

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

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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

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Literature and Art.

A large picture, believed to be a genuine work of TURNER, has just been brought to light in Scotland under peculiar circumstances. It was procured, the story goes, directly from the artist by the late H. F. MYLERS, and was bequeathed by him to a relative. This man has been ignorant of its great worth, but on showing it to a connoisseur was informed that it was a genuine TURNER. The picture will be put up by auction, and the representatives of several public galleries are expected to be present.

JINGLE ON THE CARNIVAL.—The Carnival! Author's Carnival, so called. No authority for it. Merely a masquerade. And such a mix. But it is very pretty. Bright costumes. Lovely girls. Noble object. Charity. Bad cigars. No smoking. Sensible rule. Man bought a cigar. Attempted to light it. Police put him out. Persevered in the effort. Succeeded. Took three whiffs. Tried to pick the pocket of a wooden Indian. Deliberately took out a life insurance policy. Knew he would outlive the company. Or be sliced up like a pine apple. According to the latest approved methods. He recovered. Life insurance company dead. Total loss. Moral. Let the other man smoke. To return to our mutton. The carnival is gay. It is bright. It is kaleidoscopic. Occasionally it is hot. But there is lots of lemonade. And stomach ache. Such fun. Romantic young man. Gaily clad. Noble courtier. Knee breeches. Slim slanks. Much tinsel. Built like a lead pencil. Equally romantic young lady. Gorgeously equipped. But stout. And hearty. They promenade. He suggests lemonade. And ice cream. Not to mention cake. This pleases her. Strawberries! Of course. They flirt. He would be were a glove. I look upon him as a muff. Time to settle. Young man in a pickle. Money in his other clothes. Humiliating confession. Romance all gone. He now wants money. And pain killer. The gallant knight is meek. Red as a rose is the girl. The reckless youth retires. He smiles a sickly smile. His dream of love is o'er. Next. I like carnivals. They are generally so solemn. You don't expect fun at a funeral. It would be out of place. This carnival is quite merry. It is light and cheerful. It would tickle some authors. Others would roll over in their graves and groan. Everybody is represented. From JOSEPHINE to Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. The Dime Novel is also represented. Nobody reads COOPER. The New York Ledger is more popular. Historical characters are ably represented. By young people who never read history. They are not prejudiced. They can sell gum guns just as well. "Please buy this." "Do take a chance." Only ten cents, and so utterly useless. Copied from a church sociable. With a flavor of Niagara Fall. Just like a religious circus. Or a theological caravan. It brings out human nature. Shows our liking for gay colors. Proves this conclusively. We are all actors. Or think we are. Much the same thing. Supplies a public want. Times are hard. We want cheap amusements. Cheap funerals. Cheap cigars. Don't fail to go. Buy a coupon ticket. It will pay—the other party. Encourage the authors. This is what they wrote for. Really it is worth more than one visit. The booties are attractive. The girls are as lovely as strawberry ice. There is a perfect avalanche of them. But the funniest part of the show is this: The passing crowd.—ALFRED JINGLE, in Buffalo Every Saturday.

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And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations. Several illustrated articles descriptive of Canadian Sports and Scenery have recently appeared in its pages, and the magazine during the coming year will devote much space to matters of special interest to the Canadian public.

"**HAWORTH'S**" by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnett has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunmar," "The Man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement. Some of the incidents will be found of very curious interest, this being a study of a phase of life in the New World with which few Americans, even, are familiar. "Falconberg" began in the August number of 1878.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by George W. Cable. This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the years 1833-5, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. These portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as front-pieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of the poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John P. Muir, the California naturalist. These are the most graphic and picturesque, and at the same time exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Meadows, Wind Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Wells Champany (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition—the cities, the rivers and general resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the rarest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood, of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Boyesen, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent, their methods of teaching, &c.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on *How Shall We Spell* (two papers by Prof. LOUNSBURY), *The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places* (by SAMUEL PARSONS, of Flushing), *Canada of To-day, American Art and Artists, American Archeology, Modern Inventors*; also *Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems*; "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of *New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements*; *Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.*; *Book Reviews*: fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

Terms, 4.00 a year in advance; 35 cents a number.

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Stage Whispers.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—TONY PASTOR'S double company is announced to appear to-night and to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon and evening. Those who had the pleasure of hearing his company on a previous visit will be glad of another opportunity, and any who enjoy a high class variety entertainment we would say hear the toniest of the tony.

FRANK MAYO is going to Europe to play *Davy Crockett*.

Next season JOE JEFFERSON will have a company of his own.

CHIANFRAU has got a new play written by a member of the New York Bar.

M'LE MORLACCHI and her husband TEXAS JACK, are to retire from the stage.

ABBEY & SCHOEFFEL paid LOTTA \$5100 a week and all her expenses during her recent tour.

MR. HENRY S. LEIGH'S new piece for the London Gaiety is to be called *The Great Casimir*.

MR. and MRS. GEORGE H. KNIGHT go to England, under the management of H. J. SARGENT.

MR. and MRS. CHARLES WOLCOT are considering an offer for a professional tour in Australia.

BYRON is writing an extravaganza called *Ducdebray's Private Theatricals* for SOTHERN, who will produce it first in America.

The spot chosen by MR. J. L. TOOLE for his new theatre in London is at the corner of the Strand and King William street.

VICTORIEN SARDOU'S *Martha* has been translated for MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL by MR. BARTON HILL, with the approval of the author.

It is said that MR. CHARLES FECHTER has been solicited to play in MR. CHARLES READE'S version of *L'Assommoir* at the Princess's Theatre, London.

The opera which ARTHUR SULLIVAN and MR. GILBERT are preparing for this country is said to treat military affairs in the same spirit as naval affairs are treated in *Pinafore*.

MR. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, the well-known English tenor singer, recently appeared at the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, and caused a sensation by his resemblance to the familiar busts of his great namesake.

MISS ALICE CHANDOS has sailed for Europe. She goes to London under two months engagement to create a Yankee dialect part in a new play called *Foreign Relations*. She will return to New York by the middle of August.

Theatrical realism has gone a long way in a recent performance of *Pinafore* by a Boston company at Halifax, N. S. The boatswain's mate of H. M. S. Griffon volunteered and "piped the side" when SIR JOSEPH came aboard. A real sailor from the same ship ran up the signals, and the yard furnished the bell, binnacle and masthead light—six brass guns, piles of shot and belaying pins, with a bugler, marines and gunners. Then when the piece had been played and the curtain had fallen the Yankee vocalists were entertained on board the Griffon by the officers and were afforded every opportunity of inspecting the ship and of becoming familiar with the regulations of the "Queen's navee." If the Boston *Pinafore* Company do not give the thing with absolute nicety hereafter they must be land-lubbers, indeed.

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EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

Our Competent Critic.

Mr. GRIP has not, up to the present number, attempted to give anything like a critical notice of the works now on view in the Art Exhibition of the Ontario Society. He has merely called attention to the show, and amused himself with a few thumb-nail sketches from the principal works. This apparent indifference to the interests of art needs a word of explanation, in justice to Mr. GRIP's established reputation as a warm patron of all things artistic; and the explanation is, that we have been waiting for the arrival of our specially engaged Competent Critic from Europe. That distinguished personage landed early this week, and immediately went to work. He should have been here a fortnight ago, but states that he was unexpectedly detained in London to advise the Royal Academy upon a delicate hanging matter. Our Competent Critic, like all critics of that kind, works very slowly, as he necessarily must, since he deliberately stakes his reputation on every word, and therefore it need not surprise the reader to learn that the following brief article represents all he has done as yet, notwithstanding the very liberal remuneration he is to receive.

REVIEW.

No. 1. *Study of a Female Head.* H. R. H. PRINCESS LOUISE. Right royally painted, though cannot be described as finished picture. Complexion well put on and hair done up in good style. Would suggest as companion picture, *Study of a Female Head.*

No. 3. *Sunset, Muskoka.* T. M. MARTIN. Very fine, indeed. Stately trees, mellow light, first-class arable land. MARTIN's sun is undoubtedly setting, but his star is in the ascendant. We give this Muskoka a free grant of our commendation.

No. 5. *Sheep.* By the same. So catalogue says. Does it mean the visitor, or the animals in the picture? Very poor sheep, though apparently fat. Should have put them into his *Muskoka* landscape. Why didn't he? Anti-emigration fellow suggests that would have been cruelty to animals. Hard on *Muskoka*.

No. 6. *Quinces.* F. A. VERNER. Ver' ne'r perfection. That patient study should produce such fruit is a natural consequence.

No. 9. "I'd be a Gipsy, merry and free." Mrs. SCHREIBER. Study of a young woman who doesn't like housework. Apparently willing her mother should do it all. Loafing in a ten-acre field, without a hat. Why don't she go off and become a pedestrian,

or something useful like that? Must ask Mrs. SCHREIBER.

No. 10. *Canadian Lynx.* RICHARD BAIGENT. Typical picture of British connection. Looks shanky about the shanks. Would like to see GOLDWIN SMITH snap this Canadian Lynx.

No. 17. *The Patient.* H. FERRE. "The gentlemen that pays the rent" has been taken ill and the crisis has arrived—as well as PADDY. The pig has been well rendered and might have been better if it had been interlarded with more bright color, and a more liberal application of the palette knife bestowed.

No. 19. *Canadian Fruit.* F. A. VERNER. This picture is interesting to our agricultural friends, as showing the mighty effect the N. P. has had on the fruits of the earth. The portrait of a bronze plate, grown here, shows the prolific nature of the soil.

No. 32. *A Widgeon.* T. M. MARTIN. An excellent example of painting and graining. The composition of this picture is quite o-widgeon-al, although this is not the artist's first appearance on the boards. It is a really fine and clever work, with the exception of the bird, which would stand a more careful study of de-tail.

No. 52. *Preparing for a Smoke.* W. RAPHAEL. Hard to find a match for this, though certainly not up to Mr. RAPHAEL's previous production called "The Transfiguration."

No. 67. *Study of a Child.* O. R. JACOB. This picture is not for sale. For which we are thankful. But what could this child have done to the artist that he should have taken such a merciless revenge upon it?

(To be Continued.)

NOTE.—On receiving the above MS. from Our Competent, we gave him something on account, whereupon his eye was seen to sparkle. We hope he is a teetotaler. We will know in the course of the week.

Gentlemen.

Before I saw that article in the *Mail* informing me that we Canucks are all gentlemen, either descendants of the Grande Seigneurs of France, or greater still, noble scions of old country officers of the "retired list," I hardly knew what was the matter with me. "What's the reason I don't want to work on this doggoned old farm?" was a question I often asked myself, while splitting rails or manipulating the graceful log-chain at a "bee." I always had an inward consciousness that I was born for greater things than feeding cattle and doing chores "to hum." That article of the *Mail* has settled it, and I have finally concluded on cutting the farm, and becoming a professional man of some sort. Law would suit me, I know. I tell you I'm immense in argument at our debating society at the school house on the Town line. In the first place I would be an undisputed gentleman (by act of Parliament), and perhaps become a great special pleader like JIMMY BETHUNE, ED. BLAKE or some of those chaps, who carry a red bag chock full of briefs, and have my name appear in legal documents, as Mr. UNDERBRUSH, Q.C., counsel for so and so. That would be immense. Perhaps after a time I would be UNDERBRUSH, J., and be "beloved" by Her Majesty. I think I'll try it. The only thing required is money, and that I lack. If I only knew enough law to raise money on my "individual interest in the south-west portion of the north-east half of the south half of Lot No. 21, in the concession lying south, south-west of the Corduroy road," I would be solid.

Unfortunately, lawyers as a rule don't pay their hired men much. A feller by the name of NEWMAN NOGGS, who wore brass paper fasteners by way of shirt-studs, told me he kept books and wrote all day for a swell law firm, "for and in consideration in hand to him well and truly paid by the said S. L. F., of the sum of four dollars of lawful money of Canada per week, with the proviso everything herein or hereout, to the contrary notwithstanding, that his the said N. N.'s stipend should be reduced to a greater or less extent during the long vacation, when he the said N. N. could take advantage of the warm weather and bivouac in High Park, or other local rustic situation not in this agreement mentioned, thereby saving a weekly outlay for lodgings, amounting to the sum deducted from his wages during the said vacation as aforesaid, as is hereby specially agreed." My friend Mr. NOGGS added that he made it a rule never to ask more than four dollars, because the only time he was offered and engaged for a larger sum than this there was default made in payment, and as he very truly remarked, "\$5.00 a week is too much to be beat out of." Mr. N. strongly advised me to give up the notion of law; suggested a position on the geological staff of city, or a quarter-mastership on one of the tenders to the dredge at the Esplanade. I would not hear of the like; told him I must be a gentleman; whereupon he flashed up and expressed himself after the manner following, that is to say: "Why, all those miserable shysters call themselves gentlemen. Most of them belong to the "Club." If you want to go into law, find out some respectable firm, but look out for the "shysters." They are mean enough to cheat a poor widow out of her hard earnings; bilk their poor clients out of their dues when recovered at law; or beat their half-starved employees out of the wages due them. There are not meaner petty larceny thieves in the Central Prison than a good number I know among the "Act of Parliament gentlemen." And Mr. NOGGS, producing a five-cent sandwich in an official envelope, said he would go down to the Esplanade for a "lunch."

AND so it is to be Sir LEONARD instead of Sir SAMUEL, in the case of TILLEY, Kt. This is the doing of the Premier; and what if somebody should cut the RICHARD off in the case of CARTWRIGHT, Kt., and make him Sir JOHN? It is appalling to think what the consequence might be of having two Sir JOHNS in the same House with such a violent affection for one another as these two gallant knights have.

The *Rose-Belford Monthly* for June is on our table—a good, solid number. Amongst the contents we note a sonnet by GOWAN LEA, of Montreal. Subject, Love, of course. Sweet and refined enough to do credit to REDPATH himself. FRED. A. DIXON, of Ottawa, tells what he knows about Dinners and Diners. Exhibits a profound knowledge of gourmand literature, and an amazing appetite for one so young. "FIDELIS" expatiates upon the New Ideal of Womanhood, and gives notice that the gals are going to carry their own trains, literally and figuratively. T. C. B. FRASER writes on the Growth of the Post Office. No reference to the superabundance of employees in the Toronto branch. Miss BELLE CAMPBELL makes her debut as an authoress with "Margaret's Sorrow," a touching little story, all about a nice young lady who—but perhaps you had better read it for yourself, as well as the other articles which we haven't space to particularize.



A Great Sculler.

Mr. GRIP has much pleasure in presenting the public with a copy of the portrait of Mr. ANGUS MORRISON which was unveiled at the entertainment of the Toronto Rowing Club last Saturday. That is, a copy of the original with a few alterations and improvements suggested by the Club fellows, whose President the genial ANGUS is. A brief account of this celebrated oarsman will, no doubt, be interesting to our citizens. He made his first appearance on the water in 1840, when eighteen years of age, and carried off the championship of the Toronto Bay, being the first man in the world to achieve that honor. His next effort was as one of the Law Student crew, in a match rowed for admission to the Bar. This was the hardest pull of his life, but fortunately it did not prove fatal. ANGUS was now on the high rowed to success. He determined to win his way to fame and fortune by the use of his scull, so he took the first opportunity to make a match for the Parliamentary cup, which he was lucky enough to win. He subsequently carried off the Mayor's chair several times. On the appearance of HANLAN, Mr. MORRISON retired from active practice, not wishing to stand in the way of a promising young oarsman. He now devotes himself mainly to the after-dinner aspect of aquatics, and takes pleasure in telling the rising generation about the famous victories he has won by the use of his scull, backed by his good nature.



JOHN BULL'S LATEST THEORY.

"Oh, ANLAN, its hall up now! We've discovered your secret! its hall in the twist hof the wrist, my boy!"

Brudder Gardner in Toronto.

One day last week this city was honored with a visit from Brother GARDNER, President of the Detroit Lime-Kiln Club. The distinguished gentleman came upon the invitation of his colored brethren of St. John's Ward, and by kind permission of M. QUAD, of the *Free Press*. He was met at the station by a select deputation of gentlemen, representing the Ethiopian population of the city. An address of welcome was read, after which the illustrious Brother held a Reception in the general waiting room, at which formal introductions were given to many prominent colored citizens. These exercises being over, Brother GARDNER was escorted to an elegant vehicle belonging to Mr. PEABLOSSOM CHROMO, the whitewash artist of York street, and driven to the residence of GEORGE WASHINGTON BRINDLEBLOOM, Esq., the recognized leader of the colored society of Toronto. In the evening the meeting which the famous visitor had come to attend was held in Zulu Hall, Chestnut street, that handsome edifice being crowded to the door by a most intelligent and interested assembly. Promptly at eight o'clock, Brother GARDNER ascended the platform, accompanied by Mr. G. W. BRINDLEBLOOM, who, in a few choice words, introduced him to the audience. On stepping forward the great philosopher was received with enthusiastic applause. Silence at length being restored, he spoke as follows:

"Respeck'd Prens and feller pussons ob colour: I feel de greatest ob consternation an' demonstration in standin' for the fust time on de stile ob de British Empiah, and to feel de salubrious influence ob de presence ob de monarkal fawn ob gov'ment. I am glad to hab de opperchunity of coming to dis city of Toronto, whar I obsarve de culled people enjies all de blessings of eddication and open peanut stands equally de same as what dey do in Detroit. But dar's one dey don't enjie, and de reason I have ben sent fo' for to come heah, is because dey don't enjie it. I refer to po-litical influence. De culled people of Canady, I am infomed, don't get a fair shake in electin' of members to de Parlymint, and de objec of dis visit is fo' de puppos of establishin' an' lyin' de foundation of a branch of dat grand institution, de Lime-Kiln Club, in dis city. Dat Club, as you mus be 'war, has done moash fo' de culled folks ob de States dan any institution sense de days of HAM, an' it can do de same fo' you. Whar ever de citizen ob color am crushed undah de brazen huf ob anarchy, and de nihilism ob humanity busts in a storm upon de defenceless widow and chillen, dar you find de Lime-Kiln Club standin' up fo' de rights ob man an' so much a squar yard fo' white-washin' (cheers). De Branch Club I propose settin' up heah, will take in de litrary, de morail, an' de domestic interests ob de people, an' encouridge a love fo' art an' chickens; it will do all dat, but de chief objec' of it am to secure to de culled citizen de right ob havin' culled members in de House. We heah de Irish shoutin' 'bout justice to de Catholics, an' de Scotch, dey won't stand no nonsinse, but must have a finger in de porrige, and why shud de Etheopean git de bounce? We're determined dat we won't stand it, gemmen. We've sot down our foot, an' demand culled members. De gin'ral election is too fur gone to do anything jis now, but we kin git our Club into shap, an' agitate, agitate, agitate! Let us begin de good work, an' when de nex' 'lection comes round, if we use de genius what we got, de party managers will find dat besides de Irish Catholics havin' dar candidates on both sides, dar will also be a nigger on de

fence! (Loud and prolonged cheers, amid which the distinguished gentleman resumed his seat).

Particulars of the future proceedings of the evening will be given in our next.



TORONTO HUNT CLUB SKETCHES.—No. 2. DE MUGGINS is in at the death and secures the brush!

A Gentle Hint.

A correspondent, whom the editor describes as a "well educated and accomplished young lady," writes to the *Berlin News* giving her impressions of that town, where she is at present staying on a visit. She is highly pleased with the place, and closes her letter by saying: "I wouldn't object very much myself to leave my city home and make my abode here, were suitable circumstances to arise." If this happened to be leap year, we should feel disposed to compliment the fair correspondent on the neatness of her hint to the young fellows of Berlin. Calling an eligible party a "suitable circumstance" is good, and we hope something of the sort will arise, and pop the question before the young lady's visit is over.

We call the attention of the author of "Natural Selection" to the interesting fact that nine paragraphs out of ten in the American funny papers have the mule for their subject.



WAITING FOR A GLIMPSE OF THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.



"SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES!!"



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

Love knots should be tied with a single beau.—*Hartford Journal*.

"When taken to be well shaken:" The boy that upset your ash-barrel.—*N. Y. News*.

Toronto is a loud city. Her roarer surpasses that of the British lion.—*Stanford Advocate*.

Spelling matches are about to be revived. Words that make trouble will be put out.—*Fon du Lac Reporter*.

A great many young men measure their affections by the length of their girls' silk dress trains.—*Lambton*.

It doesn't follow that a person with a false set o'teeth should have a falsetto voice.—*Danielsonville Sentinel*.

The last new book is entitled, "What Shall My son Be?" Why, he'll be a boy, of course.—*Rockland Courier*.

It is the young man that asks for the young lady's hand and receives it that carries off the palm.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

It is perfectly surprising how much some men know about things they know nothing about.—*St. Ives Lumberman*.

There is nothing so deceiving as the orange peel and nothing so real as the sidewalk under it.—*Marathon Independent*.

The contemplative doctor strolls through the cemetery and sees his patients on a monument.—*Chicago Commercial Advertiser*.

Stick to the farm, young fellow, particularly if you flounder in a quagmire, and no one is near to help you from sticking.—*N. Y. News*.

JOHNNY laughed when his grandmother fell down stairs, and his mother got away with him six slaps to the smile.—*Stuebenville Herald*.

Nothing will more remind a man of the value of little things than a plate of straw berries at a church festival.—*Middletown Transcript*.

Extremes—A lady clutching her dress to save it from the mud meeting a gentleman grabbing his hat by the crown in order to bow.—*Syracuse Sunday Times*.

"Oh, solitude, where are the charms that sagas have seen in thy face?" ALEX., why didn't you ask at the shops where the don't advertise.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Trying at the same time to drink in the beauties of the bonnets of two ladies who are walking in opposite directions has made many females cross-eyed for life.—*Uncle Sam*.

Scene: Cambridge High School, class in mythology. Teacher—Who was Hebe? First girl—Wife of Hercules, and first cousin of Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B.—*Harvard Crimson*.

Now goeth the small boy to swim
'Gainst the wishes of Ma. The pretence
That he makes for his shirt being turned,
He "did it in climbing the fence."
—*Bradford Era*.

New York proposes to call back its Pinafore companies before the next census is taken. If it don't there is no knowing where the balance of power will light.—*Bridgeport Standard*.

The most interesting part of a circus performance is when the big, fat clown mops the perspiration from his brow and gently murmurs, "Kiss me mother, kiss your darling."—*Waterloo Observer*.

Did you ever notice how carefully a woman fills the bottom of the clock with trash, and with what good taste the key is hung upon the wall fully two yards out of a fellow's reach?—*N. Y. Express*.

Most of us pass our lives regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future, when it would be vastly better to cut a pole, dig some bait and go fishing.—*Oil City Derrick*.

Monkeys that emigrate to this country generally obtain good positions. Some few become connected with the circus, but the majority manage to secure situations as collectors for organ grinders.—*Idila Chronicle*.

An ethereal maiden called Maud,

Was suspected of being a fraud,

Scarce a crumb was she able

To eat at the table—

But in the back pantry * * * O lawd!

Said cynical SIMONDS, "I tell you they are all alike, all alike. Every man has his price. There's no gainsaying it." "Very true," replied JONES, mildly; "there is no gain saying it, even if it were true."—*Boston Transcript*.

It doesn't take long for a rural neighborhood to find out what kind of carpets and furniture a newly-arrived family possesses, after the usual round of formal calls have been made by observing women.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

It is said of a suburban lass of forty-five summers that trading in Danbury, and having five cents her due, and being offered a five cent cake of soap to settle with, she refused, naively saying: "I have no use for it."—*Danbury News*.

Spring is a very pleasant season, with its cool mornings, its balmy days, its wealth of buds and blossoms, its early, fresh vegetables, and all that, but one never can tell when a man with the odour of spring onions on his breath is going to tackle him and tell a long story.—*Ex*.

There is one thing which seems unaccountable to the average city fisherman, and that is, that an overgrown, awkward, saucy boy with a bean pole for a fishing rod and cotton twine for a line, will catch more fish than he with his fancy jointed rod and fine silken line.—*Ex*.

"Papa," said a bright little girl at the breakfast table the other morning, "Do you know why our kitten is called a Maltese?" "On account of its colour," was the reply. "Oh, no, that's not the reason," persisted she. "What then, my child?" "It's because I maul him and MARY teases him."—*Geneva Gazette*.

The gay and festive soda fount

Now sizzles in the land,

And Deacon and good Mrs. Jones

Around the counter stand.

The lady's gentle nectarine

Within the glass is fizzin';

The deacon slyly winks and says

He'll take the same in his'n.

—*Rochester Express*.

An Irishman who had listened very attentively to a sermon on Sunday was asked by the priest the next day how he liked the discourse. "Oh, very much, your riverance," said MIKE. "Then it suited you, did it?" said the good father. "Faith, it did that," said MIKE; "it was the best I ever heard. I should loike to see it in print, for I never understud a word of it."—*Rome Sentinel*.

The Winnipeg papers have got it bad. Look at this:—"HANLAN has such winning ways.—*Free Press*. Oh, give oar, please give oar.—*Times*. We shall not: we're hanlan this thing racefully ourselves.—*Free Press*. That last effort is, we are certain, the production of a single scull.—*Times*. Not a numb scull as you rowin' is.—*Free Press*." These Winnipeg papers seem to feather high, and put in long, sweeping strokes, as it were.—*Thunder Bay Sentinel*.

Blowing into the muzzle of a shot gun is a standard method of producing newspaper items. It remains for a young lad down town to introduce a variation. The street hose wouldn't work; the water was turned on at the spigot all right, but there seemed to be an obstruction. He placed his mouth completely over the end of the nozzle and blowed just once. The pressure of the whole reservoir suddenly broke loose, concentrated into that one nozzle. The lad let go with his mouth and sat down about fifty feet away, down the street, and he has not yet been relieved of the impression that his brain is watersoaked.—*New Haven Register*.

The natural world is full of illusions. The apparent rising and setting of the sun, the gorgeous clouds that prove to be only a dreary mist when you get caught in them, the mirage that reveals things below the horizon and shows us ships sailing keel up in the air, the coming together to a point of two right lines when seen in perspective, the mistake of supposing the train in which we are seated to be in motion when another train at our side begins to start, the deceptive ideas that we have of distance, as in the instance of a lofty mountain, which may seem to be close at hand, when, in fact, it is scores of miles away; these are all considered illusions, as the world goes, but a man never fully realizes what constitutes a full-blooded illusion until he attempts to eat a rare done egg with a fork.—*Oil City Derrick*.

By the way, I met Mr. NELSON, of the American Express Company, when I went up the river. He is a capital traveling companion, and a brother-in-law of Captain MCKELL, of Burlington. On one of his trips up the river there were a lot of raftmen among his fellow-passengers. One of these useful, but unostentatious, men sat next to NELSON at the supper table. The lumber navigator took a large baked potato, broke it in two, gouged a hole in one half with his knife, filled the hole with butter, which immediately began to sizzle and boil, and then he thrust the seething, blistering mass in his mouth. He didn't hold it there very long, however. He just shut his mouth down on it once, and then with a wild startling expression on his countenance, he turned his head over his shoulder and fiercely spat the offending potato out on the floor. Then he looked defiantly up and down the cabin and listened for comment, but hearing none, he turned to NELSON, and in firm, self-approving tones, with the air of a man who had met the emergency and was equal to it, remarked, "Many a blamed fool would have swallowed that ar!"—*Burlington Hawk-eye*.

K. M. G.
BY HER LADYSHIP.

When I was young I used to go
With pail in hand to the fields below,
For to milk the cows in the dewy grass,
And cultivate the lettuce and the gradeu sass;
I'd root up the sassafras to make our tea,
And dance "French fours" at a paring bee;
It was then that HANK came a courting me,
And now he is Sir HENRY and a K. M. G.

I married HANK, and in good time
We cut the old farm for the dry-goods line;
We sold our calicoes, pantaloons and coats,
And traded for butter, and barley and oats;
The barley and butter we would sell for cash,
So we made plenty money and could cut a dash;
We spent our money so skillfullee
That now I'm the wife of a K. M. G.

In township Councils HANK got such a name
That in a short time an M.P. he became,
He palavered with the Premier, with the
French "parley v'nd,"

Till he soon on the floor at a front desk stood,
He didn't say much, but he voted all right,
And he brought in his colleagues when they
were very tight,
And for thus "supporting" them so earnest-
lee,

He now is a swell and a K. M. G.
I've often sighed for a carriage and pair,
Or a brougham or a barouche just to take
the air.

I long for a coachman with a gold hat-band,
And footman behind in uniform to stand,
As befitting a lady of high degree
Whose husband is a Knight and a K. M. G.

L'Envoi.

I sometimes think in a reveree
Could I ever have danced at a paring bee?

Our Own Dick Deadeye;

OR, PLAIN WORDS FROM A PLAIN HAND.

"I have heard it stated," says the Marquis of LORNE, "that one of the many causes of the gross ignorance which prevails abroad with reference to our beautiful climate is owing to the persistence with which our photographers love to represent chiefly our winter scenes." Quite true, me lud, only it is the sitters, and not the photographers, who love to make our country ridiculous in this way; and those sitters are usually old country people of more or less noble blood, who get themselves "took" knee deep in snow for the express purpose of enlightening the friends at home.

EDWARD BLAKE addressed immense and enthusiastic audiences in several places during the past week. Why can't we induce this gifted orator to go on the lecture platform occasionally, with a subject aside from politics?

The leading statesmen of all other countries make more or less figure in art and literature; is it possible that our party Chiefs have no knowledge of anything beyond the little strategies of our pigmy politics? Surely it would be a grateful change for all concerned if they would once in a while devote their talents to other things.

I don't think I ever heard so much bosh talked in the course of my long political life as I have heard within the past few weeks in connection with the Local contest, which is now happily over.

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Historical.

"The Chicago Tribune says: "Napoleon's war-cry was: 'Up Guards, and at 'em!'" This is evidence of the rapid advance of historic knowledge in the West. It was Wellington who cried at Waterloo: "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" When a man undertakes to write for a newspaper he should not make his pen talk nonsense." —New York Mercury.

Dear friend, neither Napoleon nor Wellington used the words, so that historic knowledge may still be regarded as evenly balanced between the east and the west. The words were first put into Wellington's mouth by an enthusiastic penny-a-liner, who was hundreds of miles from Waterloo on the day of the battle. —London Herald.

Well now, are you sure it wasn't your contemporary the Advertiser who first used the words, "Up guards and at 'em!" on Thursday last, addressing the emigrants so basely malignd by Mr. TAYLOR. You remember that Mr. T. stigmatized them as—guards.

Many of our fashionable churches have tony pastors.

I have a notion to establish a lecture bureau, and provide a popular course next season. How would this list do: "Irish Oratory," Mr. EDWARD BLAKE; "Poosy," Mr. BURR PLUMB; "Macchiavellei," Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD; "The Temperance Reform," Sir SAM. L. TILLEY; "Journalism," Mr. GEO. BROWN, etc., etc. I believe these lectures would be liberally patronized and do an immense amount of good. This is not a joke.

A correspondent of the *Canada Presbyterian* comes up to time this week and gives the *Globe* a solid hit between the eyes for its hypocrisy in condemning prize-fighting, and at the same time giving a detailed account of the DWYER-ELLIOTT brutality. Quite right; 'twas a most arrant piece of *Uriah Heepism*, done for the sake of a few bawbees. But why not include the *Mail* sinner. Mr. Correspondent? They were both in the same miserable boat.

GEORGE BROWN may be the Dictator that Conservatives paint him, but he certainly occupies more space in the editorial columns of the *Telegram* than he does in the ranks of the Parly.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH made a clumsy blunder when he called Gritism "Calvinism in Politics." He intended it as a sneer, when in point of fact it was a high and, unfortunately, undeserved compliment. This would be a happy country if all its people acted on the principles of Calvinism.

Let this knighting business go on a little longer and we will be obliged to distinguish gentlemen of mark by calling them *Misters*.

The preliminary sparring on the copper-pyrites charges between HUNTINGTON and WHITE during the session, has culminated in a match for \$50,000 damages, to be fought out on the floor of a court house at an early day. I'm glad to hear it, and I devoutly hope that the one who has been telling the lies may get a worse mauling than the wretched ELLIOTT received at Long Point.

It is stated in the cable despatches that probably Lord CHELMSFORD will ask for a leave of absence from his post in Zululand when Gen. WOLSELEY arrives. This is a neat way of putting it, and recalls forcibly the incident of our late Postmaster asking to be superannuated.

On behalf of the distinguished Secretary of the U. E. Club, I rise to ask the Dignity of the House of Commons what it proposes to do about that little insult affair.

I clip this from Monday's *Mail*:
"The sources whence the *Globe* derives all its wonderful stock of fresh and accurate information have always been a deep and impenetrable mystery; but after all there was not much in the mystery—there seldom is much in any mystery. A paragraph in a recent issue telegraphed from Ottawa affords a clue to the source of the stream of information which flows forever *Globe*-wards. It was as follows:—
The workmen and servants at Rideau Hall speak without exception in the warmest manner of the affability displayed by the Princess LOUISE towards them on all occasions."

Over this rather far fetched thrust stood the heading, "Fons et origo mali," which looks as if it might mean—"Such also is the fountain and origin of *Mail* intelligence."



BRIGADIER GEN. SIR GRIP REVIEWING THE TROOPS AFTER THE TERRIFIC SHAM FIGHT OF THURSDAY, JUNE 5TH.



"Children seem spirits from above descended,
To whom still clothes heaven's atmosphere serene;
Their very wildnesses with truth are blended;
Fresh from their airy mould, they cannot be amended."

While we do not profess to improve on nature, all the world in general, and mothers in particular, know that for taking children's pictures in their happiest moods, there are none like J. BRUCE & CO., 118 King St. West.

xii-22-17

CAUTION.
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Neither gasoline, vasoline, carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Winter-cornby, 61 King-street East, (late 132 Church-street), as can be testified to by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

Send for circulars.

xii-12-17

The Ontario General Sham Fight.

Official address of Brig. Gen. Sir GRIP, Com-mander-in-Chief, after the engagement.

BATERED AND GLORIOUS VETERANS:

I have it in command to convey to you the entire approbation of the Public in General for your admirable soldier-like appearance and general efficiency.

In the terrific combat of June 5th you all did nobly. Those of you who abstained from whiskey, displayed great steadiness.

Where you all did your utmost to secure good government for this Province, I shall make no distinction; I shall name neither PHIPPS nor MACPHERSON. The polling booths were as usual in the most creditable order, and the voters who came, some of them from great distance, during the night, fell into line looking as smart and soldier-like as though just turned out of a guard-house.

It affords me pleasure to state officially, that the cheering at the announcement of the result was simply immense.

The manner in which you marched past the bounds of decorum during the campaign reflected the highest credit upon you.

The field day and sham fight which followed, tried the steadiness of the young troops engaged. The ground was cramped, and the operations were impeded by the crowding in of issues which had no business to be introduced.

The various orders of the leading organs were, however, promptly and efficiently obeyed, and the will of the people has in general been carried out.

HON. G. B., to *Globe* office "devil"—Boy, did you carry yon proofs to the foremen?
Boy—Yes!

HON. G. B.—Hoot! ha'e ye no manners, speakin' yon way, ye urchin! Why canna ye say Sir, when ye speak to me?

Boy—What would I say "Sir" for? you ain't no knight, are you?

A news item says Michigan has gone into peanut culture. And has it come to this, that Detroit cannot import enough peanuts from the markets of the world to satisfy the rapacious appetite of M. QUAD?

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