

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is issued every SATURDAY morning at the Office, 85 King St. West, Toronto.

TERMS: \$2 per annum; shorter periods at proportionate rates. Single copies, five cents. Advertising terms made known on application.

All business communications must be addressed as above, A. S. IRVING, Publisher and Proprietor.

A. S. IRVING, *Publisher,*
35 King Street West, Toronto.
OFFICE
AND
DEPOT.



EVERY SATURDAY:
Five Cents.
For Sale at all the Bookstores.

The grarest Bear is the Ass; the grarest Bird is the Owl; The grarest Fish is the Oyster; the grarest Man is the Fool.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome; all such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and *Literary* correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 308. Rejected Manuscripts cannot be returned.

When Contributors require payment for their productions, the amount expected must be marked on the M.S. All articles will be considered as gratuitous unless so marked.

Vol. 2.

TORONTO, JANUARY 31st 1874.

No. 10.

THOS. GRIFFITH & CO.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED AT THE

LONDON AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSE

A LARGE STOCK OF

CHAMPAGNES

AND

Sparkling Moselle.

ALSO,

FINE OLD MADEIRA,

PORT, AND

SHERRY WINES.

FRESH PRUNES in Kegs and Jars

CURRANTS AND RAISINS,

(ALL KINDS.)

- Kegs Malaga Grapes
- Cases Figs, 1lb, 2lbs and 4lbs boxes
- Boxes Citron, Lemon, and Orange Peel
- Boxes Oranges and Lemons
- Cases Prunes in Glass Jars
- Cases and Boxes Fino Italian Oil
- Italian Macaroni and Vermicelli
- Boxes Fresh Prepared Vegetables
- Bags Soft Shell Almonds.
- Bags Filberts, Brazil Nuts, and Walnuts
- Crystallized Fruits
- Crustace Crackers
- Pandora's Boxes
- Masks and Faces
- Juvenile Christmas Boxes
- Bal Masque Bon Bons
- Mistletoe and Holly Wreaths
- Also, Motto Flags for Decorations

OUR WINE CELLAR

Is well stocked with the finest WINES and SPIRITS.

A CALL SOLICITED.

THOS. GRIFFITH & CO.

218 YONGE ST. (CORNER OF ALBERT.)

Patronize Home Manufacture!

"None Better,
Better than most."

FOR

PIANOFORTES, ORGANS, &C.

GO TO

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY,

SHOW ROOMS.

115 and 117 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO, ONT.

Remember that cheap labor and material will beat foreign competition.

The best musical authority in the Dominion, say our instruments cannot be surpassed in richness of tone, durability and elegance.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue and compare with those of other makers.

RARE CHANCE.

FOR SALE.—The Goodwill, Lease, and Fixtures, together with the Stock of one of the oldest established and best Stationery Businesses in Toronto, situated in the most central part of the city, close to the Post Office. At present the business will realize about \$4,000 per annum, which can easily be increased. Satisfactory reasons given for disposing of it. For terms, &c., apply to FISHER & TAYLOR, 35 Yonge Street, Toronto. P. O. Box 448.

LASH & CO.

NEW AND ELEGANT
CLOCKS, STATUARY
FINE JEWELLERY
LONDON!
VIENNA!
PARIS!
WEDDING PRESENTS,
PRESENTATIONS,
BIRTHDAY
GIFTS
\$ &c.

NO. 5 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

DANIEL SPRY,
TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS,

GENERAL GROCERIES,
WINES, LIQUORS,
AND PROVISIONS.

135 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.



PORTRAITS!

LIFE SIZE IN OIL.

BY
BRIDGMAN & FORSTER,

39 KING ST. West (over Ewing & Co.)

TORONTO.

G R I P .

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Feast is the Pass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31st, 1874.

A DREAM.

[The following description of a lady's symposium in dreamland, which took place on Christmas day, 1873, has been picked up on King Street, near the *Globe* office. It is, we have reason to believe, a portion of a forthcoming work by a literary man, who has been some time in Canada.]

CHRISTMAS 1873 in Toronto—assembled in the banqueting room of Miss GEBBE, a happy family, in honour of the sacred season. On the right of Miss GEBBE sits SAIRY GAMP, and on her left Miss HONESTALICK, a young lady of amiable manners and fascinating ways. Amongst the guests, which are extremely numerous, we notice MARY HEDGAR, Miss EDWARD, Miss KENNETH, Miss ANGUS, with a few professors and some other feminine elements. "Now this," said Miss ANGUS, with one of her sweetest smiles, "is exactly as it should be—there is really very little difference between us, and none at all that should not be hushed in the presence of solid pudding."

SAIRY GAMP laughed—"Hi! hi! hi! who'd 'a thought hit, dear GEBBE, that you and hi would hever be friends again—wich we here, thank 'evins, wich sends the dew hupon the just and the unjust. Hi! hi! hi! They hall thought they were going to lay me hout, an' to toll you the truth hi thought hi was done for myself. But hi'm not one of that sort, has you GEBBE knows, hand so does my dear BETSY there. Now, ladies, fill your glasses, for hi'm hagain to give you a toast suitable to the place and time—eres to the new nurses hat Hottawar, and may they do their business bas well has hi did mine; couplin' wid hit the names, first hof Miss 'ONESTALICK, hand then—for we wants a song to henliven hus like—Miss HEDGAR, 'oose delicate face hand slim proportions points 'er hout has the hideal lyric poet."

The toast was drunk with full honours and that *peulla petulans*, Miss HONESTALICK, having replied, Miss HEDGAR, who said she could not sing without an accompaniment, was led by Professor PORGUN to the piano. Miss HEDGAR, lifting up her eyebrows and making a face as if she had the colic—which is the regulation face for all great performers on the human voice—sang an impromptu ditty in which, with a literary facility and felicity in which all her friends know her to be without a rival, she sketched off each person present. Some of the lines caught our ear as we peeped in on the guests from the doorway:

"There's my friend Professor PORGUN who rushes like the wind,
His nose a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind;
And another dear professor about equally as vain,
Who thinks with his small tea kettle to draw the world's train.

"There's Miss EDWARD with her brow of vast Olympian calm,
With lips not meant for kissing, nor yet distilling balm;
And yet whence honey issues, and words of sterling gold,
For Miss EDWARD's hewn from the same rock as mighty maids of old.

"The colour of the shamrock her veins doth qualify,
But there's nothing of that colour in the charming spinster's eye,
For she's of that class of girls with world-swaying smiles,
Who draw their life and being from the Niobe of Isles.

"There's Miss HONESTALICK, a girl of chastest mien,
But I misdoubt me gentles if she was over *sweet* sixteen,
But handsome is that handsome does, and though by favour goes the kiss,
'Tis on honesty and uprightness we build a nation's bliss."

"There's SAIRY GAMP,"

"Yes, him hall 'ere, HEDGAR," said SAIRY, as she lifted a glass of soda water to her lips.

"Now you have interrupted me," said Miss HEDGAR, "and the inspiration is gone."

"Then never mind the song," said Miss GEBBE, with the mildness of demeanor with which she moves the Gods and men—"I'll propose a health. A phantom which menaces both of us has appeared and it must be laid. Now—"

Here an apparition, more beardless than apparitions usually are, —wearing a mask as big as an ancient Roman actor—(this is no

bull, the eye of genius can see beneath the mask!—and walking on two legs preternaturally, slight and rickety, and tapering until they were lost in a mountainous pair of overshoes, entered and said in a voice monotonous and hollow, "Canada First!"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" said Miss GEBBE.
"O'er her me wid your wings, ye 'evinly powers!" said SAIRY GAMP.

"Canada First!" repeated the apparition and it retired. Now whether it was the influence of the presence of a spirit, or else the number of bottles drained as the servants passed out we know not, but a complete change came over the spirit of that scene—and each guest was turned to statue—some of marble, some of clay, some bright and perfect, and clean, others defaced and foul.

Where SAIRY GAMP sat there rose a bust with a head of genius, but marked with thunder scars, as though the original had been up too long where the lightnings play; where Miss GEBBE sat there stood a statue in marble—with stormy drapery—a fearless look on the face, and the air as of one born to rule; and where Miss EDWARD and Miss HONESTALICK had reposed—there was a civic arch on which, beneath their full sized statues, ran the words—"New Era."

A change again came o'er the spirit of the scene. The morning was breaking, and as the pure light struggled in through the frosty panes, Miss GEBBE and SAIRY GAMP were seen embracing each other with effusion, and Miss WOODBEE looking on, said,

"Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other."

Somehow all laughed at this, and the ladies ran to their cabs, which had been waiting an unconscionable time, and entered them just as the boys began to cry out the *Globe* and the *Mail*, two organs of sweetness and light, established for the diffusion of brotherly and sisterly tenderness throughout this happy and beautiful country, and we woke; and behold! it was a dream.

HEARTLESS CRUELTY.

We can fully sympathize with the Electors of North Simcoe in their congratulations that the elections are over. In common with the other constituencies, they suffered during the Campaign from Pacific Scandal; but several circumstances combined to render their pain extraordinary. Among these causes may be pointed out the following heartless and uncalled for question, which was propounded to them over and over again, in great staring type, over the Editorial column of the *Barrie Examiner*:

"Does the conduct of Sir JOHN MACDONALD in selling a public contract for money wherewith to bribe electors to keep himself in office, deserve the approval or condemnation of the country? All who say No, and who could be base enough to say otherwise, must refuse to vote for any supporter of Sir JOHN MACDONALD, or stultify himself, and outrage his own convictions."

All who say "no," as well as those "who could be base enough to say otherwise," are making an answer, the exact counterpart of that which JOSH BILLINGS tells us he gave when the hotel waiter queried "tee or kauphy?" and he replied "yes." If ever Canada has another Scandal, it is to be hoped the issue will be placed before the people more clearly than the *Examiner* has put it; that thus all unnecessary torture may be spared the unhappy voters.

MODESTY.

HERE is a modest violet plucked in the wilderness of the late election:

"*AT* The Hon. JOHN CARLING—our Honest JOHN. How long would JOHN WALKER represent us, before any one would think of giving him such a title?"

The perfume of this Forest City flower can be fully appreciated only by those who are aware that the individual alluded to, is the owner of the newspaper in which it was written—possibly the writer of it. Nothing so full of humility and grace has reached us from the battle field.

EPIGRAM.—By HUGH DEBRAS.

Take heed MACKENZIE—unlike mentor BLAKE,
Un-fee'd I speak—take heed what stocks you take
In Silver, Timber, Railways or Crown lands,
A chiel looks on and bids you keep clean hands;—
If you and BROWN too slyly act the fox—
He'll lend a *Grip* to put you in the stocks.
Let BROWN be warned nor avarice confess,
Or HUGH DEBRAS will squeeze him in the Press!

UNPLEASANT REASONING.—Mamma (who is explaining a lesson in the Catechism)—"Satan is an evil spirit, who tempts us to do wrong. He makes the little boys naughty and ill-tempered."

Young Hopeful—"Did he make you box my ears yesterday, when I broke the plate?"

MORAL MAXIM.
 BOYS SHOULD'NT
 EXULT
 TOO GREATLY
 OVER
 BUBBLES
 HOWEVER
 BIG AND BEAUTIFUL

REFORM

PHILOSOPHICAL REFLECTION
 (FOR POLITICIANS *)
 THE BEST OF
 BUBBLES
 MUST
 BUST!

CONSERVATION



POLITICAL PASTIMES

Our own Medium.

NO. IX.

THE SHADOWS.

DEAR GRIP,—

"You must not think that a satiric style
Allows of scandalous and brutish words;
The better sort abhor scurrility."

If there is one more glaring evil than another to which you as the *Public Censor* should apply the scalping knife of keen criticism, it is that which may be called the low tone of political morality that characterises the daily press, not only of your city, but of all the large centres in your Dominion. The example, unfortunately, thus set spreads into your rural districts, and unless frowned down upon and put a stop to, must end in debasing all public life and men amongst you. The language made use of during the past few weeks by your two leading papers, the *Globe* and *Mail*, in our day would have resulted in the sending of both papers to "Coventry." How talented men, guiding the opinion of a great Dominion, can condescend to such petty warfare, astonishes us, and we congratulate ourselves we lived in an age of the world's history when "good breeding" and "politeness" were as essential to the press as to the thorough gentleman. Your papers seem to go on the assumption that only two kinds of men can succeed as public characters, "men of no principle but of great talent, and men of no talent but of one principle—that of obedience to their superiors." One side is the *talented statesman*, but a Charter seller; on the other is a *stone mason*, but an implicit follower of a newspaper editor, the man behind the throne, and to prevent the success of either side, they mutually resort to the lowest of all weapons *scandal* and *scurrility*, with what result last Thursday's proceedings bear evidence in part. Musing on the facts thus presented, your medium fell into what you would term a day dream, and the following strange vision passed before his mind. Methought I had travelled from some distance along a straight well paved avenue, lined on each side with statuary displaying the finest characteristics of the human mind and virtue, and which I saw was styled the *English Avenue*, when I suddenly found myself traversing a morass of great dimensions, beset with devious paths so narrow that it was with the utmost difficulty that a foothold could safely be secured. Wondering how such a dreary scene could be connected so closely with the splendid avenue I had left, I discovered it was styled the "*Field of Canadian Politics*," and had yet to be reclaimed from its wildness, and improved as years rolled on. As I continued my journey I could see the little paths around me crowded with numerous wayfarers, who jostled and roughly and rudely accosted one another, often even resulting in blows, and ever and anon some one or another, losing their foothold, would fall into the treacherous beds and sink utterly from sight. These scenes astonished me, but I was still more astonished when attracted by a crowd in the centre of this huge morass. I wended my way thither, and saw what was being done. A large, white marble figure, of almost dazzling purity, and so finely chiseled as to seem almost a speaking, living being—was placed in the centre of a small oasis, and reared itself majestically above these wayfarers who, collected from the bye-paths, stood around it. On the pedestal were engraved the words, *Honesty of Purpose, Integrity, Christianity*. The sight of this figure seemed to drive these creatures wild, and out of the bogs around—the bog of *scandal*, of *personal abuse*, of *vituperation*, of *lying*, of *scurrility*, and others of a like stamp—with noisy anger they collected mud and threw the same at the figure; the mud seemed to stick for one minute, then fell away, leaving the place as spotless and as pure as it was before it was defiled. Wondering at the sight, I found on surveying the statue, that within it was heated by the *fires of Truth*, which permeated its whole being as it were, and rendered it proof against the malignity and hostility to those who would defile it. Meditating—I awoke.

Trusting to find a better spirit and a higher tone animating the press in the future, and trusting, dear Grip, that it will not be necessary to allude again to this message, I am still

YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

MR. SIMPKINS' EXPERIENCE.

Grip,—Sir: I desire to communicate to you a brief account of a strange dream I had on the night of the 29th inst. I will not dwell on the doings of the day, for I suppose it passed with me, much the same as with my unfortunate neighbours. But during the night, sir, I had a wonderful dream—an offspring, no doubt, of the unusual excitement and business. Having retired to rest at a late hour, I was not long in falling soundly asleep; and while I slept, I dreamed; and, behold, a dozen news-boys assailed me on

all hands with cries of "*Globe-hereyouare now-ow!*" and, "*Get the Mail-ail!*" as is their wont. I thought I purchased a copy of the latter paper, and looked at the date. It was January, 30th 1874. I turned eagerly to the Editorial column, to see what they had to say about the previous day's work. I expected to find something about how their opponents had dealt corruptly, unfairly &c., but to my surprise, and Sir, my unfeigned delight, I found an article which remains vividly fixed on my mind to this hour *verbatim et literatim*. It was as follows:

"YESTERDAY'S CONTEST.

"The polls closed last evening after an exciting contest, and victory perched upon the Reform banner in all three constituencies. As we have just said, the battle was warm; we desire to add that it was also generous and fair. It may be considered an expression of public opinion, as nearly as that is attainable under our circumstances. We do not desire to say anything harsh or uncharitable—we presume the best men have been elected."

I need hardly say, sir, that I was painfully disappointed when, in wheeling suddenly about to express my pleasure to a friend, I encountered something that brought me to my senses, and the whole affair floated off as the baseless fabric of a vision.

Yours,

JOHN SIMPKINS.

AN UNFORTUNATE POLITICIAN.

DEAR GRIP,—I know you are always ready to help the unfortunate. Oh! list a moment to my tale. For twenty-five years I have been a politician. First I edited a Reform paper, and for the only good editorial that ever appeared in it I came very near being tarred and feathered. To have peace of mind I sold that paper. It was always my wife's ambition that I should be either an M.P., or hold a Government office (as she considers those positions respectable), so, at the next election I persuaded my brother-in-law to propose me as a candidate at a Conservative meeting; but unfortunately, when I rose to make my speech, and felt in my pockets for the notes I had so carefully prepared—they were not there! I commenced without them, and for three minutes that audience was spell-bound—then my memory failed me, and I sat down. A wretch in the crowd cries out, "When he turned his coat he lost his notes."

For three years I served as clerk in a post office; during all that time I attended a Conservative Club, weekly; then I tried for a vacant office, but somebody wrote and told that Charter-seller John A. that I had once edited a Reform paper, and the office was given to somebody else. Since then I have tried for various government offices without success, and now, alas! I am on the verge of ruin; I can't even get five dollars for my vote, as in days gone by. Politics have been my ruin. If I had been a blacksmith for twenty-five years I might now be enjoying prosperity. Let my tale be a warning to others.—Yours,

AN UNFORTUNATE.

CITY CELEBRITIES.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Though I live in the country, I hope I am not dead to the interests of your great town, nor am without ambition to know its justly celebrated men. I came to Toronto last week, and dropping across young JENKINS, I put the question to him point blank—"twas my way sir, point blank—"Can you show me the celebrities?"

"Come, HARRY," he said, slapping me on the back, "I know every one. Come down King Street and I'll point them all out to you. There," says he, pointing to a dapper man, with his little feet in ladies' prunella boots, and the smallest hands I ever saw, "that is GEORGE BROWN." I observed him, sir, observed his black curly locks, his affable smile, and the foppish way he played with his eye-glass. "And who is that with him?" I enquired, noticing a large, jolly, rollicking man, who might have played FAUSTAFF without padding, and the heartiest laugh, and the most genial set of features I ever beheld.

"That," says he, "is PATTESON of the *Mail*. Good-natured fellow, nothing mean about him. His only fault is, he is too fond of religious tea-parties, and, poor fellow, he doesn't know a horse from a cow."

I had now one burning ambition. I longed to see the famous BEATY. Who has not read his Demosthenic speeches, and imbibed wisdom from his utterances. Having seen this modern Cicero I could die content. We passed the *Leader* office and there he was, loling gracefully against the ancient door with a blue shooting jacket and brass buttons, a Dufferin tie and diamond studs. He was smoking a Partaga, while speaking French, with a well-known foreign Count! He is the handsomest man I have seen since I left my own parts, and they do say his finish is quite Parisian.

After this I felt exhausted, and JENKINS and I had a chop and a glass of beer. The next day I saw some more celebrities, and I shall let you hear from me about them.

Yours obediently,

HARRY HODGE.

J. BRANSTON WILLMOTT, D.D.S., L.D.S.



Dentist,



Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,
Member of the Board of Examiners of the
Royal College of Dental Surgeons
of Ontario.

*Fourteen Years experience in the practice
of Dentistry.*

OFFICE—KING STREET, CORNER OF
CHURCH STREET, TORONTO.

New and Seasonable.



Just received a choice assortment of
**CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS,
CHIGNONS, COILS, &c.,**
in Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen.
Pads in sets of six.
Pompadour Pads and Frisett's.
A new and general variety of
Switches.

Real and imitation goods made to order with despatch,
to match any colour, style or pattern. Ladies sending
their own hair can have it made to order.

GEORGE ELLIS,

Wholesale and Retail. 179 Yonge Street, Toronto,
Four doors from Queen Street, East side.

THOS. CLAXTON,

Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Band Instruments, Violins, Accordeons,

GERMAN & ANGLO-GERMAN CONCERTINAS,

And all kinds of

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

Sole Agent for W. BELL & Co's. Organette
and Cabinet Organs.

197 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

N.B.—All kinds of Musical Instruments
Tuned and Repaired.

BURNING FLUID.

NO SMOKE! NO CHIMNEY!

A Splendid Night-Light, suitable for Hotels,
Stores, and Private Dwellings.

The Cheapest and best Burning Fluid.

LAMPS, suitable for burning the Fluid, only
FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

All the Principal Hotels in Toronto use it.

HUGH MILLER & CO., CHEMISTS,
167 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

**GRIP! GRIP!! GRIP!!!
OYSTERS!**

AT

WHYTE'S MANSION,
69 KING STREET EAST.

JAMES WHYTE, in returning thanks to
his customers, begs to inform the public gene-
rally that he has, by the advice of his friends, added
to his establishment an

OYSTER BAR.

Parties who bring him with a call can be served with
Oysters in the shell, of the best quality,
and Meat Pies at all hours.

TO THE TRADE ONLY.

FOR NEW PATTERNS,
AND SALEABLE CHIGNONS, BRAIDS,
SWITCHES, &c., &c.,
ALL KINDS OF REAL AND IMITATION
HAIR GOODS,

APPLY TO THE

New Dominion Chignon Factory,
96 YONGE ST., TORONTO,
FRANCIS J. BORMUTH, Proprietor.

J. EDWARDS.

IMPORTER OF

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE

PAPER-HANGINGS,

PAPER AND LINEN

WINDOW SHADES,

STATIONERY, ETC.

136 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

**FANCY GOODS,
JEWELLERY AND BERLIN WOOL.**

BESWETHERICK & CO.,

successors to

R. C. BOTHWELL,
112 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

GREAT BARGAINS.

FIRST-CLASS BRICK HOUSE FOR
Sale on Carlton Street, North Side, between
Yonge and Church.

FOUR FRAME HOUSES FOR SALE
on Victoria Street, East Side, between Queen
and Shuter Streets.

COTTAGE FOR SALE ON RIVER
Street. Large Lot.

THE ABOVE PROPERTY FOR SALE
on easy terms. Apply to FISHER & TAYLOR,
Custom Brokers, House, Estate, and General Agents,
35 Yonge St., Toronto.

**FISHER & TAYLOR
CUSTOM BROKERS,**

COLLECTORS, HOUSE, ESTATE, AND
GENERAL AGENTS,

35 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

SOLE ADVERTISING AGENTS FOR
"G R I P."

BRITISH AMERICAN
COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.

FIRST PRIZES in both BUSINESS and ORNA-
MENTAL PENMANSHIP were awarded to us at
the late Provincial Exhibition, Toronto. This is
the TENTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION that we have
obtained first prizes in Penmanship.

OUR COMMERCIAL COURSE

Of instruction is in keeping with our Penmanship
Department—the very best to be obtained in the
Dominion. It embraces Book-keeping in all its
branches, Exercises and Lectures in Commercial
Law, Business Arithmetic, Spencerian Penmanship,
Actual Business, Adjusting Partnership, Business
Correspondence, Banking, Commission, Foreign
Exchange, Steamboating, and the General Details
of Business.

OUR EVENING SESSIONS

Continue through the winter. An excellent oppor-
tunity is here offered to attend special classes in our
Business and Geographic Courses. Young men who
are engaged during the day should embrace this
opportunity, as it will yield ere long a thousand per
cent. upon the outlay.

For terms and Specimens of Penmanship, address
GDELL & TROUT, Toronto.

J. F. COLEMAN & CO.

65 YONGE STREET,

Have a Large Stock of

COAL!

CALL AND SEE IT.

YOUNG MEN

Prepared for Business at

DAY'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE

No. 32 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

THE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION comprises the
Science of Accounts and Business Practice,
Commercial Law, Commercial Computations,
English Grammar, and Commercial corres-
pondence, and other branches incident to a
Business Education. This Institution is UN-
EQUALLED for the THOROUGHNESS of its
COURSE and the EFFICIENCY of its GRA-
DUATES. Many young men instructed by
Mr. DAY are occupying responsible positions,
and by the satisfactory manner in which they
discharge their office duties reflect great credit
on the Institution in which they received their
business training.

For terms and circular, containing letters of
commendation from leading business men of
the country, address, post paid, JAMES E.
DAY, Accountant, Toronto.