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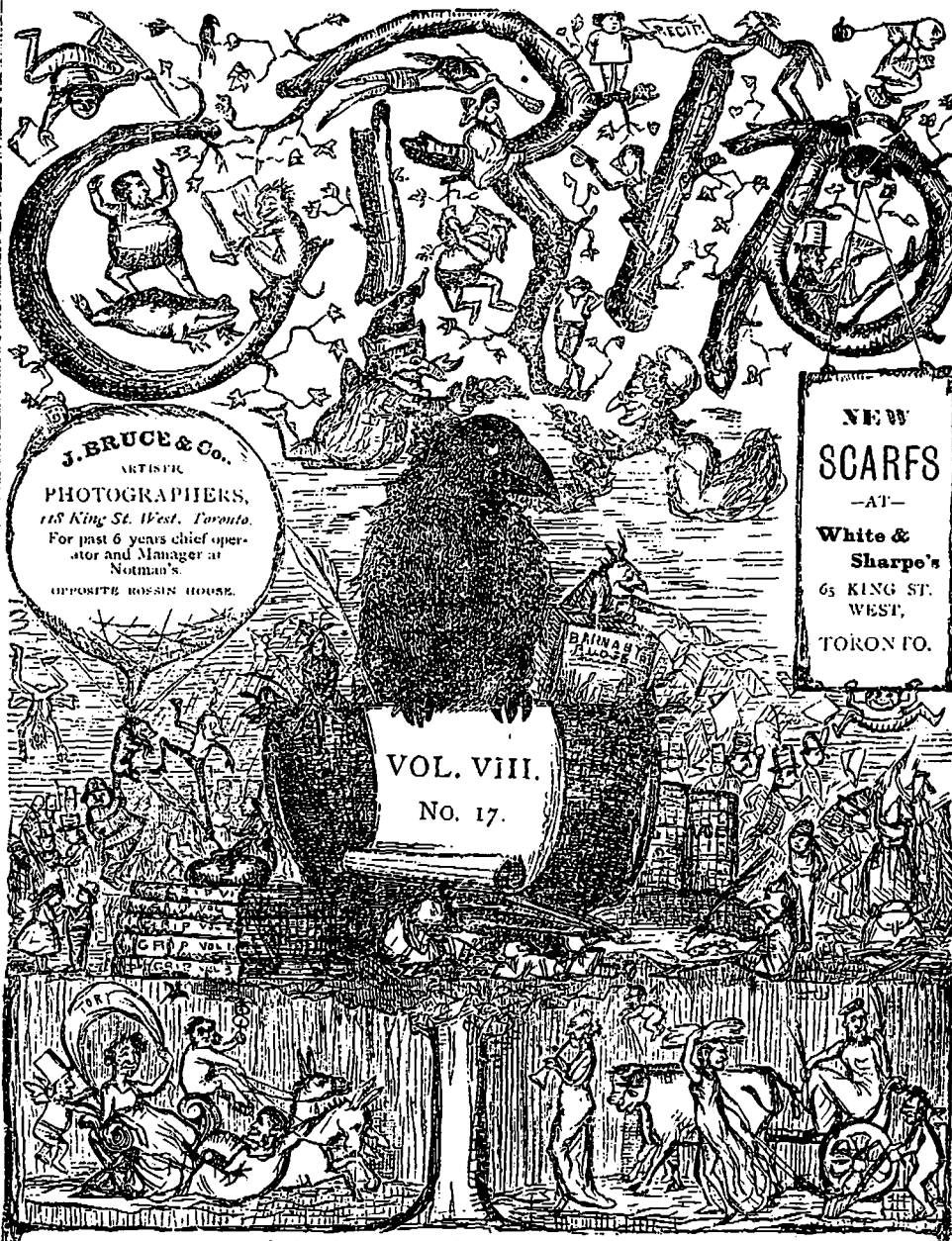
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ARE RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR

GEORGE D. MORSE,

AS ALDERMAN FOR THE REMAINING PORTION OF 1877.

ELECTION, MONDAY, MARCH 19TH.



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 The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool. } \$2 PER ANNUM.

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TORONTO OFFICE, 22 Toronto St.,

R. C. HICKOK, Manager.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

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

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which received the highest award over 1,000 competitors at the Centennial Exposition. Can be worn day and night without any inconvenience, and retains its position with every movement of the body.

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for all deformities of the human frame.

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—AND

PERSONS REQUIRING BOARDERS,

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"When could November's surly blast lay's field and forest bare."

It is about time my dear friend, you were finding comfort in a suit of those

WARM & STYLISH

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GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RODDS.

The greatest Beast is the Ass: the greatest Bird is the Owl:
The greatest Fish is the Whale: the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 17TH MARCH, 1877.

Marriage a La Mode.

SMITHE—JONES—On the evening of February 30th, 1877, at All Swell's Church, Vacuumville, by the Rev. J. John Jones, M.A., incumbent, FOPSON ST. CLAIRE AUGUSTUS ALFRED FITZSNOBBIINGIAME SMITH, Assistant of the Transcontinental Cheap Dry Goods and Clothing House, son of JOHN SMITH, (the only and original) M. B. P., X. F. C., England; R. L. S., Muskoka; Professor of Medical Jurisdiction in the University of Cobocook, Canada, etc., etc., to OPHELIA IMOGENE JULIET DE JONEST JONES, daughter of old JONES, M. C. S., X. L. Z., Daffin's Creek, L. M. B. Q. R. X. S. Y. Z., Farry Sound, Knight of the Legion of the Order of Stuffed Chickens, Holder of the Only Centennial Leather Medal, Winner of several foot races at Blake's Cricket Ground, and generally known and respected in France, Greenland, Poland, Saxony, Servia, Montenegro, Turkey, Austria, Timbuctoo, and several other parts of the North of Ireland. No Cards. No Calce. No wine. Know nothing.

The Local Session.

A vote unto each farmer's son
We gave—a bad job; but it's done,
No better reason we had got
Than this—they'd steal 'em if we'd not.
So, their morality to save,
We up and votes unto them gave.
The thing looks scaly, it is true,
But we knew not what else to do.
So, if you want such work to end,
Why, then, some wiser members send.
What else? to railways, yes, we gave
Some bonuses, not what they crave;
But just as little as we could,
Which leaves our little balance good.
You know there's perquisites around,
Where money lies, as 'twere, in pound.
What else? Toronto street cars, yes,
We settled up that little mess.
About ten thousand dollars that
The country cost. I tell you flat,
A little patience, time, and wit,
Might quietly have settled it.
At some Directors' meeting small
Nor troubled Parliament at all.
More? yes, a Cumulative Bill
BETHUNE brought in; but by our will
Had to withdraw it; 'twas the best
Bill introduced; but that's no test.
We cannot undertake to pass
Bills which don't please the lower class.
For t'others we don't care a pin
We're quite aware who puts us in.
To finish—and the best of all,
We grabbed our salaries—not small,
And vanished. Bless us, only pay
Us at that rate, and we will stay
In session ever, don't you doubt,
And never ask to be let out.

Rural Editorialism.

SCENE.—Country Office.

EDITOR OF THE *Bugsquash Times*—(to sub-editor).—Now, write an editorial on the depression. Mind, I want it spicy. Pitch into MACKENZIE.

SUB-EDITOR—(promoted from case last week).—Ah, I can give it to 'em. (Proceeds to do it, with following result):—

"THE FIEND MACKENZIE.

"He is of low origin, and steals things wherever he can get them. As to the arithmetical accusations against him, in the first place nothing lies like figures; and in the next we have not had time (owing to being the last three days writing down names of new subscribers) to add them up. But we can assure our readers on the most undoubted information that

they are all true. We cannot print the proofs; they would occupy too much space. It is truly observed that he has ruined the country by his Free Trade policy. This is undoubtedly the case. He and his policy are alone answerable. To give the reason for this statement is impossible, being crammed with advertisements (N. B.—Half of them dead ones). But we beg our readers to go deep into the political economy of the thing; study ADAM SMITH, GREELEY, WELLS, MILL, CAREY, &c., &c., as we have. Let them burn the midnight oil; study, read. They will at once perceive how Free Trade has ruined the country. It is plain. It is clear. It is unmistakable. All history proves it. We could prove it by a cart-load of quotations; but, as we said, have not space. Then look at his companions, you can tell a man by that. CARTWRIGHT! Yes, look at him. See how he borrows money, wastes, squanders. Why, the country will be involved beyond all chance of extrication! His financial policy is most absurd. Surely, no sane man will ask us to verify this by an exhibit of figures, long columns of public accounts, statements of comparative budgets, and so on. There is no need. The fact is patent! CARTWRIGHT has ruined the country. And BLAKE! BLAKE has ruined the country. What use are his long words and clear-cut phrases, his syllogisms and paradoxes, his metaphors and tropes? He is nothing but a lawyer, and not much of that. Of course we cannot go deep into the theory just now, or we could! expose his bad law, his mistaken opinions, and his general incompetency at once. But how could we devote three columns to extracts? Is it not clear? BLAKE has ruined the country. Of course. Let, then, all true patriots rally to the support of the Conservative cause, and defeating the contemptible Clear Grits at every election, return a Conservative majority—a sweeping majority—to the next House. Hurrah! Victory sits on our helmets!" (hands copy to editor.)

EDITOR.—Very good; very spirited. I like that finish up. But couldn't you have proved up some of those statements with history, statistics, and all that? Proof is the thing.

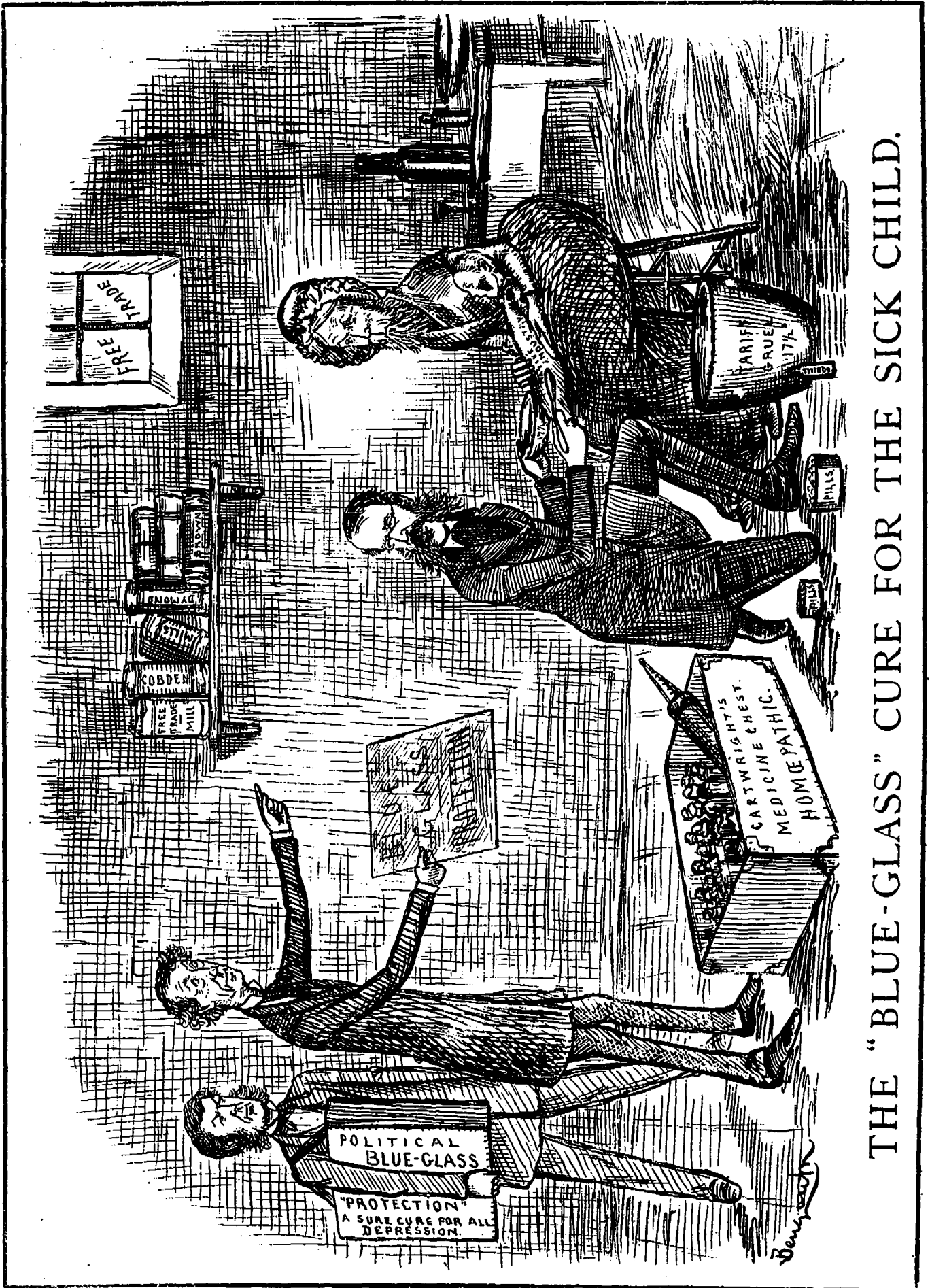
SUB-EDITOR.—Look here, boss. If you want an article that takes first-class knowledge and two or three days' thought, hunting up authorities, and all that, you know where to send for it. But it's worth ten or twenty dollars, and can't be got for less. Here I'm driven to death with proof reading, account keeping, item-getting, subscriber-dunning; what time have I, even if I had political and general education, instead of having spent my life at hard work? You've no more show than I. You've just got to publish such as this, or pay for better. There it is, down to a fine point.

EDITOR.—It'll do; it'll do. Can't afford high figures. After all, subscribers don't know any more than we. Put it in. Turns away, and commences article on "The Declining Influence of Journalism."

Get Ready.

The city it stinketh,
In alley and lane.
Rank fumes the air drinketh,
Of sickness and pain.
Ere typhoid pervades all,
The yard-rising air,
Get ready your spades all,
Your carts all prepare.
Soon all through our borders
The hot sun shall fall.
Give COATSWORTHII thy orders
To satellites all.
Each cesspool to clean out,
Each yard to inspect.
And thou, be thou seen out.
Remissness detect.
And, scavengers hearty,
Don't suffer, GRIP begs,
That any vile party,
Who walks on two legs.
His refuse from kitchen
Shall dare to bring out,
The lane it to pitch in,
And turn him about.
No, see that he layeth
In boxes alone,
As by-law it sayeth,
All refuse he own.
No more let each lane be,
(With dirt-heaps y'piled.)
The source all too plain be
Whence health is defiled.
Then GRIP shall declare that
Though all wrong have got.
To state it's but fair, that
Our COATSWORTHII has not.

THE "BLUE-GLASS" CURE FOR THE SICK CHILD.



X

Breakfast.

Now see the toast be richly brown ;
And be its edges broken down—
The butter freshly brought to town,
And purest dairy-made ;
And mind you that my cup of tea
Part green, and partly dark bohea,
Hot, strong, and steaming fragrantly,
Be close beside it laid.

And also bear the rolls to me,
And have them saleratus-free,
And soft the crusts which on them be,
And justly baked the crumb ;
And careful be that ham of size—
Of porker dead the fairest prize—
In mighty dish before me lies,
To breakfast when I come.

Mark, if the third revolving morn
Have passed since yonder eggs were born,
My spoon to chip their shells shall scorn ;
But if they fresher be,
And cooked without an oversight,
Till firm, but not too firm, the white
The yolk of softness justly right,
Oh, bring them here to me.

And bring the pot of marmalade
Which roaring ocean hath conveyed
From far Dundee, wherein 'twas made
From fruit of ruddy glow,
And such a breakfast I shall make
No gods, who do ambrosia take,
And then their thirst with nectar slake,
From table jollier go.

And then, if it the summer be,
My pipe shall send its circles free
Of smoke to boughs of linden tree,
Between me and the sun ;
Or if outside be wintry gloom
Shall fumigate with mild perfume
The deep recesses of my room
When breakfast shall be done.

Oh then, if anything there be
That can be done for you by me,
And you can manage me to see,
Come then, beside me sit,
Before me all the trouble lay,
And tell how better it I may,
And I'll, as I've heard MOWAT say,
Straightway consider it.

The Episcopal to Los Antres.

And do you think,
You others of the churches separate,
Which I by courtesy do churches call—
Great is my courtesy— But do you think
That you alone monopoly do hold,
Of this revival dodge? What said I, "dodge?"
Nay, work I meant to say. Deluded friends,
Who sit not at the feet of those who hold
The right of holding forth by straight descent,
And laying on of hands, through diuine age,
Far back and farther, till at last we reach
The twelve appointed ones ; who sit not there,
Nor do of curacy the pains, nor eke,
Of pluaacy the pleasures understand.
Who neither High, nor Low, nor Jack— alas!
How made I such a slip? I mean to say,
Nor Broad, nor yet the deep religious love,
These sub-divisions for each other feel
Within your churches have. Yes, do you think
That we to MOODY or to SANKEY will
Yield up the sole command of that rough gate
Which is Revival called, and wherent they.
And such as they, have shouted to the mob
To enter in, and have their shoutings backed,
With heightening of manner and of voice,
And rolling much of eyes, and twistings huge
Of visages, and talk of sacred things
Not always in that reverential tone
Which unto such is fit, and have by such

Vast multitudes called in, whereof a part
May to your churches stick, and yet a part
Be lost to ours thereby? No, worthy friends,
We also shall our own revivals have ;
And show unto you in what better style
They can by us be done.

But GRIP would say—
And GRIP can be as solemn if he please
As can your gloomiest—he hateth not
The stout Episcopal, but in them sees
Much to respect, and in this Canada,
Where Church and State are two, these churchmen are
The hardest working and the worst paid lot
Of priests the country has. But he would say—
Strive not to ape the still increasing herd
Of preachers popular, who now have caught
The manners of the stage, and aim to please,
To entertain and, in one word—to draw.

Who look around them at the crowded pews,
And tell imaginary anecdotes
And give "experiences" imagined,
And tickle fancies like a mountebank
Till congregations smile ; or, t'other tack,
Now running free upon, bring horrid fiends

And future red-hot mansions, to the view
Of velvet-cushioned sitters, who as calm
As if before the burning red and blue
Of fires theatric, quiver as he shows
Imaginary Satans sear the bone,
And wrench the tortured joint, and rather like
The new sensation, while upon the air,
The piercing outburst of deep agony
Almost appears to float. They quiver now ;
They smiled before, and relish each in turn,
Till past performance time, the theatre,
Or church—to give its name—throws open wide
Its polished doors, and all go home to dine.

And say between the meats, "Why, yes, indeed,
A sermon worth the hearing, and I like
A man can rouse one up. The time flew by :
The service was enjoyable. Why, I
Will add five hundred yearly, rather than
He go across the line." And so it goes,
And so they go, and calmly hear again.

And do you know the secret of their calm?
They yield but slight and much reserved belief
To all the preacher says. How can they think
Churches in earnest now? Where find you now
The chosen poverty, the zeal for truth,
The utter abnegation of all self—
With which stimulus Christianity
From far Judæa flashed, and in despite
Of arms, of wealth, of laws, of prejudice,
Of all most venerated in the world
That ancient world subdued? When dimmed that light?
When priests left faith for gold. What is it clouds
Its sterling lustre now? Hear you that cry,
Which each religious sheet throughout the land,
Shrieks vehement and strong? "Ho! Tax not God!
Tax not His churches!" meaning all the while,
"Tax not ourselves who should the taxes pay!"
And they speak thus, and ask whence unbelief.

Croaks and Pecks.

A good man to *preserve* order in the House of Commons—Plumb.

When you have the Dev'l in the House you may expect to see La Flamme.

There's a YOUNG, SHORT, LITTLE, BABY in the House of Commons, and one BIGGAR.

SIR JOHN, MET-CALF in the lobby and said let's KILLAM and COOK him for EASTER VAIL.

PLAGIARISM—The Woodstock *Sentinel* copies a piece from GRIP, entitled "Lines on NEILSON," and gives no credit, thereby signifying it wrote them itself, a thing beyond the capacity of a regiment of such sentinels. Tendency of certain occupations to create bad habits when unopposed by principle. *Sentinel*—you know—outpost—moonlight nights—no enemy near—nothing to do—goes priggling from neighboring henroosts—loses all sense of honor—and becomes a paragraph priggling plagiarist.

REQUISITION!

ST. LAWRENCE WARD

TORONTO, March 9, 1877.

To JOHN HALLAM, Esq.

We the undersigned ratepayers of St. Lawrence Ward, being fully alive to the importance of having representatives in our City Council who will be ready at all times to act fearlessly and independently for the best interests of the city; and being desirous, also, of showing to you our appreciation of your conduct in the Council generally, earnestly solicit you to allow yourself to be put in nomination for the seat in Council, made vacant by your recent resignation, and we do hereby pledge ourselves to accord to you our votes and our sincere and hearty support.

John Macdonald M.P. T. Dixon Craig, Smith and Keighly, John Fiskien and Co. George Michie and Co. Samson, Kennedy, and Gemmel. W. B. Hamilton. King and Brown. D. Fisher. John Platt. Beardmore & Co. Buntin Brothers and Co. Hodgson and Boyd. Rolph, Smith and Co. J. Morison. Northrop and Lyman. E. Leadley. Nerlich and Co. James Scott. Hugh Miller. John Kay. W. D. Matthews and Co. W. A. Murray and Co. Crawford and Smith. McDonough, James and Co. Fred. J. Stewart. Sylvester Bros. and Hickman. Neil Currie. James Currie. J. Maughan, jr. Harte and McKillop. Charles Potter. Chapman and Son. G. H. Williams. C. A. Morse. F. A. Caston and Co. J. and A. Clark. Wm. Galbraith. A. V. Delaporte. Robert Thompson. Neil Johnson. Thomas Drysdale. A. and S. Nairn. A. Blackford. A. W. Russell. Gibb and Gallow. John Shea. James White. Samuel Trees and Co. Wm. Booth. Allan, Wey and Co. A. Henderson. Childs and Johnston. R. Score. W. F. Ross and Co. Geo. Hamilton. W. D. Powell. W. and C. Blackford. James H. Rogers. Jas. B. Cameron. C. K. Rogers. R. M. Foster. John Henderson. A. Fisher. W. C. Barron and Son. A. E. Wheeler. H. J. Clark. R. Irving Walker. John Macfarlane and Co. George Laidlaw. James Spooner. Charles Dalton. J. B. McKay. Geo. W. Warner. Thomas Brunskill. W. T. Parsons. James Barber, jr. Peter Muckle. Paul Campbell. George Keith. Arch Taylor. J. B. Nixon. Wm. Damer. W. C. Adams. John Damer. Thos. Bell. J. McQuaig. W. L. Scott. James Adamson. R. Peters. John A. Clindinning. Wm. Hewitt. C. A. Backas. Thos. Clegg. E. K. Scoley. J. Goodall. R. C. Steele. C. Martin and Co. John Chandler. J. Ingham. G. P. Frankland. Geo. Robinson. Peter Hutty. M. Woods. A. J. Thompson. Edward Terry. H. Wickson. John Barron. James Walsh. J. W. Sloane. Thos. Grainger. D. M. Westmacott. C. Wilson. H. Blain. H. S. Alexander. Wm. Simpson. J. M. Macdonald. Sidney S. Hamilton. Wm. Douglass. H. Cleary. H. W. Cuff. Chas. Borland. H. Nerlich. E. Dupont. E. T. Carter. A. B. Wright. G. Banks. Dr. A. A. Riddell. J. Simpson. Wm. Howse. James Robertson. J. S. Willows. Charles Thompson. James Duff. John A. Wightman. M. Davis. H. E. Hamilton. T. M. Caven. A. W. Blackford. Thos. Swallow. I. Buik. J. S. Henderson. Beverly Heith. E. J. Ho son. Wm. Farley. Jos. Armstrong. Martin Murphy. Wm. Hunter. W. O'Connor. A. Campbell. Ed. W. Schuch. A. N. McDonald. R. Millicamp. Jesse R. Vennell. A. W. Grasett. R. Morphy. Chas. Cockshutt. Thomas Mitchell. E. A. Mumford. Isaac Abbott. G. W. Lillie. W. L. Wilkinson. Frank Rutledge. F. N. Davis. John Burns. J. T. Russell. John McCarter. C. Weeman. P. Doyle. John Quinn. S. Toy. P. Bird. Lucas Fee. James Walsh. C. Duffy. James Bell. Thos. Bell. H. J. Wood. Kenneth Miller. J. P. Boltod. W. G. Johnson. F. G. Sinclair. John Stinson. Robert Mills jr. Thos. Dougswell. J. A. Mills. M. Gunn. T. McConkey. Thos. Langston. John Brindle. P. J. Nealon. Alex. Laurie. Jas. A. Liddell. W. H. Lamsburgh. Hugh McKay. John Symington. James Bergen. Robert Wilson. Thomas Delaney. S. Sylvester. R. E. Holman. Wm. C. Riddle. W. J. Blanchard. C. Rolertson. T. G. Blanchard. Francis Stevenson. Thomas Humphreys. Wm. Sautler. J. Field. Thomas King. Wm. Wilkins. G. H. Tummond. George Lawrence. E. Ockley. W. Burke. T. O'Leary. John Hodgins. Mark Riddle. Charles Wilson. J. Raphael. J. H. Cole. Chas. Parsons. W. B. Smith. A. H. Hudson. Richard Thorn.

and 190 others.

GENTLEMEN—

I have much pleasure in accepting your very flattering requisition, and would beg to say further, that if again chosen as one of the representatives of St. Lawrence Ward, I shall in the future endeavour, as I have done in the past, to promote with all the zeal and energy I possess the best interests of the city.

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN HALLAM.

NATIONAL SERIES—IN PREPARATION.



By Nicholas Flood Davin. MEMORIES, RECORDS, AND FACTS OR STATISTICS, bearing on what Irishmen, whatever their vocation is or may have been and regardless of creed or politics, have done for Canada, respectfully requested. Circulars and list of desiderata sent on application.

MACLEAR & Co., Publishers, Toronto.

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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Statements having been made by the agents of rival roads that the freight traffic of this Company is diverted, the public is hereby informed that the freight traffic of this Company is being carried with the usual punctuality and despatch and by the usual routes. Shippers and others are requested to communicate with Mr. G. B. SPRIGGS, General Freight Agent, Hamilton.

F. BROUGHTON,

General Manager.

General Offices, Hamilton, 14th March, 1877.

\$12 a day at home. Agents wanted. Outfit and terms free. TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.



SALMON ANGLING.

DEPT. OF MARINE AND FISHERIES. FISHERIES BRANCH.

OTTAWA, 9th February, 1877.

WRITTEN OFFERS will be received to 1st May next, for the SALMON ANGLING PRIVILEGES of the following rivers:

- Natashquan (North shore.)
- Trinity (Near Point des Monts.)
- St. Margaret (en bas.)
- Trout (near Montic.)
- Mistassini (near Gahbert)
- Beesie do
- Malbaie (near Perce.)
- Grand Pabos do
- Little Pabos do
- Tobique (New Brunswick.)
- Nashwak do
- Jupiter (Anticosti Island.)
- Salmon do

Rent per annum to be stated; payable in advance.

Leases to run for from one to five years.

Leases to employ guardians at private cost.

By order,

W. F. WHITCHER

Commissioner of Fisheries.

PETROLEUM.

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SILVER STAR

REFINING COMPANY

are prepared to deliver their brand exclusively export Oil

TO THE TRADE.

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QUALITY, COLOUR, AND TEST,

and equal to American Oil.

WE ASK A TRIAL

to convince the public that CANADIAN OIL can be made that will at all times give perfect satisfaction.

Heretofore our Oil has been exclusively exported.

ASK FOR SILVER STAR—SEE BRAND ON BARRELS.

If you cannot obtain our Oil in your neighborhood write us direct for address of dealers; or we shall supply in quantities to suit.

J. L. ENGLEHART & Co.,

Producers, Refiners, and Exporters of Petroleum.

HAMILTON AND PETROLIA.

R. WILKINSON.

Successor to A. S. Irving, corner TORONTO and ADELAIDE STS., TORONTO. P. O. Box 189.

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AND STATIONER.

Can supply any Book, Newspaper or Magazine published.

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Ottawa, 2nd February, 1877.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON American invoices until further notice, 5 per cent.

I. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

v-6 ll

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UNION RAILWAY STATION.

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N.B.—Omnibus Free.