

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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GEORGE BENGOUGH,
Business Manager,
No. 20 Adelaide St., Toronto.

ST. PATRICK'S WARD

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

At the coming Election for Aldermen for St. Patrick's Ward, are respectfully requested for

J. S. McMURRAY.

The Election takes place on Monday, 3rd Jan., 1876.

WARD OF ST. THOMAS.

Your Vote and Interest Are Respectfully Requested for

S. S. MUTTON

AS **ALDERMAN FOR 1876.**

Election takes place Monday, January 3rd, 1876.

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Horse, Phaeton, AND HARNESS.

The horse is kind, gentle, and a good traveller. The whole will be sold **CHEAP FOR CASH.**

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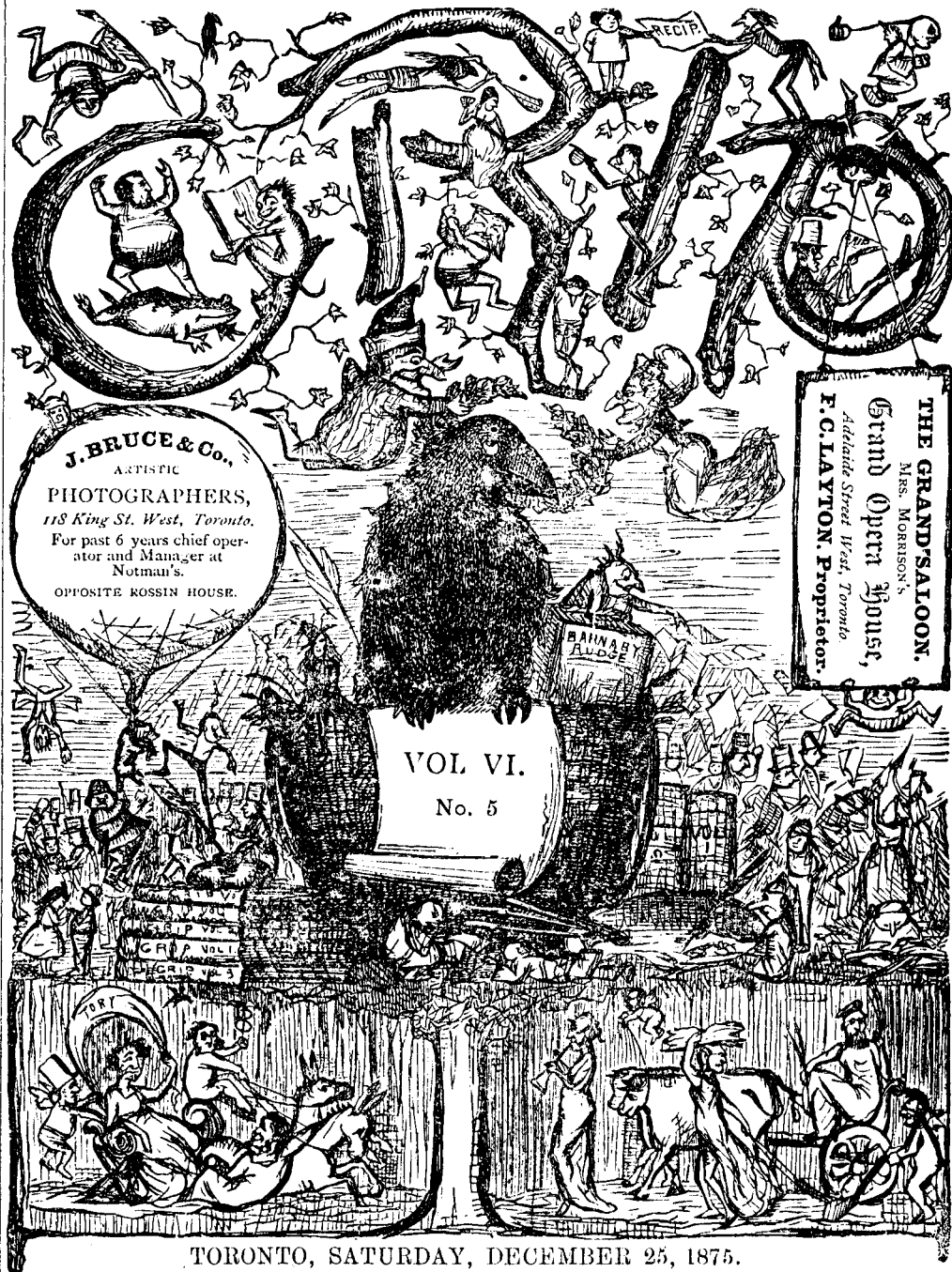
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1875.

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

In the matter of Life Insurance interests the "Union Mutual" is among the best Companies doing business in Canada. Last year this Company increased the amount previously at risk by \$1,100,000, being larger than any other Company local or foreign doing business in the country, and whilst other Companies may show a larger business for the year still the true test is the Balance between the figures at the Beginning and the Ending of the year, and judged from this stand-point, this old and progressive Company has taken the lead of all competitors.---KINGSTON DAILY NEWS.

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.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted, will for the present, be paid for at rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

A. FOX,

Yorkville Boot & Shoe Mart.

GENTS', LADIES' AND MISSES SHOES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Special attention given to measurement.

Cheesworth & Fraser Merchant

TAILORS,

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

NEW GOODS.

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A select supply of Canned Fruit, Fish, &c., always on hand.

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Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOL.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25TH, 1875.

Answers to Correspondents.

MORALIST.—Your didactic poem "Christmas" of 25 verses is received. As you justly observe the subject is not new, but you wrong yourself in saying that your treatment of it is not original. It is. We do not publish it, because though it is quite right that people should remember that they are only "worms that crawl," and that "Death's icy fangs shall meet in every throat," still it is hardly fair to dwell upon this view of life at Christmas time. Though there is not much poetry about those "little bills" which rain upon the heads of families just now, they will probably put people in the necessary state of dejection. Send your poem to the *Nation*. It is a serious paper. The first verse of your effusion we gladly publish.

The gentle Turkey droops his head,
The Oyster dies without a sigh,
Strong souls! they never will complain,
They know that Christmas time is nigh.
And man, proud man, shall he repine,
Shall he profane at little bills?
Go! let him learn the lessons fine
How creatures dumb bear Fortune's ills.

From Our Box.

Mr. J. W. BENGOUGH delivers his new lecture entitled "Heads and Tales, in Shaftesbury Hall, on Tuesday Evening, next, 28th inst.

Enoch Arden makes a drama of strong and affecting interest. The dramatizer has worked into the play every word of the poem, but in order to do this he sometimes places thoughts clothed in the poet's own language into mouths in which they sound rather incongruous. Mr. ADAMS shewed a good deal of power in his impersonation of the part of *Enoch*, but it was impossible not to feel that he just misses being a first-rate actor. There is a great deal of pathos in the play, and the dramatist has introduced some humor. A deaf man with his back to the stage could easily have said when the affecting, and when the funny passages were being enacted. At the affecting passages the young ladies giggled: at the amusing ones they looked pensive.

On Tuesday evening Mr. GILBERT'S latest comedy, *Tom Cobb*, was put on the boards of the Grand. A comedy so racy and entertaining deserved a much larger house. The dialogue is chiefly of a mock-heroic tone and is deliciously ridiculous. Mr. CURTIS never appeared to greater advantage than he did as *Bulstrode Effingham*, a sentimental, melodramatic youth with a pale, poetic brow, and long hair. "Cursed be his lot" he is a lawyer's clerk, though born for a nobler destiny. He also laments the necessity of wearing his father's old coats, as to which "not even the eloquence of a father can gloss over the damning fact that they are second hand." The whole *Effingham* family introduce into their conversation flowers of rhetoric which keep the audience in constant laughter. Mr. GRISMER played *Tom Cobb* with his usual spirit, but we wish he would give his whole attention to the play, and not indulge in irrelevant conversations till he gets behind the scenes.

A Merry Christmas.

In order that our citizens may be fully informed as to all the attractions of the Christmas season we give insertion to the following advertisement. Enterprize on the part of the Churches is to be commended but, from a theatrical point of view, the legitimate drama has much to complain of in this covert rivalry. The bill has an orthodox form.

A GREAT BILL FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

Anthem.....by a Brobdignagian Choir.
Solo.....Distinguished Amateur.
Selections from *Fra Diavolo*, *La Traviata* and *Don Giovanni*—Organ.
Sermon—Subject, "Everlasting Punishment."
Solo.....by another Distinguished Amateur.
Chorus—from the 12th Mass....Choir.

NO COLLECTION!

If these *moreaux* fail to draw a large house, the performance will not be repeated.

Go early and secure seats.

The Yacht Club Ball, and Mr. Theodore Spark's Adventures Thereat:

(By our own social parasite.)

MR. THEODORE SPARK, a gallant young officer of one of our leading commercial institutions, as the clock struck nine rushed up the stair-way carrying his dancing boots in his left hand and warming his frozen ears with his right. SPARK prided himself on being always equal to the emergency, so as he entered the dressing room he assumed a nautical swagger as in harmony with the festivity and garnished his conversation with yachtman's terms. "Ho, mates! what cheer?" he gaily cried, slapping young JAWKINS and BLUSTER, who were arranging their smart jackets, and putting the last touches to their consummate toilets. But BLUSTER who has no sense of humor muttered something depressing about "his damned nonsense." As BLUSTER, however, is one of those fellows who establish a position by assuming an air of importance and supplementing their lack of ideas by vigorous swearing, SPARK had a secret contempt for him, and his serenity was not impaired. So arm-in-arm with the more amiable JAWKINS, he sauntered cheerily down the ball-room. The band was performing the usual preliminary scrapings. Lads with fresh downy faces were moving anxiously about importuning all the girls they knew for the honor of a dance. Girls in dresses too low in the back, and girls in dresses too high in the front, girls in pink with blue fixings, and girls in blue with pink fixings, were congregated under the keen eyes of portly *chaperons*. Several girls who appeared to have met with untimely accidents through incautiously placed flour barrels and whose coiffures still bore traces of their misfortune, were exciting general commiseration. SPARK proceeded at once to fill up his programme on the Darwinian principle of the selection of the fittest. Passing with an air of profound absorption, the Misses PALETOT, he was only too glad to dance with last season, studiously ignoring Miss LYDIA BUSTLE, who "by jove, you know, prances like an elephant and puffs like a porpoise," tho' she had actually given him his first lesson in the art, SPARK rapidly secured the best dancers and prettiest girls he knew. Occasionally when he fixed his eye on some victim, she would turn pale and shrink uneasily in the opposite direction. But in vain. By a dexterous manoeuvre SPARK would confront her and with his sweetest smile beseech her for a dance. "So sorry, Mr. SPARK, only the 17th left, but you may have that if you like," and SPARK with expressions of gratitude scores her down for the seventeenth. As she turns away, he catches a glimpse of her card, with but three names on it besides his own! Thus were the PALETOTS avenged. But do you suppose SPARK was surprised? Not in the least. He understands it and tries a similar dodge on half a dozen other girls, whom social duty claims his attentions for, but inclination rejects. *Sic tantum &c.*

His card presently being full, except a few judicious blanks about supper time, SPARK leads forth Miss LUCY GLIDE to "the Boston." The room is crowded and the floor such that even a local legislator would take it without enthusiasm. With easy grace he guides her through the throng, now skillfully retreating as some heavy craft drifts helplessly down upon him, then by a cunning reversal steering clear of a stranded hulk, quickly gliding to some spot left vacant for a moment, then off to the other side as the surge comes rolling in, he at last lands her calm and cool in a quiet haven in the corner. Here they enjoy for a few moments the luxury of criticism. That gallant volunteer Major RUDDINOSE, who refused to learn any of your new fangled dances, and preferred a rousing galop, was performing in the good old style,

"Like to a cork tossed by the eddies that foam under furious lasher,
Like to skiff lifted, up-lifted, in lock, by the swift-swelling sluices,
So with the music possessing him, swaying him, goeth he, look you,
Swinging and flinging, and stamping and tramping and grasping and clasping."

Whom but gay Miss FLOUNDER? The Bostonians in terror flee before him. Destruction is in his path. A cloud of shreds of gauze and lace, rising in his wake, attests his phrensy. At last, his energies exhausted, he mops his moist brow and gasps a few words to his steaming partner on the execrable condition of the room. "That fellow would be hot," whispered SPARK, "if he danced that way on an iceberg."

Then there is poor TOM COLLINS toiling painfully with anxious brow, regardless of music, bumping his partner at every step, while his unskillful gyrations bring down on him the silent imprecations of the bumped. But all that Mr. SPARK did and said and saw, this history will not need record. At about 2 p.m. lighting the fragrant but deleterious weed he always brings with him, he strolled to his lodgings, and as he sank to rest, murmured,

"A FIRST-RATE BALL, BY JOVE!"

Contributions to a Slang Dictionary.

TO GO FOR.—This beautifully significant expression first came into vogue among milliners, who when indignant would exclaim, "Look out-n I'll GOPHER you," meaning thereby, "I'll crumple you up."

TO GO BACK UPON.—This expressive phrase has a classical origin. "Fortuna recessit." "His luck went back on him," is an expression of one VERGIL, a part of the Latins.



THE EQUIVOCAL "RECOMMEND."

"IF THE GLOBE BELIEVES M. CAUCHON FIT TO SIT IN THE MINISTRY, IT OWES HIM AN APOLOGY FOR MALIGNING HIM IN THE PAST."—*Kingston Whig.*

The New Philosophy.*For use at Aurora, Kincardine, etcetera.*

BY EDWD. BL—KE.

I do believe I think what now I speak;
 But what we do determine oft' we break.
 Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth but poor validity:
 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
 But fall, unshaken when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis that we forget
 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

* * * * *

But, orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own."
Hamlet, Act III, Scene II.

At the Speaker's Elbow.

Thursday, Dec. 22.

The House assembled at two o'clock to-day to hear the Speech from the Speaker's elbow. Precisely at that hour GRIP, accompanied by his usual retinue, including MACINTOSH BAIN (captain) entered the House, and proceeded to read the following brief speech:—

GENTLEMEN—After the arduous labors in which you have been engaged for the last few weeks, it is my pleasure that you betake yourselves, during the Christmas holidays to the bosoms of your families. Many of you who have been silent in this House, will, at home, talk politics with great unction and authority. As you cannot point to any important measure which has been dealt with by you, I would recommend that you talk largely to your constituencies of what you intend to do by and by, when this, that and the other measure come up for discussion. Meanwhile, gentlemen, I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Nonsense Versos.

There was a sweet spinster in Guelph,
 Who feared she might stay on the shelf,
 So she married a cad,
 Settled down in Bagdad,
 And declares she prefers it to Guelph.

A student there was of Dundas,
 Who said nothing else but "I pass,"
 But when up for his "call"
 He did not "pass" at all,
 This too sanguine youth of Dundas.

There is a young man of Rousseau
 Who is very much given to blow;
 He blows and he blows
 Till you'd hardly suppose
 There was anyone else at Rosseau.

As the Prince of Wales has recently visited the richest, and most populous country in the British Dominions, and as we have been pestered to death with all sorts of conundrums, from ignorant persons, as to the resources of India and the characteristics of its inhabitants, we have at immense expense secured the following excellent geographical sketch for which we will consider ourselves amply compensated if it will prevent our being annoyed in the future with idiotic questions about

India.

BY G. O'GRAFIK.

India is a vast country, containing so many towns ending in Abad and Pore, that we might almost fancy that the natives are a bad and poor lot.

The principal bay in India is called Bom-bay. This is probably where the Bombayine comes from. A fleet of vessels, called Cal-cutters ply between there and England. They carry principally India Rubber for which they say they always have gutta purcha-ser in England.

Bejapoor, one of the principal towns is said to have been settled 2,000 years B. C. by the Irish, which probably accounts for the Celtic expression "Be-japoors".

India abounds in rich and luxuriant vegetation. Ru-peas (*see* Professor Ru-beany) are grown extensively, and the Sepoys occasionally raise Cain among the Europeans. The country teems with wild animals. Behind teams driven by the native Princes, there is always a tiger. The lions however met in fashionable society are comparatively tame.

Delhi is situated a short distance—say 10,000 miles—from Calcutta.

It was besieged at the time of the Indian mutiny by the entire British Army. The Irish prisoners confined in Delhi were so delhi-ted to hear the music approaching, that one of the females named Bridget O'Shaughnessy exclaimed "Dinna ye hear it?" but Dinny, being deaf, didn't hear it. Thinking it was a conundrum she was asking they gave up—in fact they were all about to give up when the relief came. One poor fellow remarked—as he took a long pull at a bottle of Bass' East India Ale—"It's a bass relief." He was immediately banished to the Punjab. Another chap said as he took a good swig out of a bottle of "Scotch" "Here's luck-now." As this was his first offence he was pardoned.

The Parsees are rich and powerful living in luxuriant grandeur. Their money is called Parsee money, although there is nothing parsee-moniuous about them.

Afghanistan adjoins India: it's a fine country with the exception of a few rainy days, and abounds in deserts, wild beasts, robbers, and revolutions. The natives of Afghanistan are called Aff-gan-ders and the females Aff-geese. The female specimens called Tartar—some of which are occasionally seen in this climate—are numerous found in Independent Tartary. Among the Tartars, horse tails are symbols of authority, as the warlike chiefs think it enhances their horse-tile appearance (*see* BAYARD TAILOR'S Tails of Tartary.) The natives never use milk in their tea; the reason being they prefer the "Cream of Tartar."

This is about all we know of India. We trust the perusal of the above facts will alleviate the Christmas indigestion of many of our readers.

Song of the Clerk.

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 The Clerk of the House at the table sat,
 And dismally scratched his head.
 "Speak—speak—speak,—
 Till I know all they say by rote;
 Speak—speak—speak—
 When it doesn't affect a vote.
 Rant—rant—rant—
 About things no one cares for a pin;
 Cant—cant—cant—
 When it's Satan rebuking sin;
 Oh! men having mothers and aunts!
 Oh! men having daughters and wives!
 Pray pay these fellows to stay at home
 And remain for the rest of their lives.
 And if an 'Assembly' you needs must have,
 For a constitutional show,
 Pray send us the women instead of such men
 Who misgovern the country so.

A Bohemian's Sentiment.

AIR—"I'D CHOOSE TO BE A DAISY."

I'd choose to be so lazy
 If it were in my power;
 I'd rather smoke a fortnight,
 Than work for half an hour.

Croaks and Pecks.

"OURS" at the Royal Opera House was hours wasted.

NOT QUITE O. K.—The treatment of the Oka Indians by the St. Sulpicians.

THE sun entered Capricornus on Wednesday. This accounts for the capers which the weather has been cutting.

QUERY.—Which is the more objectionable. A cold snap in November or a mild snap in December? The present mild snap is an unusually severe one.

THE Stratford *Herald* classifies the following under the title of "Wit and Humour":—"The most dangerous of all flattery is the very common kind that we bestow upon ourselves." The sentiment strikes us MARTIN TUPPERISIT and nobody ever accused him of "wit and humour."

IN the poet's corner of the London *Free Press*, there are some verses beginning

"O music of my sleep, that mocks my soul"

We presume the poet alludes to a solo which he had been playing on his nasal organ.

WHAT'S IN A NAME.—The gentlemen mentioned in connection with the Mayoralty of Ottawa are Messrs. FEATHERSTON, SWEETLAND and BANGS. A store of feathers would produce a bulky corporation; sweet land is suggestive in connection with a city situated in the midst of the Laurentian formation; but BANGS—"slap bang, here we are again" is the phrase which crops up naturally at pantomime times.

BENGOUGH!
 THE POPULAR CARICATURIST OF
 "GRIP." AT
SHAFESBURY HALL,
Tuesday Ev'g 28th Dec.
 When that Favorite Entertainer will deliver his
NEW AND ORIGINAL
COMIC LECTURE!
 And Illustrate the same with
 CRAYON DRAWINGS OF LOCAL
 PUBLIC MEN.

THE MAYORALTY!
YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE
 At the coming Election, are kindly
 Requested for
ANGUS MORRISON.

The Election takes place on Monday, 3rd
 January, 1876.
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
TO THE ELECTORS
 OF THE

WARD OF SAINT GEORGE,
GENTLEMEN:
 Having been requested to offer myself for election as
 one of your representatives in the City Council, I place
 my services at your disposal. Should you elect me to the
 honourable position of an Alderman, I will serve the city
 to the best of my ability, watching closely over the ex-
 penditure to see if some better system cannot be devised
 than that which fritters away your money in patches of
 improvement spread over the several wards, instead of
 husbanding your resources to make permanent improve-
 ments where these are called for most. While cheerfully
 responding to your call, I must ask to be relieved from
 the necessity of making a personal canvass of the electors.
 As I have no object of my own to serve in going into the
 Council, I must leave it to you to say by your votes
 whether my services are desirable or otherwise. In either
 case I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

H. E. CLARKE.
New Year's Calling Cards
COMIC
STYLES
With Name Neatly Printed
 75c PER PACKAGE
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PARLOR ORGANS are ranked by eminent
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 Church, Sablath School, Lodge or Parlor they have no
 superior throughout the world. We challenge any manu-
 facturer 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
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IEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
REDUCED FARES
 FOR THE
Christmas Holidays.

Tickets will be issued on **FRIDAY** and **SATURDAY**,
 good to return up to **MONDAY** next inclusive, at a **Fare**
 and a **Third** for the double journey.
JOSEPH HICKSON, General Manager.

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CALEDONIAN
SKATING AND CURLING
RINK.

Mutual Street. Between Shuter and
Crookshank Streets.

DIRECTORS:

Ald. **RITCHIE, President.**
 R. H. **RAMSAY, Vice. President.**
 James Pringle, W. D. McIntosh, George Morgan, Rob-
 ert Malcolm, Hugh Miller, James Rennie.

FEES, ETC.:

Curler's fee, for season 1875-6.....\$3⁰⁰
 do and family skating ticket..... 7 00
 Skating—family season ticket..... 5 00
 do Gentleman's do..... 3 00
 do Lady's do..... 2 00
 do Child's (under 12 years) do..... 2 00

SINGLE ADMISSION, 10 CENTS.

Season tickets can now be procured at the Secretary's
 office.

WM. RENNIE, Sec. Treas.

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 Commissioner of Customs.

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CHEAPLY,
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MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE
COMPANY.

Financial Statement for the Year
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REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest	\$25,486 13
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Claims under Policies paid.....	\$8,348 95
Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted	
and waiting proof.....	750 00
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Direc-	
tors Fees, Office Rent, &c.....	6,192 73
Scrup Appropriation to Policy-holders	
of 1874, on deposit in Royal Gana-	
dian Bank, being forty per cent.....	10,194 45
	\$25,486 13

W. H. HOWLAND, President.
HUGH SCOTT, Manager & Sec'y.
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ERNEST G. PULFORD, } Auditors.
Geo. J. MAULSON, }

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HALL, LODGE, OFFICE CABINET ORGANS.—
 Best in use. Send stamp for circular. Address, **DAN-**
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"The Beatty Pianos, Grand, Square and Upright, are
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ton, New Jersey.