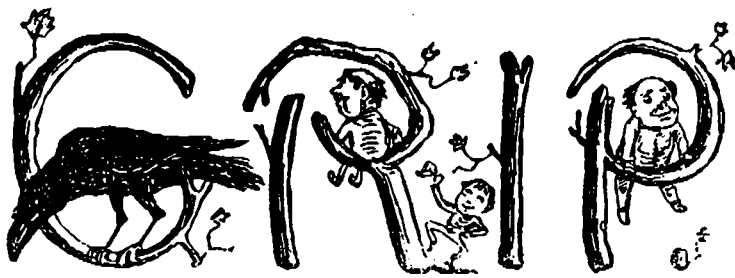


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VOLUME XXIV.
No. 26.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 27TH, 1885.

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5 CENTS EACH.



A HIGH WIND IN THE PRESBYTERIAN ASSEMBLY.

"YOU ALL KNOW THERE IS SUCH A THING AS A STRONG WIND OF ENTHUSIASM, AND IT IS SUCH A WIND IN WHICH WE ARE TO-NIGHT."
—Rev. Dr. Loring on Scott Act resolution.

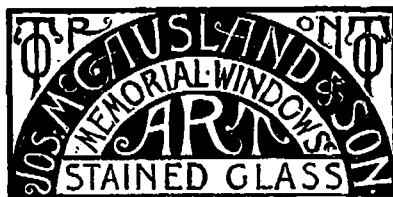
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GRIP

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. 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 Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardo..... 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.

Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—The cowardly attempt of the Senate to kill the Scott Act has barely failed. The Ministry saw clearly enough that they would lose their salaries if they passed the amendments *en bloc*, and rather than endure that calamity they are ready to do or undo anything. The division lists on the amendments that were carried, and which are intended to cripple the Act very seriously, make it perfectly plain that Canada at present possesses a Whiskey Cabinet, with whom considerations of the public weal in connection with Temperance count for nothing. The storm which the projected outrage raised in all quarters of the country threatened to drive these statesmen from office, and that alone saved the Act from fatal mutilation, but that is all. Instead of improving the measure, as they were asked to do, the Ministry went just as far as they dared in the opposite direction, and they deserve no thanks under the circumstances for their "moderation" in wrong-doing.

FIRST PAGE.—As an indication of the indignation awakened by the Senate's action, the resolution carried in the Presbyterian General Assembly is noteworthy. This resolution was strongly worded, and was carried with a sweeping majority in what Rev. Dr. Laing called a "high wind of enthusiasm." This reverend gentleman, with Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and a few others, rose in support of an amendment moved by Dr. Grant, in which an

endorsement of the Scott Act or any other legal Prohibitory measure was omitted, but the Assembly was in no mood for "roaring you like a sucking dove," and the well-meaning brethren were quickly overwhelmed. There is a time, of course, for words of gentle remonstrance, but just at present plain Saxon, hot and strong, is what is wanted, if words are of any use at all.

EIGHTH PAGE.—Shakespeare this week refers to Sir Leonard Tilley, who is badgered by the little Grit boys as rudely as ever old Shylock was by the *gamins* of Venice.

OUR HOLIDAY NUMBER.

As announced last week, we have prepared a grand holiday number of GRIP in honor of Dominion Day. This special issue, which will be ready to-day (Saturday), consists of sixteen pages filled with bright, original humor and characteristic illustrations. A double page and two single page cartoons, in brilliant colors, are amongst the attractions it contains, the subjects being appropriate to the occasion. Altogether, this is the finest edition of GRIP ever offered to the public, and none of our subscribers can afford to have it absent from their fyles. The few straggling citizens of the country who are not as yet regular subscribers should also secure this special number, which is on sale at all the book stores, price 10 cents.

CHIT-CHATTY COMMENTS.

Thus speaketh an exchange:—"In Boston in 1790 a quart of rum cost the same as a pound of coffee, to wit, 1s 2½d., and in some old account books it appears that both were used in the household in about the same proportions." In 1790, indeed! Just take some of the household account books of the year 1885 and you will see that, instead of these two articles being used in "the same proportions," rum, or spirits of some kind, come in several laps ahead. "All is not gold that glitters," nor is everything "vinegar" that appears as such on the good housekeeper's little book. Not much.

The saving of the Capitol of Rome by geese was very unfortunate, as every gander, nowadays, imagines he is of importance and wants to be a public official—an alderman or something. Possibly some civic fathers never heard of the affair alluded to; maybe never heard of Rome, and even if they have, imagine the Capitol of Rome to be the letter "R"; but, for all that, the more a man resembles a goose the more he pines to be an alderman; and the worst of it is the ratepayers encourage him in his aspirations: as the bird of our childhood sweetly sings:—

Goosy, goosy gander
Whither do you wander?

Up stairs and down stairs and in the Council chamber.

The following lines by Elaine Goodale are very sweet, very tender, very touching:—

THE CLOSING HOUR.

Soft on the sunset sky
Bright daylight closes,
Leaving, when light doth die,
Fate hues that mingling lie—
Ashes of roses.

When love's young sun is set,
Love's brightness closes;
Eyes with hot tears are wet,
In hearts these linger yet
Ashes of roses.

These, however, are even more so, and will appeal to many a heart:—

THE CLOSING HOUR.

Hark! midnight tolls on high;
Each saloon closes;
See him 'neath lamp-post lie,
Full of potent rye,
With reddest of noses.

He daren't go home, you bet,
For his doom—well, he knows his;
There someone's waiting yet,
Oh, my! what won't he get
(If he does with that),
Reddest of noses!

To go back to the classical again; Caligula, the Roman Emperor, made his horse a consul and fed him on gilded oats from an ivory manger. This unfortunate precedent has been followed pretty closely in the present day, and donkeys are hoisted into all sorts of public offices where they feed on golden oats to their hearts' content. Occasionally they speak in public, but it is altogether too evident that their eloquence is hereditary and has come down to them from their great ancestors—Balaam's gifted quadruped.

A sporting paper gives a most graphic account of a race between two dogs and two animals of the feline persuasion, which was won by the latter. It is reasonable to suppose that the cats won by several "laps" with the greatest of Malt ease. The article in question does not state what costume the competing animals wore, but the dogs, presumably, took their pants with them, whilst each of the cats was clad in *her suit*. The race was for a *purse*, of course, and was very amousing.

According to an English newspaper: "It is an unhappy, and yet I fear a true reflection," says Greville, "that they who have uncommon easiness and softness of temper have seldom very noble and nice sensations of soul." So much the better; it is those people with "very noble and nice sensations" who always expect a fellow to repay borrowed money which is so easy to obtain from persons of "uncommon easiness and softness of temper"—and "softness of head" might usually be added. No, no, Greville; let us have the easy, soft-tempered folks; never mind about the "noble and nice sensations." We can get along all right without the latter.

GLAD TIDINGS TO HORSE OWNERS—who want to save \$10 to \$15 on a set of harness. As we manufacture in large quantities we can give you harness at reduced rates. All hand-stitched; first-class stock used. Satisfaction guaranteed. \$45 harness for \$23; a \$35 for \$18; a \$20 for \$11.50; a \$15 for \$9. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., 104 FRONT STREET EAST.



Mr. Fraser says he anticipates a first rate performance of his comedy, "Muddled," on Dominion Day. Mr. Harry Rich's abilities as a comedian are well known, and he is specially adapted to such a role as that of *Augustus Bimm*, a happy-go-lucky philosopher brimming over with fun. The cast throughout is to be strictly professional, and with the advantage they have enjoyed of many rehearsals under the author's direction, the piece out to be presented in capital shape. Having read "Muddled," GRIP can assure his readers that the literary work is such as any playwright of America might well be proud of. Go and see it, everybody!



JUG-HANDLED FREE TRADE.

McLelan (representing Canadian Government).—If we let you fish in our waters until the treaty is renewed, will you let us send our fish into your markets as before?
 Uncle Sam.—No.
 McLelan.—Well, don't say another word. Go ahead and fish all you've a mind to.

A VISIT TO SPIRIT LAND.

SOME POPULAR ERRORS RECTIFIED BY THE INHABITANTS.

I have just returned from a brief visit to the Land of Spirits—a land strictly in favor of the Scott Act, for all that—which has done a great deal to rid my mind of a number of errors with which it had been impressed.

When I presented myself at the gates of Spirit Land there was considerable demurring on the part of the porter to my entrance, he contending that I was far too fleshy and adipose a creature to be a spirit. I removed his scruples at length by informing him that I was an emissary of GRIP, when he admitted me, remarking that he could not see why that jovial bird should send an ambassador to that region to mingle with its inhabitants when he was never out of spirits himself and always seemed to have a good supply on hand.

I passed through the gates and found myself in a beautiful garden in which were wandering a number of spirits of men long since departed from earth but whom I immediately recognized from descriptions I had read of the bodies once tenanted by them and which form they bore in their present state. I knew Virgil at once and, presenting myself to him, shook him by the hand and said, "Vale." "Ave, frater," he replied, "*felix sum te videre.*" "*Tauriculus pro te, senex.*" I replied, which, being interpreted, means, "Bully for you, old man." He seemed pleased to hear

his native tongue spoken so fluently, and complimented me on my accent. I was flattered and, pulling out a prescription I had received from a physician a few days previously, remarked that all the learned professions wrote his language, nowadays, as he might see by that document, of which I begged a translation. The prescription read as follows:—

1. R. Pil. Hyrdarg : chlor ; co : Singul ; nocte sumend.
2. R. Conf. Senna. Potass. bitart. Extr. ; Tarax. ; a.s. oz. s.s. Mist ; elect ; cujus sum ; dr. j. omni mane.

Virgil took the paper and regarded it attentively for some moments and whistled : turned it upside down and hummed an operatic air ; squinted at it sideways and finally said, "*Stultus est qui hanc scripsit : non possum capitem aut caudam ejus facere ;*" (Anglice : "He is a confounded fool whoever wrote this : I can't make head or tail of it.")

I remarked that I thought he understood Latin : "So I do," he replied, hotly, "good Latin, such as you speak ; but *this*—bah ! it isn't Latin at all." "It is doctors' Latin," I said. "Yes, indeed," retorted Virgil "and mighty queer stuff it is : if your doctors don't know more about medicine than they do about Latin, heaven pity their patients." "Some of 'em don't," I ventured. "So I am inclined to believe," replied Virgil, "from the large number of spiritual gentlemen and ladies who constantly arrive here." "Indeed, sir !" I said,

in astonishment. "You are shaking my faith in the medical profession." "Whisht, whisht," said the other, "they are fine fellows, and if it wasn't for them we should be mighty lonesome here ; we should get no addition to our population but the spirits of people who had died from old age or accidents." Here I descried the ex-emperor Napoleon coming towards us, his head bent forward and his hands behind his back.

"How d'ye like this place, Nap.?" I enquired, cordially. "Dull, sir, dull," replied the great Bonaparte, "too quiet, altogether ; no excitement." "I should think, then," I rejoined, "that it would be an excellent spot for a quiet Nap." His keen eyes pierced me through and through, and Dr. Johnson, who came rolling up at this moment, roared out, "Sir, you are a scoundrel ; the man who would make a pun would pick a pocket." "Oh ! you said that before, on earth," I replied, angrily, for I was vexed. "Sir, you lie," replied Samuel, "I never said it." History declares you did," says I.

"History is a shameless prevaricator," said the doctor.

"And did you, sir," I continued, turning to Napoleon, "not remark '*Tete d'armee*' just before you died at St. Helena ?"

"*Tete d'armee!*" replied Bonaparte, in astonishment, "what sense would there be in that ? I never said any such thing : *tete d'armee*, indeed ! Pooh ! Tait, the baker, you mean ; you are a Toronto man, I see." "I am," I replied, "but how d'ye know that ?" "That you come from a city is evident," answered N.B. ; "that Toronto is that city I know by the mud on your boots." Thus did nothing escape that eagle eye. At this moment a shortish, spare, hook-nosed man with an eye even more piercing than Napoleon's, glided up to our little assemblage, and halted. "Hallo, Arthur," I cried, for I recognized the Duke of Wellington at once, "how are you ? My faith in the last and other speeches of great men, as recorded in history, is being badly shaken by these fellows. Set my mind at rest and tell me plainly, did you ever say 'Up, Guards, and at 'em.' " "First I ever heard of it," replied Wellesley. "What," I cried, "you didn't say that at Waterloo?" (Here Napoleon edged away gradually, but broke into a run when he got a little distance off.) "Never said such a thing ; who said I did ?" enquired Wellington. "History," I replied. "History ! that for history," and His grace snapped his fingers.

"You'll say next, I suppose, that you never remarked that when a man wanted to turn in bed in the morning, it was time to turn out," I said.

"Heavens !" howled the Duke, "and do they put such an idiotic speech into my mouth as that ?" "They do," said I. "What else do they say, I said ?" enquired A. W., Duke of W. "Nothing," I replied. "Ye gods, and this is fame ! to make me utter two imbecile speeches I never was guilty of, and to—oh ! go to grass," cried the Duke in a passion, and scooted away across the beautiful lawn.

The crowd around me was rapidly increasing, and I thought it was time to beat a retreat. All the characters composing it were evidently anxious to get a word with me and to have their names mentioned in GRIP, but I prepared to take my departure.

"You gentlemen seem to know a thing or two," I said, "perhaps you can settle a vexed question for me : Who wrote the Letters of Junius ?"

Such a chorus of "I did," and "I'm the man," arose from hundreds of throats, Sir Philip Francis', Bob Southey's, and a lot

more amongst the number, that I was startled.

"And 'The Bread-Winners?'" I continued. Another howl of voices claiming the authorship arose.

"Well, this beats all," I said, as I turned to go. "Perhaps you can tell me who is the author of those good things—the best in the paper—which appear in the Birmingham Blade."

"You are; you are; they are cribbed from GRIP. Hurrah for GRIP: hip, hip, hurrah!" and the clamor became so deafening that I set off at a trot and never halted till I reached home again. —S.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

THE WAREHOUSE,

TORONTO, June 17th, 1885.

DEAR WULLIE,—Ma bluid's just bowlin' in ma body and ma hands shakin' sae wi' righteous indignation I can scarcely haud the pen i' ma haund. Tae think I wad live tae see the day when I wad hear masel' an' ma onfortunate countrymen insulted without the satisfaction even o' blackin' the een o' the leein' deevil that had the onmeetigated impidence tae declare i' the face o' the sun an' o' history that ma forefathers were sauvidges a hunder an' fifty year syne. Mind ye, I dinna for a ineent pretend tae dispute the statement made by the carie that his ancestors were sauvidges—Heilant horse thieves an' the like. Nae doot the man is weel read in his ain pedigrees. Besides, thors's threc evident reasons for believin' the assertion—first, his sympathy wi' sauvidges—"bluid's thicker than water"; second, his ignorance wad certainly justifee the supposition; an' third, the man himsel' is ockler demonstration o' the fact. But that by nae means proves that ither folks' forefathers were sauvidges—far frae't. Nae doot frae some pints o' view the vera foremost Scotchmon might be then, an' even may be noo, considered sauvidges. John Knox there, for instance, that lived three hunder year ago—ye canna blame the Cawthalicks for considerin' him a sauvidge o' the maist sauvidge description. Yet, for a' that, I doot whether Donald McMaister himsel' wad classifee the chief agent an' moviu' speerit o' the Reformation, the learned scholar wha preached freedom o' conscience an' founded schules an' universities a' ower braid Scotland, wi' Poundmaker, Break-through-the-Ice an' Big Bear, even though, as they say noo, Big Bear is nae less than a cousin o' the poet Frechette. Hech, man! but it's a pitifu' spectacle tae see a man o' Scotch descent, an' consequently supposed to ken something, staunin' up in a' the pomp an' circumstance an' bliss o' his black ignorance, an' declarin' that a hunder an' fifty year ago the Scotch folk were just as far ahint ceevilization as the Nor'-Wast sauvidges. Losh! I wadna gien ma granny awa like that—no for ten pound—tae sae naething o' masel'. As for the Scotch folk, here's a specimen o' their sauvidgery: When the Scottish Parliament decided tae enter the Union mair than a hunder an' fifty year syne, they were sauvidge enough tae mak their sin terms. Here's a when o' them: *That Protestantism should be a condition o' succeedin' tae the Breetish croon; that Scotland should be represented in the Imperial Parliament by sixteen peers an' forty-five members o' the Hoose o' Commons; that a' Breetish ports an' colonies should be open tae Scotch traders; that the laws relatit to property an' private rights should remain onaltered, except for the gude o' the Scotch people; that the Court o' Session an' ither tribunals should remain unchanged; an' that the Kirk o' Scotland should be maintained as already established!* There's sauvidges for ye! I tell ye what it is, gin Canadians were only half as sauvidge as the above terms o' union indicate, it wad inspire ane wi' some hope for the future o' the

kintra. Thae sauvidges wad alloo themselves tae be overridden neither by a C. P. R. syndicate, nor by a when hard-up lawyers' clerks dictatin', like the laws o' the Medes an' Persians, wha shall an' wha' sha'na vote. Lord! I think I see ony pooer i' the land tryin' to stick a Francheese Bill on the backs o' thae sauvidges a hunder an' fifty year ago. Humph! I wish frae the bottom o' ma hert that Canada wad mair sauvidge an' mair independent an' mair imbued wi' the speerit o' the Scotch sauvidges o' that day an' generation. As for Mack—why the deil didna he tell us when he was about it that he was descended frae a family o' Heilant pouggies an' baboons that keep a peat reek whiskey still on the tap o' Ben Lomond, an' had tae wear their tails shaved close aff for fear o' the gaugers? Bless ma heart! I was sae ta'en up in contemplation o' the stupendous lee, that I had stoppit soopin' up the warehouse, an' was staunin' restin' ma chin on tap o' ma broom thfakin' awa', an' for a lang time I didna see a quarter that was lyin' just among the soopins. I saw the bit siller glintin' up in ma face, but I was sae ta'en up wi' McMaister, for a meenit I couldna realize that it was a genuine *bona fide* twenty-five cent piece. Hooveer, I pooched it at once. Nae doot somebody had drappit it, and noo, says I tae masel, sin' providence has sent me this quarter, I'll go see the airt gallery this vera Saturday afternune, and see if I canna calm ma outraged feelin's wi' the contemplation o' the fine airts. Accordin'ly, after washin' ma face an' shifitin' masel, pittin' on ma Sabbath-day claes, I presented masel' up-stairs at 14 King Street West, and paid ma quarter tae the bit mannie (a decent Scotchman wi' specs on's nose) sittin' inside the door. He was by ordinar' ceevil, an' inveeted me just tae snap inbye an' tak a daunder roon the gallery, the vera thing I did after bein' extravagant enough tae lay out ten cents o' ma ain on a catalogue. The first thing ma ee lichte on was an open window, luckin' oot on a bonny brae side wi' the lang grass growin' on't an' gowans an' ither bits o' floories glintin' oot here an' there. An' weel up the brae there were three little lassies wi' sunbannets an' peenies on, as grave an' as busy as ye like, weavin' a chain o' flooers. An' a ye could see o' the toon was twa-rec lumtaps raisin' their necks up oot o' the valley. I turned tae the bit mannie at the door, an' says I, "I didna ken ye had sic a bonnie brae in a' Toronto. I wad just like tae tak a quiet daunder oot there the morn, bein' Saubbath, an' lie doon an' stretch ma banes in the grass a wee. Whaur does this window luck oot on?" says I. "What window?" says he. "That window there," says I, pointin' wi' my thoomb in that direction. "I see no window," says he, lookin' up an' doon in great surprise, "Gudesake, man! that hillside ower there wi' the bairns sittin' on the brae." "Oh! ho! ho!" says he, laughin', "that's no window; that's Brymner's picture—Brymner of Ottawa, you know." I declare tae ye I thoct that muckle shame at the fearfu' mistak I had made I could hae crawled through a moose hole. But raily, it's ma private opinion that that Brymner maun hae derived his name frae brimstone, an' that wad account for the appearance o' his pictures, for this is nae airt, it's maugic—doonricht maugic—eneuch tae deceive the very elect. There was a picture there o' Paul Peel's that just gaed tae ma hert. It was "Gude-by," an' there was the ship sailin' awa tae Canada, an' me in't, an' there was Peggy McDonald that was sae daft about me sittin' watchin' me sailin' awa—awa—oot o' sight. I cudna help it. I tuk oot ma purse an' coontit oot seventy-five cents an' a dollar bill. I didna want tae break the dollar, sae I tell the mannie I wad buy that picture. I thoct I might get it for fifty cents or five York shillin's, but when he tellt me it was seventy-five dollars!!! every hair o' ma head raise up, an' I just slippit the

bawbees intill ma purse again, an cam' awa roon the room, consultin' ma catalogue a' the time, for I was determined tae let folk see nae mair o' ma ignorance in airt matters, but just tae haud up ma heid an' creeticise wi' the best o' them. I made the acquaintance o' several young leddies, wha evidently tuk me fur a weel-posted airt critic. Of coorse I wasna gaun to belittle masel' by tellin' them that I kent less about airt than themsels, sae we just stappit aboot frae picture tae picture, me a' the time pintin' oot the harmony o' this color, or the fauts in the drawin' o' that, just for a' the world as tho' I had descended in a direct line frae Michael Angelo himsel' without a single cross i' the breed. They listened tae ma remarks wi' the greatest reverence an' respect, especially when I lut oot the word "teckneek." Losh, that fetched them! although, atween you an' me, I've nae mair notion o' what teckneek means than the man i' the mune. I also pinted oot tae them the maist glarin' fauts o' that French style which I tauld them was ruinin' completely oor young Canadian artists, such as Peel, Pinhey, Brymner, Lawson, Bruce an' ither, an' tellt them that I observed the very same fauts o' Frenchness in thae thirty thoosan' dollar pictures that were in the Loan Exhibition here some weeks syne. Gabriel Max, even, I objected tae on that account.

A could sweat brak oot on me though when ane o' the young leddies speert at me if I didna like high art. Hooveer, I pulled masel' together, an' boldly answered No. Ye see it was neck or naething. Sae I tellt them ma reasons were three-fauld—first, the carey-scory was defective in high art; second, the harmony o' tone an' rapport was far frae chaste in general; and third, high art was hung sae near the ceilin' that it was sair on the back neck raxin' up tae creeticise them properly. They speert next if I had bocht ony pictures, but I said, "no, no just yet," I was waitin' till the close o' the Exhibition so I wad get a great bargain, as the feck o' thae risin' young artists were very hard up an' wad be glad tae sell at a sauerifice. I tellt them we had the authority o' Scripser for that; man's extremity was God's opportunity. There was naething like poverty; it was a great incentive tae hard work, an' keepit them oot o' the wiles o' the deevil. I tellt them never to forget to impress on their rich freens that the poor artist's extremity was the rich man's opportunity to get a real work o' art—a work needin' brains an' heart an' mind an' years o' study to produce it—for less than the price o' a worthless daub, thus killin' twa birds wi' ae stane—by securin' a bargain, an' at the same time encouragin' native Canadian talent. Yer brither,

HUGH AIRLIE.

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.

HIS SOURCE OF INCOME.

"How are you finding business, doctor?" was asked of a physician.

"Capital," he replied. "I have all I can attend to."

"I didn't understand that there was very much sickness about."

"No, there isn't. But we physicians do not depend upon sickness for an income. Oh, my! no; most of our money is made from people who have nothing the matter with them."—*New York Sun.*

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



MAIMED BUT NOT KILLED.

Sir Johnny...THERP, MAMMY, I'VE MAIMED HIM, BUT THEY RAISED SUCH A ROW I DIDN'T DARE CUT HIS HEAD OFF!



SYNDICATE GALL.

The Bloated Monopolist.—Use that money? Why, that's mine! Not much I won't, when I can make you lend me all I want of yours!

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

VI.

THE CITY'S CHURCHES AND OTHER PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.

Toronto is and has been for a very long time celebrated for the number of its places of worship, and as it would be impossible to describe all of them, one or two must be selected as samples. There can be no doubt that a larger number of people have heard of the Bond Street church than of any other, celebrated as it is as being the edifice in which some of the most remarkable prophecies of modern times have been and are made. Probably more original ideas are promulgated by two eminent Toronto divines than by any other couple of reverends in the world: these two inspired ones are the Rev. Jo. Wiid, D.D., of the Bond Street church, and the Rev. C. Astronomical Johnson, of no church in particular—the latter being rather more sunburnt than the former but equally level-headed with him. No stranger in Toronto, remaining within its walls over Sunday, should fail to pay a visit to Dr. Wild's church; a visit may not be all the prophet will expect him to pay, but he will not be compelled to fork out anything more if he doesn't feel like it. If the visitor, having heard the mighty doctor hold forth on the Ten Lost Tribes does not rush down Queen Street West and embrace every Jewess he meets as a sister, then he is indeed a callous and unbelieving mortal; he can take pick amongst the limpid-eyed daughters of Israel for the purpose of claiming relationship, and if he doesn't select the prettiest ones he is a duffer. Though Dr. Wild cannot be called a gambler, still he is a great hand at Faro (improperly spelled Pharaoh) and deals with it or him in a manner remarkably keen, oh! Great as he is at

dissertations on the Stone Age, it might be as well if he would, in these days when petty larceny, grand ditto, bank defaulters, and so forth, are so rife, turn his attention to the crib-age and dis-card the other subjects for a time. We whist not why he does not so. He certainly gammons his congregations, permanent and transitory, out of much wealth, and as he does it openly and before their faces, back-gammon cannot be said to be his forte.

St. James' Cathedral is worthy of remark as being a very High Church, the spire rising to an elevation of several hundred feet. As for a Low Church, perhaps Erskine church is or was most worthy of that appellation, as it was burnt to the ground not very long ago. It was very low then. It has, however, been rebuilt and is as good as new for all practical purposes.

One of the things about St. James' Cathedral that strikes a stranger most forcibly is its clock, which is a very striking piece of mechanism indeed, and so dilatory in its movements that it is one o'clock before it gets through striking twelve.

It is hard to foretell what will be the result when the system of reckoning the hours from one to twenty-four comes into vogue. Strong men have been thrown into convulsions by hearing the clock strike twelve; should it ever attempt to toll out twenty-four, Toronto's death-rate will certainly show a marked increase.

Another remarkable characteristic of St. James', or rather of its congregation, is that a large number of them protest against the running of street-cars on Sunday as an ungodly and sinful practice, and yet can see no harm or wrong in driving to and from church in their own carriages. King Street on Sunday, at about 1 p.m., more resembles some fashionable

quarter of May Fair on the occasion of a ball or dinner-party, so numerous are the equipages awaiting the worshippers in the cathedral, the only thing that detracts from the resemblance being the seediness of many of the liveries of the Jehus on the boxes, and the general shabbiness of some of these private chariots.

On the occasion of an able and eloquent discourse being preached in St. James' Cathedral that edifice is crowded, and St. James' is never crowded.

Though there are churches in Toronto without end, none of them, with the exceptions given, merit special notice, so we may as well get on to the other agreeable places for a Sunday snooze. The first of these is undoubtedly the Horticultural Gardens, entrance on Gerard and Carlton Streets and over the fence anywhere. These Gardens have been aptly styled "Toronto's Public Nursery," and any visitor to them will at once acknowledge the justice of the appellation, as he will be struck by the extraordinary number of juveniles who assemble there, seemingly for no other purpose than to swill themselves full of city water from the hydrants at the gates.

Another peculiarity of the Gardens is the large number of seats without backs provided for the delectation of the public, and he will at once confess that Toronto's citizens are a very upright lot as evinced by the attitudes assumed by the sitters on these backless chairs.

A gorgeous fountain ornaments the centre of the Gardens, and squirts sometimes when it is raining, and occasionally even when the weather is warm. Modest people and those who object to the nude in art should avoid this meretricious fountain, as its base is ornamented by a number of statues of little boys in *puris naturalibus* and a more disgusting sight cannot be imagined. The modest beholder naturally turns away from these sculps with a feeling of loathing, and if his eyes do not encounter some youngster sprawling on the grass and making a much more unseemly exhibition of itself than those poor little stone boys, it will be a matter of surprise.

It seems almost incredible that princes of the blood royal should be guilty of treasonable practices, but that the Prince of Wales and Prince Arthur both offended in this manner is proved by boards set up in the Gardens near two maple trees, the legends on which declare that those royal young gentlemen selected this ground for planting trees on. This statement about these maples is no hoaks, sir, fir from it. Set in different parts of the grounds are tubs rendered sacred by the plants they contain, which are aloe, and though these vegetables are not, themselves, necessarily sacred, the tubs are certainly aloed.

Having seen all there is to be seen in these Elysium Fields; having gazed into the noble basin at the fountain's foot, and reflected what a base sin it is not to have any gold fish or other Finnyuns disporting themselves in its pellucid depths, we pass out at the northern gate and turn to the left, and in a short time find ourself in a saloon on Church Street. Here we must tarry for a space. Had we done so before we went to the Gardens we should have been refused admittance, as "No dogs are allowed therein," and "tarriers" come under this designation. —S.

(To be continued.)

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.

"What do you think of my new dress, Hubby? Isn't it the handsomest one you ever saw?"

"Yes, I confess it is; lace over everything, in fact."—Boston Budget.

AMBITION;

OR, BE SURE YOU ARE OFF WITH THE OLD HALL
BEFORE YOU ARE ON WITH THE NEW.

(A Hamilton Operetta in One Act.)

SCENE.—The Council Chamber. The Aldermen discovered in various positions of ambitious inertness. Enter the Mayor. Presto! Aldermen in every pose of ambitious energy.

GRAND OPENING CHORUS.

Here's health and long life to J. J. Mason,
To the mayoral chair he puts the grace on,
He's equally great when a Major with lace on,
He mounts his war-horse and puts its pace on.

MAYOR MASON:

Thanks, friends, the call that brings us here,
Is one that to our hearts is dear,
The building of a City Hall.
This wretched place, excuse the words,
Confuses work, and ill affords
The space required by all.
My rhymes are poor, I freely own,
Figures, not rhyme, are my renown.
I therefore open up the thought,
And trust your teeming brains are fraught,
With schemes both great and small.

ALDERMAN KAUSKALLEN:

Your worship, I rise with tongue of solicitor,
And none, I need say, can well be explainer,
To argue the case for a new city hall,
Which, as your worship remarked, is sadly too small.
With regret, I here state, and the truth must be told,
However the officials may fume and may scold,
The space is so limited, that head and head knock,
And brains are being weakened, because of the shock,
The engineer's man, who his speed ne'er relaxes,
Butts the assessor, chock full of city taxes;
And whilst they are gathering themselves together,
The inspector of health comes flop on their nether.
The right of way, thus blocked with the *mules*,
Gives work official a most serious delay.
For reasons like these I have just given mention,
A new city hall needs our closest attention.

Ald. Bubb (with bravura accompaniment on big drum):

Pooh, pooh and fi-diddle!
What means all this bother?
There's always somebody
Wants one thing or other.

CHORUS OF ALDERMEN.

Oh-o-o-oh! Bub-a-dub-dub!
None lets it forth like Alderman Bubb.

ALD. BUBB:

This thing's proposterous,
I might say monstrous,
To further tax our city—
There's debt enough to pay.
Ambition be darn'd I say,
It gets from me no pity.

CHORUS OF ALDERMEN.

Oh-o-o-oh! Bub-a-dub-dub!
Give it 'em straight, Alderman Bubb.

ALD. BUBB:

We've voted down the parks,
The sower and library sharks,
And we'll put our foot on this;
(Oh, you may sit and hiss!)
I've sung my little ditty.

CHORUS OF LISTENING CITIZENS.

Weep for those noble measures, weep!
Our lost but hoped for treasures, weep!
Weep for the erring ones.
We'll look on with affection, weep!
And at the next election—*sweep!*
SWEEP out the erring ones!

ALD. GORMAN:

Cleanliness next to godliness,
Is what the wise men say;
And here I am to press that point,
And mean to work, not play.
More room for work we health folks need,
It's elbow room that does it;
How can the healthies proceed,
When stuck up in a closet?
If something ain't done to make us space,
Without a day's delay,
I'm off to find a roomier place,
And make the city pay.

ENTER CITY MESSENGER.—(Recit.):

Your worship, at the door I heard a knocking,
And opening wide, I saw, with grief a-rocking,
His Honor, A. D. Stewart, our Chief of Police,
In his hands a large handkerchief and a small valise.
My message is that he asks your permission,
To speak a few words in the deepest contention.

THE MAYOR:

Admit, admit, the tender-hearted chief,
If speaking his mind will give him relief.

(Enter Chief Stewart, wiping away a big tear.)

CHIEF STEWART (liquorously):

Your worship and aldermen all, please note,
I plead for quarters more commodious;
I'm cramped for working room, and in this state
My heart is not, in "Truth," melodious (sob),
You know my length of limb and strength of arm,
And here again I'm sorely hampered;
I have not room to don the gloves and show
My worthy cops I'm no way pampered.
Please give me room to practise doughty deeds,
And then I'll have no cause to fear,
And if another hall you cannot build,
Please do not turn me out of here.

(Exit, using handkerchief industriously.)

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

What's he want with all this boxing,
And all the other games he plays;
The man who ought to have the fun,
Is he who for the circus pays.

ALDERMAN BLEACHER:

If you're in want of anything handy,
You should call up the oracle Bleacher;
I'm a man who with words ne'er bandy,
And am known as the *populi* teacher.
This question can't be settled without me,
That you'll soon know if I'm left in the cold;
I'm sure that none of the aldermen doubt me,
For actions speak louder than words, we are told.
I cannot to-night give my thoughts due expression
Upon the great question that calls us here;
But to one wise thought I can't give repression,
I'm devising a scheme which will soon appear.

(Sits down, looking very mysterious.)

ALDERMAN ADABUS:

Listen to my gentle lay, do pray, do pray;
What I mean is not to pray,
But to listen to my lay.
Build a hall that's worth the show, just now, just now.
I didn't mean, do pray, just now,
But build a hall that's worth the show.
Ambition o'er the town extends, my friends, my friends;
I don't mean, do pray just now, my friends;
But ambition o'er the town extends.
It cries aloud to-night at length, for strength, for strength;
I don't mean, do pray just now my friends for strength;
But ambition calls aloud to-night at length.
It calls aloud and bids us quickly raise
A City Hall, one worthy of all praise.

MAYOR MASON:

The hour has come when decent folk
Should make their homeward way to bed;
And though debate I will not choke,
I trust by prudence you'll be led.
You've heard enough, your brains are reeling,
Too much of this you cannot stand;
Then listen to my kind appealing,
Let's shut up shop and straight disband.

ALDERMEN:

Yes, yes, we'll go and lightly too
Our homeward way to bed.

MAYOR MASON:

To paths of rectitude you've turned,
This council standeth now adjourned.

GRAND FINAL CHORUS.

ALDERMEN:
Nothing we've done has brought disgrace,
No aldermen were bolder;
What we can't face we always place
Upon the people's shoulder.

CITIZENS:

Hamilton first, aldermen last,
The — will take hindmost:
The brightest of lights, when all has passed,
Will come from those who shined most.

ONNES:

Hamilton's hope is in her Hall,
Hamilton's strength is her ambition;
May peace and plenty on her fall,
And may her foes see sure perdition.

(Curtain.)

— J. W. S.

UNAPPRECIATED HYGIENE.

We have had several visits from Mrs. Marigold. Her only son, Thomas, is a pupil in our school, and his strong point is mispronunciation of the simplest words. Mrs. Marigold takes a personal interest in the education of her boy. She is a stout, well-developed woman, rather more so, and always wears a tartan shawl and market-basket when she calls at school. She enters the classroom without the ceremony of knocking at the door, and, on the first occasion, she thus proceeded to address the chair:—

"I wants ye to know ma-am that I don't want you to be teaching my child any of this here highjinks. I don't want you to be tellin' him as how he's got salisbury glanders, and how he'll dry 'em all up if he chews gum. No ma-am! my boy may have his fallin's like other folks, but he ain't an old horse no more'n you are. Glanders never was in my house 'cept that wintor old uncle Pete's horse died of 'em in the barn. Nor I don't want you to be callin' all them good teeth in his head by bad names either—dear knows it's a hard time I put in with him when he was a-cuttin' 'em. You do nothing of the kind, eh? Oh, no! ye didn't tell him his front teeth were cussed, an' t'other bycussed, an' his stummack teeth mawlers—ah, ha! ye didn't think he'd come home an' tell me all that—humph! I suppose ye didn't tell him either that the crown of his head was on top of his teeth, an' how he had nerves in 'em an' pulp in 'em, an' animals all over 'em. What kind of animals ma-am? I want you to know that ef I don't read no mussy books, I knows at least how to keep my child clean. Animals, indeed! You ought to be ashamed of yourself to be tellin' them children all about mastification, whatever that is, an' a nasty mixin' of sliver in their food, all mixed up with yaller whitewash in their little stummacks. It's a downright shame. What I want Thomas to learn is roadin', ritin', an' cipherin', not to be teachin' him that his skin is all over little holes, all plugged up with pores an' dirt, an' all sich lies. Now, Thomas, you go to your seat, an' be a good boy, an' mind you, ma-am, no more of this nonsense, if you please."

So saying, Mrs. Marigold pulled on her bonnet which had been gradually sliding off during her speech, and hitching up her market-basket, took her departure as unceremoniously as she had come. Next week I will relate visit number two.

JAY KAYELLE.

AFRAID IT WOULDN'T WASH.

A colored lady who was carrying a child in her arms slipped on the ice outside a Chinese laundryman's door. An officer assisted her to rise, first passing the child to the laundryman with the admonition:

"Hyor, you John! Hold that kid a minute."

The Chinaman held the child out at arm's length in perfect terror, as if it were a wild animal.

"Me no likee bablee!" he exclaimed; "get-teo um hand all blackee; makee shirtee smuttee."—*Chicago Sun.*

"Nothing is impossible to him who wills," says a philosopher. No, nor to the lawyer who conducts the case.—*Boston Post.*

AT LAST!

In one of our exchanges we find this startling advertisement:

FOUND—by a lawyer, an envelope containing a sum of money. The owner can have the same by calling at this office and paying expenses.

There! Don't let us hear it said hereafter that lawyers are necessarily wholly bad. The finder in this case is evidently honest, and observe that he takes particular pains to make it known that he is a lawyer. The captious may point to this as a striking confirmation of the popular belief, but we scorn to take such a view. That he really is a lawyer is clear beyond question by the significant closing words, suggestive of a bill of costs.

GRIP'S SHAKESPEREAN GALLERY.—NO. 2.



O, MY DUCATS!

—Merchant of Venice, Act II., Scene 3.

A POSTAL "NOTE."

(Town, 1,200 inhabitants. Scene, post-office wicket.)

CUSTOMER.—If yez plaiz I want this letter registered.

P. O. CLERK (in the act of handing over receipt).—Requires 5 cents to register this to the United States.

C.—Eh! Why I only paid 2 cents the other day, then.

P. O. C.—Well, then, you owe me 3 cents. Pay up.

C.—Ah! what do ye say? Is it 3 cents I'm after owing ye? Why, it was at the post-office I posted me last letter. Good day.

"Onlooker" in the *Globe* a short time ago enquires: "How much of a man's income can be safely spent on rent?" Give it up; but a long experience shows that some men incline to the belief that no part of their income whatever can be spent in such a manner. Everybody knows that it is much cheaper to move than pay rent. This must be ap-pay-rent to all.

SPECTACLES THAT will suit all sights. Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDERS, Manufacturing Optician, 125 St. James Street, Montreal.

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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, FETTER'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.

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

MORSE'S SWEET BRIAR, BOUQUET, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCESS LOUISE.
Best Toilets in the Market.

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. MoRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

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