

GREAT KID GLOVE SALE, FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY AT FAHEY BROS., S. W. CORNER KING AND YONGE STREETS. No Damaged Stocks but all Regular Goods and Warranted.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

**Grip** is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.  
Subscription price, \$2 per annum, single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

ONTARIO

**Baking Powder.**

WHITE, ODORLESS, & DOES NOT DISCOLOR.

Manufactured at the Ontario Coffee and Spice Steam Mills,  
—BY—  
W. J. SMITH,  
TORONTO.

TORONTO STEAM  
**LAUNDRY.**

Lace Curtains gotten up in a Superior manner.  
OFFICE,  
65 KING ST. WEST.

GORRELL,  
CRAIG  
& Co.,

13  
ADELAIDE ST.  
EAST.

**COPY YOUR LETTERS**  
Orders and all Legal Documents,  
Without Press, Brush or Water

INSTANTLY, with the  
**Patent Self Copying  
Book and Ink.**  
PRICE \$2.

DRAKE & Co.,  
187 Yonge Street,  
Toronto. P. O. Box 815.

**John S. Grassick & Co.**  
FAMILY GROCERS,  
WINE AND SPIRIT  
MERCHANTS,  
167 Yonge St. Toronto.

**W. PHELPS,**  
DENTAL SURGEON,  
Cor. Yonge and Queen  
Sts., Toronto

**JUST TO HAND**  
Samples of  
**FANCY CARDS**  
AND  
ORDERS OF DANCING.  
Prices on application at  
"GRIP" OFFICE  
20 Adelaide Street.

RE-ISSUE OF "GRIP" CARTOONS.

VOLS. I. & II. NOW READY AND FOR SALE AT "GRIP" OFFICE.

CLOTH, \$3.00, PAPER, \$2.00.



CAUTION.

Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

GRIP OFFICE, 20 ADELAIDE ST.

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

5 CTS. EACH. \$2 PER ANNUM.

By Telegraph From Philadelphia.

TO THE SINGER MFG Co., TORONTO.

The world renowned Singer carries off the highest honor which the Centennial Commission could give to any competitor at this fair. Two Medals of Merit, two Diplomas of Honor, and the special commendation of the judges have been awarded to The Singer Manufacturing Company, for Superior Sewing Machines.

TORONTO OFFICE, 22 Toronto St.,

R. C. HICKOK, Manager.

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.

RUPTURE CURED

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

SPIRAL TRUSS

which received the highest award over 1,029 competitors at the Centennial Exposition. Can be worn day and night without any inconvenience, and retains its position with every movement of the body.

SURGICAL APPLIANCES

for all deformities of the human frame supplied.

Circulars sent on receipt of stamp.

Prof. J. Y. EGAN,  
HAMILTON, ONT.

BROWN BROTHERS,

Account-Book Manufacturers,

Stationers, Bookbinders, etc.,

66 & 68 KING ST. EAST.

TORONTO, ONT.

J. Gordon Sherriff,  
MERCHANT

TAILOR,

96 QUEEN ST. WEST,

(LATE 49 KING ST.)

Gents own material made up in good style.

A. C. BREALEY,  
ANATOMICAL BOOT MAKER,

120 KING ST. WEST.

Custom work a Specialty.

BOARDING HOUSE REGISTRY.

GENTLEMEN REQUIRING BOARD

—AND—

PERSONS REQUIRING BOARDERS.

Should apply to the office

16 ADELAIDE ST. EAST.

"When could November's early blast lay field and forest bare."

It is about time my dear friend, you were finding comfort in a suit of those

WARM & STYLISH  
FALL AND WINTER GOODS,  
Just received.

CHESEWORTH & FRASER

United Empire Club, King Street west.

W P. Williams.

134 Queen St. East, Toronto,  
(Between Georg & Sherbourne.)

DEALER IN

PURE CONFECTIONERY  
AND  
CHOICE FRUITS.

Also supply of Canned Fruit, Fish, &c., always on hand.

## 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, 7TH APRIL, 1877.

### From our Box.

THE friends of MR. ALEX. FITZGERALD will be pleased to hear that he met with a severe accident at Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House on Monday evening, by falling through a trap door. They will be still further delighted to learn that on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings he met with the same mishap, and that he will be equally unfortunate for the rest of the week and at the Saturday matinee. He deserves it, for a more *Darvly* mean heavy villian never interfered with the affairs of EARL WALCOT or any other English nobleman. This trap door the murderous FITZ. had arranged for the purpose of destroying the life of Mrs. WALCOT, who is a most estimable lady, and one of the very finest actresses Toronto has yet seen. GRIP was terribly agitated as he sat in his box and saw the whole job put up on the unconscious lady, and it was with the most savage joy that he saw the wretched *Fitzdarvly* tumble through his own trap (on to the feather bed behind the scenes.) He deserved this fate, moreover, for having shot good old BEN ROGERS, and thus choked off the man who was making all the fun of the piece. No—not *all* the fun, for SEMBLAR was the author of a large amount of laughter with his fantastic monkey-shines and Fredvokesisms. There were many other delightful things in the play besides the collapse of Mr. FITZGERALD. There was the acting of Mr. WALCOT, which deserves hearty praise; and the gorgeous scenery; and the magnificence of QUEEN ELIZABETH SAFFORD'S pageant—and her collar; and Her Majesty's brass band—the one you read about in *Kenilworth*, the Queen's Own band; then there were crowds of young ladies marching in endless variety—some square and some round and many pretty; and lastly there was any quantity of good new music. Everybody ought to go and see the splendid play of *Amy Robsart*.

### The Contracting Man.

This grabber's the worst of the grabbers for tm,  
Who to rob our poor treasury think it no sin,  
Now listen a moment, if listen you can,  
While I tell you the dodge of the con-tracting man.

The con-tracting man he walks out in the street,  
With his hat all so new, and his coat all so neat,  
And his eyes all around him are carefully bent  
Looking out if more cash cannot somewhere be spent.

And proceeding along with air jaunty and free,  
He accosts certain aldermen, one, two, and three,  
And remarks, if they could such a job about bring,  
That perhaps they might find there was cash in the thing.

And it's odd that the job of which that day they spoke,  
Just as lightly as if the whole thing were a joke,  
Soon comes up in the Council; the vote shuffles past,  
And the con-tracting man gets the work at the last.

One don't know if the members go shares in the plan,  
And get bonuses each from the con-tracting man;  
But the voice of the people will not be forbid,  
From declaring it last summer seemed that they did.

Now, GRIP'S just got a small proposition to make,  
Just a trap in which some of these gentry he'd take,  
Let some citizens offer some hundreds to pay  
For conviction of those who make cash in this way.

A good solid reward paid for evidence such  
As exposure secures, sometimes will bring out much.  
It is needed, or something is needed that can  
Narrow somewhat the scope of the con-tracting man.

### Startling but True.

WE have no Established Church in Canada, thank fortune; but we have something worse—an Established Newspaper. \$2000 worth of stock in the *Mail* came out of the public purse, via the Northern Railway. This is what troubles our venerable friend JAMES BEATY.

### Grit Tyranny and Injustice.

GRIP is a bird of no special political party. Like SHAKESPEARE he is for mankind in general; and his wing is spread to shelter the objects of tyranny and injustice wherever they may be found. Just now he feels called upon to stretch that royal pinion over the Ottawa Correspondents of the Conservative papers of the Country, who are evidently suffering the most unwonted ill-treatment at the hands of MACKENZIE or some other minion of the party in power. Probably it is the door-keeper of the Secret Service and Northern Railway Committee Room, because the particular act of Grit tyranny to which GRIP refers is the exclusion of these Conservative newspaper representatives from the meetings of the committee just named. There can be no reasonable ground for this action on the part of the government. If the investigations going on are public, as they ought to be and professedly are, it is a piece of gross and criminal favouritism to let the Grit reporters in and shut the Tory ditto out. This is what MACKENZIE is doing, apparently. GRIP judges so from the fact that the correspondents of the Conservative papers do not send up anything at all about the Secret Service and Northern Railway business, whereas the Grit correspondents send whole columns. Now, these reporters are all vigilant and industrious fellows, and to say that the Grit ones are able to find a great deal of deeply interesting matter to report that the Tory ones never hear of, is to make a comparison untrue as well as "odorous." GRIP is certain it is not the fault of the reporters that the Conservative press is deprived of so much good reading matter. Then it must be MACKENZIE'S fault; and the only conclusion we can come to is that, as already intimated, he is crushing the freedom of the press beneath his despotic heel, and keeping the Opposition reporters out of the committee meetings. Either that, or else the Opposition Editors think the reports of these investigations "unfit for publication," and keep them out of their papers themselves. It is between the Premier and the Editors. After all, very likely it is the Editors.

### April the First.

IT is high time that the license should be taken away from the first day of April. This thing of playing off cruel practical hoaxes on unsuspecting people, under the protection of abarbarious mislabeled Custom, should be stopped. It is evil in its tendency, and particularly demoralizing to the parties played upon whenever the trick succeeds. This year, All Fool's day fell on Sunday, but veneration for the Sabbath did not abate the universal nuisance of practical joking. GRIP advocates the expunging of April First from the Christian Almanac, and to prove that this is a consummation devoutly to be wished, he submits to his readers a brief account of a few specimens of the foolishness indulged in last Sunday. The perpetrators of the following tricks intended "fun" they say, but the victims quite failed to discover anything of that sort about them:—

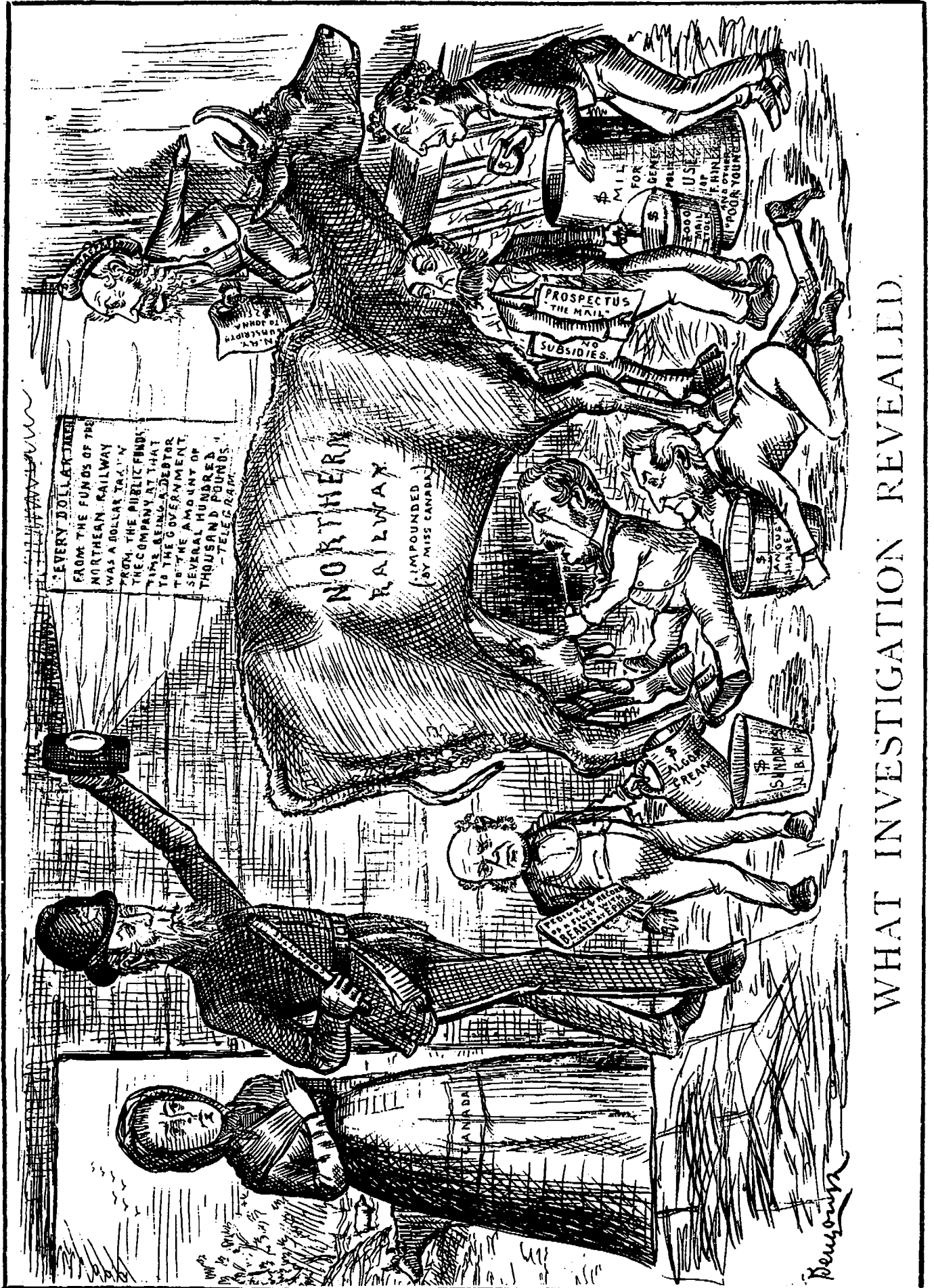
From Sarnia we learn that our esteemed friend McVICAR, editor of our esteemed contemporary the *Canadian*, was seen going to church with a huge bundle of *Boiler-Tubing* pinned to his coat-tail, and a large pasteboard tag fastened thereto, bearing the superscription "*Rule Nisi Granted.*" This is commonly supposed to have been the work of the editor of the *Observer*, done at the instigation of Mr. MACKENZIE or some other "Friend at Court."

From Whitby comes the intelligence that Mr. W. H. HIGGINS received per express, bearing the Toronto mark, a very choice keg of O'KEEFE'S Sparkling Ale, accompanied by a letter through the post saying that the present was sent in recognition of the manly stand taken by the *Chronicle* against the Dunkin Act. The keg was tapped and a pitcher was held under the faucet for several hours—in vain. Something aled it. On removing the hoops and lifting off the head, it was found that the keg contained a bat with a brick in it, and an assortment of Dunkin editorials clipped from the *Gazette*. Mr. FERGUSON, the license inspector, is suspected of this.

From Ottawa we have word to the effect that a party of five, consisting of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, Dr. TEPPER, DALTON MCCARTHY, MACKENZIE BAWELL and Dr. ORTON, all disguised as Farmers, waited on Mr. CARTWRIGHT, the Finance Minister, and petitioned him to put a protective duty on Indian corn. The gentlemen enacting the Farmers of course intended this merely as a joke, but to their dismay CARTWRIGHT promised he would. And now the question which agitates the Capital is whether he will have the hardihood to carry this threat out practically in his next tariff, and thus ruin the *bona fide* farmers of the country. This sufficiently shows the wickedness of April Fooling.

One more case has come to light in Toronto. The victim was no less a personage than GEORGE BROWN. That gentleman was just finishing an article on the "Secret Service Corruption," when a messenger arrived with a package addressed in the handwriting of Mr. DYMOND, apparently. The messenger said he had come straight from Ottawa, and that the package contained "the latest revelations." Mr. B. in his impetuous manner, pitched his all but finished article into the fire, and got clean paper to commence a more timely one. Then he opened the package, and found it to contain a long affidavit made by TOM WHITE JR., in the Case of the HUNTINGTON Copper-Mining Co. The messenger will probably recover.

GRIP demands that April fooling be forthwith prohibited.



WHAT INVESTIGATION REVEALED.

**News from Cockaigne.**

LONDON, APRIL 1ST, 1877.—Hokey 'All is Hall O. K.

**Bill of Fare for Shoemakers.**

SOUP.  
Ox tail: from the last "Hide."  
FISH.  
"Kip" pered Salmon. "Sole."  
ENTREES.  
Eggs of new "findings." "Tongues."  
ROAST.  
Veal, from a "French Calf."  
MEAT.  
Broken "Scraps" of *awol* kinds.  
VEGETABLES.  
Waxed endives. "Splits" peas.  
PASTRY.  
Anything with an "Upper" crust.  
DESSERT.  
"Russetts." "Prunello Pears."  
DRINKS (*no heel taps*).  
Roman Punch, Sherry Cobbler.  
Such a meal will be apt to elevate one a *peg* or two.

**Schwacklehhammer Emulates Robinson.***Mein Leibchen Freint Grip:*

I sawn fon der last week GRIP dot Mr. TIERNEY haf dook uh der kvill pen vonce more again, und wrotten some letter, und id shtrikes me do done myzauff der same dings likewise also. I expose id has been to you oxtomishment vere I haf been so soon all der vine, don'd id? Vaul, of you please, I will make myzauff a liddle oxblane. I vos fon der cidy oud now several weeks or more dravling. I choin some-time mit der Commerchal Dravlers Oxtociation und go on der Roat mit a gouple of dranks und samples. I don'd make some more sausage efer again; I shook dot peesiness, altogedda. Dot's blayed oud. Ve don'd got some Brodections fon der government, und der goundry vos going nit der cats. Dot's vere I myzauff also vend, und dot's how I give up der peesiness. I dolt you how dot happens. You are doudless avore, how dere raw materials got pretty hign up in brices, on account dot ve don't got Brotection to home sausage making. Vaul, how vos der reason about dot? I oxblanation: Don'd you understood, ve export dot bork vot ve use fon der United Schladas across, und id got ladelly more clear like id used to been about double. Vaul, I begin to feel shaky like der doose, und don'd can schleep mit der oxcitement of der money market. I don'd know vot to done about id, so I schpoke mit mein freint HOWLAND, und he advises me dot I shall write to CARTWRIGHT. Dot's vot I done. I wrotten him und make der subject b'ain, dot if he don'd make more taxes on der bork vot comes in fon der Schladas, I will ruin sure. Dot lunatic of a man CARTWRIGHT, he wrotten me back, und says if he makes more dariff on dot bork, I will haf to pay more as I am now paying. Dot's all der fatissaction dis feller gites me. I vote no more der Grit dieket, by gracious, you bet! Vot is der kvencionee? I can't afford it dot I make sausage mit bork any more, und how I am do fill der order oud mit der United Umpire Club Dinners, I like to know? Vaul, dere vos, about dot dime, a big blow-oud more as usual by der Club Haus, because Herr. DALTON MCCARTHY vos come in town. Doctor TUPPER comes by my shop; und makes me der order dot I shall been on handt mit twenty-five yards of der best brand of sausage dot I can make. He says his freint MCCARTHY is der Prains of der Obbosition, und eat-nodding but fish und sausage. Vaul, vot am I going to done about id? I must make der order oud, und I couldn't afford id to buy der Yankee bork. Vaul, I rack my prain mit dot conundrum und walk around der house und make my hands under my coat-tail und lookin pale, dot my frau says I am gone fon my minch oud already. A couple of days I am like dot. I am battle nit dempdations, dot's vot's der matter. Vaul, to make a short story long, I give myzauff away; I tumble down; der Dempfer makes me a defeat; dot is to say.—I got dot raw materials fon cats meat, und till der order of der Club. Fon dot moments I am ruin. Der peebles at der dinner found out der schwindle. Mr. MCCARTHY has too many of Obbosition Prains to been dook in mit der chenanigan like dot. He is more schmart like a steel mouse-trap, I dolt you; und he is vell acquaintance mit der subject of raw materials und manufacturations. I didn't myzauff gone to dot Dinner. I tink it better dot I don'd go dot time. But I am dolt dot ven he has eat not more as twelve or elofen of dem sausage he discovers dot cheet right away, und drops his schelpen und knie, und yumps up on der dabic and yells: "Cat-meat by chimney gracious!" Dere vos now of course oxcitement, more or less, in der goumpany, und I am dolt Mein Herr PAPPESON, von der *Mail*, motions a move dot a Committee is appoint to investigation der peesiness. Sir JOHN took jecobtions to dot, und says dot he don'd like Committees of Investigate. He broposes dot I am not a yontleman, und shall been deprive of der patronage von der Club Haus efer und efer.

Dot is garrid anonymously, und so I can say now in der langvitches of der poet:

"Dot feller's occupation's gone."

Dot is how I am now not any more in der sausage peesiness. I make dis oxbplanations, in der same manner like mein freint BEVERLY ROBINSON makes his oxblain in der Northern Railway droubles—so dot I may vingocation my goot name, und I remain as efer your freint, mid-out a stain on his dishonesty,

VAUCUP SCHWACKLEHAMMER.

**The Coked-Hat Tragedy.**

(A SCENE AT OTTAWA.)

The war-clad Minister sat on his seat,—  
Where Parliamentary Chieftains greet,  
His fogleman dress'd hard by,—  
Commission, graced with the Blucnose Seal,  
When he left the Halifax lot to the Deil,  
Bore he of the eagle eye!  
While 'mid officials he fain would rule,  
In private he taught a drill-shed school—  
'Twas cleaner than keeping store—  
So drill'd he the Awkward Squad each night  
By the goose-step, made the left foot right,  
Tho' his *drill* was counted a bore!  
He strove to muster a war-force cheap,  
And not too dearly his glory reap,  
Sublime was his pride in that;  
But more in the tile that adorned his head,  
Bedeck'd in feathers and gold and red,  
His joy was a telt coked-hat!  
This hat was a stunner, his pride and boast,  
It's lappets reached to each distant coast,  
As if to salute the sea;  
It spann'd the Continent—mile on mile,  
Till West, it touched at Vancouver's Isle,  
And East at Baddeck C. B.  
The head, triangular, fitted the cap,  
Each one for t'other filled every gap,  
His cup of pleasure ran o'er!  
Till quandom friends seem'd fallen from grace,  
E'en Weymouth he deemed a "gone up" place,  
That he ne'er might visit more.  
For change, he at length to letters turned,  
A Ross-shire friend to embrace he burned,  
In Elections skill'd of yore—  
One Gaelic letter—such awfu' spellin'  
Came back like the deeds of CAUCHON smellin'  
The House of Parliament o'er!  
The missive designing purpose right,  
When read by the glare of the chamber-light  
With a blaze spread far around,  
A-down the Halls drove a wind of chaff,  
And floor'd the Boor, with a cruel laugh,  
Who fit-fully went to ground!

\* \* \* \* \*

To flames went notes for a speech prolific,  
Nor waited the War-chief's spell pacific,  
As down on his stool he sat;  
Till CAUCHON, the odorous minister bright,  
Dropped in like a Pasha or Kamuck Knight,  
And squatted, alas! *on the hat!*  
Next COFFIN came, to be in at the death,  
Then CAMPBELL, whose shot had a garlicky breath,  
Of the hubbab soon all had heard—  
E'en SITTING BULL hied him over the plains,  
With CRAZY HORSE of the blue-glass veins,  
And the *Boss* of the Indians—LAIRD!  
Speer'd they at the letter that proved "a sell,"  
When ridicule cover'd the strife to spell—  
And CAUCHON had crushed the hat!  
So the fighting chief could no comfort take,  
"Ho! COFFIN, my pal! draw my will, O, BLAKE!  
How can I live after that?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Henceforth let the cowards go crouch in fear  
Who thus brought a thirsty Knight to lus bier,  
Athirst for the love of peli!  
Phrenology proves, a triangular head  
Should dispense with a hat of such wonderful spread  
As to cover ambition itself!  
While a moan, like a Parliamentary wail  
Sweeps o'er the great land—let us drop a VAIL!  
And look for a moral here:  
No! morals are not a political boast—  
Place, patronage, plunder, so rule the roast,—  
Let the tale make the moral clear!

DAVIS BROS.,

130 YONGE ST.

(Four doors north of Adelaide.)

Have on hand a

LARGE & WELL SELECTED STOCK

WATCHES, CLOCKS,

AND JEWELRY.

WHICH THEY ARE SELLING

AT REASONABLE PRICES.

CALL & EXAMINE

BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE.

Repairing done on the Premises.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

DAVIS BROS.,

130 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

NATIONAL SERIES-IN PREPARATION.



By Nicholas Flood Davin.  
MEMORIES, RECORDS, ANA. FACTS OR STATISTICS bearing on what Irishmen, whatever their vocation is or may have been and regardless of creed or politics, have done for Canada, respectfully requested. Circulars and list of desiderata sent on application.

MACLEAR & Co.,  
Publishers, Toronto.

AN ELKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters without press brush or water, 102 King Street West.—Agents wanted

BOOTS AND SHOES.

H. & C. BLACHFORD,  
HAVE  
REMOVED  
TO  
87 AND 89  
KING-STREET EAST  
TORONTO.

BOOTS AND SHOES.



SALMON ANGLING.

DEPT. OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.  
FISHERIES BRANCH.  
OTTAWA. 8th February, 1877.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to 1st May next, for the SALMON ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:

- Natashouan (North shore.)
- Trinity (Near Point des Monts.)
- St. Margaret (en bas)
- Trout (near Mistisic)
- Mistisic (near Godbout)
- Beauce do
- Mallett (near Perce.)
- Grand Lacs do
- Little Lacs do
- Tobique (Near Branswick.)
- Nashua do
- Jupiter (Anticosti Island.)
- Salmon do

Rent per annum to be stated; payable in advance.

Leases to run for from one to five years.

Leases to employ guardians at private cost.

By order.

W. F. WHITCHER

Commissioner of Fisheries.

PETROLEUM.

THE

SILVER STAR

REFINING COMPANY

are prepared to deliver their brand exclusively export Oil

TO THE TRADE.

We wish to impress upon all dealers and consumers the fact that our Petroleum is at all times uniform in

QUALITY, COLOUR, AND TEST,

and equal to American Oil.

WE ASK A TRIAL

to convince the public that CANADIAN OIL can be made that will at all times give perfect satisfaction.

Heretofore our Oil has been exclusively exported.

ASK FOR SILVER STAR—SEE BRAND ON BARRELS.

If you cannot obtain our Oil in your neighborhood write us direct for address of dealers; or we shall supply in quantities to suit.

J. L. ENGLEHART & Co.,

Producers, Refiners, and Exporters of Petroleum.

HAMILTON AND PETROLIA.

R. WILKINSON.

Successor to A. S. Irving, corner TORONTO and ADELAIDE STS., TORONTO. P. O. Box 189.

Bookseller, Newsdealer,

AND STATIONER.

Can supply any Book, Newspaper or Magazine published.

POSTAGE AND BILL STAMP EMPORIUM.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 2nd February, 1877.

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

I. JOHNSON,  
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-tl

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. TROTTER, PROPRIETOR.

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

N.B.—Omnibus Free.