

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

THE QUEEN'S PARK: ITS APPROACHES, ETC.

When a city becomes invested with that dignity and importance to which Toronto has attained it is the usual thing for some enterprising and, at the same time, intelligent personage to publish a guide book for the accommodation of visitors who, without such assistance, would assuredly miss two thirds of the "lions," and would leave the place with but a faint idea of what they had lost.

Mr. GRIP is the e. and i. personage who purposes to point out in these columns what ought to be seen by strangers within Toronto's gates.

Pleasure before business is the motto of the sight-seer, and therefore the first objects which must be briefly described are the Queen's Park, the Grand Opera House, the Island, the (perhaps) Zoo, the City Hall, etc., etc. Let us take the Queen's Park first. This magnificently laid out piece of ground (several miles, more or less, in extent) lies due north of Queen Street, and may either be approached (and, by the way, the Queen City is famous for its "approaches"—see late bribery trial) through a long avenue gaily bedizened with rare exotics and gorgeous with many-hued flowers; or another route (not the root of any of the above mentioned flowers, nor yet the leaves nor blossoms, for these are sacred and *nemo me impune lacessit* is seen in their very pistils which are, at this season of the year, shooting vigorously) may be taken through that portion of the city known as Africa, a chunk of the Dark Continent which was somehow transplanted to this country many, many years ago, nobody can say precisely in what manner. It is populated principally by the descendants of Ham, and this fact is rendered more extraordinary when it is stated that, closely adjacent lies Queen Street, a locality celebrated for the number of ladies and gentlemen of the Jewish race who there disport themselves. This fact alone shows that the Jewish antipathy to Ham cannot be so great as has been affirmed.

However, Africa is otherwise known as St. John's, or the Noble Ward, and is justly famous for the politeness and courteous demeanor of its residents and their patron saint, this holy personage not being the St. John mentioned, but one St. Henrico Biff Pipah, who has but to pass through the Ward to be greeted on all hands by exclamations of veneration and delight. To proceed; we have now arrived at the Queen's Park, so called because Her Most Gracious Majesty does not own one foot of it. Immediately at the entrance via Queen's Avenue (already described, and bearing its name on the same *lucus a non lucendo* principle as the Park) stand two monster cannons, which so far resemble minor canons in that their mouths are often almost always open, and but very little worth hearing comes out of them. These cannons were captured from the Russians in the Crimea by a very eminent general who was somewhere out of sight looking at plans and maps whilst the non-commissioned officers and men of the troops under his command dashed in and seized them, and they were presented to Toronto for the sole purpose of giving the students of Trinity College, of which place of learning more hereafter, a chance to make a little noise in the world by banging them off in the middle of the night and scaring all the ladies in their neighborhood nearly to death.

A little to the rear of these articles of war is seen the Band Stand, an erection which is said to have no rival in architectural beauty in the world, built as it is of the choicest pine, and put up by somebody at a cost of perhaps eight dollars. Words fail to do justice to this gorgeous monument to man's inhumanity to man—for such it is, as it is composed of such terribly uncomfortable materials for sleeping purposes that countless thousands of bummers

and tramps have been caused to mourn when attempting, oft in the stillly summer night, to snatch a few hours brief repose thereon.

Gazing over to the right we behold a stately pile of masonry. For ugliness of design and frightfulness of *tout ensemble* it lays over everything but the City Hall. This edifice, not the City Hall but the former, was once a lunatic asylum, and, to judge from appearances, was designed and built by its future inmates. At least if its architect was not a lunatic, there are none in this world. What it is at present used for has escaped our memory, but it stands a monument to the ability of some people to conjure up most "delirium tremensy" ideas of architecture.

Everywhere around stand imposing and gigantic forest monarchs, and the general well-kept, neat, tasteful and orderly appearance of the Park cannot fail to at once remind Old Country visitors of Hyde or Regent's Park in London, and the Tuileries, Fontainebleau and other beautiful spots in France. Most elegant and comfortable seats are plentifully distributed about on the rich and verdant grass for the especial benefit of those gentlemen of leisure who, during the summer nights, fail to find accommodation on the Band Stand, and who, from motives of a love of open air sleeping and a lack of the wherewithal to pay for a bed, find the Queen's Park admirably suited to their ideas of a happy sleeping ground. Silver and gold have they none, and yet they are ever primed with the choicest of Canada's anti-Scott Act beverages. How they do it, none but themselves can say: but they do.

So numerous are the other objects worthy of notice that abound in this earthly Elysium that a description of them must be reserved for another paper. Monuments are as thick as the leaves that do something or other in Valambrosa, so, dear reader, till next week we must say *au revoir*, as space is precious and Mr. GRIP wishes to do justice to his present subject.

—S.

(To be continued.)



Fancy portrait of the Great Chief Strike-him-in-the-Back.

(No reference to Franchise Bill.)

SETTLED!

England now accepts the "Lessar" line, and Russia takes the larger Afghan slice.

The "Peace Party" says, "Heaven bless her," but the knowing native says, "Russia eats the curry, while England takes the rice!"

A DIALOGUE.

BETWEEN A HEAVY SCIENTIFIC WRITER AND A "TRIFLING RHYMESTER."

["In passing recently through a certain library, I noticed that the volumes of what is generally, and perhaps somewhat flippantly, termed 'heavy' literature, such as scientific treatises, and the works of men like Milton, Tupper, Macaulay, and others, appeared to be as fresh as though just arrived from the bindery, whilst works of light fiction, and the efforts of trifling rhymesters were almost dropping to pieces. This I took upon as an evidence of the bent of the popular mind—a bent which cannot be too deeply deplored. It is a pity people cannot be compelled to read more substantial literature."—Standard.]

THE DIALOGUE.

Heavy Scientific Writer:

How is it, bardlet, that thy verses thin
With naught of depth of thought, and meaningless,
But merely jingling jingles like the empty sound
Of tinkling cymbals, or of sounding brass.
Are read more widely than the thoughts profound,
That emanate from massive brains like mine?
Wert thou a man, thou wouldst scorn 't' expend
Brain force and nerve power on such light trifles.

Trifling Rhymester:

Oh! these jingles come to me with most remarkable facility,
Though in truth I don't consider that a sign of much ability.

I write my style of poetry so lacking in profundity,
Because, of any other kind, my brain has no fecundity.
Another thing; your "thoughts profound" have too much ponderosity,
You think them fine; the people don't; a maxim saying
"Nescit se." meaning "know thyself," would fit you to a dot, my boy;
It's strange to hear me talk like this, it's true, though,
Is it not, my boy?

H. S. W.:

Metaphors thou art inclined to be a malapert;
I who have studied Ruskin, Spencer, Hume,
And others who had brain, sir, brain to think,
Should surely be entitled to respect,
And popular attention to more wide extent
Than one whose jingles smack of mountebanks.
I, in my themes, have discoursed of great things;
Of protoplasm and of evolution,
Of involution, and have said much more
About the differential calculus.
And yet *hoi polloi*—*ignorant*!—say
My works are like Arabia's deserts dry.

T. R.:

And so they are, my worthy sir, they sadly lack humidity,
Indeed they're like Sahara's sands, so great is their aridity;
The people fail to understand you, and you only frighten 'em.
You fail, my scientific friend, in general to enlighten 'em.
My jingling verse they understand without the aid of dictionary.
And where's the harm if people like those works so light and fictionary?
Deep thinkers do much good, no doubt, but if their thoughts are sinister,
By which I mean the opposite of those of reverend ministers;
They do more harm than good, and many an unbelieving zealot he
Has been by these deep-thinking men brought o'er to infidelity.
If people like light literature, and such brain food commodities,
Why, let 'em. You know—if you don't, particularly odd it is—
That, if you try to force a man to eat what disagrees with him,
Dyspepsia will soon become a very bad disease with him.
You can't make scientists of folk who are not so inclined to be,
Nor can you make men readers deep if such they have no mind to be.
Now that's the whole of what I have to say; the straight-up tip, by Jove!
You savants soon will want to put a stop to reading Grip, by Jove!

H. S. W. (aside):

In truth, this popinjay, impertinent, I own,
Hath nigh convinced me. (*Aloud*) Well, sir, after all
There's reason in thy prattle. But why class great Grip
With such light works as those of which I spoke?
Grip, in a light, but admirable way,
Shoots fully as she flies, and as achieving good,
Ranks far before the deepest works of science.
And now, fair sir, good day; at present I'll refrain
From saying more, but I will think this matter o'er again.

—SWIZZ.

The Society for the Suppression of Vice!
What vice? Why, the vice of the newshoy
on Sunday mornings, of course.