

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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WHITE, ODORLESS, & DOES NOT DISCOLOR.

Manufactured at the Ontario

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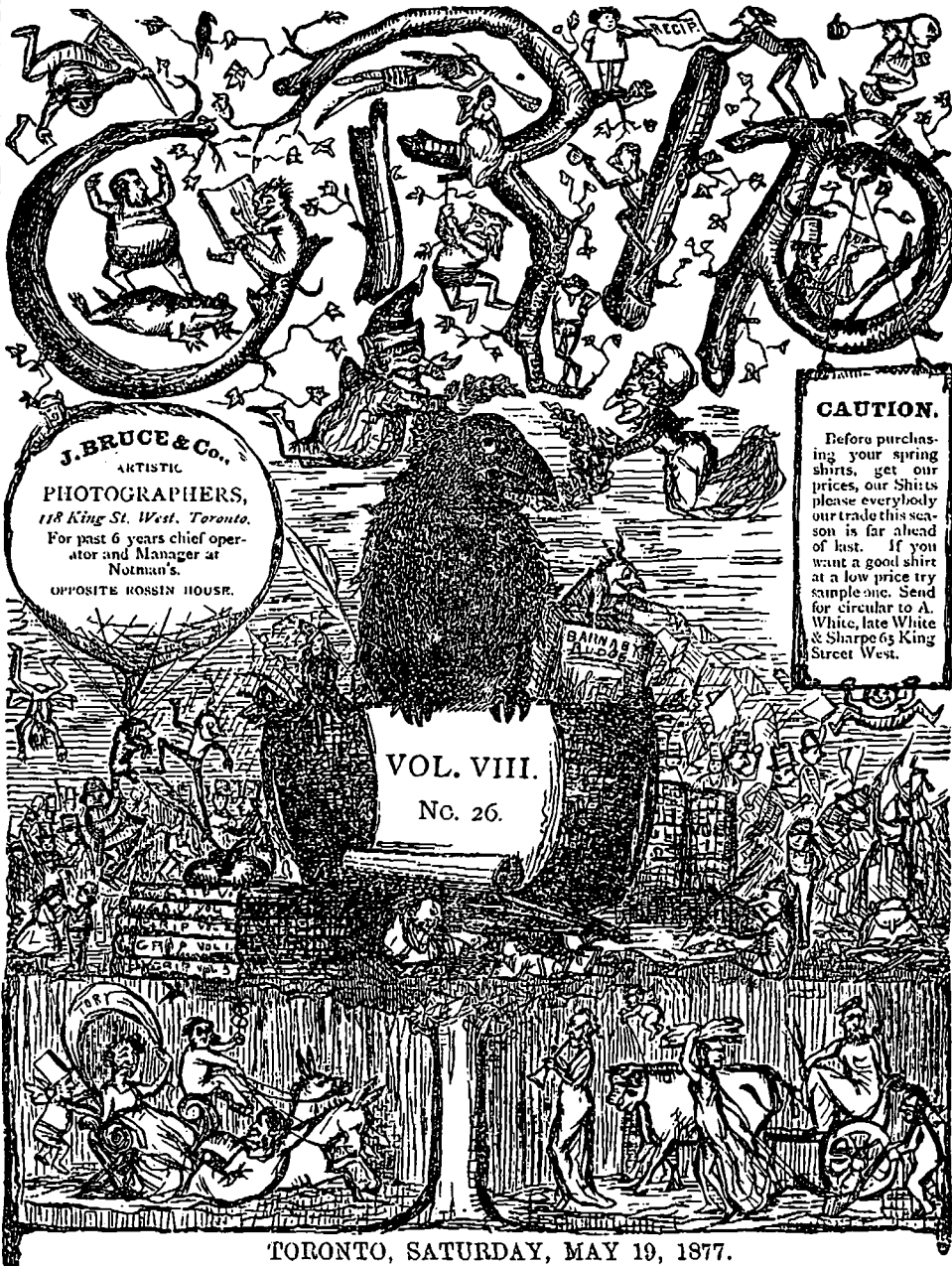
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VOLS. I. & II. NOW READY AND FOR SALE AT "GRIP" OFFICE.

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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 63 King Street West.

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.

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In from 2 to 6 months, by the use of the patent

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Has on hand an immense stock of

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2 Doors south of Queen St.

"When could November's surly blast lay field and forest bare."

It is about time my dear friend, you were finding comfort in a suit of those

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United Empire Club, King Street west.

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in aid of HOME FOR INCURABLES, between picked twelves from the Toronto Lacrosse Club,

MARRIED vs. SINGLE.

On Saturday, 19th May,

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Play to commence at 3 p. m.

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The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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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, 19TH MAY, 1877.

The "City of Brussels."

"The ship is safe!"
So speaks the flash along the magic wires
Swift message to the universal heart!

"The ship is safe!"
The flash that speaks the word,
As if it played in native summer sky,
Blesses the fevered evening of our watch
With peace and rest.

"The ship is safe!"
And while it speaks, the flash
Ligh's up the dark horizon of the deep,
And there, emerging slowly from the fog
That palled upon and overbore our hopes
Like mantle of despair, we see the ship—
Our staunch and gallant *Brussels* toiling on!—
Nor care to mark how slow and full of pain
That toiling seems;
How, like a patient giant shorn of strength,
She bears the buffets of the mocking winds,
And does unwonted battle with the waves—
We heed not this;
We have no eyes to mark or swift or slow,
We have but eyes to see she's toiling on,
And ears to hear that all on board are well,
And hearts to say—"The ship is safe!"
Thank God!

The ship is safe!"

The Changes in the Cabinet.

The Ministers discuss them.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—What can be done? Folk cry out for dissolution, makin' clamours to the effect that we, wha pit out Sir JONE'S people on account o' corruption, noo being involvit in siclike oorsoelves, suld deesolve. But I doot—I doot.

HON. MR. HUNTINGDON.—Allow me. My mining business has imparted some chemical knowledge. If we dissolve, we shall not again solidify. Looking on the country as a chemical body, there is, I must say, a great tendency to precipitate—us out of power. Our experiment is a partial failure. We made our party of bodies innately repulsive to each other—we attempted to create satisfactory fusion—we have achieved confusion. But the experiment was not conducted at our own expense; nay, we have been paid—remarkably well paid—for conducting it. We did not find the stone which turns all to gold, but we found the use of debentures very productive, and of what was produced, we have—I am happy to say,—turned a good deal our own way.

HON. MR. MILLS.—There spoke the philosopher. And what matters? What are we here to do? To benefit the country? What will most benefit the country? Union—union political and commercial—with the States. How shall we obtain it? Make Canadians disgusted with their present system. In doing this I challenge competition. I have worked on strictly scientific principles, those principles Ann Arbor taught, and WELLS delights in. Turn me out when they like—discharge me when they choose, I have been blest. I have driven a nail in the coffin of the colonial system, and as sure as wages, rents, and profits constitute a total, I look for my reward.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—I also. But consider. Be slow; be circumspect. We have indeed worked to this end. But why proclaim it openly?

HON. MR. MILLS.—Openly? This is a council. Surely, none here ever divulged private conversation, or turned his back on his friends!

HON. MR. CAUCHON and others (rather nervously)—No, no! Couldn't think of it.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Nevertheless, rather express it thus—We have faithfully carried out the wishes of Imperial politicians. We have strenuously, in accordance with their wishes, advocated and supported Free Trade principles. If these principles tend to connect us commercially, and finally politically, with the States, if they render us the weakness of the Empire, and make Annexation a logical necessity, the Imperial politicians have themselves to blame. We are not to blame—theirs the rule—the results—the loss (Aside.—Serve 'em right too; snubbed my

international law; only for them might have kept at least *that* much reputation).

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Bless my soul? What do I hear? Free Trade promote annexation! Impossible!

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Shut oop? If ye kenna that, ye ken naething. But the question is tae keep oor places. I wad propose to dae it by strategy—tae keep them by resigning them.

ALL THE MINISTERS.—Never! never! Resign \$7,000 a year! No, no, no.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Ah, but ye dinna sec inuillt. Resign them tae ane anither.

ALL THE MINISTERS.—Oh! Ah! Very good! Excellent!

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Ye hae seen the kawledscope?

ALL THE MINISTERS.—The what?

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Gin I could hae had them, I wadna hae pit in ane tae the Cawbinet wha didna understan English. The Kawledscope—a wee boxy wi' coloured glass in't, and each shake gies a new combination.

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Ah, the kaleidoscope. A new combination, eh? Insert any Tory glass, this time!

HON. MR. MACKENZIE.—Na, na, I hae ower nickle o't noo. Na. The country, ye see, isna pleaisit. Weel, they say we are no doing richt, and tell us tae gae oot. We dinna want tae gae oot o' salary, though we dinna care frae whence it comes. We wull mak an exchange. What if I am no a gude Minister o' Public Works? Hoo can they tell I suldna be a gude Minister o' the Interior? Maister CARTWRIGHT has playit the oence wi the tariffs, but he may be varra fit for some ither job. Sae wi ye a'. The gran feature in the scheme is it will tak twa three years tae tell whether ye are fit or no. Then, if unfit, we'll a' change again. Dinna ye see? Perpetual pooer—

HON. MR. MILLS.—Carry it out, and I renounce my philosophy in favor of yours.

HON. MR. CARTWRIGHT.—Grand, wonderful idea! A series of non-terminable and perpetually renewable annuities, payable to ourselves!

HON. MR. BLAKE.—Prove it practicable; let it be executed, and there is some hope for my country. Yes, if it be but possible to—in the language of my school days—to run this rig upon her—again there is a chance that she will again believe in me as a philanthropist, a patriot, and an international lawyer, and I shall have the opportunity again—once again—many times again—of letting her in for it as sweetly as in the past four years I have done.

(Scene closes.)

A Journalistic Hint.

The newspapers are too much given to repetition in the matter of war news. In most cases the reading matter is entirely superfluous, being merely an echo of the caption lines. Why mightn't the battle of Batoum have been put in this shape:—

The Turco-Russian War!
The Russians Attack Batoum!
It is defended by Bashi-Bazouks!
Who Repel the Assailants!
Russians Mowed Down Like Grass!
The Russians Retire.
Great Rejoicing of the Turks.

(By special cable)

LONDON, May 14.—The above is so.

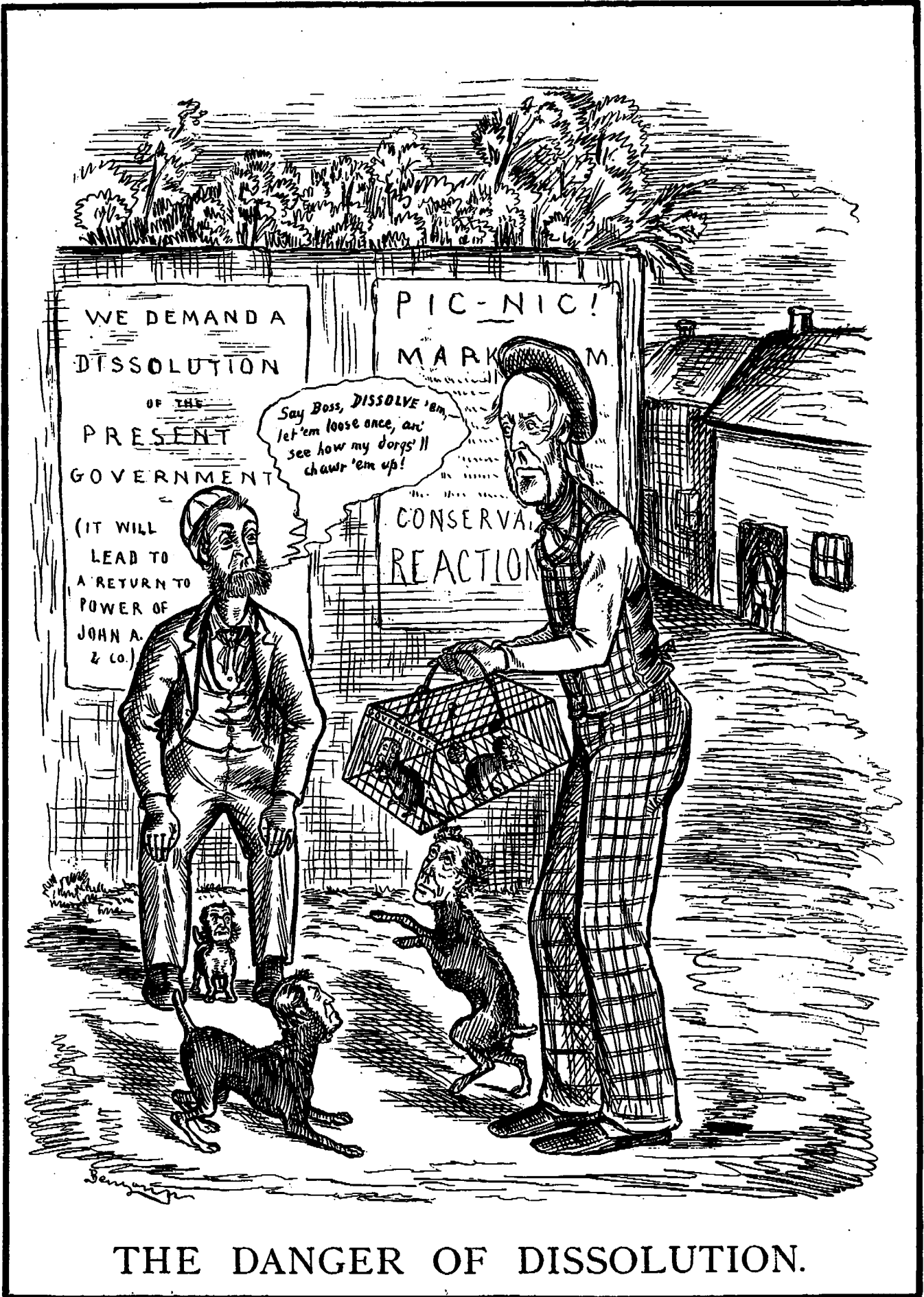
Suggested by a Walk Down Yonge Street.

GRIP has been greatly impressed with the artistic beauty and delicate wit of certain banners conspicuously displayed before certain stores on Yonge Street, and in the interests of art and wit, as well as of business, he would be pleased to see the example of the enterprising proprietors thereof copied by many others. The idea is to impress the merchant's name upon the public mind, by giving a pictorial representation of it, and certainly, in GRIP'S opinion, nothing can so thoroughly impress a name, or anything else, as a well devised picture. Of course every merchant is not so fortunate as to possess a name that is capable of illustration in any form of still life or figure drawing. For instance, Mr. BROWN, or Mr. GRAY, could do nothing in this way beyond writing their names in brown and gray letters respectively. But if a merchant is so lucky as to rejoice in the name of CHANTRELLER for example, what could be more appropriate and effective than a picture of a woodcock? And so forth: for the name SPARROW, picture a chicken-hawk; for the name PIPER, a bass-drum; for the name LYON, a lamb; for COOPER, a stove maker. If there are any of our Toronto merchants so luckily named, they will no doubt thank GRIP for the suggestion and proceed at once to act upon it.

Scientific.

The Halifax *Citizen*, an able Reform paper, has begun writing scientific articles, thinking, and quite sensibly, that such effusions will be more acceptable than "hashes of stale politics." Its first article is on the Sun. The Conservatives down that way are anxiously awaiting the *Citizen's* ideas about the *Hobs*.

X



THE DANGER OF DISSOLUTION.

The Surprising Situation.

I am a puzzled party, which my name it is JOHN BULL,
As is of great annoyances now most exceeding full.
Things seem all gettin' twisted up; I don't know what's around,
I doubt I am a standin' on what's not quite solid ground.

I was a fighting character, but ain't so any more,
And many a year has passed since folks have heard my cannons roar.
I used to tear around with such, but now at home I stay,
A keepin' peacefully my shop, which I find much better pay.

My old friend NAP, who by my side had fought in Russia once,
Wished me to cut the States in two; I wasn't such a dunce.
I let 'em fight, and sold 'em things, and I their commerce run,
Benzath my flag I'd most of it, before the war was done.

And then he wanted me to help in thrashing Germany,
But no point to his argument could I at that time see.
So he and BISMARCK Europe kept for years employed at war,
And kept me manufacturing, and cash paid me therefor.

And headlong then I went to blind for arts of peace and such,
I might have helped my Colonies; but didn't do it much.
Took off the bounty which I used to give 'em on their grain,
It weakened them in men and heart; but paid—I don't complain.

Old laws, by which my sailors came who won my famous wars,
Which said each British trading ship should man with British Tars,
I abrogated, and I've shipped of foreigners a lot,
It paid—but my old hearts of oak—I wonder where they've got?

I grabbed an awful lot of land in those old fighting times,
But troops those lands to gar'ison?—Why no, I saved the times.
And if a row turns up, well, I have some small force, you see,
But in six places all at once that force could hardly be.

But then my fleet I thought would keep these places safe. Alas!
The sciences and such like things are come to such a pass.
My ironclads, which I had thought would all the world command,
May be blown up with torpedoes no bigger than my hand.

And now they say—Oh, horrid news!—those folks who've been and
trained,

At armies, fighting, and such things, while I at home remained,
That's Russia, Prussia, Austria—have secretly enrolled
Themselves to gobble Europe up, and leave me in the cold.

And here I've been these many years, because it paid me well,
A building railroads for these chaps, and to 'em guns did sell.
And sent 'em engineers to teach 'em things; but, I say, but
I fear I've been a-teaching them just how my throat to cut.

I don't know well what course to take, I'm rather up a tree,
But I shall try to pass it by, and take things quietly.
And if this cloud will but this once unharmed pass away,
I mean to think of safety more, and rather less of pay.

The Mail to Mr. O'Hanly.

(See editorial in Monday's Mail).

Misther O'HANLY,

Down at Ottaway.

Dear Sur an Respected Fellow Citizen.—We write this to let ye know that our sympathy is wid ye in the prisint trouble betune yourself an BROWN and the Reform Party av Canady. Bein a man av disarment, ye can aasily persave by the brogue av this letter, that we, the Mail, are your own flesh an blood, an the thure frind av the Roman Catholic Irishmin av the county. Begorra, Misther O'HANLY, it's the thruth ye shpake, fwthin ye say that the Liberal Party av Ontario is no frind av our co-religionists. Sure, they have niver in the whole coorse av their existence gev wan Catholic Irishman a nomination, barrin a few; an fwthin they have put up a man av that kind, sure hasn't he been defayed? Luck at the case av Misther O'DONOHUE, here in Toronto. Av coorse, that gentleman says he was defayed to a large extent by the votes av Irish Catholics; but it is not our juty to be takin notice av the loikes av thim assartions. Fwhat we wud like to call your prisint attention to, dear Misther O'HANLY, is, that your thure frinds is the Liberal Consarvatiff Party. Come to us, an' you will find rest, an justice, an ivery blessin your heart longs for. Luck at the recort we can show ye! Luck at all thim articles the Mail has printed wid the headin av "Our venerable Archbishop and the Reverend Clargy." Bein a man av disarment, ye will aasily see that the above was not intinded to be tuck up sarcastic. Bein a man that is in the habit av drawin inferances, ye will at wanst persave that the Mail has always loved the Archbishops an Clargy an the whole Catholic people, an used it's best efforts to elect min av that faith to Parlymint. Didn't we vote for O'DONOHUE? Doesn't our Orangemin always vote for the Catholic candidates av our Consarvatiff Party? Av coorse they do. Misther O'HANLY, dear Misther O'HANLY, able an talente! Catholic gintleman, Misther O'HANLY—throw aff the yoke av the Grits; join wid our Chafetain JOHN A., an maybe we will nominate ye some toime for our mumber, an all our Orangemin will vote for ye, so they will.

Your thure frind, THE Mail.

A Delightful Improvement.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR:—"If ever pity," et cetera, as the poet remarks, I want some. I am an unhappy resident of York street. In fact, concerning those residents whose hard fate stuck them north of King, you may leave the adjective out; their locality describes their condition. Last summer, it was our hard fate to have our street improved. The centre of the street, if not much better, is not much worse. But the sidewalks, they improved them to the tune of some five thousand dollars—that is to say, they have improved the contractor's pockets to that amount, and injured the sidewalks to a good deal more. They have put on a patent pavement of wood and gravel. The gravel cuts the shoes of pedestrians to pieces. It fills our houses; it is as the plague of frogs which filled the beds and the kneading troughs—it is everywhere. We eat quantities of it at meals—we breathe it all day—we sleep, or try to sleep, on it at night. In vain we sweep; every wind blows it over us. Our street is injured, and lo, all people avoid it. What can be done? Our business is ruined; our health is destroyed; the absorption of gravel and sand into our systems is fast turning us to stone. GRIP, the half petrified implore your succour.

Yours,

May 16, 1877.

A POSSIBLE PETRIFICATION.

Eureka! Canada all right at last!

Oh! boys, let's have a grand hoo-roar!
And let us all admiring sing
The praise of MAC & Co., once more
Who've done the only proper thing!
With gladsome confidence we will
Confess them saviours of this nation;
Who know the cure for every ill,
And graft it on the situation!

Real "bully" chaps they surely be,
State pilotage the perfect pink of;
'Tis their's to hit peculiar-lee
On that which no one else would think of.
Yet, always, the solution they
To us propose shines forth sublime,
The fit, the true, the only way
To meet the crisis of the time.

And yet so simple 'tis withal,—
So obvious to the meanest mind,—
Amazement holds us all in thrall
We ne'er before that way did find!
Simplicity does ever show
Union with genius—witness sure
To this gives Canada, whose woe
Now yields to MAC's inornate cure!

Her people search around for work
From morn to eve; no work is there;
And, (save they list for Russ or Turk),
There's nothing left them but despair.
Her traders fail; her factories all
Do droop, or close; cash can't be had;
Her revenue has heavy fall;
And houses void make owners mad.

She sought a remedy—alas!
She found it not! In darkness she
Did grope. But lo! there comes to pass
A guide in her perplexity:
More Immigration! And a big
Boss General-Agent! Did you ever?
(Five thousand dollars) dash my wig!
How simple 'tis! and yet how clever!

COLUMNUS' egg he flattened out;
"Pshaw! easy quite!" beholders, bit
With envy cried, "We, too, no doubt,
Had done it had we thought of it!"
So Canada, new gone to school
To MAC., and by him wisely taught,
Doth call herself a precious fool
She ne'er of Immigration thought!

"Because," she says, "so obvious-lee
"It is for all her present ills
"A perfect cure; and ANNAND, he
"Must send to her his little bills,
"Which she, ecstasically quite,
"Will foot and wish that they were more."
So boys, our trouble's gone from sight,
Let's have a closing vast hoo-roar!

WANTED!

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

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SATURDAY EXCURSION TICKETS

On and after May 5th, Saturday Excursion Tickets will
be issued during the Summer months, between Toronto
and neighbouring Stations,

AT SINGLE FARES,

valid for return until Monday following, date of issue
included.

Further information can be obtained on application to
the Company's Agents.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

MONTREAL, April 25th, 1877.

POST-OFFICE NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT

THE MAILS FOR ENGLAND

By the Allan Line of Steamers, will be landed and em-
barked at Kimouski the same as last year; and that on
and after the 11th inst., these mails will be closed at this
Office on

Fridays, at 5 o'clock p.m.

By order of the Postmaster General.

JOSEPH LESSLIE,
Postmaster.

P. O. Toronto, 7th May, 1877.

FITS, EPILEPSY

OR

FALLING SICKNESS

Permanently Cured—no humbug—by
one month's usage of Dr. Goulard's Cele-
brated Infallible Fit Powders. To con-
vince sufferers that these powders will do all we claim for
them, we will send them by mail, **post paid, a Free
Trial Box.** As Dr. Goulard is the only physician that
has ever made this disease a special study, and as to our
knowledge thousands have been **permanently
cured** by the use of these **Powders, we will
guarantee a permanent cure** in every case, or
refund you all money expended. All suffer-
ers should give these Powders an early trial, and be con-
vinced of their curative powers.

Price, for large box, \$3.00, or 4 boxes for \$10.00, sent by
mail to any part of United States or Canada on receipt of
price, or by express, C.O.D. Address,

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CONSUMPTION

POSITIVELY CURED.

All sufferers from this disease that are anxious to be
cured, should try **Dr. Kissnor's Celebrated
Consumptive Powders.** These Powders are the
only preparation known that will cure **Consumption**
and all diseases of the **Throat and Lungs**—indeed,
so strong is our faith in them, and also to convince you that
they are no humbug, we will forward to every sufferer, by
mail, post paid, a **free Trial Box.**

We don't want your money until you are perfectly
satisfied of their curative powers. If your life is worth
saving, don't delay in giving these **Powders** a trial, as
they will surely cure you.

Price, for large box, \$3.00, sent to any part of the Uni-
ted States or Canada by mail on receipt of price.

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Letters promptly answered.

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AND STATIONER,

Can supply any Book, Newspaper or Magazine
published.

POSTAGE AND BILL STAMP EMPORIUM.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 27th April, 1877.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
American invoices until further notice, 7 per
cent.

v-6-11

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

A. ELKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS
letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters with-
out 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 Simcoe Sts., Toronto.

The above commodious and centrally located house com-
bines 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. TROFFER, PROPRIETOR.
F. HODGINS, and A. M. CARDIGAN, Managers.

N.B.—Omnibus free.

REMOVAL.

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

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

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

BENGDUGH BROS.,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, ONT.