

PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.

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

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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 99, Carleton, 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 20, 1874.

No. 4.

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THIS WEEK.

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Statement for Year ending Dec. 31. 1873.

| | RECEIPTS. | |
|-----------------|-----------|----------------|
| Premiums, | - - - - - | \$1,670,265 13 |
| Interest, | - - - - - | 501,791 51 |
| Total Receipts, | - - - - - | \$2,172,056 64 |

| | DISBURSEMENTS. | |
|--------------------------------------|----------------|--------------|
| Death Losses, | - - - - - | \$416,800 00 |
| Paid for Surrendered Policies, | - - - - - | 189,368 24 |
| Paid Return Premiums, | - - - - - | 345,401 17 |
| Paid Matured Endowments, | - - - - - | 7,900 00 |
| Total amount returned Policyholders, | - - - - - | \$959,470 41 |

Total amount returned Policyholders, \$959,470 41
Assets, \$8,000,000; Surplus at 4 1/2 per Cent,
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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

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G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. DEMOS MUDGE.

The grabeat Yeast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1874.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. J. M., Ottawa.—We cannot accept your contribution. It is much too personal. The statement that "Mr. McKenzie saved his plato, with the collar box containing it," is not to be found in any other report of the fire. If true, the fact is too trivial for GRIP's notice, and, if false, we cannot pay at the rate of two dollars a column for a stale joke.



SCENE—UNION STATION.

SWELL.—"Aw!—Will I have to get a ticket for a puppy?"

POLITE AGENT.—"Oh, no! Certainly not, sir; you can travel on the ordinary paste-board!"

Grip's Saturday Review.

OUR appeal of some weeks ago to confiding publishers, we regret to say, failed to meet with that amount of success which is commonly meted out to church lotteries and professors of "Three Card Monte."

Yellow covered novels having not showered down upon us with that overwhelming profusion which we had anticipated, and for which we had thoughtfully provided by the purchase of a second-hand book-case and a feather duster, it behoves us in the interests of the public to turn our critical acumen into another channel and, so to speak, to review the events of the day in such a manner as to compel the admission that although not a review of novels, it is at least a novel review.

And to this end we have invested in the daily papers for the last week, to such an extent as to induce a belief on the part of our landlady that we are somebody's next of kin expecting to hear of something to our advantage if we will "call on address Messrs. SKINNER & FLAYEN," &c., &c., &c.

Our aim is and has been to give the news of the day to our readers in a condensed and discursive, not to say meandering, style; not sandwiching piety and politics, and thereby bringing a libel suit on our heads, nor indulging in the pleasant personalities of *The Mail*, or the gentle acerbities of *The Globe*, but steering in a middle course and giving the GRIP-admiring public the quintessence of the week's gossip, personal and political.

And we have been specially requested by cable telegram from the CZAR to contradict the report that the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH has been presented with a perambulator by an enterprising New York firm.

The much vexed question of precedence at the English Court has been settled by the wisdom of our special ambassador, who decided

that the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, being the elder of the tw^o walked before the PRINCESS was born, and therefore had a r^{ight} walk first now.

It is a singular coincidence that this same question of precedence was the thorn in the side of the much lamented Siamese Twins.

Rejected contributors are warned that we always go armed and own a bull dog; revenge therefore may not be found convenient.

Grip Mounts the Tribunal.

GRIP has noticed with pain that in no Canadian magazine or newspaper is an honest criticism of any Canadian work ever to be seen. Either authors understand the art of being reviewed, or publishers have too much interest with the press. It is inconceivable that any person who can read, should deliver the judgments found in the large dailies as fair expressions of opinion. It is equally difficult to understand that the editors of sheets like the *Globe*, *Mail* or *Montreal Gazette*, can be bribed by copies of trashy works, sent in for review by the booksellers. We must therefore believe that they insert puffs as advertisements paid for in kind, to which they expect the public to attach no more significance than they do themselves. When the *Canadian Monthly* was begun, GRIP, at that time meditating the appearance which has since delighted the world, hoped that feeble rhymsters and silly writers of sillier stories were for the future to receive their merited benching. But as yet he has seen nothing to confirm his hope; on the contrary, the people referred to have made good their footing in the magazine itself, and inside its covers publish their washed out sentiment. We are, therefore, forced by a strong sense of duty to perform the task which is neglected by the proper authorities.

It is probable that our patience would have held out a little longer, had not a last cruelty been inflicted by the volume of poems of AMADIS MINCHIN, published by HAMAN & POOLE. We do not intend inflicting upon the aspiring MINCHIN the terrible punishment of a detailed criticism. He escapes, and fifty others equally deserving, because this notice was not given at a time previous to the publication of their works. Of MINCHIN's poems, we have nothing more to say than that they are literary emetics, only surpassed in strength by the critiques to which they have given birth.

The Globe says:—"This volume reveals a subtle and delicate imagination, earnest and tender aspiration after the beautiful, and true and rich musical harmony."

The Mail:—"The utterance of an intensely earnest spirit summoning all hearts to rise and rejoice in humanity."

The Toronto Sun:—"This volume contains beautiful imagery that lingers in the chambers of the brain like the memory of a speechless joy or a peroration of Mr. R. M. ALLEN. The poet's soul is steeped in melancholy, and the shadow darkens all subjects with an intense and morbid sorrow that recalls the late lamented BYRON."

Montreal Witness:—"Deep sensibility, soul stirring thought, and that devotion to the best interests of morality and temperance, which characterizes M. F. TUPPER, T. S. ARTHUR, and in fact the works of all men of transcendent genius."

These are random selections from the reviews of MINCHIN's poems, and fair specimens of the usual twaddle uttered by Canadian editors on such occasions.

In future, we intend to bring before the competent and impartial tribunal on which sits the sage of literature, GRIP, all silly books that may be published.

PUFF and HUMBUG have held the scales so long, that those hereafter weighed in a true balance will, no doubt, proclaim us unjust and cruel. But upheld by the sense of right we will not shrink.

We are not aware that any Canadian writer of true talent is to be found outside the host of our contributors. A fair judgment of their relative places in literature might be arrived at by comparing the amounts of copy we have accepted from each. But the impenetrable secrecy of our sanctum prevents the public application of the test.

It is absurd to say that our home market is monopolized by foreign—English and American—writers, and that native talent has no chance of recognition and support, but in future we shall take care that it has due recognition. What literature we have, let us not be ashamed of. The ground must be kept clear of thistles if we wish a crop of grain.

There are materials in Canadian life and scenery, which, properly used, will secure to our COMING GENIUS a fame as wide as the language. Till his arrival, GRIP will keep down pretenders of all kinds, not excluding those who write namby-pamby stories, and moral pap which can only be forced down the public throat by the pretty girls who act as agents.

SUGGESTED TO THE ANGLICAN SYNOD BY A QUEEN STREET BOARDER.—In view of oration, make the burial service read, "Dust to dust; ashes to ashes."

A Puff.

Upon the subject to which GRIP's Cartoon of this week alludes—the SANOSTER controversy—much is said and written; much that is wise, and much that is otherwise; much that is "plain unvarnished," and a little that is highly figurative. The London *Daily Advertiser* is, of course, to the fore, and distinguishes itself by the following contribution to the literature of the times:

"This" (SANOSTER's rejection by the East Durham Convention) "is only one of the many recent indications that the tide of opinion so assiduously turned in a certain direction by interested parties, is now beginning to blow strong in another way."

There are theories and theories about the tides, but this is the first time GRIP has met the suggestion that these phenomena are in the habit of blowing; he had imagined that to be the peculiar pastime of certain London editors.

Never Touch Rum.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

"JOHN," said the mother to her son, as he was about to leave home in pursuit of fortune, "JOHN, never touch rum."

"I'm not likely to, mother," answered the young man; yet his eyes fell, and, conscious of deception, he could not look her in the face.

"This is evasion, JOHN," said she, as she laid one hand on his arm, and with the other wiped her sorrowing eyes in the skirt of her dress. Fifteen years previous to the time at which this scene occurred, rum had deprived her of her last pocket handkerchief and her husband (JOHN's father, we may casually remark), he having sold it for the beverage she was now entreating her son to eschew. "Why do you not comply with my request? Promise, oh, promise me, my son, that you will never touch rum."

He could not withstand the touching appeal. The memory of how remarkably kind she had been to him when he was a baby rushed upon him with overpowering force. He turned to her with swimming eyes, and, in a voice husky with emotion, replied:

"No, mother, no, I never, never will touch rum."

They mingled their sobs together.

He put down his valise on the ground, unstrapped it, and brought forth a paper collar to replace the one her tears had discoloured and her embraces frayed. As she put it on for him, she remarked: "See, JOHN, the result of rum. If your poor father had not disposed of my handkerchiefs, you would not have been forced to the extravagance of two SHAKESPEARE collars in one day."

The young man was struck with the closeness of her reasoning, and again repeated his promise. It had been nobly given; and now, as he walked to the station, philosophy came to his aid, and reminded him of enjoyments yet remaining.

"I can get," he reflected, "considerable amusement out of old rye, 'Trix gin, and brandy, not to mention other alcoholic preparations, the high price of which places them out of my reach. Well, I don't care; the old woman was pleased, and gave me a V more than I expected. As I never tasted rum, I shall not much miss it." He seemed to forget his self-sacrifice, and smiled cheerfully.

What says the German singer?

"The piling wight looks down and sighs,
But the brave man lifts his eyes
Up to heaven's bright glances."

CHAPTER II.

Years passed over the head of JOHN DUSENBURY, and laid upon it threads of silver as they fled. After the parting recorded in the last chapter he saw his mother no more. He had wended his way to Toronto, and there soon became so wrapped up in business that he had not time to return to his natural home. The manner of his getting a first situation was singular. He had been for some time unemployed, and owed a board bill which troubled his landlady very much indeed.

One morning, after fruitlessly reading all the advertisements in the *Globe* and *Leader*, he strolled with a sad heart into the Terapin. The proprietor of that famous restaurant stood smiling behind the bar. He drew from the array behind him, just as our hero entered, a bottle of plum coloured fluid, which scattered rays like a gem, and placing it before a benevolent looking old gentleman, said:

"There now, Mr. DUMPLER, is some of the real stingo and no mistake. Best old Jamaica you ever see."

The old gentleman filled his glass, and turning placidly to regard it with the front window for a background, his eye met that of JOHN DUSENBURY, who looked upon him with mild reproach.

"Won't you join me?" said he, pleasantly.

JOHN DUSENBURY recoiled as if thunderstruck, and with extended arm and ringing voice, indignantly answered:

"Sir, I never touch rum!"

The old man placed his glass on the counter, and looked on the excited young fellow with intense and wondering admiration.

"Never touch rum! Why?" said he.

"I promised my mother," said JOHN, simply.

The old man flung himself with a cry of deep emotion into JOHN's arms. As he turned two hundred and ninety pounds on a FAIRBANKS scale, the consequence was that our hero was floored with the benevolent old gentleman on top of him. They upset a spittoon as they fell and rolled on the floor. When they had definitely arrived at a horizontal position, the old gentleman apologised for his fervor.

"But I never knew a mother," he exclaimed, "and consequently could not make the promise you so nobly adhere to. How often, oh, how often, in the days that have gone, have I longed for a mother, to whom I might promise that I would never touch rum."

He wept, and they rose, JOHN looking ruefully at his soiled garments.

"Never mind the togs," said the old man. "Fix your gaze on me, young man. RUM has been the bane of my existence. I drink seven half-pints, cold, with sugar, daily, and not less than ten glasses, hot and strong, every evening. This expenditure might have been avoided if I had had a mother when I was very young."

After some further conversation, JOHN DUSENBURY, in answer to the numerous interrogations of his new-made friend, related his name and circumstances.

They had met at the right moment. Mr. DUMPLER had lately discharged his bookkeeper on account of his fondness for rum.

"Take the place," he said to our hero. "Take it. I will add two hundred dollars to the salary. On four hundred and fifty a year a man may eat quite a figure in Toronto. I know young fellows who are great swells and eminent billiard players on half the amount."

"But I have been only one winter at school," said JOHN; "I write very badly, and am a miserable hand at figures."

"Never mind, never mind," said Mr. DUMPLER, with enthusiasm. "That does not matter in the least. The main qualification in an accountant is, that he shall not touch RUM. Other things are of little consequence. Who ever heard of a great merchant ascribing his rise to his education, talent, and industry? No, sir! They all went up because they didn't touch rum."

JOHN DUSENBURY took the situation. His employer gave him every assistance. The business was that of a flour and feed store.

Mr. DUMPLER would bring in his customers and friends to see his new bookkeeper at work.

"Awkward looking fellow," they would remark.

"Sir," the old gentleman would impressively answer, "that young man don't touch rum. I know it; I've seen him myself."

And then he would fondly recount the circumstances of JOHN DUSENBURY's engagement.

(To be concluded in our next).

A Shanty Scene.

BY AN OTTAWA RIVER BOSS, AFTER LONGFELLOW.

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring clouds of mosquitoes Whirl like demons of old, with voices sad and prophetic, Over us victims soar, while terror affrighteth our bosoms. Loud from the tree tops near us the deep-voiced neighboring goose-owl Shrieks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval, but where are the hands that beneath it Tossed the light slap-jack that browned, well greased as it turned in the fry-pan?

Here is the scoop-roofed shanty, the home of Canadian raftsmen, Men whose lives glided on tranquil with pork and molasses, Darkened by having to work, but consoled by unlimited rations. Dead is the cambouse fire, and the cook who bent o'er it departed. Scattered on cribs are the raftsmen far down the brown-rolling river, Descending as far as Quebec, whence ships bear the pine to the ocean. Naught but position remains to the low raftered shanty of MUGGINS.

Ye who rely on the timber, fear not but the winter returning Will bring with it BARTISTE and ANDIE and perhaps an occasional PADDY To wage the old war for a season, and chop down the pines of the forest, To live in contentment on pea soup, and chunks of the well-fatted bacon.

Too Sanguine.

A MARKED IMPROVEMENT.—A lady waiter in the Post Office. Grumblers may expect their utmost wishes accomplished without a ruffle.—*Exchange Paper.*

The editor is altogether too sanguine, if the ELIZABETHIAN style of collar finds as much favour in his town as amongst the ladies of Toronto.



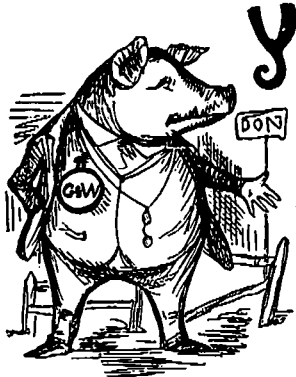
“WAITING FOR THE ANSWER.”

MRS. GRUNDY, speaking for the Public,—NOW, THEN, JOHN HERBERT SANGSTER, WE’LL HEAR
WHAT YOU’VE GOT TO SAY!!!”

Fragrance from the Don.

(A few words of advice by a Representative of the Don Dictators).

" * * * MESSRS. GOODERHAM & WORTS rather sneeringly advise Mr. BALDWIN to betake himself to some quiet watering place, where he can escape from the nuisances he complains of, instead of writing about them in the newspaper press."—*Letter to Globe, Tuesday.*



YE of the squeamish stomachs; ye dwellers by the Don;

Ye who about the "Eastern Smells" so woefully take on;

Ye of the weak olfactory nerves and irritable humors;

Ye autocrats of impudence, ye insolent presumers,

Who, holding dainty noses, rush daily to the papers—

I want to say a word to you about these foolish capers.

"Why all this fuming, fury, fuss—why all this letter-writing? 'Tis wholly useless labour—just so much vapour-fighting; For if you're not content to breathe the odors with good grace, You'd better move your families to some nice watering-place.

"A fig for the 'Authorities,' the People or the Press! They've tried their strength with us before—we run this stench, I guess; Don't care a continental who the "foul effluvia" hurts—It's part of our big business—Us—GOODERHAM & WORTS!!

"You pay your honest taxes and ought to draw your breath, Without inhaling poison, malaria and death? Well; if you want to rid yourselves of this hero "Eastern Pest," Go to some quiet watering-place, or, leastwise, friends, 'Go West!'"

Claypole, Norris & Co.

WHEN DICKENS put his whole power into the portrait of a sneak, the immortal *Noah Claypole* was the result. The joint labours of Messrs. HUNTINGDON & McMULLEN have unfolded a character to the world which raises our opinion of Mr. FAGIN's protegee to something like admiration. Till the late appearance of Mr. GEORGE NORRIS in print, honors were divided; CLAYPOLE or NORRIS—NORRIS or CLAYPOLE; now one appeared greatest, then the other. The persons accessory to the publication of the POPE-MACDONALD letter cannot fairly claim mention in the same breath with these two. To publish a private letter and lay claim to public gratitude for so doing, is high art, no doubt, but as the persons engaged in the affair received no money down, their declaration of public spirit did not seem exactly hypocritical, but only threw a comic air over their proceeding, which detracted somewhat from its exquisite meanness. We have never for a moment considered Mr. YOUNG and his accomplices entitled to rank with the eminent hands alluded to.

We are about to say, when the recollection of the POPE-MACDONALD letter forced us to digress, that Mr. NORRIS has fairly surpassed the hero of the "Kinchin lay."

To snatch coppers from mere babies sent on errands, to knock the little ones into the gutter, and walk slowly away with the confidence that the passers-by will not attend to the complaints of crying children, implied in Mr. CLAYPOLE a beautiful combination of low sneak and impudent bully. To sell the secrets obtained as confidential secretary, to slich, day by day, the correspondence entrusted to his honour, to wear an ingenuous face to his employer while betraying him—these performances showed Mr. GEORGE NORRIS, as a sneak, fully equal to the charity boy. It was still necessary to the perfection of such a character that he should appear as an impudent fellow as he has in several letters to the *Montreal Witness*, in one of which he says:

They accuse me of breach of confidence. Why? Because I helped to expose a great public wrong. Because the public were informed that the Pacific Railway was to be controlled by one man. Because the people were told that the wealth of the country was to be squandered for the benefit of certain individuals. And for supplying these facts I am treated to the very choice names of villain and rascal.

We do not consider the Government very culpable in the appointment of NORRIS to a position under Mr. SWINYARD. The vilest tools are sometimes necessary to those who would attain a public good. If he was only to be purchased by the promise of employment, the

bargain made should be scrupulously adhered to. Ho might, it is true, have been appointed to the position of whiskey detective, or some equally congenial office, but we doubt whether he would be as contemptible in such a position as where he now is. There he will meet gentlemen, only to be a mark for their contemptuous stare, and, of course, his superior, Mr. SWINYARD, will regard him much as a HOUYENHNM did a YAHOO.

An Historical Subject.



THIS engraving represents the *Battle of Queenston Heights*; so does oil painting No. 63 at the Ontario Society's Exhibition at the Music Hall.

Cross Readings from the Newspapers.

THE Church of Scotland Synod was held yesterday at Montreal—the Turf Club was completely remodelled—by an unknown tailor—and the LIEUT. GOVERNOR and his Aide-de-Camp.—Eleven parties declared they have been victimized—by the remarkable work of Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY in Scotland—a tedious and unsatisfactory correspondence—Mr. J. D. EDGAR and Hon. G. A. WALKER—the nuisance in the interest of the public should have been abated—an overture from the Presbytery of Montreal—for the formation of a sound public opinion—as to treating at bars—in all agricultural and commercial transactions—shall be managed by the Synod—Rev. GAVIN LANG protested against—temperance advancing wherever the English language is spoken—Mr. EASTY's dramatic powers—amounted to eighty-five dollars—the reason an urchin gave for—an American pilgrimage to Rome—that DOCTOR SANGSTER received unanimous support of—BARNUM's great caravan—considered unsatisfactory by the Recorder—CORONER DE LA HOOKE held an inquest yesterday on—a dead lock in the Australian Legislature—touching the mission of Senator BROWN to Washington—which furnishes sufficient justification for the mobbing of ROCHEFORT.

A Hint for Mr. Cartwright.

A NOVEL means of raising revenue is suggested by the following advertisement which appeared in the *Globe* the other day:

TO HIDE, SKIN AND FAT DEALERS.—Wanted, by the TORONTO BUTCHERS' ASSOCIATION, tenders for their hides, sheep, lamb and calf skins and tallow.

The spirit of self-sacrifice in the interests of the Association here manifested by the Toronto Butchers should commend itself to the Minister of Finance and his compeers in the Cabinet at Ottawa. Had such a spirit lived in their breasts some weeks ago, we would not have heard of increased taxation and financial embarrassment, the members of the Government would, like the members of the Butchers' Association, have stripped themselves of their natural coverings and offered them for sale, and would have rendered their very tallow rather than a gloomy balance-sheet.

Au Revoir!

OUR operatic season is over. In reply to many kind enquirers GRIP is pleased to say that the *coffers* of the Combination—meaning, of course, the singers who suffered from colds during the week—are now in capital form. The proprietors of the Horticultural Gardens contemplate the departure of Mr. KINROSS with genuine regret—they had really begun to love him! But this is a world of change!

A WARNING.—STREBIC announces another visit by Miss DE MONTFORD; reader, see to your buttons.

CRICKET NEWS.—The Non-Smokers' Eleven of the Toronto Cricket Club have decided against cremation.

A "FLOOD" OF LIGHT.—The explanation is that a brilliant editorial writer on the *Globe* was lately jilted by a lady named FANNY.

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 Frisettes.

A New and General Variety of Switches. Real and imitation goods made to order with dispatch, 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.

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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

TYPE.
 Care "Grip," Toronto.

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J. M. TROUT,

Business Manager.

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