

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

III.

KING STREET: ITS BEAUTIES, LOUNGERS, BUILDINGS, ETC.

London, England, boasts of her Regent Street, Oxford Street and Pall Mall; Dublin of her Sackville, Dane and Grafton Streets; Paris of the Boulevards, Rue de Rivoli, etc.; and New York of Broadway; but Toronto is in no way behind these great metropolitan centres, for she has her King and Yonge Streets and her Globe Lane, and she is justly proud of these magnificent thoroughfares.

The visitor to the Queen City cannot fail to be struck by the aspect of King Street, be the season winter or summer, spring or fall. In the last but one of the quarters of the year mentioned this noble street presents a scene of variety and devilment seldom seen out of a pantomime. The frost of the previous winter has caused the cedar blocks with which the street is paved to raise themselves in places from six to sixteen inches above the normal level. Deep pools of molten snow lie tranquilly along the roadway; the gutters are filled to overflowing, for the outlets are seldom in working order, and the cellars of many of the merchants become receptacles for the surplus flood in consequence, and resemble subterranean lakes and miniature rivers Styx. These little eccentricities cost Toronto's civic coffers much wealth, but what matters that? An alderman is never so much in his glory as when he is spending money—other people's money, that is to say.

We will suppose it is a drizzly day toward the latter end of March; the street is in the condition described. Now the stranger will see some fun. Here comes a street-car on runners—a gigantic, ark-like affair. See how it pitches and rolls. Behold the conductor wildly clinging by both hands to the door-posts. Note the unfortunate passengers, now bouncing up with their heads against the roof, to subside the next moment into the damp, ill-smelling straw upon the floor. Gaze on that stout female vainly endeavoring to snatch the bell-cord and intimate to the conductor that she wishes to alight. Plump! down she goes and exhibits a large expanse of stocking to the other passengers, who are, however, too much overcome by *mal de la rue* to take any interest in the scene. Pitching, tossing, rolling, lurching, onward goes the car with its living, though half-dead, freight. The Bay of Biscay is nowhere in comparison with King Street at this season of the year.

Few lives are lost, however, and when the cedar blocks are once more pounded down, and the street levelled off again, these disagreeables are speedily forgotten, and King Street on a summer afternoon presents a remarkable contrast to its Winter and early Spring appearance. Toronto is justly celebrated for the loveliness of its more youthful female population; as age advances, however, the once graceful figures appear, as a rule, to run either to scragginess or *embonpoint*, but in the heyday of her youth the Queen City damsel is in truth a beautiful creature. The visitor cannot fail to be struck by this on any summer afternoon he may select for a promenade along King Street, and many a man has started, heart-whole eastward from York Street, to arrive at Market Street with the organ mentioned "all broke up," to use a vulgar phrase. Hamilton men have been known to become raving maniacs in the course of one brief half-hour spent on King Street on a bright summer afternoon. Toronto's feminine beauties have been too much for them, and reason has not returned to them till they have been taken back to their native lair on Burlington Bay and shown some of the daughters of the Ambitious Hamlet. A man who dwells for any length of time in Hamilton forgets what female beauty is like, so it is not strange that when

one of the dwellers in Dundas' suburb comes to Toronto his "reason totters on her throne." He sees the lovely damsels of that CITY, and fancies, for a brief period, that by some strange accident he is in heaven; his reason snaps; he is taken either to the asylum or home. Happy man if the former of these retreats be selected for him.

Some of the buildings and places of note along King Street are Mayor Manning's new edifice (not yet erected), the *Irish Canadian* office, a superb marble structure, glittering with gold-leaf and emerald shamrocks, the *World* and *Globe* offices, both extremely fine edifices, though exceedingly modest in their chaste simplicity, St. James' Cathedral, the Terrapin, St. Lawrence Hall, St. Lawrence Market, and the Golden Griffin (*see adv.*).

Dudes—such as they are—abound on King Street, and the curious lounge may pick up some choice fragments of the conversation of Toronto's *elite* by dawdling along immediately in front of a trio of these youths and listening to their brilliant *bon-mots* and vivacious repartee. Possibly his estimate of the brain-power of these creatures will not be raised by doing so, but he will see that the Toronto Dude is, at least, an animal who is not altogether an idiot. He will, probably, hear something like the following:

"Saw yah at Mrs. Hoope de Crinoline's hop laht night, b'Jove! Cwoud, wasn't there? Dwauk naive glabes of cham, b'Jove. Couldn't get neah yah for the cwush, y'know." "Yaas, I saw yah. Did y'see me with the little fimsy—Amy, I mean; neat little filly, eh? B'Jove, head's fit to split; let's go and have a b'andy-and-so." "All wight; I'm your man, b'Jove. S'ciety's tewwible stwain on a f'lah, aint it?" "Yaas, b'Jove."

(To be continued.)



AT THE ART SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

A PICTURE UNFORTUNATELY NAMED.

In the light and gloom  
Of the lengthy room  
Of the Art Society—  
What a variety  
Of pictures, sure!  
Where does the mind  
Of the artist find  
A fitting subject  
For each pictured object?

Here the critical eye of the raptured gazer looks  
At Number 50, by the fair Miss Brooks.  
"Ah!" he cries, "I know where the artist's mind  
Full many a subject for that sketch might find."

Through the bar-rooms range; see the drouthy loafers stand  
With bleary eye, with palsied, trombling hand;  
Waiting expectant for the invitation  
To take a bowl and quench thirst's aggravation.  
Full many a "beat" with dry and thirgry soul  
Like No. Fifty's "Ready for a Bowl."

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

A FACT—BARRIE.

An Englishman, of the most pronounced Tory type, and a Canuck of equally pronounced opposite views, were engaged in a high(?)toned conversation over the probabilities of Lord George Hamilton's vote of censure in the English House of Commons, when George (the Englishman) suddenly closes the argument by the exceedingly vehement statement, "Well, I will heat my 'at if the vote doesn't go against Gladstone!"

Owing to the amount of grease in the "at," it is not yet known if the Englishman will ever pull through his bilious attack sufficiently to inform the Canuck whether he intends changing his political views or not.

LO!

Lo! the bad Injin, whose perturbed mind  
Now dwells on scalp, which strikes me is unkind,  
For now he's going to get the voter's ballot,  
Tho' p'raps corn whiskey'd better suit his palate;  
Altho' he's dangerous in ravine or coulee,  
He'll find it will not pay to be unruly.  
Instead of rations to stuff down his gullet,  
He'll be regaled with shell and leaden bullet.  
Some of our men are killed, and by bad luck shot,  
For Lo is handy with *faucil* and buckshot;  
But soon he'll find that he has got no show,  
And Lo, the bad Injin, likely'll be laid low.

—B.

AN ENGAGEMENT WITH POUND-MAKER.

When the 35th Battalion, Simcoe Foresters, were called to the front, a three and a quarter year old manifested such a lively interest in the Redcoats that papa bought him a whole (wooden) regiment of Redcoats, and was immensely tickled to see how his little boy would range them in fighting order, and then mow them down with an improvised Gatling in the shape of a pea shooter. Coming home to tea papa was greeted on the door-step by his young hopeful with, "Say, papa, will you buy me some more sholders?" "Why, what have you done with the ones I brought home at noon?" "Oh, they had a 'gement with wicked Poundman, and he just cut them all up to pieces—'tome up stairs and see!"

DOES THIS REFER TO YOU?—Are you troubled with biliousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney complaints, or bad blood? If so you will find a certain cure in Burdock Blood Bitters.

EASILY RECOGNIZED.

A few days ago the following paragraph appeared in a newspaper here:

"WHAT IS IT?"

"A terrible disease prevails all through the Seward Valley, N. Y. The throat swells, the mouth becomes parched and dry; the tongue is then paralyzed and the patient cannot eat, and subsequently becomes double-sighted."

If Mr. GRIP might hazard an opinion he would modestly venture to suggest that, diagnosing the disease from the symptoms as described, it looks very much like an extended drunk. It may not be that, of course, and he merely offers the suggestion to help the Seward Valley doctors, who seem curiously ignorant of the usual effects of New York State whiskey.