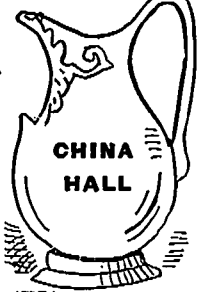



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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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The gravest Beast 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. P. 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.P..... Apl. 25.
 - No. 10, Mr. Thos. Greenway, M.P.P..... May 23.
 - No. 11, Hon. W. S. Fielding, M.P.P.:

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

AN EXPLANATION.

A number of our city subscribers have complained that a political partizan fly-sheet was distributed at their houses along with GRIP last week.

It is perhaps needless for us to say that the fly-sheet had no connection with GRIP and did not emanate from this office. It is not generally understood, however, that GRIP (as well as several of the other weekly papers of the city) is delivered in Toronto by employés of the Bill Distributing Company, and not by our own carriers. It sometimes happens--as in the present case--that fly-sheets are delivered by this company along with papers. We have the assurance of the manager of that company that the political document in question was not placed within the copies of GRIP, and its delivery by the same carriers was merely an unfortunate coincidence. We are thankful to our subscribers for having afforded us an opportunity to investigate and explain the matter.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The Franchise Bill now before the House of Commons only needs one thing to make it perfectly acceptable to the people of Canada, and that thing is the

Governor-General's veto. His Excellency has of course not been taken into account by the Ministry, or rather, his approval has been anticipated as a matter of course. Lord Lansdowne has done nothing that we are aware of to warrant the belief that he will give his sanction to this plain piece of partizanship, and sign away the liberties of the people in the face of the protests and petitions that have been presented. The assumption that the contrary is an insult to him, and one which we sincerely hope he will repel as it deserves

FIRST PAGE.—General Middleton has expressed himself as proud of his "boys," and well he may be. The gallant fight at Fish Creek and the brilliant charge at Batoche proved that British blood will tell wherever you find it, especially if the fighting forces are under the command of an officer whose personal bravery is an inspiration, as is the case with General Middleton.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The arch-rebel RIEL is safely caged, and now the interest of the affair begins. What will the Government do with him? The Mail says the law will take its course, and every patriotic Canadian trusts the statement. But it would be too much to suppose that no political effort will be put forth to thwart the arm of justice. Time will tell.

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

NO. 10, MR. THOMAS GREENWAY, M.P.P., MANITOBA.

The burly gentleman in our sketch to-day is the Leader of the Opposition in the Legislature of Manitoba. The duties of his position have not yet reduced him to very much of a shadow, for although it cannot be doubted that the Opposition in that House have a good and substantial *raison d'être*, they have never found it necessary to keep up debates for fifty-one hours at a stretch. Mr. Greenway is naturally disposed to take life easily, and if he has never made any great stir in the House it is due more to his temperament than to the virtue of the Norquay Government.

Mr. Greenway was born at Cornwall, Eng., in 1838, and came to Canada in 1844, where he was married in 1860. Up to 1878 he resided in the township of Stephen, Co. Bruce, where for ten consecutive years he held the honorable position of Reeve. In 1872, and again in 1874, he was a candidate for the House of Commons, but on both occasions was unsuccessful. His rival was, however, unseated by the courts in 1875, and Mr. Greenway went to Ottawa where he served his country to the end of the parliamentary term. He became a resident of Manitoba in 1878, and the next year was returned to represent the constituency of Mountain in the Local House. He has held the seat ever since. In politics Mr. Greenway describes himself as a Liberal.



Albert Aiken and his combination are entertaining the patrons of Montford's Museum in a round of sensational dramas.

The combined exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists and Canadian Academy is now open at the Art Rooms, King Street. The show is better all round than ever before, and will well repay a visit.

The Dry Goods Association are to be congratulated on the success of the Gough engagement. The old man eloquent did full justice to his great reputation, and fixed himself more firmly than ever in the affections of Torontonians.

A conversazione is to be held at the Normal School on Tuesday evening next in honor of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge I. O. G. T. It is whispered that Mr. Tom Hurst has an original song for the occasion that is likely to endanger the roof.

Messrs. Browne and Bengough's comic opera *Hecuba* is likely to see the foot-lights before long. Managers in the Old Country and the States have opened negotiations with a view to its production. Mr. John A. Fraser, Jr., has placed his clever comedy *Muddled* in the hands of a well-known and capable actor who intends shortly to produce it in this city.



Theatrical Manager (aside to dramatic author).—Ah, here is Mrs. Montmorency; this is the lady I intend for your heroine.

Dramatic Author.—But my Jessie is described as a slightly built young girl; this lady will weigh fourteen stone at least.

Theatrical Manager.—Quite so, dear boy, but everything is in the "make-up" now-a-days. As you say, Miss Montmorency will weigh fourteen stone, but she can "make-up" to seven.

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.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, May 6, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—I' ma last letter I tellt ye I was arrested on ma way hame tae ma boord-in' hoose by twa illiots o' detectives, wha were as prood o' their supposed capture as a dog-catcher powndin' some puir onfortunate innocent terrier dowgie. But when they tellt me tae ma face that I, Hugh Airlie, was a born forger, wi' a string o' aliases as lang as the ten commandments tacked on tae me like the tail o' a kite—losh! Wullie, it was mair than I cud stand, my bluid boiled, an' afore I cud get grip o' mase! I up wi' ma twa fists, shackles au' a', an' gae au' o' thom a whustle i' the nose that gart him stagger aff the side-

walk and sit doon in the gutter wi' mair speed than ceremony. Theither ane, gettin' feared, begood flourishin' a muckle baton; but afore he cud come doon on ma skull, I doon wi' ma head an' made for his stamack like a billy goat. The puir onfortunate deevil doobled up immediately wi' an' expression o' countenance that wad hae drawn pity frae the heart o' a stone. At that meenit up comes the sergoant an' wanted tae ken what was the maitter. "The maitter," says I, "is just this: Here's twa o' yer clever fellows shackled me—a decent warehouseman, on ma road hame frae ma employer's hoose—Tamson an' Tamson, tae wut, an' arrested me for a forger wi' a hunder an' fifty names, a' because I happened tae hae a grey coat on ma back. Gin that's no maitter eneuch, I'll be obliged tae ye gin ye'll tell me what can be waur." The sergoant laughed, an' said the forger was safe in the lock-up, but advised me tae wear ma ain claes after this. Wi' that he opened the shackles wi' a key an' ance mair I was mase' again. Fu' o' ma adventure, I flew hame tae ma boordin' hoose—but what was ma surprise tae find a' the boorders assembled in the dinin'-room an' the landlady greetin' an' roarin' oot that her hoose had been disgraced. The braw new lodger wha had sae generously lent me the grey suit was the vera forger I had been mista'en for. Noo, wha wad hae thocht it!

The excitement i' ma boordin'-hoose, hoovever, was na' a floe bite compared wi' the terrible steer an' commotion in oor warehouse the next mornin'. It was awfu'! Ye see, I had a wee bit bizness tae settle at the police court for assaultin' the police—although, as I telt the magistrate, it was them assaulted me, an' no me them. Weel, on account o' that, it was eleven o'clock i' the day afore I got doon tae the warehouse. As was nateral, I concluded they were handin' an indignation meetin' ower me bein' arested in sic an onlawfu' mairner, they were sae mony tongues gaun an' sic angry sounds comin' oot o' the office. I was just aboot stappin' in tae throw it on the troubled waters like, by tellin' them that I had been dismissed wi' a warnin' no' tae dae the like again, an' that the real forger was safe in government quarters, when I was strucken fairly dumb wi' the sight o' Tam—I mean Maister Tamson—comin' oot o' the office door, an' luckin' as if the warehouse had been a fire. He was in's sark sleeves, an' tryin' frantically to get his coat on, his pen instead o' bein' ahint his ear as usual was stickin' clean upright oot o' the croon o' his head an' he was jubberin' awa in sic a high state o' excitement that he couldna see that the sleeve o' his coat was outside in, an' as for me he glowered clean ower ma head the same as though I wasna there. "Serves us right," he was sayin', "we condoned his political crimes, and instead of kicking him out then, we returned him to power with a large majority. Serves us right!"

I began to jalouse that it wasna me that a' the steer was aboot, for by the time he got him smuggled inside o' his coat, he rammed his hat doon ower his een an' gaed tairin' oot o' the warehouse door like a man possessed. I cam tae the conclusion that the bank had broken, or some o' his customers failed, an' offered him five cents on the dollar, for the condition o' the man's mind was awfu'. Sae I just tied on ma apron an tuk ma broom i' ma hand an' slippit awa doon tae the basement. Gude sake! ye'd think the world had come till an end! There were a' the clerks, an' aboot a dizen country shopkeeper bodies, customers, a' gabblin' an' gabblin' like jucks round a water pump. Sic anither Babel, argyfein' an' jawin' an' lectirin' awa aboot the bill, an' the bill, an' the bill, till I thocht they had a' gaue bill daft. It was naething but a confusion an' medley o' "Indians," "Pagans," "atrocious outrage," "Poundmaker voting," "no appeal from his decision," "liberty muzzled," "Old To-morrow," "Barristers," an' gude kens a'

what, but at length an' lang I managed tae find oot that it was a' aboot the new Franchise Bill. Noo, what I think aboot it is this: Folk may forgie yu for spendin' their siller, an' wink at a gude deal o' political sharp practices in the slump, but when it comes tae handin' folk ower individually to the tender mercies o' a lawyer to say whether or no they gaun tae vote, is anither maitter, a personal maitter in fact, an' a proposal that pre-supposes anything but a free an' independent speerit on the part o' the electors. Ma ain private opinion is that Sir John mann hae hatched oot this bill somewhere aboot the wee sma' hours o' the mornin', when he had a drappie in his e'e, an' was dreamin' that he was the Czar o' Rooshia, an' Canadians a nation o' serfs.

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.



THE FRANCHISE ORGANIST.

SUCH IS LIFE.

AN AMERICAN DRAMA OF THE AFFECTIONS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—*Nathaniel Byles, a merchant; Jabez Johnson, his confidential clerk; Justus Mildew, a broker; Mrs Selina Byles; Mrs. Marian Mildew; clerks, sympathetic friends, etc.*

ACT I.

SCENE: *Nathaniel Byles' private office. N. B. discovered writing. Clerk enters with letter.*
BYLES.—Ah! what have we here? (*Opens letter.*) From my Marian. (*Reads:*

DEAREST NAT,—I have made every arrangement for our journey. Expect me promptly at the place of meeting. Justus suspects nothing. Yours ever, MARIAN.

BYLES (*loquitor*).—All goes well. This will be a little surprise party for Mr. Justus Mildew. Ho little dreams that before the midnight hour his wife will have gone on a journey with yours truly. But what keeps Jabez? He has been an hour away. Ah! here he comes! (*Enter Jabez Johnson with a look of alarm upon his features.*)

BYLES.—What has happened? Why this look?

JABEZ.—Have you not heard the news? Mr. Justus Mildew—

BYLES.—What! Has he heard of Mrs. Mildew's—that is, I mean—has he befallen some accident?

JABEZ.—Worse than that to you, sir. He has—eloped with—your wife!! (*Double-forte chords by the orchestra. Byles falls into his chair with a crash. Jabez rushes to his side.*)

BYLES.—Eloped with—my—wife! The villain! To rob me of my darling Selina. Jabez, this is too much. Leave me to my miserable reflections (*Exit Jabez. Byles paces the stage excitedly.*)

BYLES.—Fooled, and by Mildew! Curse him!! Just as I am about to relieve him of his wife he scoops me clean by taking mine. Tho' trick is clearly his with honors. However, I must not appear to be indifferent. I will, therefore, as did the villain in the old melodramas, dissembue. (*He kicks over several chairs, upsets a pile of books, and falls with a dull, sickening thud. Enter Jabez, and clerks from the outer office; they pick up their employer, and as the curtain descends form a mournful tableau round him.*)

ACT II.

SCENE: *Sitting-room in Justus Mildew's residence. Mrs. Mildew is seen seated sorrow-stricken on sofa in centre of stage surrounded by a crowd of sympathizing female friends.*

Mrs. MILDREW (*amidst sympathetic murmurs*).—Oh! (*tears*) Oh! Oh! (*more tears*) Faithless Justus! (*sobs*) Neglected! (*more sobs*) It will break my heart! (*hysterics*) What shall I do? (*more hysterics*) I wish I had never known him!! (*More tears, sobs and hysterics. As the hysterics increase the sympathetic murmurs grow louder. Enter servant with letter. Sudden lull. With a gigantic effort Mrs. Mildew opens it. Sympathetics retire to back of stage. Mrs. M. reads:*

MY MARIAN.—We have been badly left, but be not discouraged. Carry out everything as arranged. Half-past ten, Chink's Corner. I am as of old, NAT.

Mrs. MILDREW.—Ladies, (*sympathetic admiration*) this letter has much refreshed me. It tells me where I can find my faithless husband. To-night I go in search of him. (*Murmurs of admiration from the sympathetics as they gather around Mrs. Mildew, who passes as Victorious Indignation to the tune "O! Come His Eyes When I Catch Him," by the orchestra.*)

ACT III.

(*Six months have supposed to elapse.*)

SCENE: *The Promenade at Saltwaterville, a very quiet seaside resort. A blind man and two dogs discovered basking in the sun. Enter Mr. Nathaniel Byles with Mrs. Marian Mildew hanging upon his arm.*

BYLES.—Saltwaterville is delightful. We shall be unknown here.

Mrs. MILDREW.—Yes, Nat, we are almost alone. (*They seat themselves in centre of stage facing Prompt, and talk about the weather. Enter Justus Mildew and Mrs. Selina Byles, O. P.*)

Mrs. BYLES.—This is charming; so quiet and so lonely. We are almost alone, Justus.

MILDREW.—We have struck the very spot. (*They seat themselves in centre of stage, facing O. P.*)

BYLES.—I wonder who those behind us are?

MILDREW.—Who the deuce are the couple on the next seat anyway?

BYLES.—What if he should be Mildew!

MILDREW.—What if he should be Byles! (*They turn around cautiously and look each other in the face.*)

BYLES (*bounding to his feet*).—Mildew, by thunder!

MILDREW.—Yes, Mildew! What want you with him? (*Strikes intensely dramatic pose.*)

BYLES.—You stole my wife.

MILDREW.—And you got mine in exchange.

BYLES.—Your body shall find a resting-place for my bullets, sir! (*Pulls out revolver.*)

MILDREW.—Two can play at that game, sir! (*Pulls out revolver. Mrs. B. and Mrs. M. utter piercing shrieks, and throw themselves upon the bosoms of their respective lawful husbands.*)

Mrs. MILDREW (*looking deprecatingly at Byles*).—You monster of a man! Hurt my Justus if

you dare! If you do your eyes shall pay the penalty.

MRS. BYLES (*glaring ferociously at Mildew*). Touch a hair of my husband's head and I'll make you wear a wig the rest of your days.

BYLES and MILDEW (*together*).—By gosh!! (*This evidence of wifely devotion melts the hearts of the two husbands. They meet and shake hands.*)

MILDEW.—Forgive my hasty departure with your wife, Nathaniel.

BYLES.—Willingly, Justus, and I trust you as readily forgive me for my thoughtless retaliation.

MILDEW.—Don't mention it, Nat. It must have been an oversight on your part, I am sure. (*They shake hands once more, whilst the ladies kiss each other enthusiastically.*)

OMNES.—Then we are all happy!
(*Grand Tableau representing Unmitigated Happiness and Wedded Bliss, Little Cupids, Lovers' Knots and Red Fire.*)

CURTAINS.

—TITUS A. DRUM.

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

MR. MITCHELL'S CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

A BRIEF ESSAY.

There is a moral attached to the following very important dispatch from San Francisco: "Duncan C. Ross and Charley Mitchell had a dispute in a sporting house here the other night when the former said, 'Mitchell, I could whip you if I had you in a room,' and the latter replied, 'Well, you have me now.' Ross took his coat off, and made a feint at Mitchell, who met him short, knocking him across the room and stunning him."

Roderick Dhu imagined he was going to have a soft snap with Fitz James, but it will be remembered that

"Thrice the Saxon's sword drew blood,"

after which Mr. Dhu retired from this worldly scene and the blavsted Englishman flapped his wings and crowded. The Scottish motto is, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," a Gaelic sentence signifying "Nobody (smaller than I am) insults me without getting slugged." The English motto is a Greek one and runs thuswise: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," and means "Evil will surely happen to him who thinks he can best me." Now, Mr. Ross could not have had Mr. Mitchell's national motto in his head when he made that speech as above quoted, and doubtless imagined that he, the champion hippodromist of the world, would only have to show a bold and bluff front to Mr. Mitchell to cause that poor fog-saturated Britisher to wilt up like a little faded flower. As the two gentlemen happened to be in a room when Mr. Ross said what he did, it is clear that something was wrong with Mr. Ross. He should have said, "Mitchell, if I had you on the top of Mt. Vesuvius, or on the Rialto at Venice, I could whip you," but the foolish fellow indicated the very locality where the two happened to be, and the result was such as to put Mr. Ross to sleep for a time. The lullabies that gentlemen like Messrs. Mitchell and Sullivan sing are not such as are heard in nurseries, but they are very effective, as witness the present instance; one moment Mr. Ross was wide-awake (not as wide-awake as he should have been, however) the next he slept; slept as calmly and sweetly as an infant.

Now, the moral of all this is very evident: though it may not be a judicious thing to do to insult a Scotchman with an impunity (whatever that is—some kind of a gag about oats or kail brose, presumably), it is decidedly

unwise to insult an Englishman of Mr. Mitchell's calibre, at all. Messrs. Ross and R. Dhu both came off second best in their game of bluff with the hated Sassenach.

Mr. Mitchell, as a representative of the British lion, (who is playing such havoc just now in Afghanistan and the Soudan, and the tail of whose coat you must not tread upon,) could not brook the taunts of the gentleman from the wee sma' land ayont the Tweed, and the consequences were as sudden as disastrous to the countryman of Roderick Dhu and bonnie Charlie.

Mr. Ross must now console himself with the thought that he is only a third-rate player at the manly game of bluff whatever his qualifications may be as an all round athlete and hippodromist. As Mr. Mitchell may possibly return to Toronto, and as he, being an intelligent gentleman, always reads GRIP, I have spoken just as nicely about him as I know how to.

I have said.

—S.



A COLORABLE EXPLANATION.

Mrs. McTagg—(*to stairhead acquaintance, whose eye has been darkened by a kick from her husband*).—Peety me, what's that on your e'e, Mrs. Dunn?

Mrs. Dunn—(*shortly*).—It's juist a bit shae bleekning, Mrs. McTagg.

HOW HE WAS SOLD.

A FACT, SLIGHTLY COLORED.

Little Jack Flatpurse is as familiar an object to Torontonians as St. James' spire. Everybody knows him and he owes and knows everybody.

The following conversation was overheard on King Street the other day. Jack was talking to a friend.

Jack.—I don't suppose any fellow was ever so confoundedly sold as I have been. I'm mad enough to kick myself.

Friend.—Why, what's the matter, Jack?

Jack.—Well, I ran my face at a butcher's on Church Street for a week's grub. I was to pay him on Saturday. This all occurred last October. Saturday came and of course I'd no money, so ever since that I've been going about twenty blocks out of my way—for there are only certain streets I can traverse—a la Dick swiveller, every day, sometimes three times in the course of the twenty-four hours, to avoid passing that diabolical butcher's shop, for I knew he'd dun me—evorybody does. I calculate I must have walked over two hundred miles—see for yourself—a mile a day, eight months—to avoid that beast of a butcher.

Friend.—Well, but how were you sold?

Jack.—Wait, I'm coming to that. Yesterday I plucked up courage to pass the fatal

spot. Ye gods! what d'ye think I found? The old butcher shop and several more houses adjoining pulled down and new edifices in course of erection, and on making enquiries I found that Liveranlites—that's the butcher's name—had moved away to the west end on the Monday following the Saturday on which I promised to pay him, so there I had been for eight months dodging an evil that had no existence, sir, and wearing out shoe leather all because that fiend of a butcher never told me he was going to move. Tough, eh? I must slope, old fellow, I see old Sands, of Sands & Saccharin, the grocers, coming, and I guess he'll want to speak to me, and I hate talking to these fellows on the street. By-bye.

—S.

SOCIETY HUMBUG.

SCENE: Mrs. Jumpd'uppe's ball-room, brilliantly illuminated. Dancing and general society nonsense going forward. Mrs. and Miss Umbuge seated in a retired corner.

MISS UMBUGE.—And the spoons and the plate, generally, ma, I know was second-hand, because I saw it at Mrs. Bustup's sale. Didn't you remark it?

Mrs. U.—Of course I did, my dear. I should be the last person in the world to notice such things, if people only knew how to behave themselves; but just because her husband happens to have got into Parliament—and heaven only knows by what means he got there—but never mind, dear, they will doubtless have to starve for the next three months to make up for to-night's display.

Miss U.—And a miserable one it is, after all, ma; the supper was not eatable, and the champagne was gooseberry, I'm positive.

Mrs. U.—Hush, dear, here comes the old fright.

[Mrs. Jumpd'uppe advances towards where Mrs. and Miss Umbuge are seated. The latter sidle up to her radiant with smiles.]

Mrs. U. (*obliquing Mrs. J. d'U. to sit down*).—Now, you must rest a little. You are killing yourself for your friends. Besides, I have something to say to you. I must thank you for the great pleasure you have afforded us. I never was so much amused in my life—and your exquisite supper—so *recherche*.

Mrs. J. d'U.—Oh, you flatter me—

Mrs. U.—No, my dear Mrs. Jumpd'uppe, no. Really you have done wonders. Your taste is evident in the smallest detail. Everything is so charming.

Miss U. (*naively*).—I can't praise Mrs. Jumpd'uppe, ma; I must scold her—positively scold her. She is very naughty.

Mrs. U. (*reprovingly*).—Bella, Bella!

Miss U.—Well, ma, so she is. She excites envy in our breasts, and that's a sin.

Mrs. J. d'U. (*benignantly simpering*).—Sweet flatterer!

Mrs. U.—Ah! I shall never cure her, I'm afraid. Her heart is always on her tongue. She is such a creature of impulse. (*Da capo.*)

CITY SOUNDS.

I SCREAM.

Hark! the tooter tooteth
His tin horn,
As around the town he scooteth
Every morn.

Ice cream it would seem
Is his everlasting theme;
But his wares are not enticing,
We have had enough of icing;
What we want is something hot,
And the tooter hath it not;
And who in this cold season
Would buy his victuals frozen?

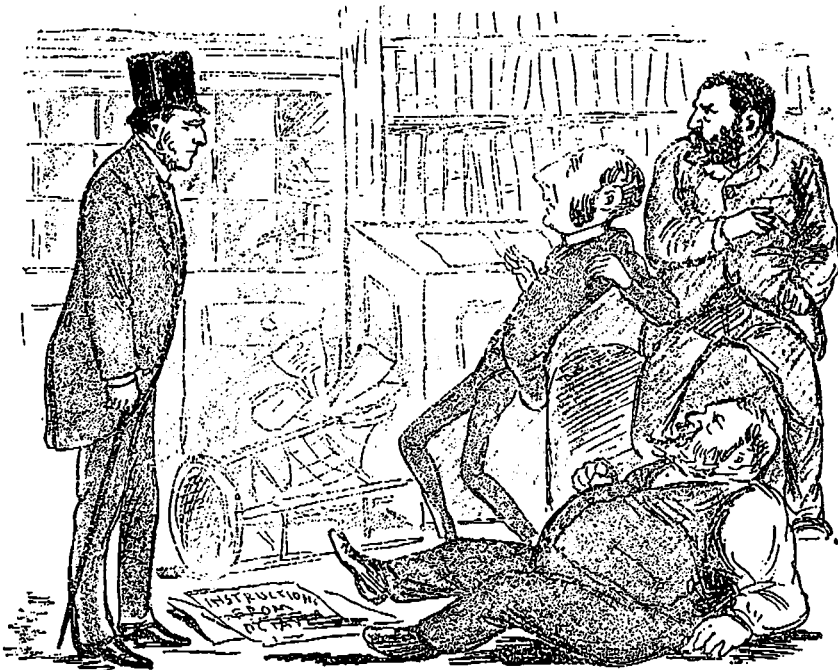
It don't suit,
So lets hoot
The galoot
With his toot,
With his tootle, tootle, toot.

—B.



FLATTERING TO THE GOV.

Sir John.—I am going on the assumption that you are a mere Figure-head—that you will sign this as a matter of course.
The Governor-General.—Indeed! And what do you suppose I'm here for?



A STARTLING SUGGESTION.

Mail Subscriber--(entering the sanctum of that journal).—If this Franchise Bill is not what the *Globe* says, why not print it in the *Mail*?

[Sensation among editors.]

PADDY'S BROGUE SPOILT.

My Jennie hae twa hazel e'en,
And hair to match, begorra;
Her purty feet and graceful mien
Hae stiole me heart, och worra!

Sure if me brogue be Scottish mixed,
Braid like a Burns' sonnet,
Ye will perceive how I am fixed,
When ye know it's love that's done it.

Frae Scotia fair is my colleen,
The land o' brose an' galle,
First I'm from that Isle so green,
Of praties and the baillie.

I call her my ashore machree,
"Faith, you're the divil, Paddy",
And then she, wi' sich bewitchin' e'e,
Calls me her bonnie laddie.

She spakes about her "Scots wha hae,"
Of burnies, brans, and heather;
And I discourse on "Patrick's Day,"
As we gang aft thegither.

Ane nicht ower muckle brow, ye ken,
As we gang wi' thegither,
"Och marry me!" says I, "swate Fen",
Says she, "Gae ask me mither."

Sure spoilt intirely is me brogue;
Me friends and near relations
Will take me for some foreign rogue,
And quit their invitations.

—J. T., Jr.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

II.

THE QUEEN'S PARK (CONTINUED).

Proceeding onwards north and by west half north, we come to the monument erected to the memory of the gallant volunteers who fell at Ridgeway. At this time this memorial erection will be viewed with the greater interest, as the present troublous times in the North-West cannot fail to call to mind the Fenian raid in the "sixties." Ridgeway was a decisive victory for our troops; of that there can be no doubt, and though all the engagements that have so far taken place with the rebel hordes of Riel have been claimed as resulting

favorably to General Middleton's followers, there are not wanting sceptical people who remark that some of those victories closely resembled defeats. It does not look much like a victory when the enemy, not by any means dislodged from their position, step out when our men are retreating, and yelling derisively and defiantly, invite the latter to come back. But different people have different ideas concerning victory and defeat.

We walk round the Ridgeway heroes' monument and admire the effigies thereon of the gallant sons of Mars—and, doubtless, pas as well—and having squeezed out a tear or two, pass on to the colossal statue of the late George Brown. Here we may possibly overhear (over here, you know) a conversation similar to that which saluted the ears of the writer on one occasion. Two old Scotchmen were discussing the many good qualities of the original of the statue before they came in sight of it.

"He was a gran' mon, Sandy," said one.
"He waur that, Donald," replied his friend.
"We'll no see the likes o' him again," and then, coming in full view of the statue, Sandy added, pointing to it, "and yon's the mon you meant."

Of course no one ever supposes that a Scotelunan would be deliberately and in cold blood guilty of perpetrating a joke, especially so superfine an one as the above, but the Scottish race, though possessing a certain kind of "pawky" humor, are not what may be classified as a brilliantly witty people, but are excellent butts for true wits (we are blushing) to exercise their Heaven-given faculties upon.

To the north of the Brown statue—which is not exactly brown, but bronze—are seen dense groves of trees, shady knolls, woodland and glades. On a summer's evening, as the shades of night are falling around, the visitor, in wandering through these umbrageous retreats, might almost fancy he was in close proximity to some swamp or morass through which herds of cattle were passing, so frequent is that sound resembling the pulling of

a hoof out of clinging mud. It is not a smack; it is not a dull thud. The man has not yet been born who is capable of describing in black and white the sound of osculation. Gifted as we are, we confess our inability to do it. This sound, the intelligent reader will doubtless have surmised, is caused by the gentle dalliyings of the numerous lovers who here do mostly congregate. It is, on a soft July night, actually a grove sacred to Cupid.

Around the Park runs a carriage-drive which is said by competent judges to far surpass in every way the celebrated drive round Hyde Park in London. Certainly the equipages are more stylish and gorgeous, and the liveries of the grooms and coachmen perfectly dazzling. That our citizens are by no means backward in their ideas of what a coachman, in order to give that dash and *comme il faut*-ness to a turnout, ought to be, no one can doubt after reading the following advertisement clipped from a Toronto paper, and which is only one of many:

WANTED — COACHMAN — ENGLISH — SINGLE, about 25, who can milk and assist in gardening, and who will make himself generally useful.

That many of the coachmen who tool their spirited teams around the drive are engaged in the multifarious employments above indicated is evident. The dinge in the plug hat made by pressure against the side of the cow during the operation of milking, is not infrequent, whilst the garden soil and manure on the boots show that horticultural pursuits are not neglected by them. It is also evident that the same liveries are made to do for successive relays of coachmen, as we have ourself recognized the same coat with armorial bearings—usually a butter-firkin rampant with the motto, "O leo; marga rine" (Spanish), or some such thing, on three different and distinct Jehus at three different and distinct periods.

Some time after six is the best to view these splendid and fast-flying equipages, or on a Saturday afternoon, for then the wholesale shops are closed, and the happy proprietors, Toronto's aristocracy, casting aside their aprons, pens, etc., etc., rush to their stately mansions and call out the dashing chariot.

Sunday in Queen's Park is devoted to spiritual exhortation and spirituous condemnation. The faltering Christian obtains encouragement from the lips of all sorts and classes of men, and the Anti-Scott Act people get everlasting fits. The Band Stand (elsewhere mentioned) is metamorphosed from a gigantic bedstead into a pulpit, and it is safe to say were some of those who utilize it in its former capacity to be subjected to the discourses of those who make use of it in the latter, they would slumber even more soundly than they do as it is.

For the admirable order, display, neatness and taste which meet the eye at every turn in the Queen's Park, probably ex-Alderman John Irwin, for many years Chairman of the Park Committee, deserves more thanks than any one; and as no one else deserves any, and as more than nothing is an unknown quantity, the intelligent reader is left to calculate to what amount of thanks Mr. Irwin is entitled.

And now, having briefly described the glories of this Blyssium of the Queen City, we will take leave of it with many sighs, and next week will endeavor to bring our feeble language into play concerning King Street, or some other public place of note.

—S.

(To be continued.)

A SECRET.—The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions. It cures all scrofulous diseases, acts on the blood, liver, kidneys, skin and bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek.

HALF HOURS WITH THE POETS.

L—d B—n.

WITH ALL APOLOGUES TO CHILDE HAROLD.

Roll on, thou drunk and dark blue peeler, roll,
Thy baton now thou whirlest quite in vain;
Thou art conquered by blue ruin—self-control
Hath ceased with thee: the whiskey-watery hane
Doth mar thy course; nor dost thou now retain
One sign of human reason, save alone
When for a moment with thy night and main
Thou clingest unto some lamp-post with a groan,
Without thy helmet hat thou't then: thou't drunk—
hegone!

The Peeler makes a break.]

His steps shake on the path: the bat he wears
Is but a sport for him: he doth arise
And kick it from him; the vile gloss it bears
For contract prices he doth all despise.
Spurning it from the pavement toward the skies,
And sends it shivering in his playful way
Into the gutter, where perchance it lies
Till, stumbling over it as well he may,
He falls beside it—there together let them lay.
—Swiz.

THE WILES OF THE OBSTRUCTIONIST.

MR. GRIP:—

Dear Bird of Freedom and Fun,—I write you in an excited and indignant state.

But pray do not be personally alarmed. I have no evil designs on you—for various reasons. Nor do I propose to order you to stop my paper—which, I believe, is half a year in arrears.

I write you in the interest of our common country and the integrity of our Government. I am a recently appointed office-holder, let me explain right here. I entirely disapprove of embarrassing the Government. Now, situated as I am, I can calmly and reasonably protest against a policy of worrying the administration. According to my view of public affairs, there is no sense in annoying the Ministry.

You will, I am sure, as the exponent of Right and Truth and Reason, cordially agree with me so far.

Well, what do we find? We find—I answer myself, being in a hurry and anticipating your able response—that Sir John and his Cabinet are being factiously worried; that they are being causelessly harassed; that they are being subjected to needless labor; that their loyal, patriotic and entirely disinterested efforts to steer the good ship of state clear of threatening breakers into the safe harbor of—of—of another term, so to speak, are being wilfully, flagrantly, shamelessly obstructed.

I will content myself with giving one notable and altogether convincing case in point.

Of course you know the Fergus News-Record. You doubtless watch eagerly for its coming each week. Then your keen eyes will have sighted the article in last week's issue from which I quote in frenzied haste the subjoined:—

"It is easy to understand why the dodging bungler would like to see the session brought to a close. It is easy to understand why the great incompetent shrinks from the lash when his culpable mismanagement of affairs in the North-West are brought under review. It is easy to understand the necessity that the arch-trickster feels for such political advantage as his party may derive from his monstrously partizan Franchise Bill. All this is transparent as glass, and can be seen through by any one. But what astonishes people is that the unscrupulous Premier, instead of attempting to muzzle the Opposition," etc., etc.

There! Listen to that! Can you conceive of anything more viciously factious? more designedly obstructive?

Right in the very middle of the most important period of a long session of Parliament—when Sir John, after almost super-human effort, has succeeded in prevailing on a dominating Opposition to let him introduce Government measures, when he is about to satisfactorily solve the North-West problem, do a small and tardy measure of justice to the poor but deserving Pacific Railway Co., and reconcile his attitude toward his long-suffering but patient Quebec followers with the views of the Toronto News—right in the middle of all this,

I say, a violent and headstrong journal jumps up and calls him three bran-new names, to wit: "Great Incompetent," "Arch-Trickster," "Unscrupulous Premier"—which are not put in capital letters for the simple reason that the big type in the office has run out owing to a press of job-work!

There is nothing left for Sir John, after his copy of the News-Record reaches him, but to rise wearily, retire slowly, and in the seclusion of his private office, bring out his scrap-book and paste-pot, duly enter and index under the heading of "Titles, Orders, etc.," this Fergus man's powerful editorial, and forthwith order new visiting cards with "G. I." "A. T." "U. P.," added to the other symbolical letters attached to the Right Honorable name.

Thus is the Patriot Heart lacerated! In this way is a progressive Premier's onward march rudely checked!

After this fashion do the foes of expeditious legislation work their demoniacal arts!

And yet there are some people who soberly wonder what keeps back the business of the House!

Oh, Liberal editors, give us fewer epithets and more local news!

Yours in equal parts of anger and anguish,
ANTI B. ILLINGS GATE.



OH! OH!

(Scene—West-end drawing-room. Swell, who has been paying court to eldest daughter, has just called, and little sister has been sent in to amuse him until the other is ready).

Little Sister—(looking intently at Swell's "masher" collar).—What is debt, Mr. Woodhead?

Swell.—Er—debt is—well, er—if you owed me a kiss, that would be a debt.

Little Sister.—Oh, how funny! And do you call your tall collar a kiss?

Swell.—A kiss? Er—no. But why do you ask?

Little Sister.—Because I heard mamma tell sister that she mustn't encourage you, 'cause you are up to the ears in debt. I thought it was your collar.—Glasgow Bailie.

WAR.

BY ONE OF THE RESERVE.

How glorious is war, grim-visaged war,
The rolling drum, the brazen trumpet's blare,
The burnished bayonet glistening in the sun,
The deadly rifle and the keen-edged sword;
The rumbling, thundering field-piece, and the steel
Pawing the grassy turf: impatient he
To dash impetuous in the furious charge.
Forward, ye brave ones, forward to the fray!
What though the trail be long, the weather cold;
What though your haversacks do not contain
But frozen pork and hard-tack, for your chuck;
The blazing bivouac fire will cheer you up

(Providing always you've a chance to halt).
And then you'll get your whack of good hot tea.
If not, then forward, forward still my braves,
And keep it up, until the next bright morn
The bugles sound the halt. Oh, glorious war!
Camp-kettles steaming in the frosty air;
Thaw out your pork and crack your hard-tack up,
And make a breakfast fitting for a king.
Oh, glorious war! Forward, then, my braves!
The Indians and the half-breeds are in front—
The fight commences, some of you may drop.
Ah, there goes one! And now another! well,
Your country looks upon you (from afar);
'Tis yours to die or die, 'tis mine to stay
And read the papers and get all the facts
Of all the deeds of valor you've performed,
Beshrew me! but I do admire your pluck!
But no camp-out for me! not much, oh no!
No bayonets and no buckshot; no salt pork
For me—because indeed I like mine easy;
But yet I do like to hear of glorious war.
Forward, then, soldiers! nobly do or die!
While I remain at home and praises sing
To our brave troops, and thee, oh glorious war! —J.

A PARONOMASTIC MORCEAU.

They sat in lover-like proximity at the starboard end of the sofa, twittering sweet nothings that were carried up to the throne of love on platters of priceless pearl, by cupids with iridescent wings that gleamed in the golden smile of Venus with drops of ambrosial dew.

"That's a beautiful morceau, isn't it?" she murmured, with boarding-school ecstacy, as he quoted some gem of poetry.

"Ah, yes," he answered; "more so than anything I've seen for some time."

Then a great horse-blanket of infinite silence fell upon them.—The Hatchet.

"I hear young Crimsonbeak has been acting at your theatre," said Yeast to a theatrical man. "Yes, he has," replied the man addressed, with a world of meaning in his looks. "How did he act?" "About as bad as a man could act!" "You don't say!" came from the white-haired philosopher. "What part did he take?" "Well, you see, he was acting as treasurer for the company, and when he left suddenly he took the largest part of a week's receipts!"—Yonker's Statesman.

OLLA PODRIDA.

ROUGH AND TOUGH ENOUGH.

The authenticity of the following is vouched for, and certainly the bookseller's answer is just about as rough on the "Ambitious City" as they make 'em. *Voilà* the anecdote. A gentleman dropped into a certain book and news dealer's store and enquired of the proprietor whether he had the London Free Press.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"H'm; well, have you the Hamilton Spectator then?"

"No, sir," replied the dealer, "we don't keep any village papers."

THE DENTIST A PARADOX.

Externally the dentist is
A modest man; from inside cheek
His living's made; again his "bitz"
Stops people's jaws that they may speak.

The dentist, too, makes teeth of bone
For those whom fate has left without,
And finds provision for his own
By pulling other people's out.

FINE OPENINGS FOR EDITORIALS JUST NOW.

We are on the brink of a precipice, etc.

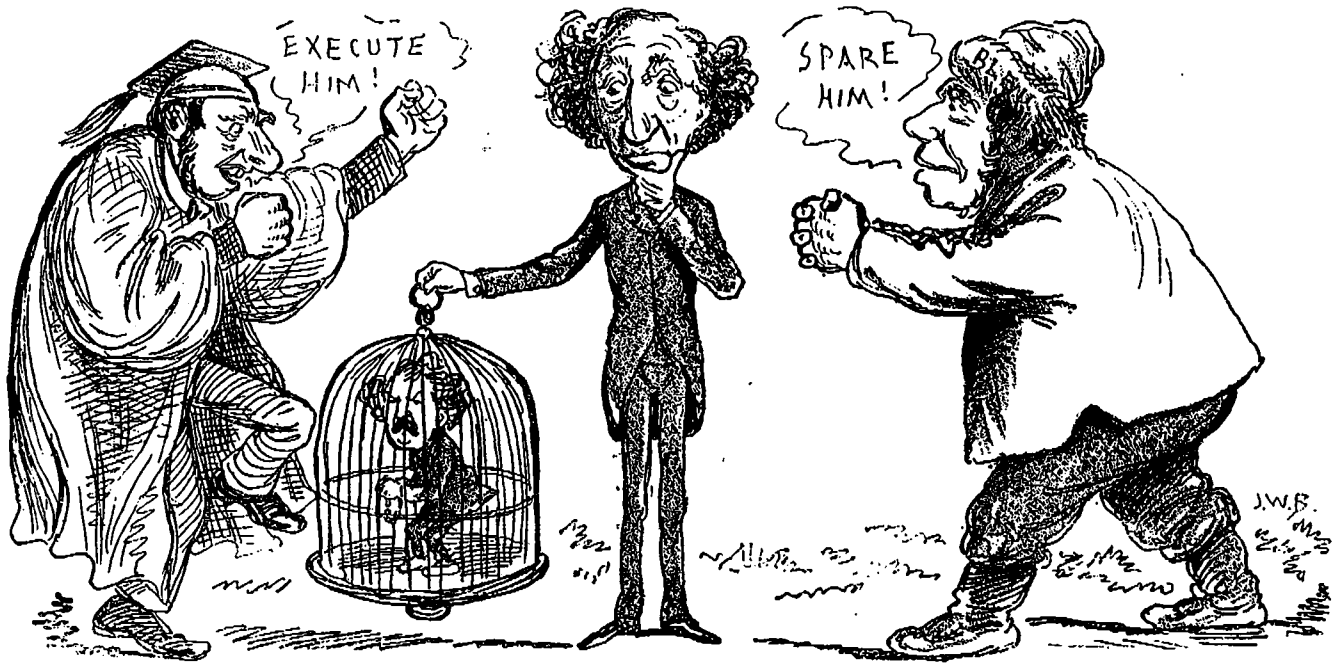
When we survey the state of the North-West, etc.

Affairs have at length arrived at a crisis, etc.
The latest telegrams from Winnipeg indicate, etc.

Sir John A. Macdonald reminds us of the man in the fable who, etc.

That our volunteers are not wanting in courage is amply evinced, etc.

Society and also endorse the. In sample copy of "Photographic Punch," a monthly comic showing the magazine containing 32 pages of illustrations. Photographic Punch is published weekly. The office is at 107 King-street West, Toronto. Address: J. Fraser Bryce, 107 King-street West, Toronto. THE ONTARIO PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY, Head Office, 38 Avenue; Branch, 26 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.



WHAT WILL HE DO WITH HIM?

Engineering. Five dollar present to all joining class during May and June. Certificates granted, and situations provided. School teachers and advanced students will find this a very valuable school to attend, and should once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages for now offer. Shortmanagers should send for application form to our Corresponding

Shorthand, Type-writ- ing, Bookkeeping, Com- position, Commercial Arithmetic, English Grammar, Writing, Languages, Matriculation in Law, Medicine, Arts and Civil

THE VOLUNTEER.

From North-West icy prairies
To Egypt's burning sands,
His record never varies
When duty's call commands.

By fools he has been mocked at,
"He is," they say, "no use";
Been sneered at and been talked at,
No words but of abuse.

But now in time of action
He's seen in different light;
He's shown the traitor's faction
That he can march and fight.

One must be fool or blackguard,
Who now will dare to sneer
At one who's proved no laggard—
The Canadian volunteer!

--B.

LOVE TALK.

Fred sat with Amy underneath a tree,
And both were happy, as betrothed should be;
And, toying with her hair to sweeten time,
"Help me," he said, "dear Amy to a rhyme;
I want one sadly, jingling well with 'kiss'—
No—Amy—no—a new one, and not 'bliss'."

"Not 'bliss,'" said she, "the easiest rhyme I know;
But since thou wilt not, trifter, have it so,
What can I do? Look in mine eyes and see,
And for one word disarranged, I'll give thee three,
And all the three combined shall mean but 'bliss'—
Look at me, Fred, and own it-- kiss this miss!"
--Swiz.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



5 GOLD MEDALS
Awarded in the Dominion in 1893-4 for
PEERLESS
AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:
TORONTO.

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

LEAR'S

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

R. H. LEAR.

MORSE'S SWEET BRIAR, BOUQUET, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCESS-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 TOILET SOAPS
ARE PURE AND THEIR
PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING.

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

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

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

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 107 Yonge-street, Toronto.

TENTS and Camp Furniture. All kinds for Sale or Hire. Send for catalogue. Tent and Camping Depot, 109 Yonge-street, Toronto.

COOK'S AUTOMATIC POSTAL SCALE.

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

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