

**PUBLISHER'S
NOTE.**

GRIP is issued every SATURDAY morning at the Office, 35 King St. West, Toronto.

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All business communications must be addressed as above, A. S. Irving, Publisher and Proprietor.

A. S. IRVING, *Publisher,*
35 King Street West, Toronto.

OFFICE
AND
DEPOT.



EVERY SATURDAY:
Five Cents.

For Sale at all the Bookstores.

The gravest Heart is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl; The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

**EDITOR'S
NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome; all such intended for current No. should reach the Editor not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to P. O. Box 308. Rejected Manuscripts cannot be returned.

When Contributors require payment for their productions, the amount expected must be marked on the M.S. All articles will be considered as gratuitous unless so marked.

VOL. 2.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 27TH, 1873.

No. 5.

THOMAS GRIFFITH & CO.

HAVE JUST RECEIVED AT THE

LONDON AND ITALIAN WAREHOUSE

FOR THE

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR

FESTIVE SEASON:

3,000 LBS. FRESH PRUNES, in Kegs and Jars.

25,000 LBS. CURRANTS and RAISINS (all kinds).

KEGS MALAGA GRAPES.

CASE FIGS—1lb., 2lb., and 4lb. boxes.

BOXES CITRON, LEMON, and ORANGE PEEL.

BOXES ORANGES, and LEMONS.

CASES PRUNES, in Glass Jars.

CASES and BOXES FINE ITALIAN OIL.

ITALIAN MACARONI and VERMICELLI.

BOXES FRESH PREPARED VEGETABLES.

BAGS SOFT SHELL ALMONDS.

BAGS FILBERTS, BRAZIL NUTS AND WALNUTS.

OUR WINE CELLAR,

Well stocked with the finest WINES and SPIRITS.

A CALL SOLICITED.

THOMAS GRIFFITH & Co.

Importing Merchants,

London & Italian Warehouse,

215 YONGE STREET,

Corner Albert Street.

Patronize Home Manufacture!

"None Better,
Better than most."

FOR

PIANOFORTES, ORGANS, &C.

GO TO

HEINTZMAN & COMPANY,

SHOW ROOMS—

115 and 117 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO, ONT.

Remember that cheap labor and material will beat foreign competition.

The best musical authority in the Dominion, say our instruments cannot be surpassed for richness of tone, durability and elegance.

Send for our Illustrated Catalogue and compare with those of other makers.

J. EDWARDS.

IMPORTER OF

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE

PAPER-HANGINGS,

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WINDOW SHADES,

STATIONERY, ETC.

136 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

LASH & CO.

NEW AND ELEGANT
CLOCKS, STATUARY
FINE JEWELLERY
LONDON!
VIENNA!
PARIS!
WEDDING PRESENTS,
PRESENTATIONS,
BIRTHDAY
GIFTS,
&c.

NO. 5 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

DANIEL SPRY,
TEAS, COFFEES, SUGARS,
GENERAL GROCERIES,
WINES, LIQUORS
AND PROVISIONS.

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FANCY GOODS,
JEWELLERY AND BERLIN WOOL

BESWETHERICK & CO.,

SUCCESSORS TO

R. C. BOTILWELL,
112 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

GREAT BARGAINS.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Feast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27TH, 1873.

1874.

GRIP cheerfully croaks the compliments of the Season to the Public in and out of Parliament. To the Senate, in their peculiar circumstances, he especially wishes a very happy New Year. Let us unitedly and with uncovered heads honour this toast:

"May no future year wind up with a Banquet to Anybody because he truthfully exposed a Political Scandal in Canada."

"GRIP'S" CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

Not one in all the multitude of gift buyers that thronged the streets and shops on Wednesday night went on his genial and joyous errand with a lighter heart than Grip. It would be overstepping modesty for him here to enter upon a statistical account of his generosity, but it will not be thought out of the way if a few of the more prominent names and gifts on the lengthy list be mentioned. Then, first:

To HON. ALEX. MACKENZIE he gave a properly executed *Lease of Power* for an indefinite period.

To HON. GEO. BROWN he gave a copy of *MILTON'S Paradise Restored*.

To MR. MAYOR MANNING he gave a *Newspaper Scrap Book* in which to preserve certain *Globe* editorials.

To MR. JAMES BEATY M.P., he gave a clearly printed copy of the *Pleasures of Hope*.

To SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD he presented a fine edition of *Barnaby Rudge*, underlining *Grip's* oft-repeated ejaculation, "*Never say die!*"

To MR. A. M. SMITH and MR. SQUARETOP MADOCALP he gave duplicates of the Corporation Seals.

To MR. W. H. HOWLAND he gave a framed copy of a cartoon entitled, "*The Political Giant Killer; or, Canada First!*"

To MR. E. O. BICKFORD he gave (on behalf of the working men) an illuminated address of thanks for past services.

To MR. THOS. MOSS he gave a copy of *Pill's Reply to Walpole*.

To MR. WILKIE COLLINS he gave a *Bumper House*.

To ATTY-GEN. MOWAT he sent his compliments.

To HON. E. B. WOOD he sent an original plaster cast of the "*Overthrow of Pharaoh's Host in the Red Sea.*"

To HON. EDWARD BLAIRS he sent a handsomely embroidered Portfolio—only intended for ornament.

ANXIOUS.

DEAR GRIP,—Excuse my troubling you, but my mind must be set at rest. I notice in the *Ottawa Citizen* of the 20th inst. the following telegraphic despatch from Toronto:

"A night watchman at Gurney's Foundry, on King Street west, was so badly frightened by seeing what he called the ghost of a colored woman and child, that he died from the effects. A previous watchman left the place, giving the same reason for so doing. Great excitement prevails in that locality. Gurney & Co. have since failed to secure a night watchman."

Now, what is the colour of a nigger's ghost? "A sombre shade," it may be answered, but that doesn't satisfy me.

I remember some few years ago in Montreal, when they were removing bodies from a graveyard within the city limits, that they came across the bones of an Irishman. His name and address while in the flesh were unknown, but they deduced his nationality from the fact that the wretched apology for a tombstone that decorated his grave, and from which the inscription had been entirely obliterated, was only a *wollen* stone—in fact, a *shamrock*. Well, there was reason in this, but how they knew that ghost to be a nigger's passes my comprehension.

Might I ask you to inquire, and furnish some explanation? By doing so you will oblige,

A CONSTANT READER.

Our Own Medium.

No. V.

The Shadows.

DEAR GRIP—Among the hardy things that you have proposed to yourself to accomplish, you will find none harder than the correction of Impudence. And this is all the more difficult from the various phases which it assumes. The following letter, which I have just seen, shows one of these phases, and you must admit the young lady sets forth her complaint in a manner at once befitting her position and her feelings, as one of the gentler sex, and yet with sufficient spirit as expressing her indignation at the manner in which she has been treated.

DEAR LIZ—I have just come home from the Cathedral where I went to enjoy and take part in the service; and here I am as mad as a hatter! Would you believe it, that odious fellow we met at the last party at the Government house was there, and did nothing but stare at me the whole of the service. You know how tall he is; well, not content with his height, he made use of the hassock in his pew to give him greater advantage in seeing us where we were. And, what with blushing, confusion and vexation, I could mind neither the prayers nor the sermon. Such insolence is unendurable, and I only wish I could punish him severely. How nice it would be if some gentleman friend of ours would only write about such conduct to "*GRIP.*" Do try like a good girl that you are and get some one to do so.—Your most devoted friend,

PROUDIE.

I frequently see such fellows I may say in all your City Churches more especially at the evening services. Young men so oblivious to the sacredness of the place, that one would suppose them to be devoid of all feelings of even common sense or ordinary politeness. It is unfeasible to reason with them. These *stares* of society are out of place in such company. They should confine themselves to that circle of persons assembled together to witness the performance of "*Punch and Judy,*" or the moving panorama of the Great American Rebellion. Should they not take the hint thus plainly given to them, I would suggest dear Grip the appointment of some of our *older politicians* to act on behalf of the ladies, and let their instructions be to secure a hassock immediately opposite these offenders—and stare, until these starrers feel the uncomfortableness which they have often caused—of being stared out of countenance.

The Public as a general rule, I am glad to find looks with great distaste on these characters, and I often notice that those who are guilty in this respect are very often those who have been unable to enter the charmed circle of polite and refined society, and standing on the outside of the same, strive to show their importance by an affectation of superiority, and a disregard of those useful but conventional rules by which true gentlemen and ladies are to be recognized, thereby bringing upon themselves nothing but contempt and scorn. As I have often remarked before, an impudent fellow is a sort of outlaw in good breeding, and as no one is his friend, we need not spare him.

Some of these starrers are those *Social Venerities* to whom I have already alluded—poor creatures who have not the sense to act otherwise than they do. They are to be pitied.

Impudence in a Canadian may be said to be uncommon; but where it is found it is very *aggressive* and offensive. It is not like the impudence of the Englishman—supercilious; or that of the Scotchman—untractable; or even that of the Irishman—absurd; but approaches more nearly the American type, which if any thing is a shade worse in its offensiveness. Let us hope dear Grip, that your efforts to put down this class of individuals will meet with success, and be assured that you have the sympathy of all young ladies, their kindest looks and best wishes to aid you in your good work.

There is another class of these gentry, styled the *Oglers*, the plectan order of the same family, of whom I will say a few words shortly. Meantime adieu.

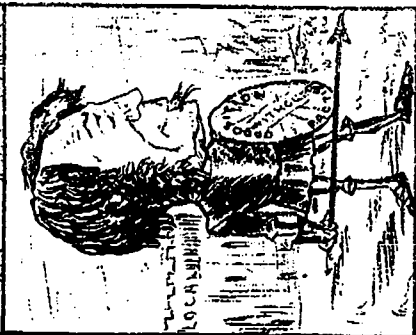
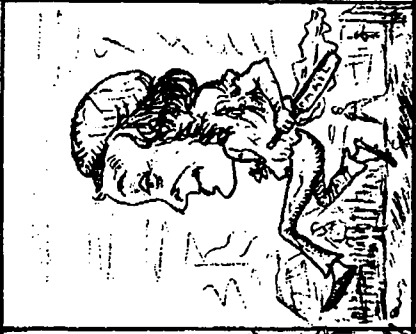
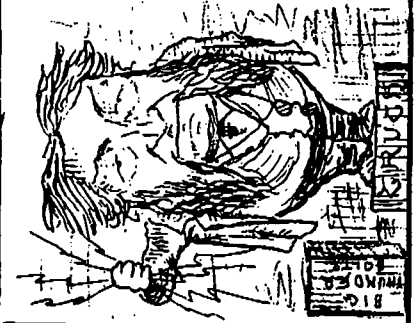
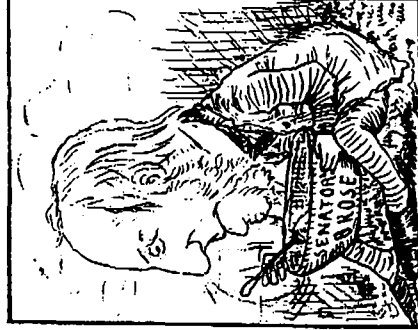
YOUR FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

A RHYME BY ST. NICHOLAS.

Dropped by that benign individual into *Grip's* Sanctum via the Chimney.

There's a paper that folks call *The Leader*,
Which is daily supplying its reader
With columns of facts, showing up the bad acts
Of MACKENZIE—who don't seem to heed her.

Now the charges are certainly weighty,
And I deem it that gentleman's duty
To begin the New year by proceeding to clear
Up this indictment by BEATTY.



THE HOPE OF CANADA
AND

GRIPE

DEDICATED
TO THE
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
ALL CONCERNED.
Christmas No. 1873.

Drawn by
McQuinn

THE LESSON.

Christmas comes but once a year
And when it comes
It brings good cheer.

To Good Boys Only.

BAKERS

MORAL MAXIM.

TO THE VICTORS
BELONG

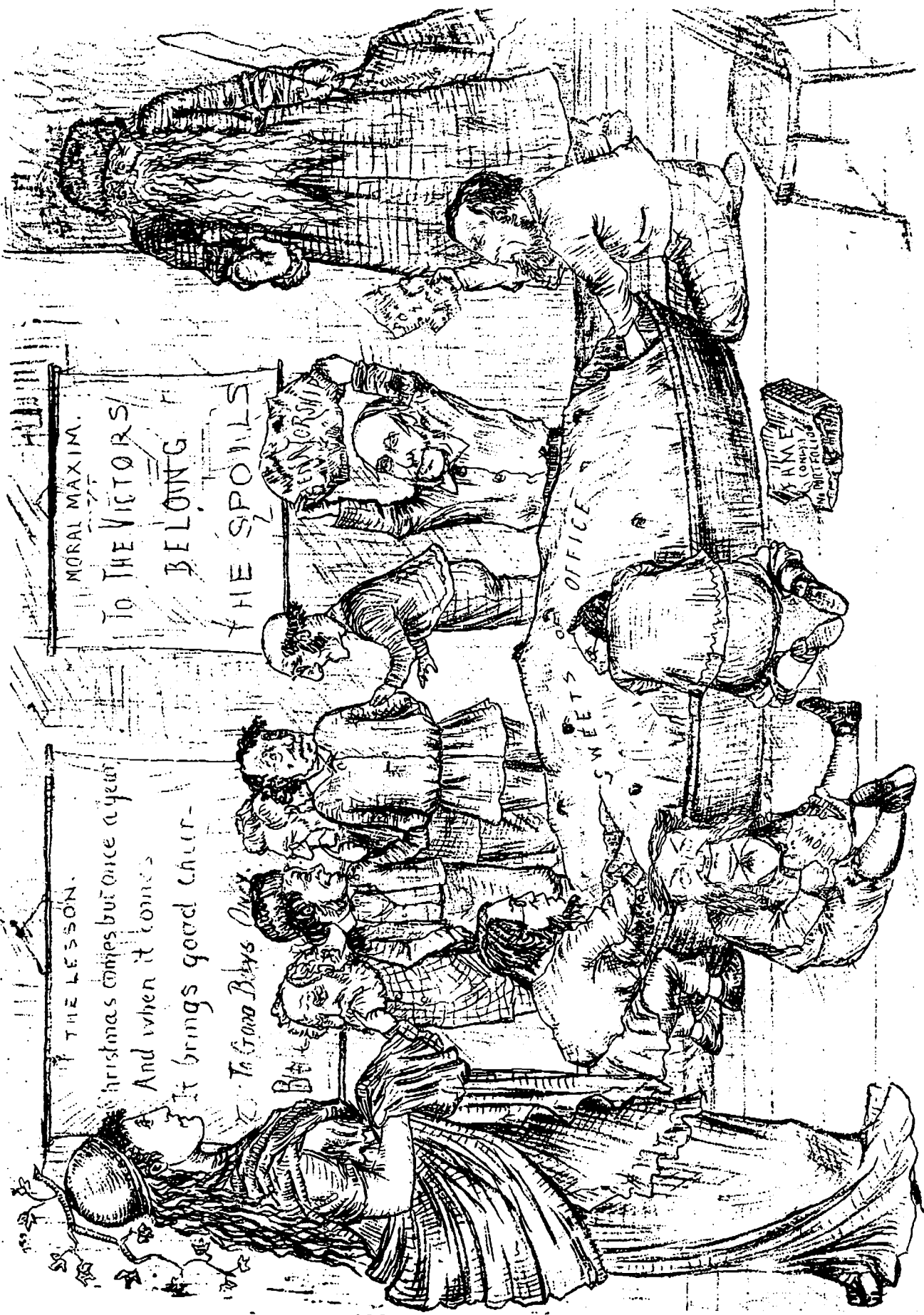
THE SPOILS

FOR THE
WARRIORS

SWEETS & OFFICE

AMER
(CANDY)
MILK CHOCOLATE

"CHRISTMAS PIE!"



A. CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A King way after DECEASED.

He was dead—dead as a herring. We must clearly establish this or else there is no wonder in the story I have to tell. Unless it were clearly proved that the black woman and her black child that haunt a certain foundry in the west end are dead, there would be no more wonder in seeing them wandering about than in meeting Mrs. MOX and her piccanini in Centre street any night after twelve. If we had been making the simile ourselves, we would have preferred "as dead as a church monument," as the dearest thing we know of; but our fathers made the apothegm and ours shall not be the iconoclastic fingers to tear down the herring!

He was a cheery old fellow, with a long white beard, and a great wreath of pine twigs twined into a crown on his hoary head. He tramped along whistling merrily, as all good-hearted old gentlemen ought, shaking the snow from his moccasined feet. He approached a high pile of buildings and rapped a double coachman's knock on the outer gate. He looked up at the evening sun while waiting, and the sun looked down at him, red and knowing, winking and blinking like a jolly old toper out of a third storey window. He knew what that old fellow wanted, and you could see he was growing red in the face with suppressed merriment.

The door opened with a faint creak, as if feebly complaining at having so much work to do lately, and a great, big red-headed Scotchman appeared: "Wha noo?"

"Mercy on us!" said old Christmas, for any one could have recognised him at a glance. "Mercy on us, if ever I heard such words in this house before. My good man, is Sir John in?"

"No, mon, he's dead."

"Dead," said Christmas, shaking the ice-drops from his head, till the porter shivered, and expected to see the old gentleman melt into a stream of water. "Dead, and who lives here now?"

"Meester Mackenzie"

"Then take up my card. Well, well," mused Christmas, as he followed the porter; every year brings a change. The king is dead. Long live the king! I must be civil to the new proprietor."

A little after the old man left, whistling thoughtfully, *A man's a man for a' that.* "He's a good child; canny, as he says himself and I have no doubt he will keep his house in better order than that sad dog Sir John; but the man might have offered me a glass of wine."

It is a curious fact that when I turned down the street leading to my house that night, when I came to the door and trotted at the knocker, it suddenly appeared unfamiliar. I have trotted at that knocker for five years, and never before saw how closely it resembled Sir John. But there it was, the very likeness. I opened the door, half expecting to see his long legs dangling at the other side. I was disappointed.

I went up stairs, entered my own room, locked the door, and sat down. I had barely mixed my first tumbler when I became conscious that some one was in the room. It was a spectral Sir John. In the light from the fire I could see it was a ghost, for looking through him the two buttons were clearly visible on the back of his coat. He spoke in a hollow voice: "I am cold. I, wrapped up for many years in the trappings of office, have to wander in the night air with only this light suit. But my chief punishment is that I am doomed, night after night, to see my successor wearing my furred robes. Oh Corruption, Corruption!"

The wall was taken up by innumerable voices, "Corruption, corruption!"

"Look there," said Sir John, and looking out of the window, I saw the place was filled with spectres. There was one burly spectre with plaid pants, who wore a fool's cap, with "Pacific Charter—Sold," printed on it in large letters, and he was chained to steamers and railway cars, and could only wring his hands and cry out. Another flitted by, a stout spectre, on a skinny, spavined nag, with "West Toronto," on his belt, and he threw up his arms

as he passed and went out "Defeated." The more I looked the thicker came the crowd, and they all shouted, "Corruption, corruption, corruption!"

Then Sir John went to the window and cried out "I am not dead, not dead, dead!" and his voice died down into his boots, and he vanished into the night air.

The room blazed with light, soft, lambent light, and there in the centre of it, seated on great chins of beef and piles of turkeys and geese, and plum puddings, all covered with fresh pine boughs, twinkling with icicles, was old Christmas.

He laughed jovially and said, "Tell the row Premier what you have seen. Tell him he has power, let him see to it that he does not abuse it; he has patronage, let him give it to the deserving; that it is better to reward a friend than to buy an enemy; that Reformers are as liable to slip as Tories, and that only by care can he avoid being added to the chorus of spectres who wall on the night air and wander over the cold benches of opposition."

The light suddenly died out. A chill crept over me. There was a sudden noise, a great rushing and shouting and hurrahing for Merry Christmas.

Yes, I was alone, alone in my study. The fire had gone out while I was sleeping, and all this noise was the shouting of my children, and softly as an angel's voice I heard my wife saying—"Christmas, God bless it."

Ay, ay, friends, one and all, join me in the toast with right good will, "Christmas—God bless it."

QUEER NOTE.

(Affixed to a parcel containing a pair of new Shoes, found on a public Street.)

EDITOR MAIL.—Sir: Here's yer "Specimen," according to request, and now do get me up a first-class loud and powerful Christmas notice, the same as you promised SMITH the grocer, and SIMPSON the tailor. Say mine is the best shop in town, &c., &c.

Yonge Street.

Yours truly,

JEMMY WAXED.

GRIP'S POLITICAL PARODIES.

MACKENZIE'S VERSION OF THE "NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ."

Tune—"THE YOUNG LOCHMAR."

Oh! the gallant Sir JOHN is a knight of renown,
Though from his high place he has lately come down.
He didn't get very well out of that scrape
Of the charter, for BLAKE put the thing in bad shape;
The people back parliament saying, begone!
The stains are too recent upon you Sir JOHN.

To be sure there are some, who, in their simple way,
Still attempt to uphold that he never took pay
Which, were it believed, still is awkward to tell,
When the Knight has explained his position so well;
Dirty TOPPER may howl, and JAMES BEATY brag on,
But he's fouled his own nest by explaining, has JOHN.

Though half of the people his purchase might see,
Or think that they saw it—'tis nothing to me;
They were only spectators! and can you suppose
Them as able to judge of a bargain as those
Who bought or who purchased. I reason upon
His own version—as told by the gallant Sir JOHN.

Though MACDONALD might barter his vote to be judge,
And though the pure patriot T. LEXY cry "fulge"
Though a fellow like DODGE his conviction declare,
With Matthew and Hillyard, that all was quite square,
Yet when we recall, the COMMISSION that's gone,
We perceive he has cooked his own goose, has Sir JOHN.



PORTRAITS!

LIFE SIZE IN OIL.

BRIDGMAN & FORSTER,
39 KING ST. West (over Ewing & Co.)
TORONTO.

J. BRANSTON WILLMOTT, D.D.S., I.D.S.



Dentist,

Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College,
Member of the Board of Examiners of the
Royal College of Dental Surgeons
of Ontario.

Fourteen Years experience in the practice
of Dentistry.

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New and Seasonable.



Just received a choice assortment of
CORONET BRAIDS, PLAITS,
CHIGNONS, COILS, &c.,
in Hair, Jute, Mohair and Linen.
Feds in sets of six.
Pompadour Pads and Frisette's.
A new and general variety of
Switches.

Real and imitation goods made to order with despatch,
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their own hair can have it made to order.

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Four doors from Queen Street, East side.

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Importer, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

**Band Instruments, Violins, Accordions,
GERMAN & ANGLO-GERMAN CONCERTINAS,
And all kinds of**

MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

Sole Agent for W. Bell & Co's Organette
and Cabinet Organs.

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N.B.—All kinds of Musical Instruments
Tuned and Repaired.

BURNING FLUID.

NO SMOKE! NO CHIMNEY!

A Splendid Night-Light, suitable for Hotels,
Stores, and Private Dwellings.

The Cheapest and best Burning Fluid.

LAMPS, suitable for burning the Fluid, only
FIFTEEN CENTS EACH.

All the Principal Hotels in Toronto use it.

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167 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

**GRIP! GRIP!! GRIP!!!
OYSTERS!**

WHYTE'S MANSION,
69 KING STREET EAST.

JAMES WHYTE, in returning thanks to
his customers, begs to inform the public generally
that he has, by the advice of his friends, added
to his establishment an

OYSTER BAR.

Parties favoring him with a call can be served with
Oysters from the shell, of the best quality.
Hot Meat Pie at all hours.

TO THE TRADE ONLY.

FOR NEW PATTERNS,
AND SALEABLE CHIGNONS, LEAIDS,
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ALL KINDS OF REAL AND IMITATION
HAIR GOODS.

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GENERAL AGENTS,

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FIRST-CLASS BRICK HOUSE FOR
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FOUR FRAME HOUSES FOR SALE
on Victoria Street, East Side, between Queen
and Shuter Streets.

COTTAGE FOR SALE ON RIVER
Street. Large Lot.

THE ABOVE PROPERTY FOR SALE
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FOR THE
CITY OF TORONTO.**

ELECTORS:

I respectfully solicit your
votes and support for re-election
as **MAYOR** for the year 1874.

I am,
Your obedient Servant,
ALEX. MANNING.

Election—Monday, January 5, 1874.

**BRITISH AMERICAN
COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.**

FIRST PRIZES in both BUSINESS and ORNA-
MENTAL PENMANSHIP were awarded to us at
the late Provincial Exhibition, Toronto. This is
the TENTH YEAR IN SUCCESSION that we have
obtained first prizes in Penmanship.

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Of instruction is in keeping with our Penmanship
Department—the very best to be obtained in the
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Law, Business Arithmetic, Spencerian Penmanship,
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Continue through the winter. An excellent oppor-
tunity is here offered to attend special classes in our
Business and Geographic Courses. Young men who
are engaged during the day should embrace this
opportunity, as it will yield ere long a thousand per
cent. upon the outlay.

For terms and Specimens of Penmanship, address
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65 YONGE STREET,

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CALL AND SEE IT.

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Science of Accounts and Business Practice,
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EQUALED for the THOROUGHNESS of its
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DUATES. Many young men instructed by
Mr. DAY are occupying responsible positions,
and by the satisfactory manner in which they
discharge their office duties reflect great credit
on the Institution in which they received their
business training.

For terms and circular, containing letters of
commendation from leading business men of
the country, address, post paid, JAMES E.
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540-23 July-82

THE BEST IN THE WORLD
LEADER LANE, TORONTO.



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GRIP'S
ALMANAC,
OUT
1st December.

\$2.00 PER YEAR,

5 CENTS EACH.

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Requiring Fine Ordered Clothing should inspect our stock of FINE IRISH SERGES, SUMMER TWEEDS and WORSTEDS before making their purchases.

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MACDONALD'S,
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All goods cut, and parcels delivered.



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BENGOUGH'S
POPULAR
READINGS.

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OUT IN DECEMBER.

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THE OLDEST AND MOST RELIABLE TEA AND COFFEE STORE IN ONTARIO.

Every Description of Pure Tea constantly in stock. Coffees Roasted on premises.

E. LAWSON, 93 King St. East.

To Manufacturers, Machinists, Printers and others.

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A most amusing game for the Home-Circle, Evening Parties, &c. Something entirely new. No end of Laughter and Fun. Introducing Comic Pictures of Eminent Canadian Politicians, &c.

WILL BE READY & FOR SALE AT THE BOOKSTORES EARLY IN DECEMBER. LOOK OUT FOR IT.

BENGOUGH, MOORE & BENGOUGH, PUBLISHERS.

FAT AS A PIG!
Why he digests all his food by taking

MALTOPEPSYN.



MALTOPEPSYN!

An Artificial Gastric Juice,

FOR
Dyspepsia, Indigestion, &c., &c.

Ohio, Yarmouth Co., N. S., Dec. 1st, 1880.

"I may say I like it (Maltopepsyn) much better than any preparation of the kind that I have used, as it is certainly both more prompt and effective, and it further has the advantage of being much cheaper."

J. A. W. MORSE, M. D.

MALTOPEPSYN!! only 50c per bottle.

One Cent per dose.

For sale by all druggists.

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Established 1856.

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COAL AND WOOD

Special rates for the next 5 days.

OFFICES: { Cor. Front & Cathurst Sts.
Yonge Street Wharf.
51 King Street East.
532 Queen Street West.

TORONTO.

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CONSUMER'S WHOLESALE TEA CO

LB TEAS & COFFEES Wholesale to Families
20 lbs. and upwards sent

THEY'RE UNANIMOUS!

Make a note of the following opinions of the Press, to whom we sent advance sheets of

GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1882,

With the request that they be noticed *on their merits*:

The *Union* has been favoured with specimen pages of *Grip's Almanac* for 1882, published by J. W. Bengough, Toronto, Ont., and can unhesitatingly say it will be a big improvement over any of its predecessors, which is high praise.—*Lockport (N. Y.) Union*.

We have received an instalment of specimen pages of *Grip's Almanac* for 1882, which will be ready for issue about Dec. 1. The work abounds with rich humour as usual, and will be well worth the price asked for it, 25c.—*Arnprior Chronicle*.

We are in receipt of advance sheets of *Grip's Almanac* for 1882. Our friend Bengough "struck the" when three years since, he resolved on the issuing of an almanac, illustrated by his own facile pencil, and running over with good things from the humourists both of his own land and the neighbouring republic. Interesting as were the two first years of this publication, the for 1882 bears evidence of being much superior to either of its predecessors, and if the remaining pages are as attractive in sketches of pen and pencil as the few sheets now before us, the public may rely on a rich feast of fun and fancy for the holidays.—*Saturday Night*, Whitby.

The advance sheets of *Grip's Comic Almanac* for 1882 have come to hand. It is quite evident that the coming publication will prove highly interesting and amusing to the reading public, as it will be as full of fun as can be, judging from the contents of the specimen sheets. The Almanac will be issued about the 1st of December next. It will contain about 100 pages; price 25 cents per copy.—*Ottawa Free Press*.

We have received some of the advanced sheets of *Grip's Almanac* for 1882. His biographies of Shakespeare, Socrates, Julius Caesar and Brian Boru surpass anything of the kind we have seen, for real wit and side-splitting comicality. Buy a copy when it comes out and get your liver well shaken up.—*Georgetown Herald*.

GRIP'S ALMANAC.—We have received advance sheets of *Grip's Almanac* for 1882, and

judging by them, Mr. Grip will make a decided improvement both in letterpress and illustrations on his last year's venture. It is brimful of fun and doubtless will have a very large sale.—*Sarnia Observer*.

PREPARING A TREAT.—The public will be pleased to learn that their humorous friend *Grip* is preparing a feast of well-timed, judiciously trimmed humour with a fair share of useful information in almanac form. In fact it is enough to know that *Grip* is preparing an almanac for 1882 which will contain about 100 pages. From the specimen pages now before us we can speak with confidence of the little stranger. But the name of the publisher, *Grip*, is a sufficient guarantee that the almanac will be a universal favourite. It will be issued on December first, and 25 cents will buy it.—*Sarnia Observer*.

We have received some advance pages of *Grip's Almanac*, and if any of our readers want a good laugh, they should purchase a copy as soon as issued. The Almanac will contain about 100 pages, profusely illustrated, and will retail at 25 cents. Published by Bengough, Moore & Bengough, Toronto.—*West Durham News*.

We have been favoured with an advance sheet of *Grip's Almanac* for 1882. It is brimful of wit, and has several new and strikingly original features. We should judge that at an early period of his life the editor was a boy, and that later in life he rented rooms from a relentless landlord. These two themes are illustrated in a most amusing manner. The book will be ahead of last year's issue.—*Goderich Signal*.

We have received advance pages of *Grip's Almanac* for 1882. This almanac, which increases in popularity with every issue, is to be a still further improvement on its predecessors. It is to be issued on Dec. 1st, will contain about 100 pages, profusely illustrated, and will be offered in change for the argenteous quarter. Remember that a man who cannot enjoy a hearty laugh, has a mighty slim chance of seeing heaven.—*Bobcaygeon Independent*.

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