

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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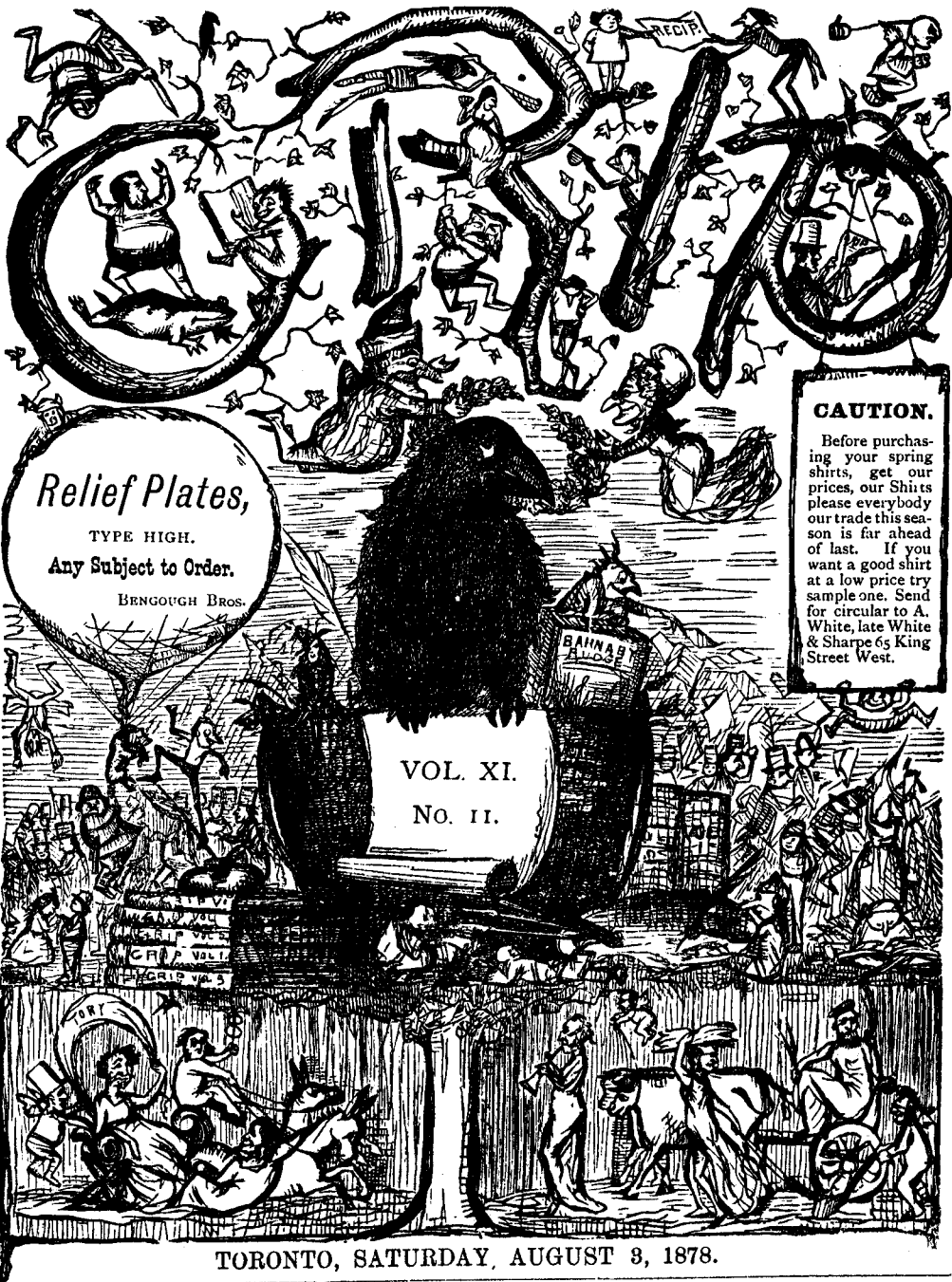
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CAUTION.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878.

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

TO PLEASURE SEEKERS.—During the Season of 1878, commencing on the first day of June, the Steamer "EMPRESS OF INDIA"

—WILL MAKE TRIPS TO—
Oakville, Mimico, Port Credit, Burlington Beach, Oaklands Pleasure Grounds, Hamilton, Whitby, and the Celebrated Grimsby Camp Grounds.

at stated intervals. MOONLIGHT EXCURSIONS will also be given during the warm weather. Due notice will be given in the daily papers several days in advance to give everyone an opportunity to make their arrangements.
In order to place this opportunity within the reach of all, **Family ticket Books are issued at \$10.00 and \$6.00, the former contains 100 tickets and the latter 50 tickets each,** and each ticket is available for one passage to any of the points named above.
Extraordinary inducements are offered to excursion parties. Sunday Schools wishing to hold their festivals at Mimico Grove, Oakville etc., can get full particulars on application. All trips from Custom House Wharf, foot of Yonge St., calling at Queen's Wharf. Further information at the office on wharf.
C. J. McCUAIG, Manager.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

\$1.50

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F. P. G. TAYLOR.

xi-ti-3m.

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NEAR GODERICH, ONT.

This popular Summer Resort, situated on the high banks of Lake Huron, is now open for the season.

Encouraged by its past success and the increasing demand for room, the subscriber has added an extensive westerly wing, making the establishment one of the largest in the country and now having accommodation for

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Amongst other improvements is the completion of the spacious DINING ROOM 100 x 40, capable of seating 300 persons.

As the house will be conducted this year entirely without the sale of Spiritous Liquors, it will be found more suitable than ever for families as a quiet country home.

Circulars giving full information can be obtained at "GRIP" office, Toronto, or further particulars by addressing

J. J. WRIGHT, Proprietor.

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, 3RD AUGUST, 1878.

Prof. John A., the Wizard.

GRIP takes pleasure in announcing the opening of the National Amphitheatre, the coolest place of amusement in the city. It is situated on James street, and has seating capacity for several thousands of persons, and standing room for thousands more. The great card of the management for the ensuing season is the engagement of the world renowned political wizard, Professor JOHN A., who is announced to appear in a series of his wonderful illusions. It is not our intention here to expatiate upon the cleverness of this great artist, as that is already well known to our readers—and, besides, this puff is not paid for. We may, however, say that he professes to be able to perform all the standard tricks of the sleight of hand business; besides many never before attempted or even thought of by anybody in the profession of state-craft. His programme embraces, (1) the well-known hat-trick, in which the professor takes an empty hat, and by merely giving it a shake, fills it to overflowing with promises, which he distributes indiscriminately throughout the audience to merchants, manufacturers, millers, farmers, ship builders, coal owners, etc., etc. These promises are produced without the slightest trouble, and the supply can be kept up to an indefinite extent; (2) the great money trick, in which the professor by the simple twist of the wrist can snatch money out of the empty air, or out of contractors, railways, etc., the only condition being that he is permitted to occupy a seat in a cabinet; (3) on this easy condition he also professes to be able to perform the mystifying flower-trick of the India jugglers, i.e., by the word of command to make a barren and broken down country blossom like the rose; to transform a miserable, languishing plant into a beautiful and fruitful tree; (4) the bewildering and astounding trick known as the inexhaustible bottle, in which the professor pours all sorts of Tariffs (to suit all tastes) out of one and the same National Policy bottle. This feat is so truly remarkable that we have thought it worthy of illustration in our cartoon. These are but a few of the illusions that will be presented, and we advise all who can possibly do so to attend every performance given at the National Amphitheatre. Admission free; Grits half price, if they behave themselves. No encores allowed; parties with bouquets admitted at back gate.

Mayor Beaudry's Reply

TO THE REPORTER WHO ASKED FOR THE NAMES OF THE SPECIALS.

Vat! you vant ze names of my men?
Ze names, sare, I shall not tell!
Vat good is it? Vat is to gain?
No, sare, you can quick go to—vell,
I shall not gif *vous* ze names!

I will gif *vous* ze taste of my fist—
I vant not ze *Vitness* to sell;
If you must haf ze constable list
You can't get it here—go to—vell,
Go to ze books in ze prisons!

Long Ago.

It was many thousands of years back, that a learned pundit of the East, calmly pacing in his garden, smoking an enormous chibouque, his head decorated with a fez of surpassing brilliancy, and wearing a magnificent caftan of silver-laced cloth of gold, espied in the path before him a lizard, whom he at once knew to be a transformed prince. "Alas," he said, "is this the fate of the once magnificent Ali-dbn-Alexarxis? Has his greatness sunk to this? How often in his father's courts have I gayly inhaled the odoriferous breath of the winds of Araby, and the air heavy with perfumes? How often has he—even the prince himself—loaded me with favours? And to think that it is in my power to restore him to his former condition, and in some measure to prove my gratitude! But that would not be fashionable." He then killed the lizard and continued his meditations.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE has been appointed Governor General, to succeed Earl DUFFERIN. This is the result of the machinations of GEORGE BROWN and MACKENZIE for the further extension of their atrocious system of Scottish Ascendency, isn't it Brother BOYLE?

Whether Wise, Weather Wise, or Otherwise?

—Old query.

"There will be snow at the end of July."—*Venor's Almanac.*

MISLEADING prophet, one who much perspires,
Fainting 'neath cloudless Sol's persistent fires,
Drank of iced-mild and gripping lemonade,
And sought in vain for comfort and for shade.—
The blithe mosquito, his untiring foe,
Sang in his ears wherever he might go,
The mangy cur, what time he found to spare
From scratching fleas, howled from his secret lair—
The wakeful T. cat, boot and bottle proof,
Put up his back and yowled upon the roof,
While quickly to the scratch with eyes aflame,
And angry spit, his jealous rival came,
While Tabby, so demure and sleek by day,
With horrent far rushed in to join the fray.
All things that buzz, or hum, or fly, or creep,
Conspired to banish ease and murder sleep.
By day no comfort and at night no rest,
One hope alone brought solace to his breast,
He bought an almanac at trifling cost
And there he saw predicted "look for frost."
Panting and faint he dreamed relief was nigh,
And blessed chills should cheer him in July;
Expectant thus, tho' baffled oft', he bore
The thermal wave, the mercury's boiling score,
The melted collar and the dripping brow,
Alas! alas! all hope is melted now!—
What shall the seer's betrayed believers do
When they have found his promises untrue?—
The useless struggle and revolt is o'er,
Helpless we yield—the glass marks ninety-four—
And thus in mute despair accept our fate,
Since VENDOR we no longer venerate.

July 31.

Property Owners' Association.

FIRST PROPERTY OWNER.—The Council are rascals—(applause)—thieves—(hear)—scends—(hear, hear)—villains—(Hooray, that's so.) They have taken your substance—(so they have)—and appropriated it to their own purposes—(Yes)—and now would by a twenty-six mill rate squeeze from you the last drop of your life-blood, which they had overlooked before. (Hear, hear). They would rob you, plunder you, waste the plunder, and destroy in vile and midnight orgies the proceeds of the robbery. (Hear, hear). (\$600 at the saloon). They are worse than assassins—(hear)—desperadoes—(applause)—braves—(hear)—buccaneers, pirates, Malays, infidels, Turks. (Hear, hear, hear). We must make a beginning—(hear)—we must put an end to it. (Applause). Our living and our lives are at stake—(hear)—and the reptiles of corruption must be driven from the City Hall which they have profaned. (Applause).

SECOND P. O.—They are worse than our fancy painted them; they're horrid, they're malign. (That's so). They never committed a good action. (Hear). They lie awake in the night planning wickedness. All their imaginations are utterly evil continually. (Yes). They are the bloated consumers of a thousand bonuses; the pampered feeders on rates, the fattened gobblers of appropriations. (Tremendous applause). Let us have 'em out! Let them leave the edifice they have profaned, and abandon the office for which they have proved themselves unfit. Down with 'em even to the dust, and let the place as knew 'em know 'em no more. (Hear, hear, hear, hooray).

THIRD P. O.—We had better now discuss what measures had better be taken to remedy these evils, and bring our finances to a better state, how to economise in various points, and so on—(Interruption)—Why, is not this?

FOURTH P. O.—No, no, no—Abuse the present ones all you like; never mind suggestions; the object is to get 'em out next time. Some of us want to get in—

FIFTH P. O.—And to have a good time.

SIXTH P. O.—And not too many suggestions of economy.

SEVENTH P. O.—Nor statements about particular salaries—abuse 'em in general.

THIRD P. O.—I understand, gentlemen. I must say that a more vile and degraded race than the present misguided habitues of the City Hall never drew the breath of life. Corruption stinks in all their ways; it is odorous in all their walks. Vice has been dwelling within their gates, and all the evils which follow incapacity will follow this misguided city until she drives them from office, and fills their places with honest men.

NINTH P. O.—Like some of us. (Hear, hear, hear, hear, hear.)

MR. MOB, the popular governor of Montreal, has excommunicated GRIP. History repeats itself. Wasn't the Jackdaw of Rheims also cursed with bell and book because he had the right ring about him?

AT YORKVILLE, MAY 26, 1878.
 "WHAT I CONTEND FOR IS A RECIPROcity OF TRADE, OR A RECIPROcity OF TARIFFS, BETWEEN CANADA AND AMERICA."
 PROF. JOHN A.

JULY, 1878.
 TO JOHN BOYD, St John.
 "I HAVE NEVER PROPOSED AN INCREASE, BUT ONLY A READJUSTMENT OF TARIFF."
 PROF. JOHN A.



THE GREAT POLITICAL CONJURER.

"ALL SORTS OF WINE POURED OUT OF ONE AND THE SAME BOTTLE."

It is Cooler.

WHAT was the happiness of mortals, what their delight, how great their enjoyment, when the weather changed. How much greater was that of GRIP, far superior in strength of joy and sorrow to ordinary beings! He had been fried, frizzled, boiled, roasted, steamed, burnt, gridironed. The sun had done him to a crisp; the hot wave of the simoon which for weeks rolled over Toronto had parched him to a shadow. It grew cool. He revived; he expanded; he lived. Once again for him the bell rang for dinner; once more it was of use to spread him breakfast in a shady spot. He had collapsed; he was useless; he could do nothing. He is swelling visibly, he is brimming over with pictures, with poems, with delightful dramas, burlesques, *jeux d'esprit*. They shall all shortly appear. Subscribe.

Dizzy to the Queen.

VICTORIA, weave no wreath for me
Or weave it of my Cypress tree.
Wait till a few brief months are past
And I have humblygged you my last.

Oh had but GLADSTONE ruled the work,
And we ourselves repressed the Turk;
Had we the Christian rescuers been,
Come Russ or Turk, we stood to win.

But ah, for us, the ones in place,
To list to Outs were blank disgrace.
No, no, the world may sink in night,
Ere we from Lib'ral's learn what's right.

What have we now?—why Russia's got
What we declared still she should not.
We feared in Asia her advance,
And there we've giv'n her every chance.

Our Indian territories lay
In fear, we shouted, of her sway,
She such possessions held before.
Alas, she's doubled them and more!

The Turk, we swore, we'd keep intact.
Alas, he's all to pieces cracked!
Divided all his goods and pelf—
The om'nous Cypress for ourself.

His Cyprus Cypress now shall be,
My glory's black funeral tree—
Well if of Britain it be not
Her hatchment when she's gone to pot.

Then, lady, weave no wreath for me,
Or weave it of my Cypress tree.
When some few months their course have run
You'll see what 'tis I've been and done.

The Montreal Uncommercial Traveller.

THE WEST, July 30.

Messrs. Orange, Green & Co.,
Merchants, Montreal.

DEAR BOSSES:—It's no use; it is played out; we can't do any more business in this locality; the 12th of July has done the business for us. I am strapped. I am coming home on the next freight train, having arranged to be smuggled aboard by a good Samaritan brakeman, who thus befriends me on condition that I shall take the first opportunity to assault BEAUDRY when I arrive. It is now two weeks since I bade you an affectionate farewell, and I need not assure you that I have worked hard every day since. But as I remarked in the outset, it's no use. I haven't done a cent's worth of business, and have got away with the \$700 you gave me, in treats and other necessary expenses. The first customers I struck, were BLUDGEON & Co., our old friends in Belleville. I entered their establishment in my usual genial, smiling manner—the manner which has won for me the reputation of being the best salesman on the road. Old BLUDGEON himself met me, and I was immediately struck with his changed manner. Gentlemen, he met me coldly. He saluted me with a tremendous scowl, and pointed his fat finger to the floor, without saying a word. I stopped, and gazed into his face with an enquiring expression of countenance. We stood thus facing each other for perhaps an hour or so, and then the old man gave a peculiar, low whistle. A powerful looking porter instantaneously appeared, and the next thing that I remember is gathering myself and my samples together from the road in front of BLUDGEON & Co's, and hearing words to this effect, "We'll dale no more wid Monthrchall, or anny city that

wud call in the army to defend thim blaggards av Orangemin!" I was ill for a couple of days after this little fall out. Enclosed you will find a small medical account. I left Belleville, with my feelings and my back much hurt, and next arrived at Kingston. Here I felt sure of at least Christian treatment. I had only one firm to call on—that of BOYNE & DERRY, a house that has always received me with marked kindness. I made my call at a convenient hour in the forenoon, but was surprised to find no person in the office. Expecting the proprietors in shortly, I leaned comfortably against the counter and wiled away the time with a copy of the *Daily News*. I cannot say how long I had been there, for in fact I had fallen asleep, but I know I was rudely aroused by receiving a succession of the most stunning kicks from the rear. The infuriated individuals who had attacked me—it was BOYNE and DERRY themselves I afterwards discovered—gave me no time to recover myself, but ejected me clean from their premises in this humiliating and painful manner, accompanying their atrocious assaults with profane expressions, and vows that they would never more do business with any firm located in a city that "trampled on the civil and religious liberty av the loyal British subject, an was ruled be such a wretch as BEAUDRY an his mob av cut-throat jail-birds."

But why need I detail my persecutions further. Suffice it to say that my commercial experience for the entire fortnight was just a repetition of this treatment three or four times a day. And not only in my business capacity did I suffer, but in every other way. It was in vain that I placed my boots in the hall to be blacked, on retiring at night. I always found them in the morning just as I left them, for the boys got wind of the fact that I was from Montreal. The waiter-girls in the dining-room also grew cold towards me, and never noticed my smiles as they used to before the 12th of July. My private friends in the various towns cut me dead, and the young ladies—even that one in Napanee—passed me by with scorn in the public street. I never ventured out to church on Sundays, for fear the pastor should point me out to illustrate his sermon on the degeneracy of Montreal. I return home, gentlemen, broken in spirit, in pocket, and in bones; never more to go on the road as the representative of your house. And in conclusion let me say most emphatically that a Move has got to be made in this matter; somebody will have to move, either the British Constitution, Mayor BEAUDRY, or the firm of ORANGE, GREEN & Co.

YOUR WRETCHED TRAVELLER.

The Amphitheatre.

Oh, come to the wooden erection they've made
And hear them discussing the question of trade,
If JOHN A. or MACKENZIE, the Out and the In,
Are the soundest on question of making of tin.

Now, the worst of the business, as all of you see
Is, a question of trade it's got too much to be,
Not the trade of the country, however, at all
But the traffic in offices greater or small.

If the men would come forward—the men whom we know
Can't be purchased by office or salary, though
They were doubled or trebled, why Canada then
Would believe in trade questions discussed by such men.

But the worst of it is, though such men we may know,
All the grabbers around scarcely give them a show,
And the question of trade is too often, good friends,
A mere trading for office and personal ends.



A BRIGHT POLITICAL LIGHT.—T. A. R. LAFLAMME.

If you challenge NEDDY HANLAN to a friendly contest, and NEDDY gets ahead—as is his usual custom—you should take it in good part, dear WALLACE,—there is no use falling out about it.

MR. BOUITBEE talks about the people cogitating the National Policy "down in their thinking bosoms." A violent Free Trade humorist suggests that the Policy has proved too much for their heads.

THEY were going to murder HANLAN at Torryburn the other day because the water was rough and the boat-race had to be postponed. This was very unreasonably. Poor HANLAN couldn't help it. The people of New Brunswick should remember that the Grit Government exercise authority in that section as well as here; and are responsible for the weather as long as they hold the reins.

WANTED!

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Canadian Pacific Railway

To Capitalists & Contractors.

The Government of Canada will receive proposals for constructing and working a line of Railway extending from the Province of Ontario to the waters of the Pacific Ocean, the distance being about 2,000 miles.

Memorandum of information for parties proposing to Tender will be forwarded on application as underneath. Engineer's Reports, maps of the country to be traversed, profiles of the surveyed line, specifications of preliminary works, copies of the Act of the Parliament of Canada under which it is proposed the Railway is to be constructed, descriptions of the natural features of the country and its agricultural and mineral resources, and other information, may be seen on application at this Department, or to the Engineer-in-Chief at the Canadian Government Offices, 31 Queen Victoria street, E. C., London.

Scaled Tenders, marked, "Tenders for Pacific Railway," will be received, addressed to the undersigned, until the 1st day of December next.

F. BRAUN, Secretary,
Public Works Dept., Ottawa.

Ottawa, May 20. 1878.

11-2-41

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- ST. NICHOLAS and "GRIP," 4.00.
- DETROIT FREE PRESS and "GRIP," 3.50

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v-6-1f

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Hints to Borrowers.

"The wicked borroweth, and payeth not again."

If thou art borrow'd by a friend,
Right welcome shall he be,
To read, to study, not to lend,
But to return to me:

Not that imparted knowledge doth
Diminish learning's store,
But books, I find, if often lent,
Return to me no more.

READ slowly, pause frequently, think seriously,
keep cleanly, return duly, with the corners of the
leaves not turned down.

"I'm not one of those selfish elves
Who keep their treasures to themselves:
I like to see them kept quite neat,
But not for moth or worm to eat.
Thus willingly to any friend
A book of mine I'll freely lend,
Hoping they'll mind this good old man:
'Return it soon and keep it clean.'"

THE borrower of a book incurs two obligations:
the first is to read immediately; the second is to
return it as soon as read.—*Murphy.*

We should make the same use of a book that the
bee does of a flower: she steals sweets from it, but
does not injure it.—*Colton.*

"MICHAEL BRAY, my book,
If I it lose, and you it find,
I pray that you will be so kind
As to return it to me again,
And I'll respect you for the same."

"MICHAEL BRAY, his book,
Wherein he should delight to look,
And out of it to learn such skill,
That he may do his Maker's will."

"No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor
any pleasure so lasting."—*Washington Irving.*

A BOOK may be as great a thing as a battle.—
Dirvelli.

Books as spectacles to read nature.—*Dryden.*

A BOOK is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to your longing with full instruction, but pursues you never. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness, nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures. It silently serves the soul without recompense, not even for the hire of love. And yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transfiguration there, until the outward book is but a body, and its soul and spirit are flown to you and possess your memory like a spirit.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE plainest row of books that cloth or paper ever covered is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately carved *etagere* or side board.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Copies of above may be had at GRIP office, or sent free of postage, at 50 cents per dozen, or \$1.50 per hundred.

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25 Cards, (one name, one style type),	30 cents.
50 " " " "	50 "
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50 " " " "	75 "
100 " " " "	\$1.25 "

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Beautiful Designs,	\$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail,	5c. each.

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

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

BENGOUGH BROS.,
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