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 Brown's Army and Navy Blacking. B. F. Brown's
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TWIN BROTHERS'

NEW

VEGETABLE DRY HOP YEAST.

FRY IT. IT HAS NO EQUAL. ALL GROCERS KEEP IT.

Ask for TWIN BROTHERS YEAST, and Take no other
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EVERYONE SHOULD VISIT
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BOOTS AND SHOES.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

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"MOLLIE DARLING."

Published by A. S. Irving.

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No. 3, IRVING'S 5 CENT. MUSIC.

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 164 YONGE STREET.

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

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EVERY SATURDAY:
Five Cents.

For Sale at all the Book-stores.

JUST OUT.
 "MOLLIE DARLING"
 AND
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Vol. I.

TORONTO, JULY 5TH, 1873.

No. 6.

The Charming Song,

"MOLLIE DARLING."

Price 5 cts.

Gems of Popular Music,

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Price 5 cts.

Trade Orders for

"MOLLIE DARLING."

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THE ÆTNA occupies a leading
 position among Life Insurance Com-
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 ratio of expenses to receipts, care in
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FIVE CENTS.

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"I HAVE NO HOME."

Address A. S. Irving, Publisher.

NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Our terms for advertisements on the first page are \$1.25 per square, first insertion; \$1.00 each subsequent insertion. Spaces on fourth page, 25 cents apiece, each insertion.

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.—Contributions of suitable matter are solicited. All correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, Box 308, P. O.

ISSUE.—*Grip* will be published every Saturday at five cents per copy. Trade orders supplied by A. S. IRVING, King Street West.

ADVERTISING AGENT—H. B. Montreville.

G R I P .

EDITED BY CHARLES P. HALL.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 5th, 1873.

TO NIAGARA AND BACK.

A REMINISCENCE OF DOMINION DAY.

DEAR GRIP,—I have been to Niagara. Humiliating as the admission may be, I was fool enough to go there (in company with some 750 other fools) on Dominion Day. I was also some more fool enough to take two girls with me. Wasn't one enough? Well, no; I had to take them both. The fact is, you see, one of them was twins, the other one being her sister; and both are so much alike, that I could never tell which was the other one, unless they were both together. By the way, what a nuisance twins are! and very expensive, too.

We had quite a noble army of martyrs on board with us. "Martyrs to circumstances," to the heat of the weather, to lake sickness (we were not on "The sea, the sea, &c." you know), to everything, in fact, that people will be martyrs to when they get on board a vessel; and very glad were most of us when we arrived at that dilapidated specimen of Yankee go-ahead-ativeness called Lewiston, where such as could not walk took the 'bus to the cars. There was a highly coloured individual there (I mean a gentleman of colour), who wanted the 'bus driver to keep three seats for him; but that personage only laughed heartily as he told us white folks to hurry up, and not keep him all day. That coloured individual, I am sure, must have used some very bad language, if we had only been in the way to hear it.

It's a long time since I was to Niagara. In fact, I don't think I have visited the place since I was there last, and I was totally unprepared for the *improvements* which are now in progress there. I need not say how disgusted I felt, how shocked my fine sense of propriety was, to find Art, like a bold, brazen-faced, impudent hussey as she is, rushing unblushingly into the arms of Nature, before the very eyes of all beholders. And as I gazed upon the scene I asked myself, Why is this thusly? Are our Yankee friends so entirely dead to the eternal fitness of things that they must, forsooth, bring Nature and Art into such close contact and comparison as to disgust every one who looks upon the scene. Oh, you *1-dollar-trust* Yankees! charge us as much as you like to view the Falls; cheat us in every possible way you can; trick us out of every cent we have, if you will, but why—oh why, will you go building beggarly brick walls and parapets around about the spot where nature revels in all its most stupendous grandeur and sublimity.

I am not going to describe the Falls: nobody ever *could* describe them. We saw as much as we could in the allotted time, and didn't really have to pay more than 25 per cent, too much for all we saw or had to eat or drink.

The noble army of martyrs was considerably increased on our way home, and several very pathetic scenes took place in consequence. Several young men and maidens changed the natural

order of things, the former nursing the latter with the utmost assiduity. And very tender, affectionate nurses they made, too; at least their companions seemed to appreciate them very muchly.

Just as we moved off from Lewiston, an old man, carrying a basket on his arm, and a preposterously high hat on his head, took off his head-piece and waved it triumphantly in our behalf, exclaiming, in a voice thick with emotion (or old rye) that we had a right to celebrate our holiday, and that we did so nobly—or sentiments to that effect, which were loudly cheered by those who didn't hear what he said. No other incident of note took place on the way home, where we all arrived in due time, as tired to death, as dead beat, and as low-spirited as the clear grits were the night before, as they sneaked home from South Ontario, after proving, very much to their own dismay, that they had no *hold-on* the free and independents in that quarter. *Au revoir!*

JEMMY JONES.

THE APPEAL OF AGONY.

Oh, Mary, Mary! if this meets thy view,
In deepest anguish hear a parent sue:—
If all affection's frozen on thy part,
And thou unmoved canst break a lover's heart,
Canst see thy sisters in thy shame take share,
Thy brothers plunged in undeserved despair,
Thy mother sent as maniac to rave,
A father brought in sorrow to his grave;
If not quite deaf to every just appeal,
Not quite regardless of our woe and weal,
If still one spark of right and wrong remains,
One drop of childhood trickles in thy veins,
If, while away, the heartless world to roam,
Steals on thy soul one lingering thought of home,
But still, to prayers and fond entreaties stern,
Naught can persuade thee, Mary, to return,
One thing, at least, I crave; refuse me not,
One little boon in this our bitter lot:
Some consolation it may chance to prove,
Some to a brother thou wast wont to love,
Some to thy mother, Mary, some to me,
Wouldst thou but send us back the cellar key?

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Yonge Street seedsman got a large box, filled it with mould, and sowed some seeds. Nothing, however, came up but a policeman, who ordered him to take the box away.

Our boy remarks that "Grip's" witticisms resemble electricity—they are so *shocking*. It is needless to say he leaves the moment we can get another boy who will do less work in more time.

Our commercial editor says money is so scarce in the city now, that when two dollars meet, they are such strangers to each other, that their respective owners have to introduce them.

The topics of general conversation during the past week have been confined within a very narrow compass. In fact, the elections in South Ontario having pretty well engrossed all attention, we may say that the "compass" to which we have been confined, like all other well regulated compasses, continually *pointed to the poll*.

Our advertising agent says that the kind lady who sent him a strawberry short-cake, marked "please insert," may rest assured that her "contribution" will "not be crowded out by press of other matter."

MACHINE AGENT.—Good morning, Mr. Jones. I called for that little account.

Mr. J.—Oh!—Ah!—Yes! Well, I have been ill for a day or two back, and could not attend to it.

Mr. A.—Hope you're better, sir?

Mr. J.—Oh, just so-so.

(Machine Agent sends jolk off at once to GRIP as his own. Too thin, Mr. Agent, by half.)



THE HUNTINGDON BUSINESS.

"SIR JOHN COURTS ENQUIRY."—*The Mail.*

A MODEL LETTER.

"A HAPPY DADDY."

We are not obliged to tell how the following funny letter fell into our hands. All the reader has to do is to read it, and laugh at it. We congratulate the new made pa-ri-ent, and hope he will get over his confusion of ideas shortly, so as to be able to tell his baby from his horse :—

DEAR SISTER EMMA :—I now take my seat and sit down to take this opportunity to inform you that I am a "daddy" at last ; that is, I suppose I am, for Addie has got a nice, fat baby as ever made up faces. We hope these few lines may find you enjoying the same great blessing. Now this is to be strictly a business letter. Firstly, as I said before, Addie has got a nice baby. Nextly, I have swopped away Old John and think I have got a pretty nice horse, it is a girl and weighs nine pound—I mean the baby—it is just as fat as butter, and has a good strong pair of lungs. She is red and has a bobtail—the horse I mean—and a white stripe in her face, and is a good driver ; she has got blue eyes, and a dimple in her chin—I mean the baby—and just the prettiest mouth that ever opened to cry ; judging from her teeth I should think she was about six years old—I mean the horse now—she is sound, smooth, and kind—I mean the horse or baby either, now—and the doctor says she is the fairest he ever saw, without any exception—he meant the baby—I got twenty-five dollars to boot, not on the baby though, for in its case the boot is on the other foot and two or three sizes larger as near as I can find out. I am going to harness the horse now, and go after mother, she was born last night at twenty minutes past nine—I hope you don't think I mean mother or the horse, I mean the baby. She is as hearty as a pig ; eat an egg, a biscuit, and drank three cups of tea—I mean Addie—she is getting nicely, and if she don't have any bad luck she will get along first rate. She talks about her nose, as she takes snuff—I mean the nurse. I am going to name it Ediemia—I mean the baby. There I've been reading this over, and I see plainly that I ain't fit to write. The amount of it is, I am illustrated ; I am a happy daddy, and that accounts for it, so you must excuse me this time.—*The Traveller's Record.*

MARKETS.

MATRIMONIAL.

So far as heard from, the matrimonial market stands thus :—Old stock married off, none ; old stock hopeful of success, one ; widows of first-class married, or soon will be, ten ; widows of second-class married, or soon will be, fifteen ; young ladies married, seventeen ; engaged, and day fixed for wedding, ninety-five ; betrothed, and gone to get the consent of Paterfamilias, sixty-seven ; still billing and cooing, ninety-nine ; matches broken up by stern parents, eleven ; come together again, three—but they have to dodge parent ; in love, but not reciprocated, thirty-seven and a half ; no one to love, forty-nine ; elopements, one ; private marriages, two.

EPITAPH ON ISAAC REED.

Reader, of these four lines take heed,
And mend your life for my sake ;
For you must die, like Isaac Reed
Tho' you read till your eyes ache !

FEARFUL DEPRAVITY.—During an exhibition of Lent's circus in Toronto, a young husband, the happy father of a chubby, rosy-cheeked baby, was wandering aimlessly about the concern, and after awhile neared the head quarters of the "Wild Fiji Cannibals." Holding the aforesaid offspring in his arms, he stopped to view those feeders on human flesh. Mr. Fiji accosted the father thusly : "Fattee baby ; white man ; good eat ; tender. Fiji-man like him. How muchee price ? Fiji-man pay Melikee man dollars."

The horrified father drew back aghast, but hastily responded in this wise : "What'll you give, noble savage ?"

"Fiji-man give ten dollars."

"Too cheap ; worth more ; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I've got a nice old mother-in-law at home I'll sell you for five dollars ; she's rather tough eating, but good for a square meal."

NOTES AND QUERIES.

BY OUR AGONY MAN.

Why is a doll like jelly ? Because it is made with eyes in glass.

Why is the British Government like a legal official ? Because its not a republic (notary public.)

What affectionate times these are ! Everything is so "dear."

The Liberty of the press.—Having your pocket picked in a crowd.

Most men have, like Achilles, a vulnerable spot, but it is in the head, not the heel.

A young man, who had recently taken a wife, says he did not find it half so hard to get married as he did to get furniture.

Bred in the Bone.—Our boy says the fondness of women for ribbons may perhaps be accounted for in the fact that the first woman was made of a rib-bone.

TALES OF MY LANDLORD.—That I do not keep his house in proper repair. That the painting is not such as it should be. That the chimneys were as good chimneys as any in Christendom, and were never known to smoke before. That the drainage could not possibly be better ; in fact, he never, in all his experience, knew drains to be in such sweet odour—the fault must lie with the cook. That if the doors will not close to, some undue violence must have been used. That the windows were perfectly tight and sound when first I took possession. That he cannot help the water coming through the roof, which he knows well enough was in the very best repair at the time I went in—so much so, that he would defy the most searching microscopic eye to have picked an hole in it.

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every woman who makes puddings has a perfect right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves has a decided right to think of himself by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

A LADY wished a seat in the Horticultural Gardens. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "Oh ! you're a jewel," said she. "Oh ! no," he replied. "I'm a jeweler ; I have just set the jewel."

AN old lady resident of this city, hearing somebody say that the mails were irregular, said : "It was just so in my young days—no trusting 'em."

THE EFFECT OF ADVERTISING.—A man a short distance out from the city says no one need tell him that advertising won't cause a big rush, for he advertised ten bushels of grapes for sale, and the next morning there wasn't one left—the boys stole 'em all. *Moral*—He did not subscribe to "Grip."

NOTICE.—Miss Annie Mossity and Mrs Ann Tippathy are earnestly requested to call upon Miss Amy A. Billity, and remove the bad impression they left behind them on Tuesday.

MOTTOES.—For a Draper : "Good mourning."—A sheep-breeder : "Lovely wether."—A sea-sick Passenger : "Sic Transit."—A Breeches Maker : "Knee-plushultra."—A pleasure-boat in August : "The last rows of summer."—A Woodman : "For he is a jolly good feller."—A disappointed member of the Toronto Rowing Club : "Here lies the noblest rowman of them all."

A TOAST given at a late meeting of the Knights of St. Crispin :—
"May they have all the women in the country to shoe, and the men to boot."

THE following advertisement recently appeared in a daily paper :—
"A young lady who has received a good education, can read and write, and is versed in geography, history, music, dancing, and elementary mathematics, wishes a situation in a respectable family as washer and ironer."

The most becoming hood for maidens.—Manhood.

"Where there's a will there's a way."—The Claimant says he is going to find a way without a will.

To Speculators.—Before you invest, investigate.

If you cannot afford a knocker for your door, try and get able (a bell.)

Mrs. Wimple says : Wedlock is a case of mar-age.

Mrs. Wimple says lovers preambulate a goodeal before marriage, and a little after, too.

A CHINESE PUZZLE FOR THE INGENIOUS.

Inth isto wny ouma yofte ns ee
 Sto resth attr ytos el lba dt ea
 Bu tif toyo nge stre ety oul lrepa ir
 Yo ullf indt hepe kinte asto reth ere
 Whe recus tom ersa retr eate dwe ll
 Asal lwhod ealt heren owc ante ll
 Ifg roce rie syo uwa nttob uy
 Yo usho ul dth epek inte astor etry
 An dify oudo wellp lca sedy oul lbe
 Wi tha llyoutas tes mel lthe aran dsee.

N.B.—To the first householder bringing us a written solution of the above, a POUND OF GOOD TEA will be given as a Prize; to the second, a POUND OF SUGAR. The Names of the successful candidates will be published in "GRIP" next week.

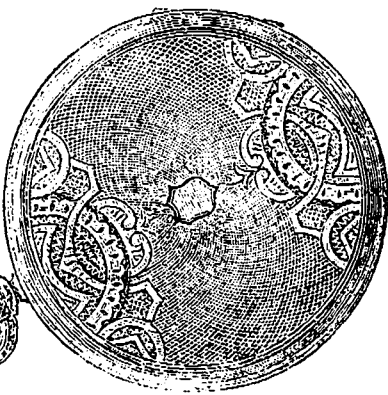
T. D. WAKELEE & CO.
 PEKIN TEA COMPANY,
 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

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W. E. CORNELL,

THE RUSSELL WATCH
 is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cat represents in proper proportions the \$25 RUSSELL HUNTING LEVER WATCH,
 In sterling silver case and gold points, full jewelled, warranted for five years— together with gold-plated Albert chain— which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C. O. D., per express.

W. E. CORNELL,
 Watch Importer,
 83 King Street E. St.
 TORONTO, ONT.



WATCH IMPORTER,

83 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

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

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

VIRGINIA SHAG.
 REGISTERED.

Wholesale and Retail at the "IMPERIAL," 324 Yonge street.

EVERY MONTH. July. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and Retail Newsdealer, King street west.

"I HAVE NO HOME." Five Cents. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale News Dealer, King Street west.

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

C. W. H. COXWELL
 THAT HAT
 49 KING ST. WEST.
 TORONTO.

S. McCABE,
 UNDERTAKER,
 165 QUEEN STREET, WEST.

BOW BELLS. July. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and Retail Newsdealer, King street west.

J. & F. COOPER. The American Shirt Factory. Gents' Furnishings. 129 Yonge Street

FAMILY HERALD. June. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and Retail Newsdealer, King street west.

LONDON JOURNAL. June. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale and Retail Newsdealer, King street west.

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

"I Have No Home." Five Cents. A. S. IRVING, Wholesale Newsdealer, King Street west.