

Every Lady should have "THE FAHEY BRO'S." KID GLOVES, Every Pair Warranted, that each pair bears a pair of Their Own Mark.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.
Subscription price, \$7 per annum strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

USE ONLY ONTARIO BAKING POWDER.
ASK YOUR Grocer for it.

THE TORONTO **TURKISH BATHS**
233 Queen St. West.
THE ONLY TURKISH BATHS IN THE CITY.

These baths are useful in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Congestions, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, all inflammations, Biliousness, and for sanitary purposes.
Hours:—Gentlemen from 7:30 to 9:30 a.m., and 3 to 6 p.m. Ladies from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. every day. Experienced attendants.

GORRELL, CRAIG & Co.,
LITHOGRAPHERS
13 ADELAIDE ST. EAST.

FARM FOR SALE.
A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 31 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is
A Capital Orchard of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres, nine of which are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
REAL ESTATE AG'TS
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,
Next Post Office, Toronto.

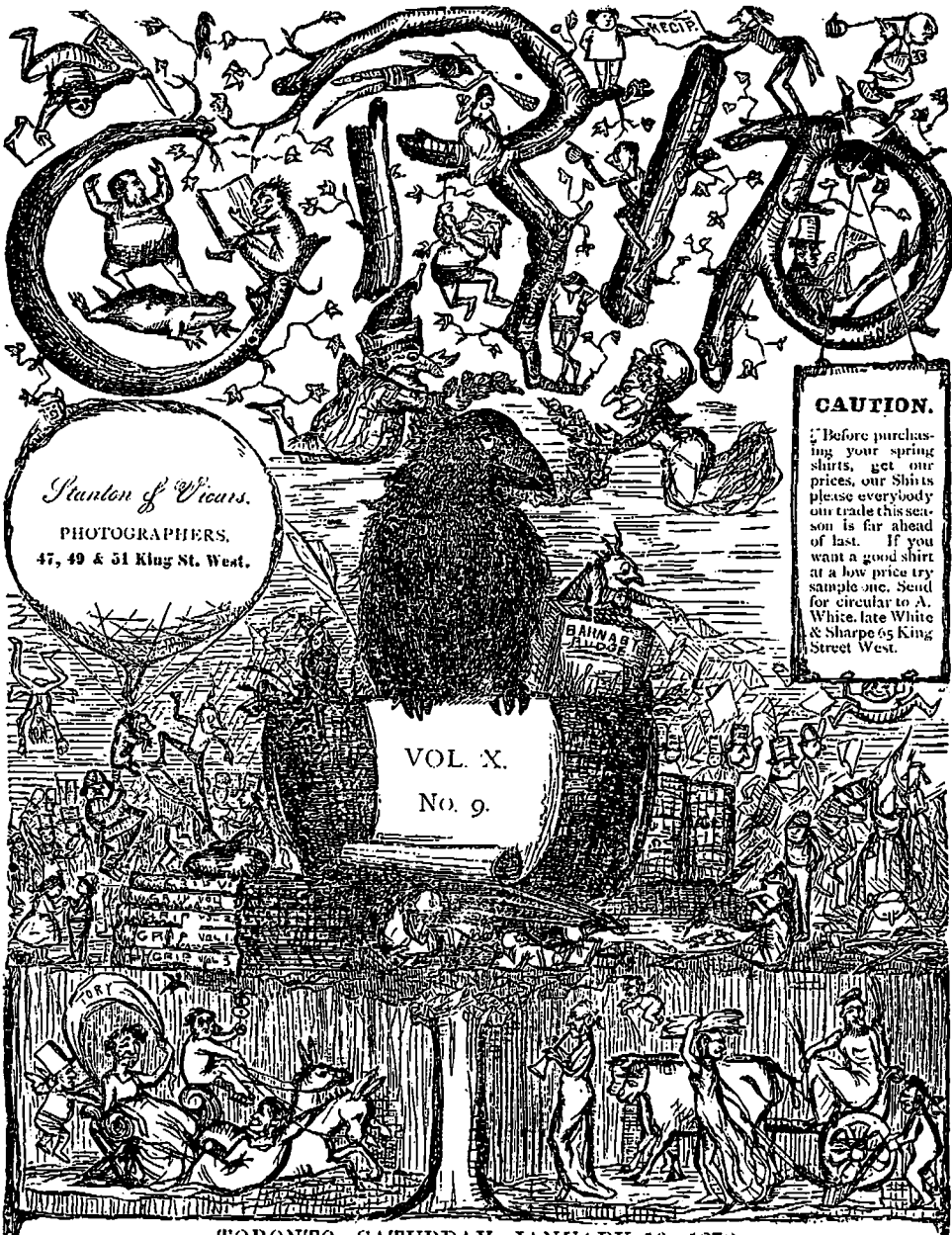
"GRIP"
Job Department
Is Stocked with all the latest Styles and Improvements in TYPES,
from the American, Canadian and European foundries, and will be found competent for the execution of all classes of Printing, with
NEATNESS,
CHEAPNESS
DESPATCH.
Office: Imperial Buildings,
(NEXT POST-OFFICE).

MARBLE CLOCKS

Direct from PARIS.

FINEST GOODS EVER SHOWN IN TORONTO.

W. F. ROSS & CO., 83 KING STREET EAST.



TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1878.

GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.
IMPERIAL BUILDING. } The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Poal. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

CANNOT BE SURPASSED.

Canadian made Wallets, Purses, Pocket-Books.

Card and Letter Cases, Bill Cases, Portfolios.—New and Improved Styles.
REDUCED PRICES. SOMETHING NEW IN AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS. NEW AND
Beautiful designs.—Wonderful chaste and Cheap. **SCRAP BOOKS, SCRAP ALBUMS.** In great variety. Substantial, handsome, very Cheap.
BROWN BROTHERS, Manufacturing Stationers,
66 & 68 King Street East, Toronto.

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
2 1-2cts. each or 25cts. per doz., at

TORONTO STEAM

LAUNDRY.

HALLEY'S HALL,
COR. KING & BAY STS.

G. P. SHARPE, Prop.

H. T. AILLSOPP.

DEALER IN
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.

7 KING STREET EAST
TORONTO.

(4th door east of Yonge)

TO
YOUNG MEN

Wishing to learn
TELEGRAPHING,

A certificate good for
Twenty Dollars,

Will be sold cheap, good for the
TORONTO INSTITUTE.

Address:
H. GUMMER.

Box, #603.

TO SPORTSMEN.

A FIRST CLASS
Breech-loading Rifle.

Manufactured by Messrs Worcester, Mass. For Sale very Cheap, the owner having no use for it.

APPLY AT
GRIP OFFICE

REAL ESTATE.

Persons having Properties to dispose of in City or Country will find it to their advantage to place it in our hands. We have the

BEST STAND IN THE CITY,

and facilities for
ADVERTISING

which cannot be excelled.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,

NEXT POST OFFICE,
TORONTO.

BLACK-BOARD
IN THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A practical guide for superintendents and teachers by Frank Beard. Fully illustrated. \$1.50. Artist's Manual of Oil and Water Color Painting, &c., 50cts. Educator's Journal, 10cts. Of booksellers or by mail. **JESSE HANEY & CO.,** 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

PAINTER'S Manual.

House and sign painting, graining, varnishing, polishing, kalsomining, papering, lettering, staining, gilding, &c., 50cts. Furniture and Cabinet Finisher, 50. Watchmaker and Jeweller, 50. Soapmaker, 25. Taxidermist, 50. Of booksellers or by mail. **JESSE HANEY & CO.,** 119 Nassau St., New York.

STOVE & CHESTNUT COAL \$5.00 per Ton AT **NAIRN'S,** OFFICE, - - NEXT POST OFFICE.
MAPLE WOOD 5.00 " Cord DOCKS, - - FOOT OF CHURCH ST.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SAUTRDAY, 19TH JANUARY, 1878.

My Stars.

Like a brilliant comet RIGNOLD has come and gone—only to make room for other stars. We wonder if MRS. MORRISON could not *plau* it so as to have a *fixed star* to coruscate for the pleasure of Toronto audiences! And yet from the somewhat cool receptions with which some of them *meet here*, we should almost say, that if she were so adventurous as to risk this, the speculation might end in *disaster*.

The First False Step.

The readers of GRIP had reason to be aware of the remarkable slipperiness of that glassy morning last week, when Nature had iced, smoothed, and polished all out of doors, until every place you could stand on you couldn't stand on; but they do not know—except a select few who won't tell—what happened on King street. GRIP will tell. Considering the state of the sidewalk, it was no wonder that Mr. BOUNCER, Q. C., then going along with a blue bag, thinking of his opening speech and not of sidewalks, slipped down. With professional readiness, however, he, though he could not catch himself, caught the situation, and fell with legal precision and stiffness, straight and solid, determined to exhibit no unbecoming gyrations. Now, had he fallen as anybody else would have fallen, no further damage might have resulted, but Mr. JONES behind (of JONES & RUSSELL) was not prepared for the tragic descent of BOUNCER, whose head impinging on JONES' stomach, doubled him up and took him off his feet all at once. Naturally, the reaction of opening his bent figure out again was rather sudden, and it is not to be supposed that it was purposely his dexter foot knocked out of line the sinister gaiter of the fair Miss PORPOISE, who incontinently deposited two hundred pounds of charms on top of a butcher boy, whom another butcher boy was drawing on a sleigh, bringing that vehicle to a sharp stop, flooring the drawer with a jerk, and rolling him right across the doorway of BROWN'S provision store. Now, BROWN'S man is very careful: but when one is tall, and thin, and running out at top speed with two hams to a waggon on a very slippery day, to have a stout boy rolled exactly on our instep is rather discomposing, and it discomposed BROWN'S man into turning a sort of somerset into the street, while the hams flew right and left like pieces of bombshell at Plevna. How many were floored by this discharge GRIP could not count; but no more casualties occurred, as the street was so blocked up with the fallen that no one else could come there to fall just then. So everybody got up, burst out laughing, which is the recognized mode of remarking that it was a very slight tumble, and went home for arnica.

What Goeth on at Present.

About this time the young man with no understanding issueth forth from his habitation and goeth down into the street called King. His apparel is gorgeous. SOLOMON in all his glory was never equal to the vain young man, who deployeth into the city, the glass of observation and inutility in his eye, the staff of uselessness in his grasp, and the words of "Haw! Haw!" (which being interpreted meaneth nothing) issuing from his lips. And the wayfarers say one to another, "Truth it is and of a verity, *this is a bank clerk!*" And the young man with no understanding meeteth a damsel fair to look upon, and he saith unto her: "Go to! I pray thee, thou hast found favour in mine eyes, wouldst that I might accompany thee homewards—Haw, Haw," (which being interpreted meaneth nothing). And the damsel standeth aloof from the vain young man, and entertaineth him with a glance of derision, whereat is the young man who lacketh knowledge discomfited, and proceedeth west without delay.

And the further doings of the vain young man and the accounts of his habits, are they not written in the book of STUVEL, the tailor.

About this time the voice of the borrower is heard throughout the land, saying "Would that I had! for then I would. And he goeth to the simple man, who is worth "Hogs," and he saith unto him, "Lend thy servant ten shekels and at the time appointed I will repay thee thine own with usury, that is to say the usual 10 per cent." And the simple man who is worth "Hogs" lendeth his ear—and the ten shekels to the borrower, who rejoices greatly thereat, for he intendeth to repay the dollars at the same time that he returneth the ear.

And in a short time there will be a voice of lamentation heard in the courts of the city. It is the voice of the simple man weeping for his shekels, and will not be comforted for they are not—to be found.

And it is just about this time that the unwary youth is beguiled into "seeing" too many "men." The result is that the unwary youth goeth home to his boarding-house, breaketh his lamp, and goeth to bed in the dark with his hat on.

The Metamorphosis.

Oh, there was a paper vat, paper vat, paper vat.
And there was a sugar puncheon, a standing by the door.
Then said the paper vat, "Tell you that, it is flat,
I won't let that party organ have paper any more.

"Because they've got in debt, got in debt, got in debt.
Full twenty thousand dollars, which is a horrid bore.
And as that I cannot get, cannot get, cannot get.
The mortgage I shall close up, and close the office door."

Then said the sugar puncheon, the puncheon, the puncheon.
"Alas now, for an organ what shall that party do?"
Said the vat, "Come take some luncheon, some luncheon, some luncheon,
I mean the thing to transfer straight over unto you.

"And the organ you shall blow, sir, shall blow sir, shall blow sir,
And the present organ grinder shall pack his traps and fly,
And we'll make the party go, sir, go sir, go sir,
As it never went before sir, or we'll know the reason why."

Then straight the puncheon rolled in, rolled in, rolled in,
And rolled out the former grinder ere he anything could say;
And its work it's got quite bold in, bold in, bold in,
And is playing newish tunes up in quite a stylish way.

And the party leaders bearing, all bearing, all bearing.
This astonishing irruption, but most preciously perplexed.
And the followers all staring, all staring, all staring,
While they listen and they wonder what on earth is coming next.

And the puncheon plays quite hearty, quite hearty, quite hearty,
Like a jolly harrel-organ, just any tune it will.
So take warning every party, every party, every party,
If you want to rule your organ always pay your paper bill.

The Voices.

The earth trembled; the great trees groaned fearfully in the heavy and storm-laden air; the sky grew darker and yet darker; the waves of the sea fell slowly, moaningly on the winter strand. All nature, terrified, seemed shrinking within herself. The whole atmosphere seemed now composed of one vast, overwhelming, all-absorbing, imperious to sight. (N. B.—No novelist is to look this for as opening chapter.)

Out of the cloud came voices. And the First Voice said:—

"But you are not Protectionists?"

Then responded the Second Voice, and it spoke in a furious tone, even as one who wished to bully his neighbour. And it said, "We are Conservatives, and are therefore everything good; and Protection is good, therefore we are Protectionists."

But said the First Voice, "Do you know anything about the science of Protection?"

Then there was as it were a tumult within the cloud, and many voices spoke together—weak and strong, piping and full, bass and treble—all exclaiming, "Of course we do. Are we not SIR JOHN, and CAMERON, and MACDOUGALL, and TUPPER, and others as wise, who know everything? We are *the* Protectionists! Who are You? Go Away!"

But the First Voice said, "For sixty years the Protectionists of the States have been fighting this battle. The principles of Protection were published—they were as true then as now. By their aid Canada would long ago have been a great country, abounding in manufactures, and in wealth. Yet you have never advocated them till the last couple of years. You had twenty years of power. Why did you not give Protection?"

Then there was a commotion in the cloud, and some cried, "We knew not," and some, "We had Reciprocity," and some, "The States' Tariff was low." And they screamed so that none understood.

Now it appeared that all the cloud were under a spell, and had to tell truth presently. So they answered against their will, "The people turned us out and would have none of us. And the Grits, being led by the *Globe*, unwisely backed Free Trade. Therefore we shout Protection, hoping to get in again, seeing that the people like it. But as for what it means truly we know not; but we mean to ask."

Then there was a great movement in the cloud, and a vast noise, and it seemed as if several were thrown out into space; but the cloud passed away, and the vision was over.

RESULTS OF ABSTINENCE.—According to the *Telegram*, Dr. DICKSON, Kingston Insane Asylum, states that "In wasting diseases physicians assert that alcohol is useful in arresting or preventing waste of tissue, neither of which effects I am quite positive it effects." It is evident abstinence don't assist grammar. Would the doctor say what effects something effects, and what is effected, in a manner sufficiently effective to let us know what he means?



SITTING ON THE POOR MAN!

OR, THE INJUSTICE OF EXEMPTION.

Letter from a Nobleman.

Lord BLOODYBONES has lately sent several letters to the London papers, which have excited much interest. GRIP might explain, however, that those were not the original letters. His lordship, an old acquaintance of GRIP'S, sent them to this office to be toned down and prepared for publication. As the Canadian public might like to see the originals, GRIP prints one:—

To the Editor of the Times.

SIR:—Blood! Fee! Faw! Fum! I smell it! I must have it! What! Are we to lose our *prestige*? Is the conquering banner of our supremacy to be trailed in the dust? Never! War! War! War! I have twenty cousins in the army raving for promotion. Battle! Death! Let us ensanguine; let us imbrue! Not myself personally; my affairs will keep me at home. But my cousins shall fight to the bitter end. I'll see if there's no public way of providing for them, if the Competitive Examination obstacle does cut them off from the Civil Service.

What if the nations of the Continent have great armies and conscriptions? So must we! What if they are down to starvation point, bread and water, through it? So must our populace. They are too well fed in Britain. Look at their strikes? Look at them, quarrelling with their own bread and butter! Make them fight! Let grape and canister teach them what they are! Conscript a million at once, and send them to attack the Russians. Conscript another million, and hold Germany in check with them! That's the way NELSON, or WELLINGTON, or FREDERICK, or NERO, or any of those sterling Conservatives would have talked!

No, Sir. We are going all wrong. Our Colonies. Yes. Send a strong force, conscript all the available men, bring them over to attack Austria if she says anything! Make every Colony double its debt, and send us the proceeds. If they won't, hang the leaders, and let their successors do it.

"The flag that braved"—yes, that's the way to talk. Britannia rules the waves. Let us go in! Let us have a shindy! Let us kill *somebody*! Build ironclads, raise armies, increase the debt, fling out your banners on the outward wall, and if manufacture, commerce, trade and agriculture all go to the deuce, let us take our old pre-eminence among the nations, cut as many throats as we can, and if necessary, then go into bankruptcy.

Yours,
BLOODYBONES.

P.S.—I don't mean to say any one is or has been or is about to be injuring us. But we are too quiet, sir, too quiet for the British lion. We must kill a great number of people at once, or our reputation is gone.

It is not True.

Did it ever occur to anybody that all advertisers are most abominable liars—except one? They all declare their goods the best and cheapest. Did any one ever notice the amount of lies necessarily told by a lawyer who defends criminals; always, of course, telling his clients. "tell me just how it was, or I can't help you?" Did they ever think of the number of falsehoods manufactured by the medical profession, to "keep up the spirits"? Did any one ever imagine how many—of the whitest kind—the clergy tell, by not giving rich members of the flock their true opinion of their moral state? Did ever any one try to count the vast multitude which no man can number told over the counter? Did any one ever notice how many of the same sort are told about the circulation of newspapers? Has any one thought of the quantity uttered by insurance agents, or circulated by book peddlars? Or the falsehoods of omission, such as when our big dailies wish to prove a point, and forget something to do it? Did any one think of how many a day ascend from the market? It is a sad reflection, but it is much to be feared that the Recording Angel, mentioned by Mr. STERNE, has had, before now, greatly to enlarge his staff in the Falsehood Department.

The Butter Humbug.

GRIP of highest topics sings,
But to-day with drooping wings,
From Parnassus' lowest grade,
Softly rhymes the butter trade.

Canada has pastures green,
Cows as good as e'er were seen,
Milkmaids clever many a score,
Yet her butter's "grease"—no more.

So it ranks all markets in,
So for forty years has been,
Such the way Canadians wise,
Do their country advertise.

One well framed "Inspection Bill,"
Would have cured the matter, still,
Governments which we put in,
For such matters care no pin.

Great SIR JOHN had twenty years.
No improvement still appears.
Great MACKENZIE four years more,
Things are as they were before.

Had it been an Orange Bill,—
Its discussion miles would fill,
Grievance Catholic to state—
Leagues would scantily hold the plate.

Railway wanted not all,
Weeks would keep the House in squall.
But for this, which merely would
Greatly help the country's good,

No one speaks. In endless din,
Grit and Tory, Out and In,
Talk; but know nor care, in fact,
How to frame one useful Act.

Shall we ever see the day,
Party hacks shall pass away,
And in Parliament shall stand,
Rulers fit to guide the land?

TYRANNICAL EDUCATION.—Somebody writes to the *Ledger* to ask whether his education would "permit" him to teach school.

The Popular Oracles.

From the Circular.

We have no doubt that the "gentleman's organ," true to the falsehood of its instincts, will endeavor to place the matter in another light. But in reference to the matter in dispute, there is at least one infallible guide—we refer to the past. All who have the least smattering of historical data are well aware that the art in question was first introduced by the Emperor TRAJAN, who imparted it to EDWARD the Confessor in gratitude for his services at the Battle of Prague.

From the Postboy.

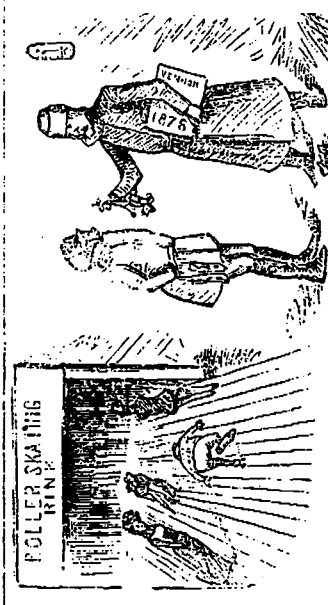
A Reform contemporary displays, we regret to say, extreme ignorance—an ignorance not the less glaring that it—*more suo*—boasts of its knowledge. But we distinctly beg our readers to understand that, in this as in many instances, it falsifies history. The Emperor TRAJAN could not have been engaged as our contemporary states. Every effort of the Greek and Roman empires, in his day, was needed, and was exerted, to stem the advancing tide of Liberalism which, in the East under OLIVER CROMWELL, in the West headed by CHARLES MARTEL, threatened to overflow Europe. The simple fact is, the art was not European. It was invented by CONFUCIUS, and given by him to the first EARL OF CHATHAM, who, as every schoolboy knows, sent out an ironclad to bring the necessary materials to Britain.

From the Follower.

It is natural that journalistic mushrooms should manifest ignorance; but we have never observed such glaring instances thereof as lately manifested by the *Circular* and the *Postboy*. One refers an invention, the origin of which is well known, to TRAJAN, the other to CONFUCIUS. One slight difficulty should have suggested itself, namely, that neither of these individuals had been born, while the art spoken of was well known in Europe. We are sure our readers in the north and south, the east and west, need not be told that SIR WALTER RALEIGH brought it in from Hindostan; and though, as we know, he was murdered by the Otaheitan savages on his way home, a survivor of the expedition, meeting by the merest chance with Sir THOMAS MORE, who was then collecting materials for "Lalla Rookh," confided to him the precious deposit, to which, in fact, he owed the magnificent reception given him by HENRY VII., at Blackheath, immediately after the signing of Magna Charta. The art was then immediately adopted by the Flanders refugees, and has ever since flourished. It is disgraceful to our contemporaries that they are so little informed on important matters.

From the Lightning.

The three big dailies, as usual, are stuck in the mud. We don't know anything about it, but they cannot be right, first because they all give different statements; secondly, because they never are right on anything, which explains our hooking their locals. But what matters, anyhow? All this disputation about dead people and past events. Fudge! The point is whether Canada shall remain a slaughter-house for East Indian goods, or whether the vile Chinese shall be allowed to flood us with tea we could grow and washermen we could manufacture. Free Trade! Did ever any one hear such nonsense? A mere modern heresy introduced by Calvin! But as to the Conservatives, we doubt whether they really are in earnest in backing Protection. No. It is the loaves and fishes, the loaves and fishes that are wanted. Very plain. What is it makes city papers back bonuses—or oppose them?—What indeed? We trust to hear no more humbug.



Go to the Roller Skating Rink!
BOND'S RIDING SCHOOL, BAY ST.
 Admission 10c., Ladies free.
 Opens at 2.30 and 7.30 p.m.

The Scientific American.
 THIRTY-THIRD YEAR.
 THE
 MOST POPULAR SCIENTIFIC PAPER IN THE WORLD.
 Only \$3.20 a Year, including Postage. Weekly.
 62 Numbers a Year. 4000 book pages.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is a large First Class Weekly Newspaper of sixteen pages, printed in the most beautiful style, *profusely illustrated with splendid engravings*, representing the newest Inventions and the most recent Advances in the Arts and Sciences; including Mechanics and Engineering, Steam Engineering, Railway, Mining, Civil, Gas and Hydraulic Engineering, Mill Work, Iron Steel and Metal Work; Chemistry and Chemical Processes; Electricity, Light, Heat, Sound; Technology, Photography, Printing, New Machinery, New Processes, New Recipes, Improvements pertaining to Textile Industry, Weaving, Dyeing, Coloring, New Industrial Products, Animal, Vegetable and Mineral; New and Interesting Facts in Agriculture, Horticulture, the Home, Health, Medical Progress, Social Science, Natural History, Geography, Astronomy, etc.

The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American: the whole presented in popular language, free from technical terms, illustrated with engravings, and so arranged as to interest and inform all classes of readers, old and young. The Scientific American is promotive of knowledge and progress in every community where it circulates. It should have a place in every Family, Reading Room, Library, College or School. Terms, \$3.20 per year, \$1.60 half year, which includes prepayment of postage. Discount to Clubs and Agents. Single copies ten cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

PATENTS.

In connection with the Scientific American Messrs. MUNN & CO. are Solicitors of American and Foreign Patents, and have the largest establishment in the world. Patents are obtained on the best terms. Models of New inventions and sketches examined, and advice free. A special notice is made in the Scientific American of all inventions patented through this Agency, with the name and residence of the Patentee. Public attention is thus directed to the merits of the new patent, and sales or introduction often effected.

Any person who has made a new discovery or invention, can ascertain, free of charge, whether a patent can probably be obtained, by writing to the undersigned. Address for the Paper, or concerning Patents.

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y.
 Branch Office, Cor F, & 7th Sts, Washington, D. C.

FOUND!

A SMALL BUNCH OF KEYS

Was picked up opposite the Post Office. Owner can have same by calling at the office of "GRIP" and paying for this advertisement.

CHEAP READING.

Having entered into arrangements with the Publishers, we are now prepared to supply

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and "GRIP." \$ 5.00
 ST. NICHOLAS and "GRIP." 4.00.
 DETROIT FREE PRESS and "GRIP." 3.50

BENGOUGH BROS.,
 TORONTO.

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
 Right welcome shall he be,
 To read, to study, not to lend,
 But to return to me;

Not that imparted knowledge doth
 Diminish learning's store,
 But books, I find, if often lent,
 Return to me no more.

Read slowly, pause frequently,
 think seriously;
 keep cleanly, return duly;
 with the corners of the
 leaves not turned
 down.

COPIES OF ABOVE

May be had at GRIP Office, or sent free of Postage,
 at 25 cents per dozen, or \$1.00 per hundred.

WANTED!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPH operating for offices opening in the Dominion. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address MANAGER, Box 955, Toronto

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

Homeopathist and Medical Electrician. Office and Pharmacy: 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medicine for sale, vials refilled, Letters promptly answered.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 12th Oct., 1877.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON
 American invoices until further notice, 3 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
 Commissioner of Customs.

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.

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

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
Real Estate Agents,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (Next Post Office.)
 TORONTO.

NEATLY, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY.

"GRIP"
General Job Department

OFFICE

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,
 (One door west of the Post-office)

Everything in the Printing line from a

LABEL TO A 3-SHEET POSTER
 WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

CARDS.

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the following

RATES:

100 Cards, (one name, one style type), 75 cents.
 50 " " " " " " " " 50 "
 25 " " " " " " " " 30 "

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

THE FOLLOWING ARE

SAMPLES OF TYPE
 FROM WHICH A CHOICE MAY BE MADE.

1
Robert Taylor.

2
William Richardson.

3
Miss Maggie Thompson.

4
George Augustus Williams.

5
 Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6
William Arthur Crawford.

7
Miss Susie Wade.

8
 Byron W. Scott.

9
William Shakespeare.

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

BENGOUGH BROS.,
 IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,
 TORONTO, ONT.