

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.

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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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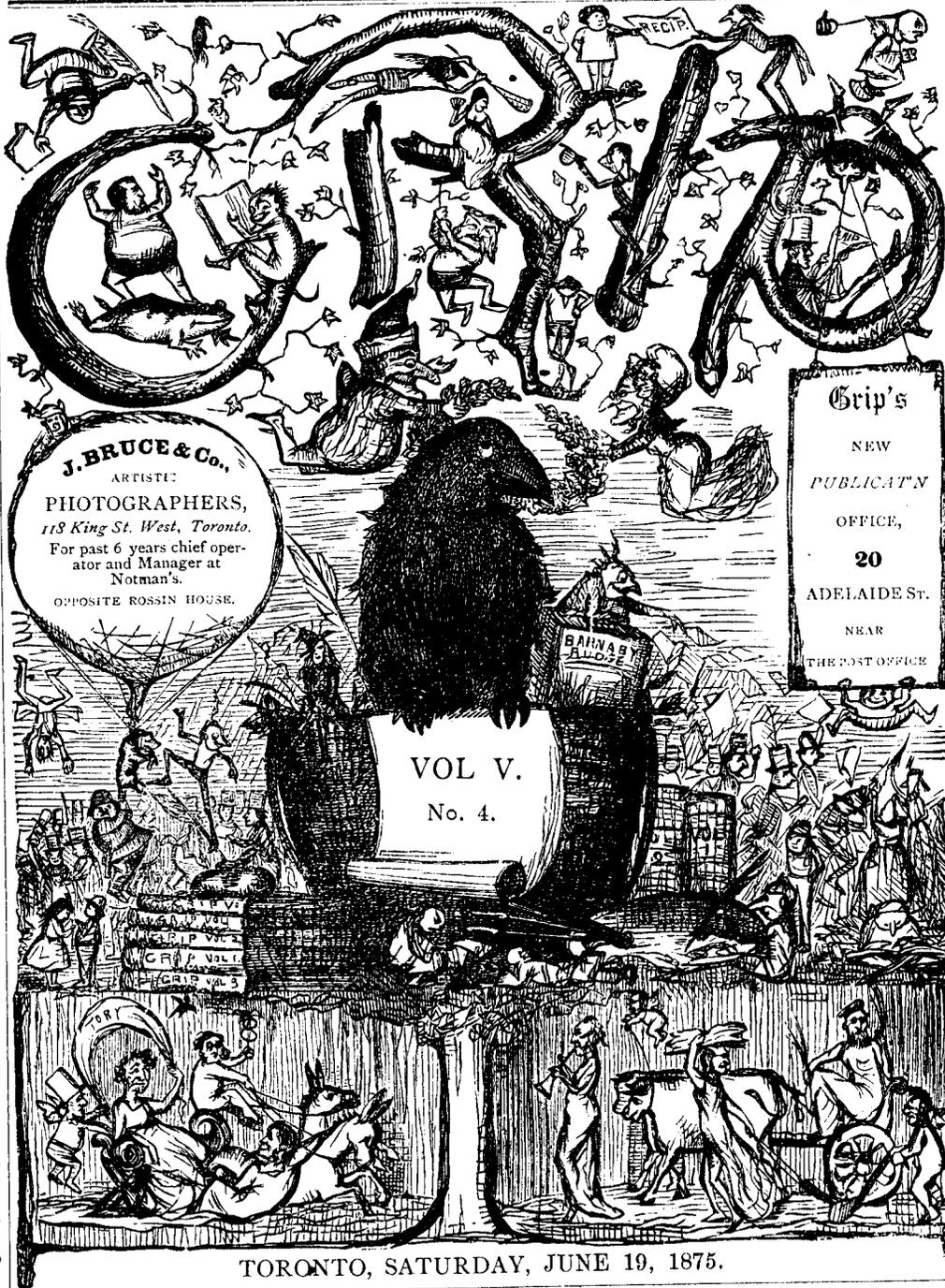
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References:—J. Stevenson, Quebec Bank; Dominion Bank, Toronto

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TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1875.



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OVER 28,000 IN USE.

CAUTION.—In consequence of several inferior and spurious imitations being offered, which are obviously in disregard of our patent rights, since the Philadelphia Lawn Mower has become established, all persons are hereby cautioned against infringing thereon, whether as makers, sellers, or users, and we certify that the "genuine machine" is supplied in Canada by Mr. WILLIAM RENNIE, Toronto, our representative for the Dominion.

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TORONTO.

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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13 HOUSES, in desirable localities. Only small payments required down.

6 LOTS on St. George Street, 200 feet deep. Small payments down.

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Nitrous Oxide Gas administered for the painless extraction of teeth.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1875.

"Very Like a Whale!"

(See Cartoon.)

THERE'S a cloud on the Local horizon just now,
At which both the Grits and the Tories are gaping;
And the two-headed *Hamlet's* wild vision, I trow,
Reads political signs in its shifting and shaping.

Strange rumblings that seem from the cloud to proceed,
Now strike the four ears of the cute Opposition,
And he thinks it's the Grits in a general stampede
Overturning the seats as they quit the position.

And now as he plainly sees destiny writ
On the strangely formed mass as it upward goes sailing,
He triumphantly points and enquires of the Grit
If the cloud hasn't taken the shape of a Whale(ing).

The Attorney-General, smilingly looks
In vain for the semblance of head, fin or tail,
But feeling serene, he facetiously chimes:
"Yes, your Tory hopes look *very much* like a whale."

From Our Box.

BARNUM'S Hippodrome will be located at the corner of Gerrard and Ontario streets. We know of one man who isn't going. His engagement at the city jail does not terminate until the next week.

The "Two Orphans" have appeared. They are two interesting-looking young women from Normandy, one of whom is blind, and they leave their happy home and its memories for the gay and wicked city of Paris. Here a distinguished oculist awaits them and has promised to restore the sight of *Louise*, (Mrs. N. C. FORRESTER.) But he doesn't meet them and they don't know where to find him. This is awkward. Enter a villain in the pay of a wicked Marquis and carries off *Henriette*. *Louise* wanders round the stage and nearly tumbles into the river. She is rescued by *Pierre*, a virtuous cripple, but persecuted by his objectionable relatives, a mother, and brother, who gladly receive her into the bosom of the family. They steal her clothes and trade them off for whiskey. *Pierre* rather approves of the arrangement as he now has some one to be the partner of his griefs and share his thrashings. The wicked Marquis holds unhallowed revels in his garden by night, to which *Henriette*, in a state of chloroform or something is introduced on a handbarrow. She wakes and implores protection from the guests. The *Chevalier Maurice DeVaudrey* concludes she ought to have it and fights out the question with the Marquis. Both of them, remarkable to state, had a notion of fencing, and did not play singles with their rapines as usual on the Canadian boards. Triumph of virtue. Coroners inquest between the acts. Verdict "Justifiable homicide." The next act opens in the private office of the Minister of Police, Mr. F. BERESFORD, a gentleman equal in importance to all the Toronto Police Commissioners rolled into one, with a detective or two thrown into the bargain. He is uncle to the *Chevalier* and wants him to marry somebody. The *Chevalier* says he loves Another. The other turns out to be *Henriette*. Family quarrel. The Minister dives deeply into family secrets and discovers something unpleasant about his wife. The next scene was so beautiful and touching that we can't joke about it. The poor blind girl, in scanty clothing, is driven out in a snowstorm by the horrible old woman into whose clutches she has fallen, made to implore charity at a church-door, and at once deprived of all she receives. Then we find *Henriette* and her lover in her apartment and after this the *Countess*, wife to our pompous friend the Minister, appears on the scene. It turns out that the blind girl is the *Countess's* own child. She is heard singing outside and they are just going to rush down to her, when the Minister and his police rush in and *Henriette* is yanked off to prison. Next she and a number of other prisoners are about to be transported to Muskoka, by order of the Minister of Agriculture—we mean Police, when another criminal who has just got pardoned out volunteers to take her place. Miss ABBY WARE who has reformed from the wild reveller of the second act and taken the veil, tells the first wicked story of her life and says *Marianne* is the right girl, and that young lady starts by the Northern Railway for Braccbridge. Matters are now getting to a head, and the concluding act opens in the residence of the unpleasant family into whose hands *Louise* has fallen. As usual they have a row. They all go out of the room and the *Chevalier* enters and hides. Then *Henriette* manages to

get in. The orphans discover each other. The old woman and her objectionable son enter and proceed to violently assault them. The virtuous cripple gets out a big knife and proceeds to have it out with his wicked brother. The *Chevalier* who has much regard for fair play gets out of the cup-board at the end of the third round and comes to the rescue of the little one. Having a sword he has the best of the situation. Enter everybody else, including a comic valet, whom we never saw the use of until this scene when he prevented the old woman from escaping. In the words of the bills "Re-union, Happiness, and Punishment of Crime."

GRIP thinks this one of the best modern plays he has seen. Though French, it is perfectly moral and never outrages decency. The whole company acted so well that it is hard to particularise. Mr. and Mrs. FORRESTER certainly carried off the honors. Miss LEWIS was very good as *Henriette*, and Mr. FRANCE as the cripple *Pierre Frochard* shewed a great deal of feeling. Miss LEBRUN and Mr. FARWELL deserve great praise for their faithful rendering of an unpleasant task in the repulsive characters of the old woman *Frochard* and her ruffianly son.

"Wanted. a House!"

(Scene from the above-named new sensational drama.)

ARGUMENT.—An advertisement in which the name of the *Liberal* occurred appeared in a late number of the *Globe*.

GORDONIBUS, discovered alone at his desk, in attic story.

"Sir GEORGE!"—Ha! ha! (*Laughs sardonically.*)

A pretty thing 'i' faith!

And yet 'twas ever thus! The world in sooth
Knows not its greatest men. The thistle down
Ascends towards realms empyrean, zephyr-borne,
While the grand oak's high germ lies low on earth
Food for dull hogs. If angels ever smile
As from the upper regions they behold
Men's goings on, doubtless a general grin
Is seen just now among them as they note
Me sitting here while *he* to England hies
For Knightly accolade from royal hand!
Anon to hie him back, even more big
And bumptious than of old (if possible).
Ever in some inexplicable way
The fellow seems to boss it here, and there,
And everywhere; and doth precedence take
Of *me* his born superior,—yea, of *ME*—
A guiding spirit, and a master mind!
He has his private sitting room below,
A cosy place, which none may dare invade,
While *I* must make a shift as best I can,
'Mid clippers and reporters thrust; at desk
In a dark corner; top of flights of stairs!
Ye gods! as somewhere somebody doth say,
It doth amaze me such a man should thus
Here stride the world, whilst I and all the rest
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
By gracious sufferance, trembling, as it were,
Lest hap he put on us his copious foot!

[Kings fool.]

Enter PRINTERIUS DIABOLUS on all fours.

GORD. Bid all the slaves attend!

PRINT. DIAB. O boss, I will.

GORD. (*in a rage*) Base hound! what mean you by such talk! You will! Do you not know you MUST?

(*Throws inkstand at PRINTERIUS DIABOLUS who retires precipitately.*)

[Enter DYMONDIBUS, INGLISIUS, FLOODIBUS; reporters, clippers, clerks, foremen, and compositors.

DYM. Great Sir! We hang upon thy gracious utterance!

GORD. (*bitterly*). "Hang!" Aha! Knave, thou speakest well—

Dost choose the very word expressing meed too good

By half for all the precious lot of ye!

Oh! abject loons! know ye this nameless sheet?

(*Holds up copy of "Liberal."*)

INGLISIUS. Great sir, we know it not. Nor ever saw

Nor heard of it till now. Nor had idea

That such a sheet existed. 'Tis the *Globe*

Alone we read, nor other guide require.

GORD. (*somewhat mollified*). Inglisius, either thou dost fib like thunder,

Or grow'st oblivious to a marvel—for

Scarce three short moons ago I swore you all

Upon your solemn bended marrowbones

That ne'er should name of this infernal sheet

Defile the *Globe's* pure page!

FLOOD. Stupendous boss!

Now that the fact you unto us recall

We do remember it—or, in the fervid phrase

Of Erin's sons—its light doth shine again

Like Love's first hallowed form on Mem'ry's stream!

DYM. (*aside*) That fellow Flood will never leave his cribbing.

One time 'tis magazines,—and, now, TOM MOORE.



THE CLOUD ABOVE THE LOCAL HORIZON.

AS SEEN BY "HAMLET" MACDOUGALL-CAMERON.

MOWAT.—"YES, IT'S VERY LIKE A WHALE!"

GORD. Flood, prithee stop thy gabble! and attend—
There on my table lies a *Globe* in which
A vile advertisement appears, which runs:—
“Wanted a house! Apply to box 14
The *Nameless Office*.” When it met my view
Grim horror seized me, and amazement dire.
Wherefore is this black deed? and whose the fault?
ING. DYM. and FLOOD, (together) We know not, sir. In fact to tell
the truth,
For once, it's not in our department.
Clippers and reporters. Most certainly it cannot be in ours.
Small Printerius Diabolus (*shrilly*). The clerks and foremen boss
that kind of biz.
GORD. (*Leaping to his feet, excitedly*) Strangle that imp!
(*P.D. jumps out of window, missing by close shave a file of “Globe”
hurled at him by FLOODIBUS.*)
Foreman (*humbly*). 'Tis true, dread boss! and pity 'tis
'Tis true; the thing is in the *Globe*;
I know not how—unless or Jimuel Briggs,
De Dicke or kindred ne'er-do-well, has laid
A wager that the horrid name with which
I do not foul my tongue should in my sheeth
Be *once* at least recorded—and so sent
A got up thing which 'scaped the reader's eye
And all the clerks below.

GORD. Attend my mandate,
The dullhead reader, and the scoundrel clerk
Who passed the advertisement, and took it in—
Nor kicked the wretch who brought it—on the spot
Are cashiered; and if e'er again the name
We name not, figures in the *Globe*, I swear,
No matter what the cause, or—
(*Suddenly rolls his eyes, foams at the mouth, and charges furiously
at the whole party who, in great terror, take to their heels in all direc-
tions amid shouts of “police,” “fire,” “murder,” and “thieves,” while
FLOODIBUS in his fright sounds the fire alarm at Box 67.*)

Parting Instructions.

GRANDMOTHER BROON TO HER SON SANDY.

Weel SANDY lad ye're gaw'n awa'
To leave yer' puir auld Grandmama;
I'd raither ye had staid at hame
To watch our EDDIE'S little game, (1)
That laddie he was aye wanchancy; (2)
He's far aw'er eerish for my fancy,
I'll dry-nurse ne'er anither Laddie
Can't say *peeze* lik an Em'bro caddy. (3)
A few words o' advice I'll gie ye
(I'd raither far I could gang wi' ye):
Across the water we're no sainted,
Its thoct oor records somewhat tainted,
Granted we're guid Detectives—raither—
But Statesmen o' the bidox feather. (4)
Some say the records of oor age
Are blacken'd o'er wi' espionage;
I dinna' ken' how far that's richt,
But this I'm sure o' "Richt is nicht";
We're on the lown (5) side of the wa'
And guide the fates o' Canada.
Sae SANDY lad be very cautious,
They'll speer ye questions most mendacious,
Of murder'd SCOTT and bold RIEL,
Just tell them they can blame themself;
He was Queen's bairn like ony ither, (5)
A mother's sibber (6) than a Brither,
Of letter-stealing and such like
O' weel I wat they needna' fyke;
Their ain Sir JAMES the GRAHAM was one,
Could lick to sticks oor Huntingdon,
They'll say I hinder'd enterprize
By making mud o' Sir HUGH'S pies.
Granted, his plans were grand and glorious,
What's that compared to Grits victorious!
A Highway 'cross the *Globe* seems fine,
But mind ye HUGH the *Globe* is mine!
Noo, to the purpose o' this blether (8)
Which I had lost maist altogether,
Don't *dead-head* wi' a pawky ALLAN,
Pay yer ain shot my dawcent callan,
They'l put ye under obligations
And ask for "Tenders" wi' yer rations.
Noo, when ye reach the Broomielaw, (9)
Hire yer frien's cab and drive awa', (10)
Shun provosts, bailies, speck'ly Rora,
A "chartist" dress'd in civic glory,
He's sure to fune, and foam, and rage

'Gainst our limited sufferage.
We'll leave a' thocts o' its extending,
Till just oor lease o' place is ending,
And oh! beware o' Andro' Bon, (12)
I'd raither far ye'd sail for Goa, (13)
Than hear the record o' your meeting
Yer hand and neive (14) masonic greeting.
Nae doot yer brither crafts, but then,
Yer Premier, SANDY, noo ye ken,
And magistrates around ye boo'in
Could ill disgust a mell and Trowan (15).
Besides he's for high pay and "unions"
And my *foot's* down on such opinions.
If "Ginx" is there, tell him frae me
He needna' wait, ye're my *Babic*,
Just mind his ain and "Bonnie Dundee,"
Or point a joke for D'Israeli.
Look douce and sour as my "Sourock", (16)
Locacte the guid-wife doon at Gourock, (17)
She there may clack o' furs and beaver,
Or ither women's clish-maclaver.
A' civic feasts and splores abandon:
Dine wi' BOB NAPIER yon't at Shandon, (18)
And Brothers BURNS o' Kilmahew,
'They're men o' worth and *mettle* too;
'Twill seem like business ye are wanting
And nocht o' idle galavanting;
And if to Em' bro' ye s'uld scurry
Ca' on my frien's oot bye at Carrie. (19)
The paper-works will claim attention,
An "order" frae the *Globe* just mention;
Avoid baith CHAMBERS and MCLAREN (20)
'They're pride o' sair' is just past bearin';
DUNCAN will pose ye wi' Algebra,
And WILLIE speer if BROON knows Hebrew
Mell na' wi' lads o' coort o' Session, (21)
'They'll say ye've nae "polite profession";
Rin when ye see Professor BLAIKEY, (22)
Or through the Greek roots he will hake ye,
And swear richt doon before yer' face
Ye're a scion o' the Celtic race;
He'll ban my Emigration fancies,
And ca' us a' confounded dunces!
In short, MACK—be a "Sphynx" unridled,
Reticent Lad!—or you'll be didd'led;
They'll tease ye with politest wit,
And pun upon your name of "Grit."
Swear lustily by the "Dominion,"
Do battle wi' the fause opinion
That "blood is merit," learning needel
To guide a Nation freely seeded
Wi' Saxon plants o' hardy fibre,
And Celtic "shoots" from "Don" to Tiber!
Digest the lecture I have held,
A health to you and "bonnie DUNKELD." (23)

NOTES AND GLOSSARY.—(1) Hon. E. BLAKE. (2) Dangerous and uncertain.—
(3) An Edinbro' riot is no joke—since the day they hung PORTBUS their *Chief de police*
on a barber's pole in Grass-market—this line refers to a rising against the Irish when
the trial was "Pease"; whoever failed in giving the true Gothic twang was
knocked down. A Celtic hero saved himself by calling out "Pease! if I should die for
it!" (4) NAP. the First's great Detective—read life of—then compare HUNTINGDON,
McMULLEN & Co. (5) Sheltered—Sir JOHN knows it, and feels for them. (6) GEORGE
is sensible here, look to the millions spent in Abyssinia where no murder was
done and impertinent proselytising insisted on.—(6) Closer. (7) Sir JAMES of that
name made free with continental sealing-wax and was disgraced for ever; he was a
Home Secretary at the time and not a *disinterested Patriot*. (8) Promiscuous talk—
GEORGE abounds in it as well as "GRIP". (9) Glasgow Quay made sacred by the
landing of Sanct Mungo, and now ditto by the expected ditto of ST. ALEXANDER.—
(10) "MACKEN IE, 12 Oswald St.,—Cabs to hire." (11) Bailie JAMES MOIR, who
sang the Marseilles to FERGUS O'CONNOR and the Glasgow charists—not sure but
SANDY was there. (12) Sec. Op. Mason's Society: sure to go aboard of Brither
SANDY if not well watched. (13) Insalubrious spot somewhere, would not J. A. like
GEORGE'S proposed voyage accomplished? (14) "Neivy, neivy, nick, nack, whatna'
han' will ye tak'?" a question now freely asked at the electors of the Dom. when a
Grit and a Liberal Conservative are offered to their choice; "tak' the 'tane or tak' the
'tither—disna' matter muckle whither." (15) Trowel—sacred to the memory of one at
Sarnia. (16) Wild sorrell—genus seems extinct in Canada; displaced by disap-
pointed lobbyers. (17) Time-honored watering place on the Clyde. Asylum for ladies
whose husbands have much business on hand. (18) Sir ROBERT NAPIER, great boat-
builder and engineer.—W. & J. BURNS of the Anchor and other lines—looks like busi-
ness and that's what GEORGE wants, he wishes to keep his own and ALICK'S tuft-hunt-
ing out of sight—and never say "Sir." (19) Putney village on the Esk near Edinbrough
BURNS called there, why should not SANDY? (20) Sir W. CHAMBERS, Ed. of the *Journal*,
literary, and a Baronet. Keep up GEORGE, there's hopes! his "Information for
the People" is now at Glenmorriston, Peebleshire, and reads thus: "Transpassers on
these grounds punished with the utmost severity of the Law"—anything in the placard
way up at Bow Farm? DUNCAN MCLAREN, M.P. for City of Edinbrough, is still plain
DUNCAN, an awful man at figures; he once in our hearing wanted to embroil BRIGHT
in a maze of them, but the great printer of calico gracefully retired, saying: "his Edin-
bro' Colleague was the LYCURGUS of the Numeration Table, and he would shirk." No
wonder GEORGE thinks it risky for him to get alongside ALEX. (21) Meddle not.—
No ALBY. dont—send BLAKE there it will take some of the conceit out of him.—(22)
A sort of Bohemian DEMOSTHENES an *Arch* ARCHIBALD MCKELLAR.—SANDY has
enough of that at home.—(23) o' Dun-Caledon—the Fort of the Caledonians; may
SANDY like his native place prove a fort of refuge to the needy of his countrymen.

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.

PHONOGRAPHIC STUDENTS ATTENTION!

Pitman's (English) Publications: Phonographic Teacher, 15c; Reader, 15c; Manual, 30; Compend, 5c; Exercises on Teacher and Manual, 5c; Key to do., 15c; Reporter's Companion, 75c; Reporting Exercises, 15c; Phrase Book, 50c; Railway do., 30c; Reporter's Guide (common print), 75c; sent post free to any address. Also Book of Psalms, and other works in Phonography and Phonetic printing. THOMAS BENGOUGH, Grip office, Toronto.



WELLAND CANAL.

Notice to Contractors.

The letting of the works for the enlargement of the Welland Canal, advertised to take place on the FIRST day of JUNE next, is unavoidably postponed to the following dates:

The Tenders will be received until THURSDAY, the TWENTY-FOURTH day of JUNE next. Plans and specifications will be ready for examination on FRIDAY, the ELEVENTH day of JUNE.

By order, F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

DEPARTMENT PUBLIC WORKS,
Ottawa, 14th May, 1875.

COUNCIL OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION FOR ONTARIO.

ELECTION OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Notice to Public School Inspectors, and to the Masters and Teachers of Collegiate Institutes and High Schools.

The Chief Superintendent of Education hereby gives notice that an election of a member of the Council of Public Instruction, by the legally qualified Masters and Teachers of Collegiate Institutes and High Schools, also of another member by the Inspectors of Public Schools, will take place on Tuesday, the 17th day of August next, according to the provisions of the law.
Education Office, Toronto, May 22nd, 1875.

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL AT OTTAWA.

APPOINTMENT OF MASTERS.

The COUNCIL OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION hereby gives notice that applications will be received until the 1st July next, from candidates for Masterships in the Normal School at Ottawa, which will be opened in September of the current year.
The applications, with testimonials, must be addressed to the Chief Superintendent of Education, Toronto.
Education Office, May 22nd, 1875.

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REMEMBER THE ADDRESS:

187 AND 189 YONGE ST., UNDER ALBERT HALL.

ATTENTION!

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Any one wishing to exhibit the beauties of Toronto and the wonders of Niagara, to their absent friends, will do well to call and examine our collection of Stereoscopic views.

A choice selection of Cabinet and Carte de Visite Photographs of

- Neilson,
- Rousby,
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- Patti,
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And other celebrities of the stage always on view. Photographs not on hand can be ordered from our agents in New York.

A. S. IRVING & Co.,
Corner Toronto and Adelaide Streets,
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USE THE DIAMOND YEAST CAKE.

FOR JOB PRINTING TRY
"GRIP" OFFICE,
20 Adelaide Street

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
	\$25,486 13

W. H. HOWLAND, President.
HUGH SCOTT, Manager & Sec'y.
Audited and found correct.
ERNEST G. PULFORD, } Auditors.
Geo. 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.

Head Office:

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SCOTT & WALMSLEY,
General Agents.

Corner Jarvis & Adelaide Sts.,
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