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VOL. I. TORONTO, AUGUST 30TH, 1873. No. 14.

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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.

G R I P .

EDITED BY JIMMEL BRIGGS, D.B.

*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, AUGUST 30th, 1873.

THE EVERLASTING SCANDAL.

Mr. Huntington has repudiated the Royal Commission, and refuses to attend previous to it, and give evidence. He considers its appointment an infringement of the prerogatives of parliament, and regards the nether portion of Lord Dufferin's court costume assumed for prorogation purposes as *breeches* of privilege. He thinks the Commission is a packed tribunal, and like our able cartoonist, does not see much difference between *Knight* and *Day*. (Explanation for the benefit of *Globe* editors. Sir John is of course a Knight, and Day is one of the judges. See?) Even the poetical associations of the *Gowan* will not tempt him to *Polette* (pull it) This is the second "investigation," and nothing done yet. At this rate we shall probably get to know all about this affair by the time we get bald-headed.

RAMBLES ROUND TOWN.

THE PRIORY.—Passing along North Pembroke Street the other day, we noticed a neat little Gothic residence labelled "The Priory." Wherefore Priory? Our imagination reverting to the times of yore, conjured up as the probable occupant a portly old sardine wearing a cowl and "sandal shoon," and a girdle around a very extensive waist, who drank sack and malvoisie, and ate venison pasties, and used to take journeys ambling on a mule, always carrying a heavy purse of nobles and moldores, of which he was certain to be relieved by a festive gang of outlaws, who gave most of it to the poor, and indulged in no end of practical jokes at the prior's expense. That's the kind of man a prior used to be according to the romances. Has any such anachronism been seen in the neighbourhood of North Pembroke street? Well, we suppose the occupant of the house in question has a *prior* claim to it to any one else, and can call it what he pleases. One thing is certain, there are plenty of *pryers* in that section who employ their time largely in attending to other people's affairs, and signify their disapproval of their neighbours' conduct by daubing their houses with tar.

THE HACKMEN'S STRIKE.—The strike of the hackmen had a very noticeable effect on street traffic while it lasted. The city seemed much quieter while so many vehicles were withdrawn from use. The Commissioners, it must be allowed, are so far victorious, inasmuch as the horses of their antagonists were *sent to grass*. Quite a novelty for them too, after the unremitting toil required for this *cab-age*. In this connection we may inquire: "Why did the streets of Toronto last week resemble the distasteful Lunatic Asylum at Orillia?" Give it up. Why, because there weren't many *hacks* (maniacs) there!

YORK PIONEERS.—We happened into our tailors the other day with the object of inducing him to trust us for that new suit in which we have been so long intending to invest. He mildly deplored, and reminded us of that outstanding little bill. "We were intending to settle," we replied, "but last week we went on the York Pioneer's excursion, and dissipated our available shekels." "York Pioneers," said he, "you surely have no connection with that body? If you were one of them now, I might safely credit you." "Why so?" said we, surprised to find a hard and practical man of business thus amenable to sentimental considerations. "Because they are all *early settlers*" was the reply. We left.

TO LORD DUFFERIN.

Not that you are abused. All public men
Who dare do right, are, and will be again.
But we do owe you deep apology
That you have been abused so clumsily.
Yet we must in extenuation say,
Our chief fishwife philologist's away.
And old, if here. How had his trumpet rung,
Had you so come, so done, when he was young;
What borrowed pinions he had then unfurled!
What stolen thunderbolts had at thee hurled!
What speeches (cribbed from Hansard) then had been!
What leaders (filched from Junius) we had seen!
Alas! worn out, he rails no more; nor will—
True Caledonian—pay the hire of skill.
Cheap, ill-informed, and ungrammatical scribes
Grind now those endless, pointed diatribes,
That make us toss the *Globe* aside, and cry:
"Time was, when brains were out, that men would die."

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

The Duke of Manchester called at our office while he was in town, and subscribed for *Grip*. He didn't seem a bit like a duke. No coronet radiant with priceless gems bedecked his haughty brow. On the contrary, he wore a plug hat just like any other man. When he wanted to call his valet he didn't stamp his foot, strike a theatrical attitude, and exclaim in imperious tones, "What ho there, varlet!" He just said, "Here, Jim." He didn't scatter largesse with lavish hand among an admiring crowd of peasants and menials—not much he didn't. And when he accidentally ran against a citizen at the door, he didn't survey him with outraged scorn in every lineament of his countenance, and observe, "Out of my way, fellow!" No, he bowed urbanely, and said, "I really beg your pardon, sir." He is a pleasant, affable, and intelligent gentleman, but as a Duke he can hardly be considered a success.

THE "MONETARY TIMES."

We have received a copy of the *Monetary Times*. It is a peculiar paper. The editors appear to have exercised their ingenuity in writing upon subjects of no imaginable interest to any human being. Queer fish these commercial editors. For instance, our eye lights upon an article headed "Oil Matters." Now, oil don't matter in the slightest degree to us or anybody we know. We haven't any wells. Then again, "Transportation Facilities." Who cares about transportation facilities any way? What must be thought of the intellectual calibre of the man who could deliberately write "It is proposed to build four tracks on the New York Central," and omit to add the humorism which naturally suggests itself, viz.: "and yet this continent was once a *trackless* wilderness." The entire paper in fact is lamentably devoid of jokes, though it must be allowed there is considerable spice in the report of the grocery trade. A portion of this remarkable journal is devoted to *serial* (e-real) literature—the crop reports. Why anybody ever subscribes for the *Times* passes our comprehension. We would want to be paid for reading it; and as to writing for it, we wouldn't undertake the contract for untold gold. But we don't suppose Trout would give us untold gold, so it doesn't make any difference. We insert this *monitory* item to warn our readers against being beguiled into the purchase of a journal, the conductors of which thus persist in alienating all human sympathy from their undertaking.

THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO RUN FOR PARLIAMENT.

Probably you know him reader, especially if you are a resident of Toronto. He is to be met with in great profusion, especially a few months before a general election. You see him around the Parliament Buildings when the Local House is in session, and at political gatherings and banquets. He permeates newspaper offices and saloons, and talks to you confidentially of his prospects, being anxious to secure your influence. The man who is going to run for Parliament is generally a young lawyer, ambitious in the extreme, a fluent talker but remarkably wanting in tact and discretion. In his lexicon, as in that of Cardinal Richelieu there is "no such word as fail." He has, he tells you, a constituency in his eye which is absolutely certain to return him. The present member is going to retire in his favour. His father or uncle lives here, and is a man of great local influence; and will spend about five thousand dollars to elect him. There isn't any one in the constituency has the slightest chance against him. The whole thing is cut and dried. Still he would like us to put in a word for him if we have a chance. He always had a great respect for us, and admired our



WAITING FOR HUNTINGTON!

productions. That last hit of ours was particularly good. "And now Briggs, you know, I tell you all this in confidence; I don't want a soul to know about it just yet, so don't breathe a word about it at present—will you? Come and have a drink." After he has imbibed he gets still more communicative. He gives us his views upon Canadian politics generally, and "defines his position." He goes in for forming a third party—both the present organisations are effete—played out. "Sir John can't rule the country for ever, and the Grits are always impracticable, so what the country needs is for the young men to combine and form a new party on a more progressive basis." Possibly his views lean towards Canadian Independence. Often however he is a thorough going party man, and bases his claims on the fact that his party what a little new blood. Sir John or George Brown, as the case may be, told him so, and promised to favour his candidature. We don't doubt it in the slightest, for ever since he had the assurance of their favour he has been working like a Trojan for the party—stumping and canvassing—spending money and time in the cause to show his zeal on the faith of this promise.

Somewhat or other he never gets elected; in nine cases out of ten he isn't even nominated. Meet him a month or two after the elections and he doesn't seem so much interested in politics as he used to be. His pocket constituency has gone back on him in some unaccountable manner. The "old man" wasn't able to spare the money necessary, or the former member obstinately persisted in running again. The farmers with remarkable stupidity failed to see that a Toronto lawyer was the man to look after their interests, and went after some old ignoramus who couldn't speak half a dozen sentences of English, on the absurd ground that he was a local man—"Sectionalism, sir is the curse of this country."

So he subsides again into his original in-significance for a spell, but the chances are that he will come to the front again with his claims at the next election. It is not any wonder that he so seldom attains the object of his ambition after all, when we consider that on a moderate computation there are enough of these youthful legal Parliamentary aspirants in Toronto alone, to furnish at least two candidates for every constituency in the Province, and then leave enough over to supply Manitoba.

JOKELETS.

THE VOCALIST'S PARADISE—Sing-Sing.

THE POINT OF A SENTENCE—The full stop.

GIVE a dog a bad name, and its just the same to him as any other. Common fare.—The thoroughfare.

A TABLE of Interest.—The dinner table.

AN end always to be kept in view.—Dividend.

WHEN is a man not a man? When he's a little hoarse.

WHAT things increase the more they are contracted? Debts

A WORSHIPPER of Bail (Baal)—A committed prisoner.

NEVER kick a man when he's down, unless you are sure he can't get up.

THE man who collected his thoughts, had a great difficulty in collecting his accounts.

WHAT sort of a soldier would do most service in a night attack? A "light" dragon.

WHY is a barber like a meridian? Because he passes from "pole to pole."

WHEN does Sir John A. display most physical strength? When he moves the house.

A YOUNG lady at the Gardens last week declined frosted cake, because she thought it might give her cold.

AN early Spring.—Jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

A HIGHLAND taste is said to be illustrated in the wish to have a "Ben Lomond of snuff, and a Loch Lomond of whiskey."

A DOG with two tails was seen in Yorkville last week; one belonged to an ox, and was carried in the dog's mouth.

If you dislike a child, and beat it, how does that prevent it having the small-pox?—Because you whacks an' hutes it—(vaccinates it).

Our reporter, who has actually tried it, says, that although there are three scruples in a drachm, the more 'drums' one takes the fewer scruples one has.

"THE MAN WHO KNOWS, ETC."—Since the publication of the article entitled "The Man who knows how to run a Comic Paper," about a dozen of our friends and acquaintances have indignantly remonstrated with us, on the ground that it could not have been intended for any one but themselves individually. Some of the number have cut us dead, vowing never to have anything more to say to us. We sincerely hope they will carry out their intention.

THE UNCHANGING ORGAN-GRINDER.

Good policeman, move the minstrel, playing still before my door,
Pass him onward, ere quite through my nerves auricular he bore;
Lo, he bangs the clanging cymbals, blows the organ, beats the drum,
Yet from all in tune unchanging, still the self-same measures come.

Long ago, 'mid March winds blustering, loud the doleful ditty rung,
Softly smiling came the spring-time—none the softer, though, he sung;

Unfatigued by fierce July's heat, still he rattled, banged, and blew—
Take him hence! in pity take him, lest it squeak all winter through.

"Horrible Pacific Scandal! Base Sir Hugh! Corrupt Sir John!
Worthy—Honest—Great McMullen! Purest-motived Huntingdon!"
Thus he singeth, thus he soundeth. If thou wilt not go away,
Change the tune—oh, change the subject! rest our ears for once to-day.

Pacify thy cry Pacific! oh, be done with Huntingdon!
No, he changes not, and goes not! still the weary sounds roll on—
"Wicked Cartier! Vile Macdonald! Awful, awful Dufferin!"
Pray, policemen! soldiers!—some one! stop his never-ending din!

MACKENZIE'S ADDRESS.

Grits! wha hae to Blake aft said,
"We to Lattle man be led,"
This time we a' maun boo the head,
And gie the Tories victory.

Dinna greet or look sae dour,
This is nae time to test our power,
But mak guid use o' ilka hour
Tae pit them in a q-audary.

Wha can be a Tory knave?
Who can dare Brown's wrath to brave?
Supportin' not oor charge sae grave
Agin the Tory Ministry.

Wha the man sae guid and braw,
As will in spite o' Queen and law,
Wark for the Tories' final fa'
Reformer!! slyly follow me.

By the Opposition's pains,
When Reform a vict'ry gains,
The man wha noo the cause maintains,
He shall weel rewarded be.

Let McMullen noo lay low,
His testimony is nae go,
This is nae time to strike the blow.
Caledonians! bide a wee.

TO MR. TILLEY.

And thou art to be knighted! In old days
Thou had'st been well regarded. We had said
This man had served his country well—has kept
His good name all unstained—his honor clear;
And, leaving public life, a record leaves
Of worthy actions, such as patriots
May well applaud, and statesmen imitate.
Hast thou been such? I know not, and I say
To thee, good sir, I have no means of knowing.
Where should I learn? From journals? They conceal
What truths suit not their purpose. From the words
Of politicians? I do stand, and hear
These men deceive the people. I but trust
Thou meritest the honor—that thou dost
How should Canadians know?

JUVENILE PRECOCIETY.

Clara—"Now, Georgy, you mustn't tell stories; don't you know where you will go to, if you tell stories?"

Georgy—Guess I'd go to church, just like Pa does!"

ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

Young Simmons to would be Aristocrat—"You don't happen to know the Tompkins's, do you?"

Would be Aristocrat—"No, we don't know those persons."

Young Simmons—Excuse me; no offence, I hope; only Tompkins requested me to hand you \$10 he owed you. I see I must be mistaken; pray pardon me. [Exeunt Simmons, grinning profoundly.]

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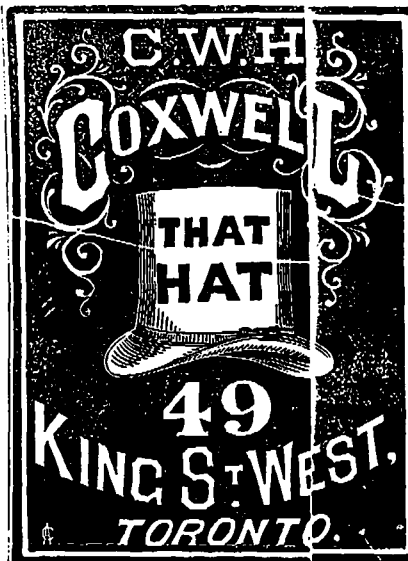
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