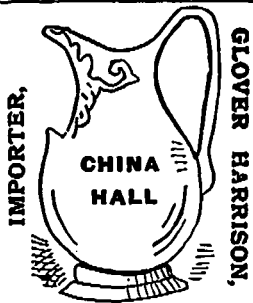


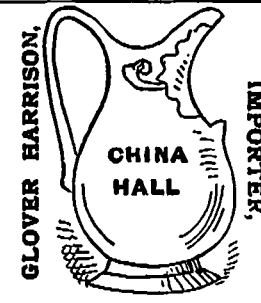
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49 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

VOLUME XXV. }  
No. 8. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22ND, 1885.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.  
5 CENTS EACH. }




AJAX APOLOGETIC.

MR. PATTERSON MAKING HIS PEACE WITH THE SIX NATION VOTERS.

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**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.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

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Sole Advertising Agent for the Middle and New England States.

## Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—Like the horse that paweth in the valley, the present Government of the Dominion "rejoiceth in its strength," and it is strong undoubtedly. This fact—and its explanation—will be clear to anyone who will give our cartoon a little patient study. The Government, so far as we can judge from its actions and expressions, makes no pretence of being strong in the legitimate sense—that is, in the confidence and affections of the people. It takes every opportunity on the other hand, of exhibiting its distrust of the people, as witness its recent dealings with the writs for by-elections, etc. Still, the object in view—continuation in office—may be achieved by artificial strength as certainly as by the real article, so where's the difference?

**FIRST PAGE.**—They had a picnic on the Indian Reserve near Brantford the other day, and the occasion was seized by both parties for the purposes of political capital. The audience was composed largely of the new voters of the Six Nations, and amongst the speakers was Mr. Wm. Patterson. The fun of the occasion seems to have been got at the expense of this estimable gentleman, who was roasted in the presence of the cheering braves for the opinions he expressed of Indian civilization during the debate on the Franchise Bill. With all his ability, Mr. Patterson found it very hard to weather the gale, for the plea of "present company always excepted" is regarded as an afterthought, and does not appeal strongly to the popular mind. As the Six Nations are now amongst the constituents of the hon. member, it will be incumbent on him to be emphatically agreeable hereafter, though Hawkins did his best to make that impossible.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Most readers of the *Mail* disbelieve the utterances of that paper by

instinct. Its "diplomatic" statements are almost invariably false, and are usually so clumsily made that their falsity is apparent. The stories put forward to account for Sir Charles Tupper's present visit to Ottawa may be true, but they certainly don't look like it. The alleged business could have been very well performed by correspondence, and is not sufficiently important or pressing to justify a voyage across the ocean at this time. On the other hand there is strong evidence that Sir Charles has come in connection with a reconstruction of the Cabinet, and his advent has spread dismay amongst the Ministers. But why should the *Mail* seek to cloak this? Is a reconstruction of the Cabinet something disgraceful? What utter stupidity is this "diplomatic" lying!



HER OPINION.

Frederick Cumming was a most peculiar cuss, And always quite extremely happy was, if he Could raise an argument and make a linguistic fuss On any subject; baseball or philosophy.

Now Fred was quite as fond of pots and jugs— Or what they held—as he was of disputing; He quaffed much beer from pewters—called them "mugs"— The beverage, as he thought, his physique suiting.

One evening he went home, and to his wife A learned disputation very soon began; With beery argument and big words 'twas rife, And through an hour and fifteen minutes ran.

He argued on philosophy, and then On differential calculus and evolution; And next on politics for half an hour, when He showed some signs of nearing a conclusion.

"Now, what do you think?" thus he ended up, "Now what do you think?" with a maudlin wink, He asked; his tongue now from the flowing cup Growing thick; "Pray tell me, wife, what do you think?"

"I think," replies the lady, with a pensive smile, The white her shoulders she, half laughing, shrugs, And answers back in truly female style, "I think, you chump, you've had too many 'mugs'!" —S.

## CANDID.

A FACT.

A gentleman in this city some few months ago invented a very powerful and excellent liniment, which was intended more as a cure for the ills that equine, bovine and vaccine flesh is heir to than for those to which the human frame is subject, though it has been found very beneficial as an embrocation for rheumatism, sprains, etc.

Not long ago the inventor received the following letter from a customer in the rural districts:

"SIR,—I purchased a bottle of your liniment for horses and cattle, and as I also own a large number of mules, I rite to ask wether it is also good for mules and human people, as two of my mules are sick with sprains and my missis has the roomatiz.

"Yours truly,  
"GILES BARNDOR."

The liniment man immediately responded as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Yours of the —th to hand. I am happy to say that my liniment is an excellent remedy for rheumatism and is a specific for sprains of every description. Some little time back I myself was so unfortunate as to sprain my knee very severely, but I was effectually cured in a few days by the use of my liniment. I should, therefore, say unhesitatingly that it will greatly benefit your mules.

"Yours faithfully,

"D. RUGGES,

"Inventor and Proprietor Horse and Cattle Liniment."

Mr. Giles Barndoor appears to have tried the remedy on his mules, and successfully, for he publishes a most laudatory testimonial in the weekly newspaper in his district, along with Mr. D. Rugges' own epistle, and the good folks round those parts are having lots of fun over the great inventor's candid confession of his own muley nature.

## BARNEY BACK FROM BATTLEFORD.

MR DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—It's meself that owes yez an apology fur not writin' to yez sooner—but, raley, sur, it's restin' me bones I'm afther iver since landin' home from Battleford wid the resht av the byes, God bless thim, an' resht their sows that'll nivir come back any more at all. Sure, now, an' wasn't it worth all the wary tramp up, an' the hunger, an' the hard tack, not to mention 'the foightin', an' the waitin', an' the home jorney itself, to see sich a welcome waitin' us from ould Toranty? Sure, it made me think av the toine when men 'ud brothers be for a that, 'ur, bedad! what wid the charin' an' the hoorayin', ye'd think iviry blissid man an woman prisint were all the one mother's sons.

But the proudest mament av me life was when Sir John's Government ups and says: "Me byes, ladies an' gintilmin.—The grate war is over, an' now yez are going to recave yer just reward av good conduct. Gintilmin! at the call av duty yez cam nobly forrard an' enlisted in the service, an' in difinse av the Government av this country—all fur love an' duty—not loike thim durthy mircinaries in Yuropayan counthries, for filthy lucre, but, as I said afore, fur love an' duty. (Cheers.) At yer country's call yez left father an' mother an' claved to yer country, left sisters an' brothers, wives an' sweethearts, home and frinds, an' wint wid the greatest intushiasm to foight yer country's battles, Fur four months yez endured hardship an' hunger, an' all the complaint yez made was that yez cudn't get enough foightin' to do. Yez tuk yer lives in yer hands in arder to have thim handy to lay down if necessary in the service an' in difinse av this Government. Yez, in shart, have saved the North-Wesht from becomin' a second Oreland on our hands, an' now, bedad! a grateful Government is goin' to show you how it can apprayciate the good turn yez have done them; it's goin' to show yez how it apprayises yer noble services; it's goin' to show yez there's nothing mean about that same Government. As afore said, yez were no durthy mircinaries, akillin' min as a profession, an', therefore, dou't, av coorse, luck for money, but, considerin' how yer families were left destitute when yez, bread-winners, were away, considerin' that they must have run up a bill at the grocery to kape body and soul together while yez was in the Government employ, considerin' the haft av yez have lost yer job an' are idle now, an' considerin', moreover, that the winter is comin' on soon, an' the coal is to buy, an' flannels fur yerselves an' yer childer, all av which yez would have had had yez stayed at home an' let the North-Wesht go to the devil—this Government has, in consideration av all this, voted yez the munificent

sum av FORTY DOLLARS, an' don't yez forget it."

Raley, Mistor GRIP, our feelin's at this mament wor hard to dishcribe, but we tuk it all in in soilence, like a toasht to the mim'ry av the departed. Iviry mother's son av us wor ather considerin' where we'd borrow fifty cints to buy a purse big enough to howld it all in. We didn't go up to foight fur money, but fur duty, an' it brought tares to the oyes av iviry sojer boy prisint, to think av the Government emptyin' the national exchequer into our pockets like that. We might be apt to be like Jeshurim av old, an' wax fat an' kick over it. We were afraid our wives would get so extravagant that we wouldn't get a bit av dinner cooked for thim bein' out shoppin' all the time, so, bedad!—to privint the bad consequences av a suddin accession to grate wealth—it's meself that'll be ather followin' the example av Mistor Blake, an' put this bit av extra money which the Government has voted to me out av the taxes, an' which, sure, I've no use for, into some hospital fur the raisin' av chickens an' sich.

Yours martially,  
BARNEY O'HEA.

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

III.—MORE ABOUT "PUNCH"—HYDE PARK—

II.R.II. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

LONDON, ENG., Aug. 8, 1885.

DEAR GRIP,—Punctually at the appointed hour I arrived in a hansom—having eschewed the "tram-car"—at the office of *Punch*. I found my way to the "lift" and was soon hoisted up to the storey on which were the editorial rooms. I found Mr. Burnand gazing out of the window from which he had seen my arrival.

"Ha! here you are at last," he exclaimed. "I see you did the journey in a hansom," and then he touched an electric knob. A boy appeared.

"Samuel," said Mr. Burnand, "send Mr. Sharpley, M.A., here." The boy vanished and the gentleman summoned made his appearance.

"Oh! Mr. Sharpley," said Mr. Burnand, "this is a representative of GRIP, the great Canadian comic journal; he arrived at the office in a hansom; there are four days before we go to press; take this bit of paper on which I have made a note; namely, 'Hansom; handsome,' and see if you can't get up a joke on those words."



Mr. Sharpley took the slip of paper and left the presence of the great English comic editor. "Immensely clever fellow that Sharpley," remarked Mr. B., when we were once more alone: "fearfully prolific; now, in a day or two, he'll have a complete joke on that word I gave him: that 'hansom-handsome' affair."

"Well, he ought to be able to hand—some—

thing in, I should think," I remarked. Sure enough, in the next issue of *Punch* appeared the following *bon-mots*, the work, Mr. B. told me, of Sharpley, M.A.:

"A MEMBER OF THE 'CAB'-INET!"

"A gentleman riding in a hansom!!!"

"IMPROMPTUS.

"ON SEEING 'GRIP'S' AMBASSADOR PAYING A CABMAN MORE THAN HIS FARE.

"Handsome (*hansom!!!*) is that handsome (*hansom!!!*) does!!!!!!!"

"None but the brave deserve the fair (*fare!!!!*)!"

"Can a man carrying chickens in a cab be said to be making fare (*fair!!*) of foul (*fowl!!*)?"

Clever fellow that Sharpley, M.A.

"Now," said Mr. Burnand, "suppose we start for Hyde Park; it's a very large place—big enough to *Hyde* in; d'ye see? H-y-d-e-h-i-d-e; play on the word 'Hyde';" and he poked me in the rib with his thumb, and jotted the joke down in his note book.

"Samuel," he said to the boy; for whom he had rung, "take that note to Dr. Fizzor and request him to get something ready from it by the issue after next. Ah! here come my girls," remarked Mr. Burnand, as eleven grown-up young ladies, decidedly English in appearance, filed into the sanctum.



"Mr. GRIP, my daughters," said the great editor, introducing me: "eleven of 'em: (Happy thought! joke about e-leavened bred! Eleven bred, you know; a little eleven eleventh, etc. My daughters in a fresh *role*: d'ye see: r-o-l-e, r-o-l-l? Good, that!)" and a note was dispatched to Mr. Douglas J. Nipper, B.A., by Samuel, with a request to work up the joke.

"And now for the Park," said Mr. Burnand.

We descended to the lower regions by the "lift," and found four elegant, well-appointed private carriages in waiting in the street. These we—a party of sixteen, for three young male swells joined us—entered and set off for Hyde Park, the procession reminding me somewhat of an Oriental caravanserai.

We took a rather roundabout course, Mr. Burnand being anxious to point out some of the principal features of the great metropolis, and we finally entered the park through the Marble Arch and went tooling away round the magnificent carriage drive.

The place was crowded with swells—real blue-blooded aristocrats; people who, if they chance to prick their fingers or suffer from nasal hemorrhage, well out drops of blood the color of the labels of "Morse's Mottled."

Rotten Row was pointed out to me, and I was charmed to behold Mrs. Langtry cantering down the tan, escorted by Lord Lonsdale and Sir George Chotwynd. These gentlemen scowled darkly at each other, and Sir George occasionally shook his fist at Lonsdale.

Presently a couple of outriders appeared in front of us.

"Here comes the Prince of Wales!" exclaimed Mr. Burnand, and sure enough His Royal Highness, accompanied by the beautiful and ever fresh and young Princess Alexandra swept up to us.

Albert E. stared hard at me, and then ordered his coachman to stop. Alighting from his barouche, England's future King walked up to the phaeton in which I was seated and exclaimed:

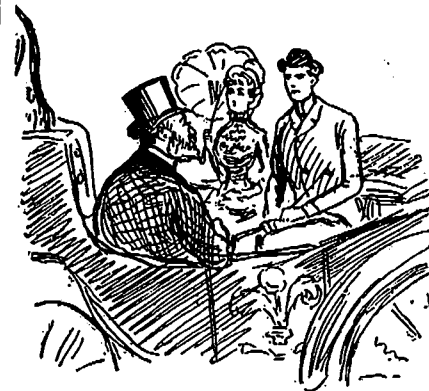
"By Jove! I knew I couldn't be mistaken. Isn't this GRIP's ambassador, Burnand?"

"Yes, your Royal Highness."

"Climb out of there," said the Prince, seizing me by the hand, "come on; you must join my party. Whoosh! won't my wife be glad to see you. She just dotes on GRIP, and never goes to bed without a copy under her pillow," and he dragged me along to his carriage. Mr. Burnand did not appear to half relish this speech and looked very gloomy as he beheld me thus taken captive by royalty. I waved him an adieu and soon found myself being boosted into the Prince's barouche by that eminent gentleman himself.

"Alexandra," he said, as he jumped in after me, and ordered his coachman to drive on, "here's someone you'll be glad to know—GRIP's ambassador; no less, by the lord Harry! the fellow that writes those pieces you nearly kill yourself laughing at: ain't he a daisy?"

"Oh! Albert," exclaimed Her Royal Highness, "how can you be so slangy?" Then, turning to me, smiling and holding out her exquisitely gloved little hand, she continued, "I am delighted to meet you. GRIP is worth fifty doctors when one is *ennuye* and has the 'blues,' as Albert says. Shake."



We shook, and were on good terms immediately. I fairly sparkled and ran over with wit, and kept their Royal Highnesses in a constant roar of laughter, even the coachman and the two flunkeys behind being compelled to stuff their handkerchiefs into their mouths to suppress their guffaws.

I was introduced to innumerable members of the Upper Ten, but found them, as a rule, dull and somewhat supercilious, but they mighty soon dropped their airs when they saw the terms of intimacy I was on with their Royal Highnesses.

"Now, old man," said Albert E., "when the time came for leaving the Park, "you needn't think I'm going to let you escape. You'll just come right home and dine with us. Nobody there but Edinburgh and his missus and a few others. No skrimshanking, old fellow; come just as you are. If you *must* have a swallow-tail I'll lend you one of Edinburgh's; he's taller than I am, though I fear your magnificent proportions will bust the seams of his duds, and he's mighty particular. However,

never mind : offer him a quid\* ; that'll make it all right."

The Princess, adding her persuasions to those of her genial husband, I was compelled to accompany the illustrious pair to Buckingham Palace, arrived at which place we alighted; Albert E. remarking as we did so :

"By Jove! this is a great event. GRIP, old chap, we'll make a night of it," and leaving me to accompany the Princess to one of the magnificent drawing-rooms, he rushed away to give his head butler some instructions.

—S.

(To be continued.)



SUMMER PHENOMENA.

NO. III.—THE BOY.

This time it is the boy. I don't mean that nice, pale, spruce, and extremely proper young man in blue serge knickerbocker suit, natty felt hat, and spotless collars and cuffs, who is bathed regularly by nursemaids, and whose boots are brushed by the hired girl—oh, no! no, no! not by a long way—I could not fancy such a one among my summer phenomena. The boy I speak of is the ubiquitous, always-in-the-way, never-to-be-found-when-wanted, genuine - self-respecting - self-dependent, specimen brick of a boy.

The boy who has a knack of arranging his toilet to suit himself and his own peculiar individuality, who discards suspenders and girds up his loins with a belt after a fashion of his own, who would just like to see the girl who would attempt to wash him, who took first prize in his class at school last exams., and who has now turned himself loose to pasture, and a good time generally during the holidays. He is all over, this specimen—you will find him sitting astride a fence—or squat on some lonely sidewalk—waiting for "them other fellows." They are going for a swim, either to the bay, three miles distant, or to the adjacent creek—a perennial rivulet which they will dam up at an expense of one hour's hard labor and the sweat, not only of their brows, but of their entire bodies. Our boy will then strip and sit in a nude condition on the brink, a cow-breakfast on his head, and a halo of mosquitoes around the rim—waiting for the waters to gather and fill the dam. His shoulders freckle—his back reddens, it will be blistered—and his mother will soothe it with vaseline to-morrow, but still he waits—it is not full enough yet, no fellow could take a decent header there yet—but when his second skin is well nigh broiled, he suddenly rises, stretches himself, throws his hat on the grass, folds his palms and—splash! he disappears in the limpid pool. Gemini! ain't it cold, that spring water?

Now, according to all hygienic laws, our boy's funeral ought to take place the day after to-morrow, but it won't; the proverbial nine lives of a cat are but as nine drops in a bucket

\* "Quid"—a sovereign.

compared to the all but indestructible vitality of this boy; we have known him rotate forty-five times without halting, "muscle grinding," over a hickory pole, and forthwith go in swimming five times in succession that very afternoon. No! he is danger-proof—he is like a snake, he won't die till sunset, and believe me, the sunset of life will be far advanced ere the man of whom this boy is the father will give up the ghost. So with a sob and a shiver he dashes the water out of his eyes, slaps himself all over, and comes up to the bank to perch with the intention of warming himself in the sun, but he is scarcely seated when a companion from behind tips him suddenly headlong into the pool again. Up he comes, gurgling and glancing wildly around for the author of his misfortune, and presently discerns a nude figure grinning behind a tree with eyes dancing. He gives chase—he is bound to get even with that fellow—and he does, for in an evil moment the offender takes to the plank across the edge of the pool, and from there is tipped satisfactorily into the water—where he is followed by his pursuer, and now together they swim—and race about on the grass, until they are warm once more, when they plunge in again, this being repeated till our hero suddenly becomes preternaturally grave, serious beyond his years, and conscious of a yawning abyss in his interior. A squeamishness like a shadowy hand lays hold on him, he thinks of death, and then remembers that he has forgotten to go home to dinner, realizes that it is hunger, not death that is gnawing at his vitals. How the thought of that dinner, which he knows mother has saved for him, cheers his flagging spirits—he is almost himself again, and invites his friend home with him to share it and see his "new lop-ear." For be it known this boy of ours has rabbits, white pink-eyes, and black lop-ears, pigeons, a dog, and two cats; without these his life would be incomplete. The way home is hot and dusty, but the road is wonderfully shortened by the dandelions for the bunnies they find by the wayside, the catnip over which Tom and Purry will hold no end of a picnic, and the seeds they gather for the birds. He arrives home with his arms full, and unconscious of any unusual exertion, or any inconvenience whatever until after dinner when mother asks him if there is enough wood split in the woodshed. Ah! then what a sensation of fatigue comes over him; all at once he is impressed with the extreme heat of the weather—he feels all broken up, really he is sure that ten minutes' wood-splitting would paralyze him for the remainder of his natural life. Mother has pity on his too evident exhaustion, and tells him he can do it in the cool of the evening, when, greatly relieved, he retires to the backyard to exhibit his domestic menagerie to his friend. A pleasant surprise awaits him—his pink-eyed doe sits meekly in her house keeping watch over seven little rabbits! This necessitates the building of another hutch, which he sets about making *instantly*, his mother's ears being astonished by the sound of sawing, hammering, nailing; till, looking out, she beholds her exhausted and utterly prostrate son, working with as much vim as though he had been out on strike all summer, and was making up for lost time, at piece-work. "Oh! these boys," she laughs softly to herself.

In a casual way his friend tells him the circus is coming in to-night. The circus! It was as if he had got an electric shock. The circus! with all the lions and tigers and elephants and monkeys! oh! won't his friend help him through with this hutch—well—no—never mind, the young ones won't be ready for six weeks yet anyhow—so pack away the tools and ho! for the station, on time to see the animals come in! He gets his heart's desire, sees them land, sees the tents up, and at 10 p.m. arrives home famishing for his supper,

which he gets and eats, while he relates all about the wild beasts. Shortly afterwards he retires in order to be up in time to be over at the grounds bright and early. Fatigue?—no! he is one of the summer phenomena whose intentness on some pursuit renders them oblivious as well as independent of atmospheric influences. With eye fixed on the goal they push on through all weathers, conquering and to conquer.

There are mothers who look aghast on such a boy life as this, but this boy's mother don't—she knows that here indeed the world with its formalities and conventionalities is well lost—that he is continually busy, that his life is full to overflowing with genuine healthy enjoyment, that he has not an idle moment to spare to the devil, that the energy, the perseverance, the phenomenal vigor which propels him, is but an indication of the way in which, later on, he will pursue worthy objects, and achieve nobler deeds. But what about the kindling wood—that domestic duty undone? oh! oh! now be charitable;—kindling wood! when there are lions and tigers and elephants about? go to! besides, we are not sketching a goody, goody boy, but a genuine one, whose mother, guide, counsellor, and friend—is—er—is not supposed to be capable of exercising the right of franchise—and—er—and if she did, would certainly always vote for the wrong party.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, opium, morphine, and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 3c. stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address—M. V. LUBON, Agency, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Canada.

THE SUMMER EXODUS.

REFLECTIONS OF A BOHEMIAN.

Now the Browns, who've lots of boodle,  
With trunks, and maid, and pug and poodle,  
All move off 'mid great commotion,  
They are bound across the ocean;  
Probably they'll take a tour up  
Mystic Rhine, and do all Europe,  
From Rome to Edinboro' town—  
How I wish that I was Brown!

Now the Joneses, not so wealthy  
As the Browns, say it's more healthy  
To pass the summer months away  
At Orchard Beach or Sagunay;  
You can sit there calm and pensive—  
Besides, it's not half so expensive  
As your Danubes, Rhines, and Rhones.  
Upon my word, I envy Jones!

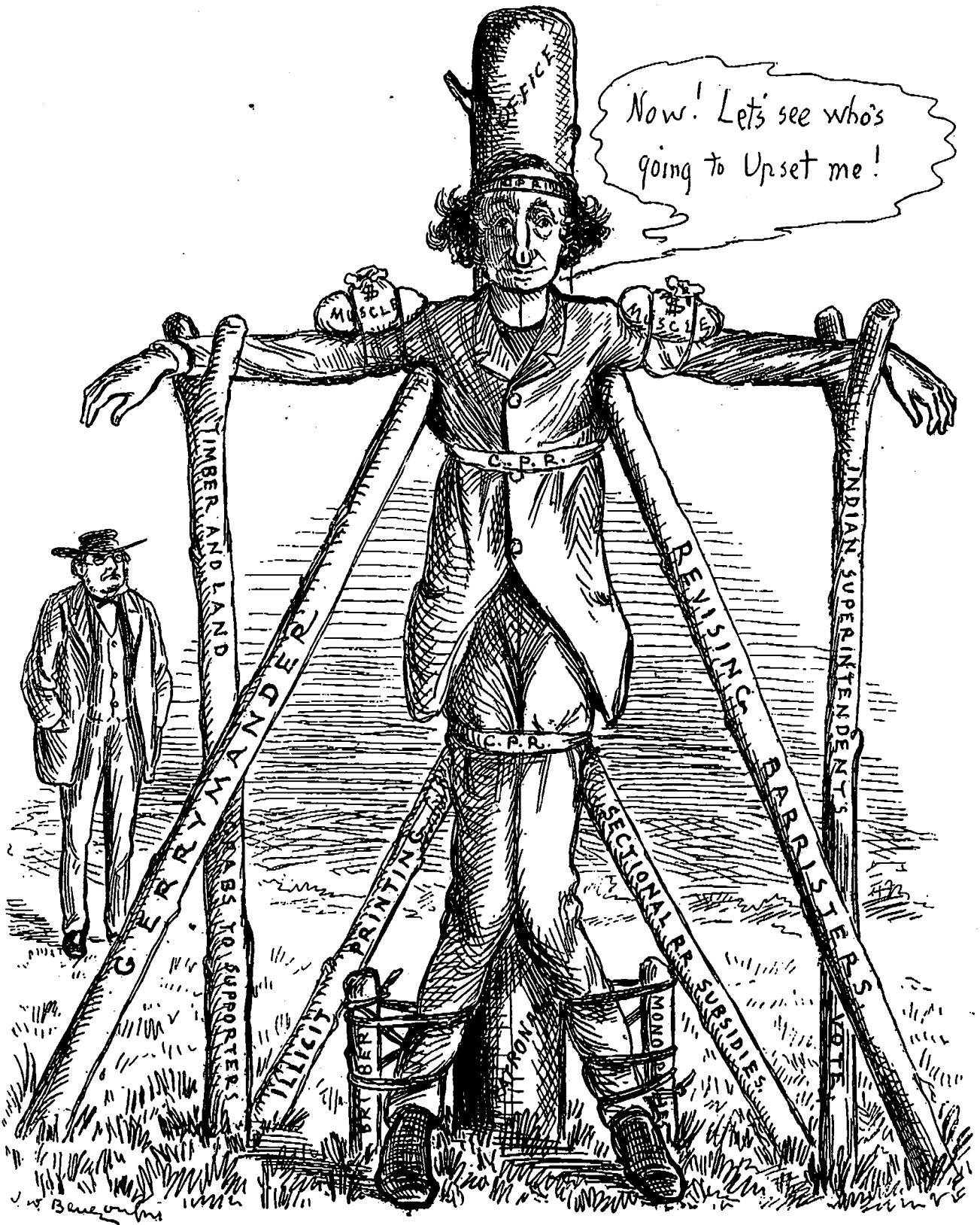
Robinson, *paterfamilias*,  
Fancies he is rather bilious;  
He's a little cash to spare,  
Thinks he'll take the cool, fresh air.  
To long trips he's great abhorrence,  
So he thinks the wide St. Lawrence  
With Thousand Isles to gaze upon,  
Is far enough for Robinson.

Now young Smith, though high in notion,  
Can't afford to cross the ocean,  
Can't afford e'en Sagunay,  
For his bank grants him small pay;  
So he dons a corsair rig  
Like Sallee rover in full rig,  
And stead of tramping foreign strands  
Pitches tent on Island sands.

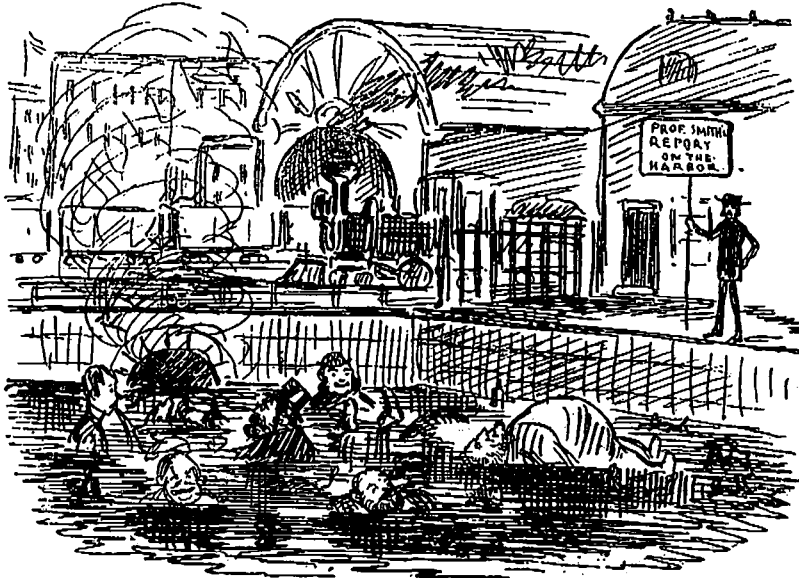
Thus we see a clear gradation,  
From the wealthy in high station,  
With lots of cash, and free from work,  
To the lowly banker's clerk;  
Yet, perhaps, young Smith now pities  
From his lair filled with muskittles,  
The poor man such as swales—well,  
Every one can't be a swell!

—B.

Now that we are in the "heated term" a Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool, will have the effect of alleviating the distress, and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.



“THE GOVERNMENT NEVER WAS STRONGER”!



THE YONGE STREET CHOLERA PUDDLE.

Our Mayor and Aldermen seem to be so very fond of the cesspool at the foot of Yonge Street, that they expect shortly to find them wallowing in it. They would do so *volens volens* if he had his way about it!

TO THE FOG.

WITH THE THERMOMETER AT 90 IN THE SHADE,  
AND THE SHADE KEEPING VERY  
SHADY AT THAT.

If in St. John I had names  
Did thee call,  
I'll take all back, if thou'lt come,  
To Montreal.  
Since I came here, thee I've learned  
To admire,  
Especially on days when  
I perspire.  
From the island, could I hear  
That sweet sound,  
Of the fog-horn, how my heart  
Would rebound.  
But I've got to stay and swelter  
In the heat,  
While the pavements, red-hot, blister  
My poor feet.  
If I ever hear a word,  
'Gainst thee said;  
On the rascal, I'll at once  
"Put a head."

Like the darling, whose sweet lips  
You have kissed;  
You can never know your loss  
Till it's mist.

—J. S. K.

KING CHOLERA AND THE ALDERMAN.

King Cholera.—I am just arrived from Spain.

City Alderman.—And what can I do for you, sir?

King Ch.—Well, I've got things well under way in that peninsula, and I am prospecting for next summer's work.

City A.—Can't your majesty find enough work to do in Europe?

King Ch.—I am led to believe that I can claim many loyal subjects here.

City A.—How came your majesty to that understanding?

King Ch.—I saw an editorial on Prof. Smyth's analysis and report of bay waters. He wants the sewer carried out into the bay, so as to cleanse the slips.

City A.—Your majesty need not feel troubled. We will not follow his advice. We are going to recommend another course.

King Ch.—What may that be?

City A.—Nothing that need prevent your majesty's visit next summer, or indeed for many succeeding.

King Ch.—Thank you very much. From the appearance of the Yonge Street slip I think I could average 561 a day. Have you any more such promising pest-holes? Every night breeze from the lake will be propitious to my plans.

City A.—Oh, yes! At every wharf that excursion boats leave there are one or two—about ten or twelve, I believe, altogether.

King Ch.—Very good! You shall be my Prime Minister. I go now to visit the cities of the Union.

City A.—*Bon voyage. Au revoir.*

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



- A bier garden.—The cemetery.
- Condensed milk.—Chalk.
- The cricketer's favorite author.—Bye-run.
- Theatrical dead-head.—The *Free Press*.
- The game season.—Seizen a Faro Bank.
- Have you ever heard a parrot swear? No, but I've seen a cro-cus.
- Advice to butchers.—If a man refuses to pay his bill for mutton—suet.
- Is a man with a glass eye a one eye-dea man?

AUTHORS OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

- "Too full of the milk of human kindness."—*Cow-per.*
- "Procrastination is the thief of time."—*Steele.*
- "Of two evils chews the least."—*Chaw-cer.*
- "We'll follow the pack."—*Hoyle.*

"Old King Coal was a jolly old soul."—*Coke.*

"Bully for you."—*John Bull.*

"Root, hog, or die."—*Bacon.*

A Montreal dude was found dead the other morning. As there were marks of violence on his neck it was thought he had committed suicide, but the coroner decided that his untimely demise was caused by collar-a.

Mrs. Tuff keeps a boarding-house on St. Catherine Street. I hope her steak is not like her name.

A ship is called "she" because it always has the last word. The ship is bound to answer its helm every time.—*Ex.*

Thought it was because she comes in "stays."

The Norristown *Herald*, in an editorial on the Grant funeral, says: "No such demonstration could have been made at the funeral of any living American." Correct! I think a living corpse would make it lively for the undertaker and all concerned in the funeral obsequies.

Topsy Venn, as *Lucien*, has been drawing like a plaster at the Crystal Palace Opera House. The bald heads of the venn-erables in the front row were turned topsy-turvy.

THE HOLIDAYS.

All things are now *en fête*, which results, we suppose, from fate ruling all things. The holiday season has come and every one seems to seize on its arrival to depart. Everything tells us of the time. The trees have been the first to leave—gone off to Long Branch, we believe; the country is all out of town; the roads, as usual, are running off to the resorts. The waggin tongues have run so far ahead that the folloes are tired. The bears and other animals have gone off to furrin parts and the bees will accompany them and make themselves to hum. Mosquitoes resort to all manners of sharp practices to reinvigorate their blood, and the flies speak to settle down everywhere and have a fly time. The hen lays aside her work in her nest, cacklulates on the result and hendeavors to have a lazy time, thus setting a good egg-sample to others. The cat amewses itself. The dog only makes a sirius start to curtail expenses, but the purpose is not in harmony with the season for the result is a pain in its bowwow-els. The cattle move along to the watering places. The goats capor off. Everything is off, even the weather. The weather prophet in all probability will be farther off than usual weather he wishes or not. The butter-maker, having put so much strength into her butter, will need to a-churn her work and so-churn a while at the seaside. The cheese-maker will get away for some time and skipper round all she can. The butcher does not calf for the holidays, as when the folks have hide off from the pelting sun he can hardly make both ends meet before they come back. The grocer will likely be aweigh for the balance of the summer. The baker kneads a rest. The merchant has long been waiting for the fun in store for him. The barber cuts aswell now as at other times and has a nextr good time. Shoemakers have pegged away at their last job. The bank-clerk goes off because of lack of fun(ds) at home. The jewellers have been watching for a chance to run down, and sprung at the opportunity. The sculptor goes off on a bust. The painter seeks the shade. The broker is having a capital time at the principal places of interest. The policemen are trying to rest because the burglars are stealing away and the thieves returning to



their favorite haunts, and as they take everything they get their hands on they will probably take the holidays, whether legal or not. The carpenter adze some variety to his plane method of board. The blacksmith (speaking ironically) strikes work, anvil blow about his good luck. Furniture-makers are having a suite time. Lawyers are taking a brief holiday regardless of the cost. The doctors opposed to homeopathy are calling at the health resorts while their patients are dieting at home. The farmers after sower-joying themselves all spring will not work except in this wheat by-and-by. Actors are about to star it. Bootblacks are brushing up. Cabmen have long bid farewell to their friends. Politicians are all lying about the country. The soldiers will now turn their arms to the pursuits of peace and will not wait their strength in long and wearisome engagements. The sportsmen are shooting the rapids, and will leave many a sorry miss to tell of their unerring and amiable hits. Babies are having a howling and a spanking good time. Nurses will be necessary in time of squalls. Students are an unsteady class; some will seek the classic shades and branches, others will wait around the hotels for a change, and others are booked for the green and shady slopes to classes. Lovers are embracing the opportunity for sailing off and are not always hugging the shore. The swell is not yet sub-dude but still billows about water breaker of hearts he is. The musicians are playing and singers are in great gloe. Poets are idylling, airing themselves and quite composed for a verse straight time. The newsboy is on his treat. The undertakers are digging out with the rest of folks and are having an inter-esting time. Cigar-makers are lighting out. Gamblers are having a better time. Conductors are making sure of their punch. Engineers are engine themselves and brakesmen will break away from home. Phonographers and telephone operators cannot but have a phunny time. Teachers turn over a new leaf; they take their rods and lyn' in the shade they play hookey with the schools of fish. The milkman will take too the water and mix his drinks. Tourists are on hand wherever there is an arm of the sea. The minister naturally feels on-keeney for the welfare of his flock, and therefore text trouble to follow them. There are only three great classes of society left—the devil, the compositor, and the editor, and they would not be left if people would only pay up. The devil, however, will probably clean out and have a pic-nick all to his-elf. The compositor is resorting to all forms of economy but fears lest, after all, he be compelled to content himself at home with his cus-tomary pi. And the editor—he notes the events and tries to copy the actions of others; but his boots are worn out, his clothes feel thin, his hat has felt the worse of wear and tear—he will some day be attired out and then with his accumulation of common cents he will lie awfully a week summer—likely in the cool retreat of his *sanctum*.

KRAT.

A RADICAL CHANGE.

The best eradicator of foul humors of the blood is Burdock Blood Bitters. A few bottles produce a radical change for the better in health and beauty. It removes the blood taint in scrofula, that terrible disease so common in this country.

FREEDOM OF WORSHIP.

A Montreal butcher, named Poitras, was fined \$8.50 by a magistrate for refusing to kneel in church, on account of having acute pains in his back. Is not this the *knee plus ultra* of tyranny?

TOWZER'S TRIALS.

Folks, somewhat given to deride,  
Complained that he was *bonified*;  
A dog of bone, indeed, he was,  
And from a *bona fide* cause,  
For his owner lately had began  
To change him to a black and tan,  
Proposing with a *stick* to do it,  
And that by *microly sticking* to it.  
This was a sort of *sticking plaster*  
Which caused poor Towzer much disaster;  
He took so much harmonic tonic,  
That 'tose inclined to be sardonic,  
Averred his outer skin did hide  
Supplies of *bark* and *whine* inside.  
In fact, poor Towzer came to be  
A sort of canine *tannery*,  
Where *bark* and *hides* were knit together,  
And *pelts* were pelted into leather.  
Though not the most successful scheme,  
It was not all a *bootless* dream.

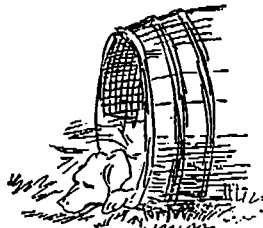


For he caught so oft the solar rays,  
It filled his system with amaze.

Now (though to say it I'm *averso*),  
His master counted him a curse—  
Or cursed cur—for we infer  
That cur (of course) is *singular*,  
And *singular* it was, to see  
How *singular* this dog could be;  
For though he loaded at the muzzle,



Yet the fact philosophers did puzzle,  
That when he slept (just like a log)  
He was a *single-barrelled* dog.



No doubt it may be famous fun  
To call a single dog a gun;  
But it is not strictly true, because  
This animal a *canine* was,  
And a cannon's not a gun, 'tis clear,  
As a gunner's not a *ca* monier.

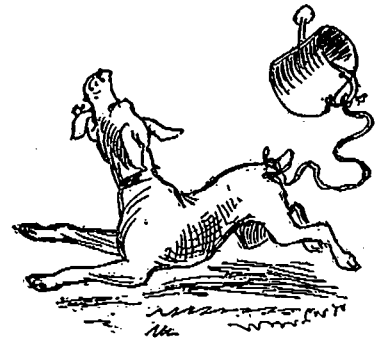


When Towzer found a pan applied  
Behind—what panics shook his hide?  
For pans applied behind become  
A sort of *pandemonium*.  
Misplaced attachments such as these  
Would shake him to the very *fees*;  
Oft would his *dogged* heart howl  
The way whereby he was *seized* in tail.  
In fact, the pup's *caudality*

Was strictly limited in *fee*;  
Perhaps "in *ru-ra*" would designate  
In aptor words the dog's estate.

He might a "*moving tale*" unfold,  
But much *curtailed* it was I'm told,  
For his vertebrate articulation  
Had suffered *stern determination*,  
And in fun or *axe-l-dental* sport,  
His *narrative* had been cut short.

A hide is but a *sea-ting* show  
When *fees* prepare to "go below,"  
And Towzer was most wrongfully  
A victim of *fla*-botomy;  
And canine bites, like quinine bitters,  
Knock hope and happiness to fritters.  
But let us "close" on Towzer's woes,  
Some cannot *catch* our muse's throes.  
Turn off the *metre*, lest we write  
In the manner of a *meteor*-olite,  
And *Gut*'s dear readers do not pay  
For a *metre-illogical* display.  
And now we've got to the end called *latter*,  
This star must wane,  
Though a Dog-star is a *Sirius* matter  
From which to refrain.



HUMOR AND PATHOS.

The following passage, by the "Agricultural Editor" of the Toronto News, is worthy of a place in the next Forestry Report, as a plea for the preservation of trees. It furnishes, also, a good specimen of the style of Mr. E. E. Sheppard who is, in our opinion, the greatest, because the most natural humorist in America to-day:—

"Some farmers imagine that their place is fixed up fine if they have good barns, good fences, and a great big bald-headed house standing like a windmill on the hill or like a sawmill in the hollow. It isn't so. A dozen big trees do more to make a farmhouse look handsome than a hundred dollars' worth of paint, or three thousand dollars' worth of bricks and mortar. Here in the city we have finer trees than nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand have in the country, with all the chance you have to grow them.

"Give your children something to remember. Even if they leave you it is worth something to every father and mother to know that the memory of their girls and boys clings to the old homestead. And, fathers and mothers, it is also worth something to the lads and lassies when in the midst of sorrow and disappointment and temptation, the wings of fancy bear them back to the home among the flowers when life was pure and the days a story of contentment and love. It's many, many years ago, yet it lives still as the brightest of fancy's dreams; it mingles with my mother's song, and comes to me with the first memory of her face; it is the story of my sleep; with the story of her love it is a part, and yet it is nothing but the tapping against the window of the tree which brushed with its branches the old weather-beaten clap-boards of the house where I was born. All my childish ambitions and loves and hopes and fears bring back to me the tapping of those leaves against my window, and as the moon shines down

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THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR; OR, WHAT'S HIS LITTLE GAME?

through the shutters now, as I write, it seems to show the outlines of the branch which was always beckoning me to rise and be doing, and tells the same story of peace in nature, peace with God, and goodwill toward man: Looking back towards childhood it is the green branch of love, the laurel wreath of early ambition, and the keepsake of childhood. I'm not going to die till I have to, but when death downs me, I want the trees to look into my window and say farewell. I want the trees to bend over my grave and drop their golden autumn tears on my last resting-place; they won't forget; when old friends are merry again, and when eyes which once looked at me with love have dried their tears and—perhaps, learned to look with love on those we knew not; still the trees will sing requiems over the staid tombstone and the grass-grown grave, and when winter comes they will cover the little mound with leaves and fight the storms for the defenceless dead."

Editors with large families to provide for, and a bulldog in the cellar to keep creditors away, are not half so anxious for renown as they are for past due subscriptions.

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**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.

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