

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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Advertisements and subscriptions received at the office, to which all communications should be addressed.

GEORGE BENGOUGH,
Business Manager,
No. 20 Adelaide St., Toronto.

ST. PATRICK'S WARD

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

At the coming Election for Aldermen for St. Patrick's Ward, are respectfully requested for

J. S. McMURRAY.

The Election takes place on Monday, 3rd Jan., 1876.

WARD OF ST. THOMAS.

Your Vote and Interest Are Respectfully Requested for

S. S. MUTTON

AS **ALDERMAN FOR 1876.**

Election takes place Monday, January 3rd, 1876.

FOR SALE.

Horse, Phaeton, AND HARNESS.

The horse is kind, gentle, and a good traveller. The whole will be sold **CHEAP FOR CASH.**

Apply at **"GRIP" OFFICE,** 20 Adelaide St. East.

RE-ISSUE OF GRIP CARTOONS

BOUND VOLUMES Are Now Ready.

Coloured Cloth with Gilt Title, specially designed by J. W. Bengough.

Price, Cloth Gilt centre, \$3.50, full Gilt, 3-75.

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JUST TO HAND Samples of FANCY CARDS

AND **ORDERS OF DANCING.** Prices on application at **"GRIP" OFFICE** 20 Adelaide Street.

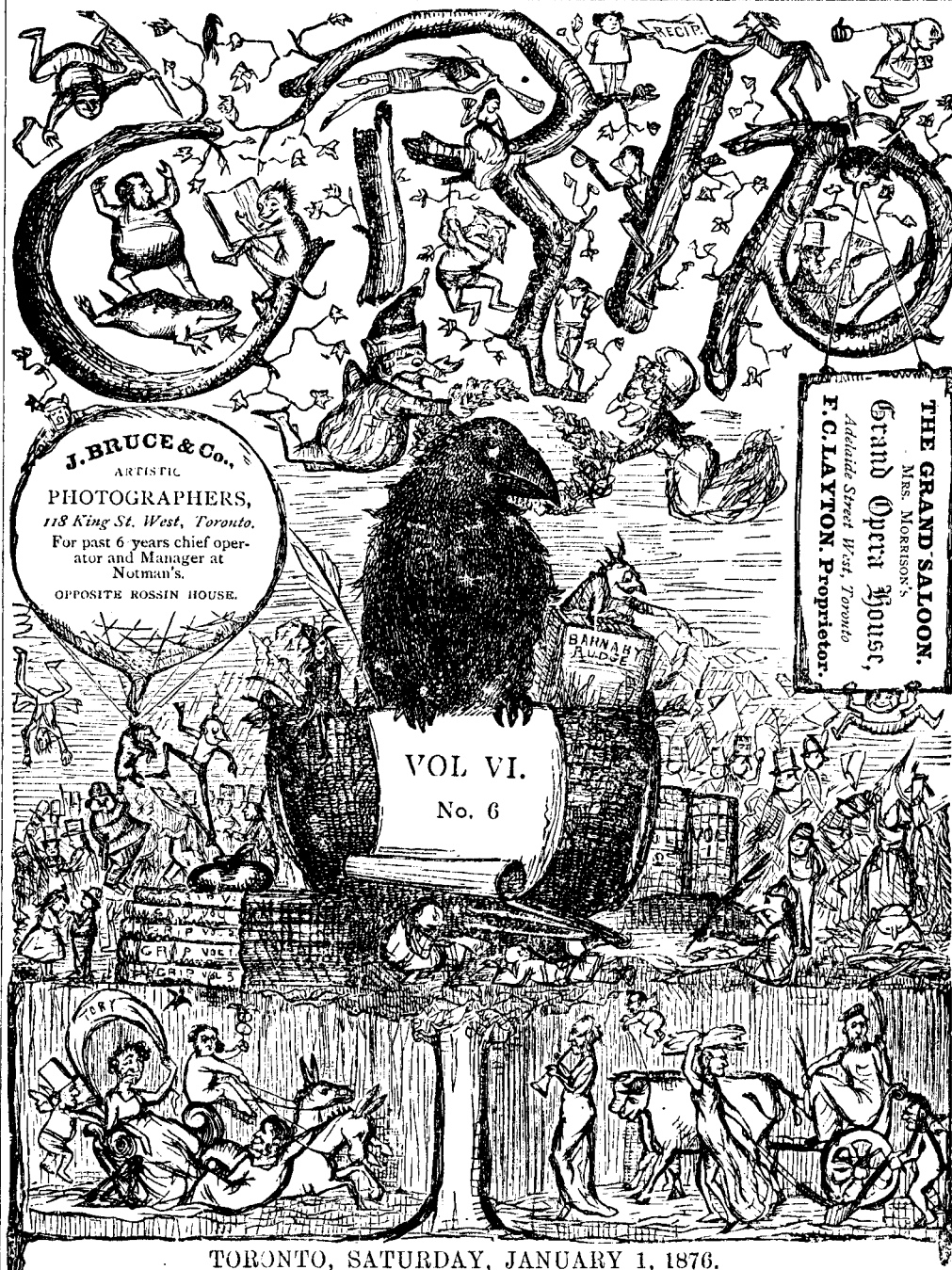
VICTORIA PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY, 386 Queen St. West, Toronto. **J. Hansford, Prop.**

GALVANIC BELTS, BANDS, AND INSOLES,

Are the Best Known Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, &c. SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO **A. NORMAN, 118 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.**

PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF.

NEPENTHE BITTERS are a Positive Cure for Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Nervous Debility, Sick Headache, and Bowel Complaint. Price One Dollar. Small Bottles 50c. **A. NORMAN, 118 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO.**



**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.**

In the matter of Life Insurance interests the "Union Mutual" is among the best Companies doing business in Canada. Last year this Company increased the amount previously at risk by \$1,100,000, being larger than any other Company local or foreign doing business in the country, and whilst other Companies may show a larger business for the year still the true test is the Balance between the figures at the Beginning and the Ending of the year, and judged from this stand-point, this old and progressive Company has taken the lead of all competitors.---**KINGSTON DAILY NEWS.**

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.

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

A. FOX,

Yorkville Boot & Shoe Mart.

GENTS', LADIES' AND MISSES SHOES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

Special attention given to measurement.

Cheeseworth & Fraser Merchant

TAILORS,

Reg to inform their Patrons and Friends, and the Public Generally that their FALL and WINTER STOCK is now Complete; which Comprises a well Selected Assortment of

NEW GOODS. 219 YONGE STREET. TORONTO.

John S. Grassick & Co.

FAMILY GROCERS, WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS, 167 Yonge St. Toronto.

W P. Williams,

134 Queen St. East, Toronto, [Between George & Sherbourne,] DEALER IN PURE CONFECTIONERY AND CHOICE FRUITS.

A select supply of Canned Fruit, Fish, &c., always on hand.

THE CITY LAUNDRY

AND **Gents' Furnishing Store.** COR. BAY AND ADELAIDE STS. PERFECT FITTING SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. All Laundry work well and promptly executed. **WILLIAM LEE & Co.**

LITHOGRAPHY.

If you want your **BILLHEADS, CARDS, NOTES, DRAFTS, &c.**

DONE IN **First Class Style,** At moderate figures, go to **G. J. GEBHARDT & Co.** 13 ADELAIDE STREET EAST.

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST,

53 KING STREET EAST, - TORONTO. Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1ST, 1876.

1875.

Let '73, record with glee,
How scandals greatened up SIR JOHN,
And '74, gain credit more,
In floating safe DICK CARTWRIGHT'S loan;
I, '75, my fame derive,
Because with "Big Push" I did strive.

From Our Box.

I'd choose to be a fairy
And with the fairies stand:
A paper crown upon my head,
My toe within my hand.

Such was the sentiment that came naturally to our lips as we gazed upon the supernatural occupants of the Grand Opera House stage on Monday night. We are always glad to see the fairies when they display their pink legs at Christmas time. It was doubtless owing to the universal hard times, the general contraction of things, that the pink-legs were even a trifle more attenuated than usual. Miss DAVENPORT, who was a mortal and not open to the above charge, made as pretty a *Kate Kearney* as one could meet in a long day's journey. Mr. GRISMER is evidently a travelled Irishman. He has a brogue to suit every county in Ireland. Mr. SAMBROOK'S songs were well received as they deserved to be. We thought he was going to die in the middle of some of them, but he pulled through bravely. We must not forget Mr. SEMBLAR'S dancing. It was the best thing we have seen for a long time. His "get up" alone showed that he has a general sense of humour. NICHOLAS NICKLEBY was promised for Thursday night. Such a constellation of Dickensian characters as SQUEERS, Mrs. NICKLEBY, Mr. MANTALINI, and the VINCENT CRUMMLES family ought to fill the house.

Advice to New Year's Callers.

Don't begin your calls before 9 a.m. You are liable to have your ring answered by a young lady whom, up to this, you respected. She will be clothed in her brother's dressing-gown and slippers, and that portion of her hair which she wears in the morning will be done up in selections from a *Globe* editorial. She has mistaken you for the milk-man.

Be sure the horse you have hired for the day does not balk. There is nothing more annoying to a man of culture than to have his horse lie down in front of an aristocratic house, where he has just made a successful call. If this thing does happen, your best way will be to ring at the door and tell the butler that if this is his horse he had better look after it. Or you can if you like quietly throw the buffalo-robe over him (that is the horse, not the butler) and call again in half-an-hour. By that time he (the horse, not the butler) if he has not been stolen by somebody will perhaps have recovered his geniality.

Strive to be cool and self-collected when you enter the presence of a number of ladies. The man who sits down on his own hat is looked upon as deficient in social tact. It is better to sit down on another man's.

Make a point of sparkling in your conversation. In fact make as many points as you can. The most original and brilliant conversationalist we ever met was a constant reader of GRIP.

Don't drink too much. Stop drinking altogether, however much pressed, at your seventy-fifth glass. Don't vary your drinks more than fifteen times. Remember that temperance is the elderly sister of all the virtues, and a splitting headache the lineal descendant of mixed liquors.

When you find yourself shaking hands with the housemaid and pressing her for her photograph, take this as an indication that you have made enough calls. Your mind is giving way under the protracted intellectual effort of New Year's Day conversation, go home at once. People may misinterpret your conduct, and attribute irregularities to baser causes.

Don't make more than 150 calls at the outside.

Don't make any calls at all.

New Year's Gifts.

ON the evening of the last day of the New Year, GRIP will present the following New Year's Gifts. The public are invited, as the ceremony will be strictly private.

TO THE GOVERNOR GENERAL.—"A happy New Year."

TO THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.—"Hints on precedence, or a Guide to good manners."

TO THE HON. A. MACKENZIE.—"A Windsor uniform, and how to wear it." By JENKINS, M.P.A.G.

TO THE HON. E. BLAKE.—"Essay on the Pig, or how do you like it!" With a bottle of disinfecting fluid.

TO THE (BY COURTESY) Honourable MR. CAUCHON.—A bottle of *Globe* whitewash

TO THE HON. J. R. CARTWRIGHT.—"Hints for a budget for 1876." By Canadian manufacturers.

TO THE RT. HON. SIR J. A. MACDONALD.—The opening address of the U. E. Club, and its unpaid bills.

TO THE HON. A. T. GALT.—A seat in the Dominion Cabinet.

TO THE HON. O. MOWAT.—An ounce of courage, and a grain of discretion.

TO THE HON. ADAM CROOKS.—"Essays on Finance." By an Amateur.

TO THE HON. C. F. FRAZER.—"The Catholic League, or HAWK-IN'S last howl."

TO THE HON. W. McDougall.—Copy of the *Globe* containing nomination to Governorship of Alaska.

TO THE HON. SPEAKER WELLS.—A pair of pumps. (Not to be charged to *Legislation*.)

TO THE MANAGER OF THE "MAIL."—"G—n Smith's compts, and how does he find himself?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LEADER."—A happy thought, and how to use it.

TO MAYOR MEDCALF.—Song, 'Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.'

TO THE COUNCIL.—A fond, and (it is to be hoped) lasting adieu.

TO THE WATER COMMISSIONERS.—A screaming farce, entitled, 'How not to do it.'

TO W. H. HOWLAND.—"The language of flour(s), or how to make Board of Trade addresses."

TO GOLDWIN SMITH.—A stake in the country. (But he is to be gently roasted about it.)

TO NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.—An Imperial Crown.

TO THE PUBLIC.—"GRIP for 1876. \$2 per volume in advance."

A Voice from the Woods.

Lake Nipissing, Nov. 29 1875.

SIR:

I am out here now, beguiling my leisure time in reading the published compositions on the marriage question. I have read the ladies' letters. They are absurd. I have had experience of your city young ladies. Scarcely one of them ever reads a sensible book for the purpose of gaining information. None of them possesses more than a smattering of knowledge on any useful subject. Scarcely any of them can play the piano decently. They know nothing of the science of music. They cannot sing. When asked either to sing or play, they titter and excuse themselves so absurdly that one gives up pressing them out of sheer pity. No wonder the young men in cities cluster in clubs or prefer the companionship of books. If a city man does fall in love with a city damsel, she expects her lover to fetch and carry for her, to dance attendance on her, to supply her with gossip, to submit to humiliations such as disgrace a man in his own eyes—to be in fine a compound of footman, butler and policeman. No wonder the best of young men hesitate to lower themselves to menial offices to gratify a morbid taste on the part of city belles for the display of power. The result of all this is your city is already full of old maids. Every ball-room is crowded with wrinkled and belpounded damsels of uncertain age. Every house almost is replete with girls who are in their own and every body's way. The elderly daughters destroy the chances of the younger ones, and all are mainly crying out against bachelorhood and its comforts. The fact is the city young man of education and refinement has no place to spend his evenings profitably or enjoyably unless he stay in his own den or go to his club. Hence it is that I emigrated hither, and am happy to be able to say that this "vast wilderness" secures one from the noise, folly and humbug of your city.

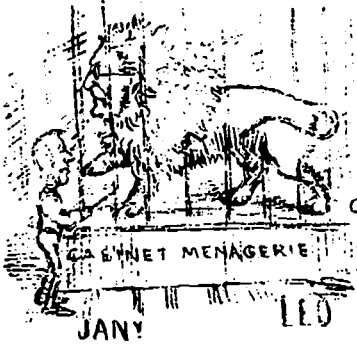
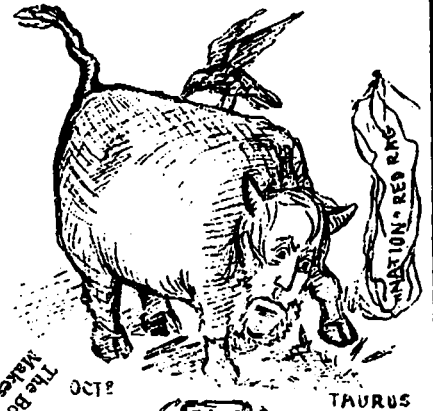
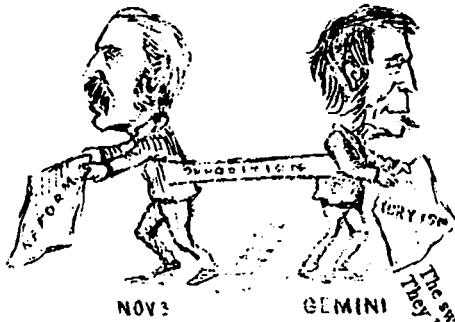
Truly yours,

A BACHELOR.

(Note.—We publish this letter without holding ourselves responsible for its contents. Any muscular lady who wishes the writer's address can have it without charge.—ED.)

LIEUT. GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO.—(Apropos of the question of precedence)

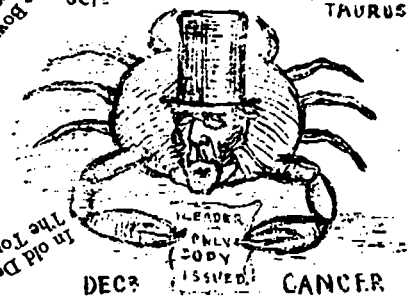
Oh, my offence is — rank! — *Hanlei*.



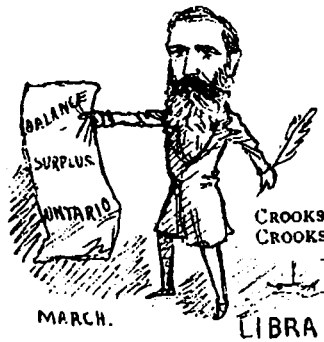
The greatest Twins are **MAR** and **Wandering Willie**. They love each other, though it's silly, really. Aurora did not hear his voice in vain! O Roarer! pritheer, wilt thou roar again?

Lauder's the **Rom**, he represents **September**. But why he should I really can't remember.

The **Row Park Bull**, in wilder they roars. Makes a big push and other people goes.



In old **December**, when the year is done, The **Toy Crab** believes it's just begun.



In **February**, grows a trife fatter, The **spotless one** considers of the matter.

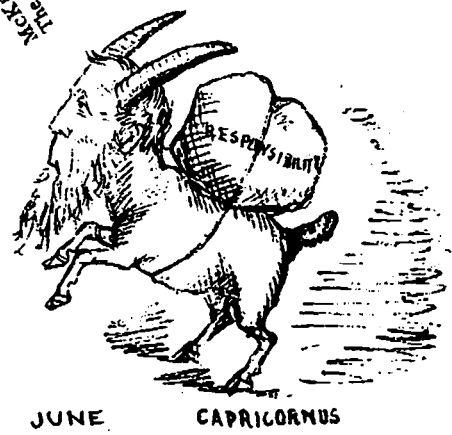
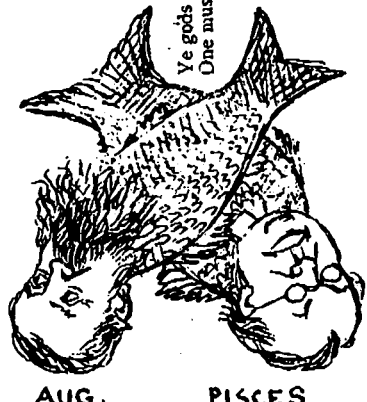
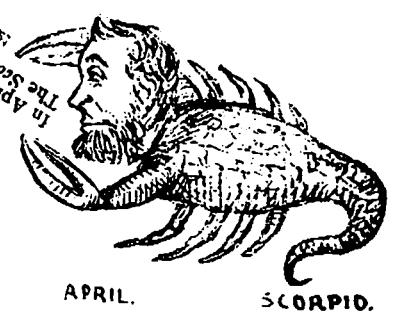
CROOKS strikes his **BALANCE**, shews a surplus **CROOKS** don't count much even when he strikes a figure.



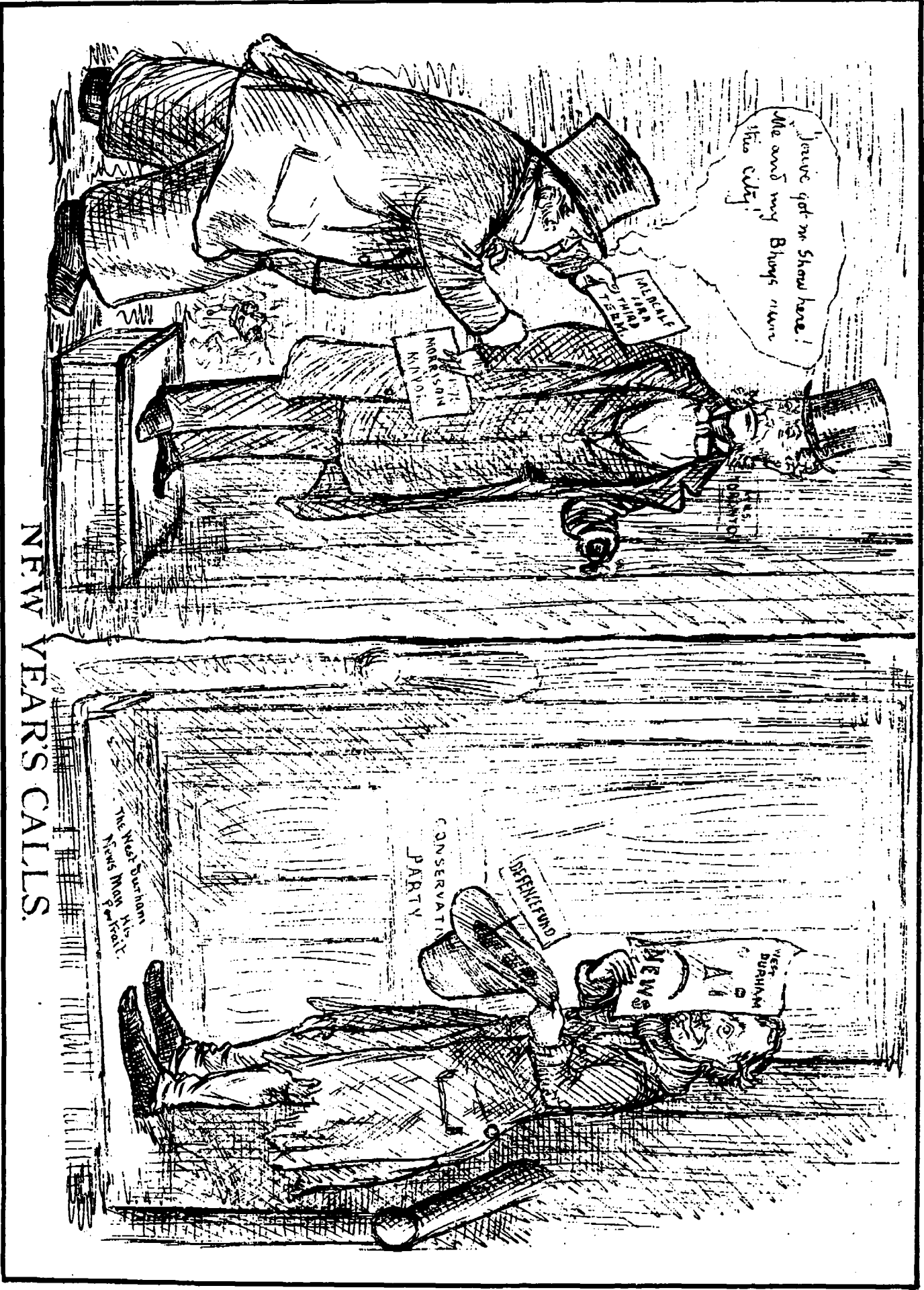
In balmy **May** the **genial Archer** slips. His arrows barbed. There's gall upon their tips.

Ye gods and little fishes, to rejoice One must be **Robbed** or **Lynched**—so take your choice.

In **April**, lurking in his coat of mail, The **Scorpion** stings; beware his poisoned fall.



THE POLITICAL SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.



NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

THE WEST
NEW YEAR'S CALLS

CONSERVATIVE
PARTY

DEFEND

WEST
BURHAM
NEWS

I never got m. Show here!
Me and my Boys run
this city!

W. D. HOWLAND

Kafoozleum.

A Canadian society story for Christmas time. (Written expressly for Grip by Mrs. Muddledhead.)

CHAPTER I.**THE HERO.**

Take him for all in all, he was a man.—SHAKESPEARE.

ADOLPHUS MANLEVERER DE SNOB was a lieutenant in H. M.'s — regiment of Horse Marines, stationed at Toronto.

He came to Canada for two warlike purposes, to kill time and ladies. His eyes were singularly leonine, his hair like the mane of the untamed buffalo, his legs as straight as a Royal Opera House fairy's.

He had beauty enough to set up fifteen tailor's dummies.

CHAPTER II.**THE HEROINE.**

"No angel, but a dearer being."—TENNYSON.

MARY ANN SMITH was a typical Canadian girl.

This is equivalent to saying that she was so transcendently beautiful, and supernaturally innocent that anyone but a British officer would have respected her.

Her uncultivated but kind-hearted father called her KAFOOZLEUM.

Like all Canadian girls she displayed the most captivating freedom in her, conversation and manners.

When her mama asked her to dust the furniture in their shabby drawing-room, she offered to put a tin ear on her for a trifling consideration.

CHAPTER III.**THEY MEET.**

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to the matinee, sir," she said.—OLD SONG.

DE SNOB was one afternoon driving his favorite hunter in a gaily decorated toboggan across the wild flats through which the pellucid Don makes its way into Lake Superior.

He was admiring the beauty of the Niagara Falls in their winter dress, when his eye was arrested by the figure of KAFOOZLEUM, walking towards the city on snowshoes at the rate of fourteen miles an hour.

With an oath he broke his whip over his horse's flank, and in a few seconds was at the maiden's side.

"Who the devil are you?" he said pointedly.

"Cheese it," said the girl uncertain for the moment whether to consider his addressing her as a liberty or not.

At the same instant however she took in, with the rapidity common to girls of this keen climate, the salient characteristics of the man; the singularly leonine eyes, the legs—but no, they were under the buffalo robe—the air of self-possession, not to say self-assertion, which she knew were the marks of the true gentleman. She felt he was one born to command—a company at the very least. She knew he was an officer.

She could almost have cried with vexation at the thought that she might have given offence by appearing not to appreciate the honour of being addressed with such condescension and good humour.

Instead of weeping, however, she temporarily obscured the lustre of her left eye, by noiselessly drooping one eyelid.

The air grew perceptibly darker.

CHAPTER IV.**THEY IMPROVE EACH OTHER'S ACQUAINTANCE.**

I cannot name Love's very name,
Nor wake my heart to thoughts of flame.

—COLERIDGE.

In a few moments the favourite hunter was careering over the snow with two people instead of one.

"Do you understand love?" at once inquired the lieutenant. His was one of those ardent natures that, leaping over the bounds of conventionality, goes straight to its subject.

"Not much," said the girl, while a faint blush mantling over the beautifully tinted cheek belied the assertion.

"Then I shall teach you," replied the youth, eagerly. "Permit me!"

He stooped and kissed her.

(To be continued in our next).

"TORONTO OF OLD."—It is to be hoped that Mayor MEDCALF, most of the Council, and all the Water Commissioners, may become representatives of 'Toronto of Old.' Under such circumstances GRIP forgives the purchase of the Finance Committee

"ON THE CARDS."—It is presumed that the Mayor's card-case, purchased from city funds, is intended for an euchre pack.

"'TIS WELL(S)."—The Public Accounts Committee unearthed a "Bill for the purchase of the Speaker's pumps and stockings." Surely this account belongs to "Private Bills."

A Dream.

DEAR GRIP:—I had a funny dream the other day. I had been reading a *Globe* editorial and fell asleep. First I thought I formed one of an expedition organised by UNCLE SAM to "annex" Cuba: JOHN BULL stood on the shore, as our flotilla sailed off, shaking his fist, and yelling "Yah! fillibusterers! yah!" The scene changed, and I was one of a similar band enlisted to protect Egypt. I had some misgivings as to the morality of the affair. The Egyptian territory might be said to belong to the Egyptians. The people hadn't been consulted, nor signified any desire to form a part of our holy and glorious empire. I remember, too, what Englishmen said when the France got Nice. But I thought JOHN BULL came up with a sirloin of beef under one arm, a Bible under the other, and the traditional bull-dog at his heels. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the editor of the *Times* and other eminent authorities were with him. In reply to my expressed doubts the Archbishop said it was "all right,"—that the "earth belonged to the Saints," that necessity had no decalogue, and that as KING DAVID and his men, under the old dispensation, eat the show-bread in the Tabernacle when they were in need and hungry, it logically followed England ("she'd rather not have more territory," interposed the *Times*' man)—must under gospel privileges, grab Egypt, if she thought she wanted it. So I went. As we sailed off JONATHAN stood on the shore, and with his finger to his nose, chanted as below.

Yours truly,

R. DE DICKE.

"RULE BRITANNIA."

When Britain first at heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian geni' sang this strain:

"Grab, Britannia!

Whenever you're inclined to—

'Necessity' your plea

For all you have a mind to!"

"Grab India, Ireland, Egypt—what
You will. For you the lands subsist,
They're meant as fuel for your pot,
So chaw them up just as you list.

Grab, Britannia!

'Tis clear, by right divine,

Everything all peoples have

Logically's thine."

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must yield to sway of tyrant law
In them we'll fillibusterers see
If they on others lay a claw.

Prigs, too, who thieve around

In jail shall have a clog;

Though they plead that they are "bound"

To keep themselves in prog."

"Yah! what is Britain's 'policy,'
In others is an odious 'theft,'
And they this truth who cannot see
Of sense are quite bereft.

Then grab, Britannia!

What ever you're a mind to!

'Necessity' your plea,

For all you are inclined to!

The Etiquette of Whist.

1. When you make a misdeal, insist upon it that there is a card short in the pack. This will lead to a waste of time, which, under the circumstances, will be very soothing—to you.

2. When a poor hand is dealt you, it is customary to say "Who dealt these cards?" This is done to let your partner know that you have a weak hand.

3. Play entirely for your own hand, and ignore the fact that you have a partner.

4. When your partner trumps your trick, show your disgust promptly.

5. If you make misplays yourself, wait quietly till the hand is over, and then pitch into your partner about something or other, it does not matter what.

6. Retain your good humor as long as you are winning.

7. When a disputed point is referred to you, agree with the player who bullies most.

8. Insist upon it that Cavendish is exploded, and that Hoyle is no good.

FOUR MORAL RULES,

1. Always play your highest card.

2. Never return a trump lead.

3. If you have a deuce and tray, lead the tray.

4. If you hold the master card, play a small one.

THE MAYORALTY!

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

At the coming Election, are kindly Requested for

ANGUS MORRISON.

The Election takes place on Monday, 3rd January, 1876.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE WARD OF SAINT GEORGE,

GENTLEMEN:

Having been requested to offer myself for election as one of your representatives in the City Council, I place my services at your disposal. Should you elect me to the honourable position of an Alderman, I will serve the city to the best of my ability, watching closely over the expenditure to see if some better system cannot be devised than that which fritters away your money in patches of improvement spread over the several wards, instead of husbanding your resources to make permanent improvements where these are called for most. While cheerfully responding to your call, I must ask to be relieved from the necessity of making a personal canvass of the electors. As I have no object of my own to serve in going into the Council, I must leave it to you to say by your votes whether my services are desirable or otherwise. In either case I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

H. E. CLARKE.

New Year's Calling Cards

COMIC STYLES

With Name Neatly Printed

75c PER PACKAGE

AT

GRIP Office, 20 Adelaide Street.



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, April 9, 1875.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON American invoices until further notice, 12 per cent.

I. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

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BEATTY'S CELEBRATED 'Golden Tongue'

PARLOR ORGANS are ranked by eminent musicians as the leading organ now in use. For the Church, Sabbath School, Lodge or Parlor they have no superior throughout the world. We challenge any manufacturer to equal them for sweetness and volume of tone. Where we have no agents we will allow any one wishing to buy the agent's discount. Agents wanted everywhere. Send stamp for list of testimonials and circular of this wonderful music-producing instrument. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.**

NOW OPEN! CALEDONIAN SKATING AND CURLING RINK.

Mutual Street. Between Shuter and Crookshank Streets.

DIRECTORS:

Ald. RITCHIE, President. R. H. RAMSAY, Vice. President.

James Pringle, W. D. McIntosh, George Morgan, Robert Malcolm, Hugh Miller, James Rennie.

FEES, ETC.:

Curler's fee, for season 1875-6.....	\$5 00
do and family skating ticket.....	7 00
Skating—family season ticket.....	5 00
do Gentleman's do.....	3 00
do Lady's do.....	2 00
do Child's (under 12 years) do.....	2 00

SINGLE ADMISSION, 10 CENTS.

Season tickets can now be procured at the Secretary's office.

WM. RENNIE, Sec.-Treas.

Office—Corner Adelaide and Jarvis sts.

J. H. SAMO,

WHOLESALE

CABINET MAKER AND UPHOLSTERER

WAREROOMS, 189 YONGE STREET.

Our facilities enable us to supply the Trade and the Public generally with

DRAWING ROOM, DINING ROOM, BED ROOM AND LIBRARY FURNITURE

In the latest English and American styles, at prices that defy competition.

Masonic, Oddfellow, Orange, Forester,

And other Society Lodge room Furniture, carved in accordance with the most approved designs, and unsurpassed for elegance, utility and economy.

The fullest satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Give us a call.

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CHEAPLY, QUICKLY,

EXECUTED AT

"GRIP" OFFICE,

20 Adelaide Street East.

HAND-IN-HAND MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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

REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest \$25,486 13

DISBURSEMENTS.

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

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

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

Risks accepted on all Descriptions of Insurable Property. Rates fixed with regard to the Laws of Average. All the Profits divided among Policy-holders annually.

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Manufacturer of

BREAD, ROLLS, BUNS, CAKES, &c., &c.,
A superior article of Bread delivered daily throughout the city.

BEATTY'S CHURCH, SABBATH SCHOOL, HALL, LODGE, OFFICE CABINET ORGANS.— Best in use. Send stamp for circular. Address, **DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N.J.**

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Grand Square and Upright.

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