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That Husband of Mine ?**

**WHY YES!
I Just Left Him**

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Buying you some of those lovely Gloves, they warrant every pair

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.
Subscription price, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

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A HOUSE TO RENT,
About \$2 per month,
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Unless you have one of our 18 carat Wedding Rings.

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(Successors to CORNELL & CO.)



CAUTION.
Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
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LACROSSE !
MONTREAL VERSUS TORONTO,
SATURDAY, 13th OCTOBER.
Toronto Lacrosse Club Grounds.
Play to commence at 2:30 o'clock sharp. Queen's Own Band in Attendance. Admission 25 cents. Grand Stand 10 cents.
W. O. ROSS, Hon. Sec. T. L. C.

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.

GENTLEMEN

Collars of all the Newest Styles gotten up **EQUAL TO NEW,** at
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NEAR GODERICH, ONT.
This Popular
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Situated on the high banks overlooking Lake Huron, is now open, with ample accommodation for

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The place has been very much improved since last year, and is now an exceedingly attractive country home. Parties who desire a thorough change of air, with a few weeks rest, will find this establishment a most desirable retreat.
A well appointed Coach leaves Goderich direct for the house morning and afternoon. An office of the Montreal Telegraph on the premises.
J. J. WRIGHT, - - Proprietor.
Circulars may be had of Bengough Bros., "Grip" Office.

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HOUSE on Church St., south of Carlton, 8 to 12 rooms, must be first-class.
COTTAGE in St. John's Ward—5 rooms.
FOUR COTTAGES, Not more than Seven Rooms—between Simcoe and Seaton Streets.
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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BABNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 13TH OCTOBER, 1877.

Answers to Correspondence.

W. PATERSON.—Hardly suitable for our columns.

A Montreal Device.

A resident of Montreal, named R. C. CHURCH, a person of great piety and influence, and also of consummate ingenuity, has recently procured a patent for a very clever invention, the object of which is to protect the head from any violent blow. It is specially adapted to protect the head of a fanatical rioter who has committed murder in the name of religion, from a deserved blow from the sword of justice. The device was lately put to the test in three distinct cases, and was found to work admirably. A full description of the apparatus, illustrated with plates, will probably soon appear in the *Scientific American*, but in the meantime GRIP will attempt to explain it in a few words: It consists of a cap, made of stiff Roman cloth, and formed in the shape of a cross. From the crown of this cap to the height of a foot or so there rises a strong iron bar called a *grandjury*, surmounted by a heavy round plate of metal, three feet in diameter. This plate is called a *nobill*. The cap is placed upon the head of the criminal, and he is then ready to go before the court, utterly regardless of his fate. In each of the three experimental tests already referred to, the sword of justice was shivered to atoms. The inventor intends applying for patents in all civilized countries, excepting the North of Ireland.

Professor Goldwin Smith on the American Situation.

AS ENUNCIATED IN HIS LATE ARTICLES.

It is quite true an element extremely Communistic,
Disposed to demonstrations very bludgeonish and fistic,
Has Government authority of late thrust to the wall,
But need not be productive of uneasiness at all.

For it's a foreign element, and all has been imported,
And though by Yankee rulers it has now got to be courted,
And at elections sometimes knocks the other party flat,
It is not fair, you know, to blame America for that.

And though this evil in their system still must be increasing,
A force which works to overthrow, in movement never ceasing,
It would not do to see in this a symptom of decay,
'Twould be endorsing monarchy, which is not in my way.

So I must say that though they've been extravagant in rioting,
And means were lacking to secure their necessary quieting;
Though men in scores they slew, and houses made in smoke to go up,
Society, you must allow, they did by no means blow up.

But still I fear there is some chance of their to pieces going,
Which would my monarchy abuse make rather awkward rowing,
But list to me, and I'll unfold to you my patent plan,
To make republics last as long as any kingdom can.

Just give the government control of railroads, telegraphing,
And all canals, and then at mobs they might be safely laughing,
If they can hold them from the mob, and you shall understand,
I'll show you how they'll do so, and the whole affair command.

Increase their army till it is a sum that's worth the counting,
In ratio equal will command above the mob be mounting,
Then the Republic will be safe from internecine fight
And if the lower classes rise just knock 'em left and right.

And if you say that freedom then would get into a panic,
And that Republics would object to measures so tyrannic,
All I can say is that you now have got no other course,
For mobs will govern you, unless you govern them by force.

And also pity me my friends, a wandering philosopher,
My hobby gone, and now in grief left to lament its loss over,
My life I've used, or most of it, to give Republics praise,
And find them bad as all the rest in these my latter days.

Canadian Nights Entertainment.

ACCORDINGLY, at the usual hour of the night, the Sultan SANDIMAKENZI presented himself before the *cauchon*, enjoying a tranquil repose in his snug corner of the Cabinet.

Feeling conscious of the presence of the Sultan, the *cauchon* awoke with a start and exclaimed, "My lord Sultan, I will, with your pleasure, at once resume the story of Wandering Willie and the Cute Vizier, the conclusion of which you expressed yourself so anxious to hear, and I can assure you that the remainder of the story will be found much more marvellous than the portion I have already related. The end of my former discourse was where the—"

"Stay!" said SANDIMAKENZI, interrupting him, "I cannot hear any more of this story. I have been travelling through my Dominion this day attending picnics and transacting other important business, as I purposed in the morning, and in my journey I have been greatly vexed in soul by the outcry of all my people against the longer profanation of the Sacred Cabinet by thy presence. Thou must go instantly, or I fear the wrath of the people will descend upon my head."

"O, good Sultan," cried the *cauchon*, in a piteous voice, "Say not so. Do, I pray thee, hear the end of this most wonderful story. I know thou wouldst willingly hear it didst thou but know ought of the marvels yet to be related; and after it is come to an end I have another and another still more interesting to dovetail in. and—"

"Ha!" roared the Sultan, opening his eyes fiercely, and throwing up his hands as if an idea had suddenly occurred to him, "Ha! I see! I understand! this story of thine is but a trick to blind me to my duty and the will of my people, and to postpone the hour of thy exit from the Cabinet! I will hear no more! Thou shalt be cut off suddenly to-morrow morning without fail, and depart for the North West country. Let it console thy mind to know, however, that thou shalt find at the end of thy journey a trough of pap, which I and my Pashas have provided for thee. Farewell!"

Then the Sultan rose hastily, to take his departure, but the *cauchon* called him back eagerly and said, "O great Sultan, I pray thee hear the end of this story, and of the fate which befel WANDERING WILLIE when he was sent by the Cute Vizier to a far country, just as thou sendest me. I fear my fate will be as his, for they provided a trough of pap for him too, but he never was allowed to partake of it. O, spare me his fate: let me tell thee the end of the story!"

"No!" said the Sultan, "my people demand thy departure from the Cabinet, my Pashas also demand it, and to tell the truth, I myself shall feel greatly delighted at thy absence. Moreover I care not, now, what was the fate of WANDERING WILLIE, nor what shall be thine. Again I say, Go, and again Farewell!"

Then the Sultan quickly withdrew and gave orders that the *cauchon* should be expelled. As soon as daylight appeared, LAURIER Pasha was sent to carry out the will of the Sultan, and he, having ejected the *cauchon*, proceeded to fumigate the Cabinet and restore its purity in the eyes of the people.

(THE END.)

Pillars or Reeds.

SCENE.—A residence in Toronto; two well-known gentlemen contemplating a pyramid of gold-headed canes. TIME.—After the autumn S. S. pic-nics, bazaars, &c.

SIR JOHN (to Dr. T.).—A goodly pile of lumber, CHARLES, a goodly pile. I faith, all admiration for old SIR JOHN has not said adieu to the Canadian heart yet. He who says so, after viewing this collection of canes, is a liar and slave. Pass that word down the lines, CHARLES, and let our trained birds and all others to reiterate it from the housetops. Are there not dozens of fair gifts here, gold-headed and worth fabulous lucre, (sentiment and intended honor to the Chieftain thrown in)? Who says they are not sufficient to lash MACK from his ill-acquired seats. I have a fancy, and it shall be carried out. Our solid phalanxes shall be armed with these weapons, every man a cane, and the Grits shall quake beneath the charge. A panic, a rout, a scramble, and the sceptre of power is ours once more. These testimonies of popular affection shall be carried to Hamilton on Monday next, and the lyre and the harp and the cymbals shall play before the trophies and me!

DR. T.—Aye, most honorable Knight, it is indeed a great triumph for us to wrest something, however slight it may seem to others, from our base arch enemy. But, alas, MACK too has received honors like these. I saw him but the other day carting several loads of these gold-knobbed playthings home, and murmuring complacently, in barbaric tones which I will not imitate, "These, the popular expressions of the will of a people are full of meaning. They mean discomfiture for SIR JOHN. They mean continued grazing for me and my official socks. I will take them all, tie them together, place them before the gates of the Capital, and they shall defy the strongest SIR JOHN to break them down and regain what I have wrested from him."

SIR JOHN.—Say no more. I am sick of the brambles.

DR. T. (Aside).—Must restrain the lion or he would soon prance around about me. With full confidence in those sticks of wood he would feel no need of my speeches, and I and my choicest efforts would soon have to shift for ourselves and go a begging. No you don't!

(Scene closes.)



M. CAUCHON DISPOSED OF.

Exit "Musca Domestica."

"'Tis the last fly of summer."—MOORE (*slightly altered.*)

Feebly the veteran licked his chops,
And slowly stroked his wings once more;
Meekly he gazed down from the wall
Upon his parting field of gore.

Where were his triumphs now, alas!
(What booted him his battle-crown?)
The barrels of red fluid he quaffed,
His fiendish laugh, his dudgeon frown?

What torments had I once endured
Under his most satanic reign?
What pity for the tyrant now
Had I, to see him lowly slain?

From early morn till late at night
He bored his plaguy augur-blood,
And carried off his jugs of holes,
And grinned like Nick o'er fifty souls.

And tortured eyes and ears and nose
Cried out in pain, in vain, Oh shame!
Wildier than festive mosquitos
The demon plied his little game.

And legions of his brethren came,
All ready to devour and slay,
And like old Egypt's frogs they spread,
And took your very house away.

In soup, in cream, with shout and splutter,
They bathed and rollicked recklessly;
They smiled at you from out the butter,
Like happy martyr's on a spree.

The baby fought them all in vain,
They sucked its rest and life away;
Even the wily house-dog bawled
And scratched his head in sore dismay.

Ah! how those creatures licked the plates
Of paper brown and powder dire,
And munched "Sure Death," and cried for more,
And would not vanish or expire!

Those were the halcyon days, King Fly,
Of heat and sweat and sleepless nights,
Of mortal combats for a snore—
You were the hero in the fights.

But now he sits and noils so sad
The last of all his gathered race,
That many a heart would turn and sigh,
To see the tears roll down his face.

Gone for a season or for e'er,
Are all the joys of flydom rare;
All the flirtations, loves, intrigues,
And banquets, and the weather fair.

His limbs are stiff, his hairs are grey,
The frost has nipt his vital spark,
He seeks a grave, to rest, like we,
When life is done and all is dark.

Adieu! No song of triumph wild
Shall mock you on your lowly bier;
Although you never pitied me,
All feuds shall be forgotten here.

A Newspaper Drama.

Hamilton Board of Trade.—"Whereas the newspapers of this city instead of being found in the country indulging in special trains and other freaks of enterprise, remain moping at home to the detriment of our wholesale dealers; and whereas the *Globe* demon circulates broad-cast over the land, upholding Toronto but giving us the cold shoulder; therefore be it known that we extend the circulation of the *Times* and *Spectator*, and stab the gluttonous *Globe* to the heart; that all our commercial travellers are hereby appointed canvassers for our prospective organs, and that this Board will pay a bonus of 50 cents for every new subscriber received."

Toronto Globe.—Aha! Messrs. *Times* and *Spectator*. Useless for the wholesale business advertisers, are you? Have to let a Board of Trade help you on like babies? Well, it serves you right, anyway. You have no right to seem as important as we, for you can't make your way in the country out of your own poor resources. But hadn't you better feel insulted about the Board's action? Slap 'em in the face. We would. After all, all the snipe-legged travellers in your town—ahem, city, could never hurt us. If we were you now we would send out a corps of editors and reporters with samples and push dry-goods in revenge. If you don't, outsiders will call you pitiful beggars.

Toronto Mail.—Ha, ha, ha! Good joke on those Hamilton slow-coaches!

London Advertiser.—This matter raises the question whether morning or evening journals pay best. We hold the latter. Look at the four morning dailies published in this Province:—*Toronto Leader*—an old almanac; *Mail*—bankrupt; *London Free Press*—not worth speaking about; and *Globe*—only just fair, but losing money! The only prosperous dailies are evening dailies. We are an evening daily. As regards the *Times* and *Spec's* predicament, no respectable journal would allow itself to be "patronized" by a Board of Trade.

London Free Press.—Our miserable contem. is an indescribable and exhaustless liar!! We can lick its circulation four times!!!

Hamilton Times.—What is this fuss all about, anyway? We disdainfully reject all the presumptuous advances made by our Board of Trade, for our own part. Our broken-down cotemporary is probably the party aimed at so humiliatingly by that august body. We here also say that the first base serf of a dry-goods slinger who dares approach us with any subscriptions taken by him will be exterminated with a club. (*Times* editor rests on his quill and yells down a tube: "James, give orders in the subscription department not to question anybody as to who they may be—take money from all customers, and listen to no stories about private occupations. Treat tramps and kings alike.")

Hamilton Spectator. (Same as above in every particular, with the exception that the editor yells down to Pat instead of James.)

The "Drummers" in the Country.—"Good morning, Mr. BANTAM! Could I, ah, sell you a piece of—ah, that is, don't you want to subscribe to the *Hamilton Spectator* or *Times*? Don't look shocked, please, Mr. BANTAM. I know that you folks here in the country read nothing but the *Toronto Koran*, but it is time that *Hamilton* awakened from her lethargy. Our Board of Trade thinks so, and we are going to make a start by bracing our newspapers up. I have a splendid assortment of new samples—that is, look at a *Times* or *Spectator*?"

Injustice to Ireland!

Me darlint Grip:

Wud yez be kind enough to han' this letter to Misther DAVIN, consarnin' his book about the *Irishman in Canada*. I blave that gentleman is wan av the igitors av the *Mail* an if so, plaze tell him this is a shtrictly proivate correspondance, and ax him not to pulblitch it.

Your ould friend,

TERRY TIERNEY.

Misther DAVIN, Esquire.

Irishman in Canada, Author, Iditor, &c.

SIR.

I take up my pin to let ye know that I luck to ye for satisfaction, sir, in regard to your doin' me a mane thrick, an' more nor that, I may say, an outrage av the most outrageous description. Sir, I give ye warnin' that I will take it out av ye, the furst toime I clap an eye on your wretched and miserable carcass, an' so I wud just advise ye niver to come to this part av the counthly on anny picnic av the Consarvatiff party, or in anny other shape. I suppose, sir, ye will not deny that it was yoursilf med up that buck about *The Irishman in Canada*. I am towld that ye do be gloryin' that ye med it. Well sir, that is one pint settled. Now, sir, I have read all through that same buck, an' I find minton av ivery Irishman that iver kem to Canada, an' all about fwhat they did an' fwhere they kem from, an' fwhat keind they wor—ivery Irishman but mesilf! Sir, fwhat do ye mane by this insult? Fwhat do ye mane to insinuate? Amn't I as much of an Irishman an' as respectable an' as much giftel wid janius as PADDY O'ROURKE, that lives in the shanty furninst me, an takes up the best part av wan page in your buck?

Av ye have anny regard for your personal welfare, an' av ye intend to live an' become a grate man in this country, take my advice, an' kape outside av rache av the undersigned. As ye shtate in the preface av your buck, the Irishman is a harmless animal whin iverything goes well wid him, but whin aroused by the pangs av insult an' injustice, he is a bad man an' kerries a razor.

I remain,

TERRY TIERNEY.

ADVICE to persons who are anxious to get a good view of the ROSS-HANLON race.—Use your eyes.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Heating Apparatus," will be received at this office until FRIDAY, the TWENTY-SIXTH instant, at noon, for Heating Apparatus of new Educational Block, Military College, Kingston, Ontario.

Plans and specifications, &c., can be seen on and after THURSDAY, the ELEVENTH instant, at the office of Mr. R. Gage, Architect, Kingston; at the office of Mr. Sippell, C. E., Lachine Canal, Montreal; on enquiry of Mr. Wills, Foreman Engineer, Custom House, Toronto; and also at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, where forms of tender, &c., can be obtained.

No tender will be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and—in the case of firms—except there are attached the actual signature, occupation, and place of residence of each member of the same.

The tenders to have the actual signatures of two solvent persons, residents of the Dominion, and willing to become sureties for the due performance of the contract.

This Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 6th, 1877.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish, bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126. Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses, seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for both. Would exchange for farm.

ESTHER STREET, two story dwelling, six rooms. Price \$900.

D'ARCY STREET. New brick dwelling, extra finish, eight rooms, bath-room, vestibule and folding doors, bow window, grates, &c. Price \$2,700.

ADELAIDE ST. WEST. Brick fronted semi-detached house—eight rooms, hard and soft water. This is a new house and extra well finished. Price \$2,800.

CHURCH STREET. Roughcast house, twelve rooms, folding doors, grates, etc. Lot 21x130, to a lane 20 feet wide. Price, \$2,500, half cash.

DALHOUSIE STREET. Three houses, 6 rooms, hard and soft water. \$1,250 each.

RICHMOND ST. WEST. Two roughcast houses, 11 rooms, splendidly finished, bath room and every convenience. \$3,000.

WILLIAM HENRY STREET, rough cast house, seven rooms, grate, folding doors, &c. \$1,800.

ORDE STREET, rough cast cottage, six rooms. \$1,000.

SUFFOLK PLACE, rough cast, detached, nine or ten rooms. \$2,600.

BEACHELL STREET, store and dwelling, \$1,100.
Cottage, 5 rooms, hard and soft water, \$700.

HURON STREET, two story house, rough cast, eight rooms and summer kitchen, \$2,300.

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I. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-11

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F. HODGINS, and A. M. CARDIGAN, Managers.

N.B.—Omnibus free.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.

The Printer's Miscellany will be ready for delivery in about two weeks. The subscription lists and accounts were lost in the fire of 20th June. Subscribers whose term of subscription had not expired will please send their names, addresses, amounts paid, and date of subscription, as soon as possible. Those whose term ended with the June number should lose no time in renewing, otherwise considerable difficulty will be experienced in securing back numbers. The paper will only be sent to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements respectfully solicited.

HUGH FINLAY,

Editor and Proprietor.

St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL.

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

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

WHICH IS

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50 " " " " " " " " 30 "
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Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

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Miss Maggie Thompson

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Mrs. Thomas James.

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William Arthur Crawford.

7

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Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespere.

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

BENGOUGH BROS.,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, ONT.