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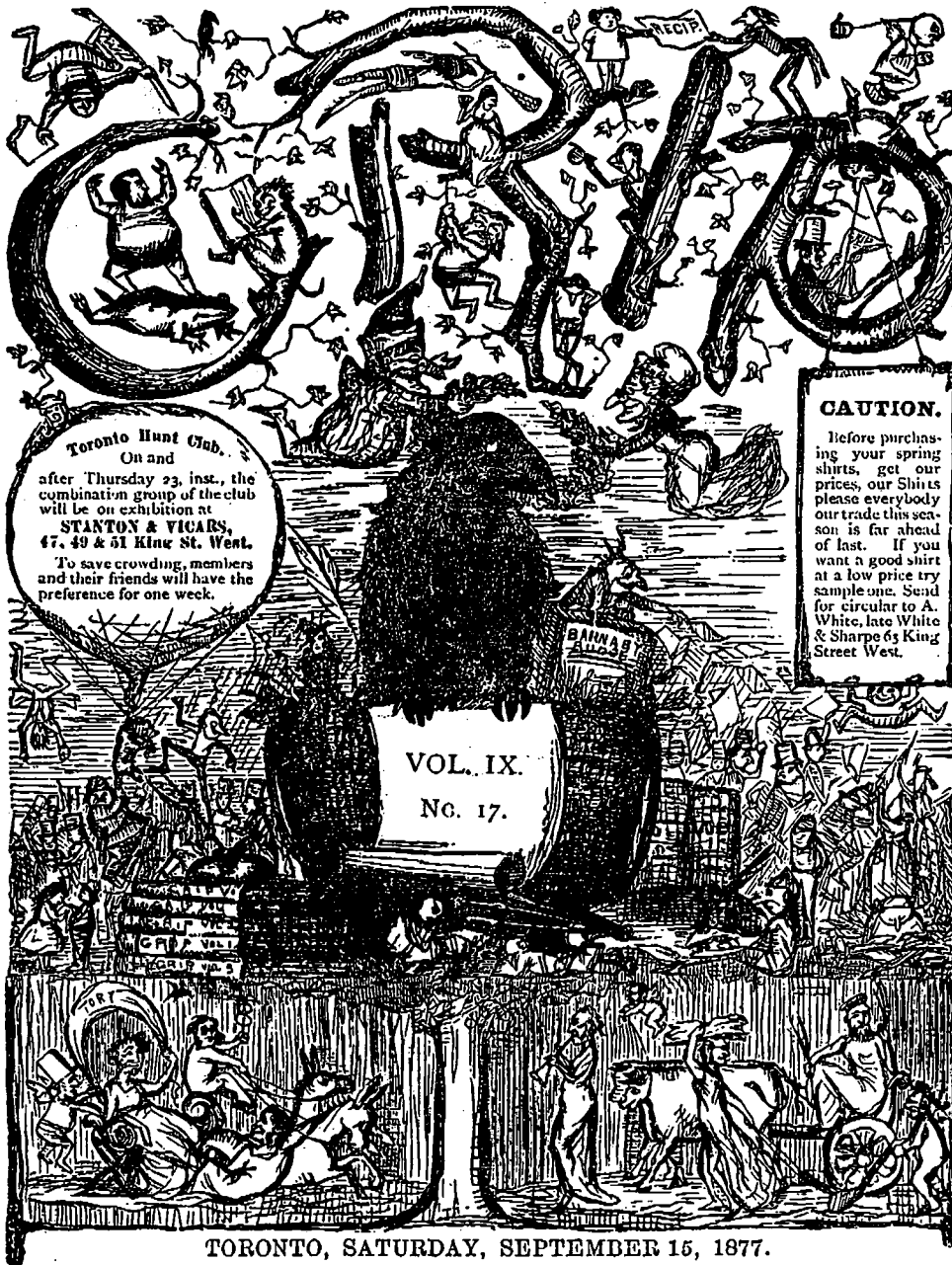
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Toronto Hunt Club.
On and after Thursday 23, inst., the combination group of the club will be on exhibition at **STANTON & VICARS, 47, 49 & 51 King St. West.** To save crowding, members and their friends will have the preference for one week.

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.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 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.

GRAND UNION PIC-NIC OF THE LIBERAL CONSERVATIVES

OF SOUTH ONTARIO, NORTH ONTARIO, AND WEST DURHAM.

At the Agricultural Grounds, Town of Whitby, Monday, September 17th.

The following gentlemen have been invited to be present and deliver addresses:—

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD.

Hon. Dr. Tupper, Hon. W. MacDougall, Hon. M. C. Cameron, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, M.P., Mr. Hector Cameron, M.P., Mr. J. B. Plumb, M.P., Mr. Masson, M.P., Mr. Mackenzie Jowell, M.P., Mr. James McDonald, of Picton, Mr. Thomas White, Jr., Hon. T. N. Gibbs, Mr. W. H. Gibbs, M.P., Mr. N. W. Brown, M.P.P.

Reduced Railway Fares To and From Whitby.

J. B. BICKELL, Chairman.

W. H. HIGGINS, Sec.

GEO. HOPKINS, Chair. Com.

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

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The place has been very much improved since last year, and is now an exceedingly attractive country home. Parties who desire a thorough charge of air, with a few weeks rest, will find this establishment a most desirable retreat.

A well appointed Coach leaves Goderich direct for the house morning and afternoon. An office of the Montreal Telegraph on the premises.

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HOUSE on Church St., south of Carlton, 8 to 12 rooms, must be first-class.

COTTAGE in St. John's Ward—5 rooms.

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 15TH SEPTEMBER, 1877.

Fair Warning.

There will be a corner in bouquets next week, on account of the advent of Miss FANNY DAVENPORT, the "beautiful American," as the English papers call her. She appears in *Pique* at Mrs. MORRISON'S.

Apropos of a Certain Challenge.

In full fighting array see R. W. stand,
Asking GEO. BROWN to knock off the chips.
If G. B. comes to time the sport will be grand.
And we bet that R. W. *phippis!*

Whiskey vs. Guttery.

GRIP cannot suppress a feeling of consuming indignation at the gross miscarriage of justice in the case of the Rev. THOS. GUTTERY, which came up at the Magistrates Court in Yorkville, on Thursday last. The Majesty of the law was never more cruelly cheated of its legitimate prey than it was on that occasion. When we take into consideration the stupendous aggravations of the offence—to which the reverend defendant actually pleaded guilty—and then contemplate the fact that he escaped punishment altogether—that he didn't have to pay any costs—we are wild with fury, and every right thinking man must feel as we do. The defendant freely admitted that he had addressed to the Anti-Dunkin procession these words, "Your Procession isn't complete; you ought to have all the poor Drunkard's wives and ragged children." We say, he frankly admitted that he had used these ruffianly and indecent words. And yet he escaped the gallows! Is this British justice? Or is it possible that the Court looked upon this as a comparatively light offence? What! Are we to understand that in this free country a man has got a right to insinuate that the wives and children of drunkards are not happy and comfortable? Has it come to this that respectable Saloon Keepers, political wire-pullers, stump orators and other tax-payers, passing along the public streets with barrels and banners in procession, can be told that whiskey is not a blessing in the abstract? If it has come to this, then we may well exclaim, Whither are we drifting? We say that the individual who would speak to such a procession ought to be made to feel the strong arm of the law, and therefore we regret that the Rev. THOS. GUTTERY was allowed to escape so easily. What right had he to make suggestions as to the procession not being complete? Was it any of his business if our managers didn't see fit to have the poor Drunkard's wives and ragged children along? Who was running that procession, anyhow? It is to be hoped that the Rev. THOS. GUTTERY, and all other persons like him, will hold their tongues in future. It may seem to them a small thing to put in a word about the "evil effects of the liquor traffic," on such an occasion, but we can tell them that it is a serious matter for us. It touches us in a tender spot, and we won't stand it. And next time anyone does the like we will see to it that he don't get off so lightly as Rev. THOS. GUTTERY did!

Scene in Court.

Application for rule. The Premier of a Dominion suing some newspaper for libel. Newspaper has said Premier is interested in certain lands near terminus of railroad. Appears Premier has no interest in lands nearer than sixteen miles of terminus.

LEARNED JUDGE.—A most unfounded libel. (To prosecuting counsel)—Take your rule, sir. (Court adjourned.)

Going home (younger to elder counsel.) I say, wouldn't a terminus profit your lands in a wilderness very considerably if it was sixteen miles off?

ELDER COUNSEL.—Young man, do not ask such questions. The Premier's course is excellent.

YOUNGER COUNSEL.—How so? Is he not, by appealing to the courts, doing away with that sort of divinity which should hedge Premiers, and which, in spite of scandals, has ever more or less encompassed them?

ELDER COUNSEL.—True; but does it not throw work our way? Will it not throw more? A Premier who steps from the boundary of privilege into the common arena accepts the liabilities of that arena. If he fell from power, who shall say that capitalists would not institute civil suits for malpractice, waste of public funds,—anything, true or false. His friends would not back him up with funds; the proceedings might ruin him, or exile him. All fat pickings for us, and for the legal fraternity.

YOUNGER COUNSEL.—One step further, and we shall go back to bar-

barism, and the days of attainder and execution. Now, I think that a Government's own newspapers should be sufficient for its defence.

ELDER COUNSEL.—Very good, my boy. But how if all the Government sheets have proved themselves quite unreliable, and only hope for the belief of those who "take but one paper!"

YOUNGER COUNSEL.—Why, I do not know what to say. I fear the prospects are not cheering for the country.

ELDER COUNSEL.—The prospects are very cheering for our blue bags. Hang the country! *Vive la loi.*

The Commissioner and the Injun.

(As it may be expected.)

SCENE.—A plain in the North-west. Present, the Hon. Mr. MILLS, examining at a rather cautious distance at an extremely big, ugly, cross-looking specimen of an Indian, with various weapons fastened about him in all directions, to keep out of line of the muzzles of which appears the Commissioner's present principal object in life.

HON. MR. MILLS.—You are Sitting Bull?

SITTING BULL.—Dat my name. Big Injun. Great warrior. Much scalp! Who you? Got any scalp? Ugh! (Comes forward rapidly.)

HON. MR. MILLS.—(Backing with equal rapidity.)—Be quiet, my friend. I am the Canadian Commissioner, come to treat with you—

SITTING BULL.—(Yells.)—Karamashee wo hau-u-u-u-u!—My brudder come treat! Where fire-water? (Dances around Commissioner.)

MR. MILLS.—Stand still, please, do! I am here to make a treaty of peace with you, that you may go home again.

SITTING BULL.—Injun at home now! He home all places. What white man want in his home? Ugh! (pulls out very big knife.)

MR. MILLS.—Put away that ugly sharp thing, do. I am your friend; will give you presents.

SITTING BULL.—What presents? Mind you not have two tongues, else might not have one scalp. What give SITTING BULL?

MR. MILLS.—If I find you are a good Indian I will give you blankets, beads, axes, lots of things.

SITTING BULL.—Give gun, powder, bullets, knife—give em quick! Ugh!

MR. MILLS.—I will give you all this if I find you a good Indian.

SITTING BULL.—Me good Injun. Me take lot scalp. Scalp pole in lodge full up—warrior scalp, squaw scalp, pickaniny scalp, papoose scalp. Give SITTING BULL presents—he take scalp for you—lots scalp—take lot for you round here easy—people farming, not see SITTING BULL coming. Want scalp? say-y-y-y! (flourishes tomahawk near Commissioner's nose.)

MR. MILLS.—If you do not be quiet and sit down, I shall go away and you will get no presents.

SITTING BULL.—(squats down with a bang.) Now, white man, talk. SITTING BULL'S ears are open.

MR. MILLS.—(gets into attitude.) Red man of the Prairie, I am a philosopher. I proceed on principles. It is necessary to know whether it is safe to send you back. I must know your moral character and ideas. Do you want Free Trade?

SITTING BULL.—Yes! Do! Want no agents—rascals—thieves. Want Free Trade! Every man come sell Injun much fire-water, powder, gun, ball—as he like.

MR. MILLS.—Very true. Restrictions on traffic are highly injudicious, as this child of the forest—this noble savage—perceives with that intuitive perception native to the mind untrammelled by the chains of Protected a-es. You have said well. And say. Are you one of those who would encourage home manufactures, or would you, as your noble appearance and intelligent eye tells me, rather buy from foreign nations what they make, with the rude products of your own soil, enforced, unhot-housed? Would you rather trade for goods or make them?

SITTING BULL.—I trade! No! I catch beaver, buffaloe, deer, sell skins for all things. I no want make goods here—no know how, no want to learn how I want buy wild skin—catch heap skins, sometimes.

MR. MILLS.—(extremely elated.)—He is—I knew he was—it is the impulse of our glorious nature—a FREE TRADER! Say, would you crush out Home Manufacturers.

SITTING BULL.—What they?

MR. MILLS.—People who would build factories and teach your sons to work in them, and make things?

SITTING BULL.—Work in factories? Me! My people! Show 'em to SITTING BULL! Take all their scalp! No want factories—no want work! Yes, I help crush 'em.

MR. MILLS.—Thus speaks the voice of nature, even in the untutored wild, and far from the haunts of civilized man. It is the Great Principle. How little, now, would this child of nature agree with those who would cover this broad land with chimney and forge, wheel and spindle. He would leave it in its glorious natural condition, and sell its surface products to the toilers of other lands. And so would I! Down with Home Manufacturers! Why, he is even farther advanced than MACKENZIE—farther than CARTWRIGHT! I will give him presents! I will send him back safe! He is a man and a brother. (Breaks into exultant war-dance of his own. SITTING BULL joins in, yelling tremendously; scene closes.)



PREPARING TO GO BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

(A STRICTLY PRIVATE CABINET SCENE.)

The Bread Nuisance.

The music sudden ceased to sound,
And on her stool she twisted round,
Then sprang to meet him with a bound.
'Twasn't her lover, (don't confound
My sense) it was her father, browned
By toil a, person much renowned
On ships, and often nearly drowned,
And then to him in grievous tones this mournful lady said,
"Papa, pray tell me what we are to do for want of bread."

The father modern was, and wise,
So imprecated not his eyes,
Shivered his timbers not likewise,
As ancient sailors, but surprise
He showed, and said, "There was a rise,
I know, but still a cheque of size
I left to last, if you were wise,"
Then struck an angry attitude, "Now Miss, just tell me true,
What have you gone and done with all that cash I left with you?"

"It is not that," the lady said,
"I cannot buy their nasty bread,
The papers I have lately read:
It's full of things alive and dead,
Dirt, sweat, and emanations dread!
Abominations, and it's said,
That with their feet they do it tread,
And all bake-houses horrid are, and stinking, close and small,
Oh no, I never, never can, eat it again at all."

He said, "You've got no appetite,
A trip to sea would set you right,
You'd gobble soon all you could bite,
But here, why not?—I think you might
Buy flour, (this year it's good and white,)
And bake your loaves up nice and light,
Your mother used to do it right,
But if you do, mind this, you'll have to bake yourself, I say,
For not another blessed girl can I afford to pay."

"Oh that would be extremely low,"
She said, "to work oneself, you know,
And all the folks with whom I go,
I'm sure there's none of them do so.
'Twould them into convulsions throw,
If I appeared all over dough,
And what a story soon would grow,
It's horrid mean; to look at bread just makes me crawl all through,
I wish the nasty printers wouldn't print such things, I do."

The Two Visions.

IN the sonorous realms of night the quill-driver had lost himself. In his dreams he still faintly recollected stray scraps from "Wife No. 19," "The Horror of Mormondom," and kindred works, which he had been perusing before sinking to rest. There floated before his slumbering mind's eye also a dim telegram telling of "The fall of LUCIFER, green corn, inflammation and widows." Suddenly his inner life seemed transported to the Plutonian kingdom, and hovered on the banks of the Acheron. OLD CHARON and his boat were there, ready to ferry over the souls of the departed. The man of the pen started back with a shudder and tried to pinch himself. Could it be that he had died and was now about to— No, he was sure that upon closing his mortal eyes forever a different sight would greet him on the other side of the great bourne—and yet— Just then a gentle hand was laid on his shoulder, and a voice whispered "Fear and marvel not. Note what thou seest."

Then the boat was drawn to the shore. The old ferryman helped a spirit in for the purpose of wafting it to the other shore. The old man whispered to the ghost "Whence, passenger, and who art thou?" "My name is YOUNG. I'm checked from Salt Lake City, said the shadow. But whither, O, strange being, are you conveying me?"

"P-st!" replied the grim ferryman, as he stroked his long white beard and then spat on his hands preparatory to performing his task at the oars. "P-st! Not so loud. Seest thou the dark waters beneath thee? Dip but thy finger-tips into the flood as we glide along, and see how sweet oblivion would seem. Could thou but sink beneath the stern surface, then were forgetfulness and utter annihilation thine. But it is decreed that thou shalt suffer for the deeds in the body—what they were I know not; my task is to deliver thee unto the demons on the other shore. There you will find your portion of gnashing, and the sting which dieth not, meted out to thee."

The ex-Prophet hid his face in his hands, and sank into a corner of the boat. From the other shore came the echo of an exultant chorus whose burden was "This sting is memory!" "Alas" cried he, "In vain I congratulated myself that, for better or worse, I had at least

escaped from that greatest of punishments upon earth which I endured there. The remembrance of what I suffered will bow me down in anguish where I could otherwise stand torture in eternity."

"What, my friend, were thine misfortunes," asked the old man, curiously.

"Were you ever married—have you ever experienced the tyranny of a woman?" asked the ex-Prophet. He saw the old gentleman gasp with astonishment, and continued, "Of course I might have known you never invested in the matrimonial market or you would be bald-headed like I am, and would never have been promoted to this job for years. But do you remember ferrying any poor mortal over who was a doubly or a triply married man?"

"Lemme see," pondered CHARON; "yes, now I remember, one the other day. His name was BINKS from Chicago. He said he was a bigamist, and he was singing hallelujahs to escape from his hard fate. I pitied him when I remembered that he could never forget."

"You pitied him!" eagerly cried the ex-Prophet. "Then, old friend, what must be your compassion for me who have been married to *nineteen* of those critters that make life miserable!"

"Nineteen!" blankly echoed the old man.

"Nineteen," repeated the ex-Prophet. "Such a hurricane of appeals for new bonnets when cash was tight and times hard!" He drew his ghostly fingers over his head with emotion. "Such bickerings over silks, striped stockings, *etcetera ad infinitum*; such jealousies, reproaches, and rough-and-tumble bouts! And then the hundreds of little ones, that wanted rattles, pinafores, shoe-tacks, and such—and the fearful time in keeping track of which is which. Oh, I longed to escape it all, and forget. And now my last hope is dashed. I suppose they'll be following me next to make me miserable."

A resolute and benevolent smile flitted over the face of the ferryman as he said, "Thou hast moved me; we are rapidly nearing the other side, but there is no one to see us yet; accidentally tumble over-board, and I'll invent an excuse for landing without a cargo."

There was a shout of delight, a splash, and then the vision. CHARON, boat, river, all were as gone to the sleeping quill-driver. Presently a light hand was again placed on his shoulder, a voice whispered "Look," and another scene presented itself.

A muffled stranger approached the gate before which ST. PETER sat nodding (for lack of employment, as the people of the earth were getting worse.)

"Ah," said the saint, starting up, "where is thy passport for entrance here? Who art thou, and whence comest thou?"

The spirit bared itself before the questioner and tremblingly whispered something.

"What thou! Thou who didst set thyself up as a false teacher, and whose whole life record is filled with suspicious transactions?"

"But," pleaded the spirit, "I know I was an insane fool. But have I not been sufficiently punished for my misdeeds?"

"Ah," mused PETER. "Let me hear of your punishment."

"I have been married to *nineteen* daughters of the sinful earth, and furnished wool for them all to pull."

"Nineteen!" gasped ST. PETER. "Poor spirit, your punishment has been severe indeed. Walk right—"

Just then the dreamer awoke with a start, feeling sure he had found out the secret of becoming a martyr. But whether BRIGHAM YOUNG was allowed to enter the gate or not, he is not quite prepared to say. For a satisfactory conclusion to ST. PETER'S unfinished sentence we refer all to their commentaries.

Political Probabilities.

THE question that now agitates the Political Circles is, What are they going to do with CAUCHON? MR. MACDOUGALL who is a strong believer in the adage, *History repeats itself*, is of opinion that the fragment Frenchmen will be sent up to govern the North West; that the people of the North West will repel him from their gates; that he will return with his heart full of gall and bitterness against MACKENZIE & Co. and proceed to issue pamphlets exposing the corruption and perhaps treason of the government; that he will then turn around and eat the aforesaid pamphlets, and finally settle down to the humble but honest avocation of boot-black to the Grits.

Sir John's Wit.

AT the Essex Picnic SIR JOHN addressed his hearers as "intelligent," and then told them that HE had passed the bill for the Secularisation of the Clergy Reserves, and that the Reform Party had opposed that measure! No doubt while making this statement, the (honorable) gentleman's phiz wore that "curiously comical expression" which the London *Free Press* reporter describes so graphically.

PUNISHMENT.—At a late picnic demonstration SIR JOHN was drawn and quartered by his own friends. The Grits think that was too good for him; they would like to see him choked—so long as it isn't on the loaves and fishes of office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

**PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION,
QUEBEC,**

Sept. 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st.

Tickets will be issued from all Stations west of Montreal to parties attending the above, at single fare, good to go on 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st, and to return up to 22nd September.

JOSEPH HICKSON,
General Manager.

Montreal, Sept. 5th, 1877.

1823. SEND FOR 1878.
THE
NEW YORK OBSERVER

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TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders addressed to the Hon. the Commissioners of Public Works, will be received until noon on Saturday, the 15th inst., for the supply of One Thousand feet of Carbolized Rubber Hose, 2 1/2 inches internal diameter, 4-ply with 5-ply and capped ends, for fire hydrants, and Allen's brass screw couplings (works patent) complete, also two brass nozzles, 1 1/4 inch bore, to be delivered at the Asylum for the Insane, Toronto, on the 1st of October next. The hose to be tested at the Water-works hydrants in the grounds before payment. Tenders will also be received for three hand hose reels of approved pattern, to be stated in the tender; one reel to be delivered at the Central Prison and two at the Asylum. The reels to hold 500 feet of hose each, and to be constructed in a substantial and satisfactory manner.

Department of Public Works, Ontario.
Toronto, Sept. 7, 1877.



TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS

Addressed to the Hon. the Commissioner of Public Works, will be received UNTIL NOON on

Saturday, the 15th inst.

For the construction of a

Cheese Factory, Drying House,

&c., at the School of Agriculture, Guelph.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Toronto, and at the School of Agriculture, Guelph, where forms of tender can be procured on application.

The bona fide signatures of two sureties to be attached to each tender.
The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

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Non-Explosive Oil Stoves

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CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 24th August, 1877.

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I. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

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A. ELKIN IS IN TOWN WITH HIS

letter Copying Book and Ink copies letters without press brush or water. St. James Building, Room 11 46 Church St. next to King St. - Agents wanted.

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The above commodious and centrally located house combines all Modern Appointments, Steam Heating, etc. Affords Excellent Accommodation at Moderate Rates.

Having reduced its figures from \$2 to \$1.50 per day.

M. A. TROTTER, PROPRIETOR.
F. HUGGINS, and A. M. CARDIGAN, MANAGERS.
N.B. - Omnibus free.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.

The Printer's Miscellany will be ready for delivery in about two weeks. The subscription lists and accounts were lost in the fire of 20th June. Subscribers whose term of subscription had not expired will please send their names, addresses, amounts paid, and date of subscription, as soon as possible. Those whose term ended with the June number should lose no time in renewing, otherwise considerable difficulty will be experienced in securing back numbers. The paper will only be sent to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance. Subscriptions and advertisements respectfully solicited.

HUGH FINLAY,
Editor and Proprietor.

St. John, N. B.

REMOVAL.

"Grip" wishes to return his best thanks to the people of Canada for their liberal patronage heretofore, and to inform them that he has removed to more extensive premises, in that very handsome Stone Front edifice, erected last summer, now known as the

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

WHICH IS

One Door West of the Post Office.

Where he is prepared to execute all Orders, 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

Mr. Thomas James.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron Ed. 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.