

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE.**

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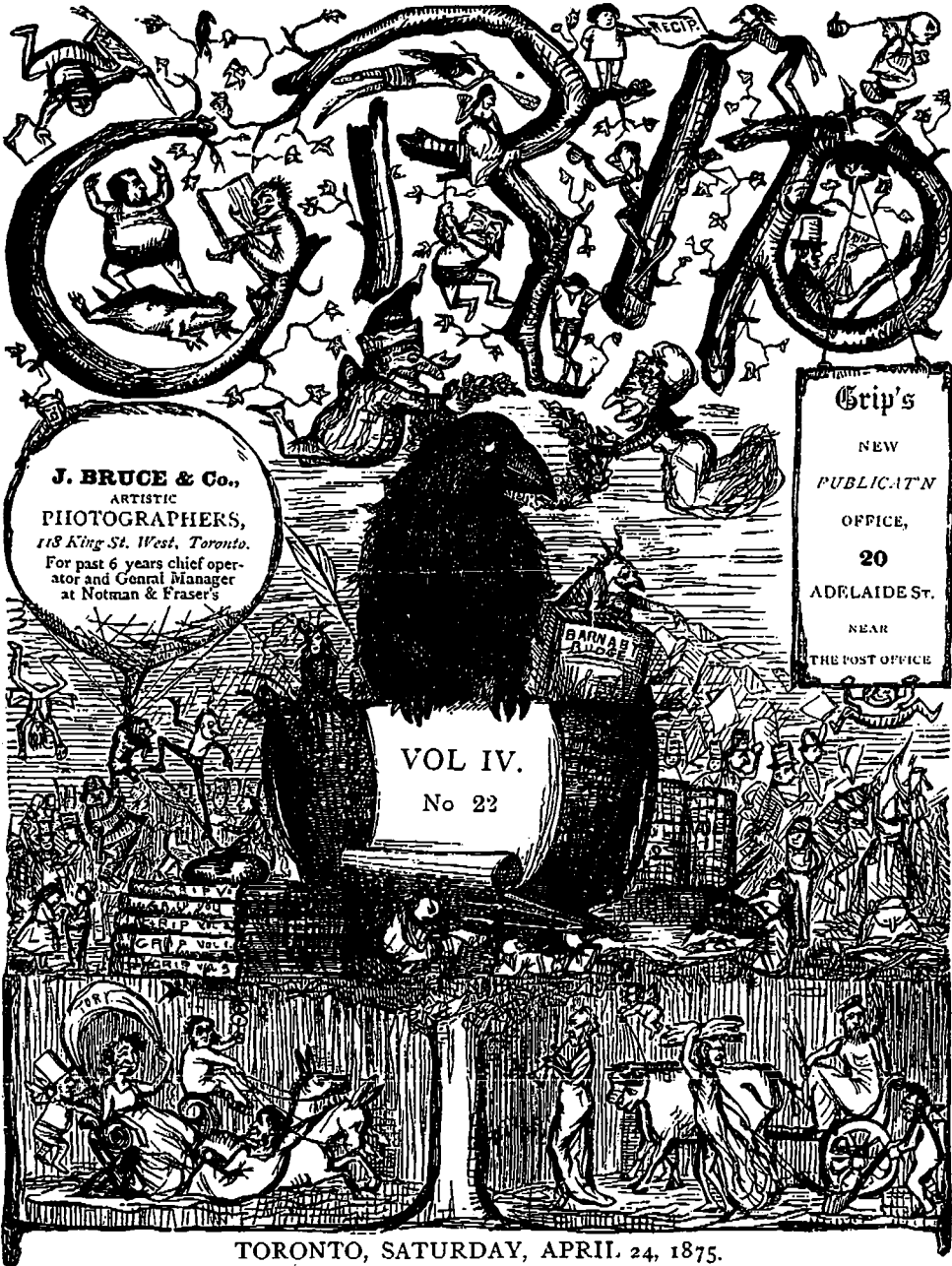
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**Grip's**  
 NEW PUBLICATION OFFICE,  
 20 ADELAIDE ST.  
 NEAR THE POST OFFICE

VOL IV.  
 No 22

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1875.

GRIP OFFICE, } The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; } 5 CTS. EACH.  
 20 ADELAIDE ST. } The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will all ways be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday.—Articles and Literary correspondences must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

CONTRIBUTIONS, when accepted will, for the present, be paid for at the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

**SIGN OF THE GOLDEN BOOT**  
 200 Yonge Street.

Gents' and Boys' Gaiters and Lace Boots, Sizes and Half Sizes, OUR OWN MAKE, down to 14, Hand Pegged and Hand Sewed. Cannot be beat for style and Quality at THE PRICE in the Dominion. Several job lots selling VERY CHEAP to make room for **SPRING GOODS!**

WHICH ARE ARRIVING EVERY WEEK. Come and see them.  
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**WANTED.**

Back Numbers of GRIP.  
 VOL. I, Nos. 10, 11, 13, 14, 19, 21.  
 VOL. III., No. 7.  
 VOL. IV., No. 5.  
 Persons having any of the above will oblige by communicating with GRIP Office, 20 Adelaide Street.

**BUY BOOTH'S CHECKER LOZENGES.**

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, APRIL 24, 1875.

## Answers to Correspondents.

J.C.H. (Hull.) Declined with thanks.

SEVERAL OTHERS. If you don't take warning, we will publish an entire number of rejected contributions before long.

C.R.B. (Walkerville.) We had already inserted some other verses on the same subject as your own, or would gladly have published them. Thanks for the rest.

JACKY PLANE. We really cannot print your quotation from Doctor Watts as an original humorism, and the remainder of your vision is of too serious a nature for our columns.

ANTI-HUMBUC. We quite agree with the advisability of exposing quack doctors, but the columns of a comic paper are hardly suited for such a purpose.

### "Solution of the Irish Problem."

To me countrymen now I am spakin',  
'Tis time ye be's up and is wakin',  
For 'tis Nicholas Flood  
Of ould Irish Blood  
Your fortunes is all after makin'.

In all this wide woorld there's no man,  
Since the dawn o' creation began,  
That cud iver see  
Except it wus me  
For to bile our pertaties the plan.

Dear byes av the Imerald Isle.  
All the fules in Creation may shmile  
And sigh—The poor grit!  
But the shtars I will hit  
Wid my pate—in magnificent shtyle.

We will scornfully trate the base slaves,  
And dig dape their infamys graves,  
Who accept a lot  
Widout glory got;  
The polthroons, the villains, the knaves.

Now moind ye well hwat I will say  
And consider discretely the way,  
Your bowld agitatur  
Wad cook the pertatur,  
And never your birthright bethtray.

And first I will rise and explane  
To your highnesses just hwat I mane  
Wid my fancy I sphy,  
But not wid my eye  
Your bodies all covered wid chane.

Be the bones of great Brian O'Linn  
(Who scorned not to disport a shapskin)  
Wid my mighty pen  
I'll out-cluck the best hen  
That e'er flutthered and fought for her kin.

My plan now I'll slip in your ear  
Hand it down to yer sons widout fear  
Assume to be make  
But be divils in chake  
An you'll dhrive the whole woorld to yer rear.

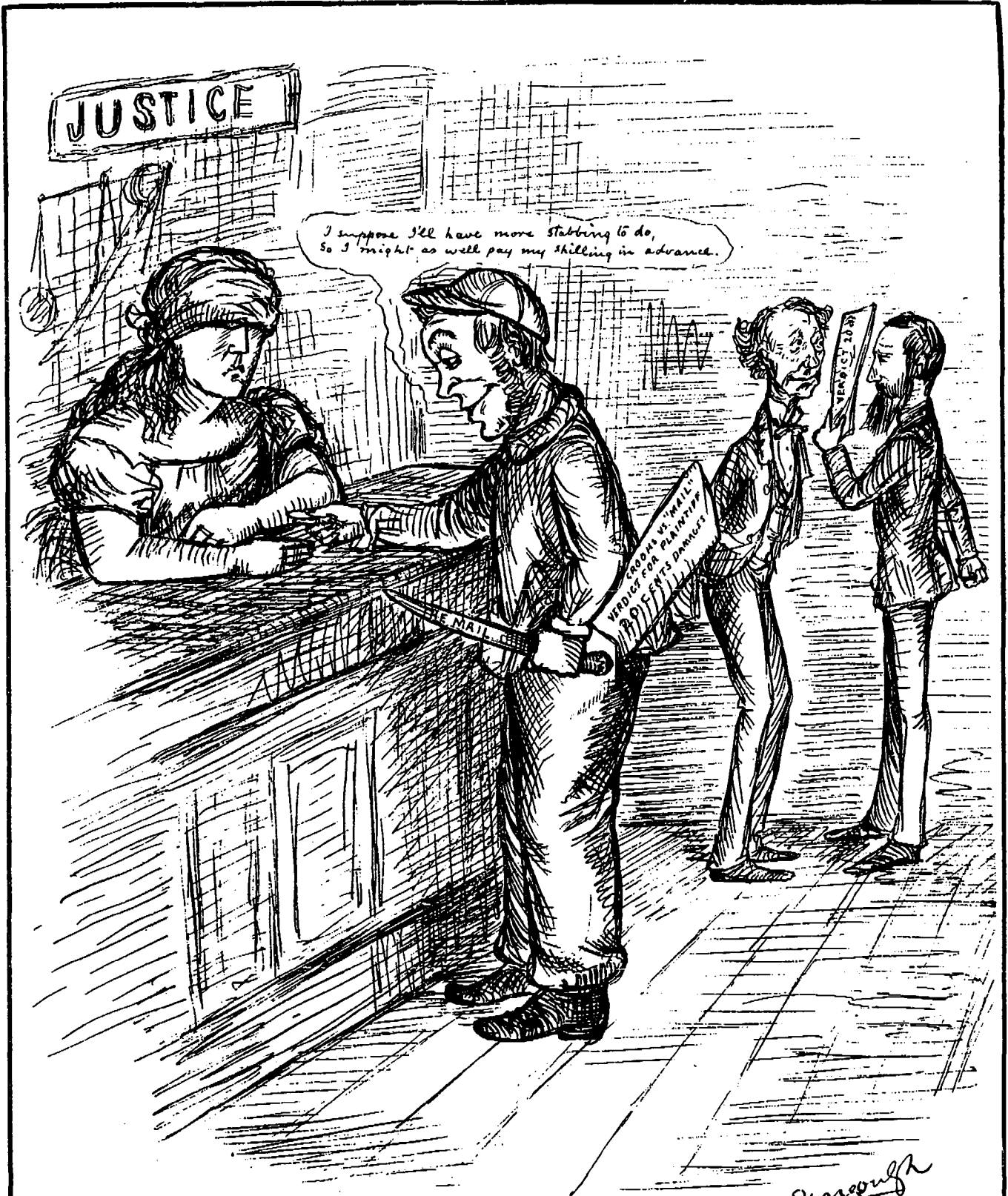
An remimber 'tis Nicholas Flood Davin  
Who your lives from base surfdom is savin',  
'To yerselves ye be true  
An he'll see you thro'  
Widout rantin', or roarin' or ravin'.

### From Our Box.

IT was a blessed relief after a course of MISS FISHER and MISS PIERSON to get back to Opera at the Royal. BALFE'S *Enchantress* was the first presented, in which MISS SALLIE HOLMAN sustained the principal character, or rather combination of characters, with her usual success. The play consists of a prologue on board ship, an interval of fifteen years, and two acts on shore. The interval was depicted with marvellous fidelity by the Orchestra. One could have thought it twenty years, and we only wondered to see every one preserve their youth after it was over, with the exception of MISS IDA CARPENTER, who had grown into MISS SALLIE HOLMAN. The interest of the play centres in a band of pirates who have a sort of veneration for the heroine, and all go ashore to follow her fortunes. They seem very amiable, mainly amusing themselves with dressing up like monks, firing guns to scare people, and occasionally singing a very pretty chorus. There is a DUKE who hires assassins to kill a rightful heir. They make a mistake and kill him. Rightful heir falls in love with the *Enchantress*. So does chief pirate. All three sing a charming trio very nicely. Pirate gives up his claim. Rest of pirates get into a boat without visible means of propulsion and sing their chorus. Chief pirate goes out in a boat and joins them, leaving Sicily in a most happy condition. The lovers are united, at least we suppose so. That's all, except that it was charmingly put upon the stage and that MESSRS. RYSE and BRANDISI as the chief pirate and rightful heir sang very well, especially the former, whose acting was also worthy of notice.

WHO or what is a *Shaughraun* and how is it pronounced? These conundrums puzzled all Toronto for days. Now we know. It is an Irish gentleman in a tattered red coat, high boots, with a fiddle in a bag on his back and an invisible dog. As to the pronunciation we are not so certain of that yet, as diversities of opinion seem to prevail, even on the stage itself. However the *Shaughraun* has furnished MR. BOUCCALUT with the title of a very good play, though not the best we have seen of his. *Robert ffolliott* (with two f's, mind) is an escaped prisoner, of the Fenian persuasion. *Captain Molineux* is an English officer in pursuit of Fenians. *Father Dolan* is guardian to *Robert*, with whom *Arte O'Neale* is in love. *Robert* has a sister *Claire* with whom the Englishman falls in love. *Corry Kinchela* is also in love with *Robert's* property. *Harvey Duff* is his factotum when anything wrong has to be done. We have described the *Shaughraun*, whose accomplishments are singing, making love to the priest's niece and producing surreptitious birds, fishes and whiskey bottles from his pockets. The *ffolliots* had once a castle. It is on a rock in the sea, where *Miss O'Neale* says her ancestors used to keep open house, a gratuitous sort of hospitality, seeing that no one could ever have got there on casual visits. The fugitive visits *Father Dolan* who is giving a small evening party, when enter the *Captain* and as many of his company as can get into the house. They arrest him, and break up the festivities. *Mr. Kinchela* visits him in prison and shows him the way to get out, considerably posting his accomplices outside with a view to shooting him. He makes a hole in the wall and the *Shaughraun* pulls him through. The latter jumps down on the factotum's back and they both get away safely. The tower makes a left half face to afford a full view of the escape, which was very prettily contrived. The second act closes with the shooting of the *Shaughraun* and abduction of *Arte* and *Moya* by *Kinchela* and his gang. Hurroo! What have we next? A real Irish wake. The body of the *Shaughraun* is decently laid out and the mourners bewail him. With a fine example of the "ruling passion" the corpse manages to abstract an old lady's whiskey, the effects of which are to revive him when every one else is gone. The *Captain* and he arrive finally in time to rescue the young woman, shoot *Kinchela* (who however revives in time to be taken into custody), frighten the factotum over a cliff and discover a royal pardon for *Robert*; *Father Dolan* pronounces a blessing on three happy couples and the curtain falls on general rejoicings. MRS. MORRISON and MR. BARNES as *Claire* and *Captain Molineux* were beyond all praise. The former acted with more than her usual ease and spirit, and the latter was a pleasant and gentlemanly British officer, the part being, by the way, a great improvement on those usual in Irish dramas, where the Englishman is brought in to be made ridiculous. MR. McDOWELL, the *Shaughraun*, is somewhat too American to suit our view of a Sligo peasant, but has plenty of humour and life. MR. COULDOCK, as the venerable *Father Dolan*, was excellent, showing much depth of feeling, which is too apt to be overlooked in pieces where the interest centres round the comic characters. MRS. LINDEN played nicely as *Arte* and MR. SAMBROOK was villainous to a degree as *Kinchela*. Altogether, the whole may be pronounced a brilliant success, barring some of the scenery.

Any other individual would have been staggered by the statement of the President of the T.G. & B. Railway, that the operations of the cordwood ring had not come to his knowledge. But GRIP sees through it at once. This gentleman has for sometime been deprived of the power of seeing, and hearing, and with a combination of Roman torquitude and modern ingenuity, has till now concealed the fact. But it should not be permitted—he might be run over by a train—his country might lose him, and what a loss that would be, our countrymen.



A HINT FOR THE "MAIL" MANAGER;  
 OR, "STABBING UNDER THE FIFTH RIB" SYSTEMATISED.

**What Editors have to Suffer!**(TELEGRAM. *Richard de Dicke, to Grip: 2 p.m. Tuesday.*)

"GRIP, old man, I was to 'do' you something this week, but, hang me, if I recollect what! 'Stonemason's strike;' or building; or mortar; almost sure there was mortar in it. Answer."

(Grip, to *Richard de Dicke: 2.15 p.m.*)

NICE fellow you are!—Thoughts on man as a stupid animal demonstrated by six hodmen at 15 cts. per hour carrying bricks up tall ladders when a "rope and pulley worked by two men etc." You'll recollect now. We want copy badly. Send up soon."

(Richard de Dicke to Grip; 7p.m. abbreviated.)

"EXACTLY. I remember. Hodmen! So it was. I don't know what you think, but it seems to me there's something in the weather adverse to literary application. Had some ideas on hodmen, I know, a day or two back, but don't know where they are now. If you look at Appleton's Cyclopaedia . . . polar waves, . . . barometric oscillations . . . intense thought injurious . . . man evidently formed for physical exercise . . . contributors to comic publications seldom live long . . . morning best time for composition . . . Hippocrates lays it down . . . Jones says I owe him his revenge at billiards . . . "give me five up". . . too much "thinking corrodes our clay." (Milton) . . . Send you something in the morning."

(Grip to Richard de Dicke: Wednesday, 9 a.m.)

"DON'T forget us. Several other contributions affected by same barometrical and sanitary influences . . . At wit's end for copy. Urgent."

(Richard de Dicke to Grip; 11 a.m.)

"POOR fellows! I sympathise with them! Know how it is myself. Feel a sort of all-overishness this morning. Believe the brewers do, as that *Mail* man hints, put horrifying things in the beer. However I beat Jones. Enclosed is a letter, (no matter how I got it,) which a leading London, (Ont.) Grit has just received from a Toronto political *confreere*. It is as entertaining as anything I could do for you in this depressing weather."

SIR JOHN MACDONALD.

"TO SUCH base uses may we come. etc!" Pious quotation.

I congratulate myself on being able to give exclusively some particulars respecting the above used up political Charlatan, who, has just sold his house and "fixings" at Kingston, preparatory to a final bolt to this most virtuous city. The great arch-corruptionist, after twenty years of nearly absolute power, is still as of old, a poor man, and (unlike MACKENZIE AND Co. when they surrender office) will be under the necessity of doing something for his living. I interviewed him last night. To my query what he intended to turn his hand to? he readily and courteously replied that on consideration it struck him there was an opening in Toronto for a writer of advertisements (in poetry and prose) for tradesmen and others who are over busy, or whose education has been neglected. "MOSES & SON, you know" he said, with a wink, "keeps a poet," and though the idea is new in these quarters I think it would take. Hereupon SIR JOHN went to a bureau, and brought out a card, and some printed specimens. The card was as follows:—

JOHN A. MACDONALD.  
SCOLLARD ST. YONGE ST.

Advertisers' poet; paragraphist; letter-writer for labourers and servant-maids; copyist: etc. etc.

For specimens see below,—A reduction on taking a quantity.

REFERENCES KINDLY PERMITTED TO HON. GEO. BROWN, Toronto. C.J. WHELLAMS, Shepherds Bush, London, England; and others.

**SPECIMENS.**

MISS RYE. It is said that MISS RYE has brought an action against MR. POOR LAW INSPECTOR DOYLE for libel in saying she cleared £5 per immigrant child. We cordially subscribe to the sentiment of our talented *cotem* the *Millhaven Gazette* that if she recovers damages she would do well to spend a portion in the purchase of one of Poodle and Boodle's single and double cross stitch treadle-worked wringing and mangling Machines. *Lobo Advocate*.

(Note. This form of "local" is very effective, and admits of many pleasing variations.

Price 50 cents each, or Twelve for \$5.

STRANGE.—It is said that Hamilton has a lady who doesn't want any jewellery, hasn't a looking-glass in the house, and wouldn't take a silk dress as a gift. She is evidently in a low state of vitality, and from what we have heard from disinterested quarters of the virtues of PROF. MACCONKEY'S Nervo-galvanic-renovating and Invigorating Syrup we have no doubt that a few bottles of it would act with magical effect on her husband's Xmas bills in the above named three branches of business. *Avondale Courier*.

(In this Style 50 cents per Stanza).

On this I ponder,  
Where'er I wonder,

And thus grow fonder  
Of Slayem's pills:  
So vitalizing!  
Before them flies in  
A pace surprising  
My stomach's ills.

Well, well, 'tis better to work for one's living than to go loafing round saloons for free drinks, and if the old rogue can pick up bread and cheese in this way, I see no objections. Yours truly. STIGGINS.

Author of Toronto by Gaslight.

**To an Excommunicating Bishop.**

Unwise ecclesiastic, know you not  
The weapon you have grasped has ever maimed;  
The hand which held it? Has your Church forgot  
They still have prospered best, 'gainst whom such  
stroke was aimed?

Who rule in Rome to-day? Are they not those  
'Gainst whom the Infallible his thunders sent?  
What says he now? "A prisoner, my foes  
In mine own palace have me closed and pent."

Would you again the harsh religious laws  
Of former ages bring into the land?  
Bethink you of each British penal clause,  
How long you pined beneath their iron band.

They are repealed. Why seek to introduce  
The angry hate which passed such laws once more,  
Why let once more the fiend of discord loose  
That wrought yourselves such injury before?

What though the journal railed? If false it said  
That falsehood would recoil. If it be true  
Thy excommunication has but spread  
Broadcast, what else had been but read by few.

**A Favorite.**

All women love me, from the giddy girl,  
About whose brow full many an errant curl  
Comes leaping downward, to the ancient maid  
Whose hair, classically severe, a braid  
Confines. Sweet eighteen, bursting into smiles,  
The steadfast matron, laughing at love's guiles;  
The sombre widow, who has plucked the tree  
Of sad experience, all alike love me!  
And I am privileged. Where woman goes  
There go I. When she is racked with woes  
I'm by her side. When merry glances dart  
And her blood leaps with joy, I feel her heart  
Thrilling beneath my touch; I press her waist  
More ardently than by lover e'er embraced.  
Fickle, but not the ficklest coquette  
Has ever dared to do without me yet.  
When in the drawing-room, I'm with her there;  
I go out with her when she takes the air;  
At night when in her couch sleep seals her eye,  
On chair or sofa in her room I lie,  
For I am privileged in many ways—  
Seeing, my friends, that I'm a pair of stays!

**Doings of Prominent Men.**

MR. GEORGE BROWN denies that he became a Tory, but confesses that late events have given him *il-liberal* tendencies.

THE *Globe* tells what MR. PATTESON said of MR. CROOKS, MR. PATTESON is going to tell us what the MESSRS. BROWN said of each other. If they agree not better, we shall soon hear what the twins of Toronto and London say of each other. How this world is given to—saying things of each other.

ON coming in sight of Toronto, MR. BLAKE remarked that it was sad to think that we seldom brought back a spotless "record" "Behold," he said, the place of my "brief" existence. But its "term" approaches. I am, however, "retained" here by many "refreshing" recollections.

MR. MACKENZIE, while in Sarnia, was observed contemplating the ruins of his former efforts at masonry. "Ah," he said, "the builders reject me; but I am noo the corner stane o' a mair important Hoose." And he went away, placidly.

MR. CROOKS lately met MR. WILLIAM MCDUGALL. The coincidence was remarkable, but it really happened that MR. WILLIAM MCDUGALL at the same moment met MR. CROOKS. Their remarks also remarkably coincided. MR. MCDUGALL said that when his character was comparatively unknown, he used to be able to find constituencies much more readily than at present. MR. CROOKS agreed that it was strange, but not uncommon, as his experience was precisely the same.

**M**RS. MORRISON'S  
**G**RAND  
**O**PERA  
**H**OUSE  
ADELAIDE STREET WEST.

MRS. MORRISON, - - - - - *Manageress*  
MR. COULDOCK, - - - - - *Stage Manager.*

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 23RD, 1875.

**MR. E. A. McDOWELL'S BENEFIT.**  
**Dion Boucicault's Great New Play**

**THE**  
**SHAUGHRAUN!**

CONN . . . . . MR. E. A. McDOWELL.

Who has purchased of DION BOUCICAULT, Esq., at an enormous expense, the right to the play in Canada.

**SHAUGHRAUN**  
**MATINEE,**

Commencing at 2.30 P. M.,

In consequence of the immense expense attend-  
the production of the above Play the Mat-  
inee prices will be 50 cents Admission.  
Children 25 cents. For all Re-  
served Seats 25 cents extra.

MONDAY, APRIL 26TH,

And every evening during the week and at

**SATURDAY MATINEE**

The celebrated English Actress,

**MRS. ROUSBY,**

Who will appear in her

**GREAT NEW PLAY**

**'TWTX**  
**AXE AND CROWN!**

King Street entrance, from east corner of  
Thomas' chop house.

Parties from Hamilton wishing to visit Mrs.  
Morrison's Grand Opera House, Toronto, can  
leave Hamilton at 5.25 p.m., arriving in Toronto  
at 7 p.m.; returning leave Toronto at 11 p.m.  
Seats may be secured by telegram to the box office.

**NOW READY.**  
The Expressman  
and  
The Detective  
By ALLAN PINKERTON.  
**Price 40 Cents.**

Dr. Newman's Reply  
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Mr. Gladstone's Pamphlet.  
**Price 20 Cents.**

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**Price 20 Cents.**  
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*Publishers,*

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**CABINET MAKERS**  
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And other Society Lodge room Furniture, carved in ac-  
cordance with the most approved designs, and unsurpassed for  
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**DIAMOND YEAST**  
**CAKE.**

**HAND-IN-HAND**  
**MUTUAL**  
**FIRE INSURANCE**  
**COMPANY.**

**Financial Statement for the Year**  
**ending Dec. 31, 1874.**

**REVENUE.**

Cash Premiums and Interest .....	\$25,486 13
<b>DISBURSEMENTS.</b>	
Claims under Policies paid .....	\$8,348 95
Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted and waiting proof .....	750 00
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Direc- tors Fees, Office Rent, &c. ....	6,192 73
Scrip Appropriation to Policy-holders of 1874, on deposit in Royal Cana- dian Bank, being forty per cent. ....	10,194 45
	\$25,486 13

W. H. HOWLAND, *President.*  
HUGH SCOTT, *Manager & Sec'y.*

Audited and found correct.  
ERNEST G. PULFORD, } *Auditors.*  
GEO. J. MAULSON. }

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TO THE TRADE ONLY

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*At Lowest Wholesale Prices.*

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