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VOLUME XXV.  
No. 11.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 12TH, 1885.

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**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.

MONTRÉAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.

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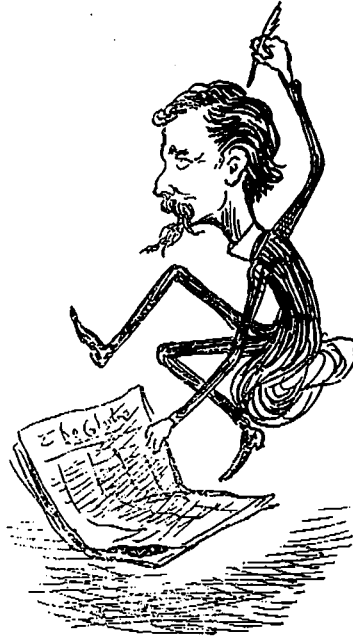
## Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Toronto has just been honored with a visit from Chang, the celebrated Chinese giant, and while the hundreds at his levees have been content to regard him purely in the light of a physical marvel, Mr. GRIP has been inclined to view him more as an allegory. As he towers head and shoulders over his tallest visitors, he very fitly impersonates his Race, and presents a picture of the conditions of labor as they now exist on the Pacific slope, and as they may shortly nearer home. Once let the Chinese get a thorough foothold in Canada, and our cartoon will be realized. Let Sir John study it even more carefully than he does the average number.

FIRST PAGE.—If Mr. Mackenzie happened to be running a newspaper just now, he would assuredly be called upon to stop Mr. Blake's copy, for has he not, in the most emphatic way, condemned the Salary Grab, by sending the \$500 back to the Public Treasury? Between this downright repudiation of the money and Mr. Blake's more politic method of disposing of it, Mr. Edgar has hit upon a happy thought—that of starting a fund to be used in fighting the Revising Barristers. This action can hardly fail to meet the approval of the Opposition party, but it puts the Reform M.P. who wants to keep his extra indemnity in a nasty plight. If he doesn't come up smiling and drop his \$500 into the "bar!" he will be open to criticism as deficient in patriotism; if he does do so—bang goes the siller!

EIGHTH PAGE.—There is fear and trembling in the Grit camp over the possible outcome of the Young Liberal Convention. The chief dread is that the delegates, in the enthusiasm of youth and inexperience may go so far as to lay down a definite platform, and announce a

positive policy. This is what the leaders of the party have religiously abstained from doing—much to their own detriment, as we believe. Well, if a move forward is going to startle them, they may begin to brace their nerves for the occasion, as we are given to understand that many of the resolutions to be submitted and probably carried are of the most radical description.



### ECSTATIC DELIGHT

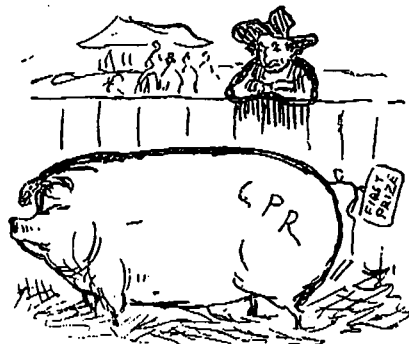
Of the Editor of the *News* on reading in the *Globe* that Independent journalists may, if they please, discuss the future destiny of Canada.

### FUMIGATED VERSES FROM MONTREAL.

Tommy Ruggles,  
Mother's joy!  
Vaccination!  
Healthy boy.

Alphonso Daudet,  
Mother's pet!  
Smallpox patient;  
Dead—you bot!

—B.



### BEATS 'EM ALL.

John A.—Yes, and I fattened 'er all myself!

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

## GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

XII.—THE POLICE COURT.—COL. DENISON.—MR. MEYERFEY.—THE PEELERS AND DETECTIVES.

Before making an excursion to Toronto's Flowery Suburb, Parkdale, we may as well take a look at the Police Court, a building, externally, not altogether unimposing, and erected, in partnership with the Fire Station, on Court, or Caught, Street, so called because all prisoners caught by the peelers and detectives, are brought along this thoroughfare. It is, in fact, a modern Via Dolorosa, an Italian road so named in order to distinguish it from the Appian Way; the Via Dolorosa was a very un-'Appy-'un! Court Street may also be likened to the Bridge of Sighs in Venice. It leads to dank and gloomy dungeons, though in the upper portion of the Court buildings it is possible to find A-dry-atic, it is said, which must be, in the words of the Dude, a Ve'nice thing to come across.

Internally the Police Court Buildings are famed for the variety and repulsiveness of the odors that there abound, and on a hot summer's day it is no uncommon thing to behold lawyers and reporters streaming out of court during the solemn proceedings, overcome by the stenches which pervade every nook and corner. The only cure for the faintness caused by these perfumes seems to be a trip either to the Alhambra (a magnificent pile modelled on Spain's great edifice of the same name), Mike's, or the Senate. All these establishments keep constantly on hand a profuse stock of disinfectants and anti-stenches, to be taken internally. These medicines are very popular with the attaches of the Police Court, many of whom require to be disinfected several times whilst the diurnal proceedings last.

The Police Court is presided over by His Serene Benignity Colonel George T. Denison, an officer, a magistrate and a gentleman. (For full particulars of the Court proceedings see files of *Evening Canadian*, now disjunct, from January to April, 1884.) The Czar of All the Russias once offered a handsome prize for the best essay on Cavalry Tactics, and though every cavalry officer of note throughout the civilized world competed for it—Capt. Carter, of St. Pipor's Ward, being amongst the number—Col. Denison's essay proved successful, and the coveted prize was awarded to that gallant Guardsman, and the news of his success was received with loud huzzars.

The tariff for drunks at the Police Court is a graded one, and the amounts charged run all the way from \$1 without costs up to \$50 and costs or three months, though "\$1 and costs or thirty days" is the most common penalty. Military punctuality was never better exemplified than in the person of "the Colonel" Precisely as the clock chimes ten, the courtroom door flies open, a tall, lithe figure dashes into the apartment and ascends the bench, and before the last stroke of ten is heard, the quill pens are all neatly nibbed and the first "drunk" makes his bow to

### "THE COLONEL."

Occasionally Toronto's famous zoological lecturer, Alderman Harry Piper (who, so Dame Rumor says, is ere long to receive the honor of knighthood as a reward for his philanthropic efforts in behalf of the down-trodden Africans of this city, whom he has taught how to vote—invariably for Mr. Piper) accompanies Col. Denison on the Bench, and assists him in his arduous duties by waving his well-brushed, sleek and glossy plug hat to the reporters, and inviting those ever drouthy gentlemen over to Head-Quarters. This is a great help to the Magistrate.

Mr. Meyerfeiy, the Clerk of the Court, deserves a passing notice, inasmuch as he is Toronto's most talented swordsman with the rapier, with which weapon he can belt the stuffing out of any man who has the hardihood to face him. He is an ex-officer of a

Prussian cavalry corps—the Hoggelbunngullup-whoopjamborechoo Heavy Dragoons. Had Mr. Meyerfoy not been a Prussian, he would doubtless have been a Milesian, and his name would be Murphy. But he is far too modest and unaffected to be a native of the Emerald Isle, and no one can say that they ever heard this gallant Prussian blow—they cannot say that the Prussian blue.

Toronto has long been celebrated for her fine Police Force. Every man Jack is six feet high or over, and is warranted to be able to sleep fourteen hours on a stretch, and then turn over and reel off another ten hours. They don't always do this, but they can. The Tug-of-War team selected from the Force has won a world-wide celebrity, and no amount of faith can remove P. C. Anson (weight 498 lbs.) from his position of anchor. An opposing team might just as well try to drag St. James' Cathedral away by the roots as to endeavor to budge Mr. Anson a single inch. He is there to stay, and is as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar.

In spite of the complaints made against the Queen City's Detective Force, it is very doubtful whether those who are most prominent in complaining could do half as well themselves. Take them as a body and they are quite as efficient as any similar organization in Europe or America, and they are certainly a stalwart, good-natured set, and could, individually, crush their cavillers flat as a pancake by the simple process of sitting on them.

To see Mr. Reburn, surmounted by an elegant white "Christy stiff," driving his family in an open carriage drawn by a pair of slashing iron greys, on a fine afternoon, is a sight that the gods delight in. To behold Mr. Hodgins (who from the extreme suavity of his manners and his unerring politeness, has earned the sobriquet of "Gentle John") lugging an immense package of captured stolen goods on his back through the streets at two o'clock in the morning, is a spectacle to make those same gods weep, whilst Mr. Brown's long, tawny, drooping moustache has been, from time immemorial, the envy an despair of Toronto's Dudes and would-be lah-de-dahs. Mr. Burrows, though not so "hefty" as his brethren, is renowned as being a man who never was known to fail in anything he undertook. He is a perfect human ferret, and was to be the Burrows of crime that Mr. Burrows takes it into his head to enter. The drawers of his memory are more compactly filled than those of any Bureaus known; in fact, he is one of the most complete Detective Bureaus in his own person in existence. Mr. Cuddy, in spite of the significance borne by his name in the North of England, is certainly not one of those animals said to prefer thistles to grass, though he is possessed of all the uncomplaining patience and invincible obstinacy and determination of that much-abused race. So much for Toronto's Police Court, peelers and detectives.

It is said that the Shah of Persia is about to send an immense consignment of Attar of Roses to Toronto for use in the Police Court Buildings. Certainly, if something of the kind is not introduced there, the cholera microbe will introduce itself. And where, indeed, could one find a more fitting place than a Police Station in which to discover a collarer? Where indeed?

—S.

(To be continued.)

THE MODERN SHAKESPEARE.

"Me Lord! am I as sweet a maid as Sylvia Garcia?"  
 "Pah! She's wormwood unto thee!"  
 "As worthy I as she of rhapsody?"  
 "As much thou'rt worthier as gold than gum."  
 "And were not compliment to Providence more fit because of me than such as her?"  
 "'Twere profanation an' it were not, girl."

"Then wherefore does this Senor Adula find more in her praise than thou in me? Last night, when lit with dalliance of the moon the canalazzo mirrored million stars whose points carved ripples on the sheeny deep, they two were floating 't the dreamy tide, and if there's registered on scroll above the cream-paste epithets his lips did mould them seraphim will cluster 'round the same as flies do mass them 'round a syrup-cup."

"Turned he the faucet of his treacle on Sylvia, saidst thou? Did'st thou note the brand?"

"Aye, marry, an' I did! 'Twere such as made thy tribute speech to me seem quite unsavory. He did venerate her with exotic words that reeked of guava, and the sweet jujube, and ere his sentiments were half o'erflow'n his lips were caked with verbal caramels. I did but sniff the flavor of his speech and prayed 'twere thine to drip such dulcitude."

"Beshrew thee! but this Senor Adula is a type of many wooing prodigals. To win a wife he bankrupts tender speech. He drips of lollypop and lush-dipped lies, anoints her with four-ply panegyrics, thrones her on cream laid angel altitudes, and weds her to affection's penury. Show me the man whose courting doth erupt love's glucose as 'twere more than limitless, and I will show you one whose wife will starve for one sweet morsel of eulogium. So note it, maid, and comfort thee with this: when thy Henrico loves thee not with praise he's saving some to crown thy wifely needs."



THE NATURE OF AN OATH.

Magistrate.—Do you know the nature of an oath?

Sam.—Yes, sah! I swar dat I will tell de truff.

Magistrate.—And what will happen if you do not tell the truth?

Sam.—I 'spects, sah, de odder side 'll lose de case, sah!

SEPTEMBER.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

It is safe to say that a large proportion of the English race look forward to the first of this month as the day of all days in the year, for does not partridge shooting commence on the first? Grand, sublime institution! business is forsaken; Parliament is sometimes prorogued; the country squire postpones the petty sessions; all in order that the great English people, or those who call themselves

the better class thereof, may sally forth into the stubble and the turnip field to slay or attempt to slay those precious birds, to kill which, before this red-letter day, is a felony.

The average British country gentleman knows only two great gala days, and these are the 12th of August and the 1st of September; all the remainder are as naught. The anniversary of the battle of Waterloo sinks into utter insignificance before these two great occasions, and, between you and me, it would puzzle a large number of those noble Britishers to give the day, month, or even year, when that ever memorable victory was won.

Another fact in connection with September is, that between the first and thirtieth days of that month, several years ago, the British sparrow was imported to our shores; a true type of that class of Englishmen whom Americans, sad to relate, look upon as one representative of the whole nation—arrogant, bullying, overbearing, and bound to pick a quarrel with anyone who ventures to hold an opinion not in accordance with their own. Doubtless those sparrows, when they assemble together and make the whole neighborhood clamorous with their twittering, are comparing this blasted country with 'ome, and, we may be sure, in a manner very unfavorable to the former. It is to be presumed that the British cad has some use, but what it may be is past finding out. It has been for American restaurant keepers to discover the use of the English sparrow. They kill him and serve him up to their epicurean customers as a reed-bird. Two sparrows used to be sold for a farthing, but fifty cents a piece is his now value on toast, and a dainty morsel he is. It is to be regretted that the British cad cannot be slain wherever he shows himself, for he is an objectionable animal, and my soul loveth him not, but the law makes it just as great a crime to put him to death as it would be, gentle reader, to kill you or me. So we must even put up with these two nuisances, the sparrow and the English snob, and bear with them as we may.

The cad does not, necessarily, belong to the lower walks of life, and perhaps the most objectionable specimen of the article is the cad who belongs to the titled order of human beings. He is simply insufferable. But he is common enough, heaven knows, and a very nasty creature he is.

This brings me to the end of my tether so far as September is concerned. It is so called from the Latin *septem*, seven; as it is the ninth month, the name will be allowed to be highly appropriate.

A SURE THING.

Procure from your druggist one 37½-cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and use according to directions. It is infallible for diarrhœa, cholera morbus, canker of the stomach and bowels, and cholera infantum.

A GENTLE REMINDER.

Frank (who has been told never to ask for anything at table, and who, consequently, has been overlooked altogether).—Mamma, when little boys are starved to death, do they go to heaven just the same!

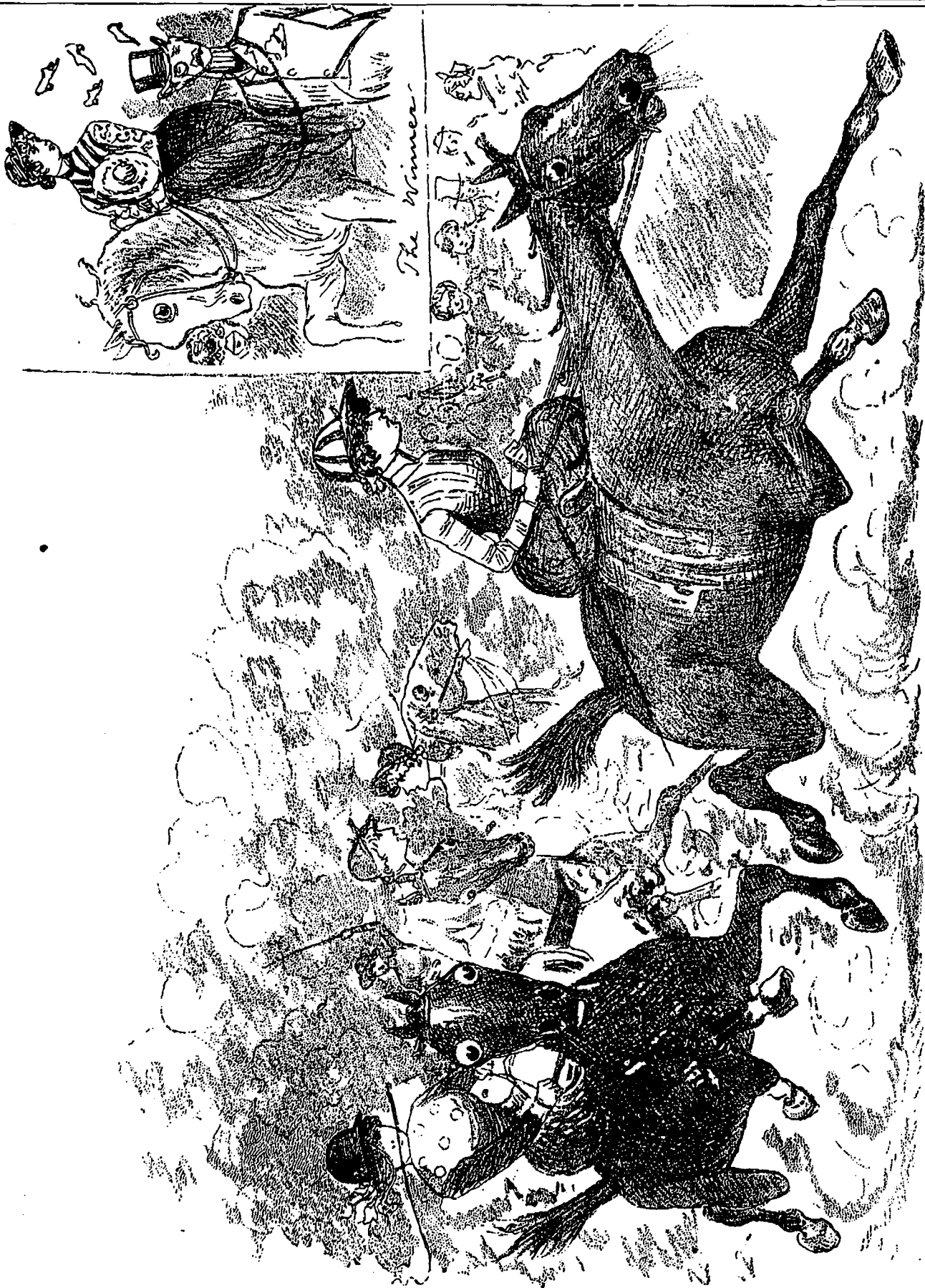
Mamma.—Of course, dear, if they have been good.

Frank.—And do the people who let them starve go to heaven, too?

Mamma.—Oh! dear, bless his little heart! the poor fellow's been forgotten. Why didn't you speak, Frankie?

Frank (with tears of triumph).—'Cos you said I oughtn't'er, and I want to be good and go to heaven: boo-hoo-boo!

(Frank has a terrible attack of indigestion when he goes to bed that night.)



THE MATRIMONIAL RACE—A FAIR EVENT.



THE REAL CHINESE GIANT.





TOMMY WHITE TO THE RESCUE.

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

VI.—THE AMBASSADOR IN DIFFICULTIES—FAIR WEATHER FRIENDS—DEVILISH ATTEMPTS OF THE ARISTOCRACY TO RUIN AN INNOCENT MAN.

COUNTY JAIL, YORK, Eng.,

August 27, 1885.

DEAR OLD CROW,—By above date you will see where I am at present, thanks to you for my incarceration. The way it all happened was this: You know I ran up a tidy old bill at my hotel in London, of course understanding and giving my landlord to understand that you would forward remittances according to promise. Well, I could see that the old brute was getting suspicious about me when I received your cheque for \$3.50—I could only raise 3s. 4d. on it—I tried to explain that there was a mistake and that if the other \$4,996.50 didn't arrive soon, I would see Wales about it—I call him Wales, as he prefers it to Bertie or Ned. Of course the ghoul of a landlord knew I was pretty intimate with his royal nibs, and my speech satisfied him, but I'm blessed if everything wasn't made as bad as ever again by a visit from Sir Charles Dilke; this sent the landlord into a fit of anger and he said that if I was that kind of man I had better leave his hotel at once and he would detain my baggage; and the beast actually seized half a box of paper collars and my tooth brush, which were the only visible effects in my room outside my satchel, which this extortionate pagan also captured.

I threatened him with the vengeance of the future heir to the throne, and he actually smiled; I warned him that I would get Mr. Burnand to make a joke about him in *Punch*, and though this staggered him a little at first, he soon recovered and sneered; I finally told him that I should appeal to the Canadian Consul for protection and would have you take the matter up, and the vampire—once so obsequious and fawning—laughed aloud, and went and stuck up, immediately under my name on the brass plate on my chamber door, the words:—

“Canadian Desperado and Escaped Lunatic; Supposed to be a Fenian; Known to be an Incendiary and a Pirate.”

He then locked the door and ordered me out of his beastly hotel. I at once wrote to H. R. H. of Wales and told him how I had been insulted, and ventured to request the loan of a fifty-pound note. Ted sent back word that he was very sorry, but he had a large family to provide for—(out of the public purse, only he didn't mention that)—and that he only had seventeen bob—\$4.08—by him; he sent me fifteen shillings of this and hoped he would see me later. I then dropped Edinburgh a line with a similar request. Alf came bustling round in person to the small eating-house where I wrote these epistles, in a deuce of a stew and with a bill for breakage of his vase at Buckingham Palace, and for damages alleged to have been sustained by his swallow-tail coat which I had worn on that memorable evening, and which, by the way, I slept in on the floor that night, as it was very sultry and that position was cool. He insisted on an immediate settlement of his demands; said his family was increasing and he *must* have his money—twenty-two shillings and threepence three farthings; in vain I appealed to him and to his generosity as a sailor (a class of men I had always understood were of a free-handed and warm-hearted nature), and reminded him that he was acquainted with my brother; he retorted that my brother owed him five pounds and that I had better settle that whilst I was about it; I pleaded my inability to do so, and asked him how he would like to be a stranger four thousand miles from home and his paper collars seized as collateral security for a hash bill; he said it was none of his funeral, but finally relented and agreed to accept my note at three months, and he lent me fourpence into the bargain. I tried Sir Charles Dilke next, but he replied that he was in a bit of a muss himself, and it was out of his power to assist me.

Dear GRIP, do remit at once, and show these fellows up. Contradict the rumor that the

P—e of W—s has gone back on me because Mrs. J—y gave him the cold shoulder and would speak to nobody but me, and please say that I was only excited after the dinner at Buckingham Palace, and that I am a teetotaler.

Well, I wandered about in a very dejected state for two days and nights, and would have drowned myself in the Terns or the Serpentine, only the former smelt so bad, and the latter wasn't deep enough to cover me nor wide enough to permit me to lie down at full length crosswise in it, and I could not die in any position but that, not wishing to be fished out “a deind, moist, uncomfortable body” in a crumpled-up shape.

At last fortune befriended me, and I ran across an old chap who used to sell peanuts on the market in Toronto, and he recognized me and took pity on me; he was going to York, and he not only agreed to pay my fare, third-class, to that city, but he laid in a stock of saveloys and bottled ‘alf-'n-'alf for consumption on the road. Thus do we see that a warm and honest coat often beats beneath a ragged and shabby heart. We set off for York that same evening, and I no sooner stepped out of the “railway carriage” than I was arrested at the instance of that contemptible London landlord, who had burglariously and feloniously opened the satchel he had detained, and discovered a number of forks and spoons he had missed—doubtless placed there by some miscreant, probably Burnand, who is fearfully jealous of me and GRIP, bent upon my ruin. Some of the hotel towels and cakes of soap were also in that satchel, and I was charged with having put them there! Oh! how are the mighty fallen! I write this from within the gloomy walls of the common jail of the County of York. Please write at once. Address, No. 732, Jail, York, Yorkshire, England.

I forgot to mention that I appealed to Mr. Burnand for aid before I left London. He was out of town, but has since returned and seen an account of my arrest here; the papers all had it, headed: “CAPTURE OF A TEXAS HORSE-THIEF AT YORK! HE ROBS A LONDON HOTEL AND TRIES TO POISON THE LANDLORD!! DESPERATE AFFRAY BETWEEN THE RECKLESS VILLAIN AND THE POLICE!!! A DANGEROUS OUTLAW IN THE TOILS AT LAST!!!” Mr. Burnand regretted his inability to assist me, as such a course might leave him open to a charge of consorting with felons, etc., etc. He sent me a copy of *Punch* to read in the seclusion of my cell, and thus filled my cup of sorrow to overflowing.

Yours ever, all broke up,

(To be continued.)

—S.

Now that we are in the “heated term” a Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool, will have the effect of alleviating the distress, and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.

MY TOM AND HOW I GOT HIM.

His name is Tom Jones. Everybody call's him a *she*; but he is really a *he*. Indeed, why my friends call him *she* I never could discover, for his appearance is masculine to a degree, not to say ferocious. He has but half a tail, about an ear and three quarters, and is bereft of a part of his left upper eyelid—evidences of a fierce fight for the possession of a favorite feline *belle*, of which I shall presently speak. He habitually wears a scowl, a scowl as of *blasé* indifference; as if, poor soul, he had drained the cup of pleasure, dregs and all, and earth had nothing more from which to cull enjoyment. Even his pleasures he indulges in in a sort of melancholy way. His “miaow” is truly a terrifying sound—to cats of his own sex that is, for to his lady friends I have reason to believe it is not with-

out its charms. And of lady friends he possesses a goodly number. Amongst his chums I have no doubt he is dubbed a masher. He is a Mormon. His character is peculiar. Sedate and dignified he loves to take his ease, but his eye lights up with vengeful fire should any rival venture within the precincts of his capacious preserves. Indeed, on the whole, he reminds me of that celebrated Provençal poet whom Dante and Virgil meet in purgatory, "sitting alone, with a noble haughtiness of aspect, and eyeing them like a lion on the watch." He is lazy. But is lazy with a calm, self-satisfied air like that of an old soldier retired from the service. He was an adult when first I met him, and at first he looked with suspicion upon me. Our acquaintanceship arose thus:—Passing one moonlight night down a dingy alley, I saw gracefully reclining on a window sill a young lady cat—about, I should fancy, the age of sweet sixteen. In the centre of the road were three things moving rapidly about each other in the midst of much dust and more noise. All that could at first sight be descried was three hairy curves at the ends of which stuck out three still more hairy tails—one of them but half a tail. From the group proceeded the most appalling sounds. Advancing towards the phenomenon I witnessed the most extraordinary combat that probably ever fell to the lot of ordinary man to behold. They were cats—that was evident; but which cat was the assailant and which the assailed, who was on the defensive, or whether all three were on the opposing side, it was utterly useless to attempt to find out. However matters stood, they were absorbed in their performance, and heeded not my approach. After gazing attentively for a few moments at this highly novel spectacle I discovered that the two whole-tailed cats were attempting the annihilation of the half-tailed cat. The situation at once burst upon me. The maimed individual was the wooer of the young lady on the window sill; his opponents were her irate brothers. I, of course, took the side of the weak, and thinking to prevent his extermination, by a few dexterous blows of my stick, rescued him from the hands of his pursuers. They immediately fled, and now it was that the most curious phase of the adventure occurred. Instead of appearing grateful to me for his deliverance, this lusty wooer seemed angry at being thus interfered with. He quietly sat down, protruded a hind leg, placidly licked a wound, and then with a look, first after his departing foes, then at his sweetheart, lastly at me, gave vent to what certainly, in his own language, must have been profanity of the worst type. "Come along with me, old boy," I said; "you have had enough for one night." Reaching my room I placed before him a good meal, and recommended him to renew his strength. This he apparently deemed even a greater insult, and scorning my proffered food, looked at me as much as to say: "Who the d—l are you?" I had been in somewhat similar plights myself and sympathised with the poor fellow. The look with which I regarded him seemed to have conveyed to his mind something of this kind, for after once more going through the process of sticking out his hind leg as he sat on the floor (gazing ever and anon at me with the object apparently of making up his mind as to my good intentions), he at length fell to and, after a hearty meal, curled himself up before my fire. This was how I got my Tom cat. He has lived with me ever since, and we are now the chummiest of friends. I have reason to believe that he has won the young lady cat, his attentions to whom so nearly lost him his life. Her brothers are now no more. One night after a somewhat lengthened period of the blues (he frequently suffers from them) he returned home, gleeful and in the most hilarious of spirits, but with the loss of an ear-tip and part of the upper left eyelid, to

which I have already referred. My conjectures as to the fate of his prospective brother-in-law were verified on the following morning by the discovery of the mangled remains of two he-cats in the alley where first I saw Tom Jones.

The Volunteer who, having escaped the bullets and bulletins of our late 'Nor' Wester, will get married first, is to receive from the Toronto Stove Co., the free gift of a Diamond "A" Range or Square Splendid stove. Marry, sir, you will find more glory in a Diamond Range with pie-a-pot and little cubs at home, than in a no-pay, hard-tack and Big Bear range abroad. No more Fallen-tear for you!



QUITE CHANGED.

Landlord (to guest who has returned for another summer vacation).—I remember you perfectly, sir, but your wife is quite changed since you were here last.

Guest.—Indeed!  
Landlord.—Yes. She has grown thin.  
Guest.—Yes.  
Landlord.—And short.  
Guest.—Yes.  
Landlord.—And blonde.  
Guest.—Yes. But then, you know, it's not the same one at all.

VENZUBEN'S DOOM;

OR, LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

A man who lived over the wide, wide sea, In a far away country called Germany, Decided at once from that country to flee And settle him down in Toronto.

Said he: "I vill go und vill live in von landt Where dey don't in der sugar mix vater und sandt; Vhero de air ish more pure, und de sights ish more grandt, In dot loofely down of Doronto,

"I vill go where de peer vill not make a man reel, Vhero dey makes not der sausage from drawn avay veal, Und no robbers or placklers my monish vill sheet— I vill hie me avay to Doronto.

"For dey live ferry big in dot city, I hear, On de shivestet of delicacies all do roundt year; Und good living I too; so I'll shust disappear, Und eat sausage und schnapps in Doronto."

So he packed up his wardrobe, and westward he came, With his children, his dog, and his cadaverous dame— Katrine Wilhelmina Venzuben—the same Soon were seen on the streets of Toronto.

But the land was not just what Venzuben had thought, For when he arrived at the station, I wot, He hied him away and a glass of beer got— He got his first drink in Toronto.

The beer tasted good, but it knocked him out flat; It turned him, it staggered him this way and that, And next morn in the dock of the Central he sat— And was fined one and costs in Toronto.

He bought him some sausage for breakfast next day, But they savored of something, just what, I can't say, And Venzuben in sorrow threw each one away, The makers still live in Toronto.

The air was not pure, he caught fever and chills; Took catarrh and bronchitis—he also took pills, Ipecac, bitter aloes, and syrup of squills— All prescribed by M. D.'s of Toronto.

The sugar he ate ground his teeth to his gums, And life was made wretched by lites and by drums; He drooped and repined; was attacked by the "glums," And was sorry he came to Toronto.

At last when out walking and sighing for health, A thief came along, and with cunning and stealth Searched Venzuben's fat pockets, and took all his wealth— "Held him up" in the streets of Toronto.

He sighed then for Germany—sighed then in vain, For fair, honest Germany, over the main; And he wept for the land he would ne'er see again— For stranded he was in Toronto.

He had nothing to live on, his rent could not pay; So poor old Venzuben hied quickly away And dropped himself into the depths of the Bay— He drowned in the Bay at Toronto.

—W. H. T.

THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

A story comes from Hamilton. It is characteristic of the natives.

The great Herrmann was giving an entertainment in Burlington Bayville, and in order to perform some wonderful feat of prestidigitatorism asked from his audience the loan of a fifty-cent piece.

Not a man or woman ventured to advance the needful coin.

"Well," said the magician, after waiting vainly for ten minutes or so, "I can perform ze treeck wiz a cent. Will some gentlemann kindly lend me one cent?"

A long pause. Finally a native rose up, and hauling a copper from his pocket, said:

"Moster Hairrmann, I'll lend ye the bawbee gin ony bodlie—weel kent an' respeckit—will be security that ye'll gie it back an' no keep it."



RUBBING IT IN.

Dudekins (annoyed).—Oh, I'm not such a fool as you take me for!

Sharpman.—No; I didn't suppose it could be possible.

An interesting and valuable series of papers, on "Southern Progress," by R. H. Edmonds, editor of the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*, is begun in *The Current* of August 22. Mr. Edmonds presents a remarkable compilation of statistics clearly demonstrating the phenomenal rise of industry in the South within the past decade, and showing that in many important respects that section is in nowise behind the North.

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PROGRESSIVE POLICY

"MOTHER, MAY I GO OUT TO SWIM?"  
"YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER;"

"HANG YOUR CLOTHES ON THE HICKORY LIMB,  
But don't go near the water!"

**TO LUCY,**

I remember meeting you, in November fifty two;  
We were eating—both of us—and the meeting happened thus:

Accidental on the road, sentimental episode;  
I was gushing, you were shy; you were blushing, so was I.

I was smitten, so were you; of the mitten neither knew;  
Had we money? not a bit; very funny, wasn't it?

Vows we plighted, happy pair; how delighted we both were!  
But your father, to be sure, thought it rather premature;

And your mother, strange to say, was another in the way;  
What a heaven vanished then! (You were seven, I was ten.)

Now you're Mrs. Beauclaire; true all this is, I declare;  
And my wife is not, not you. Quocor this life is, ain't it, Lu?

We loved many years ago; don't let anybody know.

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Single Truss No Address, **TOMS & CO. (Druggists), 274 Yonge St., Toronto.**  
Body Spring

**BRUCE IS STILL AT THE FRONT** as heretofore, and always on hand to attend personally to his patrons. All work in the highest style of the *Photographic Art* at bottom prices. Studio, 118 King Street W.

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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.

**GOVERNOR'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash** cleanses and preserves the tooth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by **C. J. GOVERNOR & CO., Montreal.** Retailed by all Druggists; wholesale, **Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.**

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