



SYNDICATE GALL.

The Bloated Monopolist.—Use that money? Why, that's mine! Not much I won't, when I can make you lend me all I want of yours!

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

VI.

THE CITY'S CHURCHES AND OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Toronto is and has been for a very long time celebrated for the number of its places of worship, and as it would be impossible to describe all of them, one or two must be selected as samples. There can be no doubt that a larger number of people have heard of the Bond Street church than of any other, celebrated as it is as being the edifice in which some of the most remarkable prophecies of modern times have been and are made. Probably more original ideas are promulgated by two eminent Toronto divines than by any other couple of reverends in the world: these two inspired ones are the Rev. Jo. Wiid, D.D., of the Bond Street church, and the Rev. C. Astronomical Johnson, of no church in particular—the latter being rather more sunburnt than the former but equally level-headed with him. No stranger in Toronto, remaining within its walls over Sunday, should fail to pay a visit to Dr. Wild's church; a visit may not be all the prophet will expect him to pay, but he will not be compelled to fork out anything more if he doesn't feel like it. If the visitor, having heard the mighty doctor hold forth on the Ten Lost Tribes does not rush down Queen Street West and embrace every Jewess he meets as a sister, then he is indeed a callous and unbelieving mortal; he can take pick amongst the limpid-eyed daughters of Israel for the purpose of claiming relationship, and if he doesn't select the prettiest ones he is a duffer. Though Dr. Wild cannot be called a gambler, still he is a great hand at *Faro* (improperly spelled Pharaoh) and deals with it or him in a manner remarkably keen, oh! Great as he is at

dissertations on the Stone Age, it might be as well if he would, in these days when petty larceny, grand ditto, bank defaulters, and so forth, are so rife, turn his attention to the *crib-age* and *dis-card* the other subjects for a time. Wo whist not why he does not so. He certainly gammons his congregations, permanent and transitory, out of much wealth, and as he does it openly and before their faces, back-gammon cannot be said to be his forte.

St. James' Cathedral is worthy of remark as being a very High Church, the spire rising to an elevation of several hundred feet. As for a Low Church, perhaps Erskine church is or was most worthy of that appellation, as it was burnt to the ground not very long ago. It was very low then. It has, however, been rebuilt and is as good as new for all practical purposes.

One of the things about St. James' Cathedral that strikes a stranger most forcibly is its clock, which is a very striking piece of mechanism indeed, and so dilatory in its movements that it is one o'clock before it gets through striking twelve.

It is hard to foretell what will be the result when the system of reckoning the hours from one to twenty-four comes into vogue. Strong men have been thrown into convulsions by hearing the clock strike twelve; should it ever attempt to toll out twenty-four, Toronto's death-rate will certainly show a marked increase.

Another remarkable characteristic of St. James', or rather of its congregation, is that a large number of them protest against the running of street-cars on Sunday as an ungodly and sinful practice, and yet can see no harm or wrong in driving to and from church in their own carriages. King Street on Sunday, at about 1 p.m., more resembles some fashionable

quarter of May Fair on the occasion of a ball or dinner-party, so numerous are the equipages awaiting the worshippers in the cathedral, the only thing that detracts from the resemblance being the seediness of many of the liveries of the Jehus on the boxes, and the general shabbiness of some of these private chariots.

On the occasion of an able and eloquent discourse being preached in St. James' Cathedral that edifice is crowded, and St. James' is never crowded.

Though there are churches in Toronto without end, none of them, with the exceptions given, merit special notice, so we may as well get on to the other agreeable places for a Sunday snooze. The first of these is undoubtedly the Horticultural Gardens, entrance on Gerrard and Carlton Streets and over the fence anywhere. These Gardens have been aptly styled "Toronto's Public Nursery," and any visitor to them will at once acknowledge the justice of the appellation, as he will be struck by the extraordinary number of juveniles who assemble there, seemingly for no other purpose than to swill themselves full of city water from the hydrants at the gates.

Another peculiarity of the Gardens is the large number of seats without backs provided for the delectation of the public, and he will at once confess that Toronto's citizens are a very upright lot as evinced by the attitudes assumed by the sitters on these backless chairs.

A gorgeous fountain ornaments the centre of the Gardens, and squirrels sometimes when it is raining, and occasionally even when the weather is warm. Modest people and those who object to the nude in art should avoid this meretricious fountain, as its base is ornamented by a number of statues of little boys in *puris naturalibus* and a more disgusting sight cannot be imagined. The modest beholder naturally turns away from these sculps with a feeling of loathing, and if his eyes do not encounter some youngster sprawling on the grass and making a much more unseemly exhibition of itself than those poor little stone boys, it will be a matter of surprise.

It seems almost incredible that princes of the blood royal should be guilty of treasonable practices, but that the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur both offended in this manner is proved by boards set up in the Gardens near two maple trees, the legends on which declare that those royal young gentlemen selected this ground for planting *trees on*. This statement about these maples is no hoaks, sir, fir from it. Set in different parts of the grounds are tubs rendered sacred by the plants they contain, which are aloes, and though these vegetables are not, themselves, necessarily sacred, the tubs are certainly *aloed*.

Having seen all there is to be seen in these Elysium Fields; having gazed into the noble basin at the fountain's foot, and reflected what a *base sin* it is not to have any gold fish or other Finnyuns disporting themselves in its pellucid depths, we pass out at the northern gate and turn to the left, and in a short time find ourself in a saloon on Church Street. Here we must tarry for a space. Had we done so before we went to the Gardens we should have been refused admittance, as "No dogs are allowed therein," and "tarriers" come under this designation.

(To be continued.)

DR. JOHN S. KING has removed to the south-west corner of Wilton Avenue and Sherbourne Street. Telephone No. 67. Street cars pass the door.

"What do you think of my new dress, Hubby? Isn't it the handsomest one you ever saw?"

"Yes, I confess it is; lace over everything, in fact."—*Boston Budget*.