

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

ONTARIO

Baking Powder.

WHITE, ODORLESS, & DOES NOT DISCOLOR.

Manufactured at the Ontario Coffee and Spice Steam Mills.

—BY—
W. J. SMITH,
TORONTO.

REAL ESTATE.

Persons having Properties to dispose of in City or Country will find it to their advantage to place it in our hands. We have the

BEST STAND IN THE CITY, and facilities for

ADVERTISING which cannot be excelled. BENGOUGH & MUSSEN, NEXT POST OFFICE, TORONTO.

GORBELL,
CRAIG
& Co.,

LITHOGRAPHERS
13
ADELAIDE ST.
EAST.

FARM FOR SALE.

A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 37 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is

A Capital Orchard

of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres, nine of which are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN, REAL ESTATE AG'TS IMPERIAL BUILDINGS. Next Post Office, Toronto.

WANTED.

A HOUSE TO RENT, About \$12 per month, Address J. G., GRIP Office.

GO TO
"GRIP"
OFFICE
FOR YOUR
JOB
PRINTING

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL.

By request of a large number of prominent citizens, she has consented to give one lecture, entitled

"THE HUMAN BODY THE TEMPLE OF GOD!"
FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 13th.

Prior to her departure for Europe.—On this occasion Miss LENA C. CLAFIN and Miss V. WOODHULL will appear and give Dramatic Readings. Doors open at 7.15 p.m. Lecture to commence at 8 o'clock. Admission 75 cents and 50 cents. No extra charge for reserved seats.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

GENTLEMEN

Collars of all the Newest Styles gotten up EQUAL TO NEW, at

2 1-2cts. each, or 25cts. per doz. at

TORONTO STEAM

LAUNDRY.

HALLEY'S HALL,
COR. KING & BAY STS.

G. P. SHARPE, Prop.

BROWN BROTHERS,

Account-Book Manufacturers,

Stationers, Bookbinders, etc.,

66 & 68 KING ST. EAST.

TORONTO, ONT.

J. H. McBRIEN

Has on hand an immense stock of

FINE BOOTS AND SHOES

—AT—

171 YONGE STREET,

TORONTO.

2 Doors south of Queen St.

THE POINT FARM
NEAR GODERICH, ONT.

This Popular

SUMMER RESORT

Situated on the high banks overlooking Lake Huron, is now open, with ample accommodation for

175 GUESTS.

The place has been very much improved since last year, and is now an exceedingly attractive country home. Parties who desire a thorough change of air, with a few weeks rest, will find this establishment a most desirable retreat.

A well appointed Coach leaves Goderich direct for the house morning and afternoon. An office of the Montreal Telegraph on the premises. J. J. WRIGHT, - - Proprietor. Circulars may be had of Bengough Bros., "Grip" Office.

WANTED

TO PURCHASE

HOUSE on Church St., south of Carlton, 8 to 12 rooms, must be first-class.

COTTAGE in St. John's Ward—5 rooms.

FOUR COTTAGES,

Not more than Seven Rooms—between Simcoe and Seaton Streets.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,

Next Post Office.

JUST TO HAND

Samples of

FANCY CARDS

AND

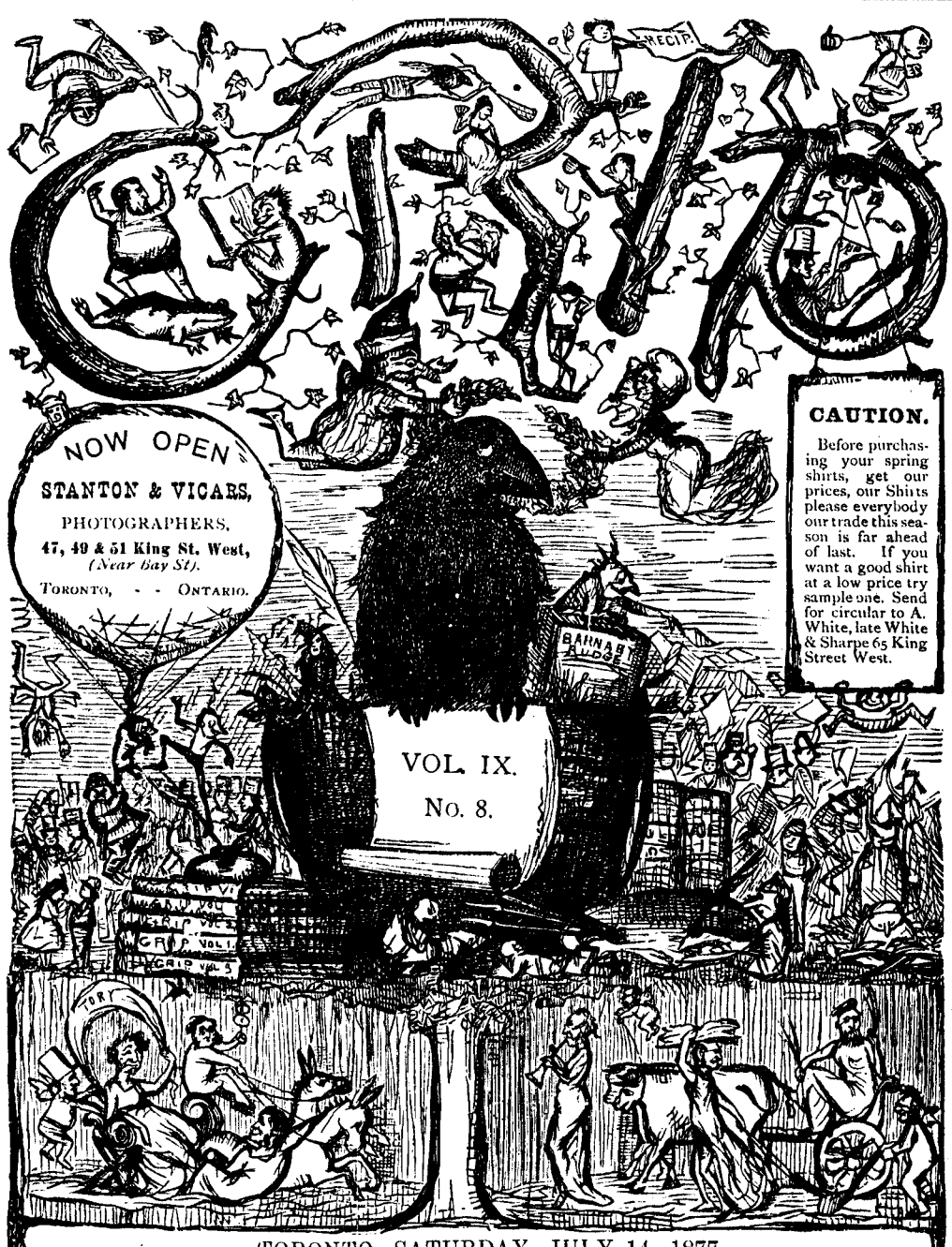
ORDERS OF DANCING.

Prices on application at

"GRIP" OFFICE

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

(First door west of post office.)



CAUTION.
Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

NOW OPEN
STANTON & VIGARS,
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
47, 49 & 51 King St. West,
(Near Bay St).
TORONTO, - - ONTARIO.

VOL. IX.
No. 8.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1877.

GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
IMPERIAL BUILDING. } The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

CHEAP BOOKS.

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN PHILOSOPHY \$1.50 LIVES & LESSONS OF THE PATRIARCHS \$1.50.
TORONTO OF OLD \$3.00. PREHISTORIC TIMES \$2.50.
STUDIES FOR THE PULPIT \$2.00. STONES CRYING OUT \$1.00.
TYPES AND EMBLEMS 60c. SERMONS BY TALMAGE \$1.00.
TEXT BOOKS OF SCIENCE \$1.00. COCHRANE'S SERMONS \$1.50.
CANADIAN FARMERS' MANUAL \$2.00. DOMESTIC WORLD 75 c.

Sent to any address on receipt of price.
BENGOUGH BROS.,
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (First door west of Post Office) 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, 14TH JULY, 1877.

Gen. Grip to the Army.

Comrades! you're on your metal! the universal eye
Will watch your every movement since RINE has said good-bye,
Calf's-tail philosophers would grieve to see your movement dead,
And Cynics point to failure and say you've lost your head.
But no! brace up your serricd ranks and forward to the fight,
With GOD o'er head and heart within, be brave to do the right.
Still echo all the sympathy and power and faith of RINE.
Go forth and find your fellows and get them all to sign.
Bound in a noble brotherhood, let men of every sort,
Come rally round the standard, and help to hold the Fort!
And echo as their watchword, the glorious battle call,
"With malice toward no one, and Charity for all."

The Fishery Commission at Halifax.

AS IT IS TO BE.

Commissioners present. *Appear before them parties concerned in the case, namely: JOHN BULL, Esq., YANKEE JONATHAN, Esq., and a small boy named CANADA, evidently of no particular account in the affair.*

MR. JONATHAN.—Ya'as. Yew want to know what yew're small boy here's to git for his fishin' rights, eh? Wa'al, them rights air valleyable; but ain't my friendship more valleyable?

MR. BULL.—Rights be blowed! Look 'ere, Mister JONATHAN, hi deals with principles, hi does. You and hi settles this 'ere matter. Small boys has no rights. Who's 'e? Hoover in Hengland, we olds the hold hidea of Scripture, and teaches reverence for hage, and sich. My boy CANADA will be 'appy to surrender hanythink for his parient. You can have 'em hall, cheap.

MR. JONATHAN.—I guess that 'ere sounds kinder reasonable. (*Aside*—Way I treats my Injuns; dern 'em! Red riptyles no relatives of mine, though. Wonder how little CANADY likes it, poor little critter. Has to take just what he gits, I guess.)

MR. BULL.—Yes, you may 'ave 'em. Compensation? Ho, jist 'and out whatever you likes. Pitch the young 'un in a few ha'pence. Hi'll see he makes no objection.

LITTLE CANADA.—Please, I want to say something about—

MR. BULL.—Nonsense! Hi'll see to hit.

MR. JONATHAN.—Wall neow, I'd kinder like to hear the little critter talk.

MR. BULL.—Speak up, sir! Don't you see the gentleman's awaitin'?

LITTLE CANADA.—I do not want to make my pa angry. I know my pa is v-ery good-na-tured and lib-e-ral, be-cause he has giv-en a-way al-most ev-ery-thing I had. He of-ten has set-tle-ments with my Un-cle JON-A-THAN. If he owes any-thing to my Un-cle JON-A-THAN, he takes some-thing of mine and pays him with it, and tells his talking boys in Lon-don, the *Times* and *Tel-e-graph*, and *others*, to tell me to admire the just and mag-nan-i-mous prin-ci-ples of my Brit-ish an-ces-tor. He paid him my big farm in Or-e-gon, and my big farm in Maine, and as Un-cle JON-A-THAN would like my fish-er-ries, my pa says—What did you say, pa?

MR. BULL.—Hi said hi shall hacquiesce him hanythink to settle hit. Compared with this the result is a matter of indifference.

LITTLE CANADA.—But please, pa, be-fore you sell Un-cle JON-A-THAN my fish-er-ries for noth-ing, hadn't you bet-ter pay me for them?

MR. BULL.—You little himpudent! Hi'll give you such a crack hover your countenance—

MR. JONATHAN.—No, no; let him speak. (*Aside*—Dern'd if the young 'un isn't gittin' considerable gumption. This is with liviu' proximate a free an'—) Go on, little chap.

LITTLE CANADA.—I am v-ery qui-et. I do not like to make pa nor my un-cle cross. And then my pa is so good to me. When Uncle JON-A-THAN'S Fe-ni-ans came and did me a great deal of harm, my pa would not ask any dam-a-ges for me, so I might learn for-give-ness. My pa is al-ways for-giv-ing. He has been for-giv-ing my things away as long as I re-mem-ber. I want to ask my pa if it would not be bet-ter to give me and all the farm I have left to Un-cle JON-A-THAN at once, so as to save trouble in fu-ture? Per-haps if Un-cle JON-A-THAN had me, he would not give my things a-way to any one who want-ed them.

MR. JONATHAN.—No! Omnipotent Snakes! I wouldn't. Say neow, J. B., couldn't yew let me have the little critter?

MR. BULL.—No, no! Disintegrate my Hempire? Never. (*Aside*. But say, hi couldn't let you 'ave im hopenly; happearcances must be saved; but you *are* gittin' of 'im gradool, you know.)

Mr. Mills Opposing Protection.

STUMP SPEECH.

Gentlemen:

Profits being what remains to the capitalist from the laborer, rent being deducted, and the inference undoubtedly plain concerning high wages, I say, when we remember the remarkable influence exerted by the results of the battle of Cannæ on the minds of the Roman plebeians (TUPPER is a plebeian), and then take into consideration the position of England at the present moment, towering high on a Free Trade pinnacle above the whole civilized world, with her iron-clads which nothing can pierce, and her guns which can pierce anything—I say, considering all this, and remembering the terrible results of the destruction of the Carthaginian Empire, in the west, and the establishment of myriad tribes of the barbarian conquerors on its ruins (Sir JOHN is a barbarian con—no—he's a barbarian)—I say, gentlemen, and I challenge contradiction by the whole civilized world—world—world—(*Aside to Mr. MACKENZIE*—"Where was I?" MACKENZIE.—"Ye donnert idiot! Will ye say something connect? Dinna ye see the crood griming? Ye said "ceevileezed world.") Civilized world! Yes, gentlemen, I repeat it boldly! Not the whole civilized world ever witnessed such a fearful mess of rottenness and corruption as the Pacific Scandal! And when, on the floor of the House of the Dominion Parliament, in Commons assemble, I shall triumphantly demand of its arch-fabricator to explain the miserable shred of base concoction he denominates a national policy—National, indeed! Think of the nations of the past—their glories of commerce, literature and art! It is as clear as daylight—as pellucid as the glittering rays reflected from the polished shield of CYCLOPEAN MINERVA! How can it be otherwise? To avoid straining any further the great charter of our liberties, which, as recent experience seems to show, might mean almost anything or nothing—(*Shout from the crowd*,—"Say that again! Who was he?") I am coming to that point, gentlemen. Yes, obviously, then, the only strong argument against a protectionist tariff, that it operates as a tax upon consumers by increasing the price of the commodities on which a duty is imposed, ceases to have any weight whatever—(*Hear, hear, and tremendous applause*)—A mere inadvertence—quoted from wrong work—I would say all protection is fallacious, (*Hisses and yells*) I beg you to consider. What does it matter to the labourer if he pays more rent for his dwelling, and a higher price for his corn and potatoes, so long as the glorious *solutium* pours ever soothingly on his mind that the fundamental doctrines of Free Trade must culminate in triumph?—(*Exclamations of dissent, and cries of "Don't it?"*) It is as plain, gentlemen, to the eye of the philosopher, as the golden pedestal of Everlasting Truth. Surely you know that the Constitution of the United States declares that "No State shall coin money, emit bills of credit, or make anything but gold or silver coin a tender in payment of debts." Bearing this fact in mind, and adding thereto the knowledge that this practice necessarily puts off the liberation of the public revenue from a fixed period to one so indefinite that it is not likely ever to arrive (*Shout from crowd*, "What's that?") Yes, gentlemen, as I was saying, the plays of SOPHOCLES and ARISTOPHANES, the friezes of PHIDIAS and the paintings of ZEUXIS, the choruses of ESCHYLUS, are thrown away on the dull ears, the closed eyes, of an insensate Protectionist. Free Trade, as I have fully proved to you in these few words, is the fastness of public liberty—the strong defence of political organization—the hope of the country—the one great blessing of the earth! What to us—the philosophers—are the clamours of starving artisans? Let them endure—man is made to endure—this world is destined from remotest ages to be a state of probation, privation, and mortification. (*But the audience considering further endurance not part of their destiny, make a rush en masse at the orator, whom MACKENZIE with difficulty rescues and runs off with, and the proceedings close.*)

Mackenzie Won't Lift the Glove.

TUPPER was so daring, so daring, so daring,
Challenging MACKENZIE upon the stump to fight;
And MAC found this so scaring, so scaring, so scaring,
Poor MAC found this so scaring, it frightened him outright.

MAC he wouldn't come up, come up, come up,
Come to any pic-nic, TUPPER there to meet,
And the people sum up, sum up, sum up,
"Was a deal too cunning; knew he would get beat."

And TUPPER struts in glory, in glory, in glory,
Bragging how he did defy MACKENZIE to the match,
And GRIP he tells the story, the story, the story,
How MACKENZIE wouldn't, wouldn't, come up to the scratch.

A Motto for the Motto-Man.

The city news man of the *Leader* continues to utter his little slanders on RINE. We mention this because otherwise the public might not know of it. SHAKESPERIAN motto for the aforesaid bibulous "wit":
"O, that men would put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains."



WHAT THE CHIEFTAIN HEARD.

"WHEN I WAS IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS I HEARD THE CRY ECHOING FROM ROCK TO ROCK, ACROSS THE BOSOMS OF THOSE BEAUTIFUL LAKES, AND OVER THE EMERALD FIELD, 'COME TO OUR RESCUE, JOHN A., OR WE ARE LOST!'"—Sir John's speech at Montreal. Vide Mail, July 9.

The Turkish Sympathisers.

And can it be that there are Englishmen
Who see the right against the wrong arrayed—
The cross against the Crescent strive again
And but by money interests are swayed?
Count but the bank-note heap, and watch the guinea weighed?

"The path to India clear!"—Give that alone,
Her route let commerce unimpeded seek,
Uncared of them the Christian slave may groan—
Unchecked his wrath the savage Turk may wreak—
Unheeded age's prayer, unheeded woman's shriek.

Ungrounded fear, for though the Russian fleet
Rode mistress of the Bosphorus to-day,
What hostile ship need British commerce meet?
When laid the course to Hindostan that way?
Far, far the broad canal; far distant Suez bay.

"Oh, but they might come down." Why, so they might
If Turkey should their ally chance to be.
She was not England's in Sinope's fight;
None of her friendship hold monopoly,
For all, with all, in turn, she fought on land and sea.

Away with such excuses—there is one—
One course alone, which right and honour knows—
Too long the Turk his bloody course has run;
Now let the bloody drama find a close.
Upon a brighter scene 'twere time the curtain rose.

In distant day, when savage Turkish horde,
The sabre and the Koran in the hand,
Like desolating flood o'er Europe poured,
Did England not by force their force withstand?
Where won the Lion Heart his fame through every land?

Their thoughts are not as ours—their idleness—
Their bigotry—their cruel tyranny—
A differing and a barbarous race express,
And what they are, that will they ever be
Their earth—their heaven—their all—base sensuality.

It is not so—old England's sturdy sons
Are not degenerate grown—though some there be
Who shame their sires—but British blood still runs
In sympathy with those who would be free.
And cries—Gain we or no, loosed let the oppressed be.

A Dominion Day Romance, (A la modern Novel.)

CHAPTER I.

It was a fine Dominion Day morning. Already the festive hop of the fire-cracker resounded on the air. Already coy maidens and tender youths, (and many others,) contemplated the glories of ice-cream, soda water, strawberries, and equatorial cramps.

SHADRACH CAULICOE sat in his room at the American House, and twirled his dainty moustache uncomfortably. No response in his bitter and perplexed heart to the joyousness in the air or the pleasant sunshine outside. Dark and gloomy were the thoughts which performed hurdle-races in his brain, and caused his brow to lower frightfully, so much so as to cause a grinning soda-water man across the way, who happened to catch sight of the picture of misery, to give vent to a howl of pain. "Yes," muttered Mr. CAULICOE, "I love her a million times, but the thought that I am unable to reach her is driving me frantic. How dare a six-hundred-dollar-per-annum dry goods clerk cast his eyes upon that Caucasus of bliss, the heiress of Yonge street? And, yet, my heart says she loveth in response. Great JOVE, could I upon any pretext steal a march on her affection! Why did fate not throw us together in the great volcano of St. John? There I might have snatched her from the flames. Or why could she not have been found by me some day, struggling in the water, during an unlucky swimming adventure—after which would follow 'the heroic rescue,' and a 'God bless you my children.' Ah, how bitter is life to a hopeless young dreamer!"

A cracker inadvertently flew into Mr. CAULICOE'S window, and roused him from his reverie with a bang! After a few frantic plunges about the room, he stopped and embraced the fragments of the Chinese demon. It had given him an idea—a hope. He called in one of the hoodlums, by means of glittering inducements held out, and many assurances of peaceful intentions given, and a long and confidential talk ensued. With a handful of silver and a sly leer and wink, the youth at last departed, looking down upon his late companions with supreme contempt. *Business* was written on his brow.

CHAPTER II.

MISS SYLVIE TUPPING and a lady friend were taking an afternoon

drive, and as the spirited ponies trotted along under their mistress's intrepid care, the twain looked the picture of love in a cottage at Saratoga—but especially beautiful appeared our hero's beau ideal. Miss SYLVIE was just whispering about the lovely sonnets she had received from a bold young clerk and prospective dry goods merchant, who sold her those beautiful striped stockings last week, and telling how she was expected to marry ARTHUR d'AUBREY shortly and how happy she would be in her new life. A leering young fiend was seen on the sidewalk. In an instant something fizzed in the air, there was a loud report, and then the maddened ponies shot wildly up street under the influence of fire-crackers. How the people looked and shouted! and next there appeared on the scene an excited young man, just as the horses were about to dash into a passenger train. SHADRACH CAULICOE threw himself into the jaws of death, grasped a bridle rein, and pulled the horses to one side, into a fence. They trampled on him, tore his new coat and vest to shreds, and scraped his cranium with their hoofs, but he held on and conquered. Then he looked up in expectation of the laurels of a preserver, when the voice of his idol yelled to him, "Well, if you haven't more cheek than a baboon; stopping our horses in this scandalous manner, when we wanted to catch the train!" The sweets of victory turned into sage-gargle, and bleeding and heart-broken, the lover swooned on the pavement. The crowd raised him up, however, with cheers for his bravery, and placed him into the phaeton, and SYLVIE sweetly drove him home, seeming real sorry.

CHAPTER III.

One year later we find SHADRACH CAULICOE, Esq., bloated millionaire, a happy bride-groom. It is Dominion Day 1877. Fire-crackers again send forth a hoarse-throated chorus, everything wears a bright aspect for our hero. We suppose we ought to introduce SYLVIE and tell how it all came about. But it isn't SYLVIE. Poor CAULICOE was left in charge of the servants, and SYLVIA'S pretty waiting maid, and when he recovered he found he had been a fool to aim at the sun, when there were so many sweet flowers about. And when CARRIE JONES promised to nurse him through life he felt happy. The heartless SYLVIE became Mrs. d'AUBREY shortly after the accident, and now she is wretched as she deserves to be, for Mr. d'AUBREY keeps a wine-cellar, seven race-horses, and pushes his bills payable with avidity in the banks (on the brink of ruin, of course), while she herself has long grown tired of a drunken sot of a husband and the dissipations of fashionable life and often thinks of the love she cast away. M. CAULICOE looks forward with satisfaction to the day when he shall be begged for a loaf of bread by d'AUBREY, and at this particular moment we find him administering a friendly kick to a knowing imp of an arab who whispered something about a few jinglers for that fire-cracker job last year.

The Jolly Commissioners.

Now of all places in the world, and of each high position,
It's pleasantest to be upon the Water Works Commission.
No doubt it's sad our tenure is but of extreme fragility,
But while one's in one is so free from all responsibility.

To use our own finances thus would awfully astound us,
But cash of others—jollily we pitch that all around us.
I tell you what, we make it fly while these good times are going,
We've struck our oil; it musn't spoil; we're bound to keep it flowing.

We have a way of doing things most extremely amusing,
A bill comes in—twelve thousand, say—which one of us refusing,
Because it isn't due, the rest—you really needn't stare, sir,
Pay fourteen thousand; 'tis our way of making things all square, sir.

We're out of coal—up comes a chap—"I've got two hundred tons here,
You'll buy it?"—"Yes, of course"—and then his big coal waggon runs
here,

Till he has dumped a good deal more than that two hundred there, too,
And has been paid a good deal more than he'd have got elsewhere, too,

We sometimes pay an engineer—no salary is higher—
To keep a distance from the work, and never to come nigher.
And if you ask the reason why, to you in scorn we mention,
The ways of Us Commissioners are past Your comprehension.

Don't talk to me of golden mines, or silver pouring fountains,
Go seek for them, all those who like, among the hills and mountains,
There's nought on earth that shall make me abandon my condition, or
Toronto leave, while I can stay a Water Works Commissioner.

SIR JOHN stood in a carriage heaped with flowery tributes, at Montreal, swaying gauntly the big one in his hand, "Quite a floral demonstration," said he to the crowd. The crowd cheered. "Omen that I shall floor all my enemies," continued the JOCOSE S. J., with a comic and inimitable contortion of countenance. Alas, that those in whose brain reposes the wit of the age should use it so carelessly. He meant no harm. But what was the consequence? That vast assemblage of 75,000 people, densely packed in a narrow street, suddenly, unanimously, and violently exploded, and GRIP draws a veil over the awful result.

WANTED!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPH operating for offices opening in the Dominion. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address MANAGER, Box 955, Toronto.

PROPERTIES WANTED.

ST. JAMES WARD, Cottage of about five rooms.

ST. THOMAS WARD, a detached or semi-detached house of about nine rooms, good yard, with stable or room to build one. Price about \$2,500.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 7 rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to \$1,500

EAST OF YONGE STREET, two story house of six or seven rooms. Price \$1,400 to \$1,800.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish, bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126. Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses, seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for both. Would exchange for farm.

ESTHER STREET, two story dwelling, six rooms. Price \$900.

D'ARCY STREET. New brick dwelling, extra finish, eight rooms, bath-room, vestibule and folding doors, bow window, grates, &c. Price \$2,700.

ADELAIDE ST. WEST. Brick fronted semi-detached house—eight rooms, hard and soft water. This is a new house and extra well finished. Price \$2,800.

CHURCH STREET. Roughcast house, twelve rooms, folding doors, grates, etc. Lot 21x130, to a lane 20 feet wide. Price, \$2,500, half cash.

DALHOUSIE STREET. Three houses, 6 rooms, hard and soft water. \$1,250 each.

RICHMOND ST. WEST. Two roughcast houses, 11 rooms, splendidly finished, bath room and every convenience. \$3,000.

WILLIAM HENRY STREET, rough cast house, seven rooms, grate, folding doors, &c. \$1,800,

ORDE STREET, rough cast cottage, six rooms. \$1,000.

SUFFOLK PLACE, rough cast, detached, nine or ten rooms. \$2,600.

BEACHELL STREET, store and dwelling, \$1,100. Cottage, 5 rooms, hard and soft water, \$700.

HURON STREET, two story house, rough cast, eight rooms and summer kitchen, \$2,300.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
NEXT POST OFFICE.

IMPERIAL LOAN AND INVESTMENT COMPANY.

DIVIDEND NO. 15

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of eight per cent, per annum upon the capital stock of this Company has been this day declared for the half year ending 30th June inst., and the same will be payable at the office of the institution, Imperial Buildings, Adelaide street, on and after Monday, the 9th day of July next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th inst., both days inclusive.

E. H. KERTLAND,
Sec., Treas.
IX-4.2

Toronto, 11th June, 1877.

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

Homeopathist and Medical Electrician. Office and Pharmacy: 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medicine for sale, vials refilled, Letters promptly answered.



WELLAND CANAL

ENLARGEMENT.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE letting of the works for the enlargement of the Welland Canal, advertised to take place on the FIFTH day of JULY next, is unavoidably postponed to the following date:—
Tenders will be received until FRIDAY, the THIRD day of AUGUST next.

Plans, Specifications, &c., will be ready for examination on and after FRIDAY the TWENTIETH day of JULY.

By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS,
OTTAWA, 14th May, 1877.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 15th June, 1877.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American invoices until further notice, 5 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-1f

A. ELKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS

Letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters without press brush or water, St. James Building, Room 11 46 Church St. next to King St.—Agents wanted.

GOLDEN BOOT,

198 & 200 Yonge Street,

IMMENSE STOCK OF

NEW SPRING GOODS

NOW ON HAND.

All the different widths, sizes and half sizes Largest variety as to style quality and price in the City.

W. WEST & CO.

Marlborough House,

UNION RAILWAY STATION,

Cor. Front and Simcoo Sts., Toronto.

The above commodious and centrally located house combines all Modern Appointments, Steam Heating, etc. Affords Excellent Accommodation at Moderate Rates. Having reduced its figures from \$2 to \$1.50 per day.

M. A. TROTTER, PROPRIETOR.
F. HODGINS, and A. M. CARRIGAN, Managers.
N.B. — Omnibus free.

BOARD AND LODGING. A FEW gentlemen can be accommodated with good board and pleasant rooms; also day board, at 49 Richmond St., East.

REMOVAL.

"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the people of Canada for their liberal patronage heretofore, and to inform them that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer, now known as the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

WHICH IS

One Door West of the Post Office,

Where he is prepared to execute all Orders, from a

LABEL TO A 3-SHEET POSTER

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

CARDS.

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the following:

RATES:

100 Cards, (one name),	- -	75 cents.
50 " " "	- -	50 "
25 " " "	- -	30 "

Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

THE FOLLOWING ARE
SAMPLES OF TYPE
FROM WHICH A CHOICE MAY BE MADE.

1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson.

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas James.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespere.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,
TORONTO, ONT.