

Prof. Vernoy,

Electro Therapeutic Institution.

Vernoy's Improved Family Battery, manufactured and for sale by the Electric Battery Co., 85 King St. West, Toronto.

197 Jarvis St.

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



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

VOLUME XXIV.
No. 18.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, MAY 2ND, 1885.

\$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



THE SMART BOY TAKES A TUMBLE.

\$10.  \$10.

Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

50 Per cent. reduction

on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

CHAS. STARK,
52 Church Street, Toronto, near King.



**JOHNSTON'S
FLUID BEEF.**

\$20.  \$20.

Genuine Diamond, set in solid 16 karat Gold.
DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

50 Per cent. reduction

on old catalogue prices. Send for '85 catalogue, 120 pages, contains over 800 cuts illustrating more goods than can be found in a dozen ordinary jewellery stores.

CHAS. STARK,
52 CHURCH ST. TORONTO, Near King,

BRYCE BROS.

THE LUMBER MERCHANTS
AND BUILDERS.

Save Notice by being your own Lardlard.
Houses built quickly
and on easy terms. Call and see us.

Corner Berkeley and
Front Streets,

TORONTO.

ELIAS ROGERS AND CO. - COAL AND WOOD. - TORONTO.

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
S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH, Editor.

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

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 Blako.....Oct. 18.
 - No. 4, Mr. W. F. Meredith.....Nov. 22.
 - No. 5, Hon. H. Mercier.....Dec. 20.
 - No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langovin.....Jan. 17.
 - No. 7, Hon. John Norquay.....Feb. 14.
 - No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardee.....Mar. 23.
 - No. 9, Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.P.....Apr. 25.
 - No. 10, Mr. Thos. GREENWAY, M.P.P.:
- Will be issued with the number for..... May 23.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—It looks very much as though the Franchise Bill, now being discussed in Parliament, will become the law of the land without any material alteration. If its purpose is not really what the Grit speakers allege—namely, to secure the perpetual success of the Conservative party—it stands badly in need of alterations. Passing by many minor points that may or may not be objectionable, surely no man who understands the first rudiments of British liberty can approve of the clauses referring to the Revising Barristers. The Bill proposes in effect to place the franchise of the people entirely at the mercy of certain officials who are to be appointed by the Government. Not only are they to be thus appointed, but no future Government can displace them without the concurrence of both House and Senate. This makes it certain that no Grit Government can displace them at all. Then, finally, there is to be no appeal from the decision of these local Czars on questions of fact. Grip has turned this matter over in his mind, and has just one amendment to propose. It is, to let the Revising Barristers do the voting. This would save time, trouble and expense, and would no doubt be satisfactory to the Government. Truly the people of Canada have reason to boast of their British descent, when they allow a measure like this to pass unchallenged!

FIRST PAGE.—When the Dominion Government passed the McCarthy Act they did so under a heavy sense of moral necessity. The Provincial Liquor Acts, according to the Premier, were worthless, and the whole country was at the mercy of the terrible grog-men. The very thought of this was more than virtue could endure, and hence the famous Act, with its army of commissioners to rake in the shokels of the down-trodden trade—for new Dominion licenses. And now, presto! the Act is gracefully withdrawn, being found to be unconstitutional. The rollers go from under Sir John, as it were, and he comes down good and solid on the prostrate form of poor muddle-headed Boniface! The tumble doesn't hurt the lively politician, apparently, but what does his friend the other party say to it? He ought in common justice to get his money back, but will he?

EIGHTH PAGE.—It is safe to suppose that a very large majority of the people of this city and Province are strongly opposed to Sunday newspapers or any other manifestations of business enterprise which, if allowed to develop, would destroy the day of rest as it is at present enjoyed. If newspaper men are permitted to carry on business seven days in the week, there can be no logical reason for prohibiting any other branches of trade from enjoying a similar privilege. Men and women of all religions, and of no religion, feel and know this, and they also know that the seven day's work system brings about a state of things most damaging in every respect. The battle is being fought just now in Toronto, and thanks to a Chief of Police whose heart is not in his duty and never was, public opinion is likely to be borne down and ultimately vanquished. Chief Draper is never so efficient as when he is down South shooting alligators.



"Pinafore" was successfully put on at the Grand by the Toronto Opera Company the first three evenings of this week. Mr. W. J. Dill was in charge of the affair.



The Major, Mr. E. C. Rutherford; The Duke, Mr. A. B. Brodick. A splendid performance may be confidently expected.

"Patience" is to be given by the Harmony Club on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 1st and 2nd. Mr. E. W. Schuch will direct the music and Mrs. G. Morrison will act as stage manager. The piece is cast as follows: Patience, Miss Robinson; Lady Jane, Miss M. C. Strong; Lady Angela, Miss Walker; Lady Ella, Mrs. E. D. Boswell; Lady Saphir, Miss Parsons; Bunthorne, Mr. H. R. F. Sykes; Grosvenor, Capt. Geddes; The Colonel, Mr. G. S. Michie;



The Toronto Quartette Club brought a successful season to a close on Friday evening by a fine concert of classical chamber music, given before a large audience at the Normal School Theatre. The performers were Messrs. Bayley, Haslam, Martons and Jacobsen, assisted by Herr Rentz (violoncello), of the Buffalo String Quartette, and Mrs. Caldwell, soprano. The programme was a choice one, and its rendering evoked hearty demonstrations of pleasure. In the course of the evening Rev. Septimus Jones spoke a few well-chosen words of congratulation on the successful establishment of the quartette in Toronto, and on behalf of our music-loving citizens thanked the artists for their unselfish devotion to the good work they have taken in hand. Mr. Robert Marshall was present to enjoy the realization of his active efforts, and his pleasure was manifest to all beholders. GRIP congratulates the club, and wishes them a long reign of prosperity.

The satisfaction of feeling that he is a well-dressed man is enjoyed to the fullest extent by all wearers of R. WALKER & SONS' clothing, whether it be their \$9.00 or \$18.00 suit, or their \$3.50 or \$5.00 trousers.

THE WARD MAIDEN'S SONG TO HER SOLDIER.

My Billy's gone away,
With his pack upon his back
To sleep on prairie hay
And live upon hard tack,
While he lies upon his blanket in a tent—
I'm afraid he'll find it hard
When he's standing out on guard,
Oh! he said he wouldn't leave me,
But he went
Oh! he looked so spruce and fine
With his bearskin on his head,
As he stood so straight in line,
In his belts and tunic red;
And his sharpened bayonet glistening in the sun.
And if he meets old Riel,
He will make him feel the steel,
Sure I know my darling Billy'll
Take the bun.

My Billy is so bold,
I'm afraid he'll be too rash,
And if he gets a hold
Of a rebel he'll make hash;
And the ugly Indian savage he won't spare.
And then, old Pie-a-Pot,
If he once has Billy got,
It's just as like as not
He'll raise his hair!

Just to think my Billy's curls
Should adorn an old teepee,
At the thought my poor head whirrs,
For when he'd come back to me
He would be as bald as Bismarck in Berlin.
Then I s'pose I'd have to rig
My bangs into a wig,
But the boys would say, "I twig,
That's too thin."

But still I do not care,
If he only does prove true;
If his heart goes with his hair—
Oh! whatever should I do,
If he casts his young affections on a squaw!
And become an Indian chief,
Or a painted red-skin thief,
And live on buffalo beef,
And eat it raw!

Yet still I never fear
That my Billy will come home,
Like a valiant Grenadier,
From the muddy prairie loam,
His loving Margaret Ellen's heart to cheer.
At the station we will meet,
And so proud I'll walk the street,
With my darling gay and neat
Grenadier!

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

GRIP'S FRIENDLY ADDRESS TO COL. OTTER.

I.

More haste less speed, my gallant friend, and it is GRIP's intention to hint that "euro" is far less sure, or easy than prevention; And GRIP opines that in your zeal to meet this half-breed flurry, You marched the Queen's Own to the front in far too great a hurry; Too much exposed in open cars was each Toronto hero, And two score miles too long a march at twenty below zero.

II.

Faint, sleepless, hungry, overtoiled with drear snow-drifted marches, And hivonac the steel-blue sky of winter overarches; They reached Port Arthur, on their route North-West, the midway station, Where the good folk for dinner hot had made due preparation. No use! no time is given the men to pause for food or shelter; Because to reach the front you're bound to hasten helter skelter.

III.

Now all this hurry GRIP declares a most unwise proceeding; Far better wait to give the boys the rest and food they're needing; With swollen sore eyes, what man can use his rifle's perfect sighting? Tired, sleepless, faint, he cannot be in proper trim for fighting— Not as they would if, Colonel, you, before proceeding farther, Had given them all for food and sleep one day's rest at Port Arthur.

IV.

Besides, I ask what use of haste? you're surely not expecting The half-breed hordes will wait to fight on ground of your selecting; That there you'll see them ranked, as oft you've seen your own men muster, Each in his place, when to each face glad pay-day lends its lustre; No! march at leisure; food and sleep, you'll find, dear Colonel Otter, Your best allies in the North-West to fight with Riel the plotter.

V.

That Indian wars are all the same, experience can determine— The wildest ways, the sudden blaze of fight that suits the vermin! First comes a tale of massacre with horrors sad and sickly; And then the braves to seize the spoil, vamoose the ranch most quicky; They keep aloof—of ambushed fight alone the choice they bring you— They'll fire, then fly, then quick return like angry wasps to sting you!

VI.

But well we know our gallant boys before no foes will waver, And though we wish them bread and beef, we could not wish them braver; And when victorious they return we hope that it may chance, sir, That they who caused this mad revolt will then be brought to answer; That hurled from place and power be then each treasonable plotter, And Johnnie marching home be seen with gallant Col. Otter.

—C. P. M.

MOTIONS TO BE MADE IN THE MOCK PARLIAMENT.

That the Liberal leaders be committed to a windmill without bail or mainprize, and fed on cheese and crackers during the so-called Riel Rebellion, for having blown the embers of rebellion to a white heat by parcelling out the lands, limits and coal-mines among themselves and their friends, for having disclaimed to do anything in the direction of justice wherever they were found alive, for having appointed men incapable to govern or of understanding that any one but a Grit has any right to call any thing his own which was of the earth earthly within the Dominion, especially in the North-West.

That a loather medal with the word "snob" be presented to Edward Blake for his impudence in suggesting that better arms could be

got than those the Canadian Volunteers were furnished with, and hinting that some one had blundered.

That Caron, the Minister of Militia, be recommended to Her Majesty for the honorable distinction of Duke of Duck Lake, and be given the dukedom with five hundred thousand acres of land around the lake, for having maintained the integrity of the empire by disarming all disaffected persons and giving the arms to loyal and competent persons, who, having killed and wounded all Her Majesty's enemies in that part of this Dominion, thereby gave peace and security to all well-disposed persons.

That the sword may now be made into a ploughshare, and Indians become farmers.

That Governor Dewdney's picture be placed in the Senate beside that of Sir T. D. McPherson, to keep each other company, and that Senator Alexander be sent to teach the Indians to plant potatoes.



A CONVERT TO "LIBERAL" TEMPERANCE.

Lib(hic)ral Temp'rance, thas the sortothng! I do'want (hic) anything better'n tha'! Lots of (hic) beer an' (hic) wine. Get drunkasbiled owl (hic) 'thout whiskey! 'Rah (hic) for Lib'ral Tem'rance! (hic) 'Specially tem'rance!

A RAMBLING DISCOURSE.

Verily, verily, it hath been truly said that it is the smaller and seemingly more trivial things in this life which are really of the greater importance.

It is not the great and apparently overwhelming trouble that causes Reason to totter on her throne: nay! often is it some small matter—a bottle of alcohol is not very large—a fair maiden's "No" comprises but two little letters—that transmits the man of once sound intellect into a drivelling, gibbering imbecile. As that ocean-crag, spoken of by Ptolemy Hephæstion, which steadily resisted the fierce fury and tremendous violence of the winds and waves, trembled only to the touch of the flower called Asphodel, so is the reason of man which, unshaken by great misfortunes, such as the loss of home and fortune, remaining steadfast through all, oftentimes succumb to the apparently insignificant attack of the rosy archer with his bow and quiver, who proves himself, all dimpled and chubby armed as he is, more than a match for the brawny giant with the torso of a Hercules and an eighteen inch biceps, and reduces his puissant antagonist in but a very brief struggle to the condition of a harmless lunatic.

N. B.—I have been there.

Verily, verily, it is the small things that affect and trouble us most. Was the heart of Marie Antoinette dismayed throughout the fearful sufferings to which she was subjected? History says "No." Did

"The British warrior queen Smarting 'neath the Roman rods"

quail before her persecutors? Not a quail: not a piece of toast. Boadicea bore it like—like a Briton. Did Charles I. show the white feather or go stark, staring mad, beset and hemmed in as he was by misfortunes of every, and the most grievous kind? Not he. His intellect was unclouded to the last, and he walked up like a sane and gallant gentleman to the block and, laying his head down thereon, allowed someone else to pick it up for him. Look at Mary, Queen of Scots; Sir Walter Raleigh; Guiteau; Ridley and Latimer; look at, to come down to more modern instances, Alderman Piper, when his whale began to go bad, and when Peter the Great, and John A., the gigantic elephant, departed this life: did any of these succumb? knock under? go demented, though their misfortunes were terrible? Not they: sound as roaches to the last.

But what will drive a woman of the strongest mental endowments, and the most masculine character to the verge of madness and distraction? What would have sent Boadicea, Marie Antoinette, or Mary, Queen of Scots, into fits, hysterics, possibly insanity? A MOUSE. A little, insignificant, harmless rodent, with an elongated caudal appendage! Am I not right, then, in maintaining that it is the small evils of this life that trouble us most? Say.

What do you do, reader, when you lose half-a-million dollars?—you possibly say a word of evil portent and wish you hadn't lost your half-million, but Reason doesn't totter. You may, possibly, take a "tot" yourself, to calm your nerves, and thus become a totter, for the nonce, yourself, but you soon forget your loss, and take it all as a natural consequence of speculation. But when you put a ten-dollar gold piece into the collection plate on Sunday, in mistake for a quarter, or a twenty-dollar bill in place of the shin-plaster you intended to contribute: ah, ha! what then? Why, by a gigantic effort you refrain from bursting on the spot, and when service is over you go home and rip and swear and carry on like the veritable madman you are. And you make your own blunder an excuse for denying your poor wife that promised new bonnet, or poodle-pup, or black-nosed pug with its tail screwed so tightly over its back that it can't shut its mouth. And your home is a pandemonium for a month; at the end of which you quiet down in some degree and console yourself with the reflection that you will get credit above for your ten or twenty dollars; but you won't; all you'll be credited with will be the twenty-five cents you intended to give. So put that in your pipe and smoke it, if it will do you any good.

Now, gentle reader, if you wish to avoid all trouble in this world, don't let everything trouble you, and when any dark shadow rises up and threatens to throw your spirits into gloom, simply laugh at it: don't worry and fret and go insane: simply laugh at it and it will disappear.

The more you laugh the fatter and better-looking—and better liked, I may say—will you become; that is, if you don't overdo the thing and laugh to excess, for men have died laughing; Sir Thomas More, for instance; and Ravisius Textor in his "Absurdities" gives a long list of characters who came to the same end: but, after all, you've got to die, and it is better to leave this world laughing than frowning and scowling and saying bad words.

And so this Rambling Discourse comes to an end. Its wisdom, philosophy and general drift are apparent to the meanest comprehension. I can almost understand it myself.

BY THE SAD SEA WAVES;

OR, THE SIREN WITH THE JAPANESE FAN.
 You may talk about the perils of the deadly sword and gun
 Upon the field of battle; or the dangers of a lee-shore
 When the storm is madly raging and the hissing breakers run;
 But by sparkling eyes more fearful execution may be done
 'Neath a Japanese umbrella on the sea-shore.
 Ah! yes, I well remember when my heart was all my own,
 Which Cupid with his arrows till then had failed to reach;
 But one day I met my fate; and I heard the Siren's tone
 As we sat and whispered softly near the wavelets, all alone,
 'Neath a Japanese umbrella on the murmuring beach.
 How innocent in seeming is a Japanese umbrella!
 But ah! when deftly used what an instrument it is
 To snare the young affections of an unsuspecting feller!
 As I found in those bright days when I sat with Isabella
 'Neath a Japanese umbrella near the salt waves' sizz.
 I saw her first as seated on the sand with dainty grace
 O'er the pages of a novel most intent she seemed to pore,
 Clad in most bewitching muslin and the daintiest of lace,
 And a kind of saintly halo was cast around her face
 By the Japanese umbrella that she deftly bore.
 On her cheek the silken lashes fell as her dark violet eyes
 On her novel seemed intent; (she was really reading me.)
 And as I kept approaching—why was I so unwise?—
 She started and upturned them with a gesture of surprise
 'Neath the Japanese umbrella near the sad, sad sea.
 But ere long I introduced myself and, though at first so shy,
 Her timidity soon vanished and she said, "Why do you stand?
 At the sea-side all is proper; pray, do the same as I;
 Be seated, sir." I paused at first but sat down by-and-by
 'Neath the Japanese umbrella on the soft, grey sand.
 Oh! happy, happy days; from morning until noon,
 And from afternoon till evening when beyond the glowing west
 The sun sank bathed in glory and uprose the summer moon,
 We'd sit and sit and, lover-like, as sitting there we'd spoon,
 With the Japanese umbrella now folded and at rest.
 Oh! would I'd ne'er been seated! oh! why was I so weak?
 Oh! would I ne'er had met her; Oh! would that I were dead!
 We're married now; in vain, alas, for her old-time smiles I seek;
 Woe, woe, that I should tell it; she smashed, within a week,
 That Japanese umbrella on my poor, soft head!

MORAL.
 Young men with hearts susceptible, my dismal tale's complete;
 I would that I could say as well that all my woes are o'er;
 But don't think that cast down lashes always show a temper sweet;
 The owner of the softest eyes may be a vicious cheat;
 Don't hasten to prostrate yourself at stranger damsels' feet,
 'Neath a Japanese umbrella on the sad sea-shore.
 —SWIZ.

THAT POEM BY TENNYSON.

You! you! how have you failed to understand
 How all this tall talk sounds so very small?
 How on you falls the laugh of all the land,
 Mouthpiece of Jingoos all,
 You, whom we deemed so great!
 This poet—author of the "Vore de Vore"
 "The Grand Old Gardener"—is it really he
 Who sneers at "votes" with such superior air,
 Fuming o'er fancied inefficiency
 'Tis the fleet—a Jingo prate—
 Who pictures England's mob, with hob-nailed shoes
 Kicking from place the one MAN of the realm,
 Because for love of them, he dares refuse
 Rashly in blood their dearest to o'erwhelm,
 While yet remains a gate
 Where Honor may walk through with head uplift?
 Why is it "you," "you," "you," "you" can't understand,
 The strength of such calm power, which cannot drift,
 Tho' storms on every hand
 May rage and fret?



THE CANADIAN VOTER IN THE HANDS OF THE REVISING BARRISTER.
 (Vide new Franchise Bill.)

DR. JOHNSON IN CANADA.
 HE VISITS THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

Note by Mr. Boswell:—"Knowing fully the many wonderful sights to be seen in Hamilton, little persuasion was necessary to induce the doctor to visit the Ambitious City."
 "This, sir, is the Gore," said Boswell, as he and the doctor arrived at the junction of James and King-streets, "the only park possessed by the Hamilton citizens—"
 "Sir, do you presume to call that a park?" interrogated the doctor.
 "The term is not mine, sir, but that of the citizens themselves. Yet you will readily perceive that although limited in extent it is pleasant to look upon."
 "Yes, sir, I admire its limited beauties," responded the lexicographer, somewhat acrimoniously, "but I do not respect the city's addeheaded aldermen who can believe so small an enclosure is sufficient for the needs of Hamilton's teeming population—"
 "But I am informed, sir," interrupted Boswell, "that the fault does not lie with the aldermen, but with the people themselves, who have refused to sanction a by-law for the establishment of parks in various portions of the city."
 "What!" broke forth the doctor, angrily, "are the citizens so imbecile that they refuse to provide themselves with means for the recuperation of their wasted energies? Sir, they are nin-com-poops. Let us be gone."
 Boswell adds:—"The wrath of the doctor was indeed great, and it was not until I had read unto him an editorial from the Hamilton Times that he became appeased."
 "It is a noteworthy thing, sir, that the aldermen of Hamilton, as a whole, are a contented and truthful set of men," said Boswell, as he and the learned doctor strolled along King-street.
 "Yet, if I remember aright, sir, you read me a short time ago that their equanimity was much disturbed by the sound of hissing that came from some geese which had made their way into the council chamber."
 "I did, sir," replied Boswell.
 "Then, sir, I cannot recognize true contentment amongst a body of men who can be so easily disturbed by the sound of their own voices!"

"What building is that, sir," enquired the doctor.
 "That, sir, is the Spectator building," replied Boswell, "from which are disseminated the Conservative principles of the country. Its importance is evidenced by the enormous sign which stretches the breadth of the building."
 "Tut, tut, sir," indignantly replied the doctor, "an imposing headdress oftentimes covereth little brains."
 "Hamilton is known as the Ambitious City," said Mr. Boswell, as he and the doctor stood in Market Square and looked around, "yet I fain would know where the ambition is to be found. It is not too apparent."
 "You see no ambition. You, sir!" retorted the lexicographer, wrathfully, "I see ambition all around me, modest and unassuming, it is true; yet how much better than the ambition that overleaps itself, and lands into the ditch of debt and disgrace. Hamilton possesses the ambition of the tortoise in the race for fame, and will have the same glorious ending. Let us leave the scene."

A SAD NEGLECT.—Neglecting a constipated condition of the bowels is sure to bring ill-health and great suffering. Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the bowels in a natural manner, purifying the blood and promote a healthy action of the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels.



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

GRIP—(Great Constitutional Lawyer)—WHY NOT HAVE THE REVISING BARRISTER DO THE VOTING DIRECTLY, AND NOT INDIRECTLY?



“NO CONNECTION!”

“Liquor and groceries nearly are allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

GROCEER—(to “next door” neighbor)—Hello, Charley! A dozen of beer *via* the cellar! Hurry up now!

SOLILLOQUY.

Of a Winnipeg captain who entered the Service on condition there should be no war. The conditions having been shamelessly violated, the captain clearly has a right to—his soliloquy. The gallant captain, we are given to understand, contemplates re-entering the Service on the very day the MILLENNIUM is proclaimed.

To go, or not to go?—that is the question—
Whether 'tis safer for the flesh to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous lampoons,
Or to march bravely 'gainst a sea of Redskins
And, by opposing, quell them? Be wounded? killed?
No more; and by one shot to say I end
The scandal and the thousand daft naturals
That will wag their tongues—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished! To go? To march?
To march! perchance, to death! Ay! there's the rub:
For in that fearful death what pangs may come
Ere I can shuffle off this mortal coil
Must give me pause! There's the respect
That's paid to wealth by auctions gained in life;
For who would care to forego the comfort
Of the rich man's home, his pleasures and his joys,
The bliss of requited love, the dimmer's steam,
The “Tradesman's Entrance” and the “Grand Portal”
Through which deserving merit proudly stalks,
For the vain glory of quietus made
By a bare Redskin? Who would rifle hear
And march, groaning, sweating, o'er weary plains,
With the added dread of deep wounds and death,
To serve a mean country, of whose bounty
No warrior can boast? Oh! better far
To enjoy the sweet comforts that I have
Than fly to glory that I care not for!
Thus love of ease makes onward of poor me,
And thus the wish to make others marksmen
Ceases when marksmen make a butt of me!
“Gift Enterprises” of great profit and profit,
With their golden currents, suit me better
Than the fearsome name of bloody action!

E. W. L.

One who knows tells us that the captain entered the service by the “Aristocrats Gate” and retired by the “Tradesmen's Exit.”
Winnipeg, April 4, 1885.

A VISIT TO ÆOLUS.

I don't know how I came there, but there I was in the Cave of the Winds, and a queer place it was, in truth. Æolus came and took me by the hand as I entered, and cordially invited me to take a look through his domains, and so we passed along, he explaining everything, and I listening in wonder.

Here we came upon a great big fellow making a tremendous ado about himself: “I'm the stuff,” he cried, “I'm a roarer from Roarerville, and though the East Wind thinks he has more to do with Aurora than I have, I'm the stuff, you bet.” “You're a great blow,” said Æolus, jokingly, “that's what I think.” “Oh, you be blowed!” replied Boreas, for he it was, as I saw, for he had advertised himself with innumerable puffs; “you be blowed.” “No, I don't want to feel blew,” retorted Æolus, who seemed to be a regular old joker, and we passed on.

Presently we came to a huge machine into which a dozen young winds were blowing with all their might. “What are they doing?” I asked. “Oh! that's my patent ventometer. These fellows are all, more or less, imbecile, and they blow their empty wind into this machine, where I keep it until required for civic election speeches,” replied the deity. “Oh!” I said, and we continued our walk. We passed young Zephyr and the warm-breathing Notus, and I asked what they were doing and why they were not out at work. “They are spring and summer winds,” was the reply. “That Zephyr is a regular dude.” “Yes,” I acquiesced, “but he's a fine-looking young chap with a good figure; splendid chest, eh?” “Yes, he ought to be a harder blower than he is, but he doesn't keep his wind in his chest. He's a dude, I say.” “So! then where does he keep his wind, for he blows sometimes?” “In his mind,” replied Æolus. “And what is wind?” I enquired. “Nothing,” answered the other.

At length we came to a separate compartment in which sat a poor, pale, dejected, cadaverous, consumptive-looking, emaciated wind, who was apparently at the point of death, so feeble and ill did he look. It was evident he was not long for this world; “in fact,” whispered Æolus, “I'm afraid he is air to a better kingdom, and will depart ere long where'er he goes.” “How air you?” he continued, turning to the poor sick wind, who coughed a hollow, consumptive cough.

“Very poorly, sir, very poorly,” was the reply, and indeed the sufferer looked it. He did not seem to have the strength of a child,

and wheezed and puffed painfully in his endeavors to catch his breath. I felt very sorry for him, and when we passed out of his hearing I enquired of Æolus who he was.

“That fellow we've just passed?”

“Yes,” I said.

“Oh! that's Wiggins' great storm for March 18th, 1885.”

On we went, but I really believe that old humbug Æolus was snickering about something. Probably he was amused about the storm he had referred to. At the end of a dark passage we entered a spacious chamber. On every side were innumerable Tom cats, who were jumping up and down and then suddenly pausing for a few moments.

“What are they doing?” I asked.

“They are making cats' pause,” was the reply.

“And they are all Thomas cats,” I remarked?

“Oh! yes; married, most of 'em; in fact, they are numerous little cats' paws,” as that dude, Zephyr, calls it, but don't be staring at 'em as it hurts their felines. Come on as fast as possible.”

We passed on, and several Herculean fellows were pointed out to me as Gales, Tempests, Hurricaucs, and so on. They were perfect terrors to look at. Any one of them could have made mince-meat of Wiggins' rip-snorter. I peeped into a dreary looking cell, and there saw a dark, almost black, looking man in military uniform. “Who is that?” I asked. “Oh! that's a fellow I borrowed in Egypt the other day,” was the reply. “Why, that's not the Khamsin, surely,” I asked? “Oh, dear! no,” said Æolus, “that's one of the Indian contingent.” “What d'ye want him for?” I enquired. “Well, I always like to have a Sikh loan on the premises.”

It must have been all a dream, for now I seemed to undergo a wonderful transformation, and I found I had changed into a lighted candle. Æolus escorted me in that shape to the mouth of the Cave of the Winds, and bidding me good-bye, put me out.



SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, May 1, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—Gin I was aue o' the ignorant auld heathen astrologers I wad be tellin' ye that ma star is in the ascendant the noo for I hae been nae less than invected tao dine wi' the maister o' the establishment, Maister Tamson, o' Tamson an' Tamson's Halesale Warehouse—he's a fine fallow, Tam—an's growin' mair like his grannie ilka dey. Losh! when I luck at him mairehin' up an' doon the warehouse wi' just sic anither air as Sandy Selkirk might hae haen, when he promenaded up an' doon the bit island that was a' his ain, or, maybe, auld Nebicudneezer, afore his nails begood tae grow. I aye think o' the bit laddie wi' the blue peeny on, comin' doon till his grannie's for tippence worth o' potted-head. It just shows what can be done wi' energy an' perseverance. Weel, ma invectation was handit tae me by aue o' the clerks—an' wha dae ye think it was frae but Mrs. Tamson hersel'! Losh, help me! it was like as gin I had been strucken wi' lichtain', for ye see I mindet hoo I heard her coortin' awa at Tam through the telephone. Hoover, I thocht it was extraordinary' gude o' Mistress Tamson, an' wha kens but what this might be

a preloeminary stap tae stappin' in as pairt-ner i' the business some day. The denner was tae come aff at sax o'clock, sae I just tellt the bookkeeper wi' a pawkie wink, that I wad like tae get aff an oor or twa earlier than usual. Hame I ran—aff wi' ma claes, an' intill a tub as fast as I cud wallop, an' gae mase! sic a scoorin'—losh! I hacna got sic a dookin' sin' the day I fell intae the mill dam when I was a bit callant o' five year auld. I never was gien tae soomin', like ma brithers, ma mither was aye feart—bein' the youngest, I wad tak the cauld, or get drooned, an' then whaur wad I be noo? Weel, after I had dried mase! an' gotten on ma flannels, I taks out the koy an' opens ma trunk, to get oot ma best white linen sark, ma black breeks, an' waistcoat, an' ma gude black coat. But, waes me! there was neither coat, breeks, nor sark to be seen—everything was there but the suit an' the sark I wanted. Did ever ye ken sic a predicament? But I was aye remarkable for ma presence o' mind, sae haulin' on ma auld breeks again, I gaed tae the tap o' the stair an' I just gae ae roar that brocht the landlady an' aboot a dizzen boarders instantly tae the front.

“Whar's ma sark, an' ma Sunday breeks, an' ma best black coat,” says I till the landlady, fixin' ma e'e on her sternly?

“Why, what do you mean, Mr. Airlie,” says she?

“I mean,” says I, “whaur's ma claes? can ye no conerstaun the Queen's English?”

“What the doose is all the row about?” was the answer I got frae a voice like a craw, on the tap story. “There's your blamed clothes. I never was so uncomfortable in all my life—couldn't dance worth a cent in 'em.” An' wi' that doon comes the hale suit, sark an' a, on ma devoted head. Tae say that I was clean dumfounded wad puirly express ma feelin's—but, tae mak a lung story short—that impident blackguard in the attic actually had the stannack tae open ma trunk an' tak a loan o' ma gude Sabbath-day claes to gang till a low shindy, whaur he danced in ma best braid-claith till fower o'clock i' the mornin'. Ma landlady, decent woman, gaed up an' ordered him oot o' the hoose there an' than—but that didna mend maitters i' the meantime; for time was fleein'—an' ma coat was stinkin' sae o' whusky an' tobawky, an' tae croon a', ma braw fine linen sark was like a dishcloth. I didna greet, Wullie, but I maun confess I cu'dna help swearin' a wee. There's really times in a mau's life when a gude swear is as refreshin' as a gude sneeze, an' raily, I think, it's a preventer o' bluidshed sometimes, tae let aff steam wi' a gude roon swear—but mind ye I'm no a swearer—far frae it. Ma landlady was vera sympatheesin' an' gaed doon an' tellt he boarders that I was gann oot tae dine wi' Maister Tamson—an' hoo ma claes warn a fit tae pit on a swine till they had been cleaned an' smeekit wi' steam. Wi' that, ma roon was in twa meenits like a drygoods store wi' neckties, coats, vests, breeks, collars, cuffs an' sarks o' every description—it was extraordinar' the kindness o' the fallows, an' shewed their appreciation o' a mau like me. But, waes me! the breeks—they nicht dae tae cover their sma' spindle shanks, but I couldna get the calfs o' ma legs doon over the knees o' them, they were a' sic diminutive creatures, an' hadna been brocht up on gude parrich an' milk as I had been. At last a new boorder, a fine stalwart fellow, sic like's mase!, offered tae lend me a suit frae tap tae toe, a bonny unarled grey suit, that just litted me till a tee. At length an' long I got ready, an' altho' I say t mase!, there wasna a finer luckin' fellow on the street than mase!—an' I made up ma mind tae get a suit the vera marrow o' that I had on as sune as possible. I was just in time, an' was shown in tae the maist beautifu' roon it was ever ma fortune tae licht on—in fact—I was feared tae sit doon, for the chairs were covered wi' licht blue satin, sae I just tuk oot

ma white cawmrick pocketneepkin' an' spread it on the chair afore I sat doon. I didna see what the servant lass could get tae lauch at, but it fairly nettled me when she speered me for ma name. I was sae mad I never let on I heard her—but when she speert the second time what ma name was, it was mair than I could stand. “Ye impident little limmer,” says I, “hoo daur ye stand up there an' demaund the name o' yer maister's vesetors? I kent yer maister—an' his granny afore him, lang afore ye wore born—sae—” Just at this meenit the door bell rang, an' she ran awa, whan, tae ma disgust, wha should step in but the bookkeeper an' twa clerks, wha, like mase! had been invectet tae denner. Losh! I was tae'en doon maist terrible! Here's me, thiukin' that I had been picket oot for special honor, when, in fact, it turned oot that I am was in the habit o' invectin his clerks an' employees twa-ree times a year up tae his hoose tae dine by way o' cultivatin' gude freenship. It was a dooncome, but the denner was sae gude, an' Mistress Tamson sae gracious, that after a while I forgot a' ma annoyance aboot it—in fact—I was a kind o' glad after a' that the clerks were there, for when we sat doon at the table, there were some bits o' things that I just didna weel ken hoo tae manage, an' I didna want Tam's wife tae see that I was abint Tam himsel' in onything. “What d'ye ca' the bits o' white cloots faulded up sae pernickity like?” says I tae the clerk in a whisper. “These are napkins,” says he, “just use one for yourself.” An' wi' that he taks up ane o' them an' spreads it oot, an' sticks it in his vest—but thinks I—I'll let them see I ken what's proper, an' just as Mrs. Tamson was makin' some pleasant remarks, I taks up ma neepkin', an' wi' a great flourish, I blew ma nose, wi' a blast like the last trumpet, an' then wi' muckle dignity I gae ma face a rub an' stack it in the breast pocket o' ma coat. They a' sat vera quiet after that, an' then, evidently over-poored wi' ma example, they a' began tae blaw their noses, but no wi' the neepkins. I noticed they used their ain pocket neepkins for that purpose. Then the conversation becam kind o' general like, an' when it cam tae ma turn, Tam, he lucks at me, an' speers what I wad like. I tuk a gude glower a' roon the table, an' then says I, “Weel, raily, there's sae mony gude things I hardly weel ken what tae pick on. Hoosover, ye can just gie me a clash o' the neeps an' a hock o' the bubbly tae begin wi'.” Tam lucked at me for a meenit, an' then he laid doon his knife an' fork, an' he lauched, an' they a' lauched till I got tae be real uncomfortable. “Excuse me, Mr. Airlie,” says he, “but do you know that for a minute I could not think what you meant. That is Scotch for a spoonful of turnips and a leg of turkey—or, bubbly-jock, as we used to call that bird, eh! Airlie?” an' wi' that he helpet me tae ma hert's content, but sic lauchin' an' merriment I never saw—in fact, I had a kind o' an' inkliu' that Tam was lauchin' at mase!. But the climax cam when after denner I was busy tellin' Mrs. Tamson sicca a weel-faured woman Tam's granma was, an' hoo she wad chase us twa wi' a stick hame in the o'ein's. Ane after another drappit speakin' an' begood tae listen tae ma discourse till finally I fairly had “the floor,” as the debaters would say. I tuk the opportunity tae tell them the terrible funk I was in, an' aboot the blackguard bor-rowin ma claes, an' aboot ha'en tae borrow the suit I had on tae come wi', an' I had then a' lauchin' fit tae split, when the servant lass handed me a bit note—it was frae the mau I borrowed the suit frae—requestin' me to return hame at auce, as he had got a telegram tae gae aff by the nine o'clock train. Losh! I wasna I vexed tae leave the party just i' the middle o' the merriment, but there was nae-thing for't but tae jowk an' let the jaw by! Sae said gude nicht an' cam awa. I hadna gotten within three yairds o' ma boordin' hoose, when

just below a lamp-post a strong hand grippit me by the collar, an' afore I could draw ma breath, I was handcuffed an' cleckit atween twa policemen. “In a' the face o' the airth what does this mean?” says I, chokin' wi' wrath an' astonishment. “It means,” says the fallow on ma richt side, “that you, Mr. Morton, alias O'Gorman, alias Tomkins, alias De 'Fouville, alias Flannigan, are nabbed at last.” “But ye're mistaken, ma man, ye've gotten the wrang soo by the lug—I'm Hugh Airlie.” “Not much, Mary Ann! here's the description, grey suit, felt hat, broad rim.—shew me the name inside your hat—wi' that he aff wi' ma hat, an' sure enouch, there was A. Morton i' the croon o't. Morton was oor new boorder, an' a notorious forger. Gude help me—this was awfu'—mair neist week.

Yer brither,
HUGH AIRLIE.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE POETS.

Mrs. H—m—ns.

ALPHONZO DEL BANKRUPTO.

Alphonzo bent his ear-muffled head, and bowed his mighty will,
And sued the haughty plumber to reduce his little bill;
“I bring thee here a broken heart, my watch and Sunday pants,
Accept these trifles, I beseech, and look not so askance!

Oh, let thine ice-bound heart be thawed like water-pipes in May—
Reduce, reduce thy little bill! Oh, cut it down, I pray!”
The plumber turned aside his head, a wintry smile
Smiled he,
“Hand over your account” he said, “just hand it here to me.”

He took the roll of paper from it's india-rubber band—
It was a lengthy document writ out in flowing hand:
He read it once, he read it twice, with glance both grim
And dark,
And then he winked an evil wink, and gave it to his clerk:

“Rejoice, rejoice, Alphonzo! Thine eloquence hath won!
Thy bill shall be cut down, my boy, I swear it shall be done!
Hand over now those Sunday pants, that watch, and broken heart,
(Praps with the last named trifle 'twould be better not to part.)

“And come and take a drink with me—don't blush—I'll let you treat,
And while we're gone my book-keeper will fix the thing up neat.”
Alphonzo winked a rapturous wink as to the nearest bar
He followed that there plumber. No doubts his joy did mar.

“Come, drink to me, Alphonzo, drink had, and drink thy fill!
And then that sneaking plumber let Alphonzo foot the bill!
But still his rapture lasted, and still, as I have heard,
He thought that man of water-pipes was going to keep his word.

At last they turned their faces once more towards the street,
And as they reached the plumber's shop, his book-keeper did meet:
“Ha! minion, hast thou done it?” the plumber did demand,
And snatched a tiny envelope from out his head-clerk's hand;

“Here, take it, dear Alphonzo?” this arch-fiend then did cry
“'Tis thy reduced account, my boy,—and now, good-bye,
With that he gave Alphonzo a mighty push behind,
And in a trice himself that youth upon the street did find.

With tears of gratitude he clutched th' envelope to his breast,
Alas for poor Alphonzo! ‘Twas but a sorry jest!
“Reduced” in size alone his bill—such was that plumber's game—
“Cut down, and writ much smaller,—but—the total was the same!”

Unchanged those awful figures which had worked Alphonzo's woe,
Unchanged his doom—and with a groan he sank upon the snow.

The legend goes no further—his into we may not know.
—L. G.



THE ATTITUDE OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE ON THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER QUESTION.

THE GRENADIERS.

What means that long thin streak of red that thro' the mist appears? Attention, all! you know them well—the Royal Grenadiers! They're marching down the coulee, the fight has now begun! The half-breeds quail before them—hark to each ringing gun!

Shot thro' the lung! he lays him down upon the prairie rough, He hears the Sniders ringing all along the bluff; He hears the war whoops keen and shrill, the bullets overhead, And whispers, "home" and "mother"—the Grenadier is dead!

AN AWFUL CONFLICT.

Fourteen hundred strong they came, all led by Anxious Dog; They had no grievances at all, they only wanted prog, Although perhaps big Job-tailed Bear would not have kicked at prog.

I loaded up a Gardner gun as tight as I could cram With blankets, sausages, and sich, and then I let her slam; I filled their pelts with mutton, and I shelled them out with ham.

I shakened off on Irish stew, the contest it was tough; The Injuns gobbled up the hash, and soon they yelled "enuff"

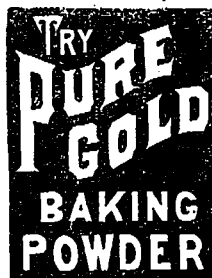
While Bob-tailed Bear ho sneaked a ham and gurgled "you're the stuff."

—THE KHAN.

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, PERLEY'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, dators, 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, B-LIQUEUR, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCES-LOUISE. Best Toilets in the Market.

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

THE QUEEN'S LAUNDRY BAR. ASK FOR IT AND TAKE NO OTHER. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. Trade Mark. Made by THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.

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 \$8. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

TENTS and Camp Furniture. All kinds for Sale or Hire. Send for catalogue. Tent and Camping Depot, 160 Yonge-street, Toronto.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



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

PEERLESS

AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:

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.

HART & COMPANY, 31 and 33 King St. West, Toronto. SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA.