

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

VII.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Perhaps the next place in Toronto worthy of a visit is the Zoo on Front Street West, and though we are averse as a general thing to giving free "ads." to any business establishments, yet as this Zoo is zooposed to combine instruction and amusement for the visitors, we might do a verse thing than notice some of its principal features, for certainly one of our principal features will notice one of its ditto as soon as the spacious precincts of Toronto's Zoological Gardens are entered. These gardens, being the centre of attraction to all zoologically disposed visitors, appeal powerfully to the scenter of such visitors, that organ being at once attracted by the Oriental perfumes which assail it as its owner enters the grounds, having previously deposited twenty-five cents with the door-keeper, for which he is regaled with fully five score scents in return. A poetical visitor is once reported to have remarked that the fragrant atmosphere of the Zoo so played upon his imagination that he could almost fancy some unseen hand was swinging a censor through the air, so delicious were the perfumes which saluted his olfactory organs. Who nose but that he was a satirical cynic who, in the guise of a flatterer, was actually a censor himself? At any rate the gallant proprietor of this great aggregation of unparalleled curiosities—an alderman, a patriot and a lecturer—fancied he detected some covert sarcasm in the poetical visitor's speech concerning the censor and the incense, and became very much incensed himself, and declared he could see no sense, sir, in such nonsensical hifalutinism. Biff!

It is not our purpose to enter into a detailed account of all the wonderful denizens of tropical and hyperborean climes that throng the vast area of the Zoo; (practical illustrations of the two extremes of climate mentioned are to be seen at any time—the great Polar Bear ascending a pole—from which he takes his name—being an illustration of an Arctic climber, whilst the monkeys running up the gymnastic appliances provided for them ably demonstrate what a tropical climber is like;) but a word or two concerning a few of the most notable animals, past and present, may not be, as the fishwife was when asked for a certain fish she hadn't got; "out of place."

Time was when a huge Russian bear, yclept Peter the Great, tenanted a cage in these gardens. He is dead; he "petered" out some time ago. Peter had a bad reputation in life. A visitor once offered him his arm in the most polite manner possible. Peter took the gentleman's arm—and ate it, and though the visitor imagined he was playing a very harmless joke, he speedily discovered that it had turned out to be a very practical one, and though he now has ample accommodation for laughing in his sleeve at the result, he feels far too much out up to do so, and far more in the humor for making a doleful "stump" speech.

Disciples of Darwin are here afforded every opportunity for verifying that great scientist's theories, and half-an-hour before the monkey cage will convince him that Charles' theory was about as sound as they make them nowadays, and though he may feel somewhat humiliated when he reflects upon his ancestry, the thought that many human beings at the present time are not, apparently, half as sensible as these animals, may afford him some slight measure of consolation.

A splendid specimen of the Lion—with his lady—is to be seen in this unprecedented and mammothian collection of transcendent and stupendous specimens of the brute creation. On his cage are the words "Felis Leo." See that you stick to this advice and do no more, for though it is perfectly safe to "feel his leo,"

smoke. Jack was there, but Fred had not yet arrived. All the members were in the costume prescribed by the rules and regulations of the club—i.e., slippers and smoking caps, whom in sauntered Fred, "got up" regardless of expense, with the newest and glossiest of fashionable tiles and the very nattiest and brightest of patent leather boots (for the two young chaps had received one of their periodical consignments of these articles on the previous day), black frock-coat, lavender trowsers, white waistcoat, lavender kids and an exquisite button-hole bouquet.

"I say, old fellow," called out Jack, "this won't do; against the rules, you know," pointing to the hat and then to the boots.

"Oh! well," replied Fred, "I forgot; won't matter for once."

"Well, look here," continued Jack, "you mustn't do it again or, by Jove! I shall be compelled to do something with those boots and that 'tile.' Don't know what it'll be, but something awful you know."

Fred knew that this was no idle threat of Jack's and that the latter would like nothing better than to damage his faultless head and foot-gear; but he said little more, and after smoking a cigar he and Jack went off to their apartments.

Next evening the smoking-room of the Raleigh presented an appearance very similar to that it had borne on the preceding night: Fred was again absent till nearly 11.30 p.m., when in he suntered, slowly and listlessly, and—horror!—with silk hat, patent leathers, etc., etc., just as he had appeared the evening before.

"Now, look here, Fred," cried Jack Chippenham, "I warned you last night about those things; you heard me, gentlemen," turning to the other members, "I must keep my word, and I look to you for assistance: seize him," and he sprang towards Fred, who was speedily overpowered by numbers, though his resistance, somehow, did not appear very desperate, and laid on a sofa and his hat and dainty boots removed.

"Gentlemen," cried Jack, "put this hat up there; here is a revolver; now, then, let us make a sieve of it," and in a very short time the glossy *chef d'œuvre* of a celebrated British hatter was riddled with holes, and more closely resembled a colander than a head-piece for a "swell" young man. The patent leather boots were ripped and slashed and finally placed on burning coals in the grate (for a small fire was usually kept up in the evenings, more for its cheerful appearance than for warmth), where they were shortly reduced to ashes.

Fred looked on at the work of destruction with a philosophical and complacent air, whilst Jack shouted out, "Thus do we serve all who treat the rules of the Raleigh Club smoking-room with contempt. Never mind, Fred, old man; cheer up; there'll be another hat out in a month or so."

"Oh! I'm not fretting," replied Fred, "why should I? it wasn't my hat."

"Not yours!" cried Jack and many more, "not yours? whose was it then, in the name of all that's wonderful?"

"Yours, Jack," replied the imperturbable Fred.

"And the boots," cried out a dozen voices, "the boots; weren't those yours? whose were they?"

"Jack's," calmly answered Fred, "I borrowed them out of his room to come over here with. I knew he'd do what he said last night, and really I want to cure him of his nonsensical jokes. I guess he's out of pocket about \$25 by his fun."

Jack's face was a picture. He didn't know what to do, the laugh was so entirely against him. Idiot that he was to be so gulled by the quiet Fred! But the deed was done; he had destroyed his own hat and boots in a most unjustifiable manner and must make the best of

it, so with a brief Good-night he took his departure, and has never since been so anxious to inflict the penalty due to disobedience on any member of the Raleigh Club who may be guilty of an infraction of its rules and regulations. —S.



IRISH.

Young Lady Philanthropist.—Have you any children?

Mr. Murphy.—We have.

Y. L. P.—Well, would you have any objection to their attending my little cottage Sunday School?

Mr. Murphy.—O, ma'am, it cudden't! It's o'ny three wakes old!

MR. BEATTY ON THE FRANCHISE ACT.

"Mr. Beatty's defence of the Revising Barrister clause was that the duty might safely be entrusted to a profession so wise and just as the legal one."

Mr. Beatty, he made such a very long speech, For it printed six columns and more, And in periods emphatic he sometimes did screech And he sometimes did stamp on the floor.

And he proved in a way that indubitable seemed To each member with hopes from Sir John That of all the good bills of which poets had dreamed, This bill was the most excellent one.

And he thought the red Indian the franchise should hold, For the lowly uplifted should be, And that if he should vote as the Government told It would teach him quite docile to be.

Then I grant the Reviser, who has to revise, Can do very much wrong if he would, But just think who he is. He's a barrister wise, My profession so noble and good!

We could scarce such a job to the clergy entrust For we know there have hypocrites been; And for doctors, their record is not always just What we wish it had always been seen.

Then some merchants too sharp in transactions have been, I'm afraid there's but one class to trust, There's no instance where lawyers were known to be mean, You'll admit it. I'm sure that you must.

When we give, as you see, full control to one hand, Who shall vote, or shall not vote, and when Against him no appeal, save he chooses, shall stand, We must choose irreproachable men.

Otherwise cooked-up lists they might always prepare For the men who employ them and pay, But when lawyers are chosen, you all are aware That they never give people away.

Then a faint "What a whopper!" was he rd passing by, Mr. Beatty turned round with a frown; But a note from Sir John, "You've about pumped it dry," Sat the West-Torontonian down.