

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

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

is published every day morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.  
Subscription price, \$2 per annum strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

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

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

These baths are useful in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Congestions, Bronchitis, Scrofula, & Diseases, all inflammations, Blisters, and for sanitary purposes.  
Hours - Gentlemen from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and 3 to 9 p.m. Ladies from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. every day. Experienced attendants.

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

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

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

**MARBLE CLOCKS**

Direct from PARIS.

FINEST GOODS EVER SHOWN IN TORONTO.

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



TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1877.

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.

**CANNOT BE SURPASSED.**

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

**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach Grip office not later than Wednesday.--Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, Grip office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

**GENTLEMEN**

Collars of all the Newest Styles gotten up **EQUAL TO NEW**, at **2 1-2cts. each or 25cts. per doz. at**

**TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY.**  
**HALLEY'S HALL,**  
COR. KING & BAY STS.  
G. P. SHARPE, Prop.

**H. T. ALLSOPP,**

DEALER IN **FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
7 KING STREET EAST  
TORONTO.  
(4th door east of Yonge)

**TO YOUNG MEN**  
Wishing to learn **TELEGRAPHING;**  
A certificate good for **Twenty Dollars,**

Will be sold cheap, good for the **TORONTO INSTITUTE.**  
Address: -  
**H. GUMMER,**  
Box, 2602.

**TO SPORTSMEN.**

A FIRST CLASS **Breech-loading Rifle.**  
Manufactured by Messon, Worcester, Mass. **For Sale very Cheap,** the owner having no use for it.

APPLY AT **GRIP OFFICE**

**REAL ESTATE.**

Persons having Properties to dispose of in City or Country will find it to their advantage to place it in our hands. We have the **BEST STAND IN THE CITY,** and facilities for **ADVERTISING** which cannot be excelled. **BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,** NEXT POST OFFICE, TORONTO.

**BLACK-BOARD**

**IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.**

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

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

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

**GRIP.**

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 29TH DECEMBER, 1877.

**The Appealing Ministers.**  
*Opening Chorus by Applicants.*

We here appear, all Ministers of some denomination,  
Empowered to proclaim that sin will meet with condemnation,  
And beg to state it certain is your condemnation deep will  
Become if you most foolishly still taxing of us keep will.  
Spare our Gold!

We know that certain clergymen have thought it wicked quite is,  
To take advantage of the Act, but we think that it right is,  
We should be free, for we promote the interests of the nation,  
Good works, morality, and such, which helps civilization.  
Spare our Gold!

Civilization we approve, though one thing that it lacks is,  
Which isn't right,—it tends to make all people pay their taxes,  
And when we think that priests paid none in Dark Age barbarism,  
We're apt to think the Reformation was too bold a schism.  
Spare our Gold!

We're all of us, as you're aware, quite in the well off classes,  
Untortured by grim poverty, our time right smoothly passes.  
And though the poor 'twould help if he to taxes waived objection,  
The charity we preach don't seem to lie in that direction.  
Spare our Gold!

**CHORUS OF CITY LAWYERS.**

The commentators show,  
As all should clearly know,  
The statute was designed to cover just these cases.  
These worthy clergymen,  
Should plainly see that, then,  
To fork their taxes out it most certainly their place is.

**JUDGMENT BY HIS HONOUR.**

Don't care for commentators,  
Not a straw,  
Preachers are elevators,  
Of the law,  
Do good near and far,  
Which is cause,  
I think that they are  
In the clause,

In their respect I say then, the statute is exemptory,  
And if you bother them again, I shall be quite preemptory.

**How "We" Bent the Bonus Hunters.**  
*(From the Telegram.)*

"In the pursuance of our mission WE have defeated the bonus. In vain the three Morning Miscreants subsidized by the organized brigands who sought the Bonus, yelled, screamed, shouted, swore, pleaded, entreated, and raised heaven and earth quite a height in its favour. WE were against it. It sufficed. No more was required. The Torontonians buy the other papers. But they do as WE bid them. Let the paid minions of combined plunderism—let the city clique of conspiring aldermen—let the rascally band of would-be contractors—let the jobbing Boards—the calculating caucuses—let them shriek in dismay, and retreat in palsied terror to their deepest retreats. WE are going for them. The Telegram is roused. Our blood is on fire; our vitals are scorched; our brain seethes; but not with trouble. It is with joy. WE have defeated the bonus! WE are happy. Hooray! There shall be no more bonuses—no more—never—never—never—never—unless WE are—subsidized did we say; no, unless WE are satisfied. In the meantime let it be remarked that WE have defeated the Bonus. No Bonus shall be passed, we opposing it. If it be asked how the others shined through in spite of us, we will say we answer no questions, and that the abnormal state of society, and so on."

GRIP is truly sorry to see this effusion from his respected contemporary. He fears it is inflated. Let GRIP soothe the excited spirit, and exorcise the vile fiend who is puffing up our respected friend out of his wits. The people of Toronto rejected the advice of the morning papers because they feared they were bought by the bonusites. But as to following that of the evening one, how were they to know the Grand Trunk hadn't bought it? Nonsense. Delusion. Humbug. The only reliable paper in Toronto opposed the bonus, the people read it, and uncontinently kicked the bonus out of doors. That paper's name is—no, modesty forbids. But it may be seen over the door of our office.

**The Municipal Sen.***From RABELAIS.*

And now of a verity we sailed apace through a dreadful strait, and the sea rose with a vengeance, and threatened to dash us on great sharp rocks which a sailor said were Bonuses. "And moreover whithersoever anyway," said he, "you had best mind the Exemption Shoals, which would swallow a dozen of you, and the Contract Reefs on which you will smash in a twinkling; and if you escape, why brother, it is but so that the Bankruptcy Squall will blow you to the very deuce, and so d've see, there is no going forward, and as for going back, it is impossible, so it behoves us to be moving. Here's luck!" Wherewith he swallowed about seven gallons of punch the good PANTAGRUEL had prepared for his own inward comfortation.

"Aho! Steady! What cheer! Rightly now! And take a turn in the mizen," cried PANTAGRUEL as he came blustering up the hatchway. "Keep her full! Rap full! Where now be my punch?" Then he knew the drinker by his face and stomach, and lifting him threw him a great distance, which we could not measure, yet knew it more than a hundred leagues. And falling into a well on an island he was saved, and married a savage of the Stretchites, and had a son called TUPPER. No more of him.

But now came swarming off from the shore a vast and hideous multitude, which surrounded and stuck to the boards of the ship, they being filthy and sticky. And there were Gullygobblers, and stinking Mags-washerbillies, and dirty Squinkingites, foul Swabsquashers, and abominable Pevimmishobvikins, besides being all intermixed, covered, and beswamped with creatures which never had any name. And they yelled, and screamed, and shouted, and spoke, and talked, and beat drums, and blew trumpets, and fired squibs, and crackers, and cannon, and big patateroes. And ever and anon they cried City Election! City Election! Vote for the great PANDRINKORRIBLE for another year! Vote for the courteous PLACARDANDGRABTHEFUND for another year! Vote for SQUINKER, SMASHER, GRABBER, BLOWER, for another year! And the noise rose ever and ever, and became more hideous and horrid, insomuch that Friar JOHN'S left ear cracked, and his silver jewelite of three pounds fell overboard.

"Wo is unto me!" cried the good friar, "for the devilles be come out of hell. I hear PLUTOFERNES howling, and DEMORGORGONIANBUS roaring. Bon! bee! bo! bi! h-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

"Be patient," cried the worthy GRIPPANUS, who had taken passage at Portofunnibus, "I will kill them to you like so many black beetles!"

And with that he unsheathed his great cutting sword NOTREBLANCHE and made towards them, and did so cut, hew, chop, slash, slice, chip, divide, hash, smash, burst, split, and generally impeter those funds, that they floated to windward in small pieces and maggots, and were no more seen. Then we spliced the main bower, scraped the keelson, boxed the caboose, kept her on three spikes and a half, spread the shrouds to the winds, and ship-shaped the rudder for Obeliskcolichisy, whither we arrived in great joy and pleasuration.

**A Flock for the Physicians.**

Where are those vile pessimistics—where have they all been and got to? Where are they hiding their heads—why are they all of them dumb now? Those who abusing pitch into of physic the Most Noble Order? Those who denounce all the Doctors—calling them poisoning engines? Saying that all of us would be very much better without them? Saying they spoil constitutions—saying they weaken the nation? Saying their drugs and their herbs are all of them vilest concoctions? Saying they none of them know any time what is the illness? Saying it pure suicide is even their door bells to pull at? Saying they would not call one in—no they'd see...all of them hanged first? GRIP will point out the position now of these caluminators.

Deep in the quiet apartment—stretched on their easiest sofa, Pressing their hands with strong force on their abdominal regions, Much in a safety-valve fashion, as if some fearful explosion Were to be dreaded extremely; rolling in sockets their eyeballs, Also the rest of their features working in woful convulsions, Saying to THOMAS the flunky, whom they have just rung the bell for, "Can't you see that I-am ill, you?—why do you stare like a dummy? Go for the doctor at once, sir; if he's away fetch another, I shall be dead in a moment, or in a period shorter, Say that I yesterday dined out, he will then know all about it. Let him bring all that is needed; why are you not gone by this time? Stupid, slow, lazy, unmoving; you might have been there and back now!"

Thus in the whirlwind of years does Time bring about his revenges. This the solace of the Doctor; also his story vindication Presently cometh he, calm, knowing his foe at his mercy, Then from the Pharmacopeia compounds a horrible torture, Maketh him take it, and then, maketh his pay for it likewise, So may it ever be done still unto those wicked maligners.



"A HAPPY--BECAUSE SOBER--NEW YEAR!"

*The COFFEE POT to the DECANTER:—"NOW THEN, YOU CAN RETIRE; I SHALL ENTERTAIN ALL RESPECTED CALLERS."*



### F. H. B. On His Hobby.

Behold the man of sea-side fame,  
The *Mayflower* man of letter'd name!  
The scribe who turns his canny hand  
From water salt, to fresh-man's land;  
Dis-plays his literary taste  
In letter from GRIP's basket (waste);  
The toiler over bay and town,  
By cove and cliff to gain a crown,  
Yet proves no vulgar cove, for he  
Adorns his crest by letters three!  
Praise then the wight, revile who dares,  
Who thrives by can-ning natures wares—  
By modes crustaceous kneads his bread,  
*May-flour* combined with Lobster red;  
The fields of ocean destly tills,  
Till fish-pot game his Bakery fills,—  
Thus Egypt's flesh-pots laughs to scorn  
From dewy eve to rosy morn!  
In wonted *Mayflower* style he cracks  
Hard nuts and jokes at Halifax,  
Though adventitious aids he use,  
And haply paste and scissors choose,  
*À l'import*—if in his sanctum high  
He drop a tear to pure old rye.  
Till *Mayflower* sheets an odour shed  
More pun-gent than an onion-bed;  
The jokes and fun he weakly pokes  
Fall harmless on the weed he smokes!  
And so, the charge of blunder-buss  
In paper pellets aimed at us!  
Yet go it blind! Oh rider bold,  
By saving claws the Lobster hold;  
So, distance Chawles and Co. at rubs,  
Or whisping scandals in the clubs!  
And every loafing "fraud" trot out  
Who puts his morals "up the spout"!  
At many a knave sharp censure hur'd  
May help GRIP to reform the world;  
Yes, F. H. B., fit whip you'll find,  
To lash the *faulds* of lapsed mankind,  
But have a care lest H. P. A.  
May fail your own to wash away!

### A Lunatic *À gogol*.

IN FIVE ACTS.

(By our special maniac.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—A Man; a paper making Machine; a Maiden.

#### ACT I.

The sun was setting o'er field and fen, the day was growing old. A youth and a maiden were wandering on. Their hearts were warm, their noses cold. For winter with her icy grip (no relation of ours, you know), held poor Dame Nature frozen tight by her finger and nose and toe. But what cares love for snow or ice—it laughs at locksmiths even—for wherever the loved one's eye doth glance, there is warmth and heaven. So talked the youth with low-toned note, as he gazed in those starry eyes, and hugged himself on the one bright thought that in winter there are no flies. This bright discovery gave him pluck, and he popped the question straight; while the maiden answered "yes," with a sigh, and then remarked it was late, as the thought then dawned on her youthful mind that the parlour at home was bright, and her lover and she might just as well bask in the shady calm lamp light. A curtain we draw o'er the harrowing scene, which reminds us we once were young, for now we are feeble and old and poor and the topic might blister our tongue.

#### ACT II.

The sun was setting o'er field and fen, as this same youth left the store and hurried home for a "clean billed rag," ere he rapped at the loved one's door. His heart beat high that night, for his Boss had marked his ways, and knowing the marks of "love at first sight," had soft soaped him with praise of his diligence, energy, business tact, and shrewd plain commonsense, and prophesied great things for him, but of course in the future tense; for his brilliant talents were lost, he said, in his present position in life, and 'twas best for him to go out alone. To help him to this he'd contrive to start him in business, sell him his goods and open a bran new store, and aid him by *paper* and pen and ink and all his financial lore. Then bye and bye as he gained in strength, and his business *seemed* all right, the rest of the Wholesale Firms would rush to sell him as much as they might. In short—prosperity bright and gay wou'd him to her embrace. He swallowed it all and hurried away all his joys to reflect on the loved one's face.

#### ACT III.

The sun was setting o'er field and glen, as his Boss strolled homeward that night, rubbing his hands every now and then with a sort of fiendish delight. He knew he had "limed" that innocent youth—had caught a willing prey—and he thought of the Barker's gold he'd squeeze forth with his innocent's paper next day;—how his own pressing debt he'd be able to pay and put off the evil day for a time at least—while his brain was at work to get *others* the piper to pay. The dream was golden, the fruit seemed ripe and round and mellow and sweet, but he never thought of what was within or believed it could ashes secrete.

#### ACT IV.

The sun was setting o'er field and glen. E'en the business world looked pale, as some ten months later the Boss walked home to his mansion near the vale, and he wrung his hands every now and then with a shiver of horror and grief, for he knew that the morning sun would dawn and show him a Bankrupt—perhaps a thief; for that day his victim and forty more had their shutters nicely put up by a limb of the law, with an ugly writ for hundreds about a score—writs issued by other and greater fools who had flattered themselves that he, the Merchant Prince with the golden tools, was weighty with £. S. D., and would never allow his pet accounts to come to untimely grief, so they tried to dig into his choicest trade, but not deep enough for his relief. But then when they saw how the game was wrought, they went one better—nay two—and riled to the very core at the thought they forced him his hand to show.

#### ACT V.

But how of the victim and his young Bride? If for her he had selfish been, he had learned the lesson and had it by heart—he was no longer "green." But he picked himself up with a manly grace and went to work again. Now the sweets of honestly earned gold visit him now and then. No longer over field and fen doth the sun of hope go down, but the Sun of Love towards his fellow men clears away from his brow car's frown.

#### EPILOGUE.

The Sun is setting o'er field and glen, the darkness is coming again; the Lunatic too must go to bed, and roost like a cheerful hen that has done its duty and laid an egg to be hatched by some other brain—less of the feather kind—with more of the strength o'er the ruins of men.

### The Old, Old Story.

Now when you read these words above,  
So hackneyed late by voice and pen,  
You think that I would write of love,  
Alas, that you are sold again.

I merely wish to say to one,  
Who scans your page with curious view,  
That it is time he had begun  
To frame his resolution new.

That resolution new and bright,  
Which he at this time yearly makes,  
To change his mode of living quite,  
And then incontinently breaks.

A diary he gets—(the one  
Last year he got will often do,  
The page to use he had begun,  
He overlays with paper new.)

Then draws afresh a noble code,  
He Wisdom will, this coming year,  
Take as his guide upon the road,  
And follow her instructions clear.

Good sir, the vain attempt forego,  
'Tis not for you; burn up your plan,  
And this small fact in future know,  
That sort of thing requires a man.

1878. ST. JOHN'S WARD, 1878.

Your Vote and Interest  
ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR  
**HARRY PIPER**  
As Alderman for 1878.

**The Scientific American.**  
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR.

THE  
MOST POPULAR SCIENTIFIC PAPER IN THE WORLD.  
Only \$3.20 a Year, including Postage. Weekly.  
52 Numbers a Year. 4000 book pages.

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

The most valuable practical papers, by eminent writers in all departments of Science, will be found in the Scientific American; the whole presented in popular language, free from technical terms, illustrated with engravings, and so arranged as to interest and inform all classes of readers, old and young. The Scientific American is promotive of knowledge and progress in every community where it circulates. It should have a place in every Family, Reading Room, Library, College or School. Terms, \$5.20 per year, \$1.60 half year, which includes prepayment of postage. Discount to Clubs and Agents. Single copies ten cents. Sold by all Newsdealers. Remit by postal order to MUNN & CO., Publishers, 37 Park Row, New York.

**PATENTS.**

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

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

MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, N. Y.

Branch Office, Cor. F. & 7th Sts., Washington, D. C.

**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 semie detached house of about nine rooms, good yard, with stable or room to build one. Price about \$2,500.

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.

**BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,**  
**Real Estate Agents,**  
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (Next Post Office.)  
TORONTO.

**CHEAP READING.**

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

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and "GRIP," \$ 5.00.

ST. NICHOLAS and "GRIP," 4.00.

DETROIT FREE PRESS and "GRIP," 3.50.

**BENGOUGH BROS.,**  
TORONTO.

Economy in the expenditure of a city's Finances and efficiency in all departments of civic administration should be the aim of its Chief Magistrate.

**MAYORALTY ELECTION, 1878.**

Your Vote and Influence  
ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

**JAMES BEATY, Q.C.**  
AS MAYOR FOR 1878.

ELECTION TAKES PLACE

**Monday Jan. 7, 1878.**

**XMAS.**

AND

**NEW YEARS' CARDS**

AT

"Grip" Office.

Samples by mail 10 cents.

1878. THE MAYORALTY, 1878.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

Your vote and influence at the coming election are kindly requested for

**ANGUS MCRRISON.**

The election takes place on Monday, Jan. 7th, 1878.

**GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.**

**WANTED!**

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

**J. F. DANTER, M. D.**

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

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 12th Oct., 1877.

**A**UTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON  
American invoices until further notice, 3 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,  
Commissioner of Customs.

v-5-tf

GET SEATLY, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY.

"GRIP"  
General Job Department

OFFICE

**IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,**

(One door west of the Post-office.)

Everything in the Printing line from a

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

CARDS.

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

RATES:

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

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

THE FOLLOWING ARE

**SAMPLES OF TYPE**  
FROM WHICH A CHOICE MAY BE MADE.

1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson

3

Miss Maggie Thompson

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas Jones.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

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

**BENGOUGH BROS.,**  
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, ONT.