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"RISE, SIR ADOLPHE!"

Her Majesty (aside).—Er—what did you say this was for, Lansdowne?

Lansdowne.—Oh—um—for—for doing what he's paid to do. A most exceptional thing in my Cabinet, Your Majesty.

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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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.

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AZRO GOFF,

Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England
States.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—Sir John Macdonald's English-speaking followers, judging by the tone of the press that is supposed to speak for them, are decidedly of opinion that the sentence of the court on Louis Riel ought to be carried out; his French supporters, on the other hand, demand the exercise of executive clemency. This places the celebrated political athlete in a decidedly awkward position; but he is used to being in such predicaments. The Fates are kind to the truly good, and it is safe to promise that Sir John will come out right side up, whatever becomes of Riel.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. Caron, Minister of Militia, has been knighted. Just how the conferring of the "honor" was brought about is not known outside, but the probability is that Her Majesty, who has of course long watched with deep interest the career of this rising statesman, observed that when the rebellion broke out, and the Militia Department got a job, Mr. Caron actually engaged more or less in the performance of the work for which Canada has all along been paying him a large salary. This could not fail to evoke the enthusiasm of the Queen, and she forthwith made a knight of him. Caron is not a bad sort of a fellow, but his mind runs too much to eye-glasses and tin-pot titles. He ought to know by this time that "knighthoods" are as much out of place in Canada as they are in the United States; but there are a good many things Sir Adolphe ought to know, but doesn't.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Mr. Blake has received an address from the French Liberals of Murray Bay, in which he is assured that his pitching for the Grit club has been all that could be desired. It has certainly been very good pitching, looked at scientifically; the balls have been delivered with much grace, and many beauti-

fully curved daisies have been sent in, but the Tory team have "pounded them all over the field." He's an elegant pitcher, but he doesn't "put the rascals out." The Grit battery is at present somewhat rattled.

ISLAND REVERIES.

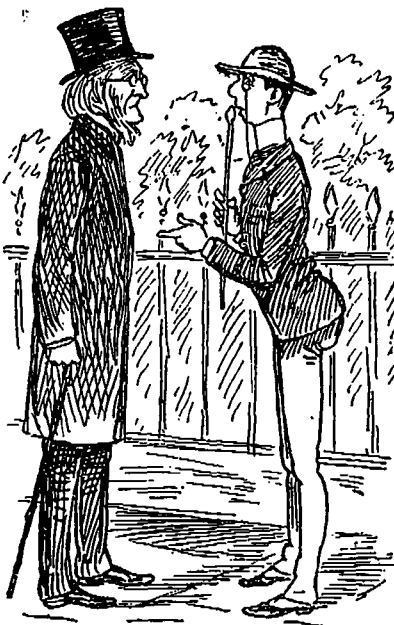
I stood on the Island at Mead's,
Mid the cat tails, the rushes and reeds,
And I viewed the expanse of the sandflies and ants,
And the tentists like pirate half-breeds.

And I saw a young man in striped tuque,
Near a young maiden reading a book;
He looked like a rover, tho' all he'd sailed over
Had been a bayou or a brook.

And the old roller coaster rolls on,
In it's eccentric curve at the Point;
And the Russians from far Islington
Throw themselves, so to speak, out of joint.

An excellent place is the Island,
And the view from the light-house is grand,
Its residents never lack style, and
They always have plenty of sand.

—B.



NATURAL SCIENCE.

Dudekins.—Professor, I want to awsk you something. If I stand on my head the blood all rushes there, doesn't it?

Professor.—Of course it does.

Dudekins.—Now, when I stand on my foot, why doesn't it all rush there?

Professor.—Because there is no vacuum in your feet.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

[This important serial is resumed, the writer having just returned from the holidays which his arduous labors necessitated.]

NO. VIII.—THE "GRIP" OFFICE, EDITOR, STAFF, ETC.

The stranger in Toronto should certainly pay a visit to—but no; modesty, gentlemen, modesty; everybody has heard of the GRIP Office, that majestic building on Front Street, and there is no person in the world having reached the age of five who is not as familiar with it, either through actual personal observation or through the perusal of accounts of it written by the most eminent and brilliant litterateurs of the day, as with the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; so we had better pass on to

NO. IX.—THE NEWSPAPER OFFICES, ETC.

Perhaps, after all, it would be better not to advertise these establishments free, so we will skip on to

NO. X.—VARIOUS OBJECTS OF INTEREST.

In Rome stands, or rather stood, a building called the Coliseum. Part of it still remains, though the stonemason's art would be required to put it in a thorough state of repair. In speaking of Rome we may seem to be Roming from our subject. Not so, as will be seen, for Toronto also boasts her Coliseum or Colosseum, and a magnificent erection it is. It stands, towering pre-eminently above the lesser buildings around, on Alice Street, Piper Ward, and its top storey is devoted to gladiatorial encounters, about which a tip-top story might be written. The entrance to the building is on Alice Street, though there is an exit at the back which might be found convenient in case of a man wishing to dodgo a dun. Men who are compelled thus to dodge their creditors are generally at the front at the beginning, though they usually come out in ar-rears in the end.

However, to proceed. The entrance on Alice Street is a massive pine doorway, at one time richly covered and decorated with two coats of paint at 9 cents a lb. We mention the pounds because the Coliseum is the spot selected by Toronto's pugilistic citizens as a suitable one for doing their pounding in.

Ascending a spacious staircase, emblazoned and embossed with the quids of other days, we at length reach—the top. Entering a large hall, we shall, if we chance to be out of luck, find ourselves amongst a motley assemblage of gentlemen of evident sporting inclinations and who would at once be set down as tough seeds. They speak a languago peculiar to their class, the peculiarity lying in the fact that it consists of two oaths for every word not profane. They are mostly sluggers and those who desire to acquire this enviable and honorable title. In fact, we are now in the haunt of the sluggers, and were Solomon to drop into Toronto some day and meet one of these gentlemen on the street, he would probably address him, with his proverbial wisdom, in the following words: "Go to thy haunt, thou slugger," and would trundle him off to the Coliseum.

As our readers will not care to remain here longer than to witness a scientific fistic display or two between the redoubtable lion-tamer, Marcus Checklorius, and some other "sport," we may as well descend the grand stair-case and get a mouthful of fresh air. Visitors will stare into one another's eyes with astonishment at what they have witnessed, thus making another grand stare-case, and, if there be four of them, it will consist of two pair of stares.

Where next? What is the next grand edifice worthy of a visit? Ha! we have it! The City Hall! This unction, which stands on the Market Square, is a credit to masonry, so splendid are its proportions and so exactly on the square is it. The style of architecture is that known as the tumble-down-ram-shackle, blended with the more modern go-as-you-please. The building was visited many hundreds of years ago, by a party of eoldermen of the then witenagemote, who were all decidedly drunk, and they painted it a brilliant red, so ancient is this custom of imparting this hue to a town or a part thereof.

Entering by the front door, we immediately right about face and got out again, so overpowering is the odor that salutes our olfactory. In the words of the poet:

"You may whitewash and plaster the Hall as you will
But the smell of the sewer gas clings to it still.
It half kills the clerks, and it poisons the air;
And the cholera microbe will find its way there.
And then, and then only, will something be done;
At present 'tis well this old rook'ry to shun."

No words of ours can better describe Toronto's

City Hall than those of the poet quoted.

The stranger, strolling round the Market Square—thus circling the square, a matter said by mathematicians to be an equally difficult feat with that of squaring the circle—will be delighted with the beautifully evenly-laid paving-stones. Perhaps there is not a better spot in which to acquire a sprained ankle than Toronto's Market Square on a dark night, when, as a matter of course, not a lamp will be lit. Should the visitor thus happen to either gain a fracture or a sprain, and bring damages against the city for neglect, he will be mollified, gratified and satisfied by being told that he was inebriated, that the neglect was on his own part, and that he has ample damages as it is. On two of the sides of the Square are countless shrines of *Bacchus*; it is possible that worse liquors may be sold elsewhere, though it is hard to believe it, and in this statement we have several creditable witnesses to *back us*. At any rate, if the visitor—for whose benefit this veracious guide is written—does not believe us, he can try for himself, though he is hereby advised not to do so, as he will find it a very trying process indeed, and one that may result very disastrously, as there is a lynx-eyed minion of the law ever on the Hunt around the market for victims who have been deluded by the seductive smiles of Silenus, and the fate of the tryer may be that of many who are ensnared by the bowling flow or flowing bowl—the terms are synonymous.

This fate may be called, *not* the three R's, but the the three bars—viz: (1) the saloon bar, (2) the bar of justice, (3) the bars behind which he may languish and pine in vain for liberty, and when once a man gets behind the last named, all his quondam fair weather friends will only be too happy to point the finger of scorn at him, and cry, "Bar, bar, black sheep, who cut off your wool?" alluding to the crop of his hair, for however good the harvest may be *outside*, *inside* the establishments hinted at the crops are invariably very short indeed. We are of opinion that that last is a *capital* joke, and the person who made it should be strung up in a hairy situation.

Now, having introduced a brief but pithy temperance lecture into this article, and feeling confident that the reader is dry, we will proceed either to the Island, sacred to Toronto's one-time demi-god, Ned Hanlan, the man to whom a few years ago the residents of this city were ready to bow the knee, but whom, since slightly under a cloud on account of defeat, they almost pass by on the other side—or to the Reservoir or some other wet spot.

Such is life! but as this article has already exceeded the limits accorded it, it is high time to tie it up. Accordingly we have a-corded it.

—S.

(To be continued.)

THE PIE-BITER.

III.

Maiden, with the hair of gold,
Maiden with those eyes of blue,
With face and form of perfect mould,
Tell me, can I hope to woo?
Tell me, maiden, tell me true,
How can I aspire to you?

III.

Sir, I see you like my eyes,
And admire my golden hair,
As for me, I doubt on pies;
Now, canst afford to take me where,
Any place sir, so that there
We can eat of pies a pair?

The maiden with the hair of gold
By her answer knocked him cold.

—B.

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

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

IV.—DINNER AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—SENSATION CAUSED BY THE SINGING OF A DESCRIPTIVE SONG, ETC.

LONDON, Aug. 8, '85.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Wales and I soon struck up a strong friendship, and it was evident that we entertained a mutual admiration for one another. It was that species of friendship which must exist between two individuals whose tastes and predilections are similar, and it could easily be seen that Nature had intended me to be a prince. This species of friendship was beautifully exemplified, I remember, Mr. GRIP, at the time when Mr. Charles Mitchell visited your fair city, and towards whom Mr. Johnny Scholes evinced such lively demonstrations of affection, even going so far as to present his brother in the bonds of the manly art with a thoroughbred purp. So it was with Albert E. and me. We soon became sworn chums, and after dinner, when Her Royal Highness left us to our wine and walnuts, we had a great time. H.R.H. produced several back numbers of GRIP, and read them out aloud, roaring over the quaint conceits contained therein, and vowing that when he came to the throne he would have your publishing offices transferred to England.



He intimated, over our third bottle, that there might be a vacant garter for the editor, and if his wink meant anything, I need not despair of seeing my present Christy, stiff replaced by a ducal coronet before a very great while.

"Y'know, ol' man," he said, "w'English can 'prishiate witanumor, but 'sarule we can't pr'dushe it. You can, and b'my hal'dome! you mush come overheret'shtay."

We conversed for an hour or two in the most amicable manner, singing "Wully brewed a peck o' maun" till the rafters of Buckingham Palace shook with the commotion caused by our rendering of the chorus "We arena' fou, we're no that fou," until we received an intimation that coffee awaited us in the grand drawing-room?

"M I a' ri?" asked the Prince, pulling his white tie into some semblance of propriety, "Thinksh I'm a' right, Gri'r, ole f'la?"

"Coursh you're a' ri," I replied. "Try and shay 'Er'sh Conshution, your Rihal Hoyness."

The test was pronounced satisfactory, and we joined the ladies.

There were, as it seemed to me, two Princesses of Wales, and dozens of duchesses, countesses, etc., each individual being apparently accompanied by her twin sister, and every article of furniture being duplicated in some most remarkable manner. In endeavoring to take a seat on one of two chairs placed close together, each exactly resembling the

other, I had the misfortune to deposit myself on the carpet between the two, but was speedily raised up by a gorgeous flunkey and placed upon a luxurious ottoman, and a cup of strong coffee was put in my hands. After a few mouthfuls of this potent beverage, I was astonished to notice that the duplicate duchesses, countesses, etc., had disappeared.



A very pleasant evening ensued, during which I entertained my distinguished host and hostess by singing "The Charge at Batoche," which was loudly applauded, and it would have done you good to hear the encomiums lavished on the author of the song. When I came to the lines

"Out rang the signal shrill, etc., etc.,
Charge! charge! charge!"

I dashed round the immense drawing-room, upsetting the duchesses and countesses, whom I affected to regard as the rebels in their rifle pits, in all directions with an old sceptre I had found, and which I utilized as a bayonet, till the applause was simply deafening, and feathers, fragments of lace, diamonds, and cries of "How clever! how realistic!" flew about on all sides. H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, who was present, I ran clear out of the room at the point of the bayonet, and I heard him bumping down the stairs in his retreat, yelling, "Police! Murder! Fire! Fetch a keeper! An escaped lunatic!" at every bump. The Gatling gun I represented with a sofa cushion, hitting a countess on the back at each shot, and raising a perfect cloud of pearl powder which looked very much like a puff of smoke. I bombarded a particularly fat marchioness with all the lighter articles of bric-a-brac I could lay my hands on. Some of these, I have discovered, were the property of the Duke of Edinburgh, and he has sent in a bill for breakages amounting to 7s. 6d., which I trust you will settle, and you might make out the cheque for seven and sevenpence. It will look better, and H.R.H. will appreciate the extra farthing.

The room was in a terrible state of confusion when I finished my descriptive song, but after the duchesses, etc., had been stuck together with court plaster, I was the hero of the evening, and I can assure you those nobly born ladies were not at all backward in evincing their admiration for me. Lady Maude—but no, sir, I will not reveal secrets such as these. The *Pall Mall Gazette* will never get your Ambassador's name into its columns as that of a highbred libertine. I shan't tell everything, but, you see, when a man associates with these British noblemen and aristocrats, he must, as a man of honor, and on the principle of doing in Rome as the Romans do, conduct himself as a bit of a blackguard.

Soon after midnight I was conducted to the

palace door by all the nobility present, and placed in the royal carriage, and, escorted by a troop of the Royal Horse Guards, was driven off to my hotel, having refused all invitations to spend a month at Buckingham Palace.

I found my table littered with visiting cards and letters of invitation from all sorts of swells, but these I shall be compelled to decline, as I must continue my travels after beholding the Tems and a few more of the sights of the world's metropolis. A certain crabbed old marquis intimated at Buckingham Palace that I might be gratified by beholding the interior of Newgate if I continued to conduct myself as I did at the palace, but the old ass was evidently jealous of my popularity, and I merely treated him with my well-known easy nonchalance and highbred hauteur, and having stamped heavily on his gouty toe, I squelched him with a frown.

I was soon in bed, and ere long was lost in the labyrinthine mazes of the land of dreams, in which Lady Maude—but no, never, never. —S.

(To be continued.)

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.



PHIZIOLOGICAL DISCOURSES.

I. NOSES.

Some of GRIP's readers, when they see the above caption, may probably remark: "Noses; blow 'em." While such a terse observation undoubtedly shows the "blower" to be a great and original wit, it also betokens a want of respect for that important part of man's anatomy, the nose. Such disrespect should never receive the countenance of any one desirous of seeing the right face put upon affairs. May the time soon come when the nose shall be elevated to its proper place in society.

The nose is known as the nasal organ, because of the snorous quality of music, and the superb nose-trills which it discourses during the stilly hours of night. As a leader in the world's fight the nose has no superior; a man need only follow his nose to accomplish any feat. This is its leading feature.

One thing the nose always resents from any one but its owner, a pull. The mouth may do its share (from a schooner of lager, or a pocket pistol), but the nose will have none of it; it says as plainly as it can speak: "eyes on, hands off."

Let the phrenological professors argue as they please about the seat of deep, bitter resentment, we boldly assert that its seat is in the nose. If any one disputes this statement, let him tweak another man's nose and await the result.

The nose is distinguished by the variety of its species.

There is the Roman nose. This variety of nose was invented by Julius Cæsar, a fighting man, and has ever since descended to most of the professors of the noble art, Wellington being a prominent example. Its most noticeable feature is its bridge, a veritable Bridge of Sighs on some people. Being so well adapted to receive a blow the Roman may be known as the Arch of Noses. Another variety is the Aquiline. This is its "go-to-meeting" name. It is commonly known as the Hook nose, and is largely affected by the Jewish fraternity. Its owner either deals in old clo' or diamonds; is rich, and ever willing to lend the "monish" when the borrower is willing to pay an outrageous interest. Such is the principal of the Hook nose gentry, and proves of greater interest to them than the borrower. This, reader, is a Jew d'esprit dragged in by hook or crook.

Then there is the Pug nose. This variety is most unobtrusive and unassuming. Wearers of the Roman sometimes speak disrespectfully of the Pug, forgetting that it has many advantages over other noses. It never pokes itself into other people's business; it is just the nose for a young man who is fond of kissing young ladies; it never runs the risk of dipping into a bowl of milk, and in a hundred ways the Pug displays its advantage over other varieties.

In vivid contrast to the Pug is the Snipe or Long Pointed nose. This is the Paul Fry of noses, and is eminently adapted for enquiring into other folks' business. Yet it must be admitted that its forwardness is sometimes of service to the owner, when it acts as a kind of buffer and strikes a post, thus warning the rest of the body of its danger. On the other hand, it may prove dangerous in informing his enemies who lie in wait around the corner of his arrival long before his eyes can see the ambush.

A most, in fact, the most remarkable variety is the Bottle or Brandy nose. I have a desire, in touching upon this nose to do so as lightly as possible, owing to its extreme tenderness and high pressure condition; fearful, that should undue weight be brought to bear upon it, there may be one blow up, and that its last. The Bottle nose is the outward register of the color and quality of the liquids that flow through the portals of the mouth below. It is also likened unto a light-house or fiery beacon which shines to show how little water flows beneath, and to expose the rock upon which so many people have been wrecked. In horti-cultured language the Bottle nose is a bulb that blossoms without bearing fruit; its further peculiarity being that it shows a higher stage of development during winter than in summer; the colder the weather the brighter the blossom. But we have done; a noted journalist once obtained heavy damages from a man who had cast damaging reflections upon the high tints displayed upon the journalist's nose. The man said the use of the glass had caused them; the journalist said the use of the glass on the part of the man had caused the reflections. Although the journalist won, as he should have done, the whole was only a glass case, and could be plainly seen through as one bearing on the nose and what one knows about it.

TITUS A. DRUM.

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.

WHERE THE SPORT COMES IN.

I'm a genuine sportsman, I am,
With the requisite patience and skill;
I can fish for a salmon or clam,
From a bear to a badger can kill.
I love most, though, to sit on a log,
And angle all day in the sun;
Though I catch but a calfish or frog,
I vow that I've revelled in fun.

When it rains I can sit there all day,
Though I catch not a thing but a cold;
On that log I'd be likely to stay,
Though my pants were to rot or to mold.
I must say that I get but few bites,
Omitting mosquitoes and flies,
Ants, and other such ravenous mites—
But a sportsman will fish till he dies.

There's the gadfly and black fly to kill,
The mosquito and deer fly to fight;
There's the cef fly that, go where you will,
Still obstructs both your organs of sight;
There's the wasp always nosing around,
And he makes one endeavor to shrink,
But the insects that crawl on the ground,
Are as bad as the winged ones, I think.

I have patiently sat on the bank,
A new hold for exploring black ants,
Brown spiders and sour bugs so rank,
Who made a highway of my pants.
I have fished on, unconscious and calm,
Midst the earwigs and bugs of each kind.
I'm a genuine sportsman, I am,
That, I wish to impress on your mind.

My tide of contentment is full
When the flies are so thick I can't see,
When my line from the water I pull
And fasten it high in a tree;
Then I jerk it, and tug all I'm worth—
And I fear that I swear at my luck—
When it snaps, and I find me a berth
On my back in the water and muck.

I pick myself up with a sigh,
From the nettles that sting to the quick,
And home in the gloaming I hie,
With such sporting most heartily sick.
I recount, with embellishment bold,
The grand sport I enjoyed through the day;
If the real facts in detail were told,
All the romances would vanish away. —W. H. T.



HE-RYE-IC RESOLVE.

Sandy.—The shops (hic) are a' closed; let's gang up tae yer frien' Tamson's, an' (hic) get a drap o' his whiskey.

Jock.—Did ye (hic) ever hae ony o' yon?

Sandy.—Na.

Jock, (pullin' a "face").—Its (hic) forty-rod! Come awa', (hic) then. We can only dee yince!

ON THE RISE.

"Leaves have their time to fall," says the poet, but wild strawberry leaves are on the rise just now, being utilized in such enormous quantities in making Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the infallible remedy for cholera morbus, diarrhoea and other summer complaints.



A RIEL UGLY POSITION.

A STREET CAR EPISODE.



CROWDED STATE OF THE CAR AS IT LEFT THE CORNER OF KING STREET.



CONTINUED DITTO ON ARRIVING AT BLOOR STREET.

A PRAYER FOR THE DUDE.

One day, whilst in a curious mood,
I met a fine, imported dude
Of air aristocratic;
He was, the truth must be confessed,
Most scientifically dressed,
From basement unto attic.

I spake: "If I myself obtrude
On you, ornate imported dude,
I do apologize;
But tell me, pray, how you your time
Fill up; as to that matter I'm
Most full of strange surprise."

He turned, ere I was well aware,
On curious me the ghastly stare
Of vacuity.
He scanned me with a stare as blank
As if I were some loose-brained crank,
Or strange monstrosity.

He passed his hand across the place
Where commonly the human race
Their cerebella stow;
But, ah! he lacked that very same,
This jumble only from him came,
"Now, weally, now, you know."

"O Common Sense!" I fervent prayed,
"Oh! make a swift, resistless raid
Upon the brainless crew;
Teach them to dress as other men,
Endow them with some brains, and then
Teach them to use them too."

"Intelligible cause to be
Their speech—oh! set us wholly free
From the incoherent loafers!
Transmogrify him speedily,
Amen! Oh! grant this boon to me,
A busy human gopher."

—F. W. L. S.

AUGUST.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

Now indeed are the halcyon days of the tramp. He toileth not, neither doth he spin. But there, I fear, stoppeth his resemblance to the lilies. He is homeless, yet careth he not. Beneath the umbrageous foliage of some spreading tree he sleepeth the sleep of the guileless and innocent. He dreameth of rivers of gratuitous alcohol, and is happy. The wants of his inner man are satisfied by the hand of the pitiful, and his external needs are few. Verily the tramp is in his glory in August.

The oyster quaketh in his little bed, for he saith, "Lo! my time draweth nigh, for there is an "r" in this month: yea, there is an "r" in Orgust, and soon shall I be delved from my retreat and start forth upon my wearisome round of church social festivity and Sunday school hilarity. I, even I, must furnish stews for thousands; and worse, the funny men will deride and mock me. Verily, I am to be pitied.

And the plumber walleth and gnasheth his teeth; and his tools rust in their places, and

his bookkeeper sleepeth at his post. But his day is not yet.

But the song of the ice-vendor is heard afar. For he seeth the great thirst that is upon the nation, and he reckoneth his profits on the toes of the centipede, which are five hundred fold.

And the big pumpkin smileth in his glee, for he anticipateth much glory at the coming fair.

And the minister goeth to a far country on his holidays, for his intellect is rattled by the vast strain of preaching the sermons his father and his father's father had written and preached before him. And he "doeth" Yurope, and when he returneth his daughters speak the language of them that dwell in Frawnce; yea, they speak it, yet would not a Frenchman recognize the tongue wherein they talk.

And now the bank cashier feeleth that a trip to Mexico would be of much benefit unto him, and he searcheth the vaults for the gold that is therein; for he taketh it with him, lest in his absence thieves should break through and steal. But behold! when he openeth the vault door, the manager hath been there before him, and hath departed with all the wealth to the domains of Uncle Sam. Yea, it is void! And the cashier rendeth his hair, for he hath been a day too late.

And the gentle maiden, who is gifted with much wisdom, donneth her flimsiest apparel and brightest hose, and trippeth to the hammock beneath the trees. And she springeth therein, but flops out on the other side. Yea! a hammock is but weariness and vexation of spirit to those who know it not. Yet finally doth the maiden deposit herself in it, and she is lulled to sleep by the murmur of the summer breeze. Yet in her slumber doth she not forget to dangle her foot over the side, that those who behold her may see the shapeliness thereof.

Then doth the poet begin to build an ode to summer; but lo! he cannot find a rhyme but "drummer" and "bummer," and his minstrel soul is rent with anguish.

Now—now—now is the time for this essay to stop.

THE BROKEN VOW.

IN TWO CHILLS AND A FREEZER.

CHILL THE FIRST.

It is midsummer in the great North-West. The thermometer registers 100 degrees in the shade, and all is solitude and calm. In the furthest corner of that vast territory is built a rude log hut, in the door of which stands a man, sunburnt and weary. His appearance betokens him a Canadian gentleman of the first water. What doeth he here, and alone? Reader, he is escaping a woman's vengeance!! He vowed a vow to a woman, and he, an avowed man, foolishly did not keep it, and

now he is paying the sad, sad penalty. He has travelled the world over to escape that woman's—tongue, shall we say?—well, retribution, but cannot dodge her. He visited China and hid himself in a crevice in the Great Wall, but she picked him out with a crowbar. He tried the caves of Elephanta and the ruins of Nineveh with no better success. Once he had almost succeeded in entering Thibet, but just as he was sneaking in by a side door a gentle hand seized him by the coat-tail and drew him back. The sheep runs of Australia and the barren lands of Patagonia had received his wanderings, but as surely had they received those of a woman, that woman, who kept close track upon him. And now we find him secluded in the very furthest corner of the Great, etc., etc., but strangely ill at ease. He goes within the hut, and soon returns with an axe and a choice assortment of sighs, of different size, and wends his way to the forest. Selecting a tree he attacks it. The hours speed on, and that axe still strikes on. As he raises his arm to make the 5,732nd stroke, a shadow falls athwart his manly brow, and a gentle voice murmurs, "Industrious woodman, can I assist thee?" Without lifting an eyelid, he gives one mighty bound and dashes into the heart of the forest. Who spoke? A woman, THAT WOMAN!

CHILL THE SECOND.

It is the trackless desert of Sahara. The time, high noon. The sun beats down its blazing beams upon the only living object to be seen on that broad expanse of arid sand. That object is a man. What doeth he here, and alone? Reader, he is escaping a woman's vengeance! He is bound upon a pilgrimage to Mecca. He toils on, and as the day advances he reaches one of those oases of the desert that are so thankfully met with by the traveller over Sahara's sandy plains. He rests himself by the side of the cool refreshing water, ever and anon sipping therefrom in thankful ecstacy. The wearied pilgrim slumbers. He dreams that at last he has rid himself of the avengeful one, and is living happy and content by Ontario's fair waters, when a sound is wafted to his ears on the hot wind. Ever alert, even in his dreams, he springs to his feet. A figure approaches. One glance of fifteen-lens power is sufficient. A hasty gulp of water and the oasis knows him no more. Who came? A woman, THAT WOMAN!

THE FREEZER.

It is Naples, gay festive Naples. Amidst the merry throng that promenade the Riviera De Chiaja may be seen a man dressed in the extreme of English fashion. His movements are activity itself, but a marked melancholy and a Wandering Jew sadness are perceptible around his lips and the corners of his eyes. Why this sadness, so utterly out of place amongst such gay and festive company? Reader, he is— Finding little to satiate the yearnings of his aching heart, he wends his way to distant Vesuvius. Arriving at its top, he heads for the principal crater, and seating himself, begins to muse. Wrapped in his reverie, he is unconscious of an eye piercing him through and through, and therefore observes not the rents thus made in his superfine clothing. At length he unwraps himself from his meditations, and is confronted by the owner of the piercing eye. No word escapes his lips, but a groan, wrung from his heart, trembles upon the air. One last, long, lingering look, and he dashes himself into the crater below and is lost to sight. What doeth the woman? "Throw herself after him," say you, gentle reader? Not so. She merely says: "Well, he promised to pay me that wash-bill, but he's gone now." Then she departed.

—TITUS A. DRUM.

Hanlan got wrecked on an Australian Beach, and he is now drifting on a Lee shore.

STUBBS' SEARCH AFTER MUSCLE.

I was sick. My very dear friend, Alphonso Rushumround, suggested that, judging from the symptoms, it was probably an attack of *cerebro-spinal meningitis*. I didn't feel frightened, although it sounded very bad, and I didn't understand exactly what was meant, but in fifteen minutes afterward I found myself standing before a physician. He informed me that it was only a case of *debilitatus corporis*, and advised me to take plenty of exercise, as that was all that was required. At first I was at a loss to know what kind of exercise to tackle, but I finally determined to acquire the art of roller skating. I even went so far as to purchase a pair of skates. I also put the skates on and tried to skate. It was a very rash experiment, and when I retired from the conflict I considered myself sufficiently mixed for baking; yea, I was even done brown.

I am fond of excitement, but if at any one exercise I receive more than three black eyes, one broken shin and half a dozen scalp wounds, I throw it aside as too tame—I discard it with scorn. I love excitement. But what I want is something that will distribute the excitement equally over the whole frame, in an impartial manner. Therefore I did not learn to skate on rollers.

When I again approached Alphonso in the matter, he said bicycling would be more to my taste. He said it would bring the muscles of my whole physical being into united action. It did. I purchased a bicycle, engaged a cabman to drive me out of the city to some nice, secluded spot, where I could learn to ride the animal without molestation, and astonish the street gamins with some graceful riding on my return home in the evening. Cabby said he would take me to Hamilton, but I objected; I didn't want to go so far into the wilderness. He then drove me out of the city three or four miles, and left me to my fate.

I had my "Guide," and it gave me explicit directions for mounting. I understood the directions quite well, and proceeded to raise myself into the seat, when the blamed vehicle wobbled over on its side, and I dived in among the spokes. I tried once more, and finally succeeded in mastering the thing, as I thought, and started off jubilantly for the city. I saw a very steep incline ahead, and resolved to let her glide down that grade at her own rate of speed. I have since thought that it was the very landlord of sheol who prompted that thought. About half way down we struck a stone. Ah! reader, let me dwell here, (I also felt like dwelling when I struck that boulder—as many a bolder man would,) but I could not even wait for the machine; I proceeded on alone, assuming at the same time, I presume, about the attitude of a flying squirrel. Then the bicycle arrived on time, at full speed, from the rear, and we both struck out for a race to the bottom. I was ahead just half the time, by my watch (which, by the way, stopped a short time before I did). I then took an intermission of one hour, during which time sundry rents were pinned up, and numerous other repairs attended to. A farmer picked me up and brought me home. I will now sell my machine at 95 per cent below cost, to a cash purchaser. All it requires is a new handle, one treadle, ten spokes, and a rubber tire (the small wheel will also require to be renewed). Reason of selling: I wish to purchase five dollars' worth of court plaster.

As a safer experiment I tried boating. Alphonso belonged to the R.C.Y.C. (Rye Cocktail Yacht Club), and I borrowed a single-soull sliding-seat. On entering the boat I felt somewhat timid, especially as I was not acquainted with the movements required. However, I felt that the lesson must be gone through, so I dipped the oars, stiffened my back, and prepared for a graceful push. I

pushed with my feet, but somehow didn't get the right step to the music, and the oars wouldn't work in unison with my pedal extremities. I shot back and forth half a dozen times, but the boat wouldn't move visibly. At last I got mad, and put on full steam, and the way I moved backward and forward in that boat would put to shame the piston-rod of the fastest locomotive that ever travelled. I made about 250 forward and retrograde movements per minute. The perspiration came dangerously near swamping my boat, and after all, when I turned my gaze to see what headway I was making, I found I had only gained about five feet. Alf's silvery warbles reached me from the club-house, ever and anon, and he shouted encouragingly to "keep her going, old fellow." At last it dawned on me that he was laughing at me, and I got hot—boiling over—fighting mad. I rose in the boat and shook my fist at Alf, at the same time emphasizing it with some good, plain Saxon. I was just in the middle of a round, hot sentence, when my footing gave way, as it were, and I went on an exploring expedition to the bottom. (By the way, I had heard that muscles grew in the water.) When I had been fished out and cleansed I was informed that I had not lifted the oars from the water during the whole contest. Alf then got into the concern and gave me an example in rowing, but I excused myself from again attempting the lesson, and said I would continue my course of studios another day. There is no doubt but that rowing is a health-giving exercise, and impartially develops each muscle; but the art of swimming should be first acquired, and after I have learned that I will be happy to take a second round out of a sliding-seat.

STUBBS.



THE OLD VERSION.

Wife.—I do wish, dear, that you would use the word *sheol*. It sounds less harsh!

Husband.—That may be. But our minister prefers the old version, and I tell you when I have stepped with my bare feet on these carpet tacks, a fellow wants the orthodox version!

A MOTTO FOR THE COUNTRY PRESS.

Life is all too short and job printing too cheap for fighting.—*Paris Star-Transcript*.

Alas! So true it is—oh! why the reason?

That rival editors will not forego

The fun of having, in and out of season,

Exchange of courtesies—what kind, all know.

"Exchange of courtesies," forsooth! 'Twere better

To call a spade a spade and so to fix

The term aright, and in display of letter

Say: "LIVELY JOURNALISTIC INTERCHANGE OF DRUCKS."

How nobler far, as reads the caption motto,

To say: "Well, now, I think I shall let up!

Fighting is fun, but still, I guess I ought to

Lay down the pon and start me to "set up!"

Life's but a span, oh! backwoods scribe pugnacious!
Give o'er the battle, bury all thy hate!
Destroy that stand'rous squib and in words gracious
Inform the world: "Bills printed while you wait!"

Say, would it not be worthier, prurer, higher,
To announce in room of keeping up the brawl:
"Now is the time to subscribe to the *Crier*—
The balance of the year is thrown in free to all?"

Ponder it well, now, belligerent brother—
Think how much calmer would the world's pulse thro',
If you would write, as angry thoughts you smother,
"A gratis notice goes with every horse-bill job!"

'Tis hard, I know, to let the other fellow
Have the last word and rail and at you scoff,
But take a friend's advice—in big type bellow:
"To clergymen and teachers one third off!"

And you, you other chap, eke quit your fooling:
No money's in your scurrying skits;
Wake to the fact that prices low are ruling—
Drop in upon your rival and cry quits.

Let each of you draw near, and o'er the chasin,
A hasty grip exchange, a hug perhaps—
Adopt these sentiments, each sane scribe has 'em:
"Too short is life and jobs too cheap for scrums!"

SETTLED.

A MUSKOKA LOVE STORY.

"How beautiful!" such was the involuntary exclamation that came from the lips of a tall young man who stood leaning on his rifle, and gazed upon the glowing Canadian sunset from the summit of a precipitous rock that cast its reflection upon the placid surface of one of Muskoka's charming lakes. Beautiful, indeed! Is there a country under the sun that can show such gorgeous, glorious, glittering and golden sunsets as Canada? We trow not. Canada may in some things be excelled; but in sunsets she can, in the language of a notorious divo, "lay 'em all out."

"How beautiful!" he repeated.
"Wall, I don't know about that, but I reckon I kin pass in a crowd; still yo needn't git into a conption fit about it if I am good-lookin'." And the young man, casting his eyes down whence the voice proceeded, to his astonishment beheld a rustic maiden, who returned his gaze with laughing eyes in all the artlessness of maiden innocence.

In her hand, browned but shapely, she held a small branch of tamarac on which were strung a number of sunfish; and as he looked upon her in her unstudied attitude, twirling her string of fish, the young man thought that lovely as the sunset was the maiden was still more beautiful.

"I—aw—I weally beg your pawdon—aw—miss; but when I spoke I was referwing to the glowious westwau sunset," replied the young man with hesitating accents.

"Oh," said the girl poutingly, "we do generally have western sunsets out here. I'll be dod derved if I didn't think that you was alludin' to me; who be you, anyhow, and where did you come from?"

Let us answer the question for him. Gerald Jeromiah Courcy O'Branigan, was the eldest son of Sir Blake Bodkin O'Branigan, of Spudd Castle, in the County of Galway and Kingdom of Ireland. The domain attached to Spudd Castle was very extensive, but for some years had not been a very profitable estate, inasmuch as one half the tenants wouldn't pay any rent, and the other half couldn't. Nor was Spudd Castle or its surroundings a very desirable place to reside in, principally on account of the aforesaid tonantry's desire to fill the bodies of the occupants of the castle with buckshot from the mouths of venerable and capacious "blunderbushes." Hence Mr. O'Branigan, after going to London and remaining long enough to catch the English "axint," came out to Canada to shoot, in preference to remaining to be shot in his native bogs.

To descend from the apex of the rock he stood upon to the clam shelly margiu of the lake, was but the work of a moment. True,

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A RATHER RATTLED BATTERY.

his knickerbockers were rent and torn by the projecting sharp twigs of the cedars, but he heeded not; the maiden had bewitched him.

"Fair girl," said he in impassioned tones, "in me you behold a jentleman of hoigh degree, (in his ardor he forgot his 'axint'). Ye have cast a spell, a magic spell, over me. Will ye fly with me? Leave this wretched land and fly with me across the ocean to Oireland, the gim of the say. In Castle Spudd all the luxuries the wurruld can—" Alas! before he could finish his extatic speech a cariboo fly, known in that fair land as a "bull dog," seized him by his left ear. With a shriek that shook the tall tamaracs in his vicinity, and made the surrounding hills resound, he plunged wildly into the cooling waters of the lake.

The maiden hesitated not. Dropping her string of fish, she kicked off her shoes, hung her hat on a huckleberry bush, rushed to the margin of the lake and—paused.

"There's another immigrant settled in Muskoka," murmured the merry maiden, whose turquoise eyes fairly sparkled with amusement, and shouldering her late admirer's rifle, she gaily tripped home with her string of sunfish.

—B.

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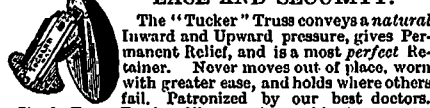
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