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VOL. I.

TORONTO, JUNE 21st, 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. Montreville.

GRIP.

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 21st, 1873.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

At the meeting of the City Council, on last Monday evening, the Mayor being in the chair and a full board present, we see that

"Ald. DAVIES asked if there was no means of putting a stop to the traction engine on the Kingston road;"

And

"The Mayor said nothing could be done in the matter unless a complaint were made that it was a nuisance."

Marvellous absence of scientific knowledge! Undoubtedly the everlasting rotation of "Orders of the day," and the other multi-form odds and ends of municipal business which occupy the Mayor's time, have affected his luminous mind. Every subject occurs to him in a shroud of legal technicalities; and thus his decisions are often made remarkable, as instance the above. Now, the humblest navvy on any railroad could tell Ald. DAVIES that there is a simple and effectual mode of stopping any description of engine, without reference to formal documents of any kind. When will Magistrates learn wisdom?

At the same meeting,

"Ald. SHEARD asked the Chairman of the Board of Works if there was no means of redressing a nuisance upon Yonge street, arising out of the filling of the watering carts."

In reply to which,

"Ald. CLEMENTS said, where there was water there must be some of its effects; and if some of it were spilt in filling the carts, it could not be helped."

Considered merely as an aphorism, this answer should immortalize Ald. CLEMENTS; but, as a matter of practical moment, it is not too reassuring. "Some of the effects" of water—in this particular case—were said to have been a considerable amount of damage done to the stock exhibited in front of a shoeshop," and general inconvenience to passers-by, which ought not to be considered legitimate effects. The latter clause of the Alderman's reply is better still; it suggests all the sublime resignation that distinguished the person who advised concerning "spilled milk;" but still evidently gave the greatest satisfaction as a reply, for we find that no less a person than

"Ald. HENDERSON said he had no doubt it would be attended to."

Gentlemen of the Board, don't betray this confidence!

OUR OWN DUNDREARY.

"The subject who is truly loyal to the chief magistrate will neither advise nor submit to arbitrary measures."—*Junius*.

Now, th—th—that proverb e—contains far mor' weal sense than most of them. I—I—agree with you JUNIUS, old boy—you y—you show your good bweeding and ed—education in saying so. No man—no man, or subject, or—loyal person whatever should submit to ar—arbitrary measures. I don't, and what's mor', I shan't; When I go to my tailor's, he—he don't presume to dictate the meas—ures, I assure you! I wouldn't stand it fo' a moment. Es—especially ar—arbitrary measures. I don't like them anyway, so howbly tight in the legs cawn't move, and as for ap—peawance, well—to my mind simply wediculous! Yes, that maxim's right, though I don't ex—exactly see what the magistrate's go—got to do with measurements. But that JUNIUS was wather a stwange person; by the way—Wonda who he was, tho'?

Poor emolument attached to our City Commissionership; only a Coatsworth!

No wonder the appetites for gain, of PAXTON and other Reformers during the last session were sharpened, when they had to gaze on a delightful Currie every day!

UNHAPPY GUELPH!

The clever town of Guelph, with its flourishing factories, newspapers and schools, would hardly be suspected of suffering from a lack of the boon advertised for in the *Mercury* thus:

WANTED.—A number of boys and young men are wanted to stand upon the street corners to-night and to-morrow, to smoke cigars, &c., and make remarks about the ladies who pass. The applicants are not required to furnish any evidence of good moral character. They will be allowed to drink a little whiskey, (if they are of the right stamp they will know how to get it), smoke and swear a little as this service is not designed to interfere with any habits of long standing. Any one acting as above will be understood to have applied and obtained the situation. If future vacancies occur notice will be given.

Always ready to oblige deserving neighbors, the Queen City can supply Guelph with a first-class article of loafer, of any sex or age, and in any quantity. Our Yonge street promenade is at present almost glutted with the commodity. Give us a call.

THE CHARGE OF THE SCAVENGER BRIGADE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON GOGGLES.

Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,
To the Commissioner
Rushed near six hundred.

"Forward official aid—
Scavenger carts!"—they said,
Then from the office back
Strode the six hundred.

"Forward the carts!" they said,
Was there a man obeyed?
Not though the Council knew
Calls were unnumbered.

Their's not to raise a cry;
Their's not to question why;
Their's but to let cats die
Round loose, when out of breath,
By the six hundred.

Carcase to right of them,
Carcase to left of them,
Carcase in front of them—
Scavengers wondered!
Stormed at with hoot and yell,
Slowly they rode, unwell;
Into the pesty air,
Into the nasty smell,
Rode the half hundred.

Flashed all their shovels bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Lifting the bodies there,
Razing a mountain, while
All the folks wondered.
Plunged in tobacco smoke,
Right through the stench they broke,
Dead pup and Thomas cat,
Flung in the carts *ker-chuck*,
Some of them sundered!
Then they rode back—with more,
More than six hundred.

Voter to right of them,
Voter to left of them,
Voter behind them,
Bellowed and thundered;
Each striving first to tell,
Those who had fought so well,
Where yet the strongest smell
Came from the jaws of death—
Where some new carcass fell:
Shewing the scavengers
How they had blundered.

When will those carts, arrayed,
Hear the wild charge we've made,
And, hearing, pity?
Honour the charge we've made,
Honour the funds we've paid—
Clean up the City!

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A man went on a loans borrowing expedition on Wednesday and nearly killed a King street Banker in the operation.

The Anglican Synod met this week. It is to be hoped that their efforts to make *sin odious* will be appreciated.

[NOTE.—The reporter who sent in the above items is discharged. We publish them simply to show the depths which human depravity unchecked will reach.]—Ed.



LAW AND JUSTICE.

A DESIGN RESPECTFULLY SUBMITTED TO THE QUEEN'S PARK STATUE COMMITTEE.

CITY LETTERS.

II.

(Purporting to be from a dry goods clerk who was blamed at times before the late corporate improvement, for the dusty discolorations of various choice samples exhibited "outside.")

DEAR BILL,

I've wondrous news to tell,
And tho' it may seem strange,
Toronto now is watered well—
O great, O welcome change!

Of yore the papers G—and M—,
If in naught else agreed,
Waxed eloquent o'er dusty streets,
And wept one-voiced their need.

Yet deaf the corporation seemed
To every call, tho' just,
Dreading, perhaps, the shower and dew
Completely laid the dust!

Slowly they thought and something did,
Till out of office turned,
This aldermanic council new
Showed *they* were more concerned!

Now we have watering carts with tubs
On top, which are immonse;
Yes, they are watering carts in truth,
And that without pretence!

No more stray calls at offices,
And houses in a row,
For quarter dollars paid per week
For watering—ah, no!

And maybe as one walks along,
Escorting ladies fair,
One of the tubs aforesaid squirts
As if it didn't care!

Yet, on the whole, we must endorse
This as a thing worth praise;
If it does not exhaust the bay:
Yours,

ALEXANDER PEAYS.

THE QUESTION OF OUR NATIVE LITERATURE.

It has been remarked once or twice by incompetent foreign critics that Canada, great in everything else, is very humble in literature. This perverse opinion has even been admitted into print, and our country has doubtless suffered in consequence. We do not indignantly repel the wild fantasy;—we do not wrathfully rebuke these babblers, who presume so far beyond their depth, we merely submit the following poem, (which can be proved beyond cavil to have been conceived and composed within our borders), from the *Port Elgin Free Press*:

ALASKA SODA WATER.

On Soda Water I must write,
At least I so shall try,
And many in it do delight,
When they are very dry.
On Goderich Street you can see,
In Village Port Elgin,
The Drug Store of M. F. Eby,
Your custom he should win.

His Soda by name is Alaska,
It is refreshing cold,
O, it is sweet on a hot day,
And cheaply too is sold.
Unto the public I would say,
When they become dry,
If they their cash to Eby pay,
They'll reap a deal of joy.

When we reflect that bards, ancient and modern, have unhappily gathered most of their inspiration from Bacchus, and have often been the very slaves of that tyrant, it is comforting—encouraging to know that the stalwart bard of our own young land can find a "*Fons Bandusae splendidior vitro*" in any respectable chemist's—affording a potion which fires his soul of poesy as well as wine, and leaves his head much clearer. Surely the stigma of "soft" can no longer attach to the drink that inspired the above flight!

"THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL" (Troupe).—De-lay in paying their bills.

"THE ONLY FUSION OF LAW AND EQUITY"—Con-fusion!

"MADE OF AYL-WORK."—A pair of shoes.

ORNAMENTAL COMBS.—Coxcombs.

SHAKESPEARE ON THE TIOBORNE TRIAL.

THE FALL OF CARDINAL-WOLSEY-ORTON-CASTRO-TIOBORNE.

(Slightly altered from "*Henry VIII.*"—SCENE: *At the Door of the Penitentiary.*")

Norfolk (and all other respectable folk)—And so, we'll leave you to your meditations,

How to live better.
So fare you well, my little good big butcher.

Arthur—So, farewell to the little good you bears me.

Farewell, a long farewell to all my swearing!
This is the state of Claimants: To-day they puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow is sworn in,
And bears newspaper honours thick upon 'em;
The third day comes a stop—a counter trial;
And, when they thinks—good easy men—full surely
The thing'll come out square—is proved a fraud,
And then they falls, like I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many months past in a sea of lying;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
Has busted under me, and now has left me
Weary and sick with swearing, to the mercy
Of turnkeys, that must forever watch me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel I've been a donkey; O, how wretched
Is that poor man that trusts to his appearance!
There is, betwixt that wealth we would aspire to—
That fine estate at Tichborne, and then ruin,
More lies and lawyers' questions their enough;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

"THE NEW CIVILIZATION."

(A brief lecture by TELL E. GRAPH, from New York, on Tuesday morning.—See *Daily Papers.*)

WIFE MURDER.

MURDER BY STABBING.

MURDER BY AN IDIOT.

SUDDEN DEATH.

CUT HIS WIFE'S THROAT.

SUICIDE.

MELANCHOLY BOATING ACCIDENT.

WEATHER PROBABILITIES.

YELLOW FEVER.

ANOTHER UNIVERSALIST SERMON BY BEECHER.

ANOTHER FEMALE POISONER.

BOILER EXPLOSION.

THE SUSPECTED MURDERER.

TRIAL OF SHARKEY FOR MURDER.

ROW BOAT RUN DOWN AND SUNK.

FIRE ON LONG ISLAND.

RAILWAY BRIDGE DESTROYED.

OBSTRUCTING THE RAILWAY TRACK.

SUICIDE WITH THE RAZOR.

E Pluribus Unum!

"WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY."

Being a few further Opinions Worth Having.

* * * "*Grip* is a good paper to read. * * Its jokes are fine. * * We prefer it to *Punch*."—*The Hamilton Spectator*, 5th inst.
* * * "We have been favored with No. 2 of *Grip*, * * and we can heartily recommend it. It is to be hoped sufficient success may reward the effort, that an increase in size may speedily follow."—*St. Thomas Dispatch*.
* * * "We have received No. 2 of this sprightly little periodical. * * We recommend those of our readers who love a good joke and sharp satire to procure a copy."—*The Courier*, Parry Sound.
* * * "It promises well to take a firmer *Grip* on public favour than any of its many predecessors. We wish it success."—*Usbridge Journal*.
* * * "The initial numbers promise well, pen and pencil both doing good service. We feel like giving this new enterprise 'the *Grip*,' and wishing it all success."—*The Brant Union*.

SAM WELLER, SENIOR, TO THE WIMBLEDON TEAM.—"Boys, boys, beware of Misses!"

THE MOTTO OF THE STREET COMMISSIONERS.—"Down with the dust!"

THE PEKIN TEA COMPANY.

LIBERALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE CONFUCIUS' DOCUMENTS INTO THE VERNACULAR.

A Chinese tea merchant AH SAUM was his name,
In search of adventure to Canada came,
And, amongst other things, he was anxious to see,
There the numerous warehouses dealing in tea.
To many a tea mart the Chinaman strolled,
To see how his native production was sold,
To the best one at first he decided to go,
In Yonge Street, the name is THE PEKIN TEA Co.,
Think of his surprise when installed there he saw,
His brother, whose name is in English E Wau.
A spirited chat they directly begun,
Which here is translated as well as it can
Be in English, which tongue cannot always with ease,
Express the famed flowing tropes of Chinese.
Said E Wau, "This store would do credit to China,
And as for his tea, why I never saw finer.
You cannot imagine how much I admire,

The justice that's done in this store to the buyer."
"Well, I candidly tell you," Ah Saum said with glee,
"There's truth in the tale that you've just told to me,
And I further propose, as you think it the best,
That the PEKIN TEA COMPANY send us a chest."
At that time naught further by either was said,
They ordered the chest and at once for it paid;
And both were so pleased with the sample of tea
That they'll no other use, (at least so they tell me.)
So the PEKIN TEA COMPANY'S stock, sans denial,
Ought certainly get from consumers a trial;
And that once obtained, from the PEKIN TEA STORE
You will never require to change any more,
And this same store of which I have sung,
Will be found at the corner of Albert and Yonge.

C. H.

IN PRESS!

"FATHER SAYS I MAY."

No. III.—IRVING'S FIVE CENT MUSIC.

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

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

VIRGINIA SHAG.

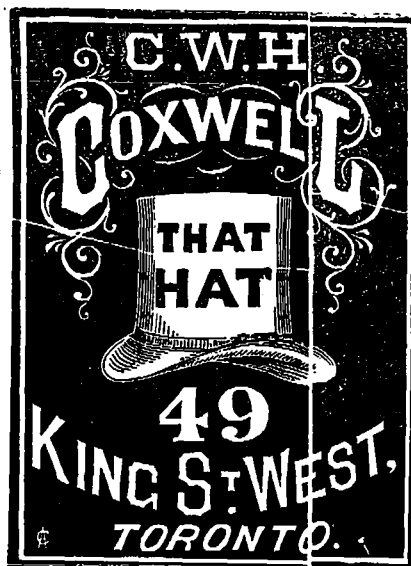
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324 Yonge street.

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

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



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MUSIC.

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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.

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

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