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 At 12½c., Worth 20c.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.
 Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY.

Lace Curtains gotten up in a Superior manner.

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To Grocers, Provision Dealers, Hotel Keepers, & others.

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Are the Best Known Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, &c.
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NEPENTHE BITTERS are a Positive Cure for Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Sick Headache, and Bowel Complaint. Price One Dollar. Small Bottles 50c.
 A. NORMAN, 118 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 8, 1876.

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

LACROSSE.---TORONTOS PLAY THE ONTARIOS
FOR CHAMPIONSHIP OF CANADA.

NEXT SATURDAY AFTERNOON, 8TH INST., AT 3 P.M.
ON TORONTO LACROSSE GROUNDS, JARVIS STREET.

Band of Queen's Own Rifles will be in attendance. Admission 25 cents; children 10 cents. Grand Stand 10 cents extra. Ontario Club members admitted on presentation of badge.

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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New This Season.

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Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the *Jas*; the greatest Bird is the *Owl*;
The greatest Fish is the *Oyster*; the greatest Man is the *Fool*.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 8TH, 1876.

DON'T FORGET IT.—The Knights of Pythias Moonlight Excursion to-night (Friday) on the steamer City of Toronto, leaving Yonge street wharf at 8 o'clock.

A BIG TUSSLE.—For the Championship of the Dominion, between Ontario and Toronto Lacrosse Clubs, on the grounds, Jarvis street, Saturday (to-morrow) afternoon. Play begins at 3 o'clock.

Lord Dufferin on Pet Names.

My countess "KATE"
They call. I'd state,
"Her Excellency," she is.
And publicly,
Of my glass eye
To speak, it far too free is.
Next, "KITTY dear,"
They'll say, "come here;"
And little boys will cry out,
As I pass by
In dignity,
"Ah, there you go with your eye out!"
Now girls, you know,
To schools who go,
And clip your appellations,
Pray don't it do.
It puts me through
Great inward perturbations—
There's JULIET,
You don't forget
To what sad end she came, now,
Who that mistake
So gross could make,
As ask, "What's in a name, now?"
Oh, let that vile
Columbian style
Come not across the water.
How sad to tell—
They call her "NELL!"
Miss GRANT!—their ruler's daughter.
Don't say it's slight.
It isn't right.
The thing's extremely vital.
Just think if they
In slipshod way,
Should ask, "What's in a title?"

The Grangers.

GRIP would respectfully intimate to his good friends the Grangers that they have slipped on to the outside track. In fact, they have gone in to lose. They have, to speak dental metaphor, not cut their eye teeth. They are not there. They are backing the wrong horse; they are betting on the wrong square; they are shouting the wrong color. Now, does any Granger really think that he is able to manage a dozen businesses that he has never learnt? If he does he thinks himself wiser than SOLOMON. Most people find it hard enough to keep straight with their eyes open, but the Grangers seem to think they can go it a deal better blind. Let GRIP put the whole matter in a nutshell for the Grangers. The Grangers cannot sell to better advantage than they do; because those who sell their grain for them, with all their experience, seldom make money. The exporting business has been a losing one. Farmers can buy cheaper, if they have the money to buy in advance of their wants, and always could. The rich farmer always could buy cheaper than the poor one. But the rich farmers will soon tire of the poor ones' company, and will buy wholesale in the cities for themselves. The poor farmers will still have to buy in the villages, and will find fewer there to sell to him—less competition, higher prices. That will be the end of the Grangers, and will always be the end when the crockery kettles attempt to float down stream with the brass ones. Grangers, GRIP has spoken.

The Ontario Elections.

REFORM CAMP.

TALK ye no more of your panics—speak not again of depressions. All of the panics that were—all of the panics that shall be—All the depressions that pile on the commercial man agony—Nothing are they to the fear—nought to the deep consternation Now in the ranks of the Grits—now in the tents of MACKENZIE. Since from the telegraph out flashed the Ontarian losses. Back to his home goeth CURRIE—he who to Free Trade stuck steadfast, He who would stand or fall by it—and hath most floppingly fallen. Better will he and the rest know than to shout it in future. Back cometh EDGAR in calmness; also with coolness delightful. Not to him is it surprising—never was eel to the skinning Better accustomed than EDGAR by this time to being defeated. Well were it now for the leaders could they like him take it easy. Truly it is not in mortals—truly it is not in Clear Grits. How shall we paint the deep gloom that on the *Globe* office hath fallen How picture GEORGE in convulsions—two yards and over of agony Stretching in grief on the sofa which he had specially lengthened. How paint the troubles of GORDON, rolling his optics in fever, While to his temples an ice-bag his principal devil applieth. Who is that figure behind them, careless of any expenses. Beating against the brick wall the glistening top of his cranium? Is it not DYMOND, the great Free Trading light of the Houses? There in a corner is MILLS, uttering groans of contrition. Where are his satellites gone?—where are his Board of Trade backers? Fainth the power of pen to depict the collapse of MACKENZIE. Also the horror of HUNTINGTON is far beyond all description. Neither is any one able to tell the confusion of CARTWRIGHT, Doubly increased that the former two do continually jaw him, Saying that he and his tariffs have their majorities ruined. Saying a little Protection might have avoided the trouble. GRIP hath no heart any longer to look at a scene so depressing.

CONSERVATIVE CAMP.

Turneth he then to the other—even the camp of MACDONALD. Here there is feasting, and joy, here there is pleasure and gladness. Here there is mirth and delight, and manifold pouring of flagons. See in Ontario now rampantly strutting the GIBBSES. Lo, in the *Mail* office where predominant PATTESON pranceth. Lo, where Sir JOHN from the Club House happily promiseth all things. Lo, all the faces delighted, also unwashed, believing. Promising sometimes is rapid—sometimes performance is not so. See in the far looming distance now vaunteth loftily TUPPER, Knowing that his oratory has secured both the elections. WHITE too in grandeur severe certainly knows that but for him All had been lost, and destruction had overtaken the GIBBSES. So is MACDOUGALL aware that there is nothing much surer Than that he charmed all the folks even with the voice of the chamer. Great is the noise and the clamour—loud is the blowing of trumpets. GRIP would remark to the heroes that there is fighting to do yet.

Abroad with the Editors.

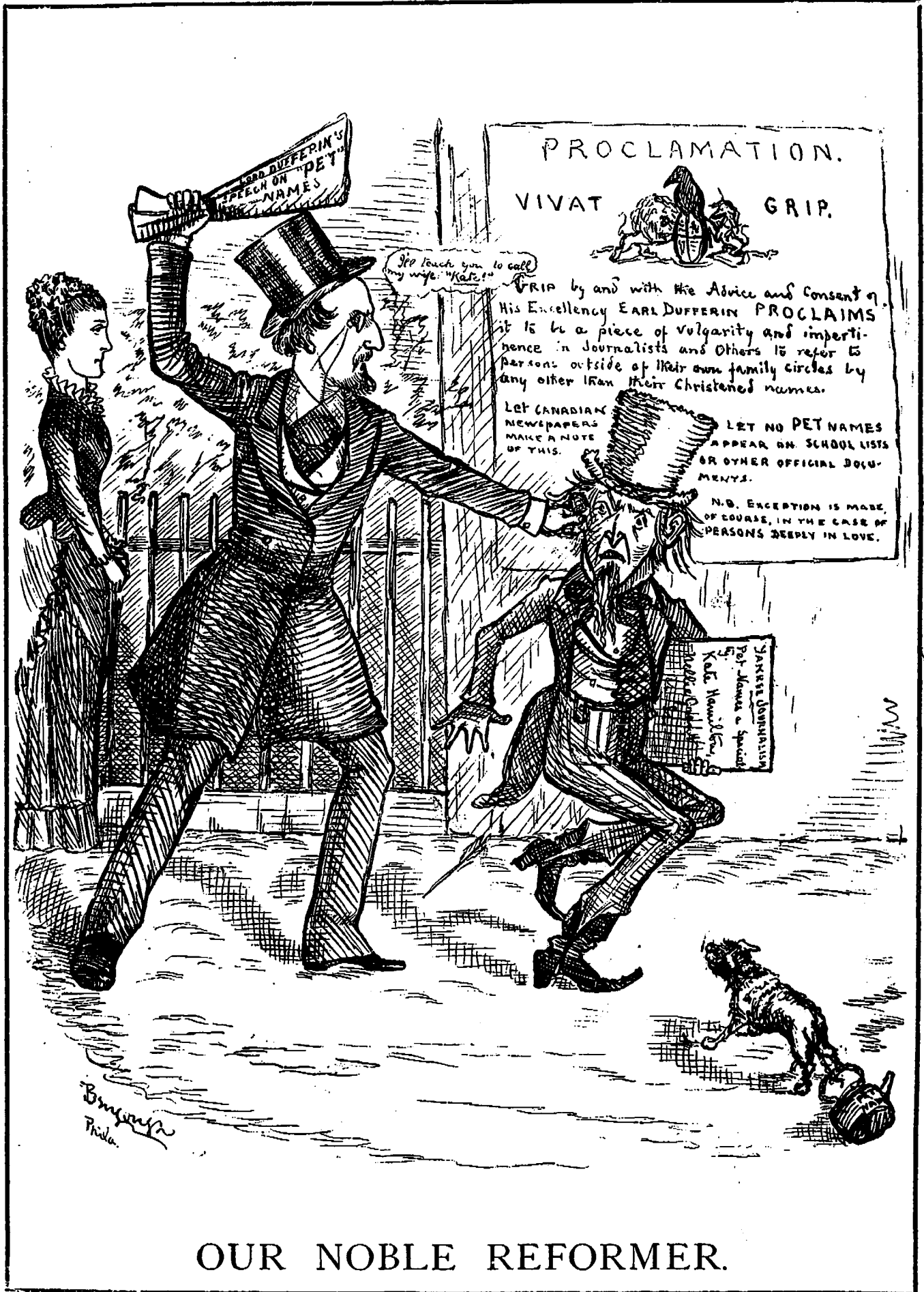
(By our own Commissioners.)

PHILADELPHIA, July 4.

DEAR GRIP:—The editors are on the wing! You probably noticed that the *Stratford Beacon* of last week did not express its usual hankering for the scalp of the *Dundas Banner*; you will not be surprised therefore, to be informed that Mr. MATTHESON and Mr. SOMERVILLE were sleeping in the same bunk in the Erie Railroad's Pullman Car, and were buzzing along in peace towards Philadelphia while their papers were being issued. Even more touching scenes of reconciliation, however, were occasioned by the Press Excursion; for, it might be truly said by the poet:—

The sights were millennial
On the way to the Centennial.

CLIMIE, of the *Bowmanville Statesman*, drank out of the same soda water bottle with CREIGHTON of the *Owen Sound Times*, and TOM the Lion of the *Newmarket Courier*, lay down with JACKSON the lamb of the *Era*. From the moment the *Southern Belle* left her wharf in Toronto, political differences were buried out of sight and pipes of peace would have been literally passed around only somebody stole them out of the pockets of BUCHANAN'S long linen duster. Cigars were thrown around in prodigal generosity, however, by MATTHESON, the London Bursar, and were accepted and smoked to within half an inch of the mouth by Grit and Tory without distinction. But the loveliness of seeing brethren dwelling together in unity was perhaps most affectingly displayed when the excursionists reached Buffalo and sat down to dinner in the Continental Hotel. There was an absolute laying aside of personality and party lines, and the manner in which victuals disappeared from the tables as fast as the troupe of waiter girls could furnish them, was a demonstration of the Power of the Press which the landlord



PROCLAMATION.

VIVAT GRIP.



GRIP by and with the Advice and Consent of His Excellency EARL DUFFERIN PROCLAIMS it to be a piece of vulgarity and impertinence in Journalists and Others to refer to persons outside of their own family circles by any other than their Christened names.

LET CANADIAN NEWSPAPERS MAKE A NOTE OF THIS.

LET NO PET NAMES APPEAR ON SCHOOL LISTS OR OTHER OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

N.B. EXCEPTION IS MADE OF COURSE, IN THE CASE OF PERSONS DEEPLY IN LOVE.

He teach you to call my wife "Kate?"

JANES JOURNALISM
Pet Names a special
Kate Howells, etc.

OUR NOBLE REFORMER.

will never forget. There is one thing which will live in the memories of Canadian editors as pleasantly as the recollection of that banquet, viz., the urbanity and kindness of Mr. WM. C. GOULD, General Northern Passenger Agent of the Erie. Mr. GOULD is unusually young to hold so responsible a position, but he happens to have a good head on his shoulders as well as a good heart in his bosom, and the Erie Railway has shown its wisdom in his appointment. Under the personal charge of this gentleman, the editors and their ladies were carried over the smooth steel rails of the Erie—a distance of over four hundred miles,—through a country, which for panoramic grandeur of scenery, is one of the most favored sections on earth. The route through the mountains skirting the Lehigh Valley presented constantly varying scenes of thrilling beauty, the effect of which was heightened by the speed of the train—often nearly a mile per minute. The editors held their note-books in a nervous grasp during this ride, and took voluminous notes. HERRING, of the *Petrolia Advertiser*, was there, and will probably make his paper say the scenery was simply immense. WALLIS of the *Mail* will most likely refer to the way the engine driver gracefully jockeyed the curves; CAMERON of the London *Advertiser* will be sure to put it down as transcendently fine, very fine indeed. They will all be right. The Centennial Coalition arrived in Philadelphia about five o'clock on Saturday evening, and on Sunday picked their teeth after dinner on the stoop of the Merchant's Hotel, Fourth street. It is unnecessary to say that the Canadian editors gave a practical reproof to American laxness by going to church almost to a man. They were all warmly interested in what they heard, for the thermometer was among the nineties. On Monday the party was routed out of bed by five o'clock and went in a body to Fairmont Park to see the Exhibition. WALKER of the *Courier* says it is a better fair than they ever had in Perth, Ont. WILSON of the *New Dominion* says he approves of it and thinks he will give it a good paragraph when he goes home. MATTHESON of St. Catharines says he would have pleasure in doing so too, only he sold out his paper to PETER X. lately. In fact all the editors are highly delighted with the Exhibition, and view the Canadian Department with special pride. The Canadian Commissioners received the Press men officially last night and treated them to a luncheon at the Residence. They had, among the delicacies, the bottle of Commissioners' Pickle which appeared in your cartoon recently, which picture—by the way—created great amusement among the Canadians here. Philadelphia tells me she was much impressed with the *Mail* correspondent, and wants to know when he is coming back. The poor girl is famishing for ideas, and wants to have him by, dropping pearls of thought without knowing it and accommodating the note-books of all the female reporters. But here, for the present, I must close.

Division Court.

TORONTO, July, 1876.

HIS HONOR the judge, not feeling like doing anything, has requested Mr. SHARPSET, barrister, to take his place. Business proceeds.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Clerk, the next case.

CLERK.—Noodle v. Foodle.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Oh, by the by, I was to appear for Mr. Foodle. Mr. Snatchfee, perhaps you will take my place during the case.

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—With great pleasure. (*They change places.*)

Mr. Noodle's case being stated by his lawyer.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Your honor, this is, as you have heard, a fish case. The person Noodle has sued my client, the respectable Foodle, for the value of, or rather much more than the value of, some stinking fish. We admit receiving the fish, but we had immediately to throw them out. There are no witnesses, so your honor has simply to decide between the veracity of this fish seller Noodle and my client, the excellent Foodle.

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—I have no hesitation in giving judgment for Foodle. Next case.

CLERK.—Boodle v. Toodle.

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—As I appear for Mr. Boodle, perhaps Mr. SHARPSET will resume his place on the bench.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Certainly. (*They change places.*)

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—Your honor, this is a case of damages we claim for injury to waggon and load. Mr. Boodle being on the right side of the road, this ignorant Toodle drove right into his waggon, smashing the off whiffletree and the fore axletree, and pitching a barrel of sugar into the mud, causing its total loss by bursting.

Mr. TOODLE'S LAWYER.—The case is totally different, your honor. My learned friend is altogether misinformed. Mr. Boodle was on the left, and refused to turn. My client could not turn, being heavily loaded, nor well stop either, being on a steep descent.

Messrs. Boodle and Toodle being heard, in evidence on either side.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Judgment in favor of Boodle. Court adjourned.

Mr. SNATCHFEE.—(*To Mr. Sharpset.*) In our profession, the opportunities of cultivating amenity by mutual assistance are very many, and should never be neglected.

Mr. SHARPSET.—Never. [*Scene closes.*]

Observations on Dominion Day.

By our own Hibernian.

Faith, it's my opinion that this young Dominion
Is to be unfortunat in the comin' year,
For the very devil (not to be uncivil)
Sint us his luck upon her birthday here.

Whin aich Tory politician, on a most important mission,
Held a jolly picnic out at Uxbridge in the rain;
And Sir JOHN and TUPPER, hobblin in to supper,
Rubbin' their rheumatics, swore they'd not do so again.

Thin you might see the Foristers, thin swate woodland choristers,
Through the groves a promenadin wid green robes and feathers tall;
But bedad the pourin weather took the starch from ivery feather,
And it's they were glad to think they didn't live there after all.

Sure the private pic-nics travelled out in quick-sticks,
An' they laid out the refreshmints, and the coffee and the tay;
But it's they were undelighted whin the rain quite uninvited
Just dhropped in to partishipate the pleasures of the day.

And it's they got into stables, and under wooden tables,
Or wint showerbathing underneath the trees.
Wid the shivers quakin' and bad cowl'ds takin'.
And the woods resounding wid the pleasin' sneeze.

And the lake excursions, sure they wor the diversions,
In the cabin crowdin' all to kape thim dry,
Passage money payin' just to put the day in
Starin' through a port-hole at the muddy sky.

Shades of evening fallin' by and bye brought all in.
Just one consolation only in the lot.
Thim wid umberellas thinkin' other fellows
Got a greater duckin' than themselves had got.

Conundrum.

Name the Latin adjective which Mr. LAIDLAW knows the best; but which he cannot decline? *Bonus.*

Rural Simplicity.

GRIP hath discovered a rustic—a rustic of ingenuous belief and downright stolidity not often found—a *rara avis* in these degenerate days. The day after the election in Ontario the *Markham Economist* printed this:—“THE ONTARIOS. The contest is over in both Ontarios, and although no returns have been received by us, there can be little doubt but that Messrs. CURRIE and EDGAR are the successful candidates. The intelligent electors of Ontario, true to that intelligence and sound judgment for which they have ever received credit, refused to believe in the bug bear cry against free trade.” See what it is to read the *Globe* and nothing else.

A SUITABLE text for the congregation of Rev. Mr. MACDONNELL.
II Epistle of Paul to Timothy, Chapter 4, verses 3, 4.

GRIP notices that Mr. MACDOUGALL, advocating some candidate or another, coolly tells his audience that if he had the matter in hand, he could bring the Yankees to their senses in five minutes by a discriminating tariff. GRIP would just ask this gentleman, (who didn't scare the North-west with his dozen Enfields once) if he knows what the result of such a thing would be? Does he know that the States could, if we give them excuse, annoy us twenty times as much as we can them? Protection, as much as you like, BILLY, but no discrimination. That is and edged tool very unfit for you to handle.

Wanted.

A Chimney Sweep to clean a “Soot” of clothes.
A Music Teacher with a “Big Drum” in his ear.
A small boy with a pipe in his mouth to take an emetic.
A respectable Burglar of good moral character to drop down a deep well.
A recipe for extracting the milk of human kindness from a cheese maggot.
An Artist to paint the evil of trusting to Brother Jonathan to fulfil a Treaty.
To know whether the “hills (hills) that flesh is heir to” are easy for a fat man to climb?

FRAUD !

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC !!

As certain persons are offering for sale Pianofortes with the name of

"Decker & Co.," or, Decker & Somebody Else

upon them, which pianos are

Not the Genuine Decker Bros. Pianofortes

but are so named

FOR THE PURPOSE OF TRADING UPON THEIR REPUTATION.

We take this opportunity of cautioning all parties against such frauds.

As we are informed that several parties have already been deceived by these worthless counterfeits, intending purchasers are advised to accept of no Decker Piano unless it has the words

"DECKER BROS.' PATENT, JUNE 2, 1863,"

cast upon the inner left hand side of the Iron Plate, and that such instrument (if bought in Canada) is covered by our Five year's guarantee.

We shall be happy to show the distinctive characteristics of the genuine Decker Bros.' Pianos to any one calling at our Ware-Rooms.

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Bread, Rolls, Buns, Cakes, &c.

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BEATTY PIANO!

Grand Square and Upright.

"These Pianos are the finest in the world as regards tone and excellence.—Huntingdon, [Tenn.] *Republican*.

"The Beatty Piano is pronounced by all the sweetest toned instrument manufactured."—Gettysburg [Pa.] *Century*.

"The Beatty Pianos, Grand, Square and Upright, are remarkable for their beauty and finish, as well as for sweetness and volume of tune."—Middleton, [N. Y.] *Mercury*.

"Mr. Beatty is a responsible business man."—Washington [N. J.] *Star*.

Agents wanted everywhere. Send stamp for catalogue. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, New Jersey.**

BEATTY PIANO.

GRAND SQUARE & UPRIGHT. *Best* Agents Wanted Everywhere. Address,

DANIEL F. BEATTY,

Washington, N. J.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, April 22, 1876.

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J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

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\$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$1 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

BEATTY'S CELEBRATED

'Golden Tongue PARLOR ORGANS are ranked by eminent musicians as the leading organ now in use. For the Church, Sabbath School, Lodge or Parlor they have no superior throughout the world. We challenge any manufacturer to equal them for sweetness and volume of tone. Where we have no agents we will allow any one wishing to buy the agent's discount. Agents wanted everywhere. Send stamp for list of testimonials and circular of this wonderful music-producing instrument. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.**

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWELL & CO., New York for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising.

BEATTY'S CHURCH, SABBATH SCHOOL,

HALL, LODGE, OFFICE CABINET ORGANS.—Best in use. Send stamp for circular. Address, **DANIEL F. B. ATTY, Washington, N. J.**

Jules Verne's Works 30c.

The Ice Desert, 30c. Five Weeks in a Balloon, 30c. Among the Cannibals, 30c. Journey to the Centre of the Earth, 30c. 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, Vols. I & II, 30c. On the Track, 30c. The Mysterious Documents, 30c. Adventures of Three Englishmen, and Three Russians, 30c. The Blockade Runners, &c., &c., 30c. Free by Mail.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Proposals For Construction.

The Government of Canada expect to be able, on or before

JANUARY, 1877.

TO INVITE

Tenders for Building and Working

the Sections between

Lake Superior and the Pacific Ocean,

Under the provisions of the Canada Pacific Railway Act, 1874.

This Act. (after reciting that it is expedient to provide for the construction of the work as rapidly as it can be accomplished without further raising the rate of taxation) enacts that the Contractors for its construction and working shall receive *lands*, or the proceeds of *lands*, at the rate of 20,000 acres, and cash at the rate of \$10,000—for each mile of railway constructed; together with interest at the rate of four per cent, per annum, for twenty-five years from the completion of the work, on any further sum which may be stipulated in the contract; and the Act requires parties tendering to state, in their offers, the lowest sum, if any, per mile on which such interest will be required.

Copies of the Act, Maps showing the general route so far as at present settled, the published reports of Engineers, and such information as is now available, can be seen at the Canadian Emigration Agency, in London, England, and at the Public Works Department Ottawa.

This intimation is given in order to afford to all parties interested the fullest opportunity of examination and enquiry.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary,

Dept. Public Works.

Department of Public Works, }
Ottawa, 29th May, 1876. }

Archbishop Lynch on Church and State.



"The Church does not use the sword. Its mission is that of peace. It abhors blood," etc.—Toronto, June, 1876.

Read the other side of the question in this week's *Orange Sentinel*. To be had of all News Dealers and at the office, 42 Queen street west.

SKIFF WANTED.

A NY person having a light Skiff to dispose of, can find a purchaser by addressing H. C., GRIP Office.