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Large Variety of **FANS**, at all prices. **Japan Sunshades.**
Various Sizes.

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CAN BE USED FOR A GREAT MANY PURPOSES.
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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.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY.

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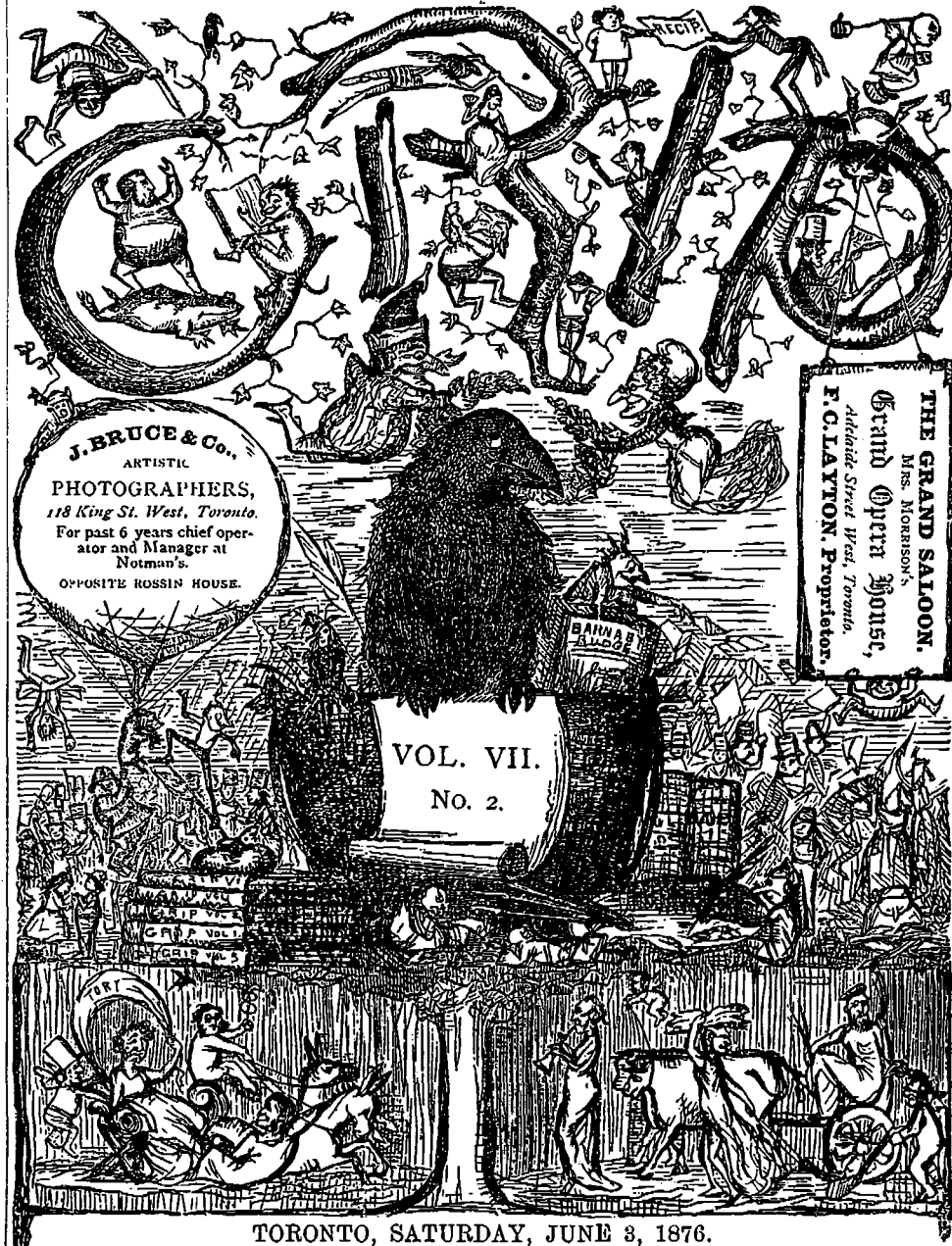
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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.*

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1876.

BOOKS ! BOOKS ! ! BOOKS ! !

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RETAIL	RETAIL	RETAIL	RETAIL
Farmers' Manual of Agriculture, cloth, \$2.00	Studies for the Pulpit The Domestic World Chase's Receipts Types & Emblems, Spurgeon, 60	Barnum's Life Livingstone's Life and Explorations, Handbook to Desk, Office and Platform, 1.00	Freemasonry in Scotland Strength of Materials Elements of Mechanism Toronto of Old, Mor. Pulpit Eloquence 3.50
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will all ways 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

"HATS."
LATEST NOVELTIES.

J. & J. LUGSDIN,
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BOUND VOLUMES Are Now Ready.

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Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

WHITE & SHARPE,

SHIRT MAKERS,

Samples and guide for self-measurement sent free to any address.

65 KING STREET WEST.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The greatest Beast in the Sea; the greatest Bird in the Owl;
The greatest Fish in the Oyster; the greatest Man in the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 3RD, 1876.

Our Centennial Letter.

From our own Correspondent.—An humble admirer of the "Mail's" ditto
PHILADELPHIA, May 28.

Sewing Machines! Soap! Furniture! White Lead! Timber! Tools! Bricks! And the Canadian exhibitors want me to mention *them*! Did the spalpeens imagine I travelled here to advertise their thumpery? Me, an Irish gentleman; engaged in warfare wid PERRAULT? Wasn't it himself came to me to-day, and threatened to take me life? And I said—I, coolin' wid a powerful effort the boilin' blood of my thousand ancestors—"Is'nt that a nice thing for a Canadian Commissioner to say? Simple worruds; but my look and voice (you remember thim) conquered him. He retrated; but manes to attack yet. But bedad, he won't whin he reads this, which I insert by way of hint to him and all others. Do you know what that is—that chamois case? Do you know what dreadful implement of slaughter that chamois case considerably shields from mortal eye? MY GRANDFATHER'S BLACKTHORN STICK! Talk of your contimplible mitrailleuses and eighty-ton guns; faith, it's little havoc they're capable of compared to what he made, swappin' wid our family sthrude through Donnybrook, pavin' the fields for miles wid fractured craniums, and the bits of the inimy's skulls always flyin' so thick as to blind thim in the rare, and lave thim open for the next clip. Ah! it's we were a fightin' family. Shure,—evin the faymales—my maternal ansister, givin' me the fearful weapon, remarked, "Young Nick," (I was called so to distinguish me from my grandfather, Owld Nick) "Take it in the centre, use the handle like a dirk, dig out your opponent's eyes wid it; thim commutate each side of his jawbone wid two nate upper-cuts right and left."

Whoop!—and I took my way, and how completely I carried out these instructions in many cases I won't say. Faith, many's the brain that shtick damaged! What's that you say, sittin' there, "Did I iver hit myself?" Waither! Rache me down that chamois case! Oh, you'll apologise! It's lucky for you. Never mind, waither.

Come wid me, now, till I flash my bull's eye on the Exhibition. Watch how I describe it, making it clear to the manest capacity—houlding the mirror up to nature. Ah! the immortal genius of the Bard of Avon. (We beg our correspondent's pardon; but we cut out here about a colupn and a half of Shakesperian and other quotations which do not exactly bear on this matter or any other.) Look at the remarkable collection of artistic metal work in the centre of the English department. Notice the *repousse* work, with *champleve* and *cloisonne* enamels. Observe the farm-yard composition in this *plaque*. See this damascened tazza. What *bric-a-brac*! But I must go on. I walk in beauty, like the night. My path is on the deep. There is a path which the vulture's eye hath not seen. And speaking of paths, when I was in the Pass of Thermopylae, and my friend HADJI STAVROS was pursuing with uplifted scimitar a young lady who was jumping her ransom, she, knowing from my appearance that I spoke Greek with the purest accent, implored my protection. What could I do! HADJI was my friend, but gallantry is my sister. His bones bleach on the rocks. And she— but here is the picture gallery. I must give you a full description of this. What a beautiful painting of the Ascent of the Hieropogis! I could gaze at it for hours. I must give you an idea of it. That head, now, in the corner—By the way, did you ever play Puss in the Corner? Ah! sweet reminiscences of my youth! Ah! verdant sods, green hedge-rows, big potatoes! Well, as you have now as thorough an idea of the paintings as the burning wrongs inflicted on me by PERRAULT will allow me to give you, let us go to dinner. That lady has swallowed seven mortal dishes! What's that I hear? Are you there again, and is it "Do they rattle?" ye're askin' me? The contints of course I mane. Will nobody rache me that chamois case? Is that a way to address a gentleman of my descint and abilities. Yes, sir, descint. Did you niver hear of Castle Flood and its records? Bedad, thim, there's preserved there the oldest paper extant—the contractors' bill for my ancistors say-stores whin they intered the ark! What's that, surr? Is it "Thistles" I hear ye say. Waither, that chamois case at wance! Ah! at last I have it. Where's its kay? Oh, ye're gone! By the powers, two seconds more, and I'd have to put a new silver mimorial plate in me blackthorn, and the docthers the same in your occiput, me boy. To insult me! Ah, whin I recall that glorious day whin, amid the roar of cannon, I and the London *Times* correspondent, back to back,— he glaring with concentrated force from beneath his arching eye-brows—

I revolving the shilalah of my grandfather,—presented that appalling double front which checked the French cavalry, enabled the slow Teutons to open a devastating fire of Krupps, won Sedan, and—But my modesty forbids me to paint the gratitude of the Emperor. Yet I see him now, his majestic form mirrored against a sunset glowing as CLAUDE ever painted, lifting his hand "To Providence," he said, "and Herr FLOOD!" But I must close this letter.

Grip and the Pulpit.

"Two lines lately published by our Toronto humorist should be printed in letters of gold:—

"Religion, when most true, is then most free.

Religion, freest, will most truthful be."

Rev. Mr. Rattray, Unitarian Church, last Sunday.

GRIP makes to this Reverend his bow most profound,
And is glad that he knows what authority's sound.
In fact, GRIP a Bishop himself did create,
And he's trying to get all his juniors straight.

He is pleased that his pastorals, sent everywhere,
Are perused by his clergy with profiting care;
And this sermon, of which he to-day means to tell,
Put the whole of the trouble right in a nutshell.

All Protestant Christendom, it did explain,
Are beginning the right to demand and maintain,
To interpret the Scriptures, and also to say
That MELANCTHON and LUTHER have hindered the way.

Right divine to expound no one ever did claim,
Save some Bishops and scholars of very old fame—
Greeks and Romans, whose soundness, Reformers found out,
There was often a very good reason to doubt.

From these doubts sprung our Protestant faith and belief,
But in its upspringing this evil was chief:
Some fallible creeds they replaced, it is true;
But forgot that their own might be fallible too.

They are fallible. Some of them combat, what's more,
All our notions of right, and our Biblical lore,
And each plain honest man, as the Bible he reads,
Says "It's certainly time for revising these creeds."

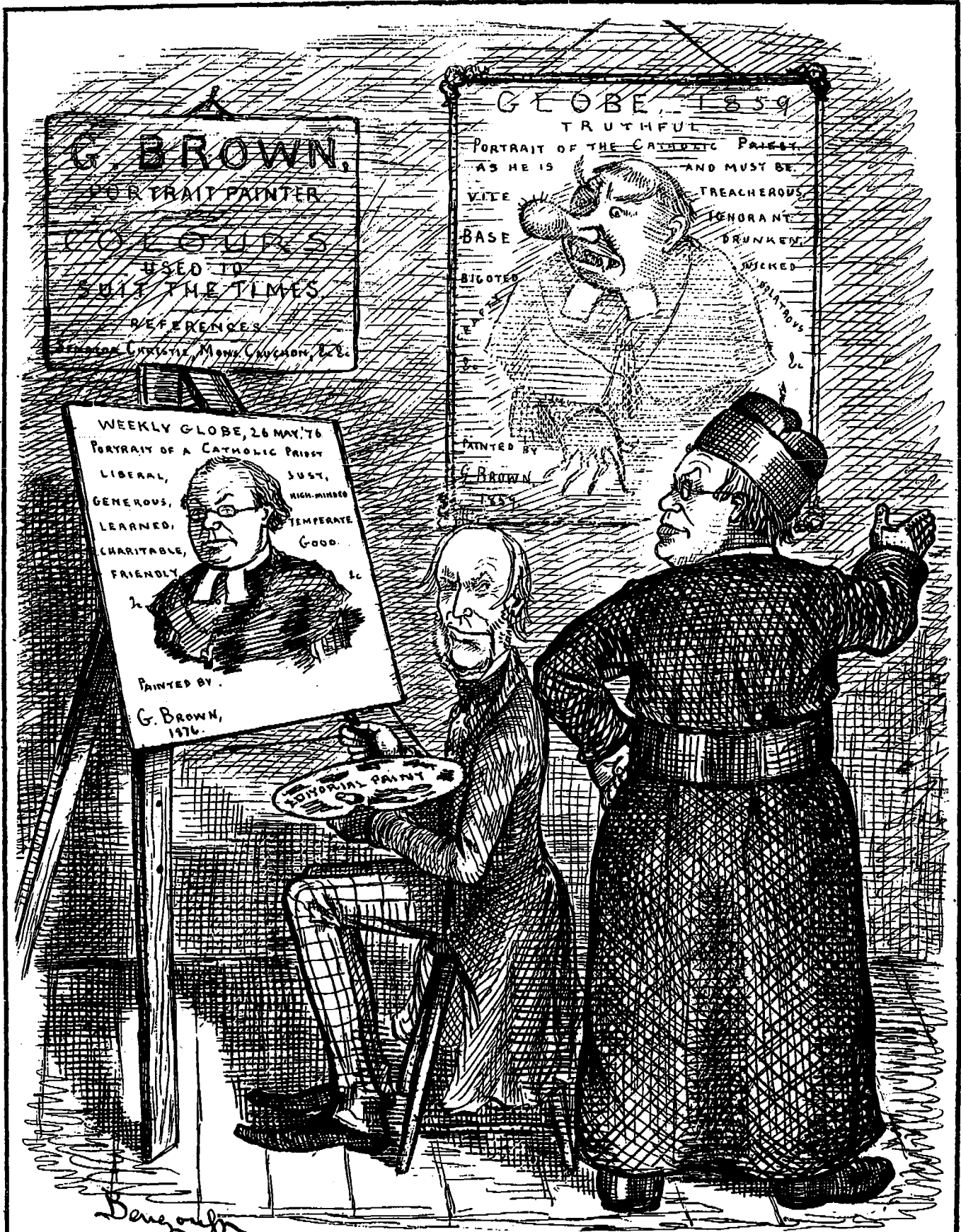
Stones and Brick.

The main streets of our city, it's very well known,
Are exceedingly shallowly covered with stone;—
But of stones on the roads we'd soon have a good lot,
If more bricks in the Council we only had got.

The Speech of the Water Commissioner.

Twaddle's the only word—*Shakespeare*.

My name is BELL. Within this town of yours
I long did houses paint. I paint no more.
A purer fluid all my time employs,
And that of my colleagues. And yet they come,
A twaddling do they come. And who are they?
Mere ratepayers—providers of the cash—
Paltry debenture-givers—nothing more.
One comes and twaddles to me, "Mr BELL,
When shall we get the water pure which we
Have paid for?"—and I miltly answer him,
"When it is ready;" and another comes,
And twaddles thus. "Why did you answer naught,
When you were asked why you debentures sold,
Lower than you were offered?" and I say
"We answer no such twaddling;" then the third,
Twaddling demands to know "why engineers,
Paid by us, stay away one-half their time."
A fourth doth twaddling ask "Why sink such pipes
As sunk, do quickly rise and burst straightway?"
A fifth comes twaddling here to know why we,
If honest men, don't let reporters know
The things we do. A sixth, a seventh, and eighth,
Bring twaddling, twaddling, twaddling questions here.
I say to you; I likewise say to all
Twaddling Toronto;—At the proper time,
Put all your questions. If when that time comes,
Those who should answer them should, like to TWEED,
Be gone from realms of answer, and *non est
Inventus*, like to him, I say to you
That that is your look out. And now once more.
Avaunt, ye twaddlers; go, and shut the door.



THE PAINTER "OF THE DAY."

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH.—I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU, SIR, ON THE IMMENSE IMPROVEMENT SHOWN IN YOUR PAINTING OF THE PRIESTHOOD !!

Queen in England—Empress in Canada.

(See PROCLAMATION OF ROYAL LETTER.)

What rumours are these coming over the wave,
Of glittering titles, with tinsel sheen,
For Her, whom we always ask God to save
As Canada's Sovereign—Our Lady The Queen!

Does England accept what France has spurned
By her people's voice, as a badge of shame?
Are not all the teachings of years unlearned
When you christen the Queen with a despot's name?

The simple folk of this western land
Are too busy to study heraldic lore;
But they always could honour and understand
The "Queenly" name that Elizabeth bore.

The Edwards and Henrys were proud of it too,
When they led their legions o'er conquered Gaul;
No mystic Asian—no Premier Jew—
Dare alter it then to "Imperial"—

And he dare not now—for the British Isles;
But only in Colonies, such as these,
Are we bound to accept, with pleasant smiles,
A Title for us—and Hindostanese!

E.

The International Conference.

GRIP, who has means of information unpossessed by other newspaper proprietors, has been informed by his special advance correspondent of what will take place at the International Conference on the Turkish Question, should it be held. The Ambassadors will talk as follows:—

RUSSIA.—Without further circumlocution, the possession of Constantinople is a Russian necessity. While Turkey, backed by England, holds it, Britain virtually at her pleasure, locks Russia out of the Mediterranean; as she does also, at Gibraltar, lock the Mediterranean Powers out of the Atlantic.

AUSTRIA.—I cannot refuse concurrence in the latter statement.

ITALY.—Nor can I.

TURKEY.—If the Prophet has willed that I should have any voice in my own affairs, neither can I. But I cannot concur in the former. Yet I fear you intend me to concur in both.

PRUSSIA.—My brother of Turkey is in weak health, and talks wildly. (*Aside—But very accurately.*) It would perhaps be better that he allow us to manage his affairs.

TURKEY.—Perhaps I may ask how it is proposed to manage them.

RUSSIA.—Thus: The time for dissimulation is past; that for action has arrived. France cannot now resist. England cannot resist alone. The longer we delay, the less propitious will be the moment. Russia demands Turkey-in-Asia, and one third of Turkey-in-Europe, the line to run from Gallipoli to Bucharest.

AUSTRIA.—I require the rest of Turkey.

ITALY.—I require Greece, the former province of Rome.

PRUSSIA.—I will take Mecklenburg, Holland, Belgium, Hanover, and Denmark.

FRANCE.—And what shall I get?

RUSSIA.—If you give signs of needing it, some more of what I lately gave you.

ENGLAND.—Is my opinion of no consequence?

RUSSIA.—My brother of England will remark that he has studiously kept apart from our councils, and cannot therefore expect to sway them. If he had agreed with our late Emperor NICHOLAS, there would have been no Crimean campaign. If he had agreed with the late Emperor NAPOLEON, the Southern States of America would have been independent, Britain might have been an American power instead of an American weakness; France would have conquered Prussia, and France and England combined would have ruled Europe as they could in 1854. But my brother of England has held aloof, and wished rather to make money than to incur danger. He has made money. Allow me to remark that after we have made money, it is sometimes necessary to show that we can keep it.

ENGLAND.—It has ever been my custom both to keep my own, to take more, and to make more.

RUSSIA.—In case you should be so ill-advised as to interfere with us, we intend to give you the opportunity to maintain your old customs, should your power be equal to the task. May I ask my distinguished auditors if they accord with my views?

AUSTRIA.—I agree most fully.

PRUSSIA.—And I.

ITALY.—I have compunctions. But I also agree.

SPAIN.—Gibraltar is my reason for agreeing.

FRANCE.—I am powerless to disagree.

TURKEY.—And I.

[Scene closes.]

The Depression in Journalism.

THE great dullness in business, GRIP informs his colleagues of the city press, does not excuse the greater dullness in editorial. The *Mail* in six months has achieved but one libel suit, and even that must be credited to a correspondent. It has not properly abused MACKENZIE for weeks. It has almost forgotten BROWN. Even the terrible BLAKE undergoes no longer his daily demolition. The *Globe* seems unaware of the awful being who dwells on Sherbourne street, and is called Sir JOHN. Sleepily sometimes, it throws a column of statistics in that direction. But the monsters of iniquity, the fiends of corruption, the demons of disunion, the breakers of compact, the perjured legislators, the relentless rulers, the oppressed populaces, appear all dead on each side. The *Leader* has long been in *coma*. As for the *Nation*, he who ventures into its sleepy recesses leaves hope behind. It had once a writer, the great Impersonal—the master of implication and allusion—who, never saying anything of the sort, could calmly explain to his adversaries that they were no better than vituperators, maligners and abortionists. But it has him no more. There is a little and late-come daily. But GRIP wishes it to bind this couplet he has made for it as a frontlet between its eyes:—

Though great the truth, if tediously expressed
It only greatly bores us at the best.

Altogether, outside of the columns of GRIP, Toronto journalism is of late a mere stagnant pool, only transiently stirred by an occasional stone thrown by some epigrammatic and unpaid contributor. Gentlemen, this will not do. Wake up. Peace is a good thing—but not too much of it. For goodness sake, tell us how wicked somebody is.

The Bonus.

The wise men of Scripture all came from the east,
And went to the west, there's no doubt in the least.
Thus we saw in St. Lawrence, the bonus was run,
But we found in St. Andrew's it could'nt be done.

CANADIAN LADIES' FEET.**GLORIOUS OVATION TO "N. F. D."****Dashed Down by the Smashing Reporters of "Grip," in Advance of Everybody and Even of the Event Itself.**

(Form of heading copied from the "Telegram," who copies his from the "N. Y. Sun.")

THE gifted correspondent of the *Mail* was last night welcomed home with the ovation he anticipated at the hands of the ladies for his unprecedented gallantry in "breaking a lance" with the Centennial writer of the *New York Sun* who asserted that Canadian women have enormously large feet. On the platform of the Depot was congregated a representative gathering of the female beauty of Toronto, and as the gentlemanly journalist,—clutching the fragment of his lance in one hand and a portmanteau containing a few changes of linen, a paper collar, a few Hebrew newspapers and a dress coat, in the other—alighted from the train, he was at once overwhelmed with bouquets, and before he could extricate himself he was fast locked in the enthusiastic embraces of fifty or sixty pairs of arms, while anon the great vault of the Depot reverberated with the kisses that were showered upon his face and cranium. Subsequently he was carried into the large waiting room where a sumptuous banquet had been provided. The room was elaborately decorated, the grand central ornament being the letter he wrote to the *Sun*, printed in shoemaker's wax and framed in leather.

Neat-foot jelly and pigs feet formed the chief dishes on the table. The toast of "Our Guest" was given by Mrs O'SLAHERTY, who wears NO. 13 kip. In response the gifted and gallant correspondent rose and said:

"*Ladies of Canada:*—'Tis a joyful occasion. I feel the pride of HYPERION rushing through my veins in all the tremulous sunset grandeur of the yellow Tiber, or as SHAKESPEARE more tersely expresses it:

"——— The native hue of
Resolution is sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Ladies, you do me honour. You are kind enough to say I did you service in signally defeating the fectid wretch who maligned your feet. I did that service willingly. Feet is a tender subject to me. I have corns. I abhor large feet, and think it a national affront to say Canadian Ladies have them. I used to belong to the *Globe* staff. Perhaps that's why I'm so sensitive on the subject of feet. For the feat I accomplished at Philadelphia you have abundantly rewarded me. I say no more. Pass the pigs' feet, please."

The gentleman was then presented with a pair of little glass slippers and a new lance, which he was advised to break in some more sensible cause.

The meeting then broke up.

EVERLASTING PUNISHMENT—Reading the succession of letters on it in the papers.

Mason, Risch, & Newcombe,

IMPORTERS OF PIANO FORTES & CABINET ORGANS,
HAVE REMOVED

to their spacious New Warerooms, No. 32, King street west, (North side, between Yonge and Bay streets.)

They take this opportunity of thanking the public for the very liberal support accorded them since the establishment of their business in 1871, and now beg to call special attention to their large and complete assortment of the celebrated

*Decker Bros.,
Hazleton Bros.,
Bloomfield and Otis,
and Harmonic Piano-Fortes.*

AND THE

Mason & Hamlin, and "Matchless" Burdett Cabinet Organs.

Notably among the finest Musical Instruments in the world.

MASON, RISCH, & NEWCOMBE respectfully invite their friends—the Musical Profession—and the public generally to visit them at their new warerooms and, whether intending purchasers or not, they extend to them a cordial welcome.

Intending Purchasers will find the stock of rare excellence and classified to suit the requirements of all parties.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

Second-Hand Pianos and Organs

thoroughly repaired and regulated, are offered cheap, and on easy terms of payment.

AERATED BREAD,

Manufactured in Ontario
solely by

JNO. D. NASMITH,

Cor. JARVIS & ADELAIDE STS.,

TORONTO.

Bread, Rolls, Buns, Cakes, &c.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

BEATTY'S CELEBRATED

'Golden Tongue'
PARLOR ORGANS are ranked by eminent musicians as the leading organ now in use. For the Church, Sabbath School, Lodge or Parlor they have no superior throughout the world. We challenge any manufacturer to equal them for sweetness and volume of tone. Where we have no agents we will allow any one wishing to buy the agent's discount. Agents wanted everywhere. Send stamp for list of testimonials and circular of this wonderful music-producing instrument. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.**



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, April 22, 1876.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American invoices until further notice, 11 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

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**BEATTY'S CHURCH, SABBATH SCHOOL,
HALL, LODGE, OFFICE CABINET ORGANS.**—
Best in use. Send stamp for circular. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.**



SECOND EDITION

**Decline and Fall of Keewatin; or,
The Free-Trade Redskins**

**Is Now Ready. Sent Postage
Paid to any address on receipt of Price, 15 cents.**

GEO. BENGOUGH, Grip Office, Toronto.

BEATTY PIANO!

Grand Square and Upright.

"These Pianos are the finest in the world as regards tone and excellence.—Huntingdon, [Conn.] *Republican*.

"The Beatty Piano is pronounced by all the sweetest toned instrument manufactured."—Gettysburg [Pa.] *Century*.

"The Beatty Pianos, Grand, Square and Upright, are remarkable for their beauty and finish, as well as for sweetness and volume of tone."—Middleton, [N. Y.] *Mercury*.

"Mr. Beatty is a responsible business man."—Washington [N. J.] *Star*.

Agents wanted everywhere. Send stamp for catalogue. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

**Don't Fail to Call and Examine
THE
New Safety Inkstand!!**

SUPPLIED BY

R. WILKINSON.

Successor to A. S. IRVING & Co., cor. Toronto and Adelaide sts., Toronto.

P. O. Box 139.



TORONTO

HARBOUR DREDGING.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Toronto Harbour Dredging," will be received at this office until noon of MONDAY the 12th day of JUNE, 1876.

Maps and specifications can be seen at this office, and at the office of John Carr, Esq., Harbour Master, Toronto, on and after Monday, the 23rd inst., where printed forms of tender may also be obtained.

Tenders will not be considered unless strictly in accordance with the printed forms. The actual signatures, the nature of the occupations, and places of residence of the signers to be given in full. Satisfactory security is indispensable. This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, May 23, 1876.



SALMON FISHERY.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE
AND FISHERIES,

Fisheries Branch,

OTTAWA, 26th May, 1876.

Tenders will be received to 15th June next for Special Licenses to use one pound or trap net with single "head" for catching salmon at each of the following fishing stations on Lake Ontario, namely:—Grafton, Colourg, Port Hope, Bowmanville, and Newcastle.

The time of fishing will be from date of License to 15th August next.

The exact place, position and extent of each net will be specified in the License.

Tenders to state the amount offered for each station separately, but not more than one License will be issued to the same holder.

Rent payable in advance on delivery of License.

Further information may be had on applying to the undersigned, or to S. Wilnot, Esq., Newcastle, Ont.

By order of the Minister,

W. F. WHITCHER,

Commissioner of Fisheries.

N.B.—Trap-nets belonging to this Department can be purchased from Mr. Wilnot.

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEATTY PIANO.

GRAND SQUARE & UPRIGHT. Agents Wanted Everywhere. Address,

DANIEL F. BEATTY.

Washington, N. J.