

nate deevil had, after gettin' ma pocket-book, daundered doon, an' fa'en intae the water. It a' cam oot at the inquest, but what I've since syne suffered, baith at ma boordin' hoose an' at the warehoose, I leave it tae yer imagination tae picter. Verily, the way o' transgressors is hard.
Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

TORONTO CHARACTERS.

THE CROOK.

Mark ye how the festive crook !
Every finger's like a hook ;
Watch his false and sallow mug !
He should be inside the jug,
But he's not. If you'll repair
To the flash saloon, he's there.
With the "barkeep" he stands in.
(Barkeep with the diamond pin.)
The crook seems to defy the laws ;
Coolly he doth place his claws
In your pocket, and go through
All the clothes possessed by you.
He takes all and leaves you none -
Then the crook's day's work is done.
True, he's but a shallow thief -
Cowardly, and would as lief
Rob the widow of her mite
As he would the lummer tight !

HOW TO RECEIVE THE VOLUNTEERS.

GRIP has received a number of communications from various ladies and gentlemen, offering suggestions as to how the volunteers should be received here on their arrival from the front, and requesting his opinion as to their views. Here is one :

"TORONTO, July 6th, '85.

"DEAR MR. GRIP.—There have been so many suggestions appearing in the daily papers as to our brave volunteers' reception that I offer mine to you, hoping you will give it your earnest consideration. Now, Mr. GRIP, I am a schoolgirl attending one of our most fashionable ladies' seminaries and have been so for—well, I won't say for how long—and I know a great number of the lady students of the city. Now, don't you think it would be a pleasing thought if all the different ladies' schools here would 'form'—I believe that is the expression—at the railway station under the direction of their several teachers, and place themselves in line on both sides of the street, and when the brave heroes march between our ranks, that each of the young ladies present each volunteer with a floral wreath to wear upon his martial brow ? I think it would have a pleasing effect ! What do you think, Mr. GRIP ?
Yours patriotically,

"GLADYS McCULLY.

"P.S.—I have a dear friend in the Grenadiers.—G. McC."

Yes, my dear Miss McCully, GRIP quite agrees with you, but will offer the following suggestion, that the wreaths be of variegated hue. You see the boys' clothes have been so tattered and patched with material in all colors of the rainbow, including the neutral tints of the buffalo skin and birch-bark, and have become so mud and blood stained, that any of the pronounced colors might be in too violent contrast with the *tout ensemble* of the soldier. A very good idea of required tinges can be had by one of the school marmes inspecting the ranks when the men fall in. Yes, Gladys, the idea is immense.—Ed.

Here is another :

"TORONTO, July 6th, '85.

"EDITOR GRIP.—I know, at least I've herd tell, that you are a lad full of sport, in consequence likely of your running a funny paper. I am a poor and honest man and a loyal vun, and I keeps a public 'ouse. I never read your paper in consequence of not been able to, but I've seen your picters, and I thinks to myself, ere's the lad to hadvocate my views on the volunteer reception business. Now wot I proposes is this. Let hall of hus publicans whack hup and send hup a keg of hale for each car and a

few bottles of some right good stuff to some station, say fifty or sixty mile above Toronto. 'Alt the train if it don't 'alt, and get the lickor on board. By the time the boys get to Toronto they will hall be in a good humor, and ready to take in the reception full of fun. Wot do you think of that for a hideo, Mr. GRIP ?
Yours truly,
"SAFFRON HILL PUMPHANDLE."

Mr. Pumphandle, you are in your humble way a genius, and your and your confreres' generosity, like your "right good stuff," is almost too overpowering. Your refreshments to the boys would doubtless do all you claim—and more. You see, by the time the boys got here they would all be well "started," and would very likely "keep" up the racket while their money lasted, so the generosity of you and your fellow-tradesmen would be repaid tenfold. True, a good many of the returned heroes might fancy themselves at Batoche or Cut Knife Creek again, and make it warm for the civilians, but of course, Mr. Pumphandle, that's none of your lookout. However, you might write to the commanding officer of the brigade touching your laudable little scheme. If he agrees to it we have no objection. You are a whole-souled gentleman, Mr. P.—En.



THE CITY COMMISSIONER TAKING PRECAUTIONS AGAINST THE CHOLERA.

CHIT-CHATTY COMMENTS.

"I tell you," remarked one fellow to another, "the old *Globe* is coming to the front as a humorous paper. I saw a capital original joke on its editorial page two weeks ago, and it's such a good one that it has repeated it daily with variations ever since."

"Yes, sirree," said No. 2, "those *Globe* editors are born humorists. But what was the joke ?"

"Well, I've forgotten exactly, but it was something about cats and Lennox."

Here is consolation for cigarette smokers at last :—

"NEW YORK, June 25.—Edward Fox, an excessive cigarette smoker, who has lately acted strangely, jumped from a second storey window and dashed his brains out last night."

This explodes the idea that no one that smoked cigarettes had any brains.

An exchange declares that "General Grant cannot endure music of any kind except that made by the fife and drum." This is equivalent to stating that the old warrior hates music of every description.

We are informed that "John McCullough, the tragedian, has lost his memory to such an extent that ten minutes after a meal he cannot tell whether he has eaten or not." Well, now, that isn't a very extraordinary instance of loss of memory. We know heaps of fellows who roost in Toronto boarding houses and they declare that they suffer precisely in the same manner as John.

A supernumerary at a Colorado theatre has constructed a fiddle out of a turtle shell. And now, whenever the gods wish him to come before the footlights and display his art as a musician, the yells for "Turtle-supe" are said to be appalling. As the gentleman is making great progress as a violinist, it is proposed to send him to the European continent to perfect his studies, and the "Turtle-supe" will probably soon be in Turin.

The *Telegram* lately informed its readers that there is an almanac in the British Museum 3,000 years old. We have had the pleasure of seeing the work alluded to, and we remember some of the jokes; in fact, they are frequently recalled to our mind by being published in several English comic papers of the present day. One of them commences in this wise: "Father, Algernon is not the poor man we thought him: oh! papa, I this day discovered that he is a plumber." Then there is one about boarding-house steak, and on the page sacred to June, is the remark: "It is *tempus fugit* were here." Let's see; isn't this last side-splitter a regular old stand-by for some paper in Dundas, or Ancaster, or somewhere near Burlington Bay. Seems we've seen it annually somewhere for the last six years or so.

ATTENTION.—What makes you pay more for harness than is necessary? We can give you a better article and later styles than any other house in the Dominion. A \$45 harness for \$23; a \$35 for \$18; a \$20 for \$11.50; a \$15 for \$9. All hand-stitched. All work guaranteed. 200 sets to choose from. Salesmen take a pleasure in showing goods. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., opposite Hay Market, 104 Front Street, Toronto.

LIBERAL TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE (LOQUITUR).

Hic—that's what I shay, reform your grandmother (hic), a good sight better than reforming a fellow's self. Shenshible—(hic)—woman Gail Hamilton (hic)—says the way to reform a man is to reform his grandmother; (hic) that's sho! the o'd lady ought to be reformed—it's a crying shame (hic) the old man too, by Jove. (Hic) Can't see why Gail left granddad out. What I shay is reform your grandmother—(hic) an' th'ole man—an' everybody else—anybody (hic) or anything rather than tell a fellow to reform himself—that's too personal (hic). Wish grannie hadn't died so soon, I'd have taken the old lady in hand and made a splendid (hic, hic) fellow of myself—too (hic) had!

A WANT OF ACTIVITY.

Much of the ill condition of chronic invalids is due to want of activity in a sluggish liver. Burdock Blood Bitters arouses a healthy action of the liver to secrete pure bile, and thus make pure blood, which gives perfect health.