

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

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

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

RE-ISSUE OF GRIP CARTOONS

The Covers for binding the Re-issue of GRIP Cartoons will be ready in a few days.

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

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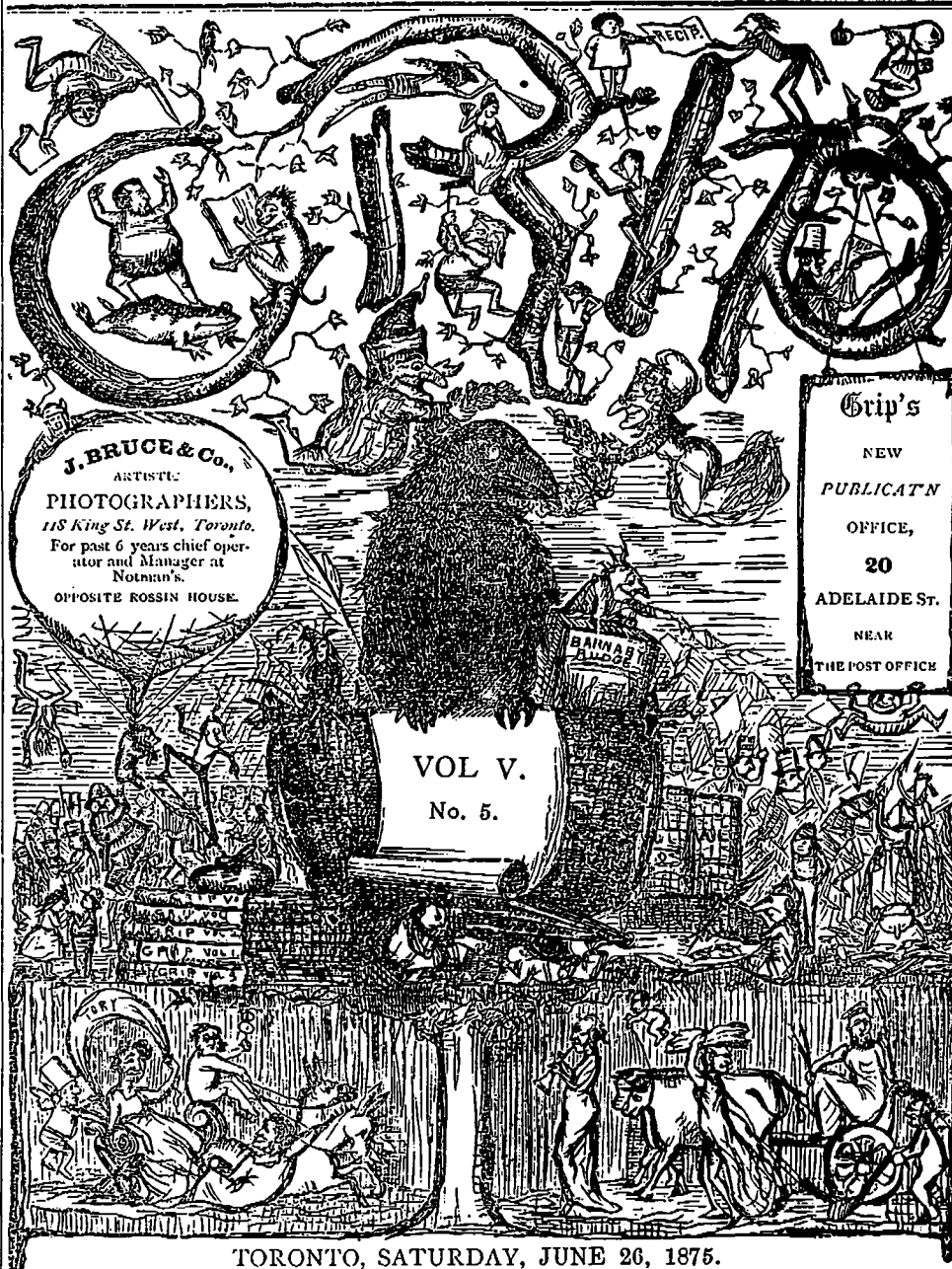
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NEW
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1875.

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

MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE—MONDAY EVENING, JULY 5,

A Grand Entertainment will be given in aid of

ST. NICHOLAS' BOYS' HOME.

The Programme will embrace:—A SERIES OF TABLEAUX VIVANTS produced under the immediate supervision of MRS. MORRISON. Impromptu Crayon Caricatures by

MR. J. W. BENGOUGH.

Music and Singing by several of the MOST POPULAR AMATEURS of the city, etc., etc. Further particulars announced shortly.

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 the rate of Two DOLLARS per column. All articles for which payment is expected must be accompanied by the name and address of the author.

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G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. HARNABY RUDOR.

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, JUNE 19, 1875.

From Our Box.

The farewell benefit of Toronto's veteran favourite, Mr. C. W. COULDOCK is announced for Monday Evening, 28th inst., at Mrs. MORRISON'S Opera House. The plays announced are *The Feas of Frankfort*, or *Payable on Demand* and *Milkey White*, in which Mr. COULDOCK appears in two of his most telling characters. We hope our citizens will give adequate expression to the esteem in which we know they universally hold Mr. C. as an actor and a gentleman, and as this will be probably his last appearance on our boards, let a packed house testify how sincerely sorry we are to lose him.

The Coming Man: or "Something for the Boy!"

Some people call me BILLY—
Some call me Wand'ring WILLIE,
And in my time, in faith, sirs,
I have wandered much and far—
But never, never yet
Have I once forgot, I bet,
To keep in steady view, sirs,
My life's bright guiding star—
Which is:—"Something for the Boy!"

Tory, Liberal, and Rad. sirs,
By turns I've been.—Egad! sirs,
I am anything, or nothing,
As I judge the turn may serve;
But in one thing I ne'er change,
Wherever else I range—
Through kicking, or through cuffing,
I never from it swerve,—
Namely:—"Something for the Boy!"

My capital in biz,
My tongue, I trow, it is,—
In oily-gammon style, sirs,
It can wag per hour, or day;
Upon each "situation"
'Tis aye ready to oration
By the yard or by the mile, sirs;
But the sum of all it's say
Still is:—"Something for the Boy!"

The Fatal Chromo, or the Bride of Gerrard Street.

A NOVELLETTE.

EDWIN and ANGELINA were young, beautiful and wealthy. The course of their loves ran smoothly, they got married, and lived in a gorgeous house on Gerrard Street, with a mansard roof to it. Till EDWIN joined the National Club, all was bliss in their happy home.

But he joined it and fell in with wild roisterers. His downward progress was rapid. He learned to play short whist and talked of Canadian Independence.

He gave up the *Globe* and took in the *Nation* and *National*. Often was ANGELINA'S pillow wet with tears, when her EDWIN would return to the once blissful residence at hours unknown to industry and virtue.

One day ANGELINA went into IRVING'S bookstore. There she saw a chromo which had just arrived with an American periodical.

It represented a guilty looking being stealing in at the door with his boots in his hand, and a grave, determined, sad and weary-eyed woman awaiting his arrival in mingled sorrow and anger. The legend below read as follows:

"The old, old story was told again at three o'clock in the morning."
A ray of hope gleamed over ANGELINA'S exquisitely chiselled features. That night, instead of retiring to her lonely couch, she replenished the coal-oil lamp and sat sternly in her chair, with ears nervously alive to the faintest sound.

Twelve! clanged the newclock at the Post Office. One! Two!
And still he came not.
The coal-oil lamp burned dim and smoked its chimney.

She sat there, lost in reverie, and heedless of the lamp till her head drooped, her pretty eyes closed, and slumber claimed her for its own. Just at this moment part of the tableau was realized.

The wretched EDWIN, bearing his boots in his hand, and with an imbecile grin on his countenance, stole softly into the room as the clock struck THREE!

He beheld his slumbering wife and a fiendish expression came over his features.

Gently he glode—no, glided to the lamp, removed the chimney and transferred the soot to his handkerchief.

In a few seconds ANGELINA'S charming face was disfigured by a number of hideous black streaks.

Then the wretch crept chucklingly to his room and went to bed.

Four! went the clock and she slumbered on.

Five! day had dawned and the balmy breezes of the far off Yonge Street sewer were wafted by the zephyrs through the open casement.

ANGELINA awoke and started to her feet.

"The wretch! He has not come home at all. Oh, this is intolerable. Why did I ever, ever, leave my m-m-mother?"

A flood of tears relieved the pent up feelings of her bosom. She blubbered like a whale—we mean wept like a walrus. That sounds prettier.

Slowly and sorrowfully she sought the bedroom where the guilty EDWIN lay snoring the snore of triumphant vice.

"Monster!" she said to herself on perceiving that perfidious creature.

With the customary instinct of womanhood ANGELINA stole a glance at her pallid and tear-swollen features, in the mirror, previously to arousing her husband.

She perceived the hideous disfigurements occasioned by the miserable practical joker and recoiled in horror from the sight. Every nerve in her body vibrated, as with eyes dilated and hands thrown back she surveyed the hideous spectacle.

"Fool, insensate fool!" she cried.

EDWIN informs us that he was aroused by the contents of the water-jug, from a dream that he was the Canadian Beaver, kept at the National Club to take part in the proceedings on Dominion Day, and that Mr. BROWN was chasing him round the hall of the Club with uplifted boots.

Their eyes met.

EDWIN dressed hastily and said he was going for an early walk, whilst ANGELINA commenced a letter to ask her mother to come and stay a week or two, as her home was far from happy.

All efforts at healing the breach have hitherto proved vain and the once happy bride is now in Chicago, seeking from the laws of Illinois a release from the bond that links her to a hated monster.

Meanwhile EDWIN goes round darkly scowling on his friends and absorbs the counsels of the gloomy GOLDWIN and the artfully devised cocktail with equally dangerous avidity.

He says he is hostile to all constitutions—especially his own, it would appear.

Oh, Mr. SMITH, Mr. SMITH, think on what you are doing. You once resisted the trammels of effete British institutions. Yet now you introduce the worst of all amongst us—the Club fiend. How many happy homes may be ruined for the sake of your little bowl of vermicelli.

Singular MSS. Discovered.

AS RICHARD DE DICKE telegraphs to us that he is in the land of Assyria, at present, helping Mr. SMITH, of the British Museum, to decipher the inscription on the stones, we suppose it must be so; notwithstanding an impression we had that we saw him yesterday on Yonge street. Anyway he sends us a singular MS.—printed below—which he says he abstracted from Mr. SMITH'S pocket—a "plagiarism" (as he calls it) which he justifies on the ground that "SMITH came here to look after stone-work, and has no right to go into the paper line." We accept the MS.—but the ethical question must "stand over."

1. And Queen BOADICEA reigned from everywhere to everywhere.
2. And she had riches, and honour, and power, and a Dolly Varden of exceeding great costliness, spangled with precious stones; and lords, judges, counsellors, and Right Reverends; and provinces, and annexations, and offshoots; over which she appointed governors, teachers, pastors and masters to boss things all and sundry.
3. The fairest of these offshoots was it not a region on a scale of matchless magnificence called Regemmelech—discovered in 645, A. D. by CHRISTOPHER J. WHELLAMS, and by him converted to Christianity, and wherof he afterwards became first apostolic Vicar-in-extraordinary. And did it not come to pass that in process of time Queen BOADICEA appointed deputy-ruler over this land the high and noble LISGARISSUS, under whom, as chief Vizier, was the famous and virtuous JOHNNYMACDONILECH! Yea verily.

[NOTE.—There's no answer given in the MS. to these two questions but I suppose one is to assume they are to be responded to in the affirmative, so I have taken on myself to do so as above.—R. DE D.]

4. It fell out one day when JOHNNYMACDONILECH was in council with his Sachems he heaved a deep sigh, and presently cried—"Let us elevate the Standard!" About two hours afterwards all the chiefs took



THE ONLY WAY NORTH YORK WILL SWALLOW BOULTBEE.

(WITH GRIP'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO BARNUM FOR THE IDEA.)

their pipes from their mouths and responded—"As how, and wherefore." JONNYMACDONILECH sighed again, and said "Cos of the increase of bribery and corruption! Even so, we will pass a law enacting that any member of the Sandhelrum who is elected through treats, tips, teams, or anything but the free voice of the magnificent sovereign people shall lose his place and perquisites, and be thrust into outer darkness and desolation." So the law was passed. Whereat the men who ran the shebeens waxed pale and the politicians known as purists and patriots (under their spirited leader MADDIVIELECH) looked blue—though they waved their hats, and pretended to emit a faint hooorah!

5. The renowned LISGARISSUS when his term of office expired was succeeded by the illustrious DIOTREPHES, (whose chief Vizier was the white-souled MACCABEUS) and MACCABEUS said unto his lord—"Up! walk through the land, and behold it in all its determined and reckless fertility and expansiveness: and cultivate a rich free grant location for thyself in the hearts of the people!" Whereupon DIOTREPHES upped, and went forth lither and thither, and mingled with the sovereign and splendidous people and received addresses, and made speeches, one of which (after dinner) did give huge satisfaction. For DIOTREPHES told how having travelled in many and various high and low latitudes, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, never till he came to Regem-elech had he seen a land where the sky was so lofty: the men so strong and virtuous: the women so lovely: the lakes and rivers so watery: the street dogs so numerous: the girls so graceful: the children so clever and retiring: the oxen so long-tailed: the politicians so patriotic: the butter so delicious: the municipal councils so public spirited: the Bobbies so active and intelligent: the cats such good mousers: and the journalists so able and courteous. Whereupon a voice cried out "That's just what I've been telling Emily!" and the sovereign people went home, in high feather singing "For he's a jolly good fellow!"

6. Now the great HUGHALLANTUS, as, next day, he sat in his treasury, counting his shekels, when he saw DIOTREPHES' speech, sprang from the ground with such a spring that he hit his head against the ceiling, and slapping his pocket with an exceeding slap, said: "BISMILLAH! BOADICEA is great, and DIOTREPHES is her prophet." Then he ordered six stereotyping machines, and went round and stood treat to everybody, and telegraphed to his agent in the Boadicea country to secure him ten boxes of the Yarborough cigars regardless of expense.

PART II.

Behold the stupendous EDWARDIBUS sat in his study consuming the midnight petroleum with corrugated brow, and perplexed expression of countenance. Before him was JONNYMACDONILECH'S "Standard Elevation Act"; and he read, and re-read, till suddenly a weird smile came over his pleasant lineaments. Jumping from his chair he gave a grand Ojibbawa war-hoop, followed by a private Bundora Irish jig, *ala* WILKES. Then he rushed to the American-House shebeen, and telegraphed to MACCABEUS—"Eureka!" WILKES came in and said in reply to a question, "Hot Scotch—inedicinal."

PART III.

1. The Standard Elevation court is assembled. The chief Cadi is on his seat. The captains and the counsellors, and the honourable men generally, are present, so is MACCABEUS calm and confident—Has he not the Eureka telegram in his pocket? [I suppose so R. DE D.]

2. HOOKY-WALKER-GRISTIBUS, is arraigned for bribery and corruption touching his election. CAKERGNILECH for petitioners, announces that he has 265 witnesses in court, to swear to 265 instances of GRITTIUS' misdoings, everybody is hopefully expectant. Behold do not you, and I, and all the rest of the sovereign people, take a Christian satisfaction in hearing of the peccadilloes of our dear publican and sinner friends and neighbours!

3. Lo! the tremendous EDWARDIBUS nudges the counsellor for GRITTIUS; and he rises, and with a look of conscious triumph he says—"M'lud, we confess bribery by an agent!"

4. Behold all awake to the fact that EDWARDIBUS' legal acumen have succeeded in driving a chariot-and-six through the Elevation Act! Lo! the inquiry is hushed up, and the Court-room becomes a region of general amenities! The Cadi, as he unseats GRITTIUS, compliments him on his leaving the court without anything to affect his spotless reputation. He will also report to the Grand Sachem that (for anything he has heard to the contrary) the constituency is as pure as Toronto gas, or milk. The honourable counsellors put their briefs into their bags. The court-room is cleared, the Virtuous Unspotted is again selected as a standard-bearer, the agent gets a white washing certificate, and in a few weeks V. U. slips again into the grand sachem as brisk and comfortable as though nothing had happened!

NOTE. There are various anachronisms of name, date, etc., in the above. But it's not my fault. It's the MS. R de D.

The Re-naming of Jarvis Street.

THE good taste of our City Fathers is transforming Jarvis Street into a stately avenue, and GRIP, as patron of all that is beautiful and progressive, heartily croaks his acknowledgments to them. When the improvements are complete it will probably be thought desirable to re-name the thoroughfare, and in that case no doubt a meeting will be held in one of the fine drawing-rooms which overlook it. GRIP foresees the proceed-

ings of this assembly, and in the hope of averting the realization of his vision, give them, as follows:

The chair will be taken by Mrs. PUFFINGTON, who will announce that the ladies and gentlemen are met for the purpose of deciding on a name for the whilom Jarvis street, and that suggestions are now in order.

Hon. GEO. BROWN will rise, and in his usual diffident manner, propose that it be named "Goldwin Avenue." This, he will go on to observe, he considers a euphous name, and at the same time one which indicates "Advancement," and "Advancement" is the watchword of the day. It cannot be that this great thoroughfare shall always continue to hold its present relations to the other streets. The time has come for it to assume all the duties and responsibilities of a great and beautiful avenue. At the same time, he begs them to understand that the name "GOLDWIN" has no reference to a certain person of the name of SMITH. He has never looked upon that person's name with anything but aversion.

Mr. W. H. HOWLAND will second the suggestion of the hon. Senator. He has long been particularly fond of that name, and would be delighted to have it incorporated with this flourishing city in this very way. For his own part, he don't mind if it *does* refer to any particular Professor.

Mr. JIMUEL BRIGGS will rise to say that if there is no general disposition to adopt the name "Briggs Boulevard" or "Jimuel Avenue," he will throw in his influence with the previous speakers. Mr. BROWN's choice suits him very well;—and it is not the first time that gentleman had suited him. (*Suppressed laughter.*) But the topic under discussion is not a *National* one, (*a smile*;) it is strictly municipal. He considers the name "Goldwin" particularly appropriate for what is now known as Jarvis street, because the fact that it, the wealthiest street, had secured such attention at the hands of the authorities, proves that *Gold did win!*—(*A brief suspense, followed by roars of laughter.*)

Mr. ALDERMAN HENDERSON will by this time have finished reading a report of one of his council room speeches in the *Globe*, and will come forward to say that he disapproves of the suggestion before the chair. If it be not too much trouble, can't the street be named "Henderson Avenue." He is not an egotistical man, much less an egotistical Alderman, and he has no desire to give himself any prominence in this community, but as a slight acknowledgement of the services of a certain alderman—he will not say he alludes to himself—he thinks the citizens generally will approve of the name "Henderson avenue."

Mr. ALDERMAN CROCKER will express his regret that he fails to see the force of his friend HENDERSON'S observations. He has a proposition which he hopes will meet with more general favour. It is that the name "Crocker street" be adopted.

Mr. ALDERMAN BAXTER will candidly acknowledge that Mr. CROCKER has been a useful member of the council, but certain other aldermen certainly carry more weight than he. He will suggest the substitution of the word "Baxter" for "Jarvis." "Baxter street" would give a fine idea of the street's breadth—

Mr. BRIGGS (*solito voce*) And greenness!

Mr. ALDERMAN BAXTER will go on to remind the meeting that Jarvis street has been furnished with chain guards, which naturally reminds him that "Baxter street" is already an household word through being mentioned in a poem known as the "Mulligan Guards." The alderman will then beg permission to sing one verse of that popular song, being accompanied on the banjo by Mr. WILL WALMSLEY, and Prof. GOLDWIN SMITH presiding at the piano.

The Mayor and all the Aldermen will join in the chorus, and march around the room, entirely forgetting their rivalry in the enthusiasm aroused by the song.

Mr. JOHN CAMERON will rise in a most unobtrusive manner and suggest the name "Liberal Avenue." He will express the hope that no one thinks this sort of advertising dodge. He does not insist that they shall call it "Liberal and Western Advertiser Avenue." Not at all; simply "Liberal Avenue."

Hon. GEO. BROWN will implore the meeting to dismiss this last suggestion peremptorily. If it is adopted, it will be a floodgate to let in untold tribulations upon the community generally, and himself in particular. If a murder, accident, or fire should ever occur on that street, that name would disbar the *Globe* from giving an intelligent account of the locality, and the reading public would thereby suffer. He hopes Mr. CAMERON will be magnanimous enough to withdraw his suggestion, and pick out some better name than "Liberal"—!

Mr. BROWN will suddenly catch his breath, and remain transfixed to the spot; his eyes staring wildly and vacantly, and a deathly pallor creeping over his face, while beads of cold sweat press through his lofty brow. The company will gaze in horror and amazement upon the awful spectacle, and a solemn, leaden silence reign over all! A flash of blood to Mr. BROWN'S face will restore his speech, and screaming, "*Ichabod! I've said it!*" he will rush from the house, followed by the bewildered company. All except Mr. JOHN CAMERON who, overcome with amazement and joy, will sink upon the carpet like another MARMION, and waving aloft a fragment of *The Liberal*, will shout "Victory! he's mentioned it!" Thus the meeting will end and the name of the noble avenue will remain to glorify the house of JARVIS.



**CHANGE IN THE STANDS
FOR
EXPRESS WAGGONS
IN THE CITY.**

The following will be the stands for Express Waggon:
 1. On Bay street, from Adelaide to Fire Hall.
 2. On Front, from York street West—8 waggon.
 3. On Scott, from Front to Wellington—5 waggon.
 4. On Front, from Church to the Market.
 5. On Front, East of Yonge—8 waggon.

By order of the Board of Police Commissioners,
FRANK C. DRAPER,
 Chief Constable,

Sec. Board P. C.
 Chief Constable's Office,
 Toronto, June 22nd, 1875.

**GRAND
FESTIVAL AND GAMES**



**FOR THE CELEBRATION OF
DOMINION DAY, JULY 1.**

Under the distinguished patronage of his Excellency the Right Honourable the Earl of Dufferin, K.P., K.C.P., Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, &c., and the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Honourable D. A. Macdonald.

The Committee take this opportunity of extending to the different societies and to the citizens generally, a cordial invitation to join in the Procession. It is their hope, that without distinction of class or creed, all will join heartily in their first organized

**CELEBRATION OF THE
Natal day of the Dominion.**

A Grand Procession headed by the
TUSCARORA INDIAN BRASSBAND,

will start from the City Hall at 10 a. m., and march to the Queen's Park, where addresses will be delivered by Mr. M. C. Cameron, Q. C., Mr. Ald. Turner, and other prominent citizens. After the addresses the Procession will reform and proceed to the Toronto Lacrosse Club Grounds, where a

Grand Lacrosse Match

Will be played between the Tuscarora Indians and the Toronto's, for the Confederation Gold Medal.

A Musical Festival, with Athletic Games and Sports to follow.

In the evening there will be a
GRAND PROMENADE CONCERT,
 at the Horticultural Gardens, at 3 p. m., and
DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO BANDS.

The grounds will be beautifully illuminated, and a
GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS, similar to that given in honour of the Prince of Wales at Derby, England, by Professor Hand.

J. AUSTIN, Treasurer. **F. W. WILDING,** Secretary.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

**USE THE
DIAMOND YEAST
CAKE.**

**MRS. MORRISON'S GRAND OPERA
HOUSE.**

C. W. COULDOCK begs to announce to his friends that in consequence of Barnum's Great Exhibition visiting Toronto on June 22nd and 23rd, his **COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT** will not take place until **MONDAY, JUNE 28th,** when a capital entertainment will be presented.

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

REVENUE.

Cash Premiums and Interest	\$25,486 13
DISBURSEMENTS.	
Claims under Policies paid	\$8,318 95
Claim Appropriation for Losses resisted and waiting proof	750 00
Agents, Commission, Salaries, Directors Fees, Office Rent, &c.	6,197 73
Scrap Appropriation to Policy-holders of 1874, on deposit in Royal Canadian Bank, being forty per cent.	10,194 45
	\$25,486 13

W. H. HOWLAND, President.
HUGH SCOTT, Manager & Sec'y.
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ERNEST G. PULFORD,
GEO. J. MAULSON, } Auditors.

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