

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



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GRIP

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langovin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardee..... Mar. 28.
- No. 9, Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.P..... Apr. 25.
- No. 10, Mr. Thos. Greenway, M.P.P..... May 23.
- No. 11, Hon. W. S. FREDLING, M.P.P.:

Will be issued with the number for..... June 27.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Franchise Bill has been amended in some particulars, and in the direction of greater fairness, but it may yet be described as a very effective weapon, and, in the hands of a Ministry that saw fit to use it to its full capacity, it would prove a veritable Gatling gun. This is a point that ought to occur to those who are giving the measure an earnest support on party grounds. It is well worth their while to consider what the result to their own side will be when, in the course of human events, the parties change places on the Treasury Benches. Of course the calculation is that this particular "human event" never can, and never will come to pass; the ministerialists stake their all on the chance of getting the bill carried through with its most effective features intact, and once that is done, they entertain no fear of the future. But the man who thinks seriously over the question will duly weigh the possibilities of the gun being by some chance captured by the enemy, and the interesting results that would be likely to flow from that event.

FIRST PAGE.—It is the pleasant practice of the partizans of this country who happen for the time to be out of office, to seize upon every opportunity to embarrass the Government of the day, without much regard to the interests of the general commonwealth. The appearance of a Canadian Minister in the money market of London to negotiate a loan,

is always looked upon as a precious chance of getting in some patriotic Opposition work. Sir Leonard Tilley has found it necessary to interview Mr. John Bull on this delicate subject again, and is now engaged in the task. The opportunity has of course been seized, and already expressions calculated to make the Finance Minister's work more difficult have appeared in the *Globe* and other Opposition organs.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The fact that many citizens who have hitherto been identified with the Conservative party have signed the popular petition against the Franchise Bill stuns and bewilders the straight-out, thick-and-thin adherents of the Ministry. Like the policeman in the *Pirates of Penzance*, they exclaim in chorus, "We can't understand it at all!" It is not wonderful that politicians of the Rykert pattern (and there are many such in both parties) should be utterly unable to comprehend the idea of placing country before party in a grave crisis. Such men, swayed entirely by self-interest, have long since bartered away their political manhood and cannot be expected to recognize it in others.

EXTRA CARTOON.—The session of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I. O. G. T., is now going on this city. On Tuesday the delegates were welcomed by the Lieut.-Governor, the Minister of Education, and other representative men, in the presence of a vast audience. The Order represented by this Right Grand Lodge is cosmopolitan, having well-nigh half a million members scattered over the world. In it men and women of every creed and complexion meet on equal ground. The grand work being done by the Good Templars in the cause of "Total Abstinence for the Individual and Prohibition for the Community," it would be hard to over-estimate. The Order is in command of great financial resources, and where money is wanted to sustain the fight in any quarter of the world, it is forthcoming through this channel. Hon. J. B. Finch, who is at present the supreme officer of the Order, is famous as a prohibition orator and worker all over this continent. The other notables represented in our cartoon are Leys (of England), Oronhyatekha (Canada), Hilliard (representing the colored lodges of America), and Copp (United States). Miss Cushman, of Boston, is introduced as a representative of her sex, who, in this Order, as we have said, enjoy the full privileges of the suffrage.



It is a rare thing to notice a concert enterprise which, without sacrificing the interests of art, can claim the advocacy of cultured musicians, and at the same time offer strong attractions to the general public. The projected series of Monday Popular Concerts,

however, seems to be one of these exceptional schemes. The directors, by guaranteeing to have regularly performed excerpts from the best works in the repertoire of classical chamber music, should secure the sympathy and support of all lovers and students of high class music, while in offering to bring forward a succession of star vocalists at reasonable prices of admission, they should win for their concerts the liberal patronage of that large class of the community for whom the singing of popular music by talented artists has a paramount attraction. Circulars explaining the scheme with subscription lists can be seen at Nordheimer's and Suckling's music stores.

SCENE—ANCIENT ABBEY.

Enter American Lady.—Could you oblige me with any interesting little relic of this grand historic country?

Faithful Retainer.—Weel, mem, there's naething on naan the noo; but we're just aboot afore the tourist time to gie the bluid on the stair o' the auld murder'd abbot its yearly coat o' paint, au' gin ye've a phial aboot ye, I micht maybe gie ye a drap.

H. M. Inspector (examining on the "Village Blacksmith").—Now, boy, look at the line "toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing." Tell me, what's meant by "toiling"?

Scholar.—Workin'; attendin' to his smiddy.

H. M. I.—Quite right; and now what does "rejoicing" mean?

Scholar.—Being glad or merry.

H. M. I.—Correct; and now think, and tell me why the blacksmith was rejoicing.

Scholar (inspired by the previous stanza).—Please, sir, because his wife was dead.

(Above really took place in Board School. Inspector smiles blandly and "passes" the smart boy.)



A LESSON IN SHORTHAND.

WOULD-BE INSTRUCTOR (as if making a point).—You see there is this advantage in reading your own notes that you have heard everything said, and so you ought to know the substance of it at least. Don't you see?

PUPIL (thinking of something else).—Yes, yes, but it is not so easy when you haven't been listening.

The would-be instructor has taken a week to find out how this really is.

BALMY spring being upon us, suitable under-clothing is required. K. WALKER & Sons carry a splendid assortment, and have just now some special lines to clear out. Their white and colored shirts are unequalled.

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.

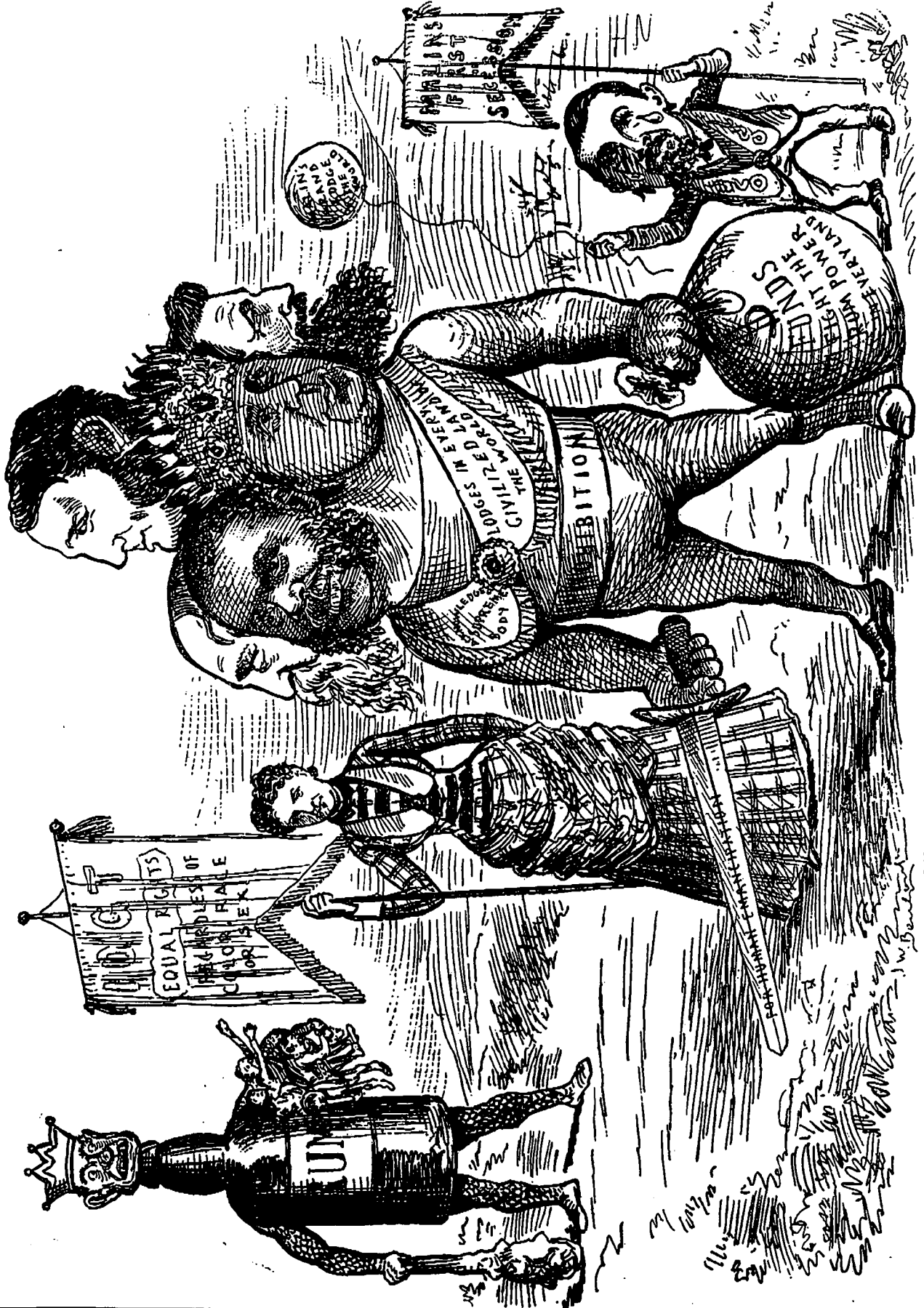
EASILY RECOGNIZED.

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.



GIANT RUM MEETS HIS MATCH.

(Dedicated to the Right Worthy Grand Lodge, I.O.G.T., now in session in Toronto.)



JOHN A.'S GATLING GUN.

Cartwright.—YES; VERY EFFECTIVE! BUT HOW ABOUT ITS GETTING INTO THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY?

When large numbers move forward possessed by one sentiment and one purpose you have the most essential characteristic of a nation.

FORWARD!

BY NICHOLAS FLOYD DAVIN.

Who sneers she's but a colony;
No national spirit there;
Race, differences, faction's feuds
Her flag to tatters tear?

What rises o'er those snowy plains?
What frowns the western sky?
Whence on the virgin white those stains?
Whose is that crimson dye?

Rebellion's ensign blots the blue,
And mars its fretwork gold,
And near those stains of crimson hue
Canadian hearts lie cold.

Another ensign! Trumpets ring!
A youth this flag upholds;
And lo! from every side men spring,
And range beneath its folds.

Nor race, nor creed the patriot's sword,
Nor faction blunts to-day.
"Forward for Canada!" 's the word,
And eager for the fray,

Our youth press on and carpers shame,
Their bearing bold and high;
For this young nation's peace and fame
Ready to do or die.

They come from hamlet and from town,
From hill and wood and glade;
From where great palaces look down
On streets that roar with trade;

From where by floe and rocky bar,
The Atlantic's hold is cheek;
From where Wolfe's glory, like a star,
Shines down on Old Quebec;

From where Mount Royal rises proud
O'er Cartier's city fair;
From where Chaudiere with thunder loud
Flings high its smoke in air;

From pleasant cities, rich and old,
That gem Ontario's shore;
From where Niagara's awful plunge
Makes its eternal roar;

From each new town just sprung to life
Mid flowery prairies wide;
From where first Riel kindled strife,
To Calgary's rapid tide.

Upon the field, all rancour healed,
There's no discordant hue;
The Orange marches with the Green,
The Rouge beside the Bleu.

One purpose now fires every eye,
Rebellion foul to stay,
"Forward for Canada!" 's the cry,
And all are one to-day.

DR. JOHN S. KING has removed to the south-west corner of Wilton Avenue and Sherbourne Street. Telephone No. 67. Street cars pass the door.

THE BILLIONAIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MILLIONAIRE,"
"BUSTED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.
America.

In a certain room in a certain brown stone mansion of which the Genoese velvet curtains of its front windows were always closed, sat two men at two separate small tables. The room was but sparsely furnished. The tables were of unpainted deal, and the few chairs were of the most humble pattern and of cheap material. On the floor was a rag carpet of ancient manufacture, and save a few railway maps and plans of gold, silver, and other mines, the walls were pictureless. The most noticeable appointment in the room was probably a large screen of ordinary sail-cloth, technically termed "No. 4 Cotton Duck." This screen or curtain was seemingly impenetrable to the gaze; but by a curious arrangement, with which we will not bore our readers, everything that was done or said in the room

could be seen or heard (when it was so required by the proprietor of the institution) by those inside. Behind the screen were at all hours, day and night, a staff of shorthand writers, telephone and telegraph operators, who took down, when required by their master everything that was said, or would send off or receive messages to and from the nearest and most remote places on the earth.

At the table facing the door sat one of the men mentioned. He was a tall spare individual dressed in an old-fashioned blue "swallow-tail" with brass buttons, "high-water" pants, disclosing half a foot of the legs of a pair of square-toed kip skin boots, a bell-crowned beaver hat of the "Old Hickory" type was on his head, and in his mouth was a large cube of black-strap tobacco, fluid traces of which might readily be discerned on a long and straggling grizzled goatee that adorned his chin. The gentleman who sat by the other table was in somewhat strong contrast to him. He was clad in rich attire. A fine brown cut-away coat and pea-green tight trousers, patent leather boots, an embroidered magenta scarf, a white shirt, from the bosom of which shone out a brilliant of almost Koh-i-noor proportions, constituted his attire. These, with a jet black moustache and the airy way he puffed at an El Padre cigar gave him, as it were, a *soi disant* hotel clerk air, which at once impressed and awed the visitor into a sense of his importance.

Who were these men? The first, gentle reader, was—be calm—Mr. Josh Rasper, the BILLIONAIRE, and the second, Mr. Henry Amos Fake, his confidential clerk.

"Hank," said the great money king as he dexterously slung his quid of black-strap through the open window, "Hank, I swear I don't altogether like the way things is goin' just now. Them congressmen are kinder inclined to go back on us I reckon. How much was it I gave to Chowder on that bonanzny matter?"

"Oh, Chowder. Lemme see. Chowder, oh, he got \$100,000," said the clerk.

"And Doolittle?"

"Well, he got \$250,000."

"How much did you give the Kurnal?"

"Well, altogether, I reckon that Kurnal Johnson has got off and on nigh on to a million, or a million and a half dollars."

"Du tell! Wall, I'll try and make up for it to-day. Whar's that cuss of a telegrapher?"

"Here, sir," said that enlaved though well-paid official from behind the screen.

"Wall, see here," said the Billionaire, "put me on to Ispahan—got it?—Yes! Wall, wire the Shah. 'Sell out Bustupp Khan's interest in the Caspian silver mines and ship proceeds in gold to me. Send *via* Bagdad and Damascus. Ship waiting at Ephesus. RASPER."

"All right, sir, message sent."

"Wall, switch me on to Pekin, call the Emperor, and send him this:

"Send me at once taxes collected in Province of Hoo Hung Sam, and hurry up. Opium ready for you at Hong Kong. *Parlez Francais kesky dhà la!* RASPER."

After this message was sent sounds of subdued laughter were heard inside.

"What's all the fun about?" asked the confidential clerk of his superior.

"Oh! nothing," was the reply, "only a little joke in French that I sent to the Chinese Emperor. I guess the last two messages will net us about \$10,000,000 in about two months. None of the Europeans or heathen Asiatics dare go back on me or I'd sell 'em out bag and baggage, pretty darned quick, too—"

The arrival of the mail now put a stop to further conversation, and the Billionaire rapidly scanned the contents of each letter until he came to one bearing an English stamp. He showed no emotion, but quietly said, "Hank, what time is it? 4.30 minutes. All

right. Telegraph to Sandy Hook to hold the 'Gambodian' till I come down in my steam launch. Look after the rest of the letters, I'm off for England," and, grabbing an old gripsack, he nodded good-bye and left. Before 7 o'clock that evening he was off the Highland lights on the "Gambodian" bound for England.

CHAPTER II.

England.

When the "Gambodian" arrived in Liverpool Mr. Rasper, finding he had to wait two hours for the regular express for London, chartered a special car and arrived in the city just in time for the daily opening of the law office of the firm of Smudgeby, Huggleby & Hookem, his English solicitors. He passed up the old musty and cobwebby stairs, and with that easy freedom which makes Americans so loved abroad, without knocking or announcement, dashed into the office. "Well, old snoozer, how are you?" was the salutation the senior partner got from the stranger as he entered.

"Who the deuce are you?" asked the astonished lawyer.

"Me? My name's Rasper and I'm from New York," said that gentleman quietly and sending at the same time a shower of tobacco juice over the polished bars of the lawyer's grate.

"Why, bless me! Mr. Rasper, I beg your pardon. I really—didn't know, ye know," said Mr. Smudgeby, almost prostrating himself at the feet of the world-renowned Railway King.

"All right, old Hoss! Now, see here, you know what's brought me to this cussed rainy island of yours, and I must get out of here in just one week. What's all this talk about that gal losing her property? Where is she?"

"My dear sir," said the lawyer, "it is rather a long story. The young lady, Sally Ann Hoopendyke is now singing, I regret to say, at a sailor's concert hall called the 'Cat and Tarbrush,' in Whitechapel, and she lodges with one William Sykes, a cats-meat man in the vicinity. Her voice is good, but, alas! her pay is bad, and it certainly is a sad thing for a young lady who has been brought up in luxury to have to sing before a lot of tarry scamen for ten shillings a week, even under such a name as 'Florinda Fluter, the Eastern Nightingale.'"

"Jest so. Wall, tell me how in thunder she lost her property?"

"You see," continued the lawyer, "that you being a foreigner, and she being likewise a foreigner, you could not, by a statute passed in the reign of Henry II., confer estates except by a joining in the deed by the older branch of the lady's family who are only empowered to break the entail. Now, Sally Ann Hoopendyke's mother being a half niece, on the mother's side, to the Earl of Flapdoodles, eldest son of the Hon. Ernest Maltravers McGinnis, who inherited the property after it was escheated to the Crown at the accession of Charles the Second, it left, as you will readily see, the fee simple in the lands to the Earl of Flapdoodles, who bounced Sally Ann by force of a suit of ejectment, and who now holds the same, and Hoggswash Wolde, the family residence, as his own. You now see how the matter stands and, as the place is of great value, it would cost a great deal of money to get a quit claim deed from the noble Earl. I think that Rothschild himself would hardly undertake to buy it."

"Who in thunder's Rothschild? Oh, yes! I recollect; that Dutch Jew banker. Oh! he be hornswoggled. When kin I see the Dock, the Earl I mean?"

"He is now in London, in his town residence, 44 Lalligag Square."

"All right. I'll go and see him."

Mr. Rasper hailed a cab, jumped into it, and drove to the Earl's. He rushed past the six flunkies in crimson and yellow, and bolted into the library and the presence of the great Earl of Flapdoodles. At his appearance the Earl grew pale. Who was this intruder—robber, Fenian, or what?

"See here, old man," said Mr. Rasper, with his usual pleasing freedom, "I'm Josh Rasper from New York. Here's my keerd. You've made my Sally Ann git up and git from a place called Hoggawash Wolde. I want that place back, and I am prepared to pay for it. How much do you want for it? What's your figure?"

"My figure, as you call it," said the Earl, with great stateliness, "is £200,000 cash. If you are prepared to pay that the place is yours. Here are the title deeds," and with a sardonic smile the Earl sat down and gazed triumphantly at the ill-dressed stranger.

"All right; £200,000 is \$1,000,000. I'll give you a cheque for the amount. Gimme them deeds. No, hold on, I reckon I've got that amount of change about me, here ye are," and, to the Earl's surprise, Mr. Rasper pulled out a large wallet and counted out two hundred one thousand pound notes of the Bank of England, and in doing so he dropped another of the same denomination on the carpet.

The Earl stared. He was dumfounded. "You have dropped a bank note, sir," he said. "All right, old hoss, give it to the sweeper. Good-bye. I'm off for New York."

"I beg your pardon," said the Earl, "what did you say your name was?"

"JOSH RASPER, THE BILLIONAIRE!"

Now for Sally Ann. The cab was again called. Josh drove to Whitechapel, and arrived at the Cat and Turbush just as Sally was in the middle of that pathetic ballad entitled "The Mariner's Grave." Without any explanation he jumped on the stage, tossed a hundred pound note to the manager, tossed a handful of sovereigns among the audience, hurried Sally down into the cab, and in ten days after the velvet curtains of the brown stone mansion were thrown aside and Sally Ann was sitting there in state as its mistress!

Who was Sally Ann?
She was the, until now unknown, daughter of Josh Rasper the Billionaire.

POEM OF NATURE AND HAMILTON.

On Dundurn's lights I takes a stand,
And looks abroad on this fair land;
I sees the lake beyond the bar,
And the fish and perch a-sporting thar.
I sees the 'll, I sees the plain;
The sight it cheers a person's brain.
I sees the tugs, I sees the boats,
And a many things as sinks or floats,
The bay within, the lake beyond,
Which of the water I'm so fond;
'The sun doth shine with 'appy ray,
It makes it such a 'andsome day;
It fills my British 'art to see
Such things, with which you'll all agree.
And on the mountain's woody brow
I sees the sheep, I sees a cow;
The dancing calf, with frisky foot,
Stands on his 'ead and skips about;
His feed the calf with passion feeds,
And beats the hair with lively 'eels;
The stately crow with graceful wings,
Flouts o'er the scene and sweetly sings;
The Ambitious City spreads below,
'Eavings! 'ow 'andsome she do grow!
No wonder that with boastful hys,
They claims as she do take the prize.
Just see her parks! there's two or more—
'The Palace grounds, likewise the Gore;
The little clerk upon the grass,
Can chaff and tease his smiling lass;
There the working-man may find
Refreshment for his bones and mind—
Or if salvation be his lay,
He'll find the Army there to pray,
And teach him while the devil rages,
Redemption is not got through wages.

Oh 'Amilton! thou jewel rare,
So bright, so pure, so wondrous fair;
So set about with faith and grace,
Thou minds me of my native place.

Thy chapels, schools, and reading rooms,
Thy magazines and factory flumes,
Thy polished life, thy social sights,
Thy markets and electric lights;
Thy lengthening streets and rising domes;
Thy prosperous state and 'appy 'omes,
Seen but a step from London town,
So great and famous art thou grown.
So may you live in sou' and story,
The western gem of England's glory;
I accept these lines upon my part,
The tribute of a Briton's art.

JACK DOUGHERTY, Poet.

Hamilton, May 6, 1885.

Shopman (who is standing at door, and whose linen is of a rather dirty hue).—Will you buy a coat?

Pat.—No.

Shopman.—Will you buy a waistcoat?

Pat.—No.

Shopman.—Will you buy a pair of trousers?

Pat.—No. Have you any clean shirts?

Shopman.—I have, sor, plenty.

Pat.—Away inside thin, an' put one on.

[Exit Shopman.]

THE MAJESTY OF THE LAW.

You may sncer as you like at forms, but I respect the white tie and the glossy gown of the court. Even the buttony coat of the policeman, not to speak of the helmet of the Body Guards, impresses me, and the other day I was fairly overcome and subdued by the voice and presence of that well-known Officer at the Union Station who announces the departure of trains, and whose dress and manners are fit for a prorogation. Some ordinary people like myself were in the thinly filled first-class coach, and right in front of me was a well-dressed, lady-like person, a couple of commercial travellers who condescended to omit the Pullman for a short ride, and in particular a country-looking boy who took the corner into his own keeping. These and a few other travellers made up the number. The officer referred to went up and down the platform several times as if something was on his mind—though I believed then it was only the exact second when he would pull the bell-rope—the clock pointed to almost the moment of our departure, and perhaps the whole situation was as thrilling as could have taken place under similar circumstances. I was composed, fearing no man, as there were plenty of seats, and for the moment I made up an inventory of what goes to make up a lady's bonnet, using the one in front of me as a guide. I am a good traveller and have only two annoyances whether in a ride on the street-cars or in one to New York—I am first afraid that I won't catch the car, and secondly I am afraid I won't get off at the right place. This is not to the point however. I am tedious to-day with this narrative, but it is desirable to know that I was composed, having caught the train, and had no reason to be other than serene. All at once the door was flung open and the officer, in the pride of gilt buttons and importance of his position, strode into the car, and in his own proper and far-reaching voice said:

"Is there a passenger here for Dundas?"

Now, thinks I, we are in for it—robbery or forgery or counterfeit money. The officer held something in his hand, and we—commercial men and all—covered before him. Slowly and nervously the lady in front of me arose and said timidly that she was going to Dundas.

Then did the officer turn upon her a searching, a soul-piercing glance, in which, to me at least, there was deep incrimination, and said with a well-disguised sneer:

"Perhaps, madam, you have your ticket and could show it to me?"

The poor lady, more nervously than before, searched her pockets, looked into her satchel and purse, turned round and looked up and down the seat, and at last confessed that she couldn't find it.

"Ah, you can't find it," said the other; "I thought so, madam, I thought so." And then he put his hand in his pocket, and we all thought it was a warrant or handcuffs and that the poor lady would be taken off to jail. But no, he produced a small bit of paper. "Madam," said he with official severity, "you lost your ticket on the platform, and here it is." And then he strode towards the door, but if he had on twice as many buttons, and came back and arrested all the commercial men for having two girls in each town, I wouldn't have cared one pin. He was no more to me than the boy in the corner, whom in tones of thunder he ordered out as being in the wrong car. Then we moved on.

—H. J.

CURRENT POETICAL LITERATURE.

CHIEFLY UPON THE FRANCHISE.

(Edward B. murmurs in a dismal undertone.)

From Brown and Smith, and poor O'Hagan
He takes the vote for Lo! the pagan;
From snub-nosed Snooks and sunevast St. John,
He robs the vote for Lo! the Indian.

(Tim Doolin thus shpakes to Sur Jahn.)

Begorra, sur, but all the French is
Goin' to oppose the Franchise.

(Sir John speaks many rhyming snatches, at divers intervals.)

Upon the question of the Franchise
Every true-blue Tory staunch is;
Ever feeble Grit's cheek blanches
At the mention of my blanches.

(These lines he murmurs as the result of a visit to the North-West.)

Poor Lo! I pitied in his wigwag;
It was not fit to keep a pig w'm.
The comforts of the whitis in tranches
Induced me Lo to give the Franchise.

(Laments the injustice of his enemies.)

One Bill they call a Gerrymander—
A "scandal" style, what is a slander.

(With a curse on Sir Richard, forms a resolution.)

From this day hence, good-bye John Collins—
I'll only drink De Ruyper's Hollands.

—"ANOTHER COLLINS."

OLLA PODRIDA.

WAR PHRASES.

"Behaved magnificently," "coolness and intrepidity," "game to the last," "our boys," "the rebel horde," "the dusky red man," "coolness and tepees," etc., etc., etc.

HOW KIND!

That chivalry is not altogether extinct in the nineteenth century is shown by the following:—"The girl, Jennie O'Neil, who is accused of firing a hotel at Henderson, Minnesota, was discharged, as she has promised to return to Henderson for trial."—Police Report: city paper.

Noble Baxter! he took the lady's word that she would go right back to Henderson to be tried for arson. Of course she would; who ever knew a descendant of the proud O'Neils—quondam kings of Ireland—to go back on his or her word? Miss O'Neil promised, and the gallant Baxter immediately wrote the magic word "discharged" against her name. After this we shall probably hear of something like the following occurring: "Prisoner, you are charged with murdering your grandmother in Windsor. Did you do it?" "Yes, your worship." "It's a very serious charge, and you will be hanged if you are tried and found guilty as you surely will be." "I'm aware of that, your worship." "Will you go to Windsor and be tried?" "Yes, your worship." "Discharged."



A MYSTERY TO RYKERTIAN POLITICIANS.

"A BITTER CRY" ANSWERED.

If, really miserable boy,
Your ills are as you tell 'em,
I'll ladle what will give you joy
From out my cerebellum.

Ignore the Grecian-featured dude,
The howling moneyed swell,
And to the maid you would have woo'd
This simple legend tell.

"Altho', Belinda, I am short,
Altho' I'm also tubby;
Tho' frockles o'er my visage sport,
Oh! take me for your hubby.

"My physical defects, forsooth,
I own I cannot number,
Yet, harken to this glorious truth—
Belinda, I'm a plumber!"

Then will Belinda clasp you to
Her palpitating corset;
Will swear she never loved but you,
And with a kiss endorse it.

If, really miserable boy,
Your ills are as you tell 'em,
I've ladled what will give you joy
From out my cerebellum. —F. W. B. S.

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