

H. M. ...

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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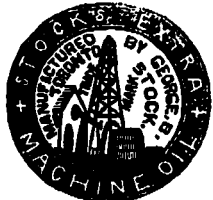
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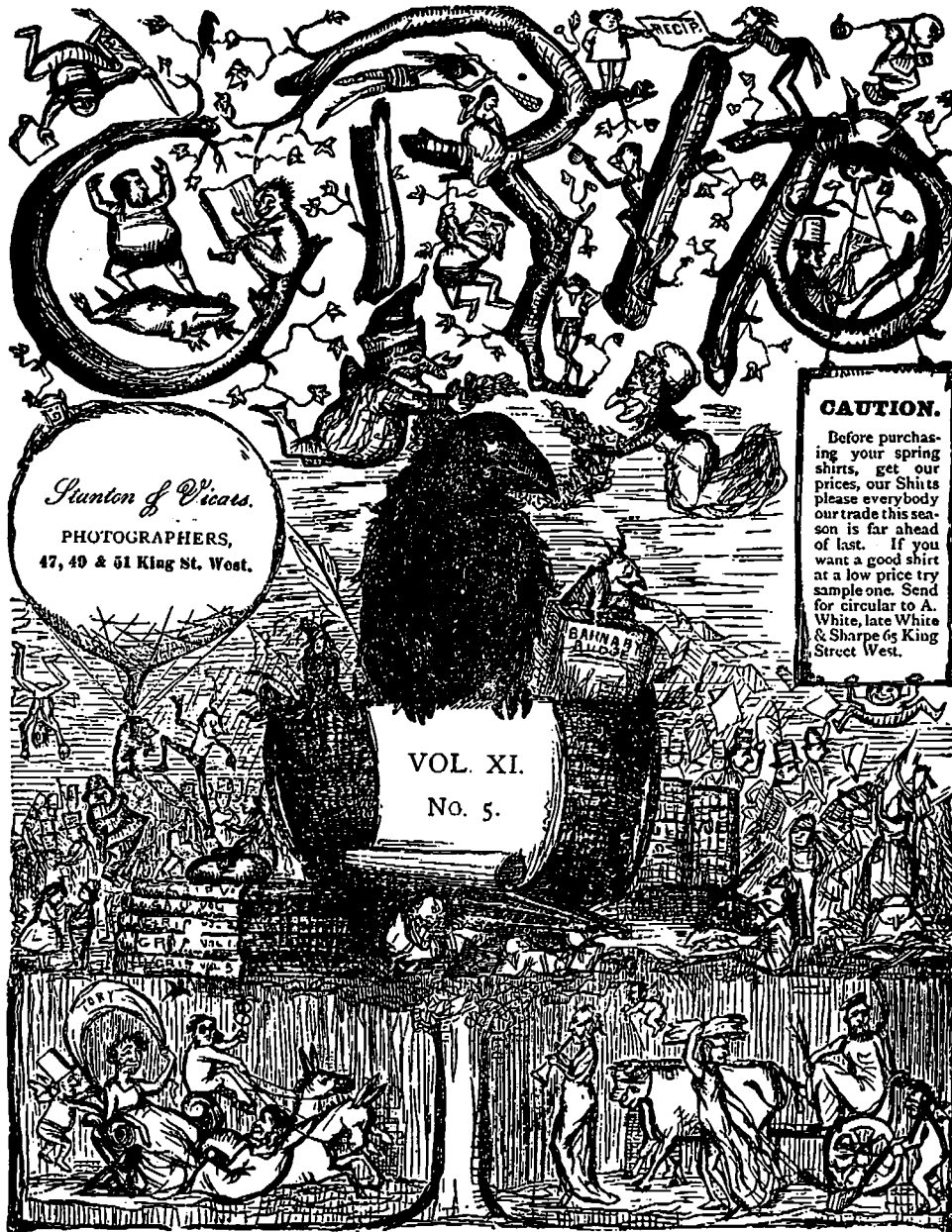
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CAUTION.
Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King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

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

\$1.50
Will Wash and Rough Dry 100 Pieces, at the
TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY.

Cor. Bay & Wellington.
OFFICE: 65 KING ST. WEST
JOSEPH LETTORE, Hairdresser,
10 VICTORIA STREET.

THE POINT FARM
NEAR GODERICH, ONT.
This popular Summer Resort, situated on the high banks of Lake Huron, is now open for the season.
Encouraged by its past success and the increasing demand for room, the subscriber has added an extensive westerly wing, making the establishment one of the largest in the country and now having accommodation for

200 GUESTS.
Amongst other improvements is the completion of the spacious DINING ROOM 100 x 40, capable of seating 300 persons.
As the house will be conducted this year entirely without the sale of Spirituous Liquors, it will be found more suitable than ever for families as a quiet country home.
Circulars giving full information can be obtained at "GRIP" office, Toronto, or further particulars by addressing

J. J. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

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.

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 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 Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

TO PLEASURE SEEKERS.—During the Season of 1878, commencing on the first day of June, the Steamer "**EMPRESS OF INDIA**" — WILL MAKE TRIPS TO —
Oakville, Mimico, Port Credit, Burlington Beach, Oaklands' Pleasure Grounds, Hamilton, Whitby, and the Celebrated Grimsby Camp Grounds.
at stated intervals. **MOONLIGHT EXCURSIONS** will also be given during the warm weather. Due notice will be given in the daily papers several days in advance to give everyone an opportunity to make their arrangements.
In order to place this opportunity within the reach of all, **Family ticket Books are issued at \$10.00 and \$6.00, the former contains 100 tickets and the latter 50 tickets each, and each ticket is available for one passage to any of the points named above.**
Extraordinary inducements are offered to excursion parties. Sunday Schools wishing to hold their festivals at Mimico Grove, Oakville etc., can get full particulars on application. All trips from Custom House Wharf, foot of Yonge St., calling at Queen's Wharf. Further information at the office on wharf.
C. J. McCUAIG, Manager.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 22ND JUNE, 1878.

The Departure.

This is the Earl of Dufferin.
Departing now from here,
Who would not Ottawa within
Remain another year.

MACKENZIE too, by him appears,
Sir JOHN you likewise see,
And from their eyes the bursting tears
Do roll continually.

In part that DUFFERIN his reign
Is over and is done.
And partly for the mental pain
Of wicked things they've done.

And Canada is crying, for
As you may here perceive,
The loss of her good Governor
Inclines her most to grieve.

While BULL DIOGENES doth scan
The horizon around
To try if such another man
To govern can be found.

And GRIP he mourneth twice as much
As any of the rest,
And will expound the cause for such,
From out his labouring breast.

Full great he knows the loss to be :
Yet mourneth more profound
That there should be deficiency
Of many such around.

And says, Why do I here endow
Each university,
If they cannot afford me now
Such speakers good as he ?

The squad of schools I do sustain
Can be no great success,
If men of honour and of brain
Each year grow less and less.

For Irish noblemen we need
Not from our borders roam
If we could but contrive to breed,
Some Dufferin's at home.

Campaign News.

(Written for the Mail).

THE Grits of a certain eastern constituency (which shall be nameless on account of the infamy they have brought upon it) have nominated as their candidate one WISER, a distiller of Whiskey! We can hardly find language with which to rightly characterise this proceeding. Everybody is aware of the horrible consequences of the liquor traffic in our fair country, and it is nothing less than an outrage on public decency, that a man actually engaged in the manufacture of the accursed stuff should be even spoken of as a fit and proper person to sit in our Legislative halls. And what shall we say of the party, whose nominee he is! That they are worse, if possible, than WISER! A great many of these wretched Grits profess to be prohibitionists—they profess to be in accord with the great Conservative party on this question of destroying the liquor traffic—and yet they will go to the polls like dumb, driven cattle, and vote for whiskey. The Conservative candidate is not a maker of whiskey, and why won't they support him instead? Simply because they are willing to trample upon their principles to secure a miserable party triumph. Away with such abominable hypocrisy and treachery! Down with the monster of strong drink and its friends the skulking Grits of this nameless eastern constituency!

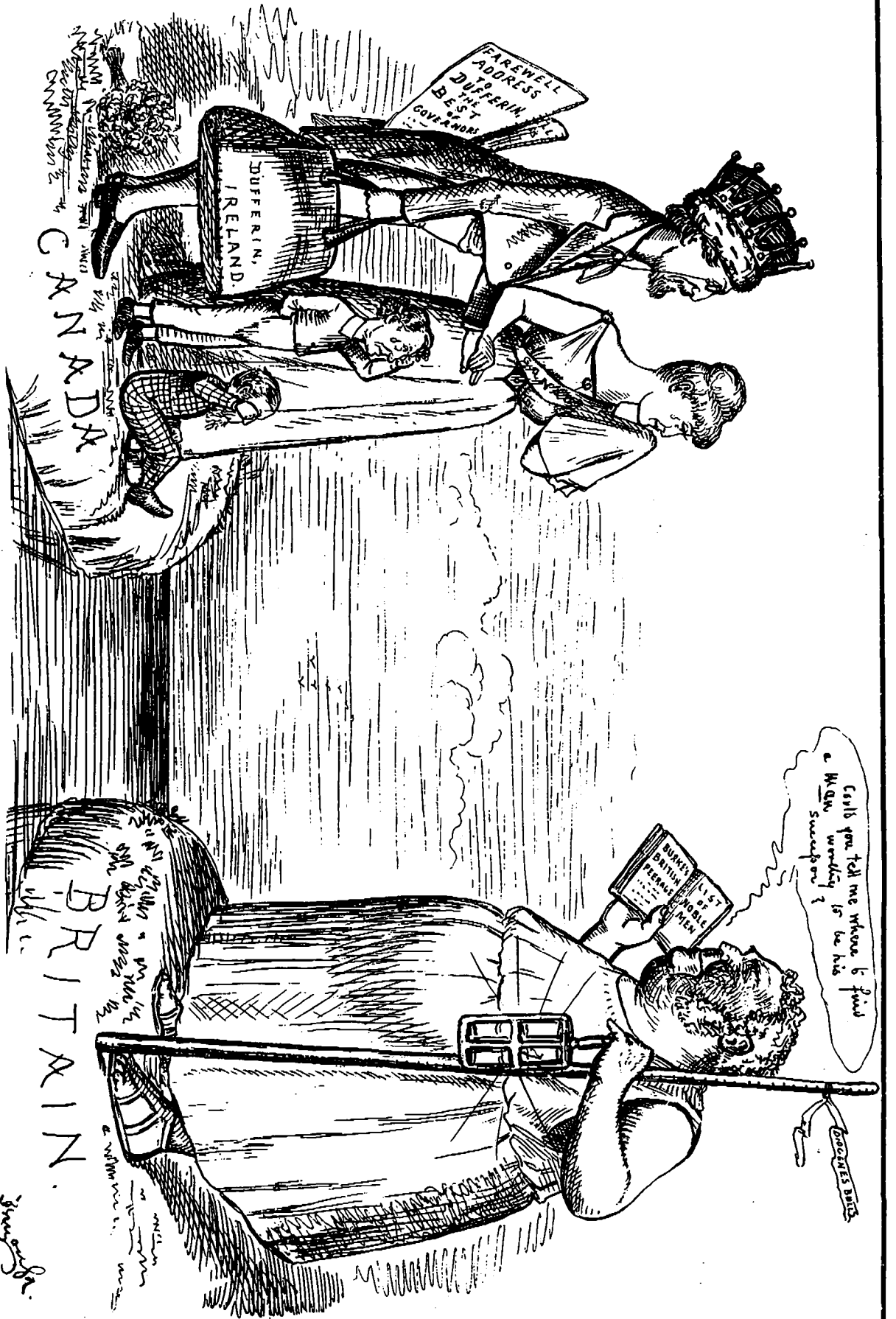
LONDON.—The city of London is going to do itself the honour of electing our friend, the Hon. JOHN CARLING, as its member. We are glad to hear that his prospects are growing brighter every day. The local Grit sheet, with a contemptible malignity, is endeavouring to damage this honourable and honest gentleman's chances, by pointing out that he is a Brewer of strong beer, and is calling upon Conservative prohibitionists to vote against him. We hope they have too much principle to do any such thing. We trust they will stand by Mr. CARLING to a man. If there is anything on earth clearer than Mr. CARLING's political record it is his amber ale, and if he deserved election on no other ground than the excellence of his XXX, we are sure our friends would be proud to return him. It is all right enough for London Conservatives to advocate prohibition, but let not these minor matters stand in the way when a question of principle such as the election of Hon. JOHN CARLING, comes up.

(NOTE.—The London *Advertiser* is at liberty to use the above notes, transposing the names of CARLING and WISER).

The American Youth.

(Continued from last week.)

IN the dead of night, BENNY picks up a nail, picks the lock of his door, picks his way in the dark to the dungeon of ADELINA, and picks his way into that. She picks up spirits and they then pick up acquaintance with a warden passing by, who is as corrupt as everybody is except the hero and heroine. He lets them out for a small diamond the American youth has retained. BENNY and ADELINA go on board again. Thirty water police are in charge. BENNY disguises himself, joins them, at supper, and poisons the lot. They put the treasure into the boat, scuttle the ship and leave her. ADELINA remarking, "I du love to see a feller up to biz." They row south through a hurricane to Baltimore, and get the treasure on shore. They are immediately accosted by an elderly English Duke, residing in the States on account of Highland feuds, who places his carriage at their service, and drives them to his hotel. He is the personification of *hauteur* but is overcome by the evident high breeding of BENNY, and the manifold graces and accomplishments of ADELINA, things which are common to Young Americans of both sexes. The Duke remarks, in the charmingly frank and natural dialect common to the British upper classes, "Your American Nationality is peculiarly prolific of gentility in its most magnificent scintillations unhampered by the blighting repressionaries of ancient soils." "Old man," replies BENNY, "yew bet." The Duke is enraptured by ability, freshness, and remarkable wit of the sentence. They proceed to his chateau, which he places at their disposal. They are met by his wife, one of the most highbred beauties of St. James' who inquires if they keep their health, and says she does not have her watch, but it must be late. They retire to sumptuous rooms, but at midnight hour they are alarmed by burglars, who have tracked them by some diamonds which kept spilling out of a crack in their boxes. They are nearly fifty in number, and have overpowered the servants, killed the butler and nine footmen, and tied all the housemaids in a row to the bannisters. The Duke and Duchess are helpless, having been secured to the bedposts and a massive chest of drawers, (Louis Quatorze, 1700,) laid on top of them. But BENNY, who is now sixteen and of the usual gigantic strength of Young America at that age, is quite equal to the occasion. His apartments are in the most ancient tower of the chateau, which is Gothic, 1590, and of great height, BENNY's suite being uppermost for the view of Europe there obtainable from the American shore. The shouting mob has filled the corridor, and are levelling a large Gatling gun (always carried by American burglars), against the door. BENNY opens it, pulls it off the hinges; it is eight feet high; the corridor is eight feet wide. Before are the black muzzled robbers and their black muzzled artillery of various sorts. They are about to fire. But who can discount the force of Young America? Simply holding the door crossways, BENNY advances along the hall. The tremendous momentum of his forward movement carries robbers, guns, and furniture like a great wave along the hall, knocks out two windows and a mass of stone work at the end, and precipitates the whole mass, all—with the exception of the furniture—swearing awfully, into space. The fall is tremendous, and a deep river conveniently carries all away. ADELINA, who has hekl the light, looks through the breach and gazes downward, her long hair streaming densely around her, her sapphire eyes coruscating visions of light into the abyss. The sight is long remembered by those inhabitants of the region who were aroused by the crash. She says, "I guess!" BENNY says, "Not so slow, old woman!" They liberate the servants; the servants unbureau the Duke and Duchess, the latter's high bred nose highly disfigured by the pressure of a lion's head drawer knob. The Duke says, "Accept my most distinguished thanks." The Duchess accepts medical assistance for her almost extinguished nose. They are entertained in the most gorgeous style for some weeks, introduced to all the American and foreign aristocracy of the vicinity, and all goes merry as a marriage bell, when the Duke and ADELINA elope. They are at once pursued by the infuriated BENNY, and arriving at a spot where the road, which has till then wound through forests, emerges on the brink of a perpendicular cliff some miles in height. The rock towers on the right; the gulf on the left—one moment and the peril will be past. But that mo-



THE PEERLESS PEER.

OR, JOHN BULL DIOGENES LOOKING FOR ANOTHER DUFFERIN.

ment never arrives. The American Youth, from the summit above, drops a crag in front of the horses' heads. The animals recoil; the shock throws the elopers over the side of the steep; they cling for life to some fragile roots, BENNY, looking over, calmly contemplates their upturned faces, but will not reach his hand to aid.

"I am innocent," shrieks ADELINA, "Lemme up!"
"Young man," remarks the Duke. "I can explain the concatenation—the root is giving; I implore your aid."

Sheer miles beneath the river murmurs, the villages appear white spots amid the woods, blue in the distance of the vast depth. The grasp of the pair grows feebler; they look agonized looks at BENNY; he sits on the edge, smoking a cigar. Tableau.

(Continued next week).

Terry Tierney on a Visit.

SINCE writin me lasht few lines, I was down in Whitby beyant, fwhere I make a shmall visit wanst in a fwhile, to see me counthrymen that lives there. At the prisint toime as yez are aware, they do be havin some excitement among the political circles av that town, in connection wid the election that is to come aff betune Mistor GLEN and Mistor GIBBS, an I thought it wud be doin a sarvice to the gouvemint if I wint down an shpint a few days to recruit me health, an let the Publick Exchecker pay for that same, bein as yez know in the situation av Immygrant Agent at prisint. I found ivereverything luckin plisint an grane as usual, ispecially the grass, an the Town Council. The town is improvin in its parsonal appearance, so to shpake, an seems to grow larger wid ivery new house they put up. They build moshtly dwellin houses to live in, in Whitby, and not so many foine churches as the Tarrant people does. I blave it is agin the doctrines av the Christians there to build grand idifces to worship in, widout bein able to pay for thim, an jist because their neighbours does so. I think it wud be a gud thing to intherjuce some av thim doctrines in Taranty. But, consarnin the political matthers. Av coorse I wint to see me owld frind Mistor HIGGINS. He towld me in confidence that he had proivate assurance from reloiable qarthers to the affect that GIBBS wud be bate for sartin av he didn't get more votes nor GLEN. He also said political articles was at prisint crowded out av the *Chronicle* on account av pressure av selected matther, consarnin accidints in the United Shtates, an intelligence from the sate av war, but his own proivate opinion was that both the candidates wor equally foine min, only wan was better nor the other. He might have towld me more, only jist at that toime a town subscriber kem in to pay up for his paper, an the iditor was so bewildered at the circumstance, that he forgot ivereverything ilse. The next wan I spoke to was me respected counthryman Mistor JOHN BRYAN. I wint into his tin shtore to converse wid him. Yez have hard av JOHN, an how he keeps poshted an almost ivereverything, though he niver moinds anybody ilse's business but his own. I axed him fwhat he thought av the coming election. He sez, sez he, "Mistor GIBBS is a smart man, but, sor, it will take strong soddger to howld him in his place this toime." "How is that?" sez I. "Whell, don't ye see," sez he "befoor this he cud get more votes than he cud now. Mistor GLEN is all solid for the sate." "Do ye tell me that, now?" sez I, wid an exprission av wonder. "He is," sez JOHN, "as solid as the hanel av this saucepan," an wid that he gev the saucepan a bit av a jerk an off flew the hanel. I lucked at him an sez I, "Yer remarks was irony, worn't they?" "They wor," sez he "as irony as this utensil, but a dale sounder. This is fwhat I call foine allegory, but it'll take me some toime to fix the hanel on agin," sez he, wid a sigh. "How is it an allegory?" sez I. "Av the Pick-erin vote, sur," sez JOHN, "It will lave GIBBS jist loike that, on account av the vote he gev agin their harbor." "Aha!" sez I, "they'll remimber that agin him, will they?" "That's wan av the things they harbor agin him," sez Mistor BRYAN, "an another is Protection." "Fwhat's your ideas about Protection to coal?" sez I. "I blave in it," sez he, "but I wuddn't go in for JOHN A's National Policy at all. Av the people wants protection to coal let thim buy some av thim new shtoves I have in me show room. Sure they'll save more coal nor anny tariff wud. Shpakin av stoves," sez he, "I study me politics mostly wid rifice to the stove business, an I see many ripsintations av the politicians in ivery kind av stoves. Luck at that wan, now," sez he, pintin to a foine big coal stove. "That's loike the Tories." "In fwhat way?" I axed. "It's a base burner," sez he, "an so are they when they set foire to the parliament buildins. This wan is loike BLAKE—bein highly polished, an havin a foine range." "Have ye air a won loike Mr. MACDOUGALL," sez I. "Vis, that wan there; ye obsarve it's a self-feeder," sez he. "An this wan is loike TUPPER; it makes a loud roar when there's little in it; an that other wan is loike JOHN A.; it's an office stove, an seems to feel out av place annywhere but in an office." I haven't shpace to give yez anny more av our conversation, but I may jist say that JOHN is as sound as iver on the great question av politics.

I wint fishin wid Mistor HIGGINS. He is an owld haa at fishin, an gimnerly has gud luck, but that day we didn't catch many on account av the wind bein in the wrong quarter. We gev it up for a bad job, but Mr. I. thinks it will be better some day fwhin the wind is in the East, an blows from the direction av Oshawa.

TERRY TIERNEY.

Scene at Quebec

Enter MEMBER. To him AGENT.

MEMBER.—Good-morning, Sare. *Bon jour*.
AGENT.—Good morning! But can we depend on you for the evening?

MEMBER.—You speak in ze riddle, Sare. *Expliquez donc*.
AGENT.—Will you vote with us? Come, that's plain.
MEMBER.—Plain, Sare? It is not so plain. It is ze dam—vat you call him—rough. Am I not *supremement* opposed to Monsieur JOLY?
AGENT.—But could we not persuade you? They do nothing for you—the most capable man they have? Your lack of spirit in submitting to it—

MEMBER.—Vat is dat? Monsieur, I beg dat you vill *comprenez* dat I have de spirit *parfaite diablement*—ze spirit vat you call above proof, Sare!

AGENT.—But if we offered you something worthy of your merits—a Commissionership.

MEMBER.—*Commissionnaire*? I reject him vid scorn, Sare! How much is he pay a year—merely by-ze-road—ze way—vat you call, eh?

AGENT.—Five hundred dollars.
MEMBER.—Sare, *vous avez certainement un tresor dans votre maison!*—one box of de gold in ze house of yourself, vat you call—*vous est so tres bien leeberal. Commissionnaire!* Pah! Poof! Poof! I say, Sare, vot you call Chaw! Chaw, Sare!

AGENT.—But you ought to be an Education Commissioner.
MEMBER.—*Vous n'y pensez pas, mon ami, Je—zat is—* I will not accept anything of de sort. Sacre, vy you *non* understand? I reject him! I despise him! Oh, by ze way, how much is *he*?

AGENT.—\$1,500.
MEMBER.—Sare, I am immovable fix—*solidairement*—on zis question! I accept notings, notings. But, Monsieur, if I should consider it my duty to ze country to support M. JOLY; if my opinion should sustain de reverse—de change—I should not object *violentement* to de *Commissionnaire* de Educashong, for ze country need me *specialment* to see to de post.

AGENT.—All right, sir. If you think it your duty, not otherwise. *Aside.* Bugged, by jingo! [*Exit.*]



ROSS is found—not CHARLEY, but G. W. of Middlesex.

THE Quebec working men "don't learn to labour and to wait."

THE CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.—The cheese factories of the Dominion.

A BASE hawl game—where two healthy youngsters are having a crying match.

IT Connaught be possible that the Duke of Connaught will be our next Governor-General.

A LONDON man was sorry to hear of BRYAN's death, because he always liked his minstrels.

WHEN Archery comes in vogue, "shoot the hat," and everything else for that matter will be a sad reality.

FOUR toll-gates robbed near London in one week! The gait these robbers should go is the one where a knell tolls.

A YOUNG man in Montreal ate too many dried apples and the result was as fatal as if he had lived till the 12th. His last words were "'Tis swell."

THE greatest object of interest to be seen in Paris, is that editor who lately went over to the Conservative party because he couldn't stomach the corruption of MACKENZIE's government.

THE Detroit *Free Press* man wants a few portraits of celebrated Canadians to hang up in his sanctum. Parties forwarding their photos. will please pack securely and prepay the postage.

"The barge Robin, loading steel rails at the Penitentiary, sank last night.—*Press Dispatch.*

Robin! Steel Rails!! The Penitentiary!!! Sank!!!! Heavens; can it be? No 'tis but a base invention of the enemy. The Tories have done this. Perhaps they didn't know it was loaded.

THEY tried a small labour demonstration at Ottawa but when the men learned that the mayor possessed the warlike name of BANGS they quickly dispersed before he had a chance to suit the action to the word.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Triumphant return of the popular Actor and Author,

Mr. John A. Stevens,

Supported by his own Powerful Combination.

Four Nights & Saturday Matinee

Commencing Wednesday evening, June 19.
MR. JOHN A. STEVENS in his Romantic Idyl,
entitled,

UNKNOWN !!

Prices as Usual.

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OTTAWA, 18th April, 1878.

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J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs:

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graph operating for offices opening in the Dominion.
Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address MANAGER,
Box 955, Toronto

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.

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

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

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

PROPERTIES WANTED.

ST. ANDREWS WARD, house of about 8
rooms, near the market. Price \$1,000 to
\$1,500

ST. THOMAS' WARD, a detached or semi-
detached house of about nine rooms, good
yard, with stable or room to build one. Price
about \$2,500.

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

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

EAST OF YONGE STREET, two story house
of six or seven rooms. Price \$1,400 to \$100.

ST. JAMES WARD, Cottage of about five
rooms.

BENGOUGH BROS.,

Real Estate Agents,

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, Next Post Office.
TORONTO.



TO IRON-FOUNDERS

—AND—

METAL WORKERS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned,
and endorsed "Tenders for Lamps, &c.," will be re-
ceived at this office until MONDAY, the 24th day of
JUNE, at NOON, for the Lamp Standards, &c., requir-
ed for the Parliament Grounds, Public Buildings, Ottawa.
Drawings and Specifications can be seen, and form of
Tender obtained at this office on and after the 7th day of
June instant.

To the Tender must be attached the actual signatures,
of two responsible and solvent persons, residents of the
Dominion, willing to become sureties for the carrying out
of these conditions, as well as the due performance of the
works embraced in the contract.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to ac-
cept the lowest or any Tender:

By order,
F. BRAUN,
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, Secretary.
OTTAWA, June 6th, 1878. 11-4-2t



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Georgian Bay Branch.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned and en-
dorsed "Tender for Georgian Bay Branch," will be re-
ceived up to noon of Saturday the 29th day of June next.

The line will extend from Station O of location of 1877,
on the western side of South River, near Nipissingan Post
office, to the head of navigation of French River, about 5
miles east of Cantin's Bay, and will be in length about 50
miles.

Proposals will be received in two forms (A and B) as set
forth in a memorandum of Conditions of Contract, which
with specifications and other information may be had or
seen on application at the Department of Public Works.

No Tender will be entertained unless on the printed
form and unless the printed conditions are complied with.

By order,
F. BRAUN,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 28th May, 1878.

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

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Pharmacy: 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medi-
cine for sale, vials refilled. Letters promptly answered.

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Just to hand a full Stock of ISAAC PITMAN'S
Text Books.

Compend of Phonography,	5	cts.
Exercises in Phonography,	5	
Grammatical and Contractions,	10	
Questions on Manual,	15	
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Manual,	50	
Reporter,	75	
Reporting Exercises,	20	
Phrase Book,	30	
Covers for holding Note Book,	20	
The Reporter's Guide, by Thos. Allan Reid	60	

Sent post-paid to any address on receipt of price.

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Next Post Office, Toronto.

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Everything in the Printing line from a

Label to a Three-Sheet Poster,
WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

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:

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

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.

Chromo Cards:
(Five Beautiful Pictures)

100 Cards, (one name, one style type)	\$1.50.
50 " " " "	1.00.
25 " " " "	75.

Mourning Cards:

25 Cards, (one name one style type),	50	cents.
50 " " " "	75	"
100 " " " "	\$1.25	"

Memorial Cards

Beautiful Designs,..... \$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail,..... 5c. each.
Printing addresses on Cards, to cents extra for each
Order.

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

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