

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the Office, 35 King Street West, Toronto.

Terms—\$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application to Messrs. CLEVER & ROGERS, Agents, 10 King St. East, by whom subscriptions will be received.

Communications connected with the business department must be addressed to the MANAGER, P. O. Box 958, Toronto.

A. S. IRVING, Wholesale Agent,
35 King St. West, Toronto.

OFFICE and DEPOT.

EVERY SATURDAY.
Five Cents.
For sale at all the Bookstores.

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

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 100, Carillon, Quebec. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two Dollars per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

Vol. 3.

TORONTO, JUNE 6, 1874.

No. 2.



London, N. Y.: I. M. Rogers,
31 Bouverie Street.
New York: American News
Co., Nassau St.

FRESH ARRIVALS THIS WEEK.

CLARETS, CLARETS.

A full assortment of Favorite Brands at Low Prices, Wholesale and Retail.

BELFAST GINGER ALE

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

STILL AND SPARKLING HOCK

(OLD STOCK),

Will be closed off at cost.

THOS. GRIFFITH & Co.,
London and Italian Warehouse.

CHAMPAGNES

(VARIOUS BRANDS),

At greatly Reduced Prices.

SPARKLING MOSELLES,

(OLD IMPORTATION).

Various brands. Will close off at cost.

RASPBERRY SYRUP—Very fine for table use.
STRAWBERRY SYRUP " " "
LEMON SYRUP " " "
PINE APPLE SYRUP " " "

CURACOA

In Quart and Pint Bottles.

FRESH SALAD OIL, VERY DELICIOUS.

All kind of Choice Groceries and nice things received daily at the

London and Italian Warehouse.

Orders by mail or otherwise promptly attended to.

THOS. GRIFFITH & CO., PROPRIETORS.

TORONTO TO MONTREAL



The splendid Passenger Screw Steamer

AMERICA,

Leaves Higinbotham's Wharf, foot of Yonge Street, every Saturday afternoon throughout the season, calling at intermediate ports and arriving at Montreal Monday afternoon.

Meals, berths and attendance all that can be desired.

FARE SEVEN DOLLARS,

Including Meals and Stateroom.

For Tickets, etc., apply to

G. E. JAUQUES & CO.,
No. 50 Front Street East.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY.

Corner of Bay and King Streets,
ENTRANCE ON BAY ST., EAST SIDE.

Average cost of Washing 50 cents per doz.
N.B.—Washing sent for and returned to all parts of the city. Orders may be left at J. W. SALES', corner of King and Bay Streets.

EDWIN POTTS,

Picture Framer & Dealer.

GILT, WALNUT & ROSEWOOD MOULDINGS, &c.

404 Yonge Street,

Two doors north of Huxter Street, Toronto.

JAS. H. SAMO & CO.

(Late WELLS & STEWART)

Furniture Manufacturers,

UPHOLSTERING

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

JAS. H. SAMO & CO.,

187 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

TORONTO WIRE WORKS,

(ESTABLISHED 1854)

68 KING STREET WEST.

W. H. RICE,

Manufacturer of

BRASS, COPPER, GALVANIZED & IRON

WIRE CLOTH.

Iron Rods and Coils, Bird Cages, Window Guards, Cemetery Railing, Garden Fencing, Flower Stands, Baskets and Trainers, Coal, Sand, Gravel and Malt Serecs, Mantle Stands, Steel Wire Brushes, Riddles, Sieves, Fenders, Fire Guards, Wire Rope, Sash Cords, Wire Cloth for Locomotives, Threshing Machines, Fanning and Smut Mills, &c. Mout and Cheese Safes.

G. J. GEBHARDT & Co.,

ENGRAVERS

AND

Lithographic Steam Printers,

13 Adelaide Street East,

TORONTO.

BRITISH AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

FIRST PRIZES in both BUSINESS and ORNAMENTAL PENMANSHIP were awarded to us at the late Provincial Exhibition, Toronto. This is the TENTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION that we have obtained first prizes in Penmanship.

OUR COMMERCIAL COURSE

Of instruction is in keeping with our Penmanship Department—the very best to be obtained in the Dominion. It embraces book-keeping in all its branches, Exercises and Lectures in Commercial Law, Business Arithmetic, Spencerian Penmanship, Actual Business, Adjusting Partnerships, Business Correspondence, Banking, Commission, Foreign Exchange, Steamboating, and General Details of Business.

OUR EVENING SESSIONS

Continue through the winter. An excellent opportunity is here afforded to attend special classes in our Business and Writing Course. Young men who are engaged during the day should embrace this opportunity, as it will yield one long a thousand per cent. upon the outlay.

For Terms and Specimens of Penmanship, address

ODELL & TROUT, Toronto.

PORTRAITS.

LIFE SIZE IN OIL,

BY

BRIDGMAN & FORSTER

39 King St. West (over Ewing & Co.)

TORONTO.

Energetic Canvassers Wanted throughout Canada.

“ G R I P . ”

CANADA'S SUCCESSFUL COMIC CARTOON PAPER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT \$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

PROSPECTUS VOL. III.

The Publishers of “GRIP” have great pleasure in announcing the first number of the third (half-yearly) volume. “GRIP” was started on the 24th May, 1873, and has, during the twelve months of its existence, attained a popularity and success quite unexampled in the annals of Canadian Comic Journalism. That it has become a power in the land is attested by the universal voice of the press, and the not unfrequent tributes to its influence uttered upon the floor of the House of Commons, or in other public places, by the most prominent men of all political parties. Its Cartoons have been distinguished for originality, power, and humour, and have made the name of “GRIP” a household word throughout the length and breadth of the land. The willingness of the people of Canada to support a publication of this class, if conducted honourably and ably, is beyond question. The large circulation which “GRIP” has had from its initial number up to the present, notwithstanding that but little effort has been made to obtain subscribers, is an evidence of this. The publishers purposely refrained from sending out canvassers up to the present time, as they desired to prove that “GRIP”—unlike its many predecessors—would be a permanent institution. The uniform interest manifested by the public in each succeeding number, and the undiminished applause with which the caricatures continue to be received, argue that, so far as the people are concerned, this permanency is assured; while the publishers have confidence that with the improvement they purpose making in the paper, and their increased facilities for its prompt and regular delivery to subscribers, there need be no abatement in “GRIP’s” popularity. The leading Cartoon will be carefully engraved by one of the best artists in the Dominion; and will be supplemented by several smaller caricatures in each number. The editorial management has been entrusted to a gentleman whose past performances in connection with a clever satirical journal of Canada are a guarantee of his fitness for the position. Contributors will be paid liberally for articles of merit, and writers of first-rate ability will hereafter be secured to furnish the literary department. “GRIP” will continue to occupy a position of complete independence in politics and all other matters; he will strive to sustain the reputation he has achieved as “the fearless corrector of public morals, and a wise director of public opinion, regardless of party.”

Liberal Commission to Agents, who will find Canvassing for Subscribers to GRIP a good paying business. Send for Terms and District desired to

CLEVER & ROGERS,

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKSELLERS,

10 King Street East, TORONTO.

GRIP.

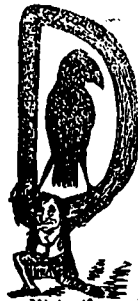
EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1874.

Volume the Third.

Grip's Saturday Review.



DESIROUS of accumulating an extensive library at the lowest possible expense, GRIP begs to announce to authors and others that he has engaged the services of an eminent critic, who, from the fact of his being the author of the *Globe* editorials on the "Scandal Question," may be considered capable of giving a calm and unbiassed opinion as to the merits or demerits of any book fortunate enough to come within reach of GRIP's editorial claw.

Subjoined are a few notices of books reviewed, from which it will be evident that the style of our critic, though somewhat severe, is classical enough for even our English cotemporary:

"*Brought to his Bier*," by the author of "*Wrecked in Port*." Binding excellent and the whole get-up a credit to the publishers.

"*Does She Paint?*" by the author of "*False Colours*." An ornament to any drawing-room. We have never seen a book in which the type was so clear; can be read by the light of the moon, or the waning kerosene.

"*_____*," by the author of "*No Name*." The woodcuts are excellent, and would do credit to the poorest engraver; paper a *leettle* thin; this, perhaps, with a view to enable readers to see through the author's meaning more clearly.

"*Green as Grass*," by the author of "*Red as a Rose is She*." We can confidently recommend this book to provision dealers and grocers as affording a first rate wrapping medium.

"*Nothing like Leather*," a sequel to "*Under Foot*." Money is to be made by *not* buying this book; title well chosen; whole plot "tough as old boots."

"*Seven-up*," by the author of "*A Simpleton*." A splendid *expose* of "the game they did play;" buy it.

"*Uncle Silas*," by the author of "*Anteros*." As entertaining as "*BAILEY'S Logarithms*;" can we say more?

"*Nipped in the Bud*," a prelude to "*Cometh up as a Flower*." If it only had been—but there!

"*Kissing the Rod*," by the author of "*Stern Necessity*." The very thing for schoolboys; no teacher should be without it. (Query: Which?—Ed. GRIP.)

The following list has also been laid on our table, and our critic is at a loss to know whether it is the plot of a contemplated novel or the names of some new books that are to be reviewed. Let a sagacious public judge:

"Thirty years since," "My brother's wife," "All in the dark," "Quite alone"—"He cometh not she said"—"At dead of night," "A dangerous guest," "At break of day," "One of the family," "Found dead."

The Sign-Sag Papers.

WHEN I was a youngster, and conjugated *amo* under the frown of Dooron Boogve, inside that old red building yet standing a little back from King Street West, it was not thought any particular harm for a boy to come into class with a black eye, a cut lip, or a coat that had been torn in a two-hour's old scuffle. We treasured the traditions of English public schools, and so long as a boy fought his opponent in an honest stand-up way, no one suffered under public opinion except the fellow who was licked.

The boy who was able to thrash any other in his form was by all means the most important personage in it, not excluding the teacher himself, or the pale chap who could grind off Latin verse as fast as the editor of the *Sun* does trash. "Tattoo" was our high time, and little knots of boys would stroll down in the cool evening to enjoy the crowd that collected to hear the band. There was very commonly an overpowering force of cads hanging round the outskirts of the crowd, and it was the habit of our most forward companions to exchange

chaff with their spokesmen. Then—a clinker on the jaw of some too impudent fellow, a five minutes' scurry of fight, a shower of stones, and we retreated—the little boys in our marching front, and the cocks of the school hanging on the rear of the retreat, defiant and darkling as AJAX, driven back by the Trojan host. Stones were freely thrown by the roughs, sometimes most unsavoury eggs, and often our retreat amounted to a flight before we reached the College gates.

"What prodigious lies!"—I hear my contemporaries say—"what is this fellow bragging about? We don't remember any of these notable fights, and when there was any fighting *he* took good care to be out of the road."

Ah, my dear friends, you don't understand me. I don't say that I knocked down the big butcher just outside the college gates, and now that I think of it, there wasn't any big butcher at all knocked down there in our time. But I've told these stories so often to my children, that consistency requires me still to talk as if I had been actor instead of inventor.

The particular facts of our school days are not the important things—it doesn't ever make any difference whether I ever sat under Dooron Boogve or went to tattoo, or whether I did neither—what I want to bring before you is the *tone* of our lives in those old days. Rough, tough and funny little dogs were the boys then, for proof of which I refer you the school anecdotes of any old gentleman.

No doubt a good deal of dogmatic theology was taught us by our respective parents and spiritual pastors and masters, according to the most orthodox models of the sect to which they belonged.

I doubt whether there is as much of that nauseous theological bolus crammed down the throats of the boys of to-day. I hope not. How terrible it is to give up the creeds of our youth! How we have all felt for a while that part of life had gone with it, when some cherished, hateful old belief has been rooted up and thrown out dead! It is not in a day that its place is filled, but if all the soil of faith has not been carried away with it, look after a while. Where the nightshade of hate to our neighbor grew, now blossoms tenderness for his beliefs.

No, I don't think the boys of to-day are taught to hate others so bitterly for their opinions—and this hate I take to be the real teaching of dogma.

"Does JONES believe in transubstantiation? Then down with him. He is a quiet looking fellow, it is true, and we have known him to do some kind enough acts, but people who believed as he does used to adorn heretics with the *San Benito*—they would be as bad as ever if they could get the upper hand—they believed in eromation." Thus BROWN talks, and is virtuously indignant; and the other side says, "*That* BROWN, who turns up the whites of his eyes and snuffles cant and ultra-Protestantism, don't trade with him—weigh the groceries you buy at his store; don't trust the accused heretic."

This common suspicion and dread is the result of DOGMATIC THEOLOGY and SEPARATE SCHOOLS. But young BROWN and young JONES often go to school together now, as their fathers did not.

All the paternal prejudices and pastoral teachings in the world can't keep either BROWN or JONES from finding out that the other is a decent fellow. It depends much, of course, on the nature of the boys; for there are some lank and evil-eyed people born into the world who *must* hate their neighbors, and are happy to pretend they do it for the love of God. But in most, the kindly memories of boyhood will influence the important actions of manhood. Let us hope that the next generation will not be broken up into bitter sects and little partizan cliques. It has a great work to do—that of building up the third great English speaking nation—the second power on the continent; union and a national spirit might make it the first.

So you see, my dear reader, I began to give you an account of some passages in my school life, and thought at first of benching the little boys of to-day, showing that they think too little of muscle and too much of good clothes; too little of being manly, and too much of being *genteel*. But to reach a conclusion is not the intention of conversation, any more than the getting your horse into stable again is the intention of a ride.

For a pleasant ride, take what turns you please, and find your way home across country.

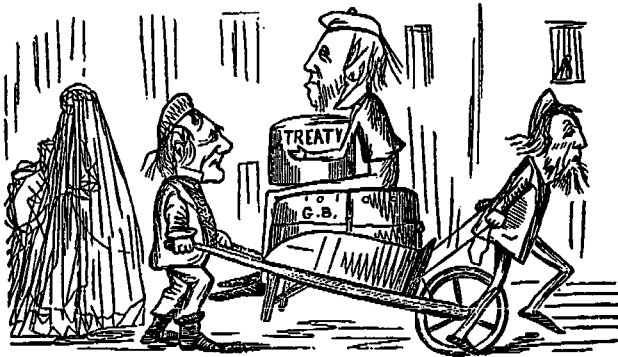
Some of these papers will, no doubt, be blown this way and that by every breeze of my thought, but, perhaps, after you have followed them a few months you will find that they generally tend in one direction.

Query?

IN noticing an amateur concert given in Uxbridge on the night of the QUEEN'S Birthday, the *Journal* of that village says:

"Mrs. B. favored the audience with "*The broken style*," which was well rendered."

The lady didn't surely amuse the audience with illustrations of the "*Grecian Bend*?" Or did she sing that plaintive song entitled "*Shabby Genteel*?"



A HINT TO EXTRAVAGANT TRAVELLERS.

THE *Mail's* Ottawa despatch of Tuesday last contained the following paragraph:—

"The Hon. GEORGE BROWN arrived here this afternoon from Washington. He was met at the station by Mr. MACKENZIE and Mr. MCKELLAR. The three men and Mr. BROWN'S trunk formed the load for a 'one-horse shay.'"

GRIP has received private advices confirming this story of reckless extravagance and is utterly cast down by it. The present Ministry went into power on the hobby of economy and retrenchment, and *O tempora!* here the first session of its *regime* is hardly over when this exhibition of unexampled prodigality is made by the very leaders of the party! Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD has distinguished himself as a spendthrift, but that Right Honorable gentleman has nothing of this sort on his record. Just think of it, people of Canada—you, the sturdy yeomen and others who pay your taxes—think of a whole one-horse conveyance for the use of a Senator, a Premier, a Local House Minister, and a travelling trunk! GRIP has been at Ottawa, and can assure all who have not that the railway station is not over two miles from the cheapest hotel in the city. It is therefore scandalous that able-bodied Ministers of the Crown should ride a few steps in such pomp and circumstance when they might by walking save the public funds quite considerably. If, however, it were a case in which the labor of diplomacy had fatigued one of the number they might manage to reach the hotel comfortably and still spare their name for prudence. Of course the best thing that can be done now about this unfortunate occurrence is to "improve the occasion;" it is too late to think of actually saving any of the money. Then, GRIP would say, let important personages who may ever happen in such a case, study and benefit by the suggestion he has drawn for them at the head of these observations.

Toronto Adaptations.

AFTER BYRON.

Maid of bar-room, ere we part,
Give, oh, give to me thy *carte*,
Till it lies next to my breast,
If I liquor, I am blest.
Hear me, now, before I go!
Go 'way, now? no, not for JOE!

By that chignon pinned behind,
With its horseshair padding lined;
By those lids whose reddened fringe;
Pale above the rouge-pot's tinge;
By those bottles in a row—
Go 'way, now? no, not for JOE!

By that lip of acrid taste;
By the plumpers o'er thy waist;
By all thy perfumes cheap that smell
As words can never hope to tell;
By all thy loud and gaudy show—
Go 'way, now? no, not for JOE!

Maid of bar-room, I'll begone—
Think of me when thou art lone.
I will fly to haunts where pool
At quarter stakes is all the rule.
Won't I take the picture? No.
Go 'way, now? yes, that's for JOE.

A Revery.

LATE one night, I DARWIN studied,
Found him more than half convincing,
Found my clear old notions muddled,
Owned my pedigree, though wincing.

Perhaps the jorum was a strong one
That I took when I had finished,
For my rev'ry was a long one,
And my wakefulness diminished.

Fancy took me on her pinion
Back into the time primeval,
Man as yet had no dominion,
Nor was capable of civil.

Still he swung, by tail depending,
From the palm-tree very gaily,
Or with claw and tooth ascending
Gathered nuts to grab on, daily.

There I saw him, Nature's darling,
All unconscious of selection,
Capable 'tis true of snarling,
Where he should have shewn affection.

'Twas the only human gesture
That as yet foretold him father
To the things that should wear vesture
And deny thier parents—rather!

Yet, not far seemed his removal,
For I saw familiar traces
Of the smirk of self-approval,
That one sees on King street faces.

And along that street of fashion
To this day I cannot far win,
But some ape-like face or parson
Clinches arguments for DARWIN.

In Mosquitonem.

BY A RURAL MORALIST.

SAFE out of reach, altho' so near!
How oft thy *mezzo* voice I hear
Sing out thy war song in my ear,
Demon Mosquito.

How sad in summer even calm,
To hear the hasty muttered "d--n!"
The angry slap—the door's loud slam,
At a Mosquito!

How sad to see the frantic sage
Dash down his philosophic page,
And tear around half mad with rage
At a Mosquito!

When sighs the lover's bosom wring,
Who woos the cold but sweet young thing,
Thou add'st thine own to CURIO'S sting,
Demon Mosquito!

Full oft the small boy's swollen limb
Reveals the speculative whim
That caused thee try "inflating" him,
Demon Mosquito!

And, circling round me as I write,
(To memory dear, nor lost to sight)
Thou threaten'st e'en my Muse's flight,
Demon Mosquito!

To Correspondents and Contributors.

R. W., Ottawa.—Have written you privately.
Corn Cobb, Jr.—Please send us your present address.
Richard de Dicke.—The business will be attended to immediately.
Cannot accept for the present.



JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY;

OR, "HOIST WITH HIS OWN—" PREROGATIVE.

MRS. MINISTER OF JUSTICE DORION (To THE HON. A. A. DITTO)—"He was a good 'ittle Grittay-Tittay, so he was, and he shall have a nice 'ittle soft seatay-teestay, so he shall!"

"Our Inherent Resources."



UNDER the above heading, a very elaborate article recently appeared in the *Evening Star* (Montreal), a paper which boasts of being "the largest sheet in the world for one cent."

The editor is in the habit of using the most formidable words, which, though very impressive in themselves, have the demerit of somewhat belittling his articles, and forcing the reader to think of whales turned loose in a minnow pond.

We are inclined to believe that the article before us had not been fully prepared, but was printed, with such connection as the type-setter thought needful, from a list of words selected by the editor for use under the above heading. This method of getting up an editorial is highly ingenious, but, like many of the "wrinkles" referred to in the article before us, will not be likely to obtain a fair trial from the editorial world.

The article begins thus:—

"That man deserves well of his country, who, by oneness of enterprise, or originality of interposition, eliminates a source of natural wealth or a means of superficial remuneration for the national weal—and that, too, with a singleness of purpose which recoils from all mundane reward."

We have struggled with that sentence for a week in the hope of unravelling its meaning, we have read it to our friends so often that it is forever imprinted on their memories, the wife of our bosom has shuddered as we have declaimed it in our sleep.

Now we are convinced, that not to us has been granted some peculiar faculty necessary to comprehend it. But how nobly it sounds—what a balance and rhythm is there!

We hereby announce that if any person can be found, "who, by oneness of enterprise, or originality of interposition," "eliminates" its meaning, GARR, "with singleness of purpose," will use his great influence to have the eliminator placed beyond the reach of "mundane reward." After including "the Gems of Brazil, the Petroleum of Pennsylvania, and the Guano of Peru" in our *inherent resources*, allusion is made to "Watt disembowelling the mighty metals which led to the present iron age." Then the writer reluctantly says, "but we must confine ourselves to the sequence of our preface," and proceeds as follows:—

"There is no doubt about it, then, that Canada lacks those enterprising souls, who, either with pen, purse, or person, might serve her nobly and serve her well; for, if we are to wait until our national exigencies create our national requirements, we may wait until the Falls of Niagara recede into Lake Erie; or, until atmospheric locomotion, with swifter flight, approves the iron-horse a snorting impediment."

How the iron horse can ever become a "snorting impediment" to "atmospheric locomotion," by which we suppose is meant balloon travelling, we do not understand; for it is improbable that the balloon of the future will sail so close to the earth as to interfere with even the smokestack of a railway engine.

After a column in which are mentioned "our Boundless Territories, enclosing exhaustless hills and dales," and "our Grand Surrounding and Inland Oceans," we find the article enquiring whether, "we have any place by which apparent gains can be submitted to our practical ken, or national and individual enterprise may be cultivated by means, which bear the stamp of truthful and official recognition." We really don't know. Then he asks "a few plain questions of what in Canada is conspicuous by its absence":—

1. Has it ever occurred to us that the oysters of the Chesapeake would fructify generously in the streams of many of our Provinces?
2. Are we aware that the phosphate rocks of Canada are richer in superphosphates than those of the Charleston contiguity?
3. Are we aware that the Sumac plant, extensively used as a dye and tan, grows abundantly wild amongst us, and that while the Americans are gathering and grinding it in thousands of tons per annum for home and export use, we scarcely know its whereabouts, and ignore its utility altogether.

Those question surprise us, and to them we oppose others in the same style:—

Is the editor of the *Star* not aware that the fragrant cabbage perennially emanating from the alluvial deposits of our gardens, is extensively beneficial in conjunction with the foliage of the sumac to the larger manufacture of home-made cigars?

Is the editor of the *Star* not aware that some connection is requisite between the parts of a newspaper article, and that it is extremely unsafe to allow the DEVIL to wield his pen?

If "OUR INHERENT RESOURCES" was written by the editor, we fear that he must have listened to Mr. CARTWRIGHT's explanation of the deficit, and attempted an imitation of his style. But that kind of thing should always be sent to GRIP, with an explanatory title.

TREASURE TROVE.—The *Sun* printed as a sensational caption the other evening "The Finding of a Foundling," and the gentlemanly editor is not an Irishman either.



THE "HEIGHT" OF THE FASHION.

MAUDE.—(confidentially)—"Do tell me, dear, is my hat really on?"
MABEL.—"It is, darling; I only wish I could be as sure about mine!"



"EXPERIENTIA DOCET."

AGENTS are making from \$50 to \$100 per day selling our inventions. Articles never seen or heard of before, sell like wildfire. Send at once inclosing stamps, for particulars and district required.

Address, YANK & Co., Maine.

NOTE.—The individual above has had the exclusive agency for one month.

Particulars Wanted.

THE *Montreal Daily Witness* of May 29th had the following advertisement:

"My white dog has returned home. Some one has clipped and cut its tail, and placed a brown leather collar on it. For particulars apply after 6 p.m. at 531 St. Elizabeth St."

As GRR cannot in person call at 531 St. Elizabeth St., and his *Montreal Correspondent* is never up after six o'clock in the evening, he hereby asks for particulars.

How was the brown leather collar secured to the cut tail of the white dog? Was it placed on the tail as an ornament or with the intention of protecting the cut?

Grip.

Edited by Mr. Dennis Widge.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO EDITORS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

Exchange newspapers and articles intended for insertion in GRIP must, until further notice, be addressed to P. O. Box 100, Carrillon, Quebec. Business communications are still to be sent to Box 956, Toronto.

NEW AND SEASONABLE.

Just received, a choice assortment of
CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS, CHIGNONS
COILS, &c., &c.,

In Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen. Pads in sets of six. Pompadour Pads and Frisotts.

A New and General Variety of Switches. Real and imitation goods made to order with despatch, to match any color, style or pattern. Ladies sending their own hair can have it made to order

GEORGE ELLIS,
Wholesale and Retail. 179 Yonge St., Toronto.
Four doors from Queen St., East side.

MINISTERIAL GALOP

WITH

LARGE PORTRAIT
OF

HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.

IN PRESS. WILL BE READY IN A FEW DAYS.

Wholesale and retail by

THOS. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge St.

TORONTO TEA COMPANY

ONLY PLACE OF BUSINESS

161 King Street East,

(East Market Square.)

The number of customers that daily crowd our store is a proof that we give great satisfaction. Give us a trial and judge for yourselves.

TO THE TRADE ONLY

FOR LATEST PATTERNS IN
ALL KINDS OF REAL AND IMITATION

HAIR GOODS,

At Lowest Wholesale Prices,

APPLY TO THE

New Dominion Chignon Factory,

96 YONGE ST, TORONTO,

FRANCIS J. BORMUTH, Proprietor.

DANIEL SPRY,
TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS,

GENERAL GROCERIES,

WINES, LIQUORS,

AND PROVISIONS.

135 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

VOLUME III.

AGENTS WANTED

EVERYWHERE

To Canvass for Subscribers

TO

“GRIP,”

TO WHOM A

Liberal Discount will be given.

Special Rates to Clubs

Terms on application to the
Proprietors.

Send FIVE CENTS for Sample Copy of the only Illustrated Comic Paper in Canada, every issue of which hereafter will have a DOUBLE PAGE OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

J. W. BENGOUGH & Co.,

PROPRIETORS,

P. O. Box 958,

TORONTO.

CITY BANK,
MONTREAL.

SAVINGS BANK

DEPARTMENT,

262 YONGE STREET,

West Side, two doors north of Trinity Square.

SUMS OF FIVE DOLLARS & UPWARDS

RECEIVED ON DEPOSIT,

and interest allowed thereon at the rate of 5 per cent, subject to withdrawal without notice or rebate of interest.

Sterling Bills from £5 upwards, and Gold and Currency Drafts on New York, sold at current rates.

The office being open every evening from 7 to 8, and on Saturdays from 7 to 9, it offers great facilities to Mechanics and others who are unable to leave their occupations during the day.

GRIP! GRIP!! GRIP!!!

OYSTERS!

AT

WHYTE'S MANSION,

69 KING STREET EAST.

JAMES WHYTE, in returning thanks to his customers, begs to inform the public generally that he has, by the advice of his friends, added to his establishment an

OYSTER BAR.

Parties favoring him with a call can be served with Oysters from the shell, of the best quality.

Hot Meat Pies at all hours.

TO PRINTERS.

FOR SALE.—About 100 lbs. (Roman and Italic) **BREVIER**, second-hand, part copperfaced, in case. Price 20 cents per lb. Specimens and particulars on application to

Care "Grip," Toronto.

THE NATION.

"The Nation," an independent Weekly Newspaper, devoted to National politics, National culture, and National progress.

Published on Thursday of each week,

in time for the English mails, at 5 cents per copy.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE.

Canadian subscribers, per annum . . . \$2 00
American " " U.S. cy 3 00
British " " Stg .. 10s.

Postage prepaid on British and American subscriptions at the office of publication.

Rates for other foreign countries furnished on application.

J. M. TROUT,

Business Manager.

Office of "The Nation,"
66 Church St., Toronto

Printed at the Office of the **MONEY-TIMES**, 64 and 66 Church Street, Toronto.