

Go to **FAHEY BROS.** for
BARGAINS

THIS MONTH!
GOODS MUST BE SOLD!

Store to be pulled down
NEXT MONTH!

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Grip is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, Imperial Buildings, first door west of Post Office.

Subscription price, \$2 per annum strictly in advance. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

**USE ONLY
ONTARIO
BAKING
POWDER.**
ASK YOUR
Grocer for it.

THE TORONTO
TURKISH BATHS
233 Queen St. West.
THE ONLY TURKISH BATHS IN
THE CITY.

These baths are useful in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Coughs, Colds, Congestions, Bronchitis, Scrofula, Skin Diseases, all inflammations, Biliousness, and for sanitary purposes.

Hours:—Gentlemen from 7:30 to 8:30 a.m., and 3 to 9 p.m. Ladies from 10 a.m. to 1:30 p.m. every day. Experienced attendants.

**GORRELL,
CRAIG
&
Co.,**
LITHOGRAPHERS
13
ADELAIDE ST.
EAST.

FARM FOR SALE.

A very desirable farm for a gentleman's residence, consisting of 37 acres, in the Township of Pickering, County of Ontario, overlooking Frenchman's Bay. A small stream runs through the north west corner. There is

A Capital Orchard of Pears, Plums, Cherry and Apple Trees, covering twelve acres, nine of which are only six years old, just commencing to bear. The soil is as good as can be found in the township, which is equivalent to saying there is none better in the province.

**BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
REAL ESTATE AGENTS
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS.**
Next Post Office, Toronto.

"GRIP"
Job Department

Is Stocked with all the latest Styles and Improvements in **TYPES,** from the American, Canadian and European Foundries, and will be found competent for the execution of all classes of Printing, with
**NEATNESS,
CHEAPNESS
DESPATCH.**
Office: **Imperial Buildings,**
NEXT POST-OFFICE.

MARBLE CLOCKS

Direct from **PARIS.**

FINEST GOODS EVER SHOWN IN TORONTO.

W. F. ROSS & CO., 83 KING STREET EAST.



Stanton & Vicars.
PHOTOGRAPHERS,
47, 49 & 51 King St. West.

**VOL. X.
No. 16.**

CAUTION.

Before purchasing your spring shirts, get our prices, our Shirts please everybody our trade this season is far ahead of last. If you want a good shirt at a low price try sample one. Send for circular to A. White, late White & Sharpe 65 King Street West.

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.

GENTLEMEN

Collars of all the Newest Styles gotten up **EQUAL TO NEW,** at **2 1-2cts. each or 25cts. per doz., at**

**TORONTO STEAM
LAUNDRY.**
HALLEY'S HALL,
COR. KING & BAY STS.
G. P. SHARPE, Prop.

H. T. ALISOPP,
DEALER IN
FINE BOOTS AND SHOES.
219 YONGE STREET,
TORONTO.

**TO
YOUNG MEN**
Wishing to learn
TELEGRAPHING,
A certificate good for
Twenty Dollars,

Will be sold cheap, good for the **TORONTO INSTITUTE.**
Address:—
H. GUMMER,
Box 2662.

TO SPORTSMEN.

A FIRST CLASS
Breech-loading Rifle.
Manufactured by Messon, Worcester, Mass. For Sale very Cheap, the owner having no use for it.

APPLY AT
GRIP OFFICE

REAL ESTATE.

Persons having Properties to dispose of in City or Country will find it to their advantage to place it in our hands. We have the

BEST STAND IN THE CITY, and facilities for **ADVERTISING** which cannot be excelled.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
NEXT POST OFFICE,
TORONTO.

PENS AND PENHOLDERS.
A JOB LOT
Very Fancy and very Cheap.
AT
GRIP OFFICE.

\$2,000 CASH
Will be paid for a nice Detached or Semi-detached House, 8 or 9 Rooms.
BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
Next Post-office.

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

CHEAP BOOKS.

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN PHILOSOPHY \$1.50 **LIVES & LESSONS OF THE PATRIARCHS \$1.50.**
TORONTO OF OLD \$3.00. **PREHISTORIC TIMES \$2.50.**
STUDIES FOR THE PULPIT \$2.00. **STONES CRYING OUT \$1.00.**
TYPES AND EMBLEMS 60c. **SERMONS BY TALMAGE \$1.00.**
TEXT BOOKS OF SCIENCE \$1.00. **COCHRAN'S SERMONS \$1.50.**
CANADIAN FARMERS' MANUAL \$2.00 **DOMESTIC WORLD 75 c.**
Sent to any address on receipt of price.

BENGOUGH BROS.,
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (One door west of Post Office) TORONTO.

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDER.

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, 9TH MARCH, 1878.

And is Old Double (not) Dead.

Did ye think I'd nae come doon?
That the hustings wadna see me?
Clear the way for GEORDIE BROON!
Watch till my opponents flee me.

See the whup I used to lay
On the mutineers o' party.
Min' that ye maun gang my way,
Or again I'll use it hairy.

Ance again throughout the lan',
Shall in teep ma speech gang ringin',
A' the faithfu' o' ma clan,
Far an' weed its praises singin'.

Though in spootin' I nae mair
Can gang in as ance I went in,
Gif applause frae croods be spare,
I'll pit plenty in the prentin'.

Hae! I lang tae bleeze awa'
At the figures fause o' TUPPER—
Speelfu' names SIR JONE tae ca'—
Goble PLUME up aifter supper.

Ance again that maist abhorrent
Opposition I shall sune,
Wi' my speeches in a torrent
O' the strangest language droon.

Ower lang has GORDON keepit,
Ower me restraining han'.
Aff tae Europe he has slippit,
Noo for some amusement gran'.

Noo for stoomps an' noo for speeches.
People sune shall understan',
What MACKENZIE'S failure teaches,
GEORGE alane can guide the lan'.

Confession from the Toronto Asylum.

GRIP has been reading the annual report of Dr. DANIEL CLARK, Medical Superintendent of the Toronto Lunatic Asylum, and it is not too much to say that GRIP has been shocked—nay, he has been electrified by the astounding confessions made by that gentleman. Without a blush—without even the apparent consciousness of wrong-doing, he accuses himself of enormities at which NERO would have stood amazed, and CALIGULA turned horrified away. GRIP appeals to his countrymen to visit this official with the proper punishment of his misdeeds. How he could have dared to do such things—or, as he states, with tremendous effrontery, have been in the habit of doing them, without the knowledge of his fellow-citizens—without arousing even a suspicion of his horrid deeds, GRIP cannot understand. But here is his own statement. Could mortal have imagined such total and innate depravity in a public official—one whose time should be devoted to winning back the erring to the path of reason—to calming, by the soothing influences of his example, the excited brains of his distraught charge? He says:—

"Our mental machine is continually on the strain, and our physical system is like a steam-engine, with more steam on than is safe. Then, too often is the balance lost, and comes to ruin. We bolt our food like a boa-constrictor, while an Englishman is thinking what his breakfast will be over the morning newspapers; and as a result we have the blues of dyspepsia, which are often the afflictions of many on the borderland of insanity. We enter into speculations whose name is legion, at which our transatlantic brethren would blush. In short we trot through life, are old men and women at middle age, with our physical energy expended, and gallop into the grave. This high pressure life may give to our maniacal patients a violence and even savagery not seen in British asylums.

GRIP has no doubt of it. How else, indeed, could the poor patients be expected to be affected by such conduct on the part of their superintendent? What a state they must be in, even if he only committed the first series, when, as he says, he thinks too rapidly, and with too little caution, his mental machine continually on the strain, and his physical system a steam-engine, with more steam on than is safe, which too

often loses its balance, and comes to ruin? Awful! What a state must he keep the asylum in? And who is this he speaks of as "an Englishman, thinking of what his breakfast will be over the morning papers?" This is evidently some sane person he has in confinement—who, poor fellow, far from thinking of his breakfast, is thinking what the doctor will do next. GRIP calls on the mob to arm itself, and rescue this Englishman. Yes. Then the Superintendent says he has the blues of dyspepsia, and enters into speculations at which his transatlantic brethren would look aghast. If he has brothers across the Atlantic, GRIP hopes they will stay there, and would hint to them that it would be a nice thing to reunite the whole family—where they are—and never leave one another. Yes. And now we see who, quietly, and unsuspected, has done all the Chicago corners in wheat, broken all the savings banks, caused all the failures, and is responsible for the depression! Yes. Speculations! So it is he who has done 'em! GRIP demands that the police be sent to seize the hoards of securities, greenbacks, and other relics and plunder of the speculators, now no doubt hidden in the asylum vaults. Yes. And worse than all, he builds cities and burns them! He can't build cities; he didn't, or we would know it. But he has burnt 'em! No doubt. Here, then, is the fiend of Chicago, Boston and St. John! GRIP hands him over to justice, and claims whatever reward a grateful world may bestow. From what has GRIP not saved humanity? No doubt the doctor would have burnt Toronto next! Horrible! Yes; and then he says he trots through life, is an old man and woman at middle age, with his physical energies expended, and gallops into the grave! He is evidently from the remembrance of his stupendous villainies, now mentally deranged. He *can't* be an old man and an old woman! No. And if his physical energies are expended, he is no longer fit to be a doctor. No. And he says he gallops into the grave. If he is in the habit of doing anything so ridiculous, he must have made the patient dig him one, and when he gallops into it it is astonishing they don't cover him up.

It is no use telling GRIP that the doctor is speaking of Canadians generally. It can't mean that. If we did such things, wouldn't we know it? And we don't do 'em. GRIP never burnt a city, nor galloped into a grave. He repudiates the imputation, and would have challenged the imputator to mortal combat, but that he knows a terrified and indignant people, with all their heart-strings lacerated, will attend to the affair. No. The doctor means himself. Of course he knows what he does. Besides, doesn't he say "we," as everybody does when he is writing, and means "I." Yes. No. GRIP demands a commission instantly "*de lunatico inquirendo*," or a Royal Enquiry into the state of the Asylum. In the name of outraged humanity, standing on the sublime pinnacle of Eternal Justice, and amid the loud sounding chorus of the indignant spheres, he demands that the most vigorous measures be at once instituted. However, he will not be unnecessarily severe, if proper submission and penitence be shown. If the head of the Superintendent be thrown to him over the Asylum wall to-morrow, it will suffice. He will pass there at to a.m., precisely, with a basket.

The Faith of the Foreigner.

SCENE.—Railway Convention. Present, Grand Trunk Commissioner, and any number of Commissioners from U. S. lines to seaboard.

G. T. COMMISSIONER.—Well, gentlemen, the strongest party should speak first. What do you wish us to do?

1ST U. S. COMMISSIONER.—Wa'al, jest the square thing. Block out a tariff and stick to it.

2ND U. S. COM.—That's so. No 'tarnal use cuttin' one another's throats.

3RD U. S. COM.—Yew see, yew Canucks ain't got no taxes ter speak of—no debt ter pay, and pr'aps yew might run goods through a slice lower. But if we kimbine, we kin knock the bottom out of yew, clean as a whistle. Yes, sir.

G. T. COM.—We do not wish to act unfairly; a decent share of the traffic is all we want. Will this figure do you? (*Names rates and distances*).

1ST U. S. COM.—That'll do every time. Stick to that, and we're in.

2ND U. S. COM.—Mind, though, General, no hunkerslidin'! If we keeps this, yew'll not cut lower?

G. T. COM.—Of course not, nor must you.

3RD U. S. COM.—General, the principles of this young risin' and glorious nation air yewre security. Columbia, sir, is a square bird, she air. She does not belong to the effete palaces of Europe, and takes nary stock in the defunct elderly world. She shall plant herself on the topmost pinnacle of the Rocky Mountains, wave her alabaster wings, and scream defiance to yewre doubts.

ALL U. S. COMS.—We're square on it, Colonel. Stick tew it. We'll keep our eend right.

SIX MONTHS AFTER.

GRAND TRUNK COM.—(*Reads telegrams*).—All the American lines have been cutting under tariff rates this three months. (*He telegraphs, and is promised an agent up to arrange it all at once*).

SIX MONTHS AFTER.

Agent hasn't come yet. Grand Trunk Com. begins to think it better to arrange tariff of his own.



THE JONES-TUPPER ROW.

(ADAPTED FROM THE FAMILIAR MONKEY-AND-PARROT STORY).



The Unrecognized Huntsman.

SOME years ago there lived a merry Huntsman, who used to ride over the field of Politics, accompanied by a pack of beautiful hounds, known by the names of *Honesty, Truth, Patriotism, Public Opinion, Consistency* and *Economy*. He was very successful in the chase, and continued to enjoy himself in this manner for a long time, until, in a moment of weakness, he accidentally committed suicide, by swallowing a bag of money given to him unlawfully by a certain rich man. Another Huntsman, very closely resembling the deceased, and known by the same name, succeeded to the possession of the hounds, but the hounds would not follow him. They could see that although in outward form he resembled their former master, he was far different, for while he pretended to have an affection for them in public, he spent most of his time in feeding and caressing a favourite hound named *Policy*. So it came to pass, that the beautiful pack would not recognize him, nor answer to their names when he called them; and at length he was obliged to give up the chase in despair.

Moral—Can be seen at a (g)lance.

Why not go Further?

The *Illustrated London News* says Mr. GLADSTONE may go chop trees, and sing, "*Populus me sibilat*." These English fellows have never read more than the three first words of any Horatian piece. If they had, they'd know that, since DISRAELI has grabbed the six millions, the rest of the verse comes in for him:—

"*Populus me sibilat: at mihi plaudo.*
Iipse domi, simul ac nummos contemptior in arca."

Tierney Abroad.

Merrytime Provinces, Febrary.

TO THE EDITOR AV GRIP, up in Taranty:

SURR: It's moighty plazed I am to see that me former letthers that I writ yez befor was recaved and put in the pages av GRIP. Sure fwthin I drap a letther in the posht affice away down here I can harly help sayin' amin to it, because it always wud same as if it wud niver rache its destination. But thanks be to Mистер MICKINZIE an' the govermint, the poshtal service is in foine workin' orther, an' distance makes no difference, at all. Be rifrince to me lasht I percave I promised to sind yez a few notes from me note-buck, consarnin' fwat I have seen an' hard in me thravels. Av yez plaze, putt the rest av me communications unther this head:

TERENSE TIERNEY, HIS DAIRY IN THE LOWER PRAVINCES.

Montreal.—Jan. the 4. This is a purty big place, an' has a bridge that stretches loike me former laider Dr. TUPPER. Sorry I amn't in toime for Lard DUFFERIN's Ball at the Winsir Hotel. The ball is nixt month, an' me ingagemints wudn't permit av me shtoppin' till thin. Balls loike thin is bad things anyhow. Hard to-day av a Monthreal citizen, the father of sivin foine gurls, martagagin' his promises to buy tickets for the ball. Great excitement among the fasht young min. This doesn't mane the waiters in the Saint Lawrence Hall. They differ from their fellow citizen TOM WHITE, for they niver run. Av the Saint Lawrence Hall iver catches on foire, I wud advise the landlord to give thin waiters at laste a wake's notice, or they will all be burnt up. I urthered a bit av lamb for me dinner, an' afther a long delay, they gev me mutton. I axed the raison av this, and the chafe cook sez, sez he, "I wud make affidavy that it was lamb I gev the waitther, but av he wint at his usual rate av shpeed, av course it moight have been mutton fwthin he got to the table." I loike Montreal, barrin' the snow storms an' the Twilth av July. It wud be as plisint a place as Taranty to live in, if they only had more Frinch an' Irish ilimints.

Dalhousie, Jan. 11.—This is me furst pint in New Brunswick. Jist wan wake since I left Montreal. On the kears iver since. At Pint Levi, furninist Qwabeq, the Gran' Thrunk atharities hard I was a sarvant av the Dominion govermint, an' so they delayed me thrain a few days, thinkin' it wud be a manes towards makin' the govermint come up to toime wid the price they ax for the branch av Railway betune Pint Levi an' River de Loop. Such tactix is futile, let me tell yez, me noble Thrunk. Mистер MICKINZIE will niver hear wan word about it. Dalhousie is a foine little spot, an' me countryman Mистер TOM MURPHY is the bie that knows how to kape a gud hotel. This is the chafe residence av Old King Cole, an' a jolly old lad is that same. I wint to the court house to see sheriff PHILLIPS, wid his hair hangin' down in his eyes, makin' a mumber av parlymint out av Mистер HADDOV. Mистер HADDOV is independint, but bein' av a moral disposition, the

people here fears that he will vote wid MICKINZIE ivery toime. The weather is fareful cowld, owin' to the prisince av Leo the Lion, a part av the zodiac that lives here.

Bathurst, Jan. 12.—I got up very arly this mornin' an' wint through a large amount av hardships, not to minton frazin' cowld weather in orther to rache this town, bein' anxious to see the celebrated Masonic Hall, I hard so much about. Bein' a mason av the 34th degree above zero, wan shmall glance at the hall was all I wanted. It's a shplendid edifice. Bathurst is a purty place. They towld me I ought to see it in the summer toime, so I poshtponed me prisint visit an' intind lavin' it be this avenin's thrain.

Newcashtle, Jan. 13.—This is a purtier place than Newcashtle, Ontario, but it hasn't any fish-makin' establishment like the wan Mистер WILMOT runs up there. Howsomever, there's some quare fish here too. Me honourable an' distinguished friend, Mистер PETHER MITCHELL resides in this town, fwthin he isn't at Ottaway or elsewhere. Iverywan appares to know the honourable PETHER. The little gurls on the shtreet blushes an' shmiles fwthin they meet him an' the shmall bies makes remarks loike "shoot the hat" an' "dodge the snowball." Mистер MITCHELL is a good-natured soort av a man an' takes thin all in widout vexation although he hasn't been interjuced to thin. Strictly private memorandum—Mистер MITCHELL tells me in confidance that the MICKINZIE govermint is doomed, an' will be knocked into smithereens at the nixt ginerale election. He is afearod he moight be called upon to form a govermint, but av he does, promises not to take away me prisint fat appintemint av Immigrant agent. Newcashtle has an illegant flag-shaft belongin' to the corporation, an' a foine square built all around it to keep it warum. The morals av the town is preserved by the exartions av the Burkie, a mosht shplindid man, an' as able a magisthrate as iver pronounced the words "Tin dollars an' costs or thirty days."

Chatham, Jan. 14.—Had a plisint shlcigh-ride this foine mornin', along the banks av the Mirimichi River, to this town. This town isn't loike the Chatham in Ontario, exceptin' wid rifrince to the people takin' three shquare males ivery day, Sunday included. Wint an' paid a visit to me jovial countryman an' fellow sarvant av the govermint, Mистер GRIFFIN. He was as busy as iver fwthin I wint in, an' appared a little unaisy fwthin he furst saw me, thinkin' perhaps I moight be some high official from MICKINZIE sint down to take off his head. Fwthin he larnt that I had been converted from bein' a JOHN A. man, to bein' a good Reformer, he wept for jie, an' towld me it was a sight for sore eyes to see the loikes av me, because there was nare a Grit in the town barrin' himself an' Mистер D. G. SMITH, the iditor av the *Advance*. Mистер SMITH is a foine young man, wid considerable av brain power, bein' very fond av fish, especially *smelts*. I also med the acquaintance av the chafe av the Chatham police, but not in any official capacity, only private. The blue ribbon is makin' inroads, I obsarve, on the happiness av many families here. Wid blessins on Chatham, an' hopin' to return wanst more befor I leave for Oireland, I must move on.

4 o'clock in the mornin'.—Here I am wid a few more forlorn an' shlakeless mortals, makin' mesil miserable on the saft soide av a plank in the station house at Chatham junction. I wud beg to obsarve that it is a railway station, an' not to be confused or confounded wid anny soort av station house the raider may be familiar wid. I am on me road to Moncton, an' the Inthercolonial thrain is siven hours late, be the keindness av the Grand Thrunk at Pint Levi, as it is their custom to do. I saw the picture yez had in GRIP on that subject, an' the people down this way moves yez a vote av thanks for the same. I hear the voice av song jist now, an' that reminds me I forgot to inform yez that I have a young man wid me—fwat the Frinchmin up at River de Loop calls a valley. His name is MICK, an' he is a rattlin' bie, entoiirely. He has a shplendid voice, barrytone, an' wid cultivation, wud make him a good man to call off at a dance. Jist now he is singin' sintimintal songs to wolle away the tedious hours, but I have gone to shlake in the manetime, an' don't fale the fatigue. Hullo, bedad, there's the fwistle av the thrain, I must be off.

I'll sind more notes nixt toime.

TERRY TIERNEY.

Croaks and Pecks.

MITCHELL has no objections to DUFFERIN, but thinks it is awfully expensive when the duffer goes out.

CONSERVATIVES admire the term Clear Grit. But they say they don't act up to their name. Why don't the Grits clear?

PEOPLE have been telling for weeks steady what JONES said about the flag. Nobody seems to care what BROWN and ROBINSON remarked. Give them a show.

MR. CHRISTIE wants the public works to observe the Sabbath. Mr. CHRISTIE is a Christie-an gentleman and is known by his faith and (public) works.

THE woman's literary club may be all very well in its way, but the women ought to depend mainly on the good old fashioned flat iron and rolling pin. That's the real woman's club.

ROLLER SKATING RINK.

Off Bay St., Opp. Temperance.

As a health agent, Roller Skating has proved itself to be invaluable. Many ladies who have attended the Rink, have been restored to a standard of health and muscular energy such as they had not enjoyed since the palmy days of girlhood. The chilling effect that accompanies ice skating is wholly obviated, and instead of suffering from cold feet, as on ice, the circulation is so thoroughly established in the extremities, as to insure a vigorous circulation and warmth for a couple of days.

ADMISSION: Afternoon, Free. Evening, 10 Cents.

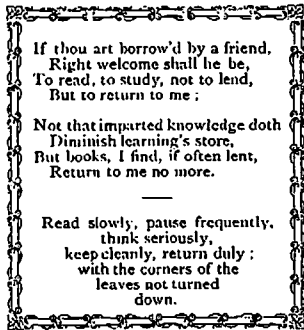
SKATES EXTRA: Ladies, 15c. Gents, 25c.

CHEAP READING.

Having entered into arrangements with the Publishers, we are now prepared to supply

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY and "GRIP," \$ 5.00.
ST. NICHOLAS and "GRIP," 4.00.
DETROIT FREE PRESS and "GRIP," 3.50

BENGOUGH BROS.,
TORONTO.



COPIES OF ABOVE

May be had at GRIP Office, or sent free of Postage,
at 25 cents per dozen, or \$1.00 per hundred.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE.

ONTARIO STREET north of Wellesley, two brick fronted houses, nine rooms, extra finish, bow windows, folding doors, grates, &c. Good cellar, hard and soft water. Lot 23 x 126. Price \$1,900 each.

NIAGARA STREET, two rough cast houses, seven rooms, hard and soft water. \$2,500 for both. Would exchange for farm.

BENGOUGH & MUSSEN,
Real Estate Agents,
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS, (Next Post Office.)
TORONTO.



Notice is Hereby Given

THAT THE AGENCY FOR the sale of Indian Lands in the Saugeen Peninsula has been removed from Toronto to Warton, County of Bruce.

Information respecting those lands may be obtained on application to B. B. Miller, Esq., Indian Lands Agent, Warton: to whom also should be forwarded all Certificates of Deposit and Drafts for moneys paid into any of the Chartered Banks by Purchasers or Licensees of Indian Lands or Timber in the Peninsula.

(Sgd.) D. MILLS.

Minister of the Interior and Superintendent General of Indian affairs. Febv. 22-4t

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

From points west of Toronto double journey tickets will be issued to Montreal and return at

SINGLE FARE!

— ON —

March 18th & April 1st,

and from points between Kingston and Toronto, inclusive, double journey tickets will be issued to Montreal and return at SINGLE FARE on March 18th and April 1st. Tickets good to return by any ordinary train within ten days from date of issue.

JOSEPH HICKSON,

General Manager.

Montreal, March 4, 1878

1t

WANTED.

5 cents each will be paid for the following

BACK NUMBERS OF "GRIP."

VOL. 2.	Nos. 2, 16, 23.
3.	7, 9, 17, 20, 21, 23.
4.	1, 2, 4, 5, 6.
5.	5, 7, 17, 19, 21, 26.
6.	6, 7, 9, 13, 25.
7.	4, 12, 20, 21

BENGOUGH BROS.,

TORONTO.

WANTED!

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN TO LEARN TELEGRAPH operating for offices opening in the Dominion. Send 3 cent stamp for circular. Address MANAGER, Box 955, Toronto

J. F. DANTER, M. D.

Homeopathist and Medical Electrician. Office and Pharmacy: 4 Albert Street, (Cor. Yonge) Toronto. Medicine for sale. vials refilled, Letters promptly answered.

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT.

Ottawa, 1st Feb., 1878.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON American invoices until further notice, 2 per cent.

J. JOHNSON,
Commissioner of Customs.

v-6-tf

FOUND!

A SMALL BUNCH OF KEYS

Was picked up opposite the Post Office. Owner can have same by calling at the office of "GRIP" and paying for this advertisement.

GET NEATLY, CHEAPLY, QUICKLY.

Grip Job Department.

OFFICE

IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,
(One door west of the Post-office)

Everything in the Printing line from a

LABEL TO A 3-SHEET POSTER

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

CARDS.

We are prepared to fill Orders by Mail for Visiting Cards (Finest Bristol, White or Tinted) immediately on receipt of letter, and forward by FIRST MAIL, at the following

RATES:

25 Cards, (one name, one style type),	30 cents.
50 " " " "	50 "
100 " " " "	75 "

MOURNING CARDS:

25 Cards, (one name one style type),	50 cents.
50 " " " "	75 "
100 " " " "	\$1.25 "

Memorial Cards:

Beautiful Designs, \$ 1.00 per dozen.
Samples by mail, 5c. each.
Printing addresses on Cards, 10 cents extra for each Order.

THE FOLLOWING ARE

SAMPLES OF TYPE FROM WHICH A CHOICE MAY BE MADE

1

Robert Taylor.

2

William Richardson.

3

Miss Maggie Thompson.

4

George Augustus Williams.

5

Mrs. Thomas James.

6

William Arthur Crawford.

7

Miss Susie Wade.

8

Byron W. Scott.

9

William Shakespeare.

Write your Name and the Number of the Letter you desire plainly, to prevent mistakes.

BENGOUGH BROS.,
IMPERIAL BUILDINGS,

TORONTO, GNT.