

DOMESTIC HOT AIR FURNACES

Are the best Heaters, and Consume Least Fuel.
ROOTS & PENTON, 55 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.

ASST

IMPORTER,
China Hall.
GLOVER HARRISON,
49 KING ST. E., TORONTO.



IMPORTER,
CHINA HALL
GLOVER HARRISON,
49 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

VOLUME XXV.
No. 4


TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 25TH, 1885.

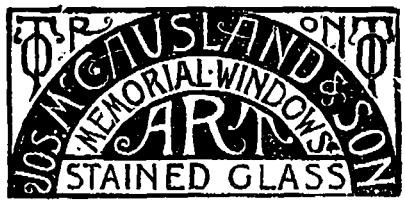
\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.

BRUCE BROS. THE LUMBER MERCHANTS AND BUILDERS. Save Notice by being your own Landlord. Corner Berkeley and Front Streets, TORONTO.



THE OFFICIAL RECEPTION.
(Something of a contrast to the Reception accorded to the brave boys by the Public!)

\$10.  \$10.
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.
50 Per cent. reduction
on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.
CHAS. STARK,
52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.



JOHNSTON'S
FLUID BEEF.

\$20.  \$20.
Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat Gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.
50 Per cent. reduction
on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.
CHAS. STARK,
52 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, Near King,

ELIAS ROGERS AND CO. - COAL AND WOOD. - TORONTO.

GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company
of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.
All business communications to be addressed to

S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.

JOS. S. KNOWLES, Agent.

NEW YORK AGENCY - 150 NASSAU ST.

AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England
States.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Mr. Blake's concurrence, without a word of protest, in the item adding \$500 to the sessional indemnity of the Members and Senators, on account of the length of the session, makes him equally guilty with the Government in this matter. Both deserve the lash of public scorn, for a more contemptible piece of business never occurred even in Canada. The "indemnity" paid to members of Parliament is not regarded (except by the hireling-spirited fellows themselves) as wages; it is an honorary fee intended, as its name implies, to indemnify them against actual loss while performing their public duties. It is quite safe to say that in the case of nearly every member who conducts himself respectably the thousand dollars already provided is ample for the purpose intended. The theory is that if in any case there is a balance against the member, he will have patriotism enough to fill up the gap out of his own private purse. In short, the indemnity is based on the presumption that the members of Parliament are gentlemen, who do not serve their country for pay but for the honor of the thing. It was never supposed that gentlemen would feel free to help themselves out of the public till because, through their own fault, the session was longer than usual, but it appears that that is about the size of the "gentlemen" who sit at Ottawa. With the single exception of Mr. McMullen, the members of the Grit party under the "able" leadership of Mr. Blake went in for this disgraceful grab, and we hope the fact will be kept in memory when the election comes round. Meantime let us hear no more of the high-mindedness of the Opposition leader. Well may the lion's hide make way for the calf's skin in his case.

FIRST PAGE.—The receipt which our gallant volunteers received from the sound-

hearted public on their triumphant return from the field of action could not have been surpassed for enthusiasm and sincerity. Amid the cheers that rent the heavens and shook the earth, the brave young fellows must have forgotten the hardships they endured during the past four months, or thought them insignificant in comparison with the "weight of glory" to which they led. The public rose equal to the occasion, and did themselves as well as the citizen soldiers honor. But how have the volunteers been received *officially*? How has Canada spoken by the mouth of its supposed representatives, the Government? Most meanly! The Volunteer returns in his toil-worn uniform to find (in many cases) that he has been robbed of his dearest civil right—that of casting his vote! He is further insulted by being offered the miserable pittance of \$40 for his four months' hard work, by a shabby Cabinet that has in the meantime distributed \$500 to each of the Members and Senators for three months' dawdling at Ottawa! It is quite clear that Ottawa does not represent Canada.

EIGHTH PAGE.—During the session just closed, Mr. Blake, by dint of hard study and earnest work, built up a grand record for his party on the various matters discussed before the House. That record was greatly helped by the work of many members of the Opposition, and great results were anticipated from all this effort when it came to the hustings, fruitless as it proved in the House. But just in the last day of the session the whole effect was destroyed by guilty complicity in this miserable salary grab. Mr. Blake, with his eyes wide open, walked into the pit Sir John had prepared for him, and took all his followers (excepting McMullen) with him! Rare spectacle of leadership! If hereafter fiery orations on the Rebellion, or the C. P. R., or the French Subsidies, or the thousand other vulnerable points of Government policy, are stopped short with shouts of "Salary grab," it will be just what this stupidity deserves. A leader with a vast legal brain is no doubt a good thing, but for practical purposes, common sense is what a leader chiefly needs.

"PAYING THE PASTOR."

Mr. James Beaty, Jr.'s, book, entitled as above, bids fair to make a stir in the religious world. At very great expenditure of time, reading and research the author has conclusively proved, to his own satisfaction at least, that the "hireling-system" of the modern pulpit is unscriptural. We are not prepared on the spur of the moment to combat this conclusion, as we cannot recall many scriptural instances in which Evangelists drew fat salaries. We do not even remember that it was the custom in the Apostolic Church for the pastor to "break down" through overwork every summer, and go to the seaside for recuperation. We must look the question up. Mr. Beaty's work may be had at Winnifrith's book store, 6 Toronto St.

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

THE "UNCO GUDE" PRESS TO THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

But is it wise, Stead? is it wise?
To shock us so with such outreries,
Of deeds of darkness, deeds of shame,
Iniquities one cannot name?

Of course—we, all of us, all know—
I have always known such things were so;
At least, 'twas always understood,
That London life was far from good.

But then—good gracious!—thus to go
And stir the stinking cauldron, so
That the foul fumes of Piccadilly
Rise rank as murder—willy-nilly.

Go to! Why don't you and your chums
Confine yourselves to dingy slums?
The poor you always have, you know!
They're lawful prey for word or blow;
Or press or parson, "cop" or "beak"—
Quite in good form of them to speak.
Quite in good form, my dear *Pall Mall*,
Their history really would appal
The fine nerves of the upper ten.
In fact, again, and yet again,
The aristocracy have spent
Large sums, and some indeed have sent
Paid missionaries, to scatter tracts,
And other most benevolent acts,
Among the wretched, hungry poor
That all too close herd near their door;
The poor who steal, and beat their wives,
And, oh! dear me! do lead such lives,
Here were a field for your bravado!
Of ugly facts, an *El Dorado*!

But thus with ruthless hands to tear
The golden veil—thus to lay bare
The hidden life, the features dread,
The lopsided, horrible death's head
Of our "veiled prophet"—society!
Why!—this is *impropriety*!

Better to let us hug the dream
That all is fair as it doth seem;
To only see the golden veil
That hides the monster, than bowail
The horrors that will down no more,
Horrors that we, of course, "deplore."

'Tis true—quite true—that humble worth,
From rural safety driven forth
By stress of poverty, to toil
Amid great Babylon's turmoil;
To feed this monster's maw depraved,
Is hopelessly entrapped, enslaved;
Whilst parents wait and pray—in vain—
For those who ne'er return again.
'Tis true that children, dear and sweet
As those that play around our feet,
Are stolen—sold without a name,
And trained to lead a life of shame;
That women, fair and pure as snow,
Are powerless sold to death or woe!

But then, consider, after all,—
Look back some centuries, dear *Pall Mall*:
Look at the history of the Georges!
Nell Gwynne and their contemporary orgies!
At Charles Second's court, pool! pool!
You know, Stead, this is nothing new.
It is not that there is more sin,
It's people's hides that grow more thin!
What with this mingling of the classes,
This education of the masses;
This spread of literature bombastic,
Full of Ideas socialistic,
And doubts of rights aristocratic;
With Gladstone's franchise democratic,
(The fates confound the grand lunatic.)
The poor have somehow got to thinking—
But not yet so advanced as winking—
At sins 'gainst nature, such as you
Upon your oath declare *ar vero*.
Next thing, they'll brutally declare,
If lords even children cannot spare,
Their victims must henceforth, alas!
Be forthcoming from their own class!
Society has no show whatever
Against this fearful *Pall Mall* fever.

Too bad!—the whole thing such a business affair—
Ledger, day-book, everything balanced quite square.
Debit—two children, aged 13, half-grown,
For his lordship—so many pounds sterling cash down.
So on, each transaction with date, price, and name;
Which, if published, would show where to fasten the blame.

In this way the poor man's child is sold to the rich,
And by "best masters" trained to the requisite pitch
Of "culture," "refinement," best virtue untrained
Might prove for their lordships' fine taste too coarse-
grained.

Of course, all this traffic in childhood is wrong,
But this agony, really, you should not prolong;
Like us, be content with "deploring" the fact,
And ring down the curtain upon the whole act.

—JAY KAYELEE.

PROFESSOR BLUFF'S LECTURE ON THE HORSE.



Professor Borax Bluff, of Hamilton, having received a pressing invitation—ten-dollar bill enclosed—from the Toronto Young Ladies' Select Society for Mental Advancement, to deliver before them a lecture upon "The Horse," that gentleman very willingly consented, laid tight hold on the ten-dollar bill, and at the time appointed delivered the following before a full attendance of the Select:

"My dear young ladies, the subject upon which you have asked me to discourse is indeed a most interesting one, in which decanters play a prominent part (murmurs of disapproval). Pardon me, ladies, if decanters are offensive to you; I did not mean to infer the use of the glass thereby. The horse is an equine because he whines when in need of water. He chews hay and corn because he cannot further choose for himself; although I must admit, he sometimes chews a man's finger off. In the vulgar parlance of this world there are persons known as "kickers," and amongst horses such a class is to be found, as may be discovered by any before me placing herself behind an equine with this propensity fully developed. No more striking proof would be necessary. The horse is conversant with some of the arts and sciences. As a drawer he is unequalled, for besides his matter-of-fact employment in dragging cabs and buggies, he has been known to draw thousands of persons in one night—when he has appeared in the role of the untamed steed in Mazeppa. The horse is also a dancer. He often indulges in a gallop, against the proprieties of which he can't err: and, again, need I remind you of the number of balls he has seen on the field of battle? He is an able machinist, for he can make a bolt or turn a wheel with the best. The horse believes himself the equal of a bishop in that he also has his stall; he is as rich as any country squire because he owns demesne; he allows no Opposition M.P. to look down upon him, for he can put in his "neigh" when necessity calls; he thinks himself superior to woman because he can carry a bridle on his tongue; (that is his opinion, not mine, ladies—I think differently of those before me); in fact, in ways too numerous to mention, the horse holds himself equal to man in most things."

Here the professor paused to mop up the heavy beads of perspiration which had gathered upon his learned brow, and whilst doing so, received a muffled round of kid-glove applause from the Select. After beaming a heavenly smile upon them for their encouraging demonstration, Professor Borax Bluff continued:

"Much as I would like to linger upon the portion of my theme which I have just left, I feel it my bounden duty whilst addressing young ladies upon this subject, to place before them a horse of a slightly different species, but of equal importance, and one that cannot well be dispensed with. Its work is of a humble nature, being nothing more than a common carrier (ladies, do not become pouters at this remark), yet it is one of woman's most faithful servants, and as such cannot but be highly valued by you."

During this harangue the chairwoman moved uneasily in her seat, set upon her nose a pair of double-barrelled eye-glasses, and glanced suspiciously, not to use a stronger word, at the professor. The ladies did exactly ditto, and it

was plainly evident they were all in a more than ordinary *qui vive* mood.

"Ladies, the horse I now have the pleasure of speaking upon is the Clothes Horse, its use

Then the storm broke forth. Seizing the astonished professor by a side-lock, the chairwoman said in withering tones:—

"Sir, do you know you are insulting the Young Ladies' Select Society for Mental Advancement? Do you know it? We instructed you to deliver a lecture upon 'The Horse'."

"Certainly, ladies, you did," replied the professor, startled with the wild looks of his questioner, "but is not the clothes horse included in the category?"

"No! No! You bad man!" screamed the chairwoman and the Select in chorus, rising hastily from their seats.

"Then, ladies," gasped the professor, "my mission is ended, and my aim is home. Good-bye."

And Professor Borax Bluff "got" from their presence with all the alacrity of a schoolboy; leaving the Select young ladies folded in each other's arms and sobbing bitterly over the shameful insult offered them by a man who had dared to address them upon the unesthetic clothes horse.

TITUS A. DROM.



HOW BROWN ASSIGNED.

DEDICATED TO THE TORONTO BULLS.

Ossawatimic Brown was a yeoman bold,
Of a stamp which is rare to see;
He had much land, and of shining gold
A very large share had he.

Old "Oss" himself was a portly man—
As large as they're over made;
And he looked very much, when he walked or ran,
Like a duck on a grass parade.

His cows, his sheep, and his little boy calves
Were as large in proportion, too,
For Brown did not do his work by halves
As some farmers always do.

He grew big pumpkins, he grew big squash,
And his stock brought the highest bid;
Brown used to say it was "ginevine bosh"
To work things as some folks did.

He had a secret to make things grow
To proportions which made folks stare,
And all his live stock puffed out slow,
Like balloons filled with gas or air.

This wondrous secret no man ever heard
From the lips of old "Oss" Brown;
He would not sell it, he oft averred,
For the half of a good-sized town.

It made him rich; it made him proud,
And it made him anti-lean;
But it did not make him a winding shroud
When his days had numbered been.

He still filled out, his cattle as well,
Till they no more could run or walk;
Then the crisis came—like a rocket fell
On Brown and his bleated stock.

The neighbors were roused by a cannonade
Such as never was heard before;
With one accord all haste they made
To enter Brown's barnhouse door.

Sad sight! no Brown could they find, no geese,
No cattle, no pigs, no sheep,
And the wonder grew till they found a piece
Of bone in a rubbish heap.

Then they knew that Brown had "assigned in trust,"
With his swine, and his cattle, too;
His cherished secret the whole had "bust,"
And at shows they're no more "on view."

The late Brown's farm has an envious name
For grains of every kind;
But the cattle, in size, are not the same
As they were when Brown assigned.

It may be well to experiment
When it brings you wealth and renown,
But take care that you're not into fragments rent
Like Ossawatimic Brown.

—W. H. T.

EVERY-DAY EXCURSIONS

TO THE SEASHORE, TO NEW YORK, NIAGARA FALLS, AND ALL CITIES AND TOWNS ON WEST SHORE RAILWAY.

An excursion, or, if you prefer it, an escape even for a day or two from the every-day routine of life, has become for most people a recognized necessity. Excursion tickets will be sold every day to all applicants, regardless of number, for all trains and between all stations on the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railway.

Why not enjoy a few days of recreation? The rates are low, and right here the remark may be made, the truth of which will not be questioned by those who have latterly had the opportunity to judge, that whether as regards the beauty of the scenery, the luxury of the Pullman Buffet Parlor and Sleeping Cars, and ordinary coaches, the speed of trains, the comfort, cheapness, or refreshing effects of a journey, there is no route of travel that surpasses the West Shore.

The nearest agent of the West Shore Railway will take pleasure in quoting rates, or giving information.

MY SWEETHEART.

Her eyes are blue, her hair is gold,
Her form *petite* and slender;
She's not so very, very old,
But very, very tender.

She's rather young to marry yet,
But foolish, careless fairy;
She talks of love, of kisses too,
My faithful sweetheart, Mary.

She's very bold in making love—
She knows we cannot marry;
Yet notwithstanding that she calls
Me "Darling, lovely Harry!"

She throws her arms about my neck,
And hugs me till I smother;
'Twas only last night that she kissed
Me right before her mother!

She makes me blush a brilliant red,
The way she flirts and tangles;
She seats herself upon my knee,
And coyly asks for candies.

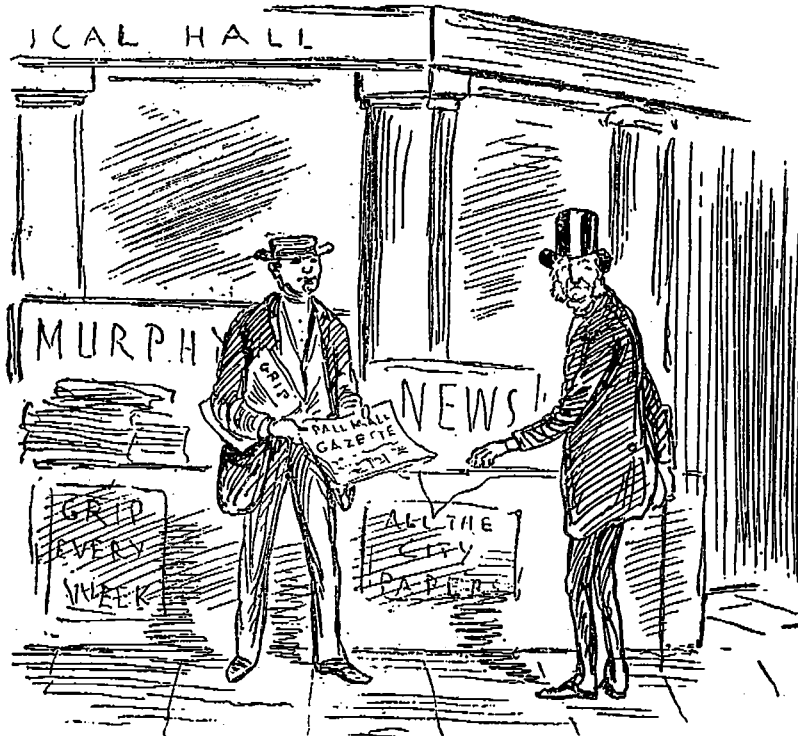
Then, when I give her what she asks,
She counts and not one misses,
And, if there's forty, she insists
On giving forty kisses.

She says she loves me hotter than
Her pa or Uncle Joseph—
I'm "nicer far than other men,
Or young men that she knows of."

And I love her with all my heart,
But ah! she'll wed another—
She's nearly four years old, and I,
Well, I'm her only brother.

—C. M. R.

A FREQUENT ANNOYANCE. — Many people suffer from distressing sick headaches and bilious attacks of frequent occurrence, which a bottle or two of Burdock Blood Bitters would entirely remove. It regulates the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to a healthy action.



“STRICTLY RESPECTABLE.”

SCENE.—Near Post Office, Cor. St. James Street, Montreal.

Murphy (Newsdealer).—Here's the extra with all about the Pall Mall Gazette scandal!
 Baldheaded Old Party.—Eh! what's that? Humph! disgusting, publishing such stuff.
 (Sotto voce.)—How much? Ten cents! Beastly! (Aside.)—No one's looking—guess I'll buy one to see if it's as bad as they say it is. (Looks carefully around to see no one has observed him—tucks the paper in his pocket and moves on.)

FROM COUNT D'ORSAY.

DEAR MR. GRIP.—I want to buy a horse. The kind of a horse that I am desirous of purchasing I really do not fancy has any existence.

The brand of horse I require must be spavined, ring-boned, glandered, his knees must show signs of his prayerful inclinations, and I should be better pleased if I heard he was troubled with bots, or had been in his younger days. (As I write this in a hurry you'll excuse slips.) The horse that becomes my property must have a wall-eye. I have wandered round this weary world; I have visited horsedealers who had all kind of equines at hand, but every one of these quadrupeds lacked one or the other of the qualifications that I considered necessary; their owners assured me (often on their oaths) that their steeds would “scent the battle from afar”; finally I purchased one of the latter (on the instalment plan), and the horse and I were bound to go to glory or die.

One of us died. Luckily it was the other fool.

This horse, which was warranted, actually warranted to be related to the one that the 3rd Dick bellowed for (but did't get) when he and I joined a yeomanry regiment and went into heavy action on Brighton Commons, where the troops were making heroic dashes at nothing and after a whole day's fighting with blank cartridges began to count up their dead and found that every soldier amongst them was, more or less, under the influence of liquor; then what did my horse do? Now, what do you think a horse would do (a horse like that, I mean)? What do you suppose occurred? That's just what nobody can find out. Why? you ask.

Because a horse that is warranted in every respect as sound does not exist; never did since the creation of YORKSHIRE.

P.S.—By the way I see that I say the horse died; I shall have to take that statement back; the horse never existed; ergo—



SUMMER PHENOMENA.

NO. I.—THE FAT WOMAN.

The day of heat is upon us, the day of picnics, the day of sultry mornings, fierce red-hot days, when the atmosphere having been heated like a brick oven for twelve hours, remains so long after the sun has departed to parts unknown, when the nights glide in limp and

motionless, close and clammy, unable to lift one sable wing wherewith to fan the brow of a fainting world.

These are the days when the fat woman loves to emerge from her house into the noontide blaze, followed by her numerous brood of be-muslined, be-frilled and cow-breakfasted children, all steps and stairs—lanky girls and little, bunty, white-frilled Shanghai baby boys—the long, lank, melancholy husband and father of them all locking the door and bringing up the rear with a basket of crockery on his arm, and on his face an expression of resignation that might melt the heart of Fate.

This frequent midsummer phenomenon is to me one of the great mysteries of life. Vainly and with much travail of spirit do I try to grasp the idea of the pleasure, the joy, the delight, derived from travelling several miles under a burning sun on a breathless day, all to eat cake and drink lemonade under a tree—when—there!—I give it up—the subject is beyond the powers of human intellect; it belongs to the unfathomable abysses of feminine unaccountability. I can only stand and gaze in eloquent silence after that woman and her brood as, in all the glory of light print and starched muslin, like the Aurora Borealis in a northern sky, they swing and undulate, and dart hither and thither down the hot and dusty street. It is wonderful! immense! grand! the endurance, the perseverance, the heroism manifested by that woman as she plunges along, bravely bearing her burden of two hundred pounds avoirdupois of “too, too solid flesh,” not to mention the lunch basket and the baby! The sun looks down at her and smiles at first; then, provoked at being thus challenged to do his worst by a woman, he throws another stick into the furnace, and—pew! down come the red rays, hot, hotter, hottest! What matter? She can stand it as long as he can! She washed and baked and ironed all yesterday, getting ready for this picnic, and now she is going to go or—bust! Yes, sir! if Mrs. Jones or Mrs. Smith's children are better got up than hers, she is going to be an eye-witness to the fact anyway; and if there are nicer pies or richer cakes on the grounds, than she will bring forth from that identical lunch basket, she is going to know the reason why. There! the handle has given way! With an eloquent look she drops the baby squat on the sidewalk, and looking back, her fiery, flushed face flashes on her husband in the rear. The melancholy man quickens his steps, borrows some twine from Johnny who comes to the rescue, and with trembling fingers fastens the handle in again—after a fashion—and is thanked with the remark that “it is a good thing men are good for something sometimes.” The procession resumes its march to the boat, or the train, as the case may be; the picnic grounds are reached; it will be a triumphant success; her children will win the prizes for racing—very likely she too will race; anyhow she will come home, “dead tired” but victorious, and by 7 o'clock a.m. next day, her washing will be out on the line ready for the next picnic—provided the weather be hot enough—while the melancholy man will take days to recover from the effects of the sun's rays without and iced lemonade within. And yet the franchise is withheld from women!

JAY KAYELLE.

ATTENTION.—What makes you pay more for harness than is necessary? We can give you a better article and later styles than any other house in the Dominion. A \$45 harness for \$23; a \$35 for \$18; a \$20 for \$11.50; a \$15 for \$9. All hand-stitched. All work guaranteed. 200 sets to choose from. Salesmen take a pleasure in showing goods. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., opposite Hay Market, 104 Front Street, Toronto.



THE SALARY GRAB.

CONSTANCE—(*Miss Canada*):

Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side? Been sworn my soldier? Bidding me depend upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength? And dost thou now fall over to my foes? Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame, and hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs!

—Shakespeare.



PRONOUNCING THE BENEDICTION.

"A cause that God does not bless cannot be God's cause."—*Mr. Goldwin Smith's Hallimand speech.*
(Wherefore Archbishop Bystander opposes Prohibition and goes in for the heavenly Cause of Beer.)

THE APOSTLE OF SUGAR AND GAS.

There are hundreds of Englishmen over the sea,
Who are learned, and cranky, and witty,
And who sigh at the ignorance spread over us,
Crying, "Lorance! Jove, what a pity!"
There's Oscar, the Lank One, who's grown rather stale,
There's Sir Lepel, the Griffin, and Ass;
But the crankiest of all is Matt Arnold who says
He's the Apostle of Sugar and Gas.

When Arnold came over he looked for a town,
Wherein he might let out his choler,
He hit upon Boston, and started his game
Of grabbing the Almighty Dollar.
He made the great Emerson principal butt,
For his mud-slinging, jabber and sass,
He called him no poet, no critic, no sage—
This Apostle of Sugar and Gas.

He had a queer theory which by the hour
He would spout while the audience slumbers;
A dollar a ticket you paid just to hear,
The Apostle discourse upon "Numbers."
He held that the Many are e'er in the wrong,
While the Few are correct—but, alas!
'Twas an argument used just to prove he's no fool,
This Apostle of Sugar and Gas.

If Matthew is right in his argument, then
What about each poor devil we're hangin'?
For the "twelve good and true men," the jury, declare
He should hang; while his lawyer's haranguin'
Would make us believe that he's innocent, and
We should free him and tell him to pass;
For the lawyer is right and the jury is wrong,
Says the Apostle of Sugar and Gas.

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHÉ.

(Communicated by Corporal Gas.)

DEAR MR. GRIP,—As I believe I am the only one among my gallant comrades in arms in the North-West who has not given, and yours the only paper in the Dominion that has not published, the tale of the battle of Batoché, I take up my pen to write you a full and particular account of that action. In doing so,

though I say it who shouldn't, I may be last, but not least; in fact, when going into action, it was generally remarked that I was last, but this arose from various causes, one being my anxiety to see that the boys had left nothing behind them. They used to say, "All lost property belongs to Corporal Gas," but this was simply a camp joke. At ration time I was noted for my punctuality. "Man is a rational animal," though at one part of the campaign we used to find ourselves half rational animals pretty frequently, but the fight was in us all the same, and this day there is many a half-breed—aye, and Indian to boot—who trembles at the name of Corporal Gas.

It was the evening previous to the attack that, while steaming slowly down the Saskatchewan on board H.M.S. Northcote (armour-plated ram) that our beloved General, who was sitting on a jib-boom, surrounded by his staff, repeated the well-known lines from Gray's Elegy, "He gave to misery all he had, a tear," looking meanwhile at his well-worn, but rather ragged pants, and then exclaiming, "Gentlemen, I would rather have written those lines than have a new pair of br**hes." We were all much affected. A canoe, manned by some of our gallant tars, now approached us. They reported that during the afternoon one of the enemy's scows (towed by a donkey) had been sighted. Our gallant Admiral of the fleet, which comprised, besides H.M.S. Northcote, two scows and the canoe above mentioned, hoisted his since famous signal, "Canada expects every man to do his duty." Grog was then served out all round, and every man did his duty, (by it), a regimental band meanwhile

* I believe an anecdote somewhat similar to this is told of the late General Wolfe, but I imagine that must be an error. Anyway, two great minds often think the same thing.—Corp. Gas.

striking up the spirit stirring air, "Coming through the Rye." Our gallant ship soon after this came to an anchor, and a plank being laid from the vessel's side to the bank, we disembarked in good order, and encamped for the night, intending the next day to make a detour and come down on Batoché.

That night the General sent for me to come to his tent. When I entered I found him seated at a table that was covered with maps, bottles, and other military articles. Dismissing the five or six staff officers who were in attendance, and asking me to be seated, he commenced the conversation. "My dear Corporal," said he, "I know you have the clearest head amongst us, and if you were in your right place you would be second in command at this moment, but your overweening modesty has always stood in your light; but, between ourselves, I want your advice about our intended attack to-morrow." "General," I replied, putting down a tumbler that, with several other field-glasses belonging to the staff, stood on an adjacent table, "You at least know my merits." "Passing the bottle isn't amongst them, then," says he, quicker than wink. I smiled and took the hint. "My staff," he went on to say, "would sooner be drawing corks than drawing plans. Even the Admiral is more at home with a corkscrew than a boat's-crew," he added, with a smile. "Ri(ye)ght you are, sir," I responded, and we then talked the matter over into "the sma' wee hours," as my old grandfather, Sergeant MacGas, used to say. We dropped the "Mac" after settling in this country, the old gentleman observing that our neighbors were all Milkies or Macs. We had chosen our home near a tribe of Micmac Indians, and, faith, I believe he was afraid of their claiming to be fellow-countrymen of his own! My grandfather was credited in the Highlands with being gifted with second sight (after his third bottle), but he never admitted it except when he was a wee bit fon, and then he acknowledged that at times he did see double.

(To be continued.)



THE POLITICIAN.

(After Hudibras.)

Once wishing to improve the State,
I stood forth as a candidate.
To profit all was my intent,
When first returned to Parliament,
And being filled with thoughts sublime,
I chose the independent line.

In Ottawa when I arrived,
I watched how hard each party strived,
Into the public to instil,
They were the men to fill the bill,
And would the opposing side decry,
Charging them with hypocrisy.

Blake would arise with pompous song,
And impute evil to Sir John,
Sir John would answer, "Never snake,
Hid in the grass," came up to Blake,
In turn their followers smile and frown,
As a see-saw goes up and down.

Blake anything he has to say,
Can put in such a pungent way,
If you believed one half he said,
You'd think before you went to bed,
"From rosy morn, to dewy eve,"
Sir John's idea was to deceive.

Sir John with sword of keenest wit,
"Sans merci," sacrifices each Grit—

Will almost make it plain to you,
They're wrong in everything they do,
Such wily talent could I borrow,
I'd start in life as young "To-morrow!"

Young politicians on each side,
Men wiser than themselves deride,
And waste the hours for debate,
Their small ideas to propagate,
Then thinking they have saved the Nation,
Pleased, they adjourn for irrigation.

When I commenced my maiden speech,
Tory, and Grit, I tried to teach,
That sneers at what each other meant,
Would ne'er improve the Government,
But if they hand in hand would go,
The country'd get a better show.

But being to each side too bold
I soon was left out in the cold,
For party spirit put on shelf,
Nobody would set any pelf,
And when there are no signs of booty,
How can a Statesman do his duty?

He knows that each constituent wishes,
To have his share of loaves and fishes,
If he gives neither fish nor bread,
They'll choose another in his stead,
So tries to secure for each a crumb,
Never forgetting number One.

—A. K. T.



THE SONG OF THE SKIFF.

DISRESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE DUFFERS WHO BE-
GUILDE THEIR GIRLS INTO SAIL-BOATS ONLY TO DROWN
THEM.

With clothing all dripping and wet,
And hat very sodden and soiled,
A young girl sat on a boat-house bench,
With a look both angry and wild;
And the water ran out of her boot,
As she, with a sigh and a sniff,
Removed the wet handkerchief clear of her snoot,
And sobbed out The Song of the Skiff.

Oh! why did I go with that fool
In his skiff away out on the bay?
When he hoisted the sail in the midst of the gale,
And straight from the wharf sailed away.
And he grinned like a huge Cheshire cat,
As the boat careened down to each whiff,
But he got a surprise when we took a capsize,
And we both tumbled out of the skiff!

Now the ferry comes to our relief,
And they pull us on board with a hook;
I was more scared than hurt, tho' they spoiled my new
skiff,

And the cold water ran like a brook
From the legs of my escort's tight pants,
And he looked soiled, and started as if
He thought he fell overboard by some mischance,
And that he didn't capsize the skiff.

Oh! ye who have daughters that go
In their innocence out on the bay,
Along with some callow young cad for a beau,
Take warning by what I now say;
Just tell its 'bout a toss up
If she's not carried home as a "stiff,"
With weeds in her hand, and her eyes full of sand,
If she sails with a chump in a skiff.

—B.

JUST now every one wants a new cool
summer hat, and if there is any object in
saving twenty per cent, the purchaser should
let nothing prevent him from going to R.
WALKER & SONS', as they import direct from
the makers.



"Mott's Mottled Soup, the advertisement of
which appears in another column, has establish-
ed for itself an excellent reputation. We
have received a sample, which appears to do
its work very effectually."—*St. John, N.B.,
Globe*. I have no doubt it is a very soup-er-ior
soup, but what under heaven is "mottled
soup?" The *Globe* man has tried it and says
it "appears to do its work very effectually."
Do what work? Is the above intended
for a *bon mott*? Let us soap not.

MONTREAL LADIES' WRONGS TO BE RE-DRESSED

Mr. S. Carsley, of Montreal, has captured
aesthetic Boston's leading fashionable *modiste*,
Louis Hammondi. As he has for years
artistically draped the female form divine in
the modern Athens, he can s-Carsley fail to
please the beauty and fashion of Montreal.

I FAILED TO GRASS-P IT.

As I was rambling through the Viger
Gardens the other evening listening to the
band, a policeman stepped up to me and said,
"Nellie's pa surly gaze on." I looked around
for Nellie's irate parent but could not see him.
I asked an interpreter what the "cop" was
trying to give me: "Ah! sacre! don you see?
He say, 'N'allez pas sur le gazon.' Keep off
de gras."

The *Montreal Gossip* is a bright and spicy
little literary paper, published by Harry
Livingston, son of John Livingston, Esq.,
editor of the *Herald*. Harry is evidently a
"chip off the block" and will make his mark
on the journalistic field.

I told Nellie, the vivacious little grisette
who waits on me at the table, that she would
be able to get a good situation in the new
hotel building on Notre Dame Street. "Why
so?" she asked. "Because, you know, they
will be sure to want a Nellie-waiter in a high
building like that."

SEVERAL REASONS WHY MONTREAL LADIES
SHOULD NOT SHOP ON SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

Because the tapes try to please the ladies
when buying tapstury, and the ladies should
return the compliment.

Because a clerk endures longer if he is not
kept in-doors too long.

Because a clerk who "stays" in all the
week must have some re-lace from his duties
or he will waste away. Of corset is necessary
he should have some recreation.

Because they yacht to have a chance to go
out sailing.

Because it is better to keep their muscle in
good order, and then they will be able to fill
a good order for muslin.

Because they spend so much time o'er
feathers and skeletons during the week, you
should give them a chance to feather their
oars in skeletons on the water on Saturday
afternoon.

Because after working hard selling pins and
needles, they needle little exercise at ten-pins.

Because if you want to buy a tire you
should think how tired the clerks are and
allow them to re-tire a little earlier.

Because, after using their most persuasive
powers to sell you balls of cotton and batton,
it will do them good to have a game of bat'n
ball on Saturday afternoon.

Because if they have a chance to see a

lacrosse match, they won't give you *la cross*
look when you get them to show you half the
goods in the shop and finally purchase a spool
of thread and ask to have it sent home.

Because it is the only time he has to take
his best girl to the matinee or to St. Helen's
Island.

Because a half (holiday) loaf is better than
none.

Because all work and no play is not con-
ducive to health.

Because you are opposed to slavery.

Because if you refuse to purchase goods on
Saturday afternoon, the poor jaded woru-out
clerks will carry their point, and thank you
from the bottom of their hearts for your inter-
est in their behalf.

SCENE IN AN AUCTION ROOM ON ST JAMES
STREET.

Joe H.—"A-t-n, can you tell me why the
goods you sell are like ten-plus?"

A-t-n.—"No, Josephus, I fail to decipher
the similarity; why are they?"

Joe.—"Because they are 'set up' to be
'knocked down.'"

The *St. John, N.B., Telegraph* is responsible
for the latest egg story. It says "Greenwich
has a hen which lays two eggs daily and each
has a double yolk." Yolk can tell that
to the marines. It's two eggs-agerated to
swallow.

RAISING THE D-DUTIES.

Raising the duties on spirits has not tended
to raise the spirits of the liquor dealers who
held large stocks in bond.

They are making a great rum-pus about
being corn-cred, and the distillers are making
wry faces.

A distiller says that raising the duty on
products of his still affects his till very much-
ly, and he thinks it very un-con-cider-ate on
the part of the Minister of Customs.

The brewers consider that they have been
badly malt-treated, and think the action of
the Government is very in-hop-ortune.

One says it has affected his business very
materi-aley. Another said he had a suspi-
cion that some trouble was brewing.

Tobaccoists are also "smoking hot" with
indignation. Those who have been chewing
black-jack will have to ca-chew it in future
(fig-uratively speaking), or "solace" them-
selves with something else.

Cigar dealers say it's puff-ectly outrageous
not to have Hav-anna notice of the intended
raise. Some supposed it was only a mere
sham and would all end in smoke.

The increase of duty on cigarettcs is rough
on dudes, and the bank officials say they must
"either have a waise of salawee or 'sweah
off,' by Jove! you know."

Old maids are vowing vengeance in conse-
quence of the raise in snuff. Some who had
got "pointers" from John A. were up to
snuff, and laid in quantum snuff, but those
who didn't, say its s-nuff to drive them crazy.
No one nose how much it will damage this
class. Aunty Diluvian says she would not
vote for one of them dratted, nasty Tories,
even if he should get on his sneeze and ask
her.

I intended to have a "fine out" to illus-
trate this with, but I must leaf off. It
is written for the benefit of to-baccha-malians.

P.S.—I omitted to say that the ex-port-ation
of partridges, woodcock, draw poker, cuclure,
and other games, is strictly prohibited. The
drawback on duck for sails and canvass-back
duck for sale's repealed.

DUFFERS vs. BUFFERS.

A party of dandy dude "Duffers,"
Played lacrosse with the hully boy "Buffers";
For the ice cream they played
And some mild lemonade.
"Who won," do you say? Why, the Duffers!"

Punch, a monthly comic short-hand magazine containing 32 pages full of fun. Phonographic Books suggested Wholesale and Retail. Short-hand thoroughly taught by mail. Teachers sent to country towns where classes can be formed. Address all letters, etc., to the head office. THE ONTARIO SHORTHAND SOCIETY, Head Office, 35 Arcade; Branch, 20 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.

Engineering. Certificate granted, and situations procured. School teachers and advanced students will find this very valuable school to attend, and should at once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Shorthanders should send for application form to be enrolled a fellow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose 15c. for sample copy of "Phonographic

Short-hand, Type-writing, Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic, English, Grammar, Writing, Languages, Matriculation in Law, Medicine, Arts, and Civil

Pupils wanted to learn



SOLD OUT CHEAP.

Mowat.—AND—ER—WHERE'S THE GRAND MORAL RECORD OF THE SESSION?
Blake.—I GAVE IT AWAY FOR THIS!

RUPTURE.



Permanent relief with the "Tucker" Truss. Test of years proves it to be the most perfect and easiest retainer. No body or wire spring, nor elastic bands. Thus, Pamphlet free. Sent by mail (post free). EASY, SECURITY, AND DURABILITY.

Address, TOMS & CO. (Druggists),
274 Yonge St., Toronto.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address—M. V. LUBON, Agency, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Canada.

SPECTACLES THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDRUS, Manufacturing Optician, 185 St. James Street, Montreal.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



5 GOLD MEDALS
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:

TORONTO.

CATARH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

Go to Kingsbury's, 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.
31 Front-street East, Toronto.



AT THE FRONT.—While our gallant volunteers are now at the front facing our country's foes, J. BRUCE, the well-known Art Photographer is, always has been, and intends to remain at the front in every branch of the Art. Ready, says Ready, at 118 King Street West.

THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PATLER's is the place to buy carpets, and in no house in the Dominion are they as well made or put down.

COOK & BUNKER, Manufacturers of Rubber and Metal Hand Stamps, daters, self-inkers, etc., etc., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

WHAT are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but one that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

LEAR'S
NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM,
15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.
R. H. LEAR.

A Good INVESTMENT.—It pays to carry a good watch I never had satisfaction till I bought one of WELCH & TROWER's reliable watches, 171 Yonge-street, east side, 2nd door south of Queen.

MORSE'S SWEET BRIAR, BOUQUET, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCESS LOUISE.
Best Toilets in the Market.

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS
ARE PURE AND THEIR
PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING.

COVERNTON'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. Covernton & Co., Montreal. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 166 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS.—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

TENTS and Camp Furniture. All kinds for Sale or Hire. Send for catalogue. Tent and Camping Depot, 169 Yonge-street, Toronto.

COOK'S AUTOMATIC POSTAL SCALE.

NOVEL, SIMPLE, CONVENIENT, ACCURATE. Indicates instantly Weight and Postage on LETTERS, PAPERS and PARCELS. The trade supplied. Send for circular.

HART & COMPANY,
31 and 33 King St. West, Toronto.
SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

J. BURNS, Retail Dealer in Coal and Wood, Telephone Communication between all Offices. TORONTO. 533 Queen-street W., 360