved on rescuing their family from the hands of the Shamoese, and in order to accomplish their project, started for the great Shamo desert the next day. After a weary and monotonous journey of two months they arrived at Nieuchwang, and were imprisoned as spies in that city, after being deprived of all the money they possessed. Their imprisonment was, after four months' duration, terminated in rather a strange manner. Their gaoler had fallen in love with Lha Eung, who was imprisoned in the same building, and hearing the story of the two brothers, thought the most effectual way of removing a dangerous rival was to give Ah Saum his liberty, or rather wink at his escape. Accordingly, one night, our hero was conducted to the outer court and told he had eight hours to get clear of the Shamoese territory. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Ah Saum set off, but a few days after was captured by a party from a Coolie ship, in which he was conveyed, with several hundred others, to San Francisco, where he got some work, and saved a little money. From there, in search of a better field of labour, he wandered to St. Louis, at which city he arrived about eighteen months ago. Hearing of a fellow-countryman of his who owned a laundry there, he sought out the place, when, imagine his surprise at finding the laundryman to be E Wah—his own brother—whom he had left in a Chinese prison, and for whose release and that of Lha Eung he was slowly saving money. Mutual explanations followed, and Ah Saum was thunderstruck to learn that his affianced stepmother had consented to wed the gaoler, and it was through her instrumentality that E Wah was liberated. Poor Saum was disheartened and had nothing to live for, so he resolved on self-destruction. Accordingly, one day he went down to the piers to hide himself and his sorrows beneath the turbid waters of the Mississippi. In he plunged, but scarcely had he done so, when a gentleman passing at the time, leaped in also, and seizing him by the pigtail, drew him safely ashore. The preserver of Ah Saum (who is a prominent merchant in Toronto), took him home and heard his story, and then reasoning with the would-be suicide, showed him that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but that jumping into the sea along with them is not the most profitable method of catching them. He then painted in glowing terms the attractions of our Canadian cities, and finally induced Ah Saum to accompany him to Toronto, where he now resides. But few words of explanation will now suffice. The gentleman who rescued Ah Saum from a muddy grave is Mr. T. D. WAKELEE, the senior partner in the Peking Tea Company, at the corner of Yonge and Albert Streets, and Ah Saum and his brother, E Wah, who has since come to Canada, may be seen in their Oriental costume attending to customers daily at that well managed establishment.

MORAL.—Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of somebody else. C. 3

Try the five-cent Pure Havana Cigars at the New Post-office Cigar and Stationery Emporium, Corner of Adelaide and Victoria Streets.

BELL & Co.'s celebrated ParLOUR Organs. T. CLAXTON, Agent, 197 Yonge Street.

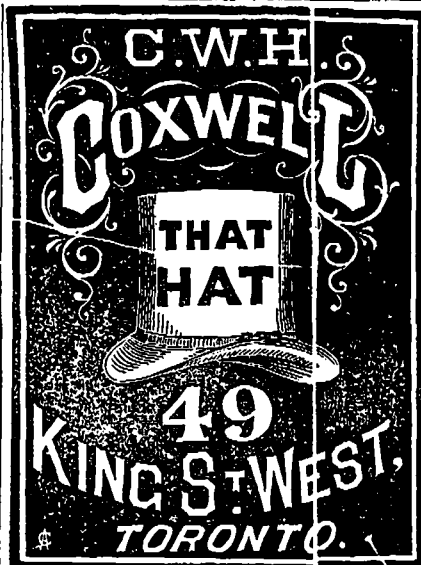
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S. McCABE, Fashionable Boot and Shoe Emporium, 59 Queen Street west Toronto.

GEO. ELLIS, Hair and Jute Switches, Chignons, Curls, Wigs, Braids, Puffs and Perfumery, 179 Yonge Street.

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

VIRGINIA SHAG. Registered. 10cts the 2oz. Packet.

Wholesale and Retail at the "IMPERIAL," 324 Yonge Street.

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

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