

**PUBLISHERS' 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. BENGOUGH BROS.

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In the Township of Uxbridge. Would exchange for entire horse, weighing 1,700 or 1,800 pounds, and not more than 8 years old.  
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Received Jan. 8, 1879,  
**PITMAN'S Teacher, Exercises and Dictionary.**  
If those customers who favoured us with orders during the past two weeks will kindly repeat, they will be filled without delay.  
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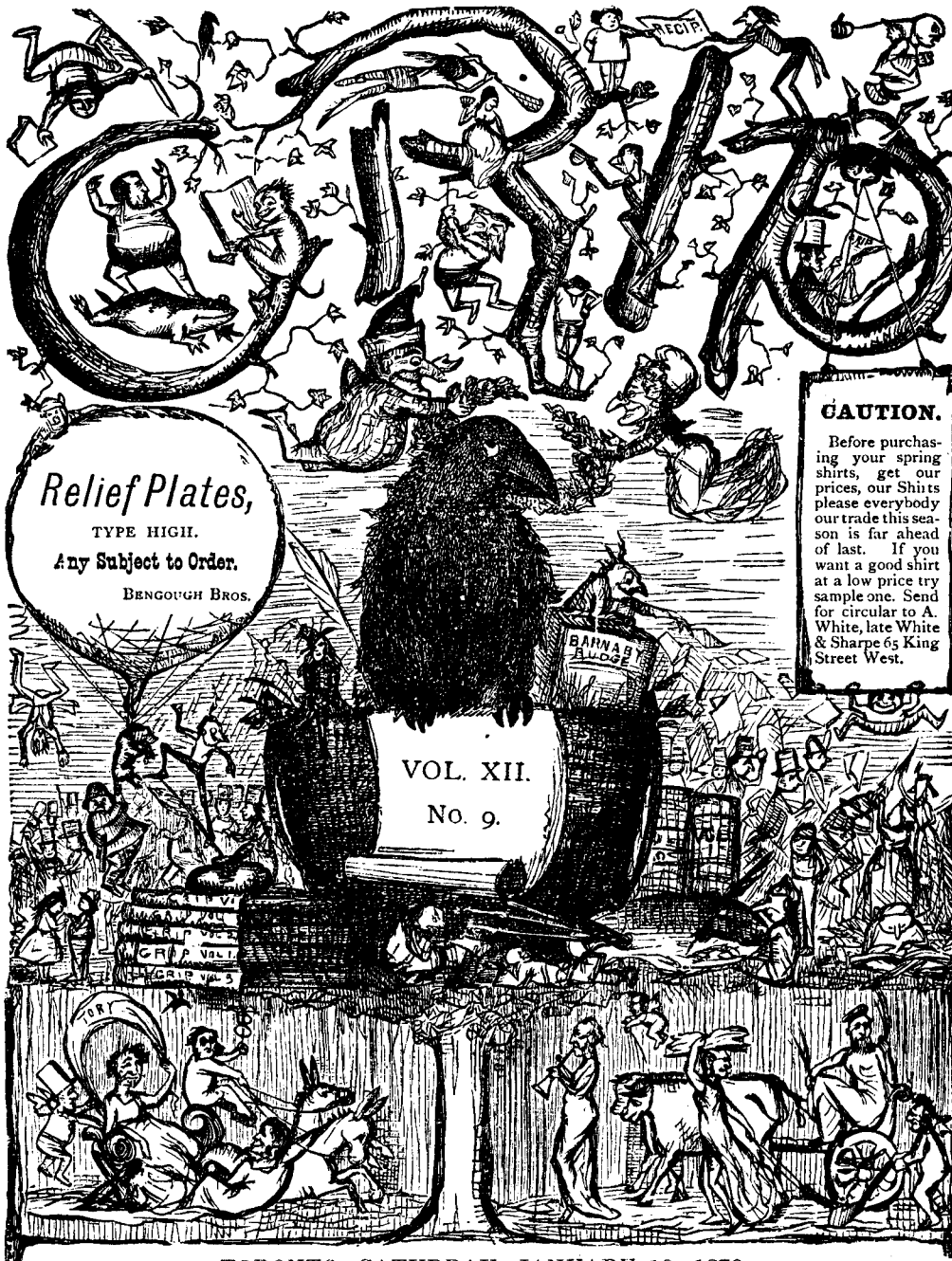
**FARM FOR SALE.**  
A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 31 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is  
**A Capital Orchard**  
of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres. On nine acres of this Orchard the trees 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.  
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**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.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1879.

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.

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MOURNING CARDS, DRAWING BOOKS, PAPER CLIPS,  
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AT WHOLESALE PRICES.  
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**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.

**\$1.50**  
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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, 18TH JANUARY, 1879.

**TO NEWSDEALERS.**—The Toronto News Co. are our wholesale agents; any orders from the trade sent direct to them will receive prompt attention.

## Grandfather Grip to Little Oliver.

My dear little boy:—

I have lately heard something about you which has given me great uneasiness, because it has almost made me doubt whether you are really so good a youth as I have always thought you to be. You know how much I have loved you ever since you were a little toddling thing in petticoats, and you know that it has always been my custom to hold you up as a model of what a little boy should be. Indeed I have believed you to be a most worthy child, not only free from the glaring wickedness of other children in your outward conduct, but far above them in the graces of your mind as well. Many a time have I boasted to my neighbours that in respect of fairmindedness, and ingenuous honesty of heart, no little boy that I had ever seen could compare with OLIVER MOWAT. And is it possible that I have been mistaken in this generous admiration? Is it possible that I must be compelled to join with Master MORRIS and Master MEREDITH in voting a want of confidence in you, my dearest OLIVER? If what I have been told is true, I am afraid I must. I have been told this: that a great big man named MACPHERSON brought certain accusations against you, declaring that the same were true, and challenging you to shew that they were not so; that a friend of yours, one Master BETHUNE, advised you to examine these charges and shew that they were false, as he believed they were. Now, if my OLIVER were really the noble, straightforward fellow I have always believed him to be, I should have expected that under these circumstances he would have slapped Master BETHUNE bravely on the back and said "Good! that's just what I shall do!" But what do I hear? What did my OLIVER really do? Why, I am told that he twisted around impatiently in his seat, and got in a pet at what his friend BETHUNE said, and instead of doing the very reasonable thing thus recommended, he only gave a short and unbecoming grunt, and said the man MACPHERSON wasn't worth paying any attention to! I cannot tell you how much shocked I was to hear this. I would scarcely have believed it had it not been told me by a most worthy and reputable neighbour of mine who happened to be in the gallery of the House at the time. This is very unlike my OLIVER, and I am afraid that evil communications in the great city have corrupted his mind sadly. Yet, I do not doubt you believe the charges brought against you to be unfounded; you have the consciousness, I am sure, that you could easily disprove them. I do not join with those who are against you, but I do say, that in my opinion it would be more honourable, frank, and courteous in you to calmly examine and refute the charges—yea, and if I mistake not, it would be more profitable for you to do so, in view of the coming general election.

Your affectionate Grandfather,

GRIP.

The Rookery, Jan. 14.

## Advertisement.

HER Majesty's Loyal Administration at Ottawa beg leave to invite tenders for the following information to be delivered at Ottawa before the thirteenth of February, the aforesaid Administration being in great need thereof:

- 1.—What the National Policy was.
  - 2.—How to base a Tariff on it.
  - 3.—How to make a Protective Tariff that will be only a Readjustment.
  - 4.—How to satisfy Ontario without Protection.
  - 5.—How to please Manitoba and the Maritime Provinces with Protection.
  - 6.—How to keep our majority from voting against us.
- Tenders will be received from all Post Offices. The lowest, nor any tender, rejected,

By Order.

Ottawa, Jan. 16, 1879.

## Scene at Ottawa.

TILLEY. SIR JOHN. TUPPER.

SIR JOHN.—Can't express how glad I am to see you back, old fellow. TUPPER.—More than I am. Heap of chaps yelling at me for N.P. Told 'em "Wait, wait, wait till the Hon. Finance Minister and General Diplomatic Borrowing Agent at London gets through with his loan (the first financial operation of the age)—and you don't know, nor can't imagine how cheap he is getting money, nor how many millions he is offered more than he wants. Why, sir, cabs, waggons, carts, trucks, dragged by bankers, brokers, everybody who had gold, crowded the streets with it offering it to TILLEY, pressing it on him, forcing it on him, throwing rouleaux of guineas at his head—he had to use over a gallon of arnica for the lumps—nearly killed him. Yes, but such a loan. Oh, when he comes back all will be right. All! all! all!" And now here he is, and I've no more excuses.

TILLEY.—Really, TUPPER, don't you think stretching had better be abandoned now?

TUPPER.—Stretch-h-h-h! Dooooo you-u-u da-a-a-are? I!!! You got in-n-n, Sir-r-r, on my-y-y probity and modera-a-ation!

SIR JOHN.—Probity! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Tumbles back on sofa in convulsions*).

TILLEY.—Moderation, ho, ho, ho. (*Falls over in ditto*).

TUPPER.—(*Rather weakening*).—Well, whatever suspicion might be entertained of the thorough honesty of expression of others surely, I—Why, you both know that—you certainly know that my good faith is—is—proverbial. No one ever saw the least hint to the contrary, in paper, journal, magazine, speech—no one—no—

TILLEY.—Come, come, that's another. What's the good? Why, you know that even when you used to hook that chap's pieces out of the *Mail*—discarded chap who wrote pamphlet—and speak 'em in House, you couldn't help twisting 'em edgewise from mere habit. Ha, ha, ha!

SIR JOHN.—(*Recovered from laughter*).—Business, business. Here really is the deuce to pay. Bank stock falling. Houses vacant. Workmen shouting for work. Farmers yelling ruin. No sale for anything. What are we to do? Help us, TILLEY, that's a good fellow.

TUPPER.—What's the good of asking him? I told you, Sir JOHN, when you made an N.P. Cabinet with all the N.P.'s crossed out. If you wanted N.P., why didn't you go the whole hog? Majority would have backed you. Tell you what, I hear very sealy stories. Our own fellows talk of pitching us all out, and bringing in the real N.P. lot. Why not have done it?—all smooth sailing then.

TILLEY.—I must say I coincide, Sir JOHN. Why not have done it? SIR JOHN.—My friends the two T.'s, here with me *tete-a-tete*, listen to what I say. Good rhyme that, by jingo. Well, do you think you can fool your uncle? Do you? Now? (*Sticks his head on one side and grins diabolically*).

The two T.'s.—What do you mean? *Si habes aliquid*—Split! Come, Honour among—

SIR JOHN.—Well, if I really—But you're too gray-headed Dalilahs. Well, if I tell you where my strength lies, you won't cut my hair?

T. and T.—No. No! No!!

SIR JOHN.—Well, here you are. Take the unit—the atom—the being JOHN A. What did it want? National Policy? No; what would it do with it? Premiership? No; had it often before. Money? Well, no, the being didn't; perhaps it had saved more than it let on. What then? Why, Rehabilitation. The atom JOHN A. was smirched; its escutcheon was stained; it had been Pacific Scandalized; it couldn't be set at the Home Government Privy Council Board till it was purified. Well, it was voted in again. Then the atom JOHN A. diplomatizes. It says. If I don't bring in the other Pacifics Britain will say Canadian Public hasn't condoned the Pacific. Now Canadian Public would see the atom particularly annihilated before they'd condone the Pacific. Well, is the atom stuck? No, it brings in all the old Pacifics, shouting N.P. Then Public, wild about N.P., votes 'em all in without question, not forgiving 'em, but just putting up with 'em so's not to lose time. All right. Atom floats back to Britain, explains Canada's took 'em all back, says P.S. all right—glorious rehabilitation of atom. British Public says all right if Canucks say so; no morals there anyhow; atom good as rest; perhaps better; P.S. quite right over there. Magnificent result. Atom, being, unit JOHN A. takes seat as Her Britannic Majesty's Privy Councillor. Hooray!

TUPPER.—Well, all right, but why not run the N.P. in the meanwhile?

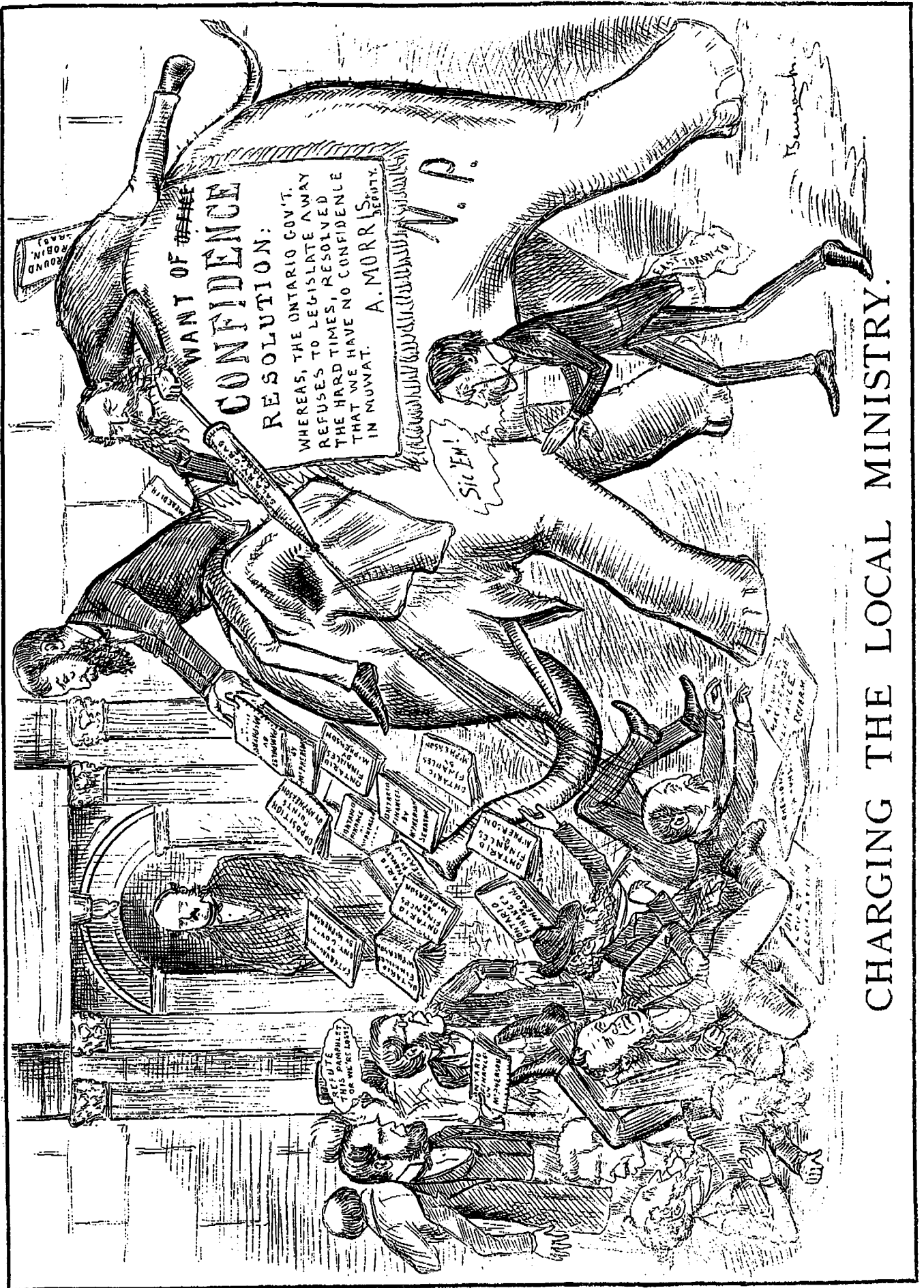
SIR JOHN.—Very simple. My dear fellow, I want to have a clean record over there—want to be able to say—"As long as I am in charge, no Protection to injure the Mother Land, Whose Flag has waved a Thousand Years, and whose Morning Drum beats, et cetera, et cetera. Well, I come back, full fledged Privy Councillor. Then I resign, take the fattest judgeship—let in TUPPER—

TILLEY.—(*Strikes attitude*).—What!

SIR JOHN.—Oh, that's as you settle it. Then, myself shelved, you can dive in N.P. as much as you like. You can run the thing.

TUPPER and TILLEY.—I can. Certainly I can.

SIR JOHN.—Bless you, my children!



CHARGING THE LOCAL MINISTRY.

**Parliamentary.**

The following Petitions to the Lient. Governor in Council have been handed in by different members to Mr. GRIP, for his (Mr. GRIP'S) revision and approval :

*From the Corporation and Citizens of Toronto.*

A Petition—"That the Workingman's Rights orators be granted permission to shovel fog off the Island without charge, for exercise."

*From OWNEY COSGROVE, Esq.*

A Petition—"That the Public Works Department do armour, or cause to be armoured with six inch steel plating, the *facade* of his Hotel, in anticipation of the customary ovations in March and July of each year."

*From The Globe Publishing Company.*

A Petition—"That the editor who writes the gentlemanly leaders in the *Mail* be summoned before the Bar of the House to prove that the said newspaper is conducted by gentlemen for gentlemen, &c."

*From The Mail Publishing Company.*

A Petition—"That a Bill be introduced to prevent the Bohemians of the *Globe* newspaper from transferring sensational smothering stories from English scenes to Canadian territory, and that a committee of the whole be formed to enquire into the authorship of their heavy philosophical articles adapted from the English Quarterlies."

*From Everybody.*

A Petition—"That the weekly journal known as GRIP may be bound yearly in Morocco, and authorized by the Educational Department as a Text Book in the different High Schools of the Province.

**Slippery Friendship.**

False friend of mine  
Why did'st thou take me, on the New Year Morn  
Through all the gilded and successive haunts  
Of fashionable dames, where lurk the snares,  
The brain disturbing snare of liquid woe,  
And when I was by deep imbibing full,  
Propose that we should spend the afternoon,  
The skating rink upon? If that thy head  
Be unimpressible by potent draught,  
Then know'st thou mine is not. Why should'st thou then  
Believe it relishes the frequent whack  
Upon the sounding ice? Begone, away!  
Address me never more!

**Clerical Diplomacy.**

*The congregation of Littletown to the Venerable Bishop BUSTER :-*

*Your Lordship*—We have to acquaint your lordship that we wish the Reverend Mr. JOLLYFELLOW, of Timbuctoo, as our preacher. We shall raise the salary, and make things comfortable, and hope your reverend approbation.

*The Bishop to the congregation of Littletown.*

*My Dear Brethren*—I have appointed M. SOUTALK, of Bigtown. I manage these things—as see canon, ritual, fathers of church, &c., &c., &c.

Fraternally yours,

BUSTER.

*The congregation of Littletown to the Bishop.*

*Your Lordship*—We hereby give your Lordship notice of suit being commenced in Chancery against you.

*Result*—If congregation wins, BISHOP is snubbed. If otherwise, congregation leave church. Either way, it will show a pregnant fact. Canadians are opposed, both in politics and religion, to nominators nominating for them what they would rather nominate themselves.

**Charge to the Jury in a very Civil Case by a St. Thomas Judge.**

Gentlemen: It appears to me that the plaintiff is a skunk; I observe you look blue at such language from this bench, but that don't affect my decision. He is a liar, and a sneak, and a mean, dirty ignoramus. If this is not borne out by the evidence, all I have to say is that you, gentlemen of the jury, are a truculent lot of vile knaves, and it affords me gratification to be able to tell you so to your faces.



It is "hard" times on Toronto Bay.

It's very easy to treat an acquaintance coolly nowadays.

A CERTAIN class of physicians conduct their business by the eclectic light.

A TORONTO lady was disappointed because Mr. GAILY was not with the Troubadors.

"TITE Girls Home" is the heading of an article in the *Globe*. Well that's where she ought to be.

THE reason the Opposition had to go to London for a leader was because the Toronto *Leader* is dead.

DAVID MACLAWS (West Elgin) is a good name for a law maker, you may take your affaDAVID on that.

At the coming elections the Ontario Premier will endeavour to overcome all opposition by trying to MOWAT down.

An article is going the rounds, entitled "Numbering the Heart Beats." That's easily done, but who can number the dead beats?

A MOTHER'S love for her only child is nothing compared to the love the party out of office has for this benighted country.

SIX months from now we will be putting little chunks of this weather in tumblers and inhaling the coolness thereof through a couple of straws.

WHO says our great orators are dead? EDMUND BURKE emerges from his long obscurity to receive a gold watch at St. Thomas the other day.

It is a sad spectacle to see a Yankee paper copy that piece about the Princess LOUISE'S tin teapot from the Hamilton *Spectator* and credit it to the *Speculator*.

If the party named VENNOR who predicted a mild winter will call at this office, he will hear of something to his advantage. (Now is the time to get up clubs).

JOURNALISM is bound to wave in Canada. They long had a *Banner* in Chatham, and now they have raised the *Standard* in London. The editor's efforts never flag.

THE reason that the author of "Beautiful Snow" is so hard to find is because he (or she) knows that he (or she) would be lynched immediately during the present weather.

A NOVA SCOTIA paper says that the HYDE estate in England, worth \$12,000,000, expects to get a claimant in Nova Scotia. A sort of game of HYDE and seek—the heir as it were.

"PROTECTION?" exclaims Sir JOHN, in a sort of mystified manner, "Protection? Oh yes—come to think of it I have heard the word—before; certainly, of course, we mean to have Protection, and will protect ourselves in our fat offices just as long as we can—you bet—we'll have lots of Protection."

ONE blessing belongs to this season, and that is we see no more advertisements like this since the holidays :

TEACHER WANTED.—A male teacher (Normal preferred) wanted for S.S. No. 10 Crunchem Township. Must be a man of experience, with good testimonials. First class certificate if possible, who is prepared to take charge of a large school without an assistant. Salary \$300. Apply to Ketchem and Skinam, Trustees.

WHAT a thing Science is!—Two wheels of a railway car having so crushed a boy's chest that death instantly ensued, Dr. KENNEDY states at the inquest that he died of the shock to the nervous system. (*Mail*) This is the bewildering profundity of investigation. It is clear, that only for nervousness nothing would hurt us, however.

AND now ye careful muffled man, doth step so gingerly along the slippery icy walk, he picks his dangerous way, when dashing down the hill there comes a boy upon a sleigh. (The rest is to be read slowly and solemnly) Where now is that much muffled man? He lieth on the snow. Where is ye little jovial sleigh? Ye sleigh no more shall go, and where ye boy, ye gladsome boy? He is, ye muffled man, below.

Grip and St. Nicholas \$4.00.

# ST. NICHOLAS,

SCRIBNER'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE  
For Girls and Boys.

## An Ideal Children's Magazine.

Messrs. SCRIBNER & Co., in 1873, began the publication of ST. NICHOLAS, an Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, with Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge as editor. Five years have passed since the first number was issued, and the magazine has won the highest position. It has a monthly circulation of

Over 80,000 Copies.

It is published simultaneously in London and New York, and the transatlantic recognition of it is almost as general and hearty as the American. Although the progress of the magazine has been a steady advance, it has not reached the editors' ideas of best, because her ideal continually outruns it, and the magazine as swiftly follows after. To-day ST. NICHOLAS stands

### Alone in the World of Books ;

The New-York *Tribune* has said of it: "ST. NICHOLAS has reached a higher platform, and commands for its service wider resources in art and letters than any of its predecessors or contemporaries." The London *Literary World* says: "There is no magazine for the young that can be said to equal this choice production of Scribner's press."

### Good Things for 1878-79.

The arrangements for literary and art contributions for the new volume—the sixth—are complete, drawing from already favorite sources, as well as from promising new ones. Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new serial story for boys,

#### "A Jolly Fellowship."

Will run through the twelve monthly parts,—beginning with the number for November, 1878, the first of the volume,—and will be illustrated by James E. Kelly. The scene of this story, like that of the very successful one, "What Might Have Been Expected," published in ST. NICHOLAS, is laid in the South. For the girls a continued tale,

#### "Half a Dozen Housekeepers,"

By Katherine D. Smith, with illustrations by Frederick Deilman, begins in the same number; and a fresh serial by Susan Coolidge, entitled "Eyesight," with plenty of pictures, will be commenced early in the volume. There will also be a continued fairy-tale called

#### "Rumpty Dudget's Tower,"

Written by Julian Hawthorne, and illustrated by Alfred Fredericks. About the other familiar features of ST. NICHOLAS, the editor preserves a good-humored silence, content, perhaps to let her five volumes already issued, prophesy concerning the sixth, in respect to short stories, pictures, poems, humor, instructive sketches, and the lure and lore of "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," the "Very Little Folks" department, and the "letter-box" and "Riddle Box."

### The November Number.

Attention is especially invited to the November number, which in many respects approaches nearer to our ideal than any number we have issued. It contains 72 pages, and its illustrations throughout are fine and varied. It begins two splendid serials. Its shorter papers represent a wide range of subject,—History, Travel, Fun, Poetry, Adventure, Science, Natural History, Home-life, Sport, and lively narrative,—the whole crowned by an appropriate Thanksgiving story.

Throughout are seen evidences and fruit of the editor's recent travel across the continent, and Mrs. Dodge's inimitable touches everywhere show the heartiness and zeal with which she resumes active editorial management. One long article and two poems in this number bear the signature, and in the Letter-Box she talks pleasantly with the young folks about her delightful journey to California.

There is a fine portrait of FRANK R. STOCKTON, accompanied by a sketch of his life.

Terms \$3.00 a year; 25 cents a Number.

SCRIBNER & Co., 743 Broadway, New-York.

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**WANTED.**—5 cents each will be paid for the following back numbers of GRIP:

Vol.	No.	Dates
1	2, 16, 23.	
3	7, 9, 17, 20, 21, 23.	
4	1, 2, 4, 5, 6.	
5	3, 7, 17, 19, 21, 24.	
6	6, 7, 9, 13, 25.	
7	4, 12, 20, 21.	
8	1, 2, 7, 12, 17, 24.	
9	3, 15.	

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The following are Samples of Type from which a choice may be made.

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Reporting Exercises,	20
Phrase Book,	30
Covers for holding Note Book,	20
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60
Self-culture, corresponding style,	60
The Book of Psalms, corresponding style,	35
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Pilgrim's Progress, corresponding style,	50
Extracts, corresponding style,	20

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**BEST** business you can engage in. \$5 to \$20 per day made by any worker of either sex, right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth \$5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

### List of Books For Sale

AT GRIP OFFICE.

Harmony of the Gospels (2 vols.)	\$1.00
Types and Emblems, Spurgeon.	60c.
The Domestic World, by the Author of "Enquire Within."	75c.
Sermons by Talmage, (cloth).	\$1.00
Sermons by Cochrane, (morocco).	\$1.50
Studies for the Pulpit, 300 Sermons.	\$2.00
Lectures & Sermons by Funshon, (morocco).	\$2.50
Toronto of old by H. Scadding, D.D., (morocco).	\$3.00
Songs of our Youth, with music, by Author of "John Halifax Gentleman."	\$2.50
Views and Interviews on Journalism.	\$1.00
Workshop Appliances by Shelly, (cloth).	\$1.00
Elements of Mechanism, (cloth)	\$1.00
Stones Crying Out, (cloth).	\$1.00
Business by a Merchant, (cloth).	\$1.00
A Legend of the Grand Gordons, Illustrated.	\$3.00
Gill's Stair Builder,	\$4.00
New Elements of Hand Railing, by Riddell.	\$7.00
Ellen Manners,	\$1.00
May Lawton,	45c.
Anna, the Runaway.	45c.

### REWARD CARDS.

100 Proverbs of Solomon.	15c
100 Sayings of Jesus.	15c.
100 Sayings of St. Paul.	15c.

Sent to any address, postage paid on receipt of price.

U can make money faster at work for us than at any thing else. Capital not required; we will start you \$12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

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