



PORTRAIT OF THE DEVIL AT THE FOOT OF YONGE STREET.

For want of a trunk sewer, the filth and garbage of the city is being drained into the bay at several points. The slip at the foot of Yonge Street is a cesspool which our artist has faintly presented in the above sketch. Other points along the water-front are equally disgusting and dangerous. Surely we pay enough taxes to be spared this downright outrage. It would be bad enough if we were securing our drinking water from the northern lakes, but the strongest stomach must turn when we reflect that all this disgusting stuff is being vomited into the bay and must contaminate the water that supplies our household taps. If a deputation of the city council waited upon King Cholera and elaborately invited him to visit us they would be doing just what is now being done most effectively. GRIP seizes the Mayor by the coat collar and holds him over the stench metaphorically. If this were done literally with the whole box and dice of the city fathers they might be made to exhibit a little zeal in abating this abominable nuisance.

CROMWELL AND THE BAUBLE.

(Extract from a paper now in the pocket of a member of the British Association.)

Ever since my earliest boyhood it has been my ambition to dive into the secret nooks and corners of so-called history, by searching in all sorts of out-of-the-way places for MSS. or ancient books, bearing on the subject at the time occupying my attention. Every one knows that the Iron Duke at Waterloo never uttered the expression or gave the command "Up guards and at them." Neither did the commander of the old guard at the wind up of the same celebrated battle shout, "The old guard dies but never surrenders!" His remark was shorter and quite different altogether. I don't believe that J. Cesar ever said *veni vidi vici*, or that Nelson ever put his blind eye to the spy-glass at Copenhagen. In fact, I am a skeptic from Skeptictown. The other day when over in England I came across a rare and precious collection of MSS. that I found in an old chest in my bed-room in an old-fashioned country tavern. Of course I had no business to go through the box, but what cared I, in my love for the secrets of the past. The manuscripts treated mostly of the times of Charles I, and knocked the ordinary account of old Noll's descent on the parliament into chicken feed. Modernizing the spelling and style of expression, this is the true account as told by Sir Rumpus Gully, M.P. Herts. When old Crom. walked in to the Chamber he looked as

cross as an old badger, and opened his valve thusly:—

"Take away that bauble!"
 Nobody moved, and Cromwell turning to Lord Bateman again said:
 "Take away that bauble!"
 Lord Bateman without rising, replied rather sulkily, "I ain't taking away baubles very much to-day."
 Then Cromwell turned around, and looking Lord Monteaule straight in the eye, said directly to him,
 "Take away that bauble!"
 Lord Monteaule, sternly returning the coming Protector's stare, said, as he pulled out his cambric handkerchief odoriferous of bergamot "I don't have to."
 "Where is the man Charles, Stuart?" then asked the truculent Noll.
 "Oh," said Sir Percy Nursey—"him—oh!—he's off on the boo—" and he whispered something in Cromwell's ear. "I sometimes think he is losing his head."
 "You're right—he is," said Oliver with a sardonic grin.
 At this moment His Highness the King's footsteps were heard coming down the back stairs—and the royal voice hiccupped out "Wha—wha—wha's the mazzar with them fellers in the chamber, w—was all the racket about?"
 The Deputy Assistant quarter-master groom of the back stairs, turning to Archbishop Laud, exclaimed, "His Royal Nibbs is coming down,

and if he enters the chamber Old Crom. will likely shift his starboard ear for him."

"Well said, my son," answered the great prelate, and going to the door begged of His Highness not to enter.

Just at that moment Cromwell again issued the command,

"Take away that bauble!"

"What did he say?" asked the King:

"Take away that bauble."

"Go and tell the old bottle-nosed brewer of a sanctified son of an ill-conditioned Roundhead, to take it away himself. Who was his nigger last year?" and so saying Charles I. skipped up stairs and took a rest in the Star Chamber.

Then Cromwell, addressing the affrighted members, exclaimed, "Fellow citizens, this is mighty hard lines, but as a good and loyal subject I will obey the King's command. I will take away that bauble myself. Good eve, I'll see you later." and poor old Cromwell shouldered the mace and humbly left the House.

This is the true story about old Noll and the bauble.



The Mystic Comedy Company are presenting a variety programme of good quality at the People's Theatre this week, afternoon and evening.

Kiralfy Bros.' great spectacle "Excelsior," is to open the season at the Grand. This piece will be given in all its magnificent detail just as performed in New York during a long run. No description in words can convey any idea of the brilliancy of "Excelsior," which is a continuous transformation-scene from beginning to end, and though participated in by nearly three hundred performers, not a word of dialogue is spoken. The company is imported bodily from one of the popular Paris theatres, and may be relied upon to do their work in a manner rarely equalled upon the American stage. "Excelsior" will not be performed in Canada out of Toronto, and nobody should miss this opportunity of seeing it—the only one that will ever be offered.

Barnett's New York Ideal Opera Company commence a season of four weeks at the Horticultural Pavilion on Friday evening, with "Billie Taylor." The company is exceptionally strong, and the scenery, costumes and accessories are all that could be wished. In the production of comic opera, however, it seems to be necessary, no matter how meritorious the company, to offer some additional feature in order to make the entertainment sufficiently attractive for Torontonians. Mr. Barnett cannot get Patti to support his splendid Comic Opera Company, and with very good judgment announces "The Burning of Chicago" to be produced out doors after the stage performance. This must not convey the idea that the company is not deserving of patronage, as it is among the best on the road, having a repertoire of some fourteen operas, but w none of us need grumble at getting too much for our money; and a little fun outside after an evening of laughter, will be very acceptable. It is announced that the fire brigade is engaged for each evening, employing fire engine, hook and ladder, hose, and everything connected with such an event.

The St. Quinten Opera Company continue their performances at the Summer Pavilion. This week was opened with "Olivette," and "Masco" followed on Thursday evening. The Pavilion is now under the sole management of Mr. Norman, and is securing a good share of patronage.