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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.

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The house has been newly furnished, affording first-class accommodation, and is now the best Hotel in Town.

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All Laundry work well and promptly executed.
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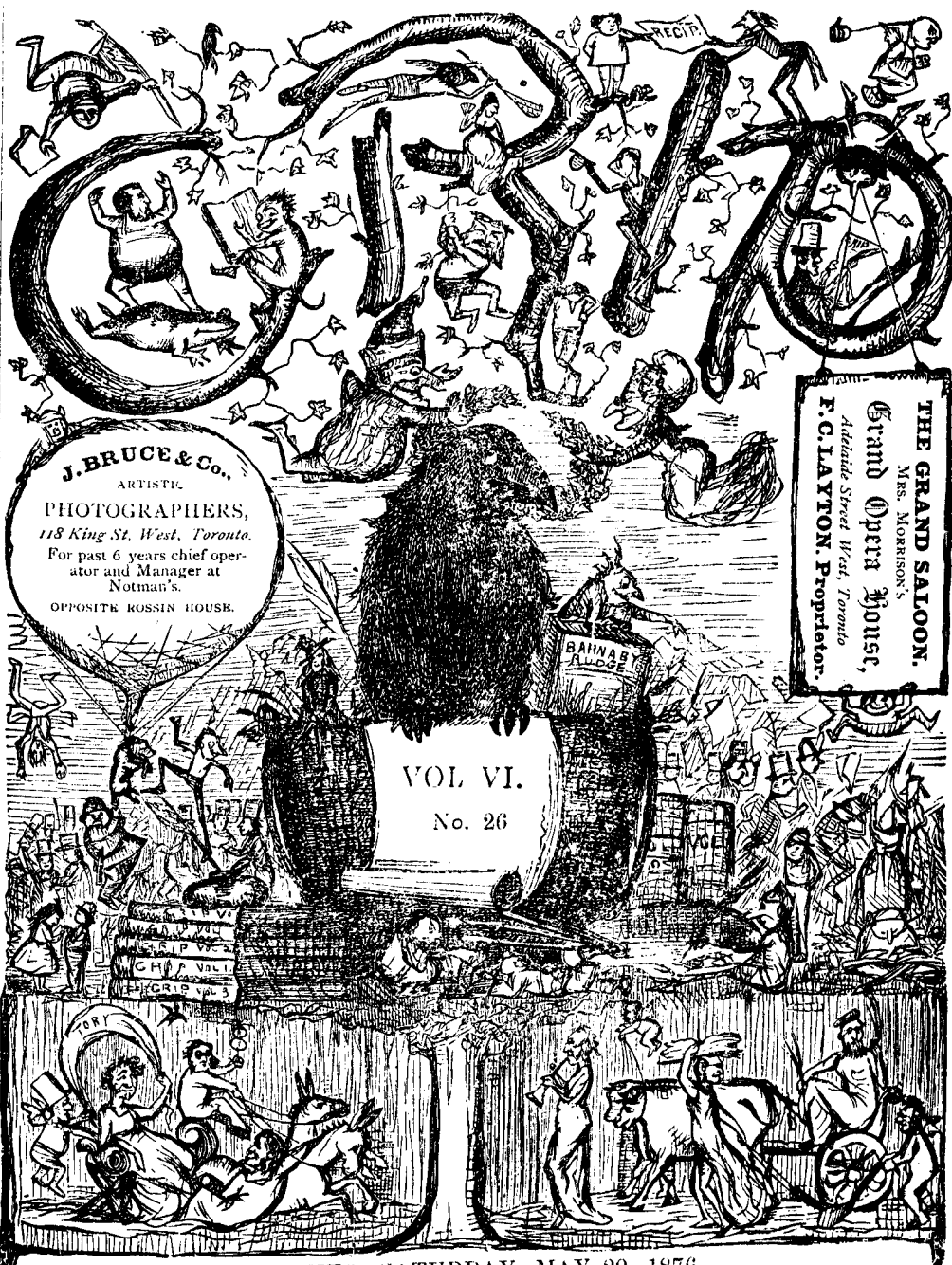
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Are the Best Known Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, &c.
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1876.

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BOOKS ! !

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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.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY,

ON
Toronto
Lacrosse Grounds,
JARVIS STREET.

Look out for
GRAND LACROSSE MATCH.

RE-ISSUE OF GRIP CARTOONS

BOUND VOLUMES
Are Now Ready.

Coloured Cloth with Gilt Title, specially designed by J. W. Bengough.

Price, Cloth Gilt centre, \$3.50.
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Manager "Grip."

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Beg to inform their Patrons and Friends, and the Public Generally that their SPRING and SUMMER STOCK is now Complete; which Comprises a well Selected Assortment of

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 20TH, 1876.

Grip's Birthday!

This number concludes the Sixth Volume and the third year of our glorious career. Glorious, because free! We flourish more and more each week, because the enlightened public appreciate the utterances of those who are free from the mental trammels of party, and keep their minds open to reason and light. The *Globe* never mentions GRIP, because GRIP will not have his wings clipped and live in the old rickety cage of Criticism. The *Mail* never mentions GRIP—(orders have been given to all the subordinates to that effect)—because he relukes the nastiness of Tory journalism, as represented in its leading organs, and shows up its sham in a manner more pointed than pleasant. The *Telegram* refuses to exchange with GRIP because we said the first number of the new paper was not as good as it might have been. All right. That don't keep us from admiring the ability and freedom of the *Evening Telegram*, and endorsing many of its fresh and intelligent opinions, because we are aware that the intellect that pens the Bystander letters and the liberal minded editorials, is not the same intellect that ordered GRIP's name to be struck off the list. GRIP has tried to be charitable and just in his expressions of opinion, pictorially and otherwise, throughout his career, and hopes to continue so to the end. He scorns to set down aught in malice, but while he is a free bird he will extenuate nothing in the shape of wrong-doing. He feels rather proud, therefore, that by his reproofs party bigotry and unscrupulousness have secured him the lasting hatred of the leading organs of both. He looks upon that as evidence that his influence is felt where it is most needed. It gives him courage to work on, shoulder to shoulder with that ever increasing phalanx of men who believe that freedom of thought and action is not an empty sound. This is the whole programme for the future, and without further preamble he goes forward to the task.

News for Canada First.

FERVID Canadians who have long sighed for a good patriotic song, should at once secure "Canada, the Gem in the Crown," published by SUCKLING & SON. The music, which is composed by Mr. TORRINGTON, is stirring and impressive, and the words, by one of our poetic Councilmen, are very appropriate.

The March of the Manufacturers.

There's half a million of us gone already to the States,
There seemed but little prospect here for any one who waits.
The only thing for us to do is what they've done before,
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

"It does'nt pay," (so DYMOND cried; the importing trade he meant),
"It does'nt pay," (cried MILLS, to help his Yankee friends intent)
"T'won't pay to manufacture while our neighbor keeps a store.
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

"Import your goods," the *Globe* cries out, "it don't pay to make here,"
"It can't pay," cried the committee, of *Globe* big type in fear.
"Right, right!" the importers cried, "so show your workers all the door."
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

We must not make an engine here; the Yankees must make that,
Must make our cars for street or road, both passenger and flat.
We must not make an axe to chop; or make a bit to bore.
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

Our sugar works have all shut up, to help the Yankee trade.
Our cotton mills must close, they say, unless they're better paid,
Our brass and iron workers can't resist the foreign pour,
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more,

"Go work the soil," Free Traders say, "you shall not suffer harm."
Now we can thrive by our own trades, but don't know how to farm.
And as they want no cities here, and we've no farming lore,
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

There's still employment in the States; their legislators there
Work for the workman; ours, it seems, have interests elsewhere.
Canadians don't return; the States don't send men to our shore.
We're coming, brother Jonathan, five hundred thousand more.

The Three Fat Milkmen.

Oh, there were three milkmen—milkmen three,
Who milked a quiet cow.
And the three grew fat and fair to see,
But the cow did not, I vow.

And the three: lo milk in jollity,
And sing with pleasure now;
How happy be we the milkmen three,
Who milk the city cow.

Now thus did he sing, that first milk-man,
An Alderman was he.
"Oh, I fill up my can, and I fill up my pan,
And there's never one hinders me."

And then did he sing, that second milkman,
Was called a School Trustee:
"As much as I choose this cow must not refuse,
For the law doth give it to me."

But then sang he who was number three,
And a Water Commissioner known,
What is taken by ye there are others must see,
But I do all my milking alone.

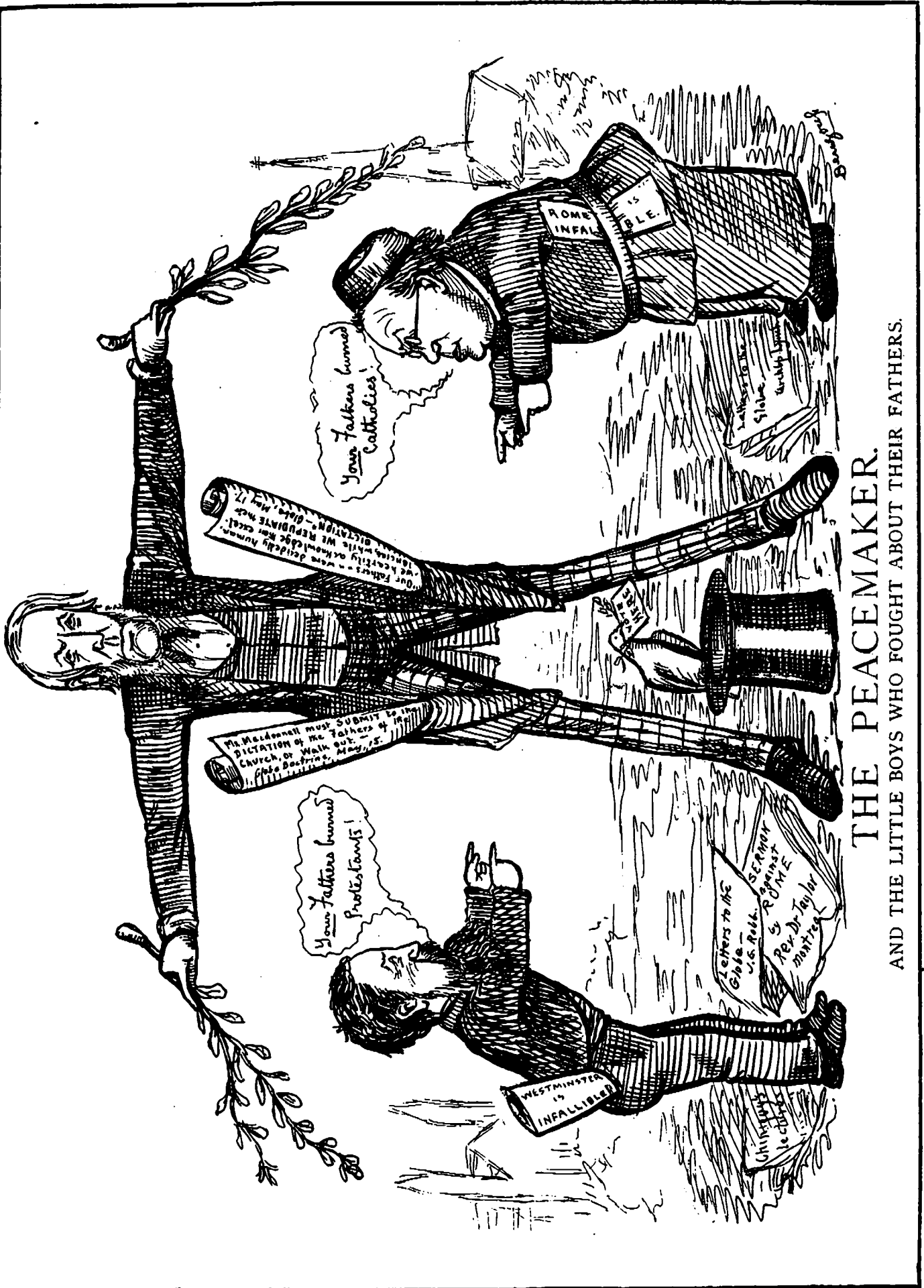
But ever the cow she poorer grew;
Yet the milkers kept jolly and well;
And what they could do with all that they drew,
There was never a soul could tell.

The "Globe" on Immaturity.

GRIP has read with the most poignant delight the article of the *Globe* on the MACDONNELL case, wherein the probably centenarian editor censures criticism on the Synod as proceeding from "immature lads." This reference to that wild young scapegrace GOLDWIN SMITH, and that very forward juvenile, Mr. MELLEN, is pregnant with the usual justice, wisdom, and clerical knowledge of the infallible and quite sufficiently elderly Head of the Grit Persuasion. GRIP is perfectly aware that, according to that oracle, no Grit is allowed to call his soul his own during life, but what GRIP wishes to know is, at what period of that life does he become able to comprehend whether that soul be liable to eternal punishment or not. May we not in some part ascribe the awful career of the *Globe* to the fact that its editors had not then reached the age necessary to comprehend where they might expect to go to? This, no doubt, fully explains its recent change to thorough Conservatism, and why it refuses Blake "anything to reform." What a thorough disdain that editor must feel for that very "Immature Young Man" who taught theology in the Temple to the Synod of His day, and the premature and unconsidered nature of His declaration that "these things were hidden from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes."

A Financial Collapse.

We see by our Western exchanges that there has been a crash in the financial and legal world of St. Thomas. Some half-dozen young gentlemen of the banking fraternity in that town, with a couple of legal gentlemen, were taking a stroll, arrayed in costly raiment, a couple of Sundays ago, and happening upon a Suspension Bridge which spans the Crystal waters of the classic Kettle Creek, they attempted to cross the same *en masse*. The result was a temporary suspension followed by a sudden collapse and a rush on the banks! They would'nt bear and stocks (of dry goods) went down until they touched bottom. The proprietor of the bridge viewing the catastrophe from his residence, some little distance off, came rushing down, vowing vengeance on the delinquents, who had foresight enough left to make for the bank of the stream opposite to that occupied by the enraged proprietor of the fallen structure. Our limb of the Law being only a trifle over six feet in height, while the water at the scene of the disaster is fully four feet deep, thought it wisest to strike out for land, without waiting to send for a Boynton dress; and, being a good swimmer, he managed to reach shore in safety. But for his unwonted presence of mind and skill as a swimmer, he might have sank (horizontally) to rise no more. And now the local press intimates that the legal gentlemen aforesaid are likely to have a *suit* on their hands (whether for liquidated damages or not, is not stated) while several *suits* of a once fashionable appearance are in the hands of St. Thomas artists of the "renovating" profession. As the party came so near "passing their checks" in so tragic a manner, GRIP would advise them to fork out their cheques (marked good for the amount of damage done) and be thankful.



THE PEACEMAKER.
 AND THE LITTLE BOYS WHO FOUGHT ABOUT THEIR FATHERS.

The Happy Return.

Enter tall Scotchman, carpet-bag in hand. Enter to him another Scotchman, bearing French dictionary.

TALL SCOTCHMAN.—Eh, MACKENZIE, mon, ye leuk awfu failit.

MACKENZIE.—Welcome hame, GEORDIE; I hae langit for ye. I hae amaisit worn mysel to a shadow in learning the French dealeec. (*throws away book.*)

GEORDIE.—Hoo's a' wi' ye? Hae ye keepit him doon?

MACKENZIE.—Ye shall obsairve (*rings bell; enter Mr. BLAKE, bowing profoundly.*)

MR. BLAKE.—Allow me, Mr. BROWN, to offer you my humble congratulations on your safe return. Mr. MACKENZIE, what commands shall I be favoured with this morning? (*Aside.*—This is distinction. Ordered around by Scotch printers and masons! *Gnashes his teeth with closed mouth.*)

GEORDIE.—When I lifit ye frae humble life, and exaltil ye intil the deegnitified poseeshun ye at present occupy ———

MR. BLAKE. (*Bows.*) Certainly, sir, I am very well aware ———

GEORDIE.—Ye'll be gude enough not to interrupt'.

MR. BLAKE.—Of course not, sir. Excuse me. (*Bows.*)

GEORDIE.—As I remairkit, when I exaltil ye, I by no means expeckit ye wad exhibit ony signs o' impairment upstairism sic as ye ance displayed at Aurora. But as I hae been gi'en to understand ye hae made amends ———

MACKENZIE.—This pairson has apologeezed maist profoundly, and expressit his determination never mair to hae an oopenyan o' his aim.

MR. BLAKE.—If any further apology for that most unfortunate, ill-considered, and ever-to-be-regretted mistake be required, or any additional assurance of submission and becoming modesty in future be necessary, I am most ready to furnish them.

MACKENZIE.—Ye needna' gie ony mair. But I maun remairk that ye hae nae been sac usefu to the pairty as the chairacter we receivit wi' ye led us to expeck. Ye hae losit ye'er puoser o' oratory. Ye're voice is nae langer potent among the masses—nae mair a speerit michty to wark mecracles for the cause. I doot ye are na' sensible o' ye're debts to the cause ———

BROWN.—To the Pairty.

MR. BLAKE.—What I owe to my gracious patrons is imprinted on my soul. (*Clenches his fist secretly.*) If, however, in force of statement I have in some degree become less vigorous; perhaps, when it is remembered how little there was to say—how few were the important measures brought forward ———

MR. BROWN.—Eemportant meesures, sir! Ye suld hae callit sic as were gi'en ye eemportant! If ye hae half the abeeleetes ye pretendit, ye suld hae compellit folk to conseeder them a' eemportant! Ye suld hae imaginat plenty to say. Ye are no confin't to the truth! Wad ye daur to stan' there, and say ye wad pit regaird to verity before regaird to pairty?

MR. BLAKE. (*Wildly and his eyes rolling.*) Anything, anything, gentlemen, I crave forgiveness for my remissness. I will in future—yes, I will sing the songs of Judah even by the waters of Babylon—I will do—excuse me, I am ill—I—(*rushes into next room, falls on sofa, and tears his hair.*)

MACKENZIE.—Noo! What think ye o' yon'? Is na he weel subjieckit?

GEORDIE.—Vava weel. As I tauld ye, this is the meethod whilk we tak' wi' the *Glob* writers. Keep them doon, brak their speerit, and turn the spitefu' anger o' their subdued souls against the opposite pairty. Mon, ye suld see the powerfu' editorials they write after castigation. Noo, yon' chiel will write a gran' Clear Grit oration the day, and hae it ready when wantit.

MACKENZIE.—Gude save us! No anither Aurora one?

GEORDIE.—Na, he's over weel broken in. Gie me joy! I hae sauld Bow Pairk! Nae mair coos and bullocks. Noo I am aff to Toronto! The *Glob* shall flourish noo, mon!

MACKENZIE.—ROBERTSON has startit anither *Telegram*.

GEORDIE.—Nonsense, he has na funds.

MACKENZIE.—GOLDWIN has gi'en them.

GEORDIE.—The de'il! (*Pitches the astonished Premier three yards out of the way, and rushes maniacally for the railway station.*)
[*Scene closes.*]

A Question for Disraeli.

Dear Mr. Grip.—Are we going out of our holiday on the 24th of May? I want to find this out before I buy my fire-crackers. Pa says there isn't going to be no holiday because there ain't no Queen now. He says the Queen has changed to an Empress, and the Empress's birthday is over two weeks ago. Please tell me how this is. I used to have good fun on the Queen's birthday, and I like the Queen. I never seen her though, but ma told me she is a good woman. I am sorry if she is dead or gone away to India as pa says, and I ain't going to buy any fireworks for an Empress. I don't know much about them kind of women, but I have heard Pa say that they are often cruel and nasty. I hope the Queen is going to give us a holiday. Please let me know. From

TOMMY TOMBOY, Aged 10.

The Unmentioned One.

GRIP last week asked of some Central Prison authority, (if there be any authority in charge there) if Barber, the Educational Depository book robber, had escaped just as a second true bill was found against him. Well, nobody said nothing. But the bookseller who had suffered most in the matter tells GRIP that he wrote letters proclaiming the escape to the *Globe*, the *Mail*, and another daily, none of which inserted them or mentioned the matter. Newspapers were given us, said Chesterfield, to conceal the news.

The Herzegovina.

It shouldn't surprise us, of course, in the least,
To hear that a rising's occurred in the east.
And if Russia and Britain fall out on this head,
There may be another take place in the bread.

THE DESOLATION OF TYRANNY.—The Khaleefeh, Abd. El-Mak-en-zee, was, in the beginning of his reign, an unjust monarch. Being one night unable to sleep, he called upon the Sheik Tup-Er to tell him a story for his amusement. "Oh Prince of the Faithful," said the man thus bidden, "there was an owl in El-Mon-tral, and an owl in El-Tor-ontah, and the owl of El-Mon-tral demanded in marriage, for her son, the daughter of the owl of El-Tor-ontah. But the owl of El-Tor-ontah said, 'I will not, unless thou give me as her dowry a hundred desolate manufactories.' 'That I cannot do,' said the owl of El-Mon-tral, 'at present; but if our sovereign (may God, whose name be exalted, preserve him) live one year, I will give thee what thou desirest.'" This simple fable sufficed to rouse the Prince Mak-en-zee from his apathy, and he thenceforth appli'd himself to become a thorough Protectionist.—*Lane's Eastern Fables.*

Freedom Verging on License.

Unconfined, there's no doubt, education should be,
And it's pleasant to have all the city schools free.
But to ask Eighty Thousand Hard Dollars a year,
Seems making a good deal too "Free" with us here.

A NEW SOURCE OF ENJOYMENT.—GRIP notices, in an account of the celebration of high mass for the soul of a deceased person, last week, in St. Michael's Cathedral, the following exquisitely national definition of domestic calamity:—"On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; but domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment."

GRIP observes in a long letter on Eternal Punishment, in the *Telegram*, signed "Vveri Vindex," a statement concerning "thumbscrews and boot-jacks" being used in Dark Age tortures. As people who sign themselves defenders of truth should know the truth, GRIP begs to tell this defender that the boot was an iron case, in which the knee-joints were crushed, and was never called a boot-jack, a more modern instrument of torture, which should be applied to Vindex's cianium.

Onions are a perfect eyesore and the market is so cut up that many of the leading Operators are shedding tears.

Mint is much enquired after by Members of the Jewish persuasion; it being considered a certain specific for Jew lips (Juleps).

Pigs are decidedly tight; and so are many of the dealers: we have notified the police of the fact, and expect there will be a great run upon them shortly.

Chickens are lively and holders are crowing over the bargains they expect to make in "Scratch lots"; while buyers are looking forward to stirring times and hope to excel (eggcell) as the Season advances.

THE Grand Trunk advertise that their Queen's Birthday tickets are only valid for return on that day. But, suppose the excursionist is delayed by sickness, wouldn't an invalid ticket be just the thing for him?

THE prevalence of the late genial Spring weather has brought out the early Loafers in great abundance. The market is completely glutted with them and a sample may be obtained at any corner for the merely nominal price of a drink.

THE Corn (and Bunion) market, we understand, is much excited, and it is shrewdly suspected by the knowing ones that some Leviathan Speculator has been putting his foot down heavily, and that it will be well if we can get through the next few weeks without some great smashes.

**CAMBRIDGESHIRE
CLOTHING HOUSES**

86 and 327 YONGE STREET.

A very Superior Lot of

BOYS' AND YOUTHS'

Ready Made Clothing.

Best Value yet offered in Canada. Single and Double Breasted

WHITE, FANCY,

A N D

COLOURED VESTS

At Clearing Prices.

We are very busy in our ORDER DEPARTMENT, the reason why: we believe in SMALL PROFITS, GOOD VALUE AND GENERAL SATISFACTION, studying the taste and interest of our customers.

O U R

\$18 SCOTCH TWEED SUIT

To order, is, without exception, the BEST VALUE in the Dominion. Our

\$18 English Tweed Suit

Cannot be surpassed for style and durability.

Our \$16 Canadian Tweed Suits

Surprise everybody. Particular attention to this branch of our business.

W. TAYLOR & SON.

AERATED BREAD,

Manufactured in Ontario solely by

JNO. D. NASMITH,
Cor. JARVIS & ADELAIDE STS.,
TORONTO.

Bread, Rolls, Buns, Cakes, &c

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

BEATTY'S CHURCH, Sabbath School, HALL, LODGE, OFFICE CABINET ORGANS.—Best in use. Send stamp for circular. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J.**



Canada Pacific Railway.

TENDERS FOR GRADING, TRACKLAYING, &c.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Secretary of Public Works and endorsed "Tender Pacific Railway," will be received at this Office up to Noon of Monday, 22nd May next, for the EXCAVATION and GRADING required to be executed on that section of the Pacific Railway extending from CROSS LAKE eastward to RAT PORTAGE, LAKE OF THE WOODS, about 37 miles in length; also for the GRADING required from the WESTERNLY end of the 13th Contract to ENGLISH RIVER, a distance of about 80 miles; also for tracklaying and other works of CONSTRUCTION west of Fort William.

FOR PLANS, SPECIFICATIONS, APPROXIMATE QUANTITIES, FORMS OF TENDER, and other information, apply to the office of the Engineer in Chief, Ottawa.

No tender will be entertained unless on the printed form, and unless the conditions are complied with.
By order, **F. BRAUN,** Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 27th April, 1876.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, April 22, 1876.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON American invoices until further notice, 11 per cent.

v-6-4f

J. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

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**BOOK AND JOB PRINTING,
NEATLY,**

**CHEAPLY,
QUICKLY,**

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"GRIP" OFFICE,

20 Adelaide Street East.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SPECIAL NOTICE.



Train service between Toronto and London quicker than by any other route.

Leaving Toronto at 7.30 a.m.,	arriving at London 1.00 p.m.
" " " 12.15 p.m.	" " " 6.15 p.m.
" " " 3.45 p.m.	" " " 9.15 p.m.
" London " 7.15 a.m.	" Toronto 1.05 p.m.
" " " 1.15 p.m.	" " " 6.50 p.m.
" " " 6.20 p.m.	" " " 11.35 p.m.

Omnibuses meet all trains, and at London carry the passengers to and from the city free of Charges.

Signed) **J. HICKSON,**
GENERAL MANAGER

OUT IN JUNE.

Toronto Monthly Journal

OF

Music and General Miscellany.

Containing 8 Pieces of Music in each issue.

Price, Only 75 cents Per Year.

\$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.**

BEATTY PIANO.

GRAND SQUARE & UPRIGHT. Agents Wanted Everywhere. 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 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 tone."—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.**