
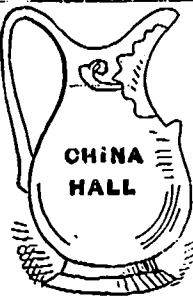


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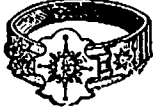
TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 16TH, 1885.

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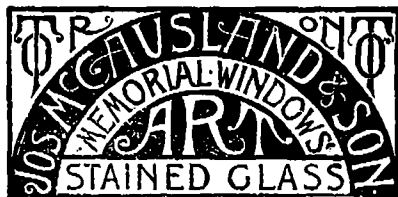
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• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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S. J. MOORE, Manager.

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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. Mercier..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6. Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... 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.E..... Apl. 25.
- No. 10. Mr. THOS. GREENWAY, M.P.P.:
Will be issued with the number for..... May 23.

THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

NO. 7.

CHANGE OF TITLE.—The publishers, having decided to carry on a weekly illustrated journal as a permanent publication, have altered the title of the *War News* as above noted. The sub-title will of course be dropped on the restoration of peace within our borders; meantime it is retained for the convenience of present subscribers. It is the determination of the publishers to make *The Canadian Pictorial* in all respects a credit to the Dominion, and they confidently rely upon a continuance of the hearty support hitherto accorded to their efforts in this department of journalism.

THE CURRENT NUMBER.—The issue of the *War News* for this week (No. 7) is up to the mark in point of artistic execution, and the illustrations are all of deep interest. The sad end of poor La Fontaine, the scout captured by the Indians at Cut Knife Creek, forms the subject of a spirited drawing on the first page. A splendid sketch of the battle fought by Col. Otter's troops against Poundmaker occupies a page. This illustration is carefully prepared from data furnished by eye-witnesses, and is undoubtedly a correct representation of the event. The other subjects treated are: The camp of the 7th Battalion at Winnipeg; a Zareba on the Prairie; Scenes with the North-West Field Force, from sketches by Mr. F. W. Curzon; Portraits of Major and Mrs. Chas. Watson; Color-Sergt. Cooper; Corp. Lethbridge, and the late Col. Kennedy. In

addition, in the form of a supplement, is given a two-page cartoon entitled, "And Now for Business," by Mr. J. W. Bengough. This is a spirited drawing of General Middleton, preparing to give the rebellion its finishing blow. Copies, 15c. each, may be had of the book-sellers or from the office of publication.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—It is now universally admitted that the object of the Franchise Bill is to discount public opinion at the next general election. We say *universally*, because newspapers whose opinions are paid for out of the public till by the promoters of the measure don't count. Every other sane citizen, Grit and Tory alike, sees exactly the scope and intent of the Bill, and surely a chivalrous and heroic affair it is! The "Lion King" proposes to perform his thrilling act of putting his head in the animal's mouth. The law compels him to do this periodically. But before proceeding with the dauntless performance he has the beast's feet tied securely; then, to minimize the risks still further, he has the hide stuffed with straw. This is precisely the sort of lion the Canadian Electorate is under the Franchise Act, and it only requires the services of the Revising Barrister and the Indian Minor, as represented in the picture, to make it quite certain that there will be no biting done when the head is thrust in. The Lion King will undoubtedly go through his act without a scratch, but will anybody applaud him? Won't he feel meaner than anybody else in the circus?

FIRST PAGE.—Our contemporary, the *News*, spoke out pretty plainly on French Domination in a late issue, and the matter was brought before the House at Ottawa by one of the French members. This very act emphasized the statement of the *News* that the members from Quebec were always alive to what concerned their Province. The principal charge made in the article was that Quebec wielded too much influence in the House of Commons, and used that influence without regard to the rights and interests of the other Provinces, especially Ontario. The French member asked if either of the party leaders endorsed this statement. Sir John repudiated it with much emphasis, as might have been expected seeing that he holds his seat by grace of the Quebec contingent. Mr. Blake hastened to join Sir John in condemning the *News* and its article, as might have been expected seeing that if he ever gets to the Treasury benches he will also be at the mercy of the Frenchmen. Both leaders made a "holy show" of themselves on the occasion, and the Quebec members must have enjoyed it hugely. In the words of Brother Sheppard their sycophancy is "enough to make an honest man sick."

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Senate is so far beneath contempt that an apology is due our readers for devoting even a little space to its doings. A Canadian (unless it be the one Canadian who owns the Senate) feels it rather a degra-

dition even to express indignation at anything the old fogies may do, hence we merely mention calmly that they have taken it upon themselves to mutilate the Scott Act. It remains to be seen whether the Commons are so lost to self-respect as to endorse anything that emanates from the Senate.



Mr. Lawrence Barrett is paying his second visit to Toronto this week. This (Friday) evening he is to appear as *Richelieu* and tomorrow evening as *Cassius* in "Julius Caesar." Mr. Barrett is thought by many to be the leading tragedian of America. In the characters just named he has certainly overtopped all his rivals.



A HARMLESS BEVERAGE.

Old Lady (treating Cabbie).—Now, there you are, my man. I think that'll do you no harm. Cabbie (whose regular tipple is four fingers straight).—I think so, too, even if it was pizen. —The Chief.

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

GILBERT & SULLIVAN'S LATEST.

The *Mikado*, Gilbert & Sullivan's last success, is now the rage in musical circles. The piano score has just been published in this city by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association, and may be had at the leading music stores. No family should be without it, if there is a piano in the house, as Sullivan has surpassed himself in the melodies. The words are also very funny. It may be noted that the above Association is established in Canada for the publication of English copyright musical works.

DRIVE IT AWAY.—Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in scrofula or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Bitters will do it.

THE FRANCHISE BILL.

MINISTERIAL INDIGNATION MEETING.

(By our own Reporter.)

The indignation of the people of Canada at the course pursued by the Grit Opposition at Ottawa in impeding the passage of the Franchise Bill, found vent in a mass-meeting of patriotic citizens held at Query Hall a few evenings ago. Following its usual partizan course, the *Globe* has entirely ignored this important gathering; and for some reason which your reporter was unable to discover the *Mail* also has failed to report the proceedings, which, briefly stated, were as follows:

The chair was taken promptly at eight by Mr. Ward Fixer, who, in a few well chosen sentences, introduced

The Right Hon. Sir. John A. Macdonald. Sir John was received with tremendous cheering. He thanked the audience for this manifestation of good will, and said it was but an index of the enthusiasm which his presence excited everywhere throughout this broad and happy land. He accepted the compliment not as personal to himself, but as intended for his Government, whose every act since assuming office had been greeted with the hearty approval of the people. (Cheers.) No act of theirs was more popular than the present Franchise Bill. (Renewed cheers, and cries of "That's so!") And yet what did they find? Were the members of the Opposition working earnestly with the Government on this great question? No! (Groans.) They were working tooth and nail—if he might use the expression—against it. Looking at their conduct in this respect, one would suppose that the Opposition had no interest in the Bill, but he could say emphatically that they had as much interest in it as the Government could have. This was a specimen of Grit patriotism, however. They never could rise to a grand national issue, and when it came to the discussion of a measure involving as this did, the very life of our common country (enthusiastic cheers) the Grits were found raising trivial questions and indulging in carping criticism. (Hear, hear.) Sir John resumed his seat amidst applause.

Mr. J. Briefless Lex was then called upon. He said he was glad to have an opportunity of expressing the indignation which he felt in common with his fellow citizens against the factious opponents of the admirable Franchise Bill of Canada's great statesman. He was particularly exasperated by the insane attacks made upon what was called the "Revising Barrister" clause. In his opinion, and as a lawyer his opinion ought to be worth something, (a voice—"Yes, it ought!" and uproar,) this clause was the best in the whole bill. Without it the Bill would be simply worthless—it would utterly fail of its purpose. (Cheers.) That, no doubt, would suit the Grits exactly; but the Government of Canada was not conducted for the purpose of pleasing the Grits. (Renewed cheers.) The *Globe* (groans) had stated over and over again, that the Revising Barrister clause was bad, because the Bill gave those officers absolute powers, and they were to be appointed by Sir John. This was mere clap-trap, and was a slur upon the profession to which he belonged. If he were appointed a Revising Barrister (cries of "So you will be," and cheers) he would do his duty to the country fearlessly, and would see to it that the unpatriotic Grits were left off the lists. (Great cheers.)

Mr. Strike-him-when-he-is-down, a Cree, was next called upon. He said he was glad to meet his pale face brothers on this occasion. He could assure them that the Indian tribes of the Dominion felt just as indignant at the course the Grits were taking as any other section of the population could. He would be only too much pleased to scalp a few of them. (Cheers.) The Grits had come out plainly as

the enemies of the Indians, having objected to votes being given to those who were wards of the Government. He was a ward of the Government, and would continue to be so as long as he could. (Cheers.) The Indian was not proud. He was not above asking instruction of his inspector as to what to do with his vote, and could be relied upon to do as he was instructed. (Cheers.) Hence the talk of the Grits about the danger of giving the Indians votes was nonsense. (Great cheers.) In conclusion the gentleman gave the war whoop of his tribe.

Mr. Pick, a representative of the laboring classes, was then introduced. He said it was no wonder the people had met to express indignation at the obstruction proceedings of the Grits. He, as a working man, whose income was \$398 per year, was glad to speak in favor of the Franchise Bill, as it would, if carried, save him a great deal of trouble on election days. It was a measure in the interests of purity, as it took away a great many votes that might otherwise be sold. He thought it showed that Sir John was still a great statesman, notwithstanding his years, and it would snuff out the Grits altogether.

Several other speakers addressed the audience in a similar strain and the meeting broke up at a late hour with rousing cheers for Sir John, British Liberty, the Czar of Russia and the Queen.



HOW TO LEAD A PARTY.

(A FACT.)

SCENE—*Jarris Street*—(Great political leader overtaken by obscure member of his party, who wishes to open conversation with a little pleasant banter).

Obscure Gent.—"Morning, sir. Ain't you afraid you'll be arrested for carrying concealed weapons?"

Great Leader.—It is not concealed.
Obscure Gent.—(rather discomfited).—Er—er—But I suppose Irishmen are allowed to carry their blackthorns? Ha! ha!

Great Leader.—It is not a blackthorn.
(*Obscure Gent* turns first corner, and vows never to cast another Grit vote while he lives.)

BOWLING ON HANLAN'S ISLAND.

A POEM WITH A MORAL.

Two youths upon a summer's day,
Who felt inclined, the one to play,
The other one to "smile," and
Tho both to pass the time away,
Resolved that they would cross the Bay
And go to Hanlan's Island.

They crossed the raging, roaring deep,
On which cats, dogs and refuse sleep,
And soon stepped on to dry land;
"Let's go and bowl," said Number One,
"You know it is the only fun
O'er here on Hanlan's Island."

"The very thing," said Number Two,
"The best thing in the world to do,
Although it causes bile and
Is said to be a practice bad."
"What! bowling?" "Yes." "You must be mad,
Yes, mad on Hanlan's Island."

"What kind of bowling do you mean?"
Said Number One—let's call him Green—
"What is its form and style and—
In fact why is it bad to bowl?"
"It ruins body, mind and soul
O'er here on Hanlan's Island."

"The fellow's daft," said Green, "but come,
Let's go and roll the big balls some
The heavy time to while, and
To—" "What!" exclaimed his thirsty friend,
"Is that the bowling you intend
O'er here on Hanlan's Island?"

"Not much of that for me; oh, no!
To yonder bar-room I would go
And in my stomach rye land.
By 'bowling' I mean drinking; come."
"No, sir; I don't cross o'er to bum
On Edward Hanlan's Island."

They parted; one to roll the balls,
The other loud for whiskey calls
As calls a Scot from Highland,
One bowler bowled the balls about,
The other's "bowls" soon bowled him out
O'er there on Hanlan's Island.

A peeler, seeing him full of gin,
Bowled up to him and bowled him in,
His friend so free from guile and
So much opposed to getting tight
His head kept level, and all right
Came back from Hanlan's Island.

MORAL.

By this we see that exercise
Is better far than potent ryes
And runs and brandies vile; and
That it is better far to bowl
In bowling alleys than to roll
Bad liquor down one's gullet hole
Here, there, or on the Island.

—SWIZ.

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

THE LATE ECLIPSE.

TOLD IN TWO CHUNKS.

II.

Our duties thus settled, we spent the time to intervene before the eclipse in reading up the various scientific points involved, and in perfecting our delicate and specially constructed instruments.

At last the eventful day arrived, and we all met at the place selected for our observations with the various apparatus necessary for the occasion. The ground was the highest in the locality at some distance from the town, having been chosen for the double purpose of getting as near the scene of operations as possible, and of avoiding the popular throng.

The eclipse, according to our calculations (which had been carefully revised), was to commence at noon sharp, and was to terminate as soon as the celestial bodies could get through with the work.

At half-past eleven I commenced taking photographs of the sun in as many different positions as I could. These were to be carefully compared with the photographs taken after the event. I found no unusual appearances on the sun's surface proper, though it seemed to me the corona looked slightly perturbed. No photospheres were visible.

When I had finished this work I found it was ten minutes to twelve. I had then really nothing further to do until the eclipse was over, but I felt it my duty to see that the other scientists were properly looking after the branches entrusted to them. I found Robinson was quite prepared for the special observations he was to make. His apparatus was all in first-class order. I never saw any glasses better or more evenly smoked than those Robinson had on hand. (He very kindly gave me one, so that I might look at the eclipse from time to time

to see that everything was going on right.) Brown had got his microscope in position, and was ready and eager for the fray. Smith had his spectroscope (a binocular one of very excellent make) mounted on an ingenious wooden stand which he had specially constructed—not from any pattern, but out of his own head. And Jones—

Now, you will remember I said all along that whatever trouble might occur, whatever disaster might happen, whatever of failure might ensue, Jones would be at the bottom of it. He had got his photometer in a dark tent (he said the wind didn't affect it there, but it was a very needless precaution because there wasn't a breath of wind), and had been fumbling about it ever since we came up.

Well, just as I came up to the tent after inspecting the other members of the commission, Jones rushed out with a very white face, and breathlessly explained that he couldn't get the confounded thing to work. I said I knew he wouldn't be able to all along. Jones retorted that no man could lay over him in working photometers, but there was something wrong in the construction of this one.

Time, however, did not permit of our bandying words, so we all bolted into the tent in order to fix up the machine. We all knew exactly how to do it, but didn't want to be greedy about it, so, after a heated discussion Brown was elected to try his hand, while we gave the benefit of our advice. Jones said he didn't know exactly what the trouble was, but the thing wouldn't work anyway. Brown said it would be necessary to turn it over and work from the bottom. I said it was not my affair anyway, but if Brown attempted to turn it over without first taking out the sensitive plate there would be trouble in the camp. Jones said any man not an absolute fool would know there wasn't any sensitive plate wanted at an eclipse, except in the spectroscope. I replied calmly that there should be one, that I never saw it without one, and you can't get on unless you have one. Brown said he never saw one like this before, but it was all right, you didn't want it with this kind. So he went on with his work. Of course before we let Brown make any fresh move a council of war was held with regard to it, and sometimes we got rather excited. However, at last Brown got through fixing it, and said there was nothing wrong with the photometer so far as he could see. He then explained to Jones the nature and uses of the machine, said Jones was guilty of quixotic folly in using a dark tent when there was not the remotest danger of wind, and concluded by saying that whenever there was a possibility of doing a wrong thing Jones had done it. Jones said he hadn't, and we knew nothing about it. Brown said Jones was quite incapable of understanding the higher needs of a photometer.

Here Jones, I grieve to say, called Brown a liar—

After pulling Brown off Jones, and setting the latter in the corner of the tent, with threats that murder would be done if he attempted further to stay the onward march of science, Robinson and Smith assisted Brown to repair damages, and I picked up the photometer which had been thrown to the ground during the struggle, and got the blamed thing so that it would work, while at the same time I delivered a strong moral lecture to the delinquent Jones. After satisfying myself that at last the photometer was all right, I sternly commanded Jones to attend to the instrument if he thought he was equal to it. Jones said he could work it as well as any one if he wasn't interfered with by ignorant fools. Here Brown manifested symptoms of a desire for renewed conflict, so I ordered everyone to his post. "Duty," said I, "comes first. Let us now, gentlemen, forget our quarrels, and proceed to solve the hitherto insoluble problems that have been left for solution to the Special Com-

mission of the Jonesville Literary and Scientific Association." Then we all shook hands, our feuds forgotten in a grand burst of scientific ardor. Jones returned to the photometer, and the rest of us left the tent.

While the others were bending to their work I looked at the sun. The eclipse had not yet commenced, so Jones had after all less to answer for than I thought.

Smith interrupted my observation to ask me the time. He said his spectroscope, if we were to have really astronomical accuracy, ought to be timed, and his watch was wrong. We all pulled out our watches—

Alas for our dreams of scientific renown! It was two o'clock! The eclipse was over!



THE GRIT ON HIS WAY TO THE INDIGNATION MEETING.



THE GRIT AFTER HAVING WORKED OFF HIS INDIGNATION.

GRIP'S MUSINGS.

It is a very common thing to hear amateur Garricks, Keans, etc., spoken of as "very promising actors." GRIP has no earthly objection to their promising, but he does wish that some of them could be prevailed upon not to perform.

It may sound rather paradoxical, but it is none the less true, that there are some people such terrible prevaricators that they do not even believe the contrary of what they say.

The best and most efficient manner of being revenged on a fool is to wait some time before telling him of his follies.

Well, well: the gall of some people is sublime! Listen to what the *Han. Times* says: "Toronto has taken a leaf out of Hamilton's book. The Board of Health met yesterday, and appointed six sanitary inspectors. 'Clean the city' was the edict sent forth, and not before time." Oh dear, yes! take a leaf out

of Hamilton's book, indeed! Of course the Ambitious City is a model of cleanliness, but how about that old hospital sewer down at the foot of John Street? Phew!

Young man, (and young woman also,) you must be very careful how you trust in those persons of whom you never heard any ill. This maxim is worthy of Solomon.

Now, how does this strike you? We frequently hear the modern stage decried as being an immoral instead of a moral agent, don't we? Well, but has it not always been said that the Stage should be the mirror in which society is reflected? Seems it has.

SCENE AT OTTAWA.

Sir Hector.—(to Sir John).—Saire, you have gone and acted him!

Sir John.—Acted him?

Sir Hector.—Ze Anglesh is von language of ze horsc. I shall nevaire learn him. I intend to make ze expression zat you have gone and done him!

Sir John.—Done whom?

Sir Hector.—Done no von. Done ze whole Nord-Ouest—it is ruin—it is destroy! My compatriots zey have been compel to insurrect—zair rights are not respect—zair is ze legions of ze sacre Ontario move upon zom—zey will be butcher wizout mercy. I tell you zis repeatedly—often—ever—everytime all ze day! You care nozing—you are ze Old Tomorrow which arrive not no-time nevaire; you give ze Nord-Ouest to ze incapable hanger-on—ze speculataire—you turn ze Metis into ze sewer—

Sir John.—Couldn't. None there.

Sir Hector.—I will not endure ze sarcasm—it is quite misposition here. I have call a meeting of my compatriots in ze House—we will make von coalition—we will act *solidairement*—you shall be dismiss into ze outer darkness, where you shall gnash ze teeth—

Sir John.—No you don't. Lost all mine.

Sir Hector.—I shall go this moment. Zaire is no use in support you no way—no prospect—you will be turn out next election *certainement*.

Sir John.—Keep cool. Not a bit of it. Besides, talk of butcheries—so far, it's only Ontario men are getting hurt; you don't object to that? As soon as Middleton gets the upper hand, we'll temper justice with mercy—grant a general amnesty—make all square with the half-breeds, and manage Riel as we did before.

Sir Hector.—Nonsense. You would be turn out. Remember, ze next election approach wiz ze rapid wing.

Sir John.—Let him wing. No matter. We shall go in. The Franchise Act will settle all that. Barristers of my appointment shall fix the list of voters—strike off Grit names—put on Tory ones—carry all the polls at a swoop. Won't let the other fellows vote, my boy. There you are.

Sir Hector.—Zey will appeal.

Sir John.—Read the Act. No appeal allowed.

Sir Hector.—Zat might do. But—

Sir John.—There's no but. They can't even get a copy of the lists without paying twenty or thirty dollars unless they're printed. We won't have 'em printed. See? They can't lodge an exception but within a few hours, and on the same day. Well, court adjourns immediately, by accident, of course. They can't lodge an exception at all. See? We shall go in next time by the biggest majority known. There won't be a big vote polled, indeed, because the Grits shau't vote, not much, only enough to make a contest. Greatest thing out.

Sir Hector.—Saire John, you are ze great statesman. I see de ray of light.

Sir John.—Come and have a driuk; you'll see two. (Scene closes.)



RECKLESS BRAVERY OF THE LION KING.

PROFESSOR JOHN A.—NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'M GOING TO PUT MY HEAD IN THE LION'S MOUTH—WHEN I GET HIM FIXED.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

THE QUEEN'S PARK: ITS APPROACHES, ETC.

When a city becomes invested with that dignity and importance to which Toronto has attained it is the usual thing for some enterprising and, at the same time, intelligent personage to publish a guide book for the accommodation of visitors who, without such assistance, would assuredly miss two thirds of the "lions," and would leave the place with but a faint idea of what they had lost.

Mr. GRIP is the e. and i. personage who purposes to point out in these columns what ought to be seen by strangers within Toronto's gates.

Pleasure before business is the motto of the sight-seer, and therefore the first objects which must be briefly described are the Queen's Park, the Grand Opera House, the Island, the (perhaps) Zoo, the City Hall, etc., etc. Let us take the Queen's Park first. This magnificently laid out piece of ground (several miles, more or less, in extent) lies due north of Queen Street, and may either be approached (and, by the way, the Queen City is famous for its "approaches"—see late bribery trial) through a long avenue gaily bedizened with rare exotics and gorgeous with many-hued flowers; or another route (not the root of any of the above mentioned flowers, nor yet the leaves nor blossoms, for these are sacred and *nemo me impune lacessit* is seen in their very pistils which are, at this season of the year, shooting vigorously) may be taken through that portion of the city known as Africa, a chunk of the Dark Continent which was somehow transplanted to this country many, many years ago, nobody can say precisely in what manner. It is populated principally by the descendants of Ham, and this fact is rendered more extraordinary when it is stated that, closely adjacent lies Queen Street, a locality celebrated for the number of ladies and gentlemen of the Jewish race who there disport themselves. This fact alone shows that the Jewish antipathy to Ham cannot be so great as has been affirmed.

However, Africa is otherwise known as St. John's, or the Noble Ward, and is justly famous for the politeness and courteous demeanor of its residents and their patron saint, this holy personage not being the St. John mentioned, but one St. Henrico Biff Pipah, who has but to pass through the Ward to be greeted on all hands by exclamations of veneration and delight. To proceed; we have now arrived at the Queen's Park, so called because Her Most Gracious Majesty does not own one foot of it. Immediately at the entrance via Queen's Avenue (already described, and bearing its name on the same *lucus a non lucendo* principle as the Park) stand two monster cannons, which so far resemble minor canons in that their mouths are often-almost always-open, and but very little worth hearing comes out of them. These cannons were captured from the Russians in the Crimea by a very eminent general who was somewhere out of sight looking at plans and maps whilst the non-commissioned officers and men of the troops under his command dashed in and seized them, and they were presented to Toronto for the sole purpose of giving the students of Trinity College, of which place of learning more hereafter, a chance to make a little noise in the world by banging them off in the middle of the night and scaring all the ladies in their neighborhood nearly to death.

A little to the rear of these articles of war is seen the Band Staud, an erection which is said to have no rival in architectural beauty in the world, built as it is of the choicest pine, and put up by somebody at a cost of perhaps eight dollars. Words fail to do justice to this gorgeous monument to man's inhumanity to man—for such it is, as it is composed of such terribly uncomfortable materials for sleeping purposes that countless thousands of bummers

and tramps have been caused to mourn when attempting, oft in the stilly summer night, to snatch a few hours brief repose thereon.

Gazing over to the right we behold a stately pile of masonry. For ugliness of design and frightfulness of *tout ensemble* it lays over everything but the City Hall. This edifice, not the City Hall but the former, was once a lunatic asylum, and, to judge from appearances, was designed and built by its future inmates. At least if its architect was *not* a lunatic, there are none in this world. What it is at present used for has escaped our memory, but it stands a monument to the ability of some people to conjure up most "delirium tremensy" ideas of architecture.

Everywhere around stand imposing and gigantic forest monarchs, and the general well-kept, neat, tasteful and orderly appearance of the Park cannot fail to at once remind Old Country visitors of Hyde or Regent's Park in London, and the Tuileries, Fontainebleau and other beautiful spots in France. Most elegant and comfortable seats are plentifully distributed about on the rich and verdant grass for the especial benefit of those gentlemen of leisure who, during the summer nights, fail to find accommodation on the Band Stand, and who, from motives of a love of open air sleeping and a lack of the wherewithal to pay for a bed, find the Queen's Park admirably suited to their ideas of a happy sleeping ground. Silver and gold have they none, and yet they are ever primed with the choicest of Canada's anti-Scott Act beverages. How they do it, none but themselves can say: but they do.

So numerous are the other objects worthy of notice that abound in this earthly Elysium that a description of them must be reserved for another paper. Monuments are as thick as the leaves that do something or other in Val-lambrosa, so, dear reader, till next week we must say *au revoir*, as space is precious and Mr. GRIP wishes to do justice to his present subject.

—S.

(To be continued.)



Fancy portrait of the Great Chief Strike-him-in-the-Back.

(No reference to Franchise Bill.)

SETTLED!

England now accepts the "Lessar" line, and Russia takes the larger Afghan slice.

The "Peace Party" says, "Heaven bless her," but the knowing native says, "Russia eats the curry, while England takes the rice!"

A DIALOGUE.

BETWEEN A HEAVY SCIENTIFIC WRITER AND A "TRIFLING RHYMESTER."

["In passing recently through a certain library, I noticed that the volumes of what is generally, and perhaps somewhat flippantly, termed 'heavy' literature, such as scientific treatises, and the works of men like Milton, Tupper, Macaulay, and others, appeared to be as fresh as though just arrived from the bindery, whilst works of light fiction, and the efforts of trifling rhymesters were almost dropping to pieces. This I took upon as an evidence of the bent of the popular mind—a bent which cannot be too deeply deplored. It is a pity people cannot be compelled to read more substantial literature."—Standard.]

THE DIALOGUE.

Heavy Scientific Writer:

How is it, bardlet, that thy verses thin With naught of depth of thought, and meaningless, But merely jingling jingles like the empty sound Of tinkling cymbals, or of sounding brass. Are read more widely than the thoughts profound. That emanate from massive brains like mine? Wert thou a man, thou wouldst scorn t' expend Brain force and nerve power on such light trifles.

Trifling Rhymester:

Oh! these jingles come to me with most remarkable facility, Though in truth I don't consider that a sign of much ability. I write my style of poetry so lacking in profundity, Because, of any other kind, my brain has no fecundity. Another thing; your "thoughts profound" have too much ponderosity, You think them fine; the people don't; a maxim saying "Nescio te Ipsam," meaning "know thyself," would fit you to a dot, my boy; It's strange to hear me talk like this, it's true, though, is it not, my boy?

H. S. W.:

Metinks thou art inclined to be a malapert; I who have studied Ruskin, Spencer, Hume, And others who had brain, sir, brain to think, Should surely be entitled to respect, And popular attention to more wide extent Than one whose jingles smack of mountebanks. I, in my themes, have discoursed of great things; Of protoplasm and of evolution, Of involution, and have said much more About the differential calculus. And yet *hoi polloi*—*ignorami*!—say My works are like Arabia's deserts dry.

T. R.:

And so they are, my worthy sir, they sadly lack humi- lity, Indeed they're like Sahara's sands, so great is their aridity! The people fail to understand you, and you only frighten 'em, You fail, my scientific friend, in gen'ral to enlighten 'em. My jingling verse they understand without the aid of dictionary. And who's the harm if people like those works so light and fictionary? Deep thinkers do much good, no doubt, but if their thoughts are sinister, By which I mean the opposite of those of rev'rend minister: They do more harm than good, and many an unbelieving zealot he Has been by these deep-thinking men brought o'er to infidelity. If people like light literature, and such brain food com- modities, Why, let 'em. You know—if you don't, particularly odd it is— That, if you try to force a man to eat what disagrees with him, Dyspepsia will soon become a very bad disease with him. You can't make scientists of folk who are not so inclined to be, Nor can you make men readers deep if such they have no mind to be. Now that's the whole of what I have to say; the straight- up tip, by Jove! You savants soon will want to put a stop to reading Gurr, by Jove!

H. S. W. (aside):

In truth, this popinjay, impertinent, I own, Hadt nigh convinced me. (Aloud) Well, sir, after all There's reason in thy prattle. But why class great Gurr With such light works as those of which I spoke? GRIP, in a light, but admirable way, Shoots folly as she flies, and as achieving good, Ranks far before the deepest works of science. And now, fair sir, good day; at present I'll refrain From saying more, but I will think this matter o'er again.

—SWIZ.

The Society for the Suppression of Vice! What vice? Why, the vice of the newboy on Sunday mornings, of course.

ADVICE TO A SICK MAN.

The first thing for you to do is to be cross. Not middling cross, like a bear with a sore head, but fearfully cross, like a cross between a wild cat and a hyena. Everyone knows that it is a horrible injustice to a man for Providence to send him sickness. Woman was intended by nature and education (particularly the latter) to utilize in her own person all the ills that flesh is heir to, but for a man, by Jove! to be cramped in the house like a teething infant, it is insupportable. You have a perfect right to snap and snarl and scowl. If you did otherwise people would suppose you were going to die, and think what a bad thing that would be. Not for your friends, my dear sir; oh, no! they could stand it; but think what a bad thing it would be for you. No doubt, tied up in a sick room, you are ready to pray, Give me liberty or give me death. But if your prayer is going to be answered, it would be better for you to cut off the tail of it. The last four words constitute the tail.

If possible do not let anyone know what is the matter with you. Anything mysterious always awakens and prolongs interest. If your wife comes to you in all the sweet humility of wifehood, and begs to know whether you have the *delirium tremens* or the lockjaw, don't tell her which it is. A woman's curiosity ought never to be gratified. Neither ought her wishes. If she wishes you to have a physician, or not to have one, to eat or fast, or sleep, or sweat or swear, be sure you do just the opposite. You can't be too cantankerous or obnoxious on these points. If she brings you a foot bath for you to soak your feet, don't soak them. If she urges you, defer it until the water is cold, and then put in one foot and splash it around. Tell her you want to try the experiment of soaking one foot, and then, if it works all right, you'll try the other. By these means you will not only get yourself into hot water, but will wish you had not put your foot in it.

When your pretty sister-in-law asks if she shall read to you, say no, she shan't. But tell her to bring you two or three dozen books of a size convenient for handling. These will come in useful as missiles when anyone has the misfortune to displease you. Nothing varies the monotony of a sick room so much as to shy a book at the head of anyone who presumes to enter your presence in a state of health. It's no use for the doctor to pronounce you dangerous, unless you give your friends ample reason to agree with him.

No matter what your disease, it ought to be accompanied by a cough. The cough should closely resemble a bark, and you should keep barking at irregular intervals day and night. Be sure that your bite is fully as bad as your bark.

By faithfully following these directions, you may be certain that your friends will be sincerely sorry when you are sick, and rejoice at your recovery. Don't be in a hurry to recover. No matter if you are out of danger, that is no reason why the rest of the folks should be.

A. E. W.

GRAMMAR PRACTICALLY ILLUSTRATED.

NO. 1.—NOTE OF INTERROGATION.

SIR,—Will you pay me that \$50 you owe me at once? Your obedient servant,
SARTOR SNIPS.

NO. 2.—NOTE OF ADMIRATION.

SWEETEST LUCY,—My heart is an aching void which you alone can fill. I love you to distraction. Your damask cheek is more lovely than the rose-leaf, your breath more fragrant than pond-lilies. Sweet Lucy, your charms have overpowered me.

Your devoted admirer,
EGLANTINE SOTHEAD.

NO. 3.—SEMI-COLON.

DEAR SIR,—Hearing that you have the power of accepting tenders for supplying the public schools with fuel, may I ask you to so far favor me as to see my coal on? I have the honor to be, dear sir,
Yours faithfully,

W. BLACK DIAMOND.

[The full beauty of this illustration may perhaps escape some readers, therefore an explanation is made: *See my coal on! Semi-colon!!!* This is the way the English papers that copy from GRIP and don't give any credit do—*Birmingham Blade*, etc.]

NO. 4.—FULL STOP.

MY DEAR SON,—In reply to your letter requesting \$100 to buy dissecting instruments and books, let me tell you once for all that you will not get another cent till you pass your examination.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN WILDOATS.

To John Wildoats, Jr., Trin. Coll.

NO. 5.—SYNTAX.

SIR,—I consider the bill sent in to me demanding \$18 for water-rates a tax that is nothing short of a sin. I refuse to pay it.

Yours, etc.,

A. SKINFLYNTE.

To the Collector of Water-rates.

NO. 6.—PARSING.

"Now, Algernon, let us get back to the drawing-room. We have already been in the conservatory too long."

"Why this haste, dear Isabel?"

"I hear Ethel playing the introduction to papa's favorite song, and I do so like to hear par sing."

Algernon swoons.



THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

(Husband about to leave for business.)

Wife.—Well, my dear, what are you hesitating about?

Husband.—I was just trying to decide whether I had better put on my heavy overcoat or wear my duster.

William Falconer, in *The Current* of May 9th, seeks to disabuse the public mind of the absurd notions long prevalent that the "Aristocracy of the Old South" were immensely wealthy, lived luxurious lives, and were wholly given over to personal indulgence. He puts a new face upon the matter, and, being a Southern man, his descriptions are based upon particular knowledge.

ARBOR DAY, 1885.

AN IDYLIC ADDRESS TO THE HON. G. W.

ROSS, M. P. P.

I.

Canadian Nymphs, in woodland wilds that play,
The first beginning sing of Arbor Day.
Say did bright sunshine bathe the village sward
Where taught and teacher met in sweet accord;
All tasks dismissed, no longer heard to swell,
The wonted chiding of the shrill-voiced bell—
But boy and girl no more stiff-ranked in class,
Are round their teacher, seated on the grass,
And listen thoughtful as her lovely lips
Read the wise writings of W. W. Phipps,
Or round the school-room porch they teach to twine
Of flowering climbers the exotic vine,
With rosebuds perfume every passing breeze,
Or crown with flowers their honored school trustees.

II.

Too fair Ideal! but the Real shows
Cough in each voice and cold in every nose,
The sky's clear azure, with a smile austere,
Mocks the cold May-time of a flowerless year—
The gaunt trees shiver when no buds are green,
And scarce a willow shows its brassy sheen;
Far from the *Globe* the first spring robin, keep;
Mute in their swamp our native bulbils sleep;
So by the stove the school-mistress must remain,
Or tread the tortures of neuralgic pain;
Must read in silence each bright page of *Grip*'s;
In silence read that wise Report of Phipps;
The children stay in doors for all they're worth
Not court catarrh with cold-compelling mirth;
The school trustees must mind their private biz,
Not bring on their bald paws the rheumatiz.

III.

G. W. Ross, with power benign that rules
The complex interests of our public schools,
Your wish to institute an Arbor Day
Is good, is wise, is useful every way,
But oh! G. W. Ross, the good and great,
In next year's spring for finer weather wait!
May, the cold nymph, is coy and immature,
And seeks to kill without the power to cure,
Seek not to woo, G. W. Ross the Good,
She will but fly you in her leafless wood,
Lut grant of Arbor Day the precious boon
Beneath the warm smiles of her sister June.
So shall the lovely lady teacher press
The warm, soft sward nor soil her dainty dress;
So shall the children cease from sylvan sport
To hear of Phipps, the Forestry Report;
So shall they crown the honored school trustees,
Nor dread of rheumatiz, the dire disease.

—C. P. M.

KNEW HER.

Two tramps stopped near a house, and after holding a consultation, one of them went in to explore the chances of getting something to eat. Pretty soon, with an air of disappointment he came out, and said:—

"Let's go."

"Wouldn't she give you anything?"

"Didn't ask her."

"Why?"

"Used to know her in Chicago."

"Did you ever ask her for a hand-out?"

"Yes."

"Who is she?"

"Don't know who she is now?"

"Who was she?"

"She used to be my wife."

—*Arkansaw Traveller*.

A TREAT IN STORE FOR CHARLIE.

Two young ladies entered a cigar store and one of them said timidly:

"Have you any choice cigars, sir? I want them for a present."

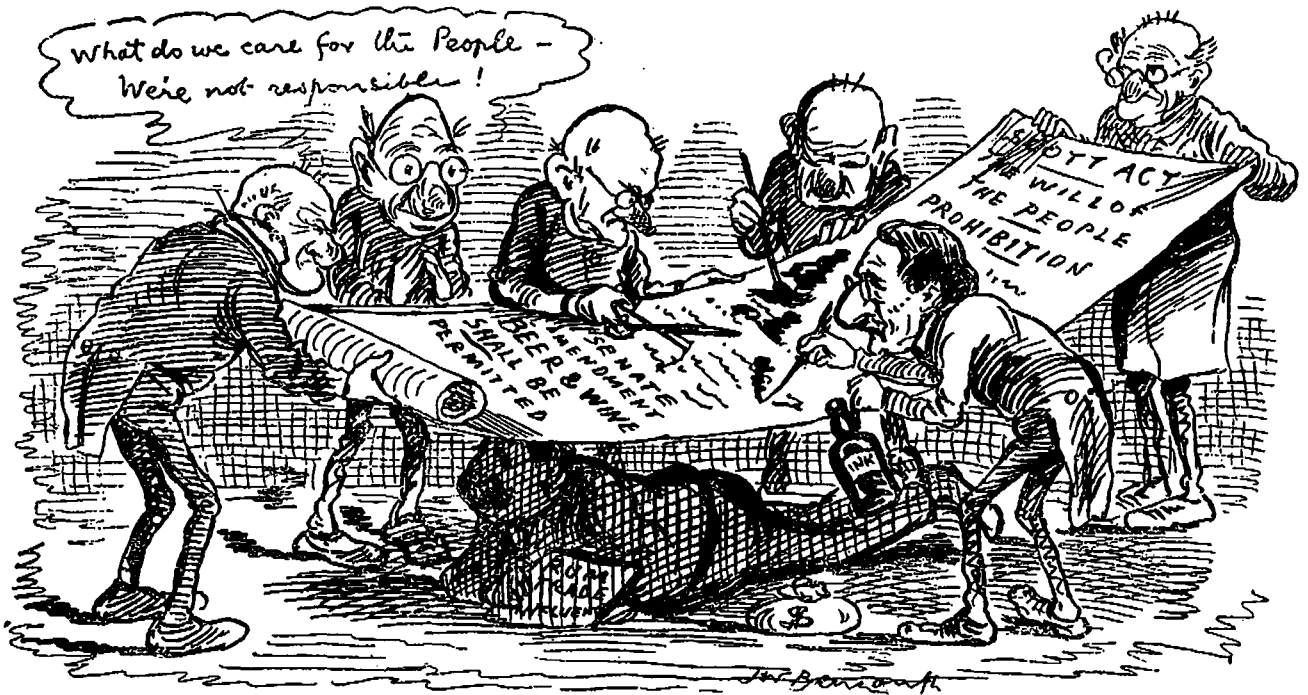
"Oh, yes, Miss," replied the tobacconist, "we have any choice you want, from a cent apiece up."

"I think I will take some of the one-cent ones, then, if they are choice. I had no idea that choice cigars were so cheap. Won't Charlie be delighted?" she said to her companion as they left the store. "Poor boy! He is so fond of a choice cigar, and they will taste all the better," she added, with a little blush, "for having come from me."—*New York Times*.

War in the Soudan.

Now ready, an Illustrated History of the War in the Soudan, and the causes which led to it; handsomely illustrated, and also Map of Seat of War. Paper covers, 75c.; cloth \$1.25. GRIFF PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY, TORONTO.

History of the



THE SENATE MUTILATING THE SCOTT ACT.

TO H.R.H. PRINCESS OF WALES, D.M.

Allow your Northern friends so true
To compliment you in a ditty,
Sweet Princess and sweet Doctor too—
For such they've dubb'd you at the U-
niversity of Dublin City,
niversity of Dublin City.

Doctor of Music!—Princess, you
Are first to wear the title pretty—
For ladies were debarred their due,
Till thus acknowledged by the U-
niversity of Dublin City,
niversity of Dublin City.

A prejudice you've broken through—
Men long have thought (and more's the pity)
That women next to nothing knew
Of Music's art—not so the U-
niversity of Dublin City,
niversity of Dublin City.

For you have brought to earnest view
That Alexandra, aye, or Kitty,
Can wear the hood of crimson hue—
Doctor of Music at the U-
niversity of Dublin City,
niversity of Dublin City.

And fiddlers yet in time may screw
Their pins up to some girl-Arditi—
To enhance some student now of Mu-
sic at the famous, ancient U-
niversity of Dublin City,
niversity of Dublin City.

And as Cecilia one time drew
(See Dryden's ringing lines, and witty)
An angel down from out the blue,
What mayn't a worthy Princess do,
Doctor of Music at the U-
niversity of Dublin City,
niversity of Dublin City.
—The Baltic.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



5 GOLD MEDALS
Awarded in the Dominion in 1883-4 for

PEERLESS

AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:
TORONTO.

CATARRH—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, aye Ready, at 118 King Street West.

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

COOK & BUNNERS, 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 so lady will part with. Found only at 68 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.

MORSE'S SWEET BRIAR, BOUQUET, WHITE CASTILE, PRINCES LOUISE
Best Toilets in the Market.

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

THE ALBERT CO.'S OATMEAL

TOILET SOAP
MAKES THE SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH.
Sold by Leading Grocers.

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.

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