

## The Queen's Own.



Among the many beautiful structures in Toronto, the establishment named at the head of this article takes a first place. The "Queen's" is the largest, and certainly the most elegant, commodious and comfortable hotel in the Dominion of Canada, being situated on a most beautiful site, adjacent to the lake, of which it commands an excellent view, and likewise Toronto Bay and the Island. It is furnished in unsurpassed elegance, throughout, with rooms "en suite" all the modern improvements, bath rooms, elevator, and everything needful and necessary for the comfort of its guests.

It may be stated here, by way of showing the reader the class of patronage of the "Queen's" that their Royal Highnesses, the Prince Leopold, K.G. &c., and Princess Louise, occupied a suite of apartments in this celebrated hostelry in May, 1880. His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, occupied apartments in the "Queen's," as far back as 1871. On the occasion of each visit to Toronto, His Excellency the Earl of Dufferin, K.P. &c., &c., Governor General of Canada, and the Countess of Dufferin, engaged apartments at the "Queens."

From an architectural standpoint the "Queen's" is decidedly perfect. It is very large, covering an extensive area, while it is but three storeys high; it is used exclusively for hotel purposes, even to the beautiful lawns on either side to which lead means of exit from the house, in addition to those in front and rear. This fact, it will be seen, renders it almost impossible for any accident to take place from fire; thus proving the "Queen's" beyond doubt the safest as well as the best hotel in the Dominion of Canada; while the beautiful grounds around it render it the most pleasant and desirable. Messrs. McGaw and Winnett, the proprietors, are gentlemen who have made it their chief object to succeed in pleasing their guests, attending to their wants in every shape. Both of these gentlemen are as yet in the prime of life, being healthy, wealthy, cheerful and robust. In fact, as Mr. Winnett lately said to a representative of this journal: "My entire family are very fortunate in the way of escaping sickness, I can thankfully say that it is almost a stranger to us, the air from the Bay is so good and health-giving that it is the same as a tonic to us. We have had several attacks of a grievous nature though, which I did not consider at all dangerous. We have suffered, for instance, from bodily pains; in fact my family has been thus afflicted, but we have found the antidote for all such in St. Jacobs Oil, the great German Remedy. That wonderful and never-failing remedy has done great good in our midst, curing my family on several occasions; it was but last night that it cured one of my children of the toothache. It is indeed the greatest discovery of the age."



When the writer was conversing with Mr. Winnett a third gentleman had joined the party. As this gentleman happened to be one of the best known gentlemen in the Dominion of Canada, we hasten to introduce him. We therefore present to the reader Mr. Irwin, the General Superintendent and Manager of the

American and Canadian Express Cos. Mr. Irwin said: "St. Jacobs Oil is the greatest medicine of the age. I know of several whom it has cured. I have found it excellent myself, and agree with my friend Mr. Winnett, that it is an unequalled family medicine."

It never rains but it pours." Mr. Irwin had no sooner related his experience, than Mr. John Murray, Gentleman, who was passing and overheard the concluding remarks of Mr. I., stepped into our little circle, and said: "Gentlemen, I perceive that you are conversing on a subject that interests me a great deal; now as I happen to be enamoured of St. Jacobs Oil, I wish to say that the use of the Oil is like kissing a pretty girl—for the more we get of it the more we want. I used St. Jacobs Oil for severe rheumatic pains in the shoulders, and for soreness in the chest, and I found it a most excellent remedy. It is an unfailing remedy, and something every man should have in his possession. I endorse St. Jacobs Oil, and am pleased to do so."

It will be seen by the above, that the "Queen's" is noted for more than even we gave it credit for in the beginning of this article. St. Jacobs Oil has found its way within the hospitable walls of this celebrated hotel, and earned encomiums from the dwellers therein. Long may this state of affairs continue, and we will conclude by saying "God save the Queen!"

## Lines to my Dado.

Oh! have you seen my Dado?  
My beautiful slanting dado,  
Nothing, I ween,  
Has e'er been seen,  
More lovely than my Dado!

With gold it's all o'erlaid, oh!  
My lovely sloping dado,  
A red-eyed swan  
Is thought A  
In my too too utter Dado!

Sure never wife nor maid, oh!  
Had a more lovely dado,  
If Oscar Wilde  
That æsthetic child,  
Could see—he'd praise my Dado.

The pattern of my Dado  
Is where Swans and Lillies play'd, oh!  
With long-legged Cranes,  
Emus—in lanes,  
Of a true æsthetic shade, oh!

Don't you admire my Dado?  
You *must* admire my dado,  
"The world 'd give  
Rather than live  
A day without my Dado,

My lovely sloping Dado!  
On the stairs it is up grade, oh,  
It glitters and glares,  
And the Emu stares  
On the banisters  
As if of pure gold 'twas made, oh.

My room with tiles are laid, oh,  
All above my Dado,  
And I sit and wait  
And bless my fate  
That gave me such a Dado.

G.  
Kingston, Dec. 1881.

## Strange Characters.

BOO'S HOLLOW,  
January 10th, 1882.

MY DEAR MR. GRIP:—

I read in last Friday's *Globe* a letter signed "Chas. A. Hirschfelder," and have been trying ever since to find out what is the meaning of the strange epistle. Mr. H. says: "The supposed discovery of ancient characters near Bobcaygeon is creating a good deal of excitement," and that "all sorts of absurd theories are being circulated, before even the letters have had any scientific inspection." Now what on earth are a lot of ancient characters (doubtless bad ones,

perhaps old bummers, or worse) from Toronto doing up near Bobcaygeon, and why should their letters exercise so greatly the minds of the peaceful Bobcaygeons? And for what reason should these letters be subject to a scientific inspection? The writer further says "there is yet absolutely nothing known about them," and "in the meantime there is no use speculating as to what they are, whether Egyptian, Scandinavian or other characters, as, of course, it can do no good and is only apt to do harm." (!) Now what on earth harm can it be speculating about them? I'm inclined to favour the Scandinavian theory, for certainly the woods near Bobcaygeon, at this time of the year, would hardly be a chosen retreat for an Egyptian from the "Banks of the Nile," or in fact any other "fellah" from the "Sunny South." But, sir, why on earth don't they send out the village constable and find out personally where the characters came from, and where they belong to, and not trust to letters for information?

Yours perplexedly,  
O. U. DUNDERHEAD.

## Our Funny Contributor.

A poor business—begging.  
A sound success—the telephone.  
"A case to the point"—a scabbard.  
"A false impression"—a counterfeit bill.

How can you have a *live* time in the dead of night?

A crazy man cutting his corns is a clip-toe-maniac.

"Sailing under false colours"—a lady who paints.

When a man taxes his memory, what rate does he levy?

The Land League is sick; it is in fact an ill-league-al affair.

Co-education—Trying to keep the animal quiet while milking her.

Obituary notices of gentlemen who are hauged properly come under heading of neck-nology.

Miss Snow, who was married in Ottawa lately, was, we presume, the "Beautiful Snow" we have heard so much about.

The Malden *Mirror* has an æsthetic article lately, headed, "Colour as a Force." The best illustration we know of on colour as a force is a *black eye*.

A seedy, round town young man;  
A bang-round-the-bar young man;  
A quizzical, jollicial,  
Red-nosed, symbolical,  
Beats-for-his-drinks young man.

"Do you think it would be dangerous for me to take some of that tongue?" said a pert young lady to our Funny Contributor, at a late supper. "I think it would be more dangerous for you to ask for some of that *cheek*, Miss," rejoined our contributor.

There is a certain up-country editor who is known as the "Centennial Joker," in deference to the advanced age of his witticisms.—*Elevated Railroad Journal*.

The father of a family saw his plum trees despoiled of their fruit. Suspecting his children, he called them all together and said: "One of you has stolen my plums, and I know which is the guilty one, for he has a leaf on the end of his nose." And the guilty one had the *navete*, foreseen by his father, to denounce himself by rubbing the end of his nose.