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VOLUME XXV. }
No. 1. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 4TH, 1885.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



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MILKING THE BULLS IN THE MOUNTAINS

• GRIP •

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

Published by the Grip Printing and Publishing Company of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance. All business communications to be addressed to B. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUH, 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.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST. F. N. BOXER, Agent.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The public debt of the Dominion of Canada is growing to fabulous proportions, but our people will wake up some morning before long to find that there is very little of the fable element about it. To speak with studied moderation, the financial management of our affairs is outrageous. Money is voted away—or, to speak more properly, thrown away—as if our population were twenty times what it is and our wealth unlimited. We cannot wonder at this when we send persons to the House to “represent” us who shout “Carried, carried!” before a motion is read out, and who are ready to vote for anything, however monstrous, providing only that the proposal doesn’t come from the “other side” of the Speaker. Citizens of Canada who haven’t had time to look into our present situation, may be reminded that our population is now about 5,000,000 and our debt close on to \$300,000,000.

FIRST PAGE.—The late by-elections in East and West Algoma, East Simcoe and Lennox were all carried by the candidates of the Mowat Government. It isn’t every Premier who enjoys the felicity of quadruplets.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The immortal Bard of Avon was no doubt inspired by the *Mail* editor when he referred to the Leader of the Opposition at Ottawa in the words we have quoted.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

The Dominion Day special number of GRIP, with its gorgeously-colored Cartoons and spicy reading matter, has made a decided hit. Congratulations upon its fine appearance and literary merits are pouring in upon us to such an extent that we are in a prolonged blush. We will be glad to supply copies to those who have not yet secured them. Price, 10 cents.

THE VOLUNTEER'S RETURN.

Air—“*Partant pour la Syrie*.”
It was the young and brave Bill Smith
Set out for Mou’to-bah;
But first he called on Mary Jones
To interview her pa.
“Oh! grant, immortal Poll,” he cried,
In words extremely fine,
“That when I to this place return
You swear you will be mine;
That when I once more homeward come
You vow you will be mine.”

“I swear, dear Bill,” fair Mary sighed,
“That I’ll be true to you;
And you declare, sweet Willy-um
To me you will be true,”
Here pa broke in, and said to Bill,
“She shall be true, I swear;
For thou art bravest of the brave,
And she’s the fairest fair.”

BILL:
“Yes, I’m the bray-ay-ayest of the brave:

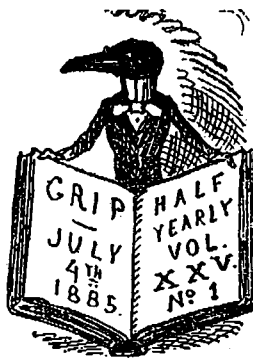
MARY:
And I’m the fairest fair.
Bill went away to North-West lands;
His bayonet he imbrued
In half-breed gore; at breakfast he
Ato Indians for his food.
And when the war was o’er, he came
To rest his weary bones
In his Toronto home, and claim
The hand of Mary Jones.
He homeward came to rest his frame
And claim fair Mary Jones.

I here must mention that before
He went to war away,
He had engaged a curate meek
To wed him on the day—
When he and Mary should be one,
He had it nicely fixed;
But, lo! when he from war came back,
He found things badly mixed—
Behold, when he once more came home,
The thing was badly mixed.

He called at Mary Jones’s house,
No Mary met him there,
Though he was bravest of the brave,
And she the fairest fair.
Her pa came to the door and said,
“Bill Jones, our Poll has sloped;
With that Reverend Curate she has wed,
And they have both sloped—
With that curate you engaged to tie
The knot for you she’s sloped.”

—S.

VOLUME XXV.



The present issue of GRIP is No. 1 of Volume XXV. In other words, the Bird has completed his Twelfth year—and, as he looks about from his lofty perch, and contemplates the history of comic journalism in Canada, he cannot but feel that he is getting to be quite patriarchal. None of his predecessors that he knows of has been fortunate enough to live half of twelve years, and at the present moment he is the solitary representative of Momus in the English speaking Canadian press. There is room here for an inference of a very self-sufficient character, were GRIP a fowl of the conceited order. Everybody knows he is far from that, and he does not hesitate to admit that amongst the defunct comics there were those that possessed just as much ability, and did just as good service as he. The reason why they failed and he succeeded must be left to the philosophers. Perhaps some of the learned members of the Canadian Institute will be good enough to read a paper on the subject some of these evenings and settle the question once and for all. Meantime, GRIP’s own theory is that his phenomenal success is due simply to the fact that the Canadian people believe in him. They believe that he is an honest and sincere lover of his country, and that his pictures and print are influenced only by considerations worthy of true patriotism. The shrieks sometimes raised against GRIP by corruption-gorged partizans, loud just in proportion to the truth of the attacks he makes upon them, only serve to make honest men more firmly his friends. Everybody is quite sure that GRIP’s pencil and pen owe no allegiance to any political

pope, and cannot be governed by any self-seeking clique or party. Hence his power with the great public, a power at which rascals may well tremble as they do. While GRIP tries always to be fair and right, there can be no doubt that he sometimes makes mistakes. To err is human—and it is also Raven. But in such cases, unlike the party organs, he is candid enough, when the error is pointed out, to make such reparation as is in his power. He never knowingly misrepresents the facts of current politics, and his Twelve Years of solid progress would seem to indicate that his deliverances are in the main what he intends them to be, truthful, just, and considerably to the point.

HE WOULD HAVE HIS JOKE.



Fred Flashington and Jack Chippenham were fast friends; of that there’s no doubt, and rented furnished apartments together, but this friendship was often put severely to the test by the conduct of the latter, who was an inveterate practical joker and whose, often somewhat idiotic, jests annoyed his friend in no slight degree.

One thing that cemented the bonds of sympathy between these two was their love, common to both, of being well dressed. In this matter they agreed to perfection, and though a faint

rivalry existed between them concerning which should turn out the most complete “swell” from top to toe, their common taste but drew the links of friendship the closer.

Two articles of apparel these young gentlemen were extraordinarily particular about and would have nothing but the very best of their kind, imported expressly from England for their own especial delectation and gratification. These articles were their silk hats (“stove-pipes” or “plugs” or whatever name best known by) and their French patent leather boots; for the former article they never dreamt of paying less than 32 shillings or \$5 a-piece, whilst the latter invariably cost them from three to four guineas the pair, to which prices must be added the amount paid for importation.

To tell the truth, these two young fellows looked exceedingly well when “dressed to kill,” as Jack termed it; they were both about the same height, size and build, and in many other respects resembled one another; but in one they differed—Jack loved practical joking, Fred detested it, and he wished with all his soul that he could cure his friend of his mischievous propensity.

The favorite resort of an evening, for the hour or so immediately preceding bed-time, of these two was the Raleigh Club, an institution whose members were mostly young fellows of the age of our friends and who met every night in the club smoking-room to spend an hour or two in puffing the smoke of the fragrant weed (said to have been discovered by the gentleman from whom the club took its name) and in chaffing one another.

The rules of the Raleigh Club expressly intimated that any member making use of the smoking room in the evening should appear there in smoking cap and slippers. All clubs have their rules, and this was one of those of the Raleigh.

Of course, Jack Chippenham was in his glory in this smoking room, and indulged his love of joking to the utmost. Fred, however, was much quieter and more decorous in his conduct, though he was known to be possessed of a reasonable fund of dry and sober humor.

One evening the smoking-room of the Raleigh was pretty well filled, both with smokers and

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

VII.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Perhaps the next place in Toronto worthy of a visit is the Zoo on Front Street West, and though we are averse as a general thing to giving free "ads." to any business establishments, yet as this Zoo is zooposed to combine instruction and amusement for the visitors, we might do a verse thing than notice some of its principal features, for certainly one of our principal features will notice one of its ditto as soon as the spacious precincts of Toronto's Zoological Gardens are entered. These gardens, being the centre of attraction to all zoologically disposed visitors, appeal powerfully to the scenter of such visitors, that organ being at once attracted by the Oriental perfumes which assail it as its owner enters the grounds, having previously deposited twenty-five cents with the door-keeper, for which he is regaled with fully five score scents in return. A poetical visitor is once reported to have remarked that the fragrant atmosphere of the Zoo so played upon his imagination that he could almost fancy some unseen hand was swinging a censor through the air, so delicious were the perfumes which saluted his olfactory organs. Who nose but that he was a satirical cynic who, in the guise of a flatterer, was actually a censor himself? At any rate the gallant proprietor of this great aggregation of unparalleled curiosities—an alderman, a patriot and a lecturer—fancied he detected some covert sarcasm in the poetical visitor's speech concerning the censor and the incense, and became very much incensed himself, and declared he could see no sense, sir, in such nonsensical hifalutinism. Biff!

It is not our purpose to enter into a detailed account of all the wonderful denizens of tropical and hyperborean climes that throng the vast area of the Zoo; (practical illustrations of the two extremes of climate mentioned are to be seen at any time—the great Polar Bear ascending a pole—from which he takes his name—being an illustration of an Arctic climber, whilst the monkeys running up the gymnastic appliances provided for them ably demonstrate what a tropical climber is like;) but a word or two concerning a few of the most notable animals, past and present, may not be, as the fishwife was when asked for a certain fish she hadn't got; "out of place."

Time was when a huge Russian bear, yclept Peter the Great, tenanted a cage in these gardens. He is dead; he "petered" out some time ago. Peter had a bad reputation in life. A visitor once offered him his arm in the most polite manner possible. Peter took the gentleman's arm—and ate it, and though the visitor imagined he was playing a very harmless joke, he speedily discovered that it had turned out to be a very practical one, and though he now has ample accommodation for laughing in his sleeve at the result, he feels far too much out up to do so, and far more in the humor for making a doleful "stump" speech.

Disciples of Darwin are here afforded every opportunity for verifying that great scientist's theories, and half-an-hour before the monkey cage will convince him that Charles' theory was about as sound as they make them nowadays, and though he may feel somewhat humiliated when he reflects upon his ancestry, the thought that many human beings at the present time are not, apparently, half as sensible as these animals, may afford him some slight measure of consolation.

A splendid specimen of the Lion—with his lady—is to be seen in this unprecedented and mammothian collection of transcendent and stupendous specimens of the brute creation. On his cage are the words "Felis Leo." See that you stick to this advice and do no more, for though it is perfectly safe to "feel his leo,"

smoke. Jack was there, but Fred had not yet arrived. All the members were in the costume prescribed by the rules and regulations of the club—i.e., slippers and smoking caps, whom in sauntered Fred, "got up" regardless of expense, with the newest and glossiest of fashionable tiles and the very naggiest and brightest of patent leather boots (for the two young chaps had received one of their periodical consignments of these articles on the previous day), black frock-coat, lavender trowsers, white waistcoat, lavender kids and an exquisite button-hole bouquet.

"I say, old fellow," called out Jack, "this won't do; against the rules, you know," pointing to the hat and then to the boots.

"Oh! well," replied Fred, "I forgot; won't matter for once."

"Well, look here," continued Jack, "you mustn't do it again or, by Jove! I shall be compelled to do something with those boots and that 'tile.' Don't know what it'll be, but something awful you know."

Fred knew that this was no idle threat of Jack's and that the latter would like nothing better than to damage his faultless head and foot-gear; but he said little more, and after smoking a cigar he and Jack went off to their apartments.

Next evening the smoking-room of the Raleigh presented an appearance very similar to that it had borne on the preceding night: Fred was again absent till nearly 11.30 p.m., when in he suntered, slowly and listlessly, and—horror!—with silk hat, patent leathers, etc., etc., just as he had appeared the evening before.

"Now, look here, Fred," cried Jack Chippenham, "I warned you last night about those things; you heard me, gentlemen," turning to the other members, "I must keep my word, and I look to you for assistance: seize him," and he sprang towards Fred, who was speedily overpowered by numbers, though his resistance, somehow, did not appear very desperate, and laid on a sofa and his hat and dainty boots removed.

"Gentlemen," cried Jack, "put this hat up there; here is a revolver; now, then, let us make a sieve of it," and in a very short time the glossy *chef d'œuvre* of a celebrated British hatter was riddled with holes, and more closely resembled a colander than a head-piece for a "swell" young man. The patent leather boots were ripped and slashed and finally placed on burning coals in the grate (for a small fire was usually kept up in the evenings, more for its cheerful appearance than for warmth), where they were shortly reduced to ashes.

Fred looked on at the work of destruction with a philosophical and complacent air, whilst Jack shouted out, "Thus do we serve all who treat the rules of the Raleigh Club smoking-room with contempt. Never mind, Fred, old man; cheer up; there'll be another hat out in a month or so."

"Oh! I'm not fretting," replied Fred, "why should I? it wasn't my hat."

"Not yours!" cried Jack and many more, "not yours? whose was it then, in the name of all that's wonderful?"

"Yours, Jack," replied the imperturbable Fred.

"And the boots," cried out a dozen voices, "the boots; weren't those yours? whose were they?"

"Jack's," calmly answered Fred, "I borrowed them out of his room to come over here with. I knew he'd do what he said last night, and really I want to cure him of his nonsensical jokes. I guess he's out of pocket about \$25 by his fun."

Jack's face was a picture. He didn't know what to do, the laugh was so entirely against him. Idiot that he was to be so gulled by the quiet Fred! But the deed was done; he had destroyed his own hat and boots in a most unjustifiable manner and must make the best of

it, so with a brief Good-night he took his departure, and has never since been so anxious to inflict the penalty due to disobedience on any member of the Raleigh Club who may be guilty of an infraction of its rules and regulations. —S.



IRISH.

Young Lady Philanthropist.—Have you any children?

Mr. Murphy.—We have.

Y. L. P.—Well, would you have any objection to their attending my little cottage Sunday School?

Mr. Murphy.—O, ma'am, it cudden't! It's o'ny three wakes old!

MR. BEATTY ON THE FRANCHISE ACT.

"Mr. Beatty's defence of the Revising Barrister clause was that the duty might safely be entrusted to a profession so wise and just as the legal one."

Mr. Beatty, he made such a very long speech, For it printed six columns and more, And in periods emphatic he sometimes did screech And he sometimes did stamp on the floor.

And he proved in a way that indubitable seemed To each member with hopes from Sir John That of all the good bills of which poets had dreamed, This bill was the most excellent one.

And he thought the red Indian the franchise should hold, For the lowly uplifted should be, And that if he should vote as the Government told It would teach him quite docile to be.

Then I grant the Reviser, who has to revise, Can do very much wrong if he would, But just think who he is. He's a barrister wise, My profession so noble and good!

We could scarce such a job to the clergy entrust For we know there have hypocrites been; And for doctors, their record is not always just What we wish it had always been seen.

Then some merchants too sharp in transactions have been, I'm afraid there's but one class to trust, There's no instance where lawyers were known to be mean, You'll admit it. I'm sure that you must.

When we give, as you see, full control to one hand, Who shall vote, or shall not vote, and when Against him no appeal, save he chooses, shall stand, We must choose irreproachable men.

Otherwise cooked-up lists they might always prepare For the men who employ them and pay, But when lawyers are chosen, you all are aware That they never give people away.

Then a faint "What a whopper!" was he rd passing by, Mr. Beatty turned round with a frown; But a note from Sir John, "You've about pumped it dry," Sat the West-Torontonian down.

it would be a rash and reckless act to attempt to "feel his pulse," and one that would soon bring you to a paw. The lion has wonderfully muscular hands, and uses them with remarkable dexterity, but if you wish to raise his ire, merely tread on his tail. The manner in which a lion retorts when thus insulted by having his tail trodden upon is an admirable example of the law of tit for tat, or *Lex talionis*, and one in which his majesty of the forest seldom comes out second best. It is one of the best *Cautal* lectures in the world.

No visitor should leave the Zoo without inspecting the Woolly Horse, an ante-diluvian creature of the period when the Dodo flourished. Mr. Piper's specimen was dug up from the rocks at the foot of Mount Arrow-root, and it is gratifying to us to think that Noah's good sense, and his idea of the survival of the fittest, deterred him from taking such a creature into the Ark with him. The wildest flights of fancy indulged in by a patient sufferer from an attack of D. T. could scarcely conjure up a more weird and phantasmagorical beast than this woolly equine, which is apparently one-quarter mule, one-quarter sheep, three-eighths fraud, with an eighth of horse to wind up with. The Prince of Wales (not the cetacean in the glass case) when in Toronto was shown this extraordinary steed, and was pleased to observe that he had never seen anything like it before; and it is altogether just to suppose that he never had. After saying this, he turned to the great showman, Mr. Piper, and observed: "You should certainly encourage the colored people of your city in every way. Mr. Piper, I have heard that you do so, and that you are an especial pet of theirs. Do all you can for them; get some of them into the Civic Council, and probably before long one of that dusky race may sit as Chief Magistrate of Toronto." "I do all in my power for them, your Hoyal Rightness," replied the Canadian Barnum, slightly flustered, "but I fail to see what advantages would accrue from our having a negro chief magistrate." "You don't see!" remarked Albert E. "Why, you silly fellow, you would then have a mate for your Woolly Horse; you would have a Woolly Mayor."

Mr. Piper has, ever since this conversation, been assiduous in his attentions to our colored population, and has read deeply of the Works of Lord Bacon in order that he might get an insight into the proper treatment of the sons of Ham.

We will now leave the Zoo and go somewhere else.

(To be continued.)

THE WOOING OF THE LILIES.
A WARNING TO COQUETTES.

In yonder pond, with bulrush shores,
And matted, marshy grasses,
I saw a house with rooted floors,
Peopled by fairy lasses.

And in and out each pretty fay
Trooped froe, in busy motion,
To flirt, coquette, and coyly play
With hearts of deep devotion.

A tadpole loved with ardor strong
One fairy dressed in white;
He sang to her his sweetest song,
And wooed her day and night.

His love-songs proved of no avail,
His sighings or his tears;
She angrily pulled off his tail
And gave reply in sneers.

A sad, sad sight he swam away
To herald forth his fate,
And night by night, and day by day
His story to relate.

You hear his dismal croaking now
In every pond or bog;
For when his tail grew well, I vow
He then became a frog.

The nymph and all her sisters now
Live lonely lives each day;

No lovers at their feet low bow,
Or ever pass their way.

Their beauty vanished long ago,
And still grows daily less;
Yet each retains in pristine glow
Her gold or milk-white dress.

And when each year we see them rise
To win from earth a mate,
Experience warns us to be wise
And shun the tadpole's fate.

—W. H. T.

AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Night before last, after I had registered at the hotel and been assigned "the last room in the house"—I use the language of the hotel clerk—I went into the dining room to tea.



After I had regained my confidence among strangers, and curled myself up in as abject a manner as possible in the presence of the head waiter, I began to look around me for an opportunity to beam on some unprotected woman with my sunny smile. It is not my custom while travelling to smile on one in whose heart a hope might spring up to be dashed to earth by my departure. If I have caused pain in that way I did not intend to do so. I can joke and carry on and have a real good time, but I do not wish to inspire in any breast a hope which may be blasted, ah, alas! too soon.

It was not long before I discovered a beautiful blonde of the female sex at the farther end of the room beneath the chandelier. Her skin seemed to be of a delicate sea-shell color, and her hair was corn-colored. Her clothes also were entirely new, I should judge, and made especially for her. On her finger she wore a diamond ring with perfect ease. She knew just how to work that finger in order to get the most possible glitter out of her diamond. Every little while I would look over there and revel in her beauty, and I thought that she was not entirely insensible to my charms. Still she looked at me in a kind of a half reproachful manner, which gave me the idea that I did not know whether it was intentional or not.



All that evening she was in my mind. I dreamed that night that I swooped down upon

her and carried her away to the remotest boundaries of the world in a special car. The next morning I awoke hungry, for I didn't eat much supper the evening before. I went down to breakfast, waiting and fooling away my time, hoping that she would come while I was in the breakfast room, and I would fill myself up with the beautiful vision and a cup of coffee.

Anon she came. She sailed into the room with calm disdain and an air of *hautcur*, and such things as that. The head waiter waived his hand like a self-acting duke in a theatre, and gave her a seat at my table. A thrill passed up through my graceful and delicately molded spinal column, and I laid down the vulgar sausage with which I was about to feed myself when she dawned upon me.

I ventured then to look across the table at her in the full glare of the new-born day. (Stereoscopic views of this last sentence will be forwarded to any address at \$1 per glare.) The first thing that I discovered was that she hadn't put her yellow wig on straight. It was a little higher on one ear than the other, which gave her the air of a young man who has over-monkeyed with the flowing bowl. This showed to the casual spectator a glimpse of her own moth-eaten, sage brush hair peeping out like the faded tail on an old buffalo robe.

Then I knew that we could never be more to each other than friends. Her nose was red also, and she had not been properly kalsomined. In the hurry of dressing she had missed her nose with the powder-rag, and that organ—meaning, of course, the nose, not the powder-rag—loomed up robust and purple in the ghastly waste of cheekbones and other osseous formations.

Ah, what a pain it gave me to see my beautiful vision fade thus before my eyes! Then I thought how I had smiled upon her the evening before, and how, perhaps, a new hope had sprung up in her heart, and I feared that when she knew it was all over between us the shock, at her time of life, might kill her.



I left my hot pancakes, with the maple syrup all over them, and fled. Out into the din, mad world, trying to stifle the memory of that broken heart. Should she see these lines I hope she will not think bitterly of me. I still admire her as a well-preserved ruin, but love in such a case would be a hollow mockery.

JUST now every one wants a new cool summer hat, and if there is any object in saving twenty per cent, the purchaser should let nothing prevent him from going to K. WALKER & SONS', as they import direct from the makers.

A careless compositor resembles a sea cook inasmuch as they both make "pi" in the galley.—*Lynn Union*.



EN ROUTE.

[With Apologies to the Artist of the War News.]



SOME CONSOLATION.

Hon. Minister Pope (confidentially to working man).—Don't be alarmed, my dear fellow, that this money will flood the labor market with imported labor. Mighty little of it is paid for passage money of emigrants, I can assure you!

THE LAND O' BURNS.

We have been favored with a copy of a little work bearing the above title, by Dr. Campbell, of Seaforth. The Doctor is well known as a *litterateur* in the western section of the Province, and the subject he has dealt with in the present case is well-fitted to inspire any Scottish writer to great efforts. It need scarcely be said that Dr. Campbell has done himself and his country justice. The typographical work of the book is very neat, though it boasts only paper covers. The publisher has strangely omitted to state the price per copy. This is the most serious error we are able to discover, but it can be easily rectified.

SMITH

CAUSES TWO ARISTOCRATIC LOVERS TO FALL OUT.



Sir Reginald Eglantine Montague Came, of love brimful, to court and woo The Lady FitzAuriolo Portescue; These two

Were soon to be wed, and Sir Reginald came To talk over things with his future dame Concerning the honeymoon; such is the game When aflame

With love of lovers. "Now what's to be done Dear Lady FitzAuriolo when we're one;

I think it would be highly excellent fun To shun

"The usual trips that a wedded pair Do always make; and folks will stare At people just married; now, I declare And swear

"That it really would be more delightful far, And the novelty, too, would add an *elair* To the thing if we went to Niagara; Hurrah!"

"Oh! no," cried the lady, "a constant plague We should have with those Yankoes whose ideas vague Of surnames would prompt them to say 'Montaig,' Montaig!"

"For Montague he'er an American yet Could say; and 'Montaig' isn't known in our set. With mortification your eyes would get quite wet, My pet.

"Moreover, they'd speedily find out who I was, and they'd never say Fortescue, But Fortesk instead, for they always do; Boo-hoo! Think you

"That you'd like to be called 'Montaig,' indeed, By men of a common republican breed? To awful chagrin it would certainly lead; Take heed

"And mind what I say. I should cry with shame At hearing so mangled our fine old name." So spake Sir Reginald's future dame, All aflame.

"The Yanks," said Sir Reg, "are a horrible lot And of Britishers' names don't know what's what. But where shall we go? to what happy spot When the knot

"Is securely tied? On the Continent Of France let our honeymoon days be spent." "Oh! no," said the lady, now all intent, "If we went

"To France then 'Milor Montarg' you'd ho With Johnny Crapaud, as you'd speedily see." "I have it," cried Reginald, "now an idea Strikes me;

"We'll go to France and thus will I do; I'll spell my name so—Montague, And yours shall be thushise—Fortescue; Hurroo!"

"You silly fellow, why that won't do," Says the Lady FitzA., "for I thought you knew That Frenchmen have not, all their alphabet through, A 'W'.

"They have no such letter." "Then what's to be done? Is there never a spot 'neath the stars or sun, To which we can go for our honeymoon fun?" "Not one,

"At least with such names as we happen to bear; We might go as plebeians, well, anywhere. What name shall we take? Brown? Wilson?—there, Don't swear.

"I know that it's hard for a swell like you, Whose blood is of such a cerulean hue That it's darker by far than deep indigo blue, Montague,

"To assume any name that recks loud of the shop, Or is borne by those Betties who trundle a mop. To Wilson from Montague would be a hop! Stop!

"I have it; now here is a commonplace name I see in this paper; attached to the same Is another, of sweldom the *creme de la creme*. No shame

"Could ever be ours if we put on the shelf That Montague just for a month, dear old, And Goldwin Smith you might call yourself. Of pelf

"That first name rings."—"But the 'Smith,' dear maid! Of that horrible 'Smith' I declare I'm afraid, For 'Smith' is so low." "I must be obeyed," She said.

"If I can be Smith, why you can too; So forget, for the present, your Montague; 'Smith' is certainly vulgar—but 'Goldwin,' shoo! It's blue,

"It's aristocratic, I do declare, And gives the Smith a cerulean air." "Well, I won't be Smith; no, I won't, I declare. So there!"

Cried Sir Reginald Eglantine Montague, "I wouldn't be Smith for an hour or two, Much less for a month—and that Goldwin—pooh! Pooh, pooh!"

"For Smith by itself is a terrible evil— Though perhaps a shade better than Maggot or Weevil— But with swell Christian names added on—it's the devil. Don't snivel;

"I will not be Smith; no, not spelt with a 'y' It's the name of a trade; of a trade, miss. Oh my! Shall I ever bear such a name? Not I! Good-bye!

"Your suggestion's an insult: I leave it to you Whether now we can ever be one; never—two; So, Lady FitzAuriolo Portescue, Adieu!

And he bent his neck like an osler wyth! And the love of the twain became as a myth, Because he had far too much vertebral pith To be Smith.

No; its far too clear that an aristocrat Could not for a month bear a name like that, For Smith—be it Goldwin, or Mickey or Pat, Or Smythje or Smyth is vulgar and fat And simply S-m-i-t-h—that! —S.

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

By the way, a passage in one of Shakespeare's plays is often misunderstood, and the divine William cribbed it from a speech of our old friend Diogenes. The story concerning it is as follows: A brother tramp of the philosopher, being out in the cold one night, attempted to creep for warmth into old Dio's hogshead, but the sage, not relishing such companionship, and being jealous of the other, flew out and thumped him on the streets of Atheus, and tore his ragged habiliments even worse than they were already fractured. Away went the tramp and told the sergeant of that Police Division, and pointing to the hole in his vest, exclaimed: "Behold the rent the envious casker made!" This is the real thing, and Bill ought to have given the papers of Diogenes' time credit for his steal.

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

STREET CARIANA.

Ladies, true womanly women, always pity the sufferings of poor dumb animals, as the following little anecdote or dialogue will prove. It actually occurred, and the scene was a crowded Sherbourne Street car; time, between 4:15 and 4:35 p. m., Saturday, June 20.

1ST LADY.—I do think it would be such a shame to run Sunday cars as some of those horrible newspapers suggest; so hard on the poor horses, you know. I'm sure they work quite enough through the week, and this street is so steep and quite a drag all the way up on the poor animals.

2ND LADY.—Yes, indeed, but I must get out here. (Car stops on the south side of Gerrard Street, and the poor horse has to use all his strength to start the car on the incline. Just as the vehicle is fairly under way, the tender-hearted Lady No. 1 stops it again on the north side of the street and gets off, having saved her precious "limbs" the fatigue of walking five yards and given the "poor horse" as much labor in starting again as if he had drawn the car a dozen blocks.)

If these very sympathetic women would only get some one who knows about such matters to "post" them concerning the amount of force necessary to be used on the part of a horse to start a heavily laden car on an incline of say 1 in 35, they might be a little more considerate of the noble animals, instead of "giving themselves dead away" as Lady No. 1 did in the foregoing instance.

Oh, yes! ladies are very thoughtful, and do pity those "poor horses" so much—but it don't look like it.



TANGLED.

Sobersides (in charge of his friend).—Now, then, look where you step!
Boozer.—Tha' (*hic*) tha's jus' the trou (*hic*) ble; I can't (*hic*) step where I (*hic*) look!

DR. JOHNSON IN CANADA.

"Sir," said Boswell, as he and his illustrious companion strolled down Johnson's Lane, and found Mayor Manning's gate barring their further progress, "What is your opinion of a man who would thus obstruct a thoroughfare that, by right of length of usage, may be said to be a public one?" "That, sir," replied the doctor, rolling his head from side to side and shaking vehemently at the offensive gate, "that, sir, is a matter of opinion. The personage, even though his position be that of chief magistrate of a municipality, who would thus inconvenience the populace in order to secure a modicum of personal gratification is acting in a manner derogatory to his dignity and incompatible with the requirements of his

position. He is no better than he should be, sir." "As a man is known by his walk, sir," remarked Boswell, "then, so is Mayor Manning known by his gait." "Sir, the man who would make a good pun could never get it into London *Punch*," answered the lexicographer, as the two retraced their steps, and entering Jim Pearce's, called for a snifter.

"I met an extremely dull fellow yesterday, sir," said Boswell, as he and the Colossus of Literature sauntered about the Horticultural Gardens, "who informed me that he was a literary man and wrote for GRIP. I could scarcely credit his statement." "The fellow, though not actually censurable for mendacity, doubtless indulged in a most ignoble species of prevarication," replied the doctor, "he may write for GRIP; nay, further, he may even hand in his contributions to the presiding genius of that eminent publication, but, had he possessed the faintest semblance of a regard for veracity, he would have supplemented his statement by informing you that his contributions were invariably consigned to the receptacle for waste paper. A dull fellow, sir, can never hope to see his productions in the columns of GRIP." "But, sir," said Boswell, with no little vanity, "I have contributed to GRIP, and my articles have been published in its columns." "That, sir, is a proof that there is no rule without an exception," answered the doctor. "I felt," adds Boswell, "that I deserved the reproof, and I thanked my preceptor in my heart for the delicate manner in which it had been conveyed!"

"I took a trip across to the Island yonder, this morning, sir," said Boswell, as he and the doctor were refreshing themselves with a whiff of pure air at the mouth of the Don, "and I was gratified by being introduced to Mr. Edward Hanlan. What a glorious career, sir, has that young man pursued, and how vastly he demonstrates the fact that muscle is superior to mind. Though totally illiterate he has accumulated more wealth than even you, sir, with your gigantic intellect, and when I mentioned your name to him he confessed that he had never heard of you. I am more than ever convinced, sir, that a man does not require brains to become famous." "Bozzy," replied the doctor, "I foresee that you will become famous." "But I said, sir, that brains were not essential to fame," answered Boswell. "Exactly so, sir," rapped out the doctor. "I intimated as much when I said what I did concerning you."

"I was honored by an introduction to Dr. Clarke, of the Asylum, sir," said Boswell, "who escorted me through that splendid institution and instructed and edified me by his discourse. Although the vast building is crowded with its unfortunate inmates, I am told that there are scores of lunatics awaiting vacancies to be admitted. I am even told, sir, that there are immense numbers of these poor creatures at large, some of them holding official and other positions. It is a matter for serious reflection, sir; but its truth cannot be denied, for, since coming to Toronto, I have met people at large who I am convinced were little better than idiots. What do you think, sir?" "I have met one, sir," replied the doctor.

PARAGRAPHICAL PATTERN.

There is still a chance for General Grant, and he may yet recover if the proper method of treating him be carried out. This mode is as follows: The four physicians now attending the General must hold a long consultation, and this consultation must take place in New Zealand, or Yokohama, or some place far enough

away from the patient to ensure his being left undisturbed by those doctors for at least three weeks or a month. This is the General's hope.

How very vastly the philosophers of old differed from those of our own time. Just listen to this, translated from the Greek: "Diogenes, in one of his walks, met a young man who was so imprudent as to inform him that he was on his way to a feast. The philosopher instantly took him in charge and carried him back to his friends, as one who lacked the sense to know when he was running into danger." Nowadays a philosopher in a similar case would merely say: "Bully for you! Come along; I'll go with you, and as it is an honor for you to be seen in company with a sage, I'll allow you to pay my shot." That's the sort of a hair-pin a nineteenth century Diogenes is.

Yet the ancients revered and respected these old fogies. The idea of a man sleeping, as Diogenes is reported to have been in the habit of doing, in a tub! We, of the present age, call such men tramps, and the police run 'em in. Again, would any man reputed to be in his right mind go prowling about in broad daylight with a lamp in his hand, looking for an honest man? Any fool would know that he could never find such an article just as well as Diogenes knew he was on a wild-goose chase. Diogenes would soon see the inside of a lunatic asylum if he lived in these times and cut up any of his capers.

Some journalist remarks, as something extraordinary, that "a member of the choir at St. George's chapel, Windsor Castle, has sung there for seventy years and is still at it." The same, as regards singing, might be said of certain *primes donnes*, and, from all appearances, they intend to keep at it.

"Men may come and men may go,
But they go on for ever."



THINGS ONE SHOULD SAY DIFFERENTLY.

AMATEUR VOCALIST (who prides himself on his singing, to hostess).—Oh! my dear Mrs. Hantboy, my friend, Mr. Baritone, is quite indisposed this evening and he requested me to take his place at your *musical*.

Mrs. H.—A thousand thanks, Mr. Reed-Pipes; it is extremely kind of you, I'm sure. (At the break-up of the musical.)

Mrs. H.—Good-night, Mr. Reed-Pipes: thank you so much for your assistance. Pray tell Mr. Baritone that I hope he will soon be better, and say that I missed him very much indeed. I do hope he will be able to come to my next *musical*.

GRIP'S SHAKESPEREAN GALLERY.—NO. 3.



"A GENTLEMAN, NURSE, THAT LOVES TO HEAR HIMSELF TALK."

—Romeo and Juliet, Act III., Scene 4.

Appropos to a controversy that has been taking place in the columns of the London Times on the subject of nude art, Jerome K. Jerome says that "the human form is a disgrace to decency, and ought never to be seen in its natural state." This is well enough, but J. K. J. should remember that people did not make their own indecent forms. The milliner's art has been called into play to hide this indecency, and it would really puzzle an Eastern magician to divine what kind of figures are concealed by the puffs and pads so much in vogue with the fair sex, and not with the fair sex only.

An American who lately visited Canada wrote his impressions of the various cities he had passed through, and remarked of Hamilton that "it is a prettily situated place, the streets being lined with beautiful trees, amongst which the chestnuts preponderated." Yes, Hamilton is a great place for chestnuts as any reader of the "funny" column of the Spectator will allow.

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

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