

IMPORTER,

 CHINA HALL
 GLOVER HARRISON,
 49 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with Grip once a month.)

ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1. Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald.... Aug. 2.
- No. 2. Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3. Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4. Mr. W. 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.—Mr. Mowat's recent visit to Ottawa led to the appearance in print of an idea which has been for a long time discussed in private—the possibility of his succeeding Mr. Blake as leader of the Reform party. It may be that Mr. Mowat's visit to the Capital had no connection whatever with this "happy thought," but the announcement just at that moment of a proposed change in the leadership, in the columns of a Reform paper, which is said to be somewhat in the confidence of the Hon. Oliver, was certainly a striking coincidence. Well, whether the matter has ever been talked over by the Reform managers or not, isn't it worth discussing? While not only the Reformers of Canada, but the whole electorate, entertain a profound respect for Mr. Blake's character and a high opinion of his rare talents, it is also universally believed that he is not so well fitted for the leadership of a party as Mr. Mowat. This is in no sense his fault; no man can be blamed for the lack of a gift which nature has denied him. Mr. Blake is doing just as well as a man of his temperament could do—he is casting pearls of learning and eloquence before the most swinish herd that ever sat in a House of Commons, and he is doubtless working hard in his own way. But he is not a fighter, and what the Grits want now is a political bull-dog to lead them, and the general belief is that plucky Oliver Mowat is just the man to fill the bill.

FIRST PAGE.—It is reported that Ireland, both North and South, is delighted at the defeat of Gladstone's Government. The Grand Old Man has been for several years past—to all human appearance—struggling hard to remedy the grievances that Paddy complains of, but every step in what many of us took for progress, only proved a step further away from Ireland's love. It must be a matter of gratification to Mr. Gladstone that he has been able to perform at least one act which has pleased this troublesome client—the act of handing in his resignation.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In commencing a brief series of Shakespearean studies, we pay our respects to Sir Charles Tupper. The eminent fitness of *Sir John Falstaff's* words in his mouth will be universally recognized, except perhaps by his late colleagues in the Government.

THE BATTLE OF BATOCHE.

The publishers of the *Canadian Pictorial and Illustrated War News* have just completed a magnificent picture in colors of the bayonet charge at Batoche, which will be offered to the public through the medium of the bookstores next week. The work is founded upon authentic sketches made at the scene of the battle, and presents a correct idea of the famous charge. The artistic execution of the picture is equal to anything of the same description produced in England or the United States; and aside from the historic interest it must ever have for patriotic Canadians, is well worthy of a handsome frame as a work of art. Copies are to be had at 30 cents each, and where they cannot be got from local agents, will be furnished by the publishers on receipt of price. Address GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., Toronto.



GENERAL MIDDLETON EN ROUTE TO THE FRONT.

(By the artist of the *London Illustrated News.*)

SOMETHING EXTRA.

In honor of our country's Natal Day, it is GRIP'S intention to send forth a regular holiday number for the week of July 1. In addition to an unusual spread of letter-press and illustrations, four pages of colored cartoons will be given. Look out for a splendid number. No loyal citizen will be complete without it!

BEATEN.

Not the long Irish question vexed,
Not the Egyptian trouble mixed,
Not the expedition to Khartoum,
That failed to stay brave Gordon's doom.

Not though the Bear with one paw fast
On Freedom's throat, defiant passed
One step still nearer to the strand
Called "coral"—England's Indian land;

These moved him not. Though Jingo's raged
With blood and glory unassuaged;
'Twas not the "you" of poet peer
That did it—'twas a pot o' beer!

They swapped him for a tax on beer!
Oh, history! what theme is here!
He gave them votes—shall those avail
But to avert the tax on—ale?

—JAY KAYELEE.



Baseball has at last caught the popular taste in Toronto, now that our city has a crack nine. We never could understand the taste that preferred lacrosse to baseball, but there is no good reason why both games should not thrive well on our free soil.

Mr. Harry Rich, the well-known comedian, has organized a company to present Mr. John A. Fraser, jr.'s, new comedy, "Muddled," at the Grand on July 1. Mr. Rich will play the leading role, that of *Augustus Bim*, a most amusing character. The play is exceedingly well written and ought to prove a great success, as it no doubt will.

THE CANADIAN TO THE FRONT.—We, as wholesale manufacturers, can give the citizens of Toronto harness at lower prices, better stock and styles, than any other firm in the city, owing to us buying our trimmings and stock in large quantities, and making our harness up in four dozen sets at a time. Call and examine for yourselves, and be convinced. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., 104 Front Street East, opposite Hay Market.

A GOOD WATCH.

Pate Jones bought a watch from old Anthony Speers. The next day he entered Speers' den and said:

"Look heah, whut sorter watch is dis yer sole me?"

"De kine, sah, whut I tole yer it wuz."

"No, tain't no sich uv er thing. Yer said dat it would keep good time. Las' night, jes' ez I went ter bed, I looked at the watch an' it wuz jes' twenty minits ter 'leben. Wall, when I got up dis mornin' I looked at de thing, an' it wuz still jes' twenty minits ter 'leben. Yer tole me dat it would keep good time."

"Dat's whut I tole yer, an' dat's whut de watch hab done 'cordin' ter yer own ercount. Twenty minits ter 'leben when yer went ter bed; twenty minits ter 'leben when yer got up. De watch kept de time—hil' it right dar. Haden'er been sich er good watch it woulder turned de time loose an' let it go on. Oh, dat watch'll keep de time, if dat's whut yer want. When yer gets tired of one time, come over an' I'll change it fur er nuder. Good morning, sah, I'se powerful busy."—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

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

A TALK THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

THE ADMIRING READER GIVES THE ABLE EDITOR DUE PRAISE.

"Mr. GRIP, please oblige me! Kindly step to this side (from the telephone) for a few brief moments while I address a word or two to my old and esteemed friend and compatriot, the able and eloquent editor of the *Barrie Gazette*.

"Thou, thou! That will do, I assure you! I really do not desire the whole room, believe me.

"Now, pray do not let me disturb you while I proceed. Be oblivious of my presence, as it were. Merely a little talk to an amiable and estimable newspaper friend whom I wish to congratulate on a recent powerful article of his.

"Hello, there, *Barrie Gazette*! Is that you? Well, this is me. Yes. Quite well, thanks! Take something yourself! Ha! ha! ha!

"Consider I have your hand, in hearty congratulations on that leader in last week's paper. Shake! Once more.

"Eh? Yes—that one beginning:—

The voice and protest of West Simcoe ought to be made known at this critical crisis.

"Shake again! Of course make voice and protest both known. Separate 'em—with the voice first and the protest later on, or with the protest to start with and the voice coming afterwards—and you make a mull of it.

"What? Y-e-s-s! Just as I was going to say. 'Critical crisis' is good. 'Dangerous danger,' or 'perilous peril' would not have sounded anything like it. Happy combination! Imagine yourself getting still another grip from yours truly.

"But say! Can you hear me plainly? Well, one passage that struck me as being specially tert and tarse, or rather—ha! ha! ha!—tarse and tert, pshaw! I mean terse and tart—was this:—

A blow is being struck at the rights and liberty of the people, so barbarous in its nature that the days of the family compact are not to be compared to it.

"Now that couldn't be laid over—eh? I didn't ask you why wasn't this hold over; that—couldn't—BE—LAID—OVER, I say, even by Edgar or his clever lieutenant, Blake. 'Barbarous Blow' at 'Rights and Liberty.'—What's that? You think the—the—the—

The iniquitous Franchise Bill is being pushed through the Dominion Legislature with that brute force that is enough to make the blood curdle in the veins of every true Briton at the thought of being governed by a tricky, corrupt despot at Ottawa.

"Y-e-s-s! Maybe it is just a *lelle* more scarrifying. 'Brute Force,' 'Blood Curdle,' 'True Briton,' 'Tricky, Corrupt Despot!' By George, that is a shot, come to say 'em all over!

"But give me this chunk for good, solid, pithy, pointed, pungent, paralyzing power:—

Already mass indignation meetings are being held in various parts of the Dominion, condemning the action of the traitors of the liberties of the people at Ottawa.

"Yes, I see! I see! Capital! Great! 'Mass Indignation' means the stuff in regular thick ladies' feet. 'Traitors of the liberties of the people' is the most felicitous way I ever heard it put in all my born days. And then it is the liberties of the people at Ottawa! Heavens, man! You must have been inspired when you wrote this!

"What do I say to—

There is British blood enough left in West Simcoe to convince both Sir John and Dalton McCarthy that the docters of West Simcoe never can nor never will be slaves.

"You ask? I say that, in respect to West Simcoe, if there isn't in West Simcoe, enough of the people of West Simcoe, to show that in West Simcoe the people of West Simcoe can never be slaves in West Simcoe, or the British blood left in West Simcoe— Hello! who the— What in— You couldn't quite

make out that last of mine? Well, I was just saying— Eh? Yes. That advice you gave—

It is the duty of every man to speak and let his voice be heard.

"It was sound. It was to the point. Any man that speaks out without letting his voice be heard is simply an 'N.G.' and is not wanted in our ranks. As a matter of fact, a man who would be guilty of this species of mean

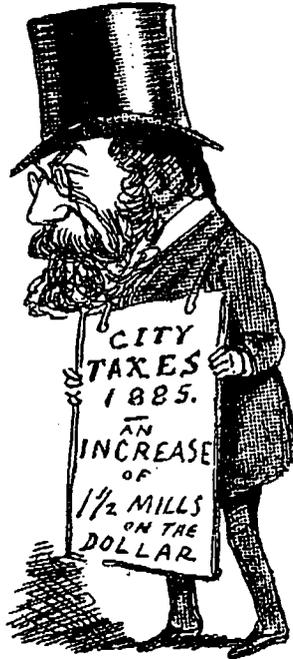
— Dash it! He doesn't hear half I say. What? Hello! No! How did the wind-up of the article read?

There is no time to lose that before the final vote Mr. Dalton McCarthy may understand in this matter he is trampling on the rights and liberties of the people, and especially the electorate of West Simcoe.

"Good! good!! And here, just let me add — What do you say? Oh! Excuse you—man just come in with auction bill—won't wait.

"All right, my dear friend! Business before politics every time. G'bye!

"G'day, GRIP. Thanks for use of the phone."



VOTE FOR MANNING AND LOWER TAXES!

A MODERN TROUBADOUR;

OR,

THEOPHILUS TUBBS' ATTEMPT TO REVIVE THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY.

It is not often in these nineteenth century days of money-making and pursuit after the root of all evil that a man with so chivalric a spirit as was that of Theophilus Tubbs is found; but Mr. Tubbs was deeply imbued with the spirit of chivalry, and he wished—oh, how he wished!—that he had been born in the days of knight-errantry and troubadours. Then he might have shown what he was made of; now he had no chance to do so. True, his person was not such as we generally associate with a suit of armor, a crested helm and a heavy lance, nor could the most vivid imagination easily picture him swinging a ponderous two-handed sword or formidable battle-axe in some desperate onslaught against the Saracen, for he was short and, yes, reader, he was "pudgy." His nose was a decided snub and his hair was sun-setty. Yet the little man

was full to the brim with true knightly ardor. "However," he said to himself, "however, if I cannot be a knight-errant or a Crusader, I can at least be a Troubadour, like the first of his race, Gaily; for does not history tell me that

'Gaily, the troubadour, touched his guitar As he was hastening home from the war.'

I cannot play a guitar, and I don't believe troubadours had guitars—that was merely filled in to rhyme with 'war'—but they had lutes and harps, mandolins, citharus and viols. I can do a little on the banjo, which is next cousin to a lute, and I am not bad on the Jew's harp and mouth-organ at a pinch, but a fellow can't sing and play a Jew's harp or a mouth-organ, and a troubadour *must* sing, so I think I will take the banjo for it. The troubadours used to sing of glorious deeds of arms in the halls of nobles and princes. Some of them were nobles and princes themselves, so there is nothing degrading about the business. Yes, I will be a Troubadour, and I will be my own *jongleur* and compose a song of the feats of our fellows in the North-West that shall set the blood of Toronto's citizens pulsing through their veins like—like—well, like mad," and the little fellow immediately fell to work on his composition. He wasn't much of a poet, that's a fact, but he got a rhyme in here and there and some of the lines were only five, six or a dozen syllables longer or shorter than the rest, so he was doing quite as well as some modern minstrels we all, dear reader, know.

Theophilus was well read up on the subject of Troubadours; knew all about Count William of Poitiers, ninth duke of Aquitaine (in fact, I believe he claimed descent from that puissant nobleman, though how his name had degenerated into what it was, Tubbs, he could scarcely explain), and he knew Peire Vidal's song:

"Now into Provence returning Well I know my call to sing To my lady some sweet thing, Full of gratitude and yearning,"

by heart, and he regarded Taillefer, the troubadour of William the Conqueror as a hero to be worshipped. He determined to revive the profession of the Troubadours, and to cast a glamor of medievalism over the commonplace every-dayness of the times he lived in.

In the course of a day or two his song, or ballad, was completed. He caused to be made for himself a costume such as he deemed appropriate for a Troubadour, and he spent many an hour before his looking-glass practising his melody and attitudes.

It was customary, he had read, for troubadours to serenade their mistresses. Alas! poor little Tubbs' "ladye faire" was a humble seamstress who dwelt in a boarding-house with some dozen other of her kind, and he dared not face that battery of feminine eyes, for he knew that at the first note of his banjo every lady in the house would be at her "latticed casement."

So a serenade to his mistress was out of the question. He would, however, venture to sing his composition in the streets of Toronto. Surely every man, woman and child would appreciate his ardent strains, and he would become famous and be known as the "Revivalist of Troubadourism."

The day he selected for his first essay was Dominion Day, for he felt that the flags and banners floating from the houses would be in keeping with his somewhat gay costume—for you all know how troubadours, since the time of the aforesaid Gaily, have dressed (if you don't you ought to)—and, moreover, people would be at leisure to give ear to his minstrelsy.

So on that eventful First of July he sallied forth and took up his station on the corner of King and Yonge Streets. True, his appearance caused some little stir, for many Toronto people, in their benighted ignorance, had never

heard of a troubadour, and took him for a white negro minstrel about to give an open-air performance. A crowd quickly gathered which was not dispersed by the police, as every man on the force had obtained leave of absence to attend a grand 'Tug-of-War at Buffalo, slugging matches and other diversions of the Day, the only man on duty being the Chief, and he was in Florida shooting alligators; so Tubbs had a clear field.

"Say, who made dem pants?" sang out an impertinent *gamin*, whilst a big Irishman remarked that "he'd seen thim craythur in Injy, wild, whin he was there wid his rig'mint."

Nothing daunted, Theophilus thrummed a few bars on his banjo and commenced:

"When our gallant Queen's Own in armor bedight
Went up to Manitoba to fight,
They determined they'd capture Louis Riel
And make him squeal."

(Thrum-a-thrum-a-thrum on the banjo, and "Take that hot pitater out o' your mouth" from that ruffian of a boy.)

"Each warrior brave conveyed upon his back
A shirt, an undershirt, a pair of spare boots, and a knife,
fork and spoon in his pack.
They went away with hearts high bounding—
Hark! the bugle's sounding!"

(Imitation of the bugle on the banjo, and a chunk of mud in the Troubadour's eye from somewhere in the crowd.)

"Soon they sight the foe—they flee—they run,
Hurray for the man with the Gatling gun!
Let me sing in accents sweet of—"

Here two saloon keepers rushed through the crowd, and each collared an arm of the minstrel.

"Come with me, quick," cried No. 1. "I want you in my saloon. You're just the thing." "Come with me," shouts No. 2. "I'll give you fifteen cents an hour and all the beer you want, to play at my place. Come on."

Little Tubbs, nearly torn asunder by the efforts of the rival "wine merchants," looked first at one and then at the other, and gasped out: "I-I'm not for hire. I'm n-n-not an express wagon. I'm a medi-æval Trouba-ba-ba-dour." "That be hanged!" cries No. 1. "I'll give you twenty cents an hour and treat every five minutes. Come along." "I had him first," shouts No. 2. "Ho's mine. Let him go—let him go, I tell you. You won't? Take that, then," and No. 1 rolled over on the cedar blocks. "Go it, rummies," "Sock it to him," "Yah, look at his eye," from the crowd, as No. 1 rose from the earth and attacked his rival vigorously, and a terrific contest ensued which might have put the encounters between Crusader and Saracen to the blush.

As the fray was in progress, a street car drew up and a stout gentleman alighted therefrom, at the sight of whom the crowd began to disperse, whispering, "It's the deputy police magistrate."

"What's all this? What's all this?" he shouted, elbowing his way over to the Troubadour's side. "Who are you, fellow, and what's them there clothes you have on?"

"I'm a Troubadour," replied little Tubbs, pretty well scared by the rumpus of which he had been the cause. "I'm the Revivalist of the Age of Chivalry."

"You look more like the Revivalist of the age when lunatics were allowed to run at large. Get home, man, get home," replied the perspiring J. P. "Here, street car," and he hailed a passing vehicle, "take this man away—on my pass," and he hustled the unfortunate Troubadour aboard, and raising his clear tenor voice above the uproar, shouted, "Disperse in the name of the Queen, or I'll read the Riot Act," and as the crowd melted away Theophilus Tubbs was whirled off up Yonge Street, and before long found himself at home, sorely bedraggled, his banjo broken, his troubadour's costume rent in twenty places, and with a firm conviction that, though he was

out out for a mediæval character—knight or troubadour—Toronto in the nineteenth century was no place for him to commence in as a Revivalist of the Days of Chivalry.

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.



RATHER BURDENSOME.

Jones.—"I don't see what is the matter with me. I feel pretty well generally, but I have no appetite; none at all, in fact."

Smith.—"Well, I have a good appetite all the time, and I wish I could give it to you."

"But then you would not have any."
"No, I don't want any. It is an inconvenience."

"An inconvenience?"
"Yes; I board."

THE SENTIMENTAL BALLAD

OF THE ELOPEMENT OF VILLYUM AND MISS BATES.

As sung by a Cockney Costermonger.

Oh, gather round and listen to my bloomin' little ditty,
Vich I vill sing unto you in most melodious werc.
'Tis about a man named Villyum, residing in a city;
Ho vas vith an undertaker, and ho halvays drove the 'earse.

Now, Villyum vas 'andsome, vith viskers most enormous,
And he fell in love vith Sukey Bates, a damsel in a kitchen—
And sho vas most enchantin'—so the newspapers inform us,
And the glances of her dark brown hoyes vas, so it is said, bovitchin'.

The 'ouse where Sukey helped the cook, vas vith the undertaker's
Connected by a tellyfoam; my! 'ow that bell did ring!
It vould have bust if it had not bin by the beat of makers;
For all day long, and hevory day vas 'card its ting-ling-ling.

'Twas Sukey callin' Villyum up in this peculiar fashion;
But vot is there as lovers true vont do for vuu another?
For Villyum and Sukey Bates both felt the tender passion,
Vich it vas kvite impossible for either vun to smother.

The people vich employed Miss Bates—as might have been expected—
Soon wearied of her lover's tricks, and shortly told her so;
And to Villyum stoppink vith his 'earse before their 'ouse objected,
And said hif such things vasn't stopped Miss Bates vould 'ave to go.

It isn't very pleasant to see a 'earse a stoppin'
Before vun's door-stop every day—you know it ain't, I'm sure—
It looks as if too many folks from orf the twigs vas oppin';
But Villyum vouldn't stop it, his love for Sue vas pure.

So the gents vich hired Sukey they locked her in a hattie,
From vhench sho only saw her Vill, and to him kisses throw
From out that hattie vinder in a fashion kvite dramatic,
Vile Villyum from his hearse-box sent kisses back to Sue.

Vun night Miss Bates' gentlofoks had gone hoff to the hopera,
And sho vas in her hattie locked vhen a tap came at the door,
And in rushed Villyum—dashed the lock to pieces—no vay proper
Of rescuing the damsel one feels affection for.

"Come fly, dear Sue," bold Villyum cried; "put on your 'at and cloak,
Ve must elope; your treatment 'ere than nothink could be vorse.
Be quick, my dear." "But 'ow?" says Sue, "you 'ave no chaise or moke."
"No darling," says brave Villyum, "but I 'ave got the 'earse."

"You'll go inside; I'll mount the box: they'll think you are a 'stiff'
As I'm a drivin' to the grave; come, hurry, Sukey dear."
But Sukey 'csitated and began to murmur "If,"
But Villyum cut her very short and bore her down the steer.

He popped her then hinside the 'earse, and mounted to his box,
He drovo unto a parson's, and soon the two vas ved.
Oh, Villy-un! like love you larked at locksmiths and their locks,
And Vill and Sue vas true as true till both of 'em vas dead.

Immense applause from the audience in the "penny gaff," where this ballad is supposed to be sung, as the waiter comes round with "Gents, give your orders," and the costermonger is a hero for the rest of the evening.
—SWIZ.

CURIOUS COGNOMEN COINCIDENCES.

AS ENCOUNTERED IN MEANDERING THROUGH THE EXCHANGE LABYRINTH.

Frank Glass owns Crystal Hall, Tilsenburgh.
Rev. Mr. Mihell is a Burford pastor.
Carleton Place has Millions (other name William) living in it.

Joseph Fish belongs to Otterville.
Mr. Killmaster sails a pleasure yacht at Port Rowan.

Louis Risk is in the hotel business in the Forest City.

Mr. Huffman was the plaintiff in an action against South Dumfries council.

Mr. Rotwell dispenses liquid refreshment at a Longford bar.

Mr. Kick runs a Niagara Falls hotel.
Mr. Hopgood, sr., according to an esteemed contemporary, "is extremely active and energetic."

Dr. Aikman is a Woodstock physician.

T. Fox is a London, Ont., pawnbroker.
Alderman Hook is one of London's civic solons.

Bro. Herring is the editor of a highly respected contemporary. Deal gently with the—, that is to say, with Bro. Herring.

Mr. Bangs is a Brantford newspaper man, who doubtless knows something about slugs, also.

A. Tramp is an industrious Barrie mechanic.

Mr. Plant is a Paris, Ont., citizen. And yet St James' church cemetery is in need of a care-taker.

Mr. Kribbs need not necessarily be charged with getting his items that way for the Toronto News.

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.



A CHAMPION WITH A RECORD.

O. M.—(loq).—GRAND STATUE THAT, VERY LOFTY, VERY CLASSIC, VERY DIGNIFIED—BUT WHAT YOU WANT IS A *FIGHTING MAN!*



Capt of M.F. Club - Now sir, be good enough to keep out of the way, and don't intrude the game.
 Usher of Black Rod - Do you know WHO I AM sir?

TERRIBLE WRENCH TO THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

The Usher of the Black Rod is not permitted to spoil a game of cricket on Government Square! For particulars see daily papers.

THE EARLY BIRD.

The early bird—the early fiend! If I could catch him one of these mornings I'd crush him like a-a—a worm! No, I never crush a worm. When I meet a worm I step over him, or walk around him at a respectable distance, or back up and let him pursue his course along the cool, sequestered vale, etc. Why should I crush *him*, pray? What has he ever done to me that I should crush him? He never disturbs my slumbers, he doesn't rise before dawn and kick up racket enough to start a premature resurrection, he lets me sleep in peace. Crush him, no! I have no quarrel with *him*; but the early bird, the ghoul, the fiend, whose lot joins mine with only an alley way between, I'd crush him, cranch him, jump on him, stomp him out of existence for ever. Oh! oh!! oh!!! when I think of it. As for sympathy in suffering, when I ask Jones, next door, what early monster is abroad at day-dawn, he tells me "he is a very industrious fellow, works down town, owns that row of little roughcasts, all by his own industry, all by getting up early of a morning. Oh, yes, he's industrious, he is an early riser." As if I didn't know that to my sorrow, as if I don't stagger round the house all day long—with fishy, bloodshot eyes—and jaws that gape and gape till they threaten to yawn asunder—all on account of his early rising! Oh! he rises in the morning!—not a doubt about that; also in the night-time, before dawn, just when Brooks' dog has lain down for a nap after a night's yelping, when the cats cease from troubling and are at rest on the scantling of the back-yard fence, when, with a sigh of thankfulness—at last—I drop off into a delicious snooze, so delicious that I feel myself sleeping, and my muscles resting, ah, most exquisitely! Then, powers infernal! what is that? Great Cæsar! listen

to that! It is the fiend, the early bird, the industrious fellow—and he is sawing pine boards with a dull rip saw in the alley way at the foot of my yard! Oh! oh!! oh!!! the ripping, the tearing, the outcry of that saw protesting with every tooth in its head against being driven at this rate at four o'clock in the morning! It is awful! I cover my ears with the blankets, but it is a hot morning and I feel stifled, and in desperation I jump out of bed and slam down the window, in the vain hope of deafening the sound somehow—no go!

That saw goes tearing and screeching through the lumber till my salivary glands shed tears, idle tears; for the fiend has to be down town by seven, and he never once pauses or slackens off until half-past six—when, awakened by the noise—two little night-gowned figures glide into my room, and sidling up to the window, peer through the blind, and whisper, "I wonder is that pa sawing wood,"—and are startled by a snarl from the bed—"Do you think pa's a member of the Inquisition?"

Yes—it's all over!—no more sleep for me who retired at twelve after working hard all day, saying, "Lo! I will have six hours sweet sleep." Sleep! don't talk to me about that wet sea-boy—not even he could have slept—while giving audience to a feline serenade from one to three—dog solo from three to four—intermission two minutes—and then rip! whirr!—screechy-scrawchy! screechy-scrawchy! oh! oh!! oh!!! And yet you doubt my will to crush him! Ah! if that had but been all, but the end is not yet. No, sir! As I yawn through the interminable day, I keep up my spirits, and soothe my outraged nerves with the thought that I will make up for it to-night. I say—not later than ten will I retire—and I shall sleep—ah! I shall sleep till eight—and all will be well! Humph! I

reckon without the fiend. Ten o'clock finds me in bed—it is clear moonlight, a lovely night for poetry—but I don't feel like it—my blinds are down, my slats down and out, and in delicious gloom and silence I court repose.

Whorr-rr-rap! flap! smack! bang!—ye gods! it is he! In the moonlight—industrious fellow—sorting lumber, and piling up the pine-boards he sawed in the morning! It is awful—I pause and meditate—this cannot go on—bangup! bangup! bang! really, I can tolerate this no longer, and, electrified by rage, my stiff and aching limbs bound on to the floor, I spring to the window, pull up the blind, dash open the shutter, and, thrusting my head into the moonlight, am about to utter a yell of protest—when, presto! the noise has stopped—silence reigns—yes—there he is, winding slowly up through the garden path to his house. Thankfulness extinguishes rage—I draw in my head—shut out the light again, get into bed, and in another minute am asleep. Beautiful sleep! I could write no end of poetry on it. But the waking, ah! the waking. This time it is a loud, sharp, incessant, knocking, noise. I open one eye. Through a chink of the shutter I see a line of red athwart the eastern horizon—it is four by the illuminated dial on the bureau—and the whole neighborhood is echoing—and reverberating to the sound of a hammer that is ham—ham—hammering up a fence! It is the fiend! the early riser—the industrious fellow—and he is nailing up the boards he sawed at day-dawn yesterday! To-morrow I expect he will get up at three to sharpen his saws, to earn money, and build cottages, at the expense of my health and reason. Crush him! yes, sir, without any compunction whatever.

JAY KAYELLE.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

KING STREET, ITS BUDDINGS, ETC. (CONTINUED).

Last week the unfortunate, gifted and handsome writer of "GRIP'S Guide to Toronto" made some remarks reflecting on the Dudes of this city. He now proposes to tell his admiring readers what has happened. He (the talented writer) had intimated that Dudes, as a class, were N.G.; that their legs were too thin and their collars too lofty for the owners of these articles to be of any use.

It is now five days since the aforesaid writer of these very able articles was interviewed by ten Dudes (printer, put that D as big as the one that Sir Jo. Porter, K.C.B., don't use!). They, the Dudes, ascended to the garret inhabited by all literary men—that is to say the garret inhabited by one literary man, not for a moment intimating that all literary men live in the same individual garret—you catch on to my meaning, reader, don't you?—but they all live in garrets. Goldsmith lived in a garret at one time. Savage inhabited a sky-parlor, and it has been even hinted that Dr. Sam. Johnson at one time was the unhappy occupant of the chamber nearest the tiles. But what has all this to do with Dudes? you naturally enquire, gentle reader and admirer of the genius that inspires me to write so well. I am just coming to that. These ten (10) Dudes mounted the stairs leading to my garret. They were armed and evidently desired the blood of some one. I was that some one. I will now describe the weapons which these bloodthirsty ruffians bore. Number One—not the Fenian—carried a cigarette the smell of which would have killed a rhinoceros. Number Two had a cane that would have slain a fly if its owner—the cane's owner, not the fly's—for I hold that nobody owns flies, or if somebody does, that that somebody ought to look after his or her property better than he or she does—Number Two had a cane, as I before remarked, that would have killed a fly if the owner of the cane had been

able to hit hard enough. Number Three had concealed about his person an immense pair of cuffs—no shirt—whilst Number Four's tooth-pick shoes were "awfully formidable, y'know, old chappie." Number Five was the worst-looking pirate of the whole crew, and had indulged in lemonade till his courage was wrought up to the sticking point, and he evidently intended to pound any adversary who might be so ill-advised as to stand before him till he could pound no longer. Numbers Six, Seven, Eight, Nine and Ten, had, respectively, an umbrella, a quill tooth-pick, a cigarette, a cigarette, a cigarette.

Behold me, then, confronted by this formidable array. What to do I knew not, for the nonce, but an idea struck me—hard. It didn't come from any of my visitors, however; they weren't flush of that kind of commodity. I enquired the purpose of the visit.

"You have insulted the clahs to which we belong," replied that diabolical Number Five. "You have intimated that we know nothing."

I admitted that what I had written might be open to that construction, "But," I added, "will you wait here for a few moments whilst I step out?"

"You don't leave this room alive," exclaimed the piratical-looking, bandit-appearing Number Five, and the rest, the nine, all joined in the chorus, and declared that the literary fiend—me—must die.

"On my honor as a gentleman," I pleaded, "I will return in five minutes," and I slipped out with that dexterity, celerity and activity for which I am so noted before the invaders could wink.

And now comes my strategy into play. Where went I, think ye? I went to the office of the *Globe*. I hired the man who does the cuts for that illustrated serio-comic to follow me and bring his apparatus along. He came, he saw, he conquered. *Venit, vidit, vicit*, as Ju. Cæsar would have said. Before those Dudes could say "knife" he had a portrait of each and every one of them. He showed it to them.

That settled their hash. "Do we look like that?" they exclaimed with one accord, and when assured they did, they raised their voices in an exceeding bitter cry, and lying down yielded up the ghost.

Thus it is seen that, by the exercise of a little gumption, ten objectionable creatures may be made to mourn.

When I, the talented, able, well-built, cultured writer of this article started to wade in on it I had intended to say something more about King Street, but as I have over-run my allotted space, I shall have to leave it over for another week.

But I've told you about these Dudes, and how they came in search of the blood-corpucles of a literary man, and how they were defeated. By-bye. —S.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL BAPTISM.

The printer's little boy was to be christened. The father toiled as foreman in a city office.

The church was one of those where the sexes are kept rigidly apart; males on one side, females on t'other,

The nurse made a mistake in bringing the youngster in, and took him over to the feminine side.

"Wrong font," whispered the papa, "take him to the other one on the masculine side." The child was transported as directed. He had a little cap on his head which the clergyman—who was a canon—ordered to be removed.

"We don't allow any person of the male sex to come into church covered in any case. We must have no caps here—not even *small caps*." The cap was removed.

"It is only a matter of *form*, I suppose," murmured the parent.

"Set him up here," said the officiating divine, holding out his arms to *em brace* the child. The baby was *set up*.

"Rum old *stick*," again murmured pa, alluding to the parson, "and I don't think his conduct can be justified," but he spoke low.

"What is his name to be?" enquired the clergyman.

"*Em or en*, as the case may be," replied the happy pappy.

The child was duly named. "You must teach him to renounce the *World*, the flesh and the *devil*," said the clergyman to the father.

"He can never be a printer in *my* office, then," once more murmured the progenitor, *sotto voce*, "I can't get along without the *World* and the 'devil'."

"You must never let him become a *minion* of the Evil One," went on his reverence, looking very imposing, "and as soon as he can read you must teach him his *primer*. See that he is *le(a)id* in the way he should go, and make him obey your *rules*, and he'll turn out a paragon. *Chase* all evil out of his heart; and try, yourself, to be a *type* of what a man should be. Don't be angry, my good man; *compose* yourself. When this child grows up, should it prove disobedient, give it a *lick*, (but don't *slug* it) or your boy may find himself in *quad* or at the galleys. That will do; take him away."

The child began *t ovel*. "He seems a little *out of sorts*," remarked the printer, who handed some *quoin* to the clergyman, and the child was removed and given to his mother who did the *press work*. —S.



A SOFT SNAP.

I am an infidel. I proclaim it aloud from the house-tops and in the columnus of GRIP (which afford the best advertising medium in the world), though I don't care much who knows of my infidelity as long as Prince Mirza Gholam Ahmed, C.I.E., gets to hear of it.

I am also spoiling for conversion to the Mahometan faith, and nobody under the rank of an Indian Prince can convert me. Just listen to this. It is clipped from a newspaper and is going the usual rounds. It refers to Prince M. G. Ahmed, C.I.E., (whatever those letters mean, but they look like the French contraction for *compagnie*), his proposed conversion of the great and only Charles Bradlaugh, who is always returned as member for Northampton and always rejected by the House—partly because he is an infidel and won't swear like a Christian, and partly because the other members fear their personal beauty might be cast in the shade by that of Charles B. who is exceedingly pretty, as all will allow who look at his annexed portrait. Here is the clipping:

"The Prince has read Mr. Bradlaugh's works sympathetically, and believes that with a proper course of teaching by Moslem ages he would become a bright and shining light of

Islamism. The Prince proposes, therefore, that Mr. Bradlaugh shall come to the former's domains in the Punjab, and shall put himself under tuition with a view to his conversion. The Prince agrees to furnish the neophyte with a suitable palace and a retinue of servants, to provide for all his household expenditures, which shall be on a scale of magnificence consistent with the honour due to a prince's guest, and to furnish him an allowance of 200 rupees per month during the entire process of conversion."

Now, then, is there not method in my madness when I proclaim myself an infidel? The pay during the process of conversion (which in my case, should that Prince take hold of me, would last my life-time) isn't much—\$25 a week—but then everything is found—a palace, servants, grub (currie, mulligatawny, pilaus, etc., etc., *ad lib.*)—and all on "a scale of magnificence consistent with the honour (with a 'u') due to a Prince's guest"—an Indian Prince, mind, not a German one.

Then the work isn't hard. I would rather undergo the process of conversion than buck wood. But that Prince must bear in mind that in me he will find a hard nut. I want to be converted the worst way, but I don't see how it can be done under fifty years at least. I should be slow to admit anything that might endanger my enjoyment of that palace (city water free, think of that!) and the other luxuries mentioned. Then there would be bliss in living in the Punjab, for, ever since my connection with this great moral journal (no Scripture questions, no prizes given), GRIP, my existence has been a sort of a *pun job*, and I like it.

Therefore, I say, I am open to be converted to Mahometanism, and if this should catch Mirza Gholam's eye—as it will, for GRIP goes into the Orient, yea, verily, and Lord Dufferin doubtless lets these princes have a squint at his copy—he need only drop a post card to me addressed to this office and I shall get it.

Oh! there is a glorious chance for us Infidels after all.

Go East, young man, go East! Hurrah for Mahomet! Bully for Islamism! Allah il Al-lah! There is but one Allah, and Swiz is his prophet! Bismillah!

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

A scientist estimates that the present growth of the world would make an annual layer of coal only one eighth of an inch in thickness, and that it will take a million years to form a coal bed 100 feet thick, so much vegetable matter does it require to form coal. Wise people should wait till that hundred-foot layer is formed before laying in their winter's coal: it will be getting cheaper by-and-by.

"The London *Telegraph* is trying to persuade everybody that everything that crawls, flies, swims, or runs, is good for food."—*Globe*. It is a pity that people are not as easily persuaded as the *Telegraph* would like: many objectionable babies (for these little animals crawl) might be got rid of, and the French would soon be exterminated—for they run—when the British are after 'em. They say that Dr. Mary Walker is a good swimmer, but the man has yet to be found who would have the hardihood to tackle her.

In speaking of the *physique* of distinguished philosophers, poets, savants, and so forth, a scientific paper gets off the following:—"The one instance of a wonderful mind in a superb body we find in Goethe." The "one instance," indeed. Does the scoundrel who wrote that know us? Did he never read GRIP? Did he never see us, personally? And this is Fame! Pooh, pooh; who was this Goeth, anyway?

GRIP'S SHAKESPEREAN GALLERY.—NO. 1.



"COMPANY, VILLAINOUS COMPANY, HAS BEEN THE SPOIL O' ME!"

—Henry IV., Act 3.

HIS LAST REQUEST.

They had been keeping company for some time, and one night he summoned up enough courage to lean over and kiss her. She was shocked at his audacity, and told him that she would have nothing more to do with him. It nearly broke his heart to receive such a rebuff, and he pleaded with her in vain to recall the cruel words. This she refused to do. Finally he said to her:

"Now that you have decided to shake me, I have one request to make before we part forever."

"I will listen to no request," she replied.

"But just this slight request," he pleaded eloquently.

"No (languidly), I will not."

"Oh, do not refuse me."

"Well, tell me what it is, and then leave me forever."

"It is please lean over the other way and take your arms from around my neck?"

His request was granted.

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

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