



QUEBEC TO CANADA.

You have the land our fathers bought  
With toll and blood, and pain;  
De Mont's and Cartier's earnest thought—  
The life-work of Champlain;  
From fair Acadia's smiling strand  
To wide Ontario's shore,  
Where Norman swords fought, hand to hand—  
The Iroquois, of yore.

And those great Western wilds, afar,  
Where braves and beaver roam,  
And where the hardy *voyageur*  
First made his wild-wood home;

All, all is yours,—from east to west  
The British banner streams,  
And yet within the conquered breast,  
Still live the early dreams;

And when your rich men grudge our poor  
Their homes on those far plains,  
The blood of the old *voyageur*  
Leaps, boiling in our veins!

And one, whose brain was fired with thought  
Of suffering and of wrong,  
Took arms in evil hour and fought  
For weak ones, with the strong!

The wild scheme failed—how could it stand!  
Against such fearful odds?  
And brave hearts sleep in that far land  
Beneath the prairie sods.

And yet, perchance, the battle cheers  
And tumult of the fray,  
Have brought the sufferers' cry to ears  
That else were deaf, to-day!

But he who fought for others' weal,  
For those he loved so well  
Lies, prisoner of your fire and steel,  
Low in a felon's cell.

Pity the captive in your hand,  
Pity the conquered race—  
You, strong, victorious, in the land,  
Grant us the victor's grace!

—FIDELIS.



A grain elevator.—Old rye.

Do the Bud-dists use flowery language?

A pawnbroker's must be a very loan-sum place to live.

Most of the sherry sold just now is sheer-rye.

English s-candles throw a light on dark deeds.

An acorn.—The "horn" you take to cure a headache in the morning is an ache-horn.

What a river in South America said: "The

Mississippi may be the 'Father of Waters,' but I Am-a-son."

When a balloonist starts to go up, is it impertinent to call him an up-start?

What heifer you do, get vaccinated and you'll "steer" clear of smallpox.

They don't call them "Upper Crust" since the *Pall Mall* sat on them. They are "Upper Crushed" now.

Iced coffee, as served up at the Snow Shoe Café, is del-ice-ous. I tried it and found no "grounds" for complaint. No Mocha-rye about it.

The earliest mention of the festive game of poker—when Satan saw the first pair.—*Ex.* I thought it was when Adam and Eve "raised" Cain.

Would it not be a good idea for Sir Charles Tupper to engage Mr. W. H. Murray to deliver his Illustrated Canadian Lectures in London while the Exhibition is open?

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

IV.—THE RIVER TEMS—DISCOURSE ABOUT CANADA AND ITS INHABITANTS, ETC.

LONDON, Eng., August 21, 1885.

DEAR OLD RAVEN,—Yours with cheque for \$3.50 received. Is there not some mistake? and should not the figures be \$3,500? That's what I expected. However, see to it, and rectify the error at once. My friend, Burnand, called for me with several members of his *Punch* staff this morning, to take me to see the sights of London. We were a mighty merry company, I assure you, and if anyone mistook our three carriages for a funeral procession, with me as chief mourner, I am not to blame. Jokes, *jeux d'esprit* and *bon mots*, flew about like hail, and I can confidently say I had not heard some of them more than twice before.

We drove past the Horse Guards and down to Westminster Bridge. As the river Tems burst upon my view, my companions gazed at me and burst into an enthusiastic yell of "There! behold the Tems; the river of the world. Say, Canadian stranger, did you ever see so grand a body of water before?" I replied that I had not in Toronto, though I ventured to believe that for purity and wholesomeness our own Don rather headed it off.

"Oh! you Don't say so!" exclaimed F. C., "I can't believe it," and he really seemed quite hurt at anybody daring to compare any river with his own little streamlet. The Tems is a sizable brook at this point, but gets wider farther down. It froze over once and it's a pity it didn't remain congealed, for it is a dirty stream.

I strove to raise my companions from the gloom into which my remarks had plunged them and hazarded the question:

"Why is this bridge like a game of cricket?"

"I'm stumped," said Mr. Slasher, M.A.

"Bowls me out," scintillated Mr. N. C. Poop, B.A., whilst Burnand declared that he couldn't see the "point."

"Because," I said, "it was made *pour passer le Tem(p)s*."

My answer was received in profound silence. None of these M.'s and B.'s of Art could grasp it. I wrote it hastily down, properly italicised and !!!!!'d and they saw it in ten minutes. My witticism appeared in that week's *Punch*, from which paper I had stolen it fifteen years before.

"I suppose you have no bridges in Canada," said F. C., as he noted my riddle on his tablets.

"No bridges!" I exclaimed, "why not?"

"Well, you don't require them in that country. Can't you walk over on the ice?"

I smiled a smile in which sorrow blended with anger but said nothing.

"It must be great fun to see you fellows out in Canada going about on snowshoes all the time," remarked Mr. Slasher. "I suppose you never venture out of doors without a good thick suit of toboggans on, do you?"

I merely intimated that about this time the air of Canada was almost temperate enough to allow a man to go about without an ulster. At this my British friends, one and all, expressed their incredulity, and even intimated that my veracity was not what it might be.

"Don't 'arrow us by drawing the long bow quite so far, my dear fellow," said the editor of *Punch*, "it puts me all in a quiver."

At this the other two roared till they were black in the face and shouted:

"There; he has you. Put that in *Grip* and let 'em see in Canada what genuine impromptu wit is."

I was nettled, but kept command of my temper admirably, merely saying that Mr. Burnand's puns were certainly impromptu—with Cain or Abel, or some of those fellows. This made them angry, but they said little.

"Happy thought!" cried Burnand, "beer. Driver, to the Westminster Palace Hotel." Thither we drove, alighting amongst whispers of "There's Burnand," "There's Punch," and so forth, from an admiring throng on the steps. "Happy thought!" again said the great editor, "Ale for the ailing!" (a roar from the B.A.'s and M.A.'s); "ale would beer good thing." (Immense applause.) The beer was produced, and I must do these Englishmen the justice to acknowledge that they have this beverage good, and it makes the drunk come quicker than our own. We consumed several huge pews of this delectable beverage and started off again. We once more passed the Horse Guards, where two gigantic life guardsmen were seated in full uniform on horses in sentry boxes. They looked as pretty as Col. Denison in the glittering panoply of the G.-G.G.s;—good name for a cavalry regiment, Gee-Gee-Gees, eh!—but they did not strike me as being so military looking as our own George T. D., and not half as fierce as he does when uttering the cabalistic formula, "\$1 and costs or 30 days," to some drunk of many years' standing. A life guardaman looks splendid on horseback, and he ought never to be seen out of the saddle; on foot and in his shell-jacket he is the very image of a perambulating clothes-pin; he seems to be split up too far.

Her Britannic Majesty and all England are justly proud of the three Household Cavalry Regiments, and they can consume more porter in a day than any other body of men in existence; these troops are essentially "fleshy men of full habit," and their uniform has a strong tendency toward vulgar nineteenth century pomp and splendor. I have only seen one corps that can in any degree bear comparison with the British Life and Royal Horse Guards for magnificence and general martial bearing. I refer, as you have doubtless divined, to Capt. (or is it Colonel?) Carter's Noble Ward Brigade—a corps in which I believe Mr. Piper holds a generalship. Mr. P. wouldn't do for a Horse and Life Guardsman; he isn't split up right; but if he were rolled out he might reach the standard height of six feet, and his chest measurement would do as it is, if the tape were put round him low enough down; say about the top trouser button. A man's chest, in reality, isn't there, but that was a mistake of nature and mortals are not to blame for the fact that their lungs were served out to them higher up. Ald. Baxter has a fine lower case chest; but he wouldn't do for the Queen's Household Cavalry; the heaviest weight that