

So Say We All,

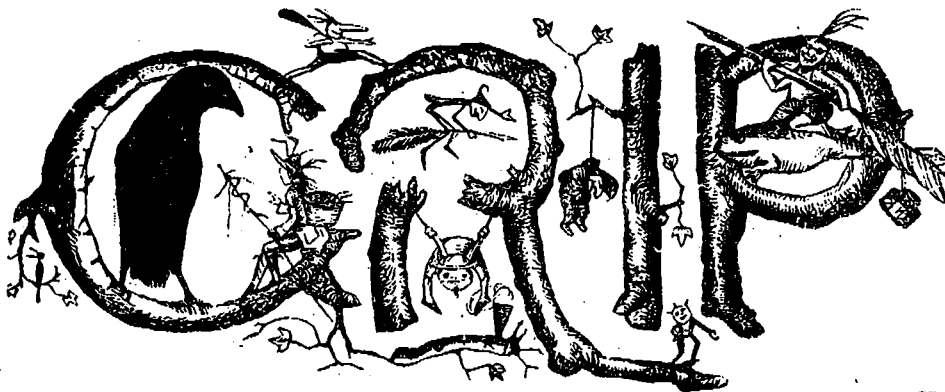
T. DAVIES & CO'S LAGER BEER,

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current Number should reach this office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.



PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every Saturday morning, at the publishing office, 30 Adelaide St. East first door west of Post Office.

Subscription Price, \$2 per annum, strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

BENGOUGH BROS.

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

VOLUME XV. No. 17.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1880.

\$2 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS EACH.

THE LEADING

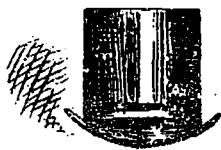
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INFORMATION For Visitors to the Exhibition.

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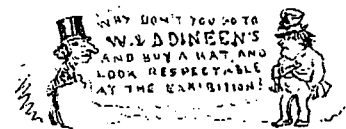
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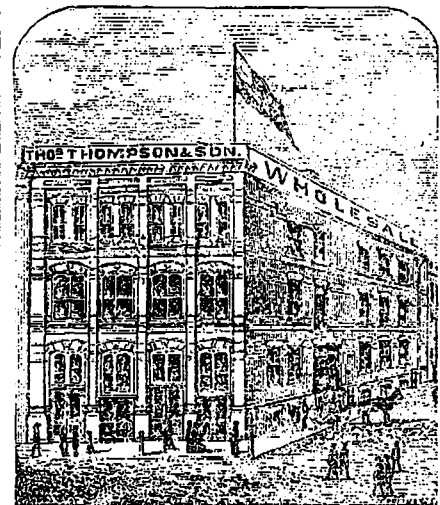
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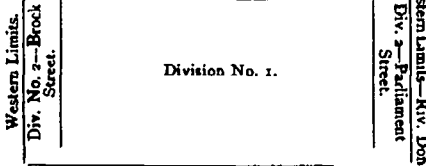
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1st Division.	c.	c.	c.	c.	
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For conveying one person to or from any place in the 2nd Division to or from any place in the 1st Division, 50c.; for a second passenger, 20c.; and for each additional passenger, 15c. The same allowance for return of persons, and for extra fare for detention as in 1st Divisions.	50	70	85	15	By the day of ten hours, \$6

Programme of Events

AT THE

GREAT EXHIBITION.

THURSDAY, Sept. 9th—Speeding in the Horse Ring, pairs and single horses to waggons and sulkies—Promenade Concert, 10th Royal Regiment Band—Test of Portable Engines—Dog show.

FRIDAY, Sept. 10th—Official visit by the Corporation, of Detroit—Trials of Speed in the Horse Ring, saddle horses—Meet of the Toronto Hunt Club—Dog Show.

SATURDAY, Sept. 11th—Pacing in the Horse Ring, and Donkey Races—Promenade Band Concert.

MONDAY, Sept. 13th—Caledonian Games on the Exhibition Grounds, \$300 in prizes.

TUESDAY, Sept. 14th—Competition for the Prizes for Lady and Boy Riders in the Horse Ring—Hurdle Jumping—Bicycle Races—Promenade Concert—Band of the Queen's Own Rifles, by special permission.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 15th—Our American Cousins Day—Official Visit by the Corporations of the Cities of Buffalo and Rochester—Contest for Prizes for Walking Horses in the Horse Ring—Hurdle Jumping—Promenade Band Concert.

THURSDAY, Sept. 16th—Grand Review of all the Prize animals in the Horse Ring—Hurdle Race—Concert by Peterboro' Fire Brigade Band.

FRIDAY, Sept. 17th—Oddfellows' Day—Grand Reception of the Grand Sovereign Lodge, I. O. O. F.—Excursion and gathering of Oddfellows from all parts of Canada and the United States.

Grand Organ and Piano Recitals every afternoon.—The Glass Hen hatching Chickens by steam every day.

INDUSTRIAL 1880. EXHIBITION. 1880.

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To VICTORIA PARK—Steamer *Prince Arthur*, 11 a.m. 2, 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m from York st. wharf; Church st wharf, 10 minutes later. Arrives from Park 1, 3.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 10.30 p. m. Fare 25cts., children 10 cts; 50 tickets for \$5.

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THE GREAT DEVONSHIRE CATTLE FOOD!

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LIVERPOOL, May 28th, 1878.

MR. JOHN LUMBERS,

DEAR SIR,—You will be pleased to hear of my arrival in England, and that my large cargo of Canadian cattle arrived at this port in splendid condition, thanks to your **GREAT DEVONSHIRE CATTLE FOOD**, making in all shipped from Canada during the last four years about **17,000 HEAD OF CATTLE AND SHEEP.**

It at all times revived and gave them an appetite. Several of the young heifers ceased to chew their cud, but a prompt application of your **FOOD** caused them to regain it, confirming my opinion before expressed of your excellent preparation some years ago, which I still retain.

Yours, &c.,

G. F. FRANKLAND.

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It is read by all classes and literally covers the whole land. Its circulation is constantly increasing and it is now the third paper in the Dominion.

The **WEEKLY FREE PRESS** contains as much reading matter as a good sized book. Everyone should have it; only \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance.

P. C. ALLEN keeps both Daily and Weekly constantly on sale. Toronto Representative.

H. M. ATKINSON,

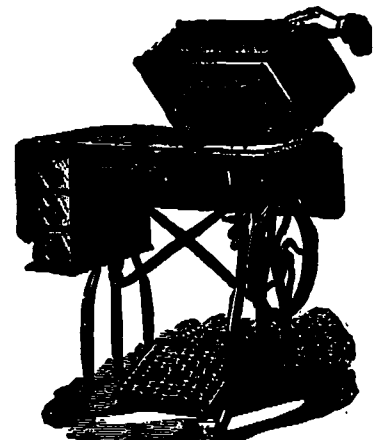
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&
NERVOUS HEADACHE
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SUBSCRIPTION TERMS.—Two dollars per annum, payable in advance. Six months, one dollar.



EDITED AND ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.

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

CAUTION.

Mr. W. H. Carman has no authority to take subscriptions or collect money for this office.

Better than the N. P.

The Moncton *Times*, though a Government organ, has published an editorial which throws the National Policy into the shade. The origin of the article is Italian and its title is "Titular Taxation,"—which is even more poetical than the well-known phrase "Tilley Tariff," upon which so many wicked Grit papers are continually ringing the changes. Italy, in despair of living comfortably with the national expenditure exceeding the income, has adopted the novel mode of taxing titles and decorations, according to the degree of dignity attaching to each. Such a process is impracticable in a "raw, rough and democratic" country such as a great philosopher has pronounced Canada to be, but the rage for titles is likely to increase, and, if we are to believe the Grit writers and speakers, the indebtedness of Canada will go on in proportion, and hence it may be well to give some attention to the suggestions of the editor of the *Times*. He is jubilant over his discovery, and says:—"What a revenue might be raised in the United States by levying upon such titles as General, Colonel, Major, Captain, Professor and Honourable! At \$5 each for the lower, and \$100 for the highest, the tax would either wipe out the national debt or deprive the majority of the electors of the titular distinctions they possess at present. Our local Government might utilize the idea by levying upon the title of Squire before the name, and the letters J. P. after it. Our treasury would soon be in such a condition that the Premier would hearken to Mr. HANINGTON'S views respecting vast railway enterprises. Let us, by all means, have a tax levied upon the only title our Government has the power to bestow, and thus rescue it from the depths into which it has fallen. One man has as good a right to the distinction as another; there should be no favoritism; and the only way of offering it to all, and preserving it from becoming so common as to be no distinction whatever, is to tax everyone who accepts it. Let us not be too proud to learn from the Italians, but adopt and improve upon their idea of titular taxation."

GRIP can suggest some other directions in which a tax might be levied, with advantage to the country's finances, and in other ways. Let the parliamentary candidate who assumes the title of "workingman" pay for the privilege. Let a tax be levied upon every merchant—and their name is legion—who calls his establishment "the cheapest store in town." A heavy revenue might be obtained from the Reform Association by assessing the title of which they claim to have the monopoly—the "Party of Purity," while the Conservatives might be similarly treated in regard to

their motto—"Union and Progress." Let the newspapers which claim to be the "only" reliable and enterprising, be taxed at a rate per sheet on the whole edition. Patent medicines, which claim to be panaceas for all the ills to which flesh is heir, would yield a handsome revenue to the National Exchequer, if this system could be put in practice. What is there that could not be taxed under this system? There's millions in it. The *Times* editor deserves a title for his discovery—and the tax on the title should be remitted, too, in consideration of the heavy demand it would make upon him by its importance.

Silver Bolles.

We have often wondered what caused the scarcity of small change. Money was abundant with us in the form of bills, fifty cent pieces and quarters, but the ten and five cent bits, hallowed by the associations of our youth, have been practically amissing from our currency. So much has this been the case that church-goers have on more than one occasion had to sacrifice a quarter where the more modest dime or half-dime would have sufficed, and the mint has had to issue a pile of five cent bits to keep things going. The cause of the scarcity has been at length discovered. The murder is out. The Hamilton *Times* tells us that the ladies of the Ambitious City have been for some considerable time in the habit of making necklaces for themselves of the small change of the country. It takes from fifteen to twenty coins to make a necklace, and, when we add to these the number necessary to form bracelets, brooches, &c., &c., our readers will admit that a Hamilton beauty will be, when in full dress, like the venerable lady that "rode the white horse to Banbury Cross," in having "music wherever she goes," and Hamilton youths will always be listening to "the jingling and the tingling of the Bolles."

Royalty's Remonstrance.

GRIP has received the following cablegram from Her Majesty:

WINDSOR CASTLE, Sept. 7th, 1880.

DEAR GRIP,—Have just received a despatch from Ottawa stating that a journalist of your city represented us as saying, in our speech from the Throne, that certain provinces of Asia are inhabited by *Americans*. We said *Armenians*. Give him a wiggling, will you?

VICTORIA R.

GRIP has much pleasure in exposing the editor and proof-reader of the *Evening Telegram*, who committed this atrocity, to the reprobation of all good men and true.

A Suggestion for Hanlan.

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR,—Being a true-born Canadian, I love my country, and am naturally jealous of its honour; and, being a lover of aquatic sports, I fervently admire E. HANLAN. It therefore grieved me much to see his late defeat, and my confidence in him has, I admit, been somewhat shaken. I have thought much and often about that *stitch*, and being anxious that, for the honour of Canada, his race with TUCKERT should not be subject to any such mishap, I have, after painful study, found a preventative against any such weakness, which I hope will meet HANLAN'S eye in your columns. Let EDWARD pull that race *entirely naked*, for then, and only then can we be absolutely certain that he will pull right through *without a stitch*. P.

Harry to the Rescue

On dit that Mr. JAMESON, clothier, is to contest St. John's Ward at next Aldermanic election. When HARRY PIPER heard this he turned white, which was more than the majority of his constituents could do. Yes sah!

He Wants Work.

Our exchanges say:—"The Duke of Connaught, having obtained the consent of Her Majesty, has again applied to the Horse Guards for employment on active service in India. There is hesitation on the part of the authorities in complying with the request." GRIP admires the action of Her Majesty, and of the namesake of the Iron Duke, but fails to understand "the authorities" or their hesitation. Do they want to keep the gallant young fellow in cotton wool and leading-strings all his life? The darling of the poor Prince Imperial is a standing reproach to the scions of royalty "who live at home at ease."

A Woful Ballad.

ROLAND VANCOITLAND DE VANDERBILT BROWNE, Was acknowledged the finest young swell in the town, His gait was so fine—though some called it a strut— And his clothes were uncommonly faultless in cut.

His bearing had quite an aristocrat air, And grand the *butcher* of his insolent stare, He claimed that his blood was the bluest of blue, Though that was not the case, as a few of us knew.

SOPHIA ST. LEGER DE MONTREBAN BEGGS Belonged to the race of the great Kilmanseggs, She had no great beauty to mention,—but then, She had *cash*, and was worshipped by hundreds of men.

Miss SOPHIA, however, but sneered at the crowd, And stated (her voice was hoarse, tuneless and loud) That none for a helpmate for SOPHY would do, But one of grand bearing and blood very blue.

At a picnic she met Mr. VANDERBILT BROWNE, And soon it was known, through the whole of the town, That ROWLAND, whose purse was quite out of repair, Had agreed to contract with the opulent fair.

The *trousseau* was ordered, the bridesmaids arrayed, When a *friend* of the bridegroom his secret betrayed, Which was this, that though ROWLAND affected the swell, "His pa had grown rich in a *York street hotel*!"

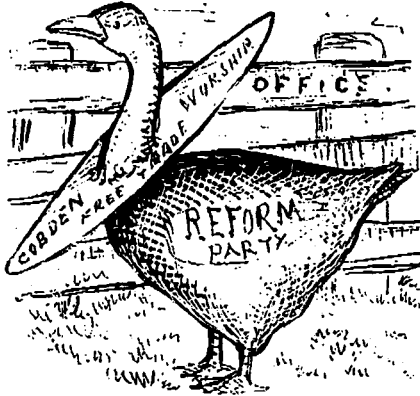
"Deceiver!" screamed SOPHY, "I'll see you no more, Base impostor! you get!"—and she showed him the door, And history says, ere the week reached an end, She eloped with poor ROWLAND'S perfidious friend.



Professional Art Criticism.

Mr. GRIP, Sir:—

Knowing you to be an enlightened patron of Canadian Art, and that the columns of your esteemed and widely circulated journal are ever open to just criticism of public men and matters, I wish to offer a few dispassionate remarks on the exhibition of paintings at the present Fair. I shall not specify any particular works, but I wish to say that the contributions in general are very bad. The oil work is exceedingly poor, being wanting in breadth and tone, faulty in color, wrong in perspective, and distinguished for poverty of treatment. The colors are also very poor, likewise the frames. Those remarks apply to the landscapes as well as to the figure drawings. The water colors on exhibition are, if possible, worse than the oils, and the photographic work, pen and ink sketches, etc., are so bad that I have no language in which to express my contempt for them. These strictures I wish to apply to all the work shown, with the exception of one picture, which has been placed so high on the wall that its truly artistic beauties are entirely lost. Sir, that picture was painted by yours indignantly,
Tom Daus, R. C. A.



The Grit Goose.

The goose is distinguished for a remarkable absence of tact, but no member of that class of creatures was ever known to conduct itself in quite so silly a manner as the Grit party has been doing for a long time. The desire of that party is to get into the green field of office,—not, of course, for the mere sake of enjoying the luscious pasture, but mainly for the good of the country at large. Now, the green field of office is fenced in, and it is hopeless for any goose to attempt to get in, unless it divests itself of all incumbrances. But this silly bird is voluntarily wearing a poke. To descend suddenly from metaphor, if the Reform party intend to get back to power, they must once and forever put away their COBURN-WORSHIP. The issue joined in every election is put before the electors as Protection vs. Free Trade, and, as a consequence, disaster usually waits upon the advocates of the latter. Some of the advanced organs of the party have discovered that what the grits really want is not Free Trade but a revenue tariff. COBURNISM is not practicable in Canada under any circumstances, and therefore the sooner the name COBURN is dropped the better it will be for the Revenue Tariffers. At all events the Grits and the leaders of the opposition ought to cease charging the other fellows with misrepresenting them until they give up misrepresenting themselves.



Revenge is Sweet!

Mr. RUSTICUS and family come to town to see the Exhibition, and are on their way to the city residence of Mr. MONTMORENCY DE JENKINS, where they intend to put up. "They'll be real glad to have us stop with 'em, of course," quoth old RUSTICUS, "to sorter make up for their boardin' at our place when they were on that fishin' spree in the summer. Come on MARY!"

Grip's Gallery of Illustrious Canadians.
GORDON BROWN, BY GOLDWIN SMITH.

The father of Canadian journalism is still at the head of a profession which he has done more than any one else to make respectable and useful to the public. It is many years since he began to conduct the celebrated paper whose columns reflect a spirit of impartiality, of fair dealing towards opponents, of generous and enlightened criticism which have done so much to raise the character of our Canadian journalism. If Mr. BROWN as a public writer has a fault it is an excessive timidity and a candor which shrinks from any too positive conclusion. He is especially ready to welcome any evidence of talent in a young writer, and sets an example of literary courtesy and fair dealing which we commend to the imitation of all Canadian writers.

Mr. GORDON BROWN was mainly instrumental in the establishment of the BYSTANDER, and, by his generous subscription to the new building of the MAIL office, has considerably added to the attractions of Toronto.

A handsome portrait of Mr. GORDON BROWN may be seen in the library of the GRANGE, where it is the object of the present writer's sincerest admiration.



"One More River to Cross."

The Typical Englishman.

Our American contemporary *Puck* has, last week, a report of a burlesque interview with TOM HUGHES the immortal author of "Tom Brown," in which he is represented as a specimen of the "blawsted Henglishman," superciliously despising Americans and American institutions, displaying the most utter ignorance of even the geography of the country, and having the most sublime disregard to the position of his h's. *Puck* also sneers at his novel and the picture it gives of the manners and customs of the English school-boy. Now there is the most manifest injustice and a woful lack of fun in both the picture of the author and the criticism given by the American humorist. HUGHES is a representative of the true, honest, more than half democratic English gentleman and as far removed from the typical *Fitz-noodle* of *Puck's* pages as he is from the 'Aax with whom LEECH made us familiar years ago. He has come to settle an English colony in Tennessee and two of his own sons are already there engaged in farming and cattle raising. It is very pitiful, we repeat, and far from funny, to poke such wretched, threadbare badinage at a man like HUGHES, who comes to the country with such a purpose. It could not fail greatly to profit Americans if a few more "representative Englishmen" of the same stamp settled among them and we should only be too glad if they chose Canada as their sphere of settlement instead of Tennessee.



The Rain on the Roof.

A NEW SONG FOR TENORS.

'Twas a glorious night for ducks and frogs.
The rain came down like cats and dogs,
A-making regular pools and bogs
Along the garden path, O.
My chum, jolly fellow, jumped out of his bed,
And out of the window he popped his head,
"O, Tom, Tom, Tom, let's have some fun,
On the roof let's take a bath, O!
Bath, O, bath, O,
Let's peel off clean, we won't be seen.
On the roof we'll take a bath, O!

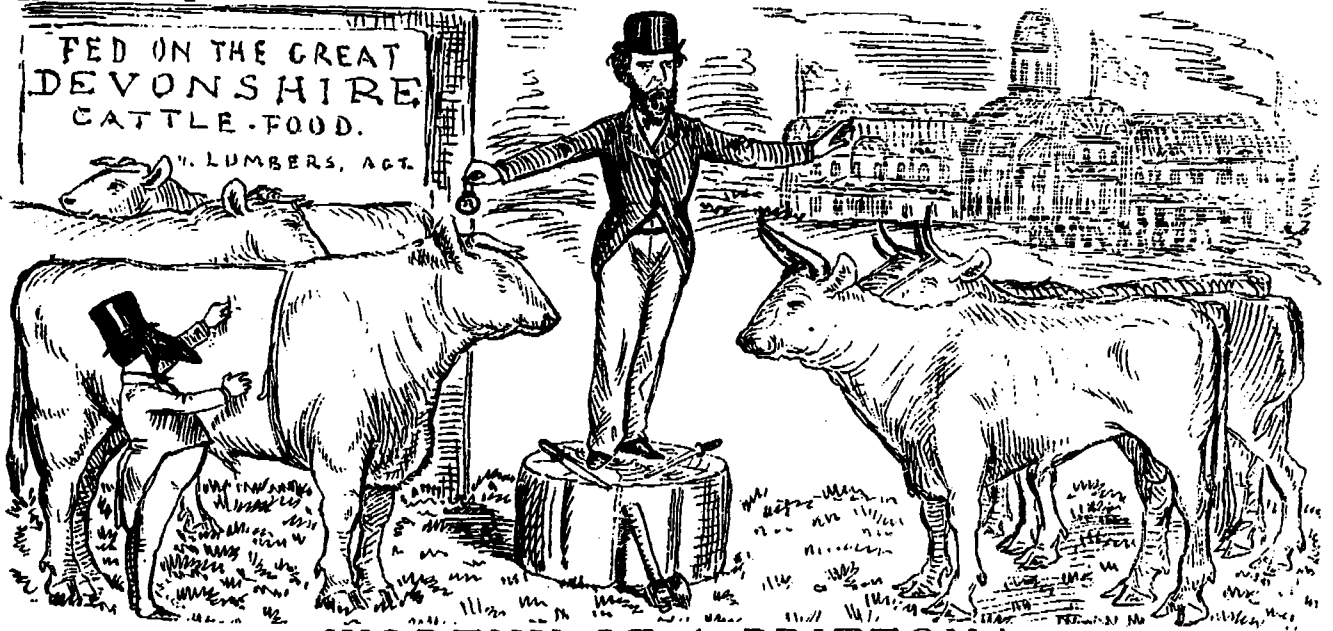
We both climbed out, and O, 'twas gay,
Upon the shingles there we lay,
A-lolling in the rain and spray,
Without the least regard, O,
When all at once—but O, I can't
't'ell how it happened—down we went—
That roof, I think, had too much slant—
We both lay in the yard, O,
Yard, O, yard, O,
Down from that roof we slipped and slid,
And both lay in the yard, O!

We got a fearful shake and fright,
But happily weren't killed outright,
Because we took care not to light
Upon our blessed head, O!
So, all you young fellows, take my advice—
A bath on a roof may be all very nice,
But is a riskier game than playing with dice,
You'd better stay in your bed, O—
Bed, O, bed, O,
When the rain is pattering on the roof,
Young men, hang on to your bed, O!



A Personal Application.

Rev. Mr. EASY—What a wonderful man WHITEFIELD was, my dear! I have just been reading an account of his life which says that during his whole career he preached, on an average, twelve or thirteen sermons per week!
LITTLE MASTER EASY—Oh, my! what a silly man! Why didn't he say he was tired, and go to the sea-side for two months every year, and have fun, like you do, papa!
MAMMA—Come, WESLEY, it is time you were in bed, my darling!



WORTHY OF A BRITTON!

OUR ALDERMAN ENCOURAGING THE BREEDING OF GRADE CATTLE BY PRESENTING A MEDAL.



NOTES OF THE DAY.

New Books.

The following cheap editions (pirated) of works by eminent authors are, we understand to be issued, soon, from the vicinity of Bay street, price 30 cents each.

What's in an Aim? a Treatise on Bull's eyes, by MAJOR MACPHERSON.

Green as a Leaf is He, by the author of *Red as a Rose is She*.

Yellow Drumsticks, by the author of *White Wings*.

In a State of Suspense, or a Treatise on the Tight Rope, by MARWOOD, Esq., London, Eng.

Goeth up Like the Cost of Coal, by the author of *Cometh up as the Flour*.

How to make Money by WINGOLD SMITH.

Round the Horn—A Temperance Tale, by KING DODDS.

Mac Fog of Durstn't by the author of *Mac Cloud of Dare*.

Bartender Turrets by the author of *Barchester Towers*.

The humours of Lombard Street by DAN DWAN.
Chronicles of St. John's Ward, by the author of *The Annals of a quiet Neighborhood*.

Grip's Advice to Visitors to the Fair.

GRIP, with the natural kindness of heart for which he is so well-known, is interested in the well-being of the numerous visitors at present in the City, and wishes to see them enjoy themselves and have a good time generally. He has therefore prepared the following directions as to their choice of a boarding house during their stay:—

1. When you see "private boarding" in the window of a mansion don't run away with the idea that you will necessarily be exposed to privations there. Ask to see the "missus" and stipulate as to terms.



2. Be particular to select a landlord with a beaming smile upon his face. He is sure to be good natured, and will not charge you more than double his regular rates.

3. If you see the hired girl grinning when you are negotiating, and the missus is "spreading herself" on the comforts of the establishment, you had better take it as a bad sign, and say you'll call later.

4. When you notice the hair of the femines around in a state of chronic dishevelment, be sure that a standing item in the fare is hair-soup, and even the butter will be hirsute. Accordingly, you will vamoose.

5. Beat down the charge. It is better to do that than to have, ultimately, to beat a retreat and your board bill at the same time.

6. Don't pretend that you're the Mayor of Wobbleton, or any other great man, for if you do, it will cost you more than the title's worth.

7. Don't insist on oysters oftener than three times a day, nor on being supplied with a latch-key, and always carry your own pocket-pistol. It need not be a revolver unless occasionally—when you pass it round among the boys.

8. As far as possible avoid a place where you have to sleep with more than six in a bed.

9. If you want to expectorate on the carpet every time you *cheers*, do so; and you may place your feet on the parlour piano without fear of remonstrance from the landlady. She likes it.

10. Bring your better-half and all your olive-branches with you. They'll keep the house lively. The "boarding missus" adores the little dears. It doesn't cost much (to you) to feed them.

11. Don't be afraid of the policemen, though they do wear those terrible white helmets. They don't mean anything by it.

12. Don't fail to see the Toronto Zoo, and when you go home, you may draw on your imagination as to the number, size, and ferocity of the animals, and astonish the natives.

13. Call at GRIP's office, next the Post Office, and subscribe for a year to that paper if you wish to live merry and die happy.

14. And don't, while you are at the Fair, make an exhibition of yourself. Because the list of exhibits is full, you don't need to make yourself so too.



15. Should your bed prove to be inhabited, do not make a fuss in the house and angrily demand an explanation from the landlord. Take the matter philosophically; it's all in a lifetime, you know.

Angelina.

ANGELINA from Spadina
Fishing in the Don,
Hooked a lizard through the gizzard,
Fishing-line upon.

ANGELINA! had it been a
Pretty speckled trout,
Bass or sun fish, any one fish,
You'd be pleased no doubt.

But the lizard writhed and wriggled
In such horrid ways,
And poor ANGELINA ogled
With green goggle gaze.

Frightened at the beast uncanny
Homeward straight ran she
Never mind, for such fish many
In fetid Don must be.

Kansas reports a big corn crop, three million and a half of acres growing in that state and only a million of inhabitants. Three and a half cents to each person. Big feat.—*Oil City Derrick*.

New York State ladies never forget to be courteous to strangers. When discovering a midnight burglar they always ask: "Sir, will you please explain your presence here?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Toronto "Zoo"

BY A GENTLEMANLY SIDE-SHOW BLOWER.

Step up ladies! Step up gemmen! right to where the music's playing;
You can't mistake the place my friends, the bunting floats in front;
Don't you hear the lions roaring, the hyenas loudly braying?
And the howling of the wild wolves as you hear when on the hunt.

Here you'll see the rhinoceros, he's a beast that's amphabillus,
For he dies when in the water, and can't live on the dry land.
Here's the goshawk, and the geesuhack, (these birds would likely kill us
If they'd meet us out when travelling in their native lonely high land.)

Here is the great Spud Eater, a most ferocious animal,
The stripes around his body look just like a barber's pole,
He plays with little children, which to his lair he does beguile,
And wrings their necks and eats 'em in his subterranean hole.

Here you'll see the hawks and blue jays, big ostriches and eagles,
Pelicans and "pipers" here, are placed before your view,
Pups, poodle dorgs and pointers and big mastiffs, curs and beagles,
And every kind and breed of dorg is seen inside the Zoo.

Smite the tom-jon, whack the hew-gas, sound the loud bassoon and hautboy,
Bang the drum and scrape the fiddle, let's have music by the band;
Step up now, gents fetch your ladies, don't you give the place the go-by,
For one dime you'll get admission to the wonders of the land!

You boys, git out, or pay your dime and go inside the building,
And see the untamed bumble bee and fiery kangaroo,
When you see the great Pavilion with its paintings and its gilding,
You'll shout for HARRY PIPER and the glory of the Zoo!

What people want is confidence. It does not look well for a deacon to take an umbrella to church, and carry it into his pew, and hang to it. What he should do is to leave the umbrella out in the vestibule, with that supreme confidence that a man has when he bets on four aces. To see the prominent men of a church carry their umbrellas into their pews makes the ordinary sinner feel as though he was suspected. If we can work up a sentiment in favor of leaving umbrellas outside we hope, before fall, to have a decent umbrella.—*Peck's Sun*.



Map of St. John's Ward.

"Henry" said his wife, with chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"—*Et.*

ANYBODY

Suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY should get a packet of DR. MORLAND'S ROYAL TONIC. Orders by mail promptly filled
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VOL. THE FIFTEENTH, No. 17.

GRIP.

SATURDAY, 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1880.

Editorial Notes.

In accordance with our announcement in last week's issue, the present number of GRIP appears in double size. We trust our patrons will not object, seeing that there is no corresponding enlargement in the price per copy.

NEXT week GRIP will again appear in its present form to celebrate the success of the great show. It will be our effort to have its pages brimming over with good things—literary and pictorial. Another double-page cartoon will, of course, be one of the features.

A WALK through the numerous departments and over the extensive grounds of the exhibition, although very pleasing, is a dreadfully tiresome thing, unless the inner man has been kindly attended to beforehand. Now there is no wiser plan for the intending sightseer than first of all to drop into the St. Charles' Restaurant, Yongo street, and get a good plate of oysters, or a square meal of any other sort, before "going west."

The attractive things are not all to be found on the Garrison square just now. There are sights worthy of the attention of visitors in town as well, and prominent amongst these may be mentioned the beautiful new china store just opened by Messrs. EDGAR & SON, in Lawson's block, 97 King street East.

ALDERMAN HARRY PIPER wishes it to be distinctly understood that it is not his intention to take his Zoo up to the Fair Ground, as the lion is not in good temper at present, and cannot be safely led with a logging chain. Visitors who wish to see the animals are re-

quested to call at the Menagerie, where the worthy Alderman will show 'em round for a small consideration.

The *Canada School Journal* earnestly advocates the more general study of Canadian History in our educational institutions. Hear, hear! And Mr. CROOKS ought to lose no time in authorizing GRIP as a text book thereof. There is no more accurate and, at the same time, diverting record of Canadian history extant than that to be found in his pages. Back numbers supplied.

We understand that at an emergency meeting of the Toronto Lacrosse Club it was unanimously decided that, in its next championship match with the Shamrocks, the Toronto players are to win by three straight games.

We note, as a remarkable instance of journalistic enterprise, that the *Telegram's* City News Jottings, "fresh crisp and interesting," consists largely of items about the circulation of the *Telegram*. Well, there's nothing like blowing your own tin-whistle after all. The *Telegram*, by the way, does not give its readers any "news of the World." Why is this? The heading would be a good one.

All honour to Detective Hodgins for the plucky rescue of Morgan on Monday night. If the Humane society gives medals to those who rescue men from drowning, surely such an act as that of the detective should not go unacknowledged. GRIP would like to see him well rewarded and made—well, let us say, a railway director. Some abuses would, no doubt, then be reformed.



Rather Equivocal.

SWELL: I suppose you don't charge anything for a puppy? I'm going to exhibit him in the dog show, don't you know.

TICKET AGENT: Certainly not; pass right in both of you!

A rat in a trap does not believe in the early losing movement.—*Boston Courier*.

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The extending of a helping hand to Phonographers striving for positions in which they might both utilize and increase their knowledge of the "beautiful art," has been in the past a labor of love—no attempt being made at a system of registration; and the endeavor to meet the wishes of employers and employees has, therefore, been made under many disadvantages, which have now been removed by complete organization.

Prospects.—The field for the employment of Shorthand Writers who can bring to their work a thorough knowledge of the art, a clear head, energy, and will to work, is unlimited, and we have unsurpassed facilities for finding out vacancies and learning just what kind of men are wanted.

Shorthand Writers who are out of employment, or desire to improve their positions, will be furnished with a blank form for registration on receipt of a 5c. stamp. All correspondence confidential.

Business men—Lawyers, Bankers, Merchants, Millers, Physicians, Public, and all who desire the services of shorthand writers, as amanuenses, correspondents, or reporters, are requested to send us particulars of their needs and we shall be happy to supply them from the large number of Phonographers whose names are already registered with us. Address

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Fair Weather.

Whereas fair weather is proverbially foul, and it is not unlikely that the present beautiful spell may give place to rain or snow before the fete is ended, Mr. GRIP submits a few directions for the guidance of strangers who may be caught in the wet.

In the first place, all physicians agree that people ought to go in when it rains. While it is not agreeable always to be dry—especially to those who are in the habit of taking their toddy regularly—it is far from healthy to get drenched. Strangers, who are far from home and friends, will accordingly do well to keep an eye on the north-west sky. Any intelligent policeman will obligingly inform the enquiring stranger which is the north-west.

If convenient, it is desirable that the stranger should carry a barometer or thermometer and a reliable almanac about his person. GRIP'S *Almanac for 1880* is recommended on account of its general accuracy. If the storm comes up suddenly and unobserved, the best thing the stranger can do is to open his umbrella and hold it directly over his head, or slightly slanting in the teeth of the wind; if he doesn't happen to have an umbrella, the next best thing is to wish he had.

As the wish is generally the father of the thought, it will probably occur to any intelligent individual in such a predicament to enter the nearest hall-door and help himself from the selection of umbrellas to be found in connection with the hat rack.

Should there not be any such residence in the vicinity the stranger will find that the quickest way to get out of the wet is to run. He should immediately rush into the middle of the fair ground and look around for a good place of shelter.

Never take refuge from a rain storm in a bar-room, as the loafers there may think you have come in to treat, or else you are sponging for a drink. Should they invite you up, kindly but firmly refuse to drink if you belong to the Templars.

The very best place of refuge to be found is a street car. If you wait patiently one is sure to come along, and you are always pretty certain to find a foothold on the rear platform, and may keep tolerably dry if you have your Mackintosh coat on.

A Cynic's Song.

When e'er I hear of someone being born,
According to my rules,
"Tis well," I say, "here's one fool more
To vex the other fools."

And when I hear of some one dead,
My comfort I express,
According to my custom, thus
"Thank Heaven there's one fool less."

Unparalleled Corruption!

THE PACIFIC SCANDAL OUT-DONE.

THE MINISTRY DOOMED!

SIR LEONARD TILLEY IN A BAD FIX.

GREAT EXCITEMENT THROUGHOUT THE DOMINION—THE END OF THE TORY GOVERNMENT—THE NEMESIS OF FATE.

(Special Despatch to the Globe.)

OTTAWA, Sept. 8.—The report that SIR L. TILLEY attended worship in a Methodist Church when visiting at Prince Edward Island, recently, is confirmed. The *Globe's* service in exposing this glaring irregularity is the theme of great praise here. Tremendous excitement prevails, but no action can be taken until the return of SIR JOHN MACDONALD.



No Doubt About It.

CRACKSMAN: I haven't no patience with these Gifs, a-howlin' about 'ard times. Why, I says, business is boomin', that's wot I says. I've cracked half a dozen cribs in this very city within the past month, and never been caught once.

HIS CONFEDERATE: I agrees with you, pal; times is good! I ain't exactly in your line, you know; I'm follerin' the sugar refinin' profession just now, but is all one, in a manner of speakin', and I agrees with you, the N. P. is a big success!

The Dress Convention.

(Cincinnati Saturday Night.)

The animals held a convention the other day to discuss the subject of dress. The elephant was called upon to preside, partly because of his size, but more on account of his being the only animal with clothes enough to justify his taking a trunk along on his travels. Then he called the meeting to order, the bear inquired if he meant to order clothes. If he did, he hoped to be measured first, as he was tired of going round in his bear skin.

"We haven't got so fur along as that," said the elephant, and the beaver chipped in and said most of them had their fur along, though some of it, like the elephant's for instance, wasn't worth a beaver dam.

The chairman, whose hide was too thick to heed the sarcasm, said they ought to decide what should be the most fashionable for the coming season, spots or stripes. The zebra spoke eloquently in favor of stripes, but it was evident from his coat that he was not sufficiently interested. The leopard said that he would have no objection to stripes, but it is a well-known fact in natural history that the leopard could not change his spots. So he

would have to continue his present style, even if it was unfashionable.

The ass remarked sadly that he had been so long accustomed to stripes that he wouldn't feel easy in anything else.

The horse said he didn't agree with the last speaker, for he had seen him, in his obstinate moods, fairly rooted to one spot.

This remark caused the ass to bray up and ask the horse if he was heeled, but mutual friends interposed and prevented a conflict, which would have been asinine cases out of ten under the circumstances.

A dispute arose about a white Polar bear and a black bear as to whether white or black was becoming, each one contending for his own peculiar color. While the former worked himself up to a white heat, notwithstanding a chunk of ice pinned on top of his head in a towel, the latter grew blacker and blacker over the controversy. "An ice chap you are," said the black bear, "to attempt to set the fashion among the bears. How many votes do you Pole up North there, anyhow?"

"We polar bear, and that is more than you can do," retorted old whitey. "All bears were white originally," he continued "but when some of your ancestors went out of their way to eat up a lot of children because of their aversion to bald heads, they were afterward so mortified by it that their descendants have been black ever since."

"And where were your ancestors all the while?" cried the b. b. "Running to get away from one of the boys that were overlooked, and turning white with fear."

"It's a bear-faced lie!" shouted the w. p. b., "and I can lick you."

"Come within reach and I'll cut your northern lights out, you roaring borealis!"

"Be quiet children," said the elephant, waving his trunk in a conciliating way. "You must learn to bear and forbear," adding that he should go forbear if they didn't behave themselves.

A good deal of merriment was occasioned just here by the entrance of a giraffe with a paper collar around his neck.

"Necks, gentleman!" shouted a monkey that once belonged to a barber; "black yer boots?"

The giraffe said he didn't want any monkey shmes around him, and jeeringly inquired if he was one of the missing lynx, which remark gave offense to an animal whose lynx-eye had been watching the proceedings in a far-tive way. He showed his contempt for the joke, however, as only a Lynx skin.

"Is this a jaguar I see before me?" said the hyena catching the spirit of the occasion—and the lion asked him if he was drunk or dressed up, adding that he would appear to better advantage if he wouldn't get hyena more.

"Lion, Macduff!" cried the ass, who had been letting on that he was a sort of second cousin to the king of beasts, and was reminded with cruel irony that it wasn't the first time he had dressed himself up in a lion's kin.

"One of your ears ought to know better than that," said the fox, playfully.

"What do sour grapes bring now?" asked a weasel, who wasn't caught asleep this time.

"They would bring all their chickens in if they saw you coming," replied the fox, which was a wee sell on the weasel.



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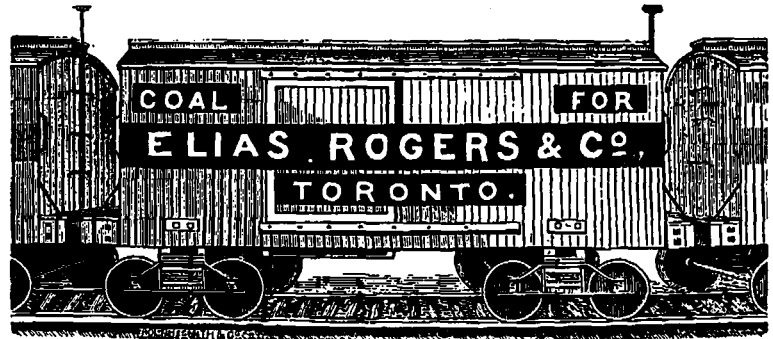
IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

The attention of Exhibitors, Visitors and Advertisers is directed to the fact that we have opened a Branch Office in the West End of the Main Building, where a number of Printers may be seen at work setting up and running off

Dodgers, Visiting Cards, Hand-Bills, Circulars, &c., &c., &c.

We shall be pleased to see our friends at the Exhibition.

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Actors, Orators and Musicians.

MR. PROU has secured a brilliant list of attractions for this season, which has just opened so auspiciously. Amongst the host of stars expected is SARA BERNHARDT, whose agile form will grace the stage of the Grand for one night.

The play written by W. S. GILBERT, for Sothorn, entitled "Foggarty's Fairy," was to have been put on at the Park Theatre, New York, in September, but the illness of Mr. SOTHERN, who was to play a leading part, causes a halt. It is proposed to engage Mr. LITTON SOTHERN, son of the former, to play the part, a company having been already engaged.

In our opinion there is no better Irish Comedian on the stage to-day than Mr. JOS. MURPHY, who is this week delighting the patrons of the Grand. Not only does he possess histrionic ability of a high order, and a perfect command of the dialect, but he has a handsome stage presence. His face strongly resembles that of our pet orator, the HON. EDWARD BLAKE.

Speaking of John T. Raymond's reception in London, a contemporary says:—Nothing could have been more cordial than the plaudits that broke forth and continued for several minutes when the redoubtable Colonel came briskly forward, with outstretched hand and a cheery, "Why, Si, old boy, how are you?" It was not merely a reception—it was an ovation.

HAVERLY's Monster Minstrels are at present performing at the Royal, one hundred strong! Manager CONNER, in making this engagement, evidently intended to have things in keeping with the stupendous na-

ture of the Toronto Exhibition. Nothing is left now to HAVERLY but to organize a minstrel company that will occupy the seats as well as the stage of the theatre. His mastodons are at present playing at Her Majesty's Opera House, London, Eng.

SALVANI, the great Italian tragedian, comes to this country in November, to fill a five months' engagement under the management of Mr. JOHN STRESON. The tour will commence November 29, at the Boston Globe, and the repertoire will be *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Ingomar*, *Spartacus* and *David Garrick*. L. R. SWEET, formerly of the Boston Theatre, has been engaged and will support SALVANI. It will strike the public queerly to hear a star in Italian supported in English, but this is the way they will have to take it.

Epitaph on Dr. ---

(Known as "The Dry Doc.")

Here lies the doctor, gone at last
 To meet the fate he merits,
 One comfort is, he need not thirst,
 He's in the land of spirits.

LES DEUX DIABLES.

Twixt Satan and GRIP's printer's imp
 This distinction may plainly be seen
 The first all the day
 Seeks for proofs—so they say,
 In a fashion that's sneaking and mean.
 But the P. D., an *contraire*, skips in
 In a manner light-hearted and hoppy,
 And screams in my ear
 "Till I can't help but hear,
 "Come, I say, ain't you ready with copy?"

When, in the course of inhuman events, it becomes necessary for a young man to sever the ties which do not match his summer suit, a decent regard to the exigencies of the occasion demand that he should do so with as little profanity as possible. --*Wheeling Leader.*

Ask your Grocer for **MARTIN'S ENGLISH JOHN BULL SAUCE.** Wholesale, 201 King Street East. As a condiment for the table has no equal. Half-pint Bottle only 10 cents, Pints 20 cents. Quality and Richness of Flavor Guaranteed.

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 Reston, 24 in. saw, valley on mandrel to 26 in., rollers 8 in. long, 4 in. diameter, cuts straight or bevel. Made by Smith, Smithville, U. S., cost \$125. Price \$75.
 George Lathe, bed 5 ft. long, 21 in. wide, 2 1/2 ft. high, will do pl. m. or fancy turning, all complete, cost \$200. Price, \$150.
 Axe Handle Machine, new, eight knives 5 in. long, 1/2 in. wide, on a circular head; machine 3 ft. long, bed 6 ft. wide, bottom of frame 1 1/2 ft. wide. This machine will do any kind of a handle. Made by Richardson Mfrs.; cost \$600. Price \$325.
 All machinery taken on consignment. We guarantee every machine leaving our establishment in good working order.

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MANSION SALOON,
 Particularly interesting for its unique collection of the cartoons of this Journal, which, in neat frames, entirely cover the walls. This is the only complete set to be seen in the city, if not the only one in existence.
 Best Brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars. The delicacies of the season always on hand at the Luncheon par. Restaurant in connection.
WHYTE'S MANSION SALOON,
 69 KING ST. EAST.

H. C. BLACHFORD,
THE FIRST PRIZE
BOOT & SHOE
EXHIBITORS,
87 & 89 King St. East,
TORONTO.

WHAT'S AIN'T WHY, THE SAME,
 OF COURSE, I ALWAYS TAKE A
GRIP CIGAR.
 THE BEST SMOKE OUT. TRY ONE.
SIDDALL & TERRY, MANAGERS TORONTO

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COMPANY
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 EASTERN, 521 ST. JOSEPH ST., MONTREAL.
 AWARDED 6 DIPLOMAS.

I. O. O. F.

Oddfellows' Grand Gala Day!
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17,
AT TORONTO,
 In Honor of the Meeting of the Sovereign Grand Lodge.

A procession consisting of Subordinate Lodges, the Grand Lodge of Ontario, Uniform Encampments of Ontario, and visiting Encampments, the Grand Encampment of Ontario, City Council, Industrial Exhibition Committee, and the Sovereign Grand Lodge, each with their band of music, altogether forming one of the finest processions ever witnessed in Canada.
 Upon the arrival of the procession at the Exhibition Grounds addresses of welcome will be presented by His Worship the Mayor.

JAMES BEATY, ESQ., M. P.,
 on behalf of the City, and
JNO. J. WITHROW, ESQ.,
 President of the Exhibition Association.

All bands will be brigaded on their arrival at the Exhibition Grounds and unite in the National Anthem, &c., &c. Excelsior Encampment of Chicago, Ill., and Rochester Encampment, of Rochester, N. Y., two of the best drilled in the Order, will take part in the procession.
 Special low rates will be given on each railway. All tickets good to return on Saturday or Monday. As all stations so remote that excursionists cannot reach Toronto by early trains on the 17th tickets will be issued on the 16th.

W. H. COLE, G. M., **H. BLAIN,**
 Chairman Treasurer.
J. T. HORNIBROOK, F. G. M., **J. B. KING,**
 Vice-Chairman. Secretary.



“ROLLING HOME;”
OR THE MINISTERS HALF-SEAS OVER!



THE JOKER CLUB.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

TANNER's lectures are to be illustrated by diaphragms.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

The man who looks for big peaches at the bottom of a basket is too confiding for this tricky world.—*Ec.*

Printers complain about spelling it "program." They say it robs them of an em.—*Philadelphia Item.*

Student—Yes, the correct way of writing "1880" in short hand is thus: "Ateen A T."—*Kokomo Tribune.*

Let us be satisfied with our lot in life; we can't all be Presidents, nor all be mule drivers.—*Oil City Elevator.*

A good conversationalist may make himself heard at a feast, but the small boy takes the cake.—*Steubenville Herald.*

The North Pole can at least congratulate itself on being free from pictorial advertisements.—*N. Y. Com. Advertiser.*

COURTNEY is practising again. Why should he do so? There is certainly no need of proficiency in the style of rowing he does.—*Puck.*

A boat can sail on a tack and not make a fuss about it, but when a man sails on a tack he—well, it is different.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

Did you ever see a bald-headed man who didn't have such a "beautiful head of hair" till "that fever," or that something or other, took it off?—*Boston Transcript.*

"I catch the queue," as the miser remarked when he reached for a Chinaman.—*Gate City.* Ah, thereby hangs a tail. *The Eye.* Queue-rious coincidence! *Talia talibus queue-rantur!*

It is now the style in France for wedding ceremonies to last three days, and it is said the Chicago girls are thinking about adopting the custom, and thus postpone the time for a divorce.—*Ec.*

Commissioner: "Did you hear the whistle of the boat you ran down?" Pilot: "Bey?" Commissioner: "Did you hear the whistle of the boat you ran down?" Pilot: "No, sir. I'm deaf."—*Puck.*

All anonymous correspondents are requested to invariably sign their name, not necessarily as an evidence of good faith, but to prove that the letter was not written by some respectable person.—*Wheeling Sunday Leader.*

It is learned from the Salt Lake *Herald* that GALILEO discovered Limburger cheese floating through space in 1609, and made an entry in his diary at the time that he thought it in a very poor state of preservation.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Look at the partiality of nature. When a bee stings once, its work is finished, and it dies. But we have known one gaunt mosquito to tap a conference, and then get mad because there wasn't a picnic in the neighborhood.—*Oswego Record.*

An Atlanta minister has been preaching on "The Nature of True Christian Forbearance." He has doubtless been in a sanctum and seen the editor smilingly bow an amateur poet out of the door. The presence of the minister probably explains the forbearance.—*Argo.*

Prof. WINCHELL having insisted that there were men before ADAM, the Atlanta Constitution loudly calls for their names.—*Detroit Free Press.* We suspect the Constitution man is on an aimless quest, but he might ask Professor DANIEL WILSON,—he knows more than that.

It is about time that bottles containing messages from NOAH ceased to be given publicly by the press when they are fished from the sea. At least three-fifths of our exchanges are in positions to know that the Ark went ashore years ago.—*Detroit Free Press.*

No sculptor has ever had courage enough to chisel the statue of a mule. And no one ever will have courage enough to undertake the task as long as the normal position of the hybrid is to stand on its head and point the end of its spinal column towards a higher and better world.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"I'm a son of a gun from California!" shouted a desperado with ominous looking belt, filled with dangerous war tools, after he had swallowed seven glasses of beer and blown the froth all over the bar-tender every load. "Yas, I know you vas a son of a gun, put I didn't know vat State you vas from," quoth the knight of the white apron.—*The Eye.*

Never go back on your ulster. It is a life-preserver in more ways than one. A man out West, who was in danger of being run over by a train of cars, pulled off his ulster and threw it in front of the train in the nick of time. The train was thrown from the track and the man's life was saved.—*Rome Sentinel.*

WHY SHOULDN'T IT?—It always sounds pretty to say: "The sun had sunk beneath the western horizon," but a moment's reflection shows that that is about the only horizon he could sink beneath, under the circumstances. When he feels like sinking he always selects the western horizon in this section.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A tall, slab-sided Yankee who strolled down Manhattan Beach, last Monday, on seeing the bevy of beauties disporting in the waves burst into a fit of enthusiasm: "Jerri-su-lem! if that don't jest remind me of something good we have to hum." "What is that?" remarked a friend who heard him. "What is it?" said JONATHAN, smacking his lips. "You'd ought to know." "But I don't," replied his friend. "Why, it's 'lusses in water.'"—*Wild Outs.*

A cigarette-smoking scion of one of the first families on the West Side came into this office yesterday to request that a notice of his coming nuptials might be inserted in the paper. "Don't say, however," said the young man, earnestly, "that I am about to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. So-and-So, because that kind of slush is too old; and besides, no one can lead a woman, and then again, it's leap year. Better make it read that I have consented to be her'n." He was assured that it would be done, and left.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The other day a cousin from one of the rural districts, overcome by dust and heat, entered one of our leading drug stores and politely asked the boy behind the counter for a glass of soda water. The boy asked him what flavoring he would have. "Why, soda water, of course." "But what flavor do you wish?" "Why, soda water, you fool!" "But, you know," returned the boy, "we flavor it with fruit juice, such as pineapple, strawberry, etc." The countryman scratched his head for about five minutes and then said: "Guess I'll take watermelon. Watermelon is my best holt."—*Detroit Free Press.*

About 1 o'clock the other morning a boy of about twelve went up Market street at such a rate of speed that everybody who saw him was satisfied that he was running for a doctor. A man with a kindly expression of countenance caught the flying boy by the arm and asked him: "Sommy, is there anybody right sick at your house?" "No, but there will be if you don't turn me loose." "Who is it, bubby?" "Will yer let me go if I tell you?" "I will, my boy." "Well then, it's my brother Bob. He will be a remains before night if I don't get home right off. You see, we have cucumbers, green corn, clabber, watermelon and cabbage for dinner, and, if I ain't there to get my share, he will founder himself and die. Please let me go, so I can save my little brother's life."—*Galveston News.*

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COTTON WARPS
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13 CHURCH ST
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N B ALL OUR FRIENDS & CUSTOMERS
ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO MAKE
OUR OFFICE THEIR HEAD QUARTERS
WHEN IN THE CITY.

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Burdock BLOOD Bitters
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS & DEALERS

Burdock Healing Ointment, carbated, should be used in connection with Burdock Blood Bitters for curing ulcers, abscesses, fever, sores, etc.

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VEGETINE
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The Best Dinner in the City for 25 Cents.

J. H. BENNEVWRTH,

Proprietor.

Places of Interest, and Public Buildings in Toronto.

Parliament House, Front Street.

This imposing structure—for it is indeed a great imposition on the Province—lies between Simcoe and Peter streets. During session times, many a member lies in that locality also. The visitor will find the building interesting on account of its venerable appearance, and, upon enquiring of the first intelligent boy who passes, he will learn that it was erected as a fort by CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, soon after that gentleman's arrival in America. If an elector of the Province, the visitor will reflect that it was within these walls that the celebrated little Mrs. BLANK lived and died; as it was also the scene of many historic debates, such as that concerning the Government House fence, Canoe couch damask, etc., etc.

Lt.-Governor's House, corner King and Simcoe Streets.

This grand old pile, built in the corkscrew style of architecture, cannot but interest the intelligent visitor. The spacious grounds which surround the mansion will also be highly pleasing to the eye, if the gate happens to be open, which it seldom is. Should the gate be shut, the visitor will find it edifying to contemplate the close bound fence. This historic residence is at present occupied by Lt.-Governor ROBINSON, who was recently elevated to the dignity of vice-royalty on account of his brilliant display of genius in Parliament.

Custom House, foot of Yonge Street.

This elegant structure is considered one of the handsomest buildings in the city. It is also a place of peculiar interest since the inauguration of the N. P., crowds of importers visiting its corridors daily to examine the beautiful wood carvings and decorations. An immense business is done here in good seasons. Here is situated the office of the collector, which used to be occupied by the Boy, until he got himself in a mess and was hustled out. The stone work on the outside, it will be observed is elegantly carved, and amongst the ornaments are a great many men's heads. The visitor will of course desire to learn all about them, and if he asks the intelligent policeman to be found in the vicinity, he will no doubt be informed that they represent ANGUS MORRISON and several other chaps, who are popularly supposed to be always hanging around the Custom House.

Osgoode Hall, Queen Street West.

This is a beautiful building in the Corinthian style, and contains the Canadian Inns of Court. The interior is handsomely finished with stone and ironwork, and a great many oil portraits of high-toned legal swells of by-gone days decorate the walls. Lawyers may be seen swarming through this building in all directions, and the visitor will therefore do well to keep his eye-skinned if he happens to own any farms. Osgoode Hall is on the whole an interesting place, but the society to be met there is dreadfully exclusive; no pea-nut stands are allowed inside the doors, and the thirsty visitor is even refused admission to the bar, unless he consents to undergo several severe examinations. Take the right-hand turn and pass up-stairs, if you wish to see the room where they do the periodical plucking of law-students. But

necessity, (which, like some of the Osgoode Hall barristers, knows no law) compels us to pass on, and we next mention

The Queen's Park.

Passing up a beautiful avenue from Queen street west, you will reach this famous resort. At once you will be astonished at the magnificence of the fountain which plays at the entrance, and the clothes hanging out to dry in the adjacent yards. Passing on a little further, you catch a glimpse of the University Buildings, and are about to express your delight when a frightful odour assails your nose and you instinctively catch your breath. This proceeds from the stagnant water in the vicinity; make no row but pass on and observe the Ridgeway monument, a splendid work of art, surrounded by a neat picket fence, and notices of building sites for sale. Keep off the grass. Beware of policemen. Should the visitor desire a mouthful of pure fresh air the Queen's Park is the spot to visit. On Sundays, also, he may enjoy grand polemical exhibitions of choir-music.

Toronto University.

Crossing the Rubicon from the Queen's Park the visitor may enter the classic portals of this famous seat of learning, where he will gaze with admiration on some of the smartest boys on the continent. Here also may be seen the chair that was to have been filled by the famous Mr. WARREN, of Oxford, but wasn't. In the museum may be seen many curiosities, amongst which are native classical professors, etc.

Horticultural Gardens.

This favourite resort of Polly Ann and her perambulator is to be found on the corner of Sherbourne and Gerard streets. Any decent hackman will take you up there for \$1 50. Entrance free. On passing in you behold a fairy-like scene of trees and flowers. The gardener is authorized to arrest anybody pulling up trees or destroying flowers. Behold the Pavilion—Hark! That is SALLY HOLMAN warbling *Giraffe Giraffe*. You may pass in for fifty cents. Examine the fountain; isn't it gorgeous? Now lie down under a tree and take a rest.

Normal School.

This well-known and highly esteemed institution stands in St. James' square. Pass right in. Here you find a visitor's book in which you may write your name or make your mark. That fine group over there is "the Central Committee and the Press;" it has been labelled "the Laocoon" by mistake. You may also visit the Art and Industrial collection, but don't handle the goods.

Knox College.

This is a new building and a very fine one. You will find it at the head of Spadina avenue. On entering ask for Prof. McLAREN and he will have the greatest pleasure in showing you through and telling you all about JOHN KNOX, INGENSOLL and all the other great theologians.

Central Prison.

This great industrial establishment is situated near Strachan avenue. It was established by the Local Government as a Boarding House for unfortunate gentlemen, and is conducted in a highly efficient manner by Capt. PRINCE. The inmates are subjected to an unpleasant hair-cropping process occasionally, but otherwise the discipline is not quite so severe as that of the public schools.

The Post Office.

This handsome structure stands on Adelaide street, facing Toronto. It belongs to the Government, and is ably presided over by the Government's friend Mr. PATERSON, assisted by several scores of young fellows

whose fathers and uncles always vote for the N. P. The intelligent tourist in the city will not fail to visit the P. O., if he expects a letter from home. Although the building itself is a fine and costly affair, the Post Office acquires its chief interest from the fact that it is situated next door to the office of GRIP, where the tourist may leave his subscription for the current year, before passing on to

The Police Court.

This well-known and popular resort stands on Court street, and proves a strong attraction to every enquiring visitor. One of the strongest features of it is the odour in the Court room, which is sometimes almost powerful enough to upset the stomach of a Police Sergeant. Detective HODGINS is generally to be found in his office here, and will take delight in showing the visitor the various points of interest in the building, such as the dock, the cells, the Police Magistrate's canoe-couch, Mr. NUBB's lunch basket, the Detectives' rooms, the Rogue's gallery, etc.

The Island.

The visitor who fails to pass at least one hour in silent meditation on the Island, does Toronto a grave injustice. Here the beautiful waters of the bay, with the panoramic view of the distant city, is calculated to make a lasting impression on the mind. Here may be seen the famous filter of the City Water-works, and the home of HANLAN. Whoso hasn't seen HANLAN hasn't seen Toronto. Lager, 5 cents a schooner.

Other Points.

Other places of interest might be enumerated, viz. the Asylum, St. James' Cathedral, St. Michael's Cathedral, Metropolitan Church, Baptist Church, Jarvis street, Bond street Church, St. James' Cemetery, the Necropolis, General Hospital, St. Lawrence Hall and Market, City Hall, etc., etc.

The Arab.

That man is born to varied cares,
Who on his breast the blazon wears,
That eke the awful leged bears,
Pop goes the weasel.

Jim Bullion was a little boy,
Deep sunk in every sin's alloy,
Bold, bad, persistent to amoy,
Pop goes the weasel.

But oh! he laid a dreadful plan,
Against the shield of this good man,
He hit it with a stone and ran
Pop goes the weasel.

But to escape was not his lot,
And soon was collared on the spot,
By ruthless hands, I'll tell you what!
Pop goes the weasel.

All night in dungeon cell he lay,
Until at cheerful morning's ray,
He answered for his crime next day,
Pop goes the weasel.

The justice smiled and pulled his gown,
And said, with magisterial frown,
"Two dollars, sir, or you go down."
Pop goes the weasel.

And down he went without a dime,
No doubt he spends a pleasant time
In musing on his dreadful crime,
Pop goes the weasel.

This is the way the jails they fill,
This is the way they are doing still,
And the people pay the little bill,
Pop goes the weasel.

How many young men there are who, like corn, turn white when they pop.—*Whitehall Times*.



BROWN vs. SMITH.

SMITH vs. BROWN.



NOT GENT "What is he that did make it? See, my lord, would you not do me, it breatheth, and that those veins did verily bear blood?"
AND GENT "Oh, BRUCE of course. No one else makes such living, speaking, portraits."

Studio, 118 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.



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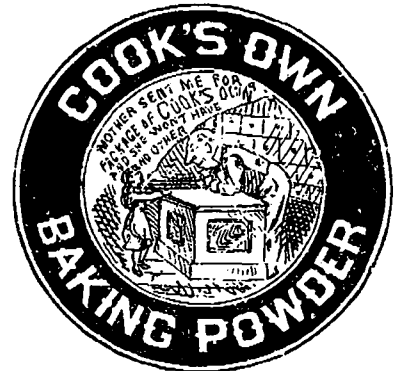
By Appointment, Saddler for Canada to H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

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