

City Hall than those of the poet quoted.

The stranger, strolling round the Market Square—thus circling the square, a matter said by mathematicians to be an equally difficult feat with that of squaring the circle—will be delighted with the beautifully evenly-laid paving-stones. Perhaps there is not a better spot in which to acquire a sprained ankle than Toronto's Market Square on a dark night, when, as a matter of course, not a lamp will be lit. Should the visitor thus happen to either gain a fracture or a sprain, and bring damages against the city for neglect, he will be mollified, gratified and satisfied by being told that he was inebriated, that the neglect was on his own part, and that he has ample damages as it is. On two of the sides of the Square are countless shrines of *Bacchus*; it is possible that worse liquors may be sold elsewhere, though it is hard to believe it, and in this statement we have several creditable witnesses to *back us*. At any rate, if the visitor—for whose benefit this veracious guide is written—does not believe us, he can try for himself, though he is hereby advised not to do so, as he will find it a very trying process indeed, and one that may result very disastrously, as there is a lynx-eyed minion of the law ever on the Hunt around the market for victims who have been deluded by the seductive smiles of *Silenus*, and the fate of the tryer may be that of many who are ensnared by the bowling flow or flowing bowl—the terms are synonymous.

This fate may be called, *not* the three R's, but the the three bars—viz: (1) the saloon bar, (2) the bar of justice, (3) the bars behind which he may languish and pine in vain for liberty, and when once a man gets behind the last named, all his quondam fair weather friends will only be too happy to point the finger of scorn at him, and cry, "Bar, bar, black sheep, who cut off your wool?" alluding to the crop of his hair, for however good the harvest may be *outside*, *inside* the establishments hinted at the crops are invariably very short indeed. We are of opinion that that last is a *capital* joke, and the person who made it should be strung up in a hairy situation.

Now, having introduced a brief but pithy temperance lecture into this article, and feeling confident that the reader is dry, we will proceed either to the Island, sacred to Toronto's one-time demi-god, Ned Hanlan, the man to whom a few years ago the residents of this city were ready to bow the knee, but whom, since slightly under a cloud on account of defeat, they almost pass by on the other side—or to the Reservoir or some other wet spot.

Such is life! but as this article has already exceeded the limits accorded it, it is high time to tie it up. Accordingly we have a-corded it.

—S.

(To be continued.)

THE PIE-BITER.

III.

Maiden, with the hair of gold,  
Maiden with those eyes of blue,  
With face and form of perfect mould,  
Tell me, can I hope to woo?  
Tell me, maiden, tell me true,  
How can I aspire to you?

III.

Sir, I see you like my eyes,  
And admire my golden hair,  
As for me, I doubt on pies;  
Now, canst afford to take me where,  
Any place sir, so that there  
We can eat of pies a pair?

The maiden with the hair of gold  
By her answer knocked him cold.

—B.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and get me some of those nice Boots we saw at West's, on Yonge Street.

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

IV.—DINNER AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—SENSATION CAUSED BY THE SINGING OF A DESCRIPTIVE SONG, ETC.

LONDON, Aug. 8, '85.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Wales and I soon struck up a strong friendship, and it was evident that we entertained a mutual admiration for one another. It was that species of friendship which must exist between two individuals whose tastes and predilections are similar, and it could easily be seen that Nature had intended me to be a prince. This species of friendship was beautifully exemplified, I remember, Mr. GRIP, at the time when Mr. Charles Mitchell visited your fair city, and towards whom Mr. Johnny Scholes evinced such lively demonstrations of affection, even going so far as to present his brother in the bonds of the manly art with a thoroughbred purp. So it was with Albert E. and me. We soon became sworn chums, and after dinner, when Her Royal Highness left us to our wine and walnuts, we had a great time. H.R.H. produced several back numbers of GRIP, and read them out aloud, roaring over the quaint conceits contained therein, and vowing that when he came to the throne he would have your publishing offices transferred to England.



He intimated, over our third bottle, that there might be a vacant garter for the editor, and if his wink meant anything, I need not despair of seeing my present Christy, stiff replaced by a ducal coronet before a very great while.

"Y'know, ol' man," he said, "w'English can 'prehiate witanumor, but 'sarule we can't pr'dushe it. You can, and b'my hal'dome! you mush come overheret'shtay."

We conversed for an hour or two in the most amicable manner, singing "Wully brewed a peck o' maud" till the rafters of Buckingham Palace shook with the commotion caused by our rendering of the chorus "We arena' fou, we're no that fou," until we received an intimation that coffee awaited us in the grand drawing-room?

"M I a' ri?" asked the Prince, pulling his white tie into some semblance of propriety, "Thinksh I'm a' right, Gri'r, ole f'la?"

"Coursh you're a' ri," I replied. "Try and shay 'Er'sh Conshution, your Rihal Hoyness." The test was pronounced satisfactory, and we joined the ladies.

There were, as it seemed to me, two Princesses of Wales, and dozens of duchesses, countesses, etc., each individual being apparently accompanied by her twin sister, and every article of furniture being duplicated in some most remarkable manner. In endeavoring to take a seat on one of two chairs placed close together, each exactly resembling the

other, I had the misfortune to deposit myself on the carpet between the two, but was speedily raised up by a gorgeous flunkey and placed upon a luxurious ottoman, and a cup of strong coffee was put in my hands. After a few mouthfuls of this potent beverage, I was astonished to notice that the duplicate duchesses, countesses, etc., had disappeared.



A very pleasant evening ensued, during which I entertained my distinguished host and hostess by singing "The Charge at Batoche," which was loudly applauded, and it would have done you good to hear the encomiums lavished on the author of the song. When I came to the lines

"Out rang the signal shrill, etc., etc.,  
Charge! charge! charge!"

I dashed round the immense drawing-room, upsetting the duchesses and countesses, whom I affected to regard as the rebels in their rifle pits, in all directions with an old sceptre I had found, and which I utilized as a bayonet, till the applause was simply deafening, and feathers, fragments of lace, diamonds, and cries of "How clever! how realistic!" flew about on all sides. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who was present, I ran clear out of the room at the point of the bayonet, and I heard him bumping down the stairs in his retreat, yelling, "Police! Murder! Fire! Fetch a keeper! An escaped lunatic!" at every bump. The Gatling gun I represented with a sofa cushion, hitting a countess on the back at each shot, and raising a perfect cloud of pearl powder which looked very much like a puff of smoke. I bombarded a particularly fat marchioness with all the lighter articles of bric-a-brac I could lay my hands on. Some of these, I have discovered, were the property of the Duke of Edinburgh, and he has sent in a bill for breakages amounting to 7s. 6d., which I trust you will settle, and you might make out the cheque for seven and sevenpence. It will look better, and H.R.H. will appreciate the extra farthing.

The room was in a terrible state of confusion when I finished my descriptive song, but after the duchesses, etc., had been stuck together with court plaster, I was the hero of the evening, and I can assure you those nobly born ladies were not at all backward in evincing their admiration for me. Lady Maude—but no, sir, I will not reveal secrets such as these. The *Pall Mall Gazette* will never get your Ambassador's name into its columns as that of a highbred libertine. I shan't tell everything, but, you see, when a man associates with these British noblemen and aristocrats, he must, as a man of honor, and on the principle of doing in Rome as the Romans do, conduct himself as a bit of a blackguard.

Soon after midnight I was conducted to the