

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



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

VOLUME XXIV. }  
 No 24. }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH, 1885.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.  
 5 CENTS EACH.



A REASONABLE REQUEST.

**BRYCE BROS.** THE LUMBER MERCHANTS AND BUILDERS. Save Notice by being your own landlord. Houses built quickly and on easy terms. Call and see us. Corner Berkeley and Front Streets, **TORONTO.**

\$10.  \$10.  
 Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat gold.  
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

**50 Per cent. reduction**

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

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



**JOHNSTON'S**  
**FLUID BEEF.**

\$20.  \$20.  
 Genuine Diamond, set in solid 15 karat Gold.  
 DIAMOND SIZE OF CUT. RING MADE TO FIT.

**50 Per cent. reduction**

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

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

# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

S. J. MOORE, Manager.

J. W. BENGOUGH,

Editor.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.

F. N. BOXER, Agent.

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

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

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

### ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. F. 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. Pender..... Mar. 23.
- 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 Franchise Bill monopolizes nearly all the time of Parliament, and nobody now doubts that it will go through regardless of any human power. Not one word has been uttered by tongue or pen in the way of serious denial of the charge that the Bill is framed to serve party, and party only. It is now as clear as day—it never was at all doubtful—that Sir John simply made up his mind to have another term of office, and conceived that to ensure that coveted blessing nothing could be better than to take possession of the ballot-boxes. Judged by his own actions, he has forfeited the confidence of the people, and dares not come before them on the merits of his party's record. He will assuredly get another term of office. How he can enjoy the honor under such circumstances if he is really the upright man the *Mail* believes him to be is a mystery.

FIRST PAGE.—The delay in commencing the investigation into the alleged mismanagement of the Central Prison is telling severely against the Local Government. Considering the gravity of the charges and the boldness with which they are made, the case is one that demands immediate action. There is as much reason to suspect Mr. Mowat in connection with the delay of this trial as there is to impute motives to Sir John for delaying that of Riel, and a fusillade of writs for libel under the circumstances does not improve the position of the

Government or its servant one whit. Let the evidence be heard, and at once.

EIGHTH PAGE.—The Manitoba Legislature has passed an Exemption Act which protects the residents of that Province from the discomforts of legal execution for debt up to a very large amount. Mr. Norquay appears to have made a political application of Mr. Lar-mour's idea of the rifle-shield. Of course there is a terrible ado over the Act wherever creditors of Manitoba settlers live, and strenuous efforts are being made to have it disallowed by the Dominion Government.



THE NEWS LIBEL SUIT.

Mr. E. E. Sheppard, of the *News*, is to be tried for libel—one of his reporters having inserted an interview in which the person interviewed related some alleged facts of a disgraceful character about the 65th Regiment, of Montreal. It is presumed the case will be tried upon its merits, and if the editor succeeds in proving the truth of the allegations thus published, he will be duly acquitted.

It is noteworthy, however, that the case is to be tried in Montreal, on the technical ground that the *News* was "published" there when it was mailed from the office in Toronto. There is no good reason why the defendant should not be tried in this city, where the paper was really published, or at least in this Province, where his native language is spoken. Especially is it unfair to take the matter to Montreal in the face of the fact that, ever since the complaint was entered, several of the French journals of Montreal have been doing their best to excite

the rage of the populace against the defendant, not hesitating to lie about him with profusion. It is to be hoped he will at all events be tried before an English judge and jury, which would be a measure of simple justice under the circumstances.



Mrs. T. Charles Watson gave her promised entertainment in aid of the Volunteers' fund at the Grand on Friday night before a moderately large audience, including the Lieutenant-Governor and suite, Mr. GRIP's Reporter and other distinguished personages. Mrs. Watson is a very pretty woman, and lost nothing in charm by the tasteful stage-fittings with which she surrounded herself. Her programme was divided into three dresses by Worth, in accordance with announcement duly made in the daily papers. The material of the recitations was very handsome, and her delivery was marked by the most dainty silver brocade. Her voice is well modulated and is a perfect fit. In the Shakespearian scenes she brought out the beauties of the moss-green velvet train to perfection. Her humorous selections were also capitally rendered, and her bewitching smiles at some happy god in the gallery between the numbers were heavenly. NIBBS.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—We suspect that Mr. Nibbs was as usual under the influence, as he has evidently got the elocution mixed with the millinery in the above brief effusion. We feel it our duty to add that Mrs. Watson's talents are of a high order, and that her entertainment in its purely literary aspect was much enjoyed. She announced her attention of returning in the autumn, when we trust Toronto will give her a worthy reception.]

## MR. NEEBRITCHES YET AGAIN.

DERE HOLD GRIP,—I avent ad the pleshur of hairin my opinion in your pleasin collums for some time, prinpsly for the reason that i am again in survice with an unfeelin broot of a marster—ow i do ate that word—of whom nothink too bad can be sed. He ackshly objects to his "menyals"—for so he stiles them as follers his beesly bohests and draws their selery, from ritink to the public press. Owever i defeated him in his hobject, and once more come be4 you as a litery man.

The queshn just now moast debated is "Wot to do with Reel." I, like all other deep thinkers, has my own opinion. Now, what shall I susest? Simply this. Sum people says hang the man: others says make a senuter of him. What i say is—and Sir John A. will take my advice—give him a copy of some *Hinglish comic paper* to read and there he is: wy, i harsk, ung a man wen simpler and ekally effecteral one can be found? wy? wot says Hecho? wy, i admire the picters in *Punch* as much as any loyal Henglishman, but i must hown hup to the fact that the humor in the leter-press is flat: it havent the ring of old days, somehow, and it strikes me that it gets wus and wus. i do admire the Brum-magem *Blaid*, and wy? because I see GRIP's best articles in it: but not credited as they ort to be.

Not avin as much leasure as i should like on account of my brootal marster i shall ave to cut this letter short, so, with the best wishes for your success as ever,

Yurs fathefly,  
CHAWLES NEEBRITCHES.

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN TORONTO.

LIQUOR AND RELIGION.

A thirsty soul one morning, so 'tis said,  
Arose at morn with hugely swelled up head.  
He sallied forth to So-and-so's hotel—  
To give his name I don't think would be well,  
For, some day, I, like this poor drouthy elf,  
Might want a Sunday gurgle for myself.  
He reached the side-door—knocks a tap:—tap-tap—  
Full well he know the seasamitic rap—  
A damsel came and opened wide the portal  
Before which stood the parched and thirsty mortal.  
"The bar's not open, sir," she said, "the key  
Is in the pocket of the boss, and he  
Has gone to church, you know he's very good,  
For th' church has always done the best he could.  
But if you like to come insido and wait,  
He'll soon be home; he's never very late.  
He's praying now; when he returns, I think  
He'll sell you all the liquor you can drink."  
The thirsty elf—his name I will not smirch  
By giving—waited till back home from church  
The inn-man came as full of puro religion  
As is, of wind, the crop of puffer pigeon.  
He oped his bar; he'd been to church; he'd prayed;  
Of going to Hades need he be afraid?  
No, sir. He raked the drinker's shekels in  
And sent him home chock-bang full up with gin  
And brandy, rum and such like temperance tack.  
All this is true. Alack-a-day! alack!

ANOTHER PIOUS ONE.

Tap-TAP-TAP-TAP.

Bar-room door opens. 'Tis Sunday morning—10.30.

"Can I get a drink here this morning?" enquires the rather seedy individual who has knocked.

"Certainly, sir, certainly; walk right in, but step light and whisper," replies the spruce-looking, white-shirted, dapper young man who officiates at the shrine of Bacchus of which I write. "What'll you have?"

"Well, I'd like some old rye but I'm afraid I've no money to-day; you'll have to wait till to-morrow," replies the r. s. i.

"No money! h'm! well, look here; you'd better go to church: this is Sunday, you know, and we never sell anything except on week-days."

Exit rather seedy individual.

THIRD AND LAST.

A stranger in Toronto wanted to taste of the bowl which cheers and inebriates one Sunday. He was directed to a place where he was told he could probably be accommodated. He knocked at the side-door. It was opened slowly and cautiously, about six inches, and a blossomy nose glared forth from the gloom within.

"What is it?"

"Should like a bowl ' this morning."

"Can't do it; Sunday; bar's closed; never sell on Sunday."

Bang goes door and off goes stranger. He watches from a little distance. Soon comes a sprucely-dressed, plug-hatted, short, stout, little man with a companion. Knocks at side-door. Opening process repeated. But how different! No sooner does blossomy proboscis see who stand at the gate and knock than his face grows luminous: he smiles vastly.

"Come in, come in, Alderman. Come in, Mr. Swiper, glad to see you," etc., etc. And the door closes with the visitors *inside* this time.

Stranger goes off fully convinced, that he is of that class of strangers who are not taken in—to a bar-room on Sunday.

FOURTH ROUND AND WIND-UP.

Now, strictly speaking, there is not much humor, as the word is usually understood, in the above three little yarns. But they have the merit of being strictly true, and, after all, there is a humorous side to them if you know how to find it.

Let those people who contend that no liquor is sold in Toronto on Sunday, and there are many such, get some one who is "initiated" to teach them the raps and other mystic signal, and then let them sally forth

with money in their pockets, and put what they have learnt into practice. Their belief as to the non-sale of the "seductive flood" will vanish into thin air and become as "the baseless fabric of a dream." Good-bye, sweetheart.

Sydney Smith, a Canadian, has a strong paper in *The Current* of May 30 earnestly and forcefully advocating Canadian Independence. He maintains that Canada will not properly develop as long as she remains a colony.

SHE WAS A LADY.

A hatchet-faced woman of about fifty-one summers, with a wealth of freckles in her face and a snuff-stick in her mouth, got into a crowded car on Austin Avenue. There were half a dozen gentlemen on the car, but none of them offered to give her a seat. After she had waited a reasonable time, she said:

"Ef any of you galoots is waitin' for me to squat in yer laps, you are barkin' up the wrong tree; for I want you to understand that I am a lady.

A dread that she was not in earnest caused six gentlemen to leave the car.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*



POSSIBLY EXAGGERATED.

Grocer.—Shall I send the butter up by the boy, mum?

Lady.—Oh, pray don't trouble. It seems to be quite strong enough to walk up by itself!

GRIP'S PROMISCUOUS PROWLER.

HE CALLS ON ONE OF TORONTO'S WEALTHY CITIZENS.

"Algernon Fitzbreaks," cried the Raven from within the precincts of his Sanctum.

Algernon was a new importation, fresh from the Old Country, and, in response to his master's call, he presented himself resplendent in the GRIP livery of a coat of dark white, tinged with ink-spots, with aiguillettes made up of pieces of packing-ropes pointed with bits of sharpened crayon, his unmentionables being of the knee-plush ultra kind, bearing unmistakable evidence, in the rear, of his having sat down on a "form" shortly after it had been taken off the press.

"Algernon," said the Raven, "where is the Promiscuous Prowler?"

"Which the Prowler, sir, is asleep in a cheer in the houter hoffice, sir."

"Send him in," croaked the Plutonian Bird.

Algernon vanished, and presently the Prowler appeared, rubbing his eyes and yawning cavernously.

"Prowler, are you O.K.?" "I am."

The Prowler never told a lie in his life.

"Then," said the Raven "hie thee away to

some of the residences of Toronto's so-called Aristocracy. Come back and report."

The Prowler was about to bow, but the Raven interrupted him with the words, "Never mind bowing; you might fall over. Go."

THE PROWLER'S REPORT.

I went and was, in a very brief space of time, standing before the door of a magnificent residence on Sinister Barvis Street. I was admitted as soon as I mentioned the name of my August and September Master. I was invited to take a seat in the drawing-room pending the arrival of the owner of the mansion, who had not yet left the shop down town. I had ample time to cast my eyes around and note the tasteful furniture and other appointments of the apartment. I seated myself on a richly upholstered sofa of brilliant crimson and green, with pillows of subdued magenta with solferino tassels. The carpet was a delicate blue with bright yellow flowers, whilst the chairs were composed of some light-hued wood, spangled here and there with silver and black stars. The ottomans, divans, and so forth were of prismatic tints, these brilliant hues being set off, as it were, by the sombreness of a grand piano from Nordheimer's (*see adv.*) which, however, was covered by a white and gold piano-cloth, which gave the affair the general appearance of a High-Church Altar. On the walls hung several rich chromos by the new masters, in frames whose magnificence surpassed anything I had ever seen. The price of the frames was marked on some of them, and the amount was such that I felt I was in the abode of a Dives or a Midas, a Croesus or a Toronto millionaire. I had been accustomed to some signs of taste and luxury in the office of the Raven, but here was something that was far beyond my utmost conception. I took a chew of tobacco and awaited the arrival of the master of all this magnificence. I warbled softly,

"He cometh not," she said,

in a minor key, accompanying myself with two fingers on the grand piano. I was getting along very well, especially as I found under the piano-cover, a long vinaigrette nearly three parts full of Martell's Superior, when the door opened and in came the

MILLIONAIRE HIMSELF.

He was a tall or rather short, stout, thinish man, and at once impressed me with the ease and grace of his deportment. He was evidently "to the manor born," and as he advanced toward me I stammered away on the piano to the air of "White Sand and Grey Sand, who'll buy my White Sand? Who'll buy mi-hy Gra-a-y Sand?" at the same time gracefully lilting the words of this charming catch.

The millionaire paused. Something was evidently wrong. What could it be? Ye gods! I suddenly remembered that My Host was one of the largest grocers in town. I rose and extended my hand; it was reluctantly accepted.

"Who are you, sir?" asked My Host.

"GRIP's Prowler, sir," I replied.

Down on his knees fell the astounded man on hearing this, and begged 10,000 pardons for his somewhat surly and inhospitable reception of me. I accepted his apology with my accustomed grace, and proffered him a snifter from the vinaigrette. He waved it away.

"Them liquors come from my warehouse," he said, "and I get enough of 'em there. Come and I'll show you my residence."

"Residence!" I said. "What's the difference between a residence and a house?"

He smiled rather scornfully, and replied:

"Poor people live in houses: us in residences."

"We shall all come to the grave at last," I moralized, "yet the poor man's grave

and the graves of us are only graves. One isn't a mansion and t'other a residence in the cemetery."

"Bah!" said My Host, "poor people are buried in graves: us in vaults. Howsomdever, to change the subject, come to see my Sally Manger and my Salong de Fumer and cetera; I've got them things down fine. Mary, my eldest, was on the Continent last summer, and she put me up to a wrinkle or two." He led me through spacious halls: everywhere was the same exquisite taste displayed as in the drawing-room: all the colors of the rainbow were to be seen, and the chromos were simply exquisite in the Sally Manger, whoever the lady was that that dining-room was called after. But I must say the wines, spirits, liqueurs, ales, etc., (all from the shop,) were first chop.

In the stable ware 2 rickty old plugs—

CONCLUSION.

The Promiscuous Prowler's report breaks off here, or rather becomes quite illegible, and from all appearances it would seem that his appreciation of his entertainer's wines, spirits, etc., had been ably displayed. At any rate, when he put in an appearance at the Raven's Roost on Front Street, and handed in his report, he was told to go and make up his salary account, and to tell his wife to come down and draw it next day, as he was not responsible for his own actions.

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.

YE COMPLAINT OF FAIRE WOMENE.

Oh, Bird of Wisdom, GRIP yecelept  
Give ear unto my song:  
Judge if we without cause complain,  
Or causeless suffer wrong.

In this faire towne a readinge-rooms  
For citizens was founde,  
With papers eke and magazines  
From countries all arounde.

Into this goodlie readinge-rooms  
Ye citizens flock all:  
Ye poor, ye rich, ye high, ye low,  
Likewise ye great and small.

But when ye womene citizens  
Ye papers come to see,  
Alack! alas! their tables bare  
And paperless do be.

Though some have friends across ye line,  
And some ye old land love;  
And some have somner and sweethearts too,  
In foreign lands that rove.

Yet may they not ye papers see,  
Altho' they taxes pay  
To help ye daily news to buy,  
From near or far away.

With longing eyne they sighing gaze  
Across ye other side,  
And wonder why it is ye men  
In clover do abide.

While they outside ye bar must starve,  
Alack! ye selfish men,  
We would not treato you so—because—  
The golden rule we ken.

Then when astonished and amazed  
At such arrangements small,  
They to each other nod and say—  
"This is not just at all."

Straightway an ancient man, and bald,  
With whiskers scant and hoar;  
And gleaming specs astride his nose,  
Comes stalking o'er the floor;

And lays a finger long and gaunte  
Upon ye womane faire;  
And with sepulchral visage points  
To placard hanging there,

"Can you not read?" ye bitter man  
Exclaims. Ye womane turns,  
And lo! and ye handwriting on ye wall  
She reads with face that burns:

"No doges," "No spittinge," and, oh shame!  
"No talking here allowed";  
Ye ancient wizard grimly smiled,  
And leaves ye womane cowed.

But womene come not there to talk—  
But when there's naught to reade,  
What wonder if their tongues do tire  
Of resting in their heade.

We want ye pappers and ye news,  
Alack! those by-gone days  
When gentlemen were chivalrous  
To womene folkes always!

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.



BUSINESS PROPOSAL.

Please, ma'am, my mother sent me for the change of a quarter, and she'll give you the quarter in the morning.

AN EPISODE.

The young lawyer stood up for the first time to address an expectant jury—a jury all attention, if we may except five or six busily engaged fighting a good fight with the deadly housefly, one or two others who were in an attitude suggestive of sleep, two who appeared to be playing tick-tack-toe, and another looking on—excepting these few all appeared to be interested in the proceedings of the court.

The judge sat upright, with a stern Brutus-like look on his face, a cast in his left eye, and a deformity in his left leg, the latter member, however, being out of sight, did not affect the jury.

After a patronizing look from the judge, who, on account of the aforesaid cast, could not look otherwise his right eye being of glass, a sleepy yawn from one of the jurymen, and a look of expectation from the plaintiff (she was a woman endeavoring to heal her lacerated feelings, torn, alas! in an encounter with a youthful swain of some 75 summers), the young lawyer being now on his feet, opened his mouth, and prepared to address the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, and reiterated—he could get no further, his feelings overcame him, more especially as his notes were lost, and he stopped. After a time he proceeded: "Fellow-citizens, you are all honorable men." At this one of the honorable men snored, the judge awoke, the cryer shouted order, and he went on. "This young female (she was 36) demands compensation, and she must have it. If not, your youthful daughters, yet unborn, are liable to be torn out of their cradles, and led astray by unprin-

ciplid villains." (Subdued applause—female crying.)

"Gentlemen, I need say no more, my feelings o'erpower me. You see the plaintiff, she speaks for herself." The plaintiff being cross-eyed, red-haired, and otherwise deformed, kept silent, but cast her eyes (or intended to cast them) heavenward.

The lawyer sat down, the jury retired, brought in a verdict ordering the defendant to pay \$100 as a thanks-offering for having been fortunate enough to escape the plaintiff's clutches. [Exeunt Omnes.

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

THE CLOTHES-LINE HUNG.

AIR—Mistletoe Bough.

A FACT, HONES' INJUN.

The clothes-line hung in the gay back-yard,  
Where at times drove the bucksaw a sweet-singing bard.  
And on the long clothes-line one day there hanged  
Some things that had lately on washboard been banged

CHORUS—  
By the wife of that silver-tongued bard,  
By the wi-hife of that talented bard.

Now, this female was not altogether so clean  
As some that my readers, I doubt not, have seen;  
And the minstrel I warble of often declared  
That he'd make her take baths, so he would—if he dared!

CHORUS—(dolefully, please)—  
Oh! the life of that talented bard,  
Oh! that life, oh! that life was so hard.

Well, as I have said, on that clothes-line there hung  
Some washing, a lot of it pounded and wrung.  
Says the bard—for he wondered at such an excess  
Of garments—"Whence comes all that feminine dress?"

CHORUS—(frantically)—  
Cries the lady, "It's mine, don't you see?  
You're the foolishest fool that could be.

"If such be the case," says the Minstrel Boy,  
"Very little of rest you must ever enjoy;  
For, to make on your clothes-line so great a display,  
Must keep you a-washing, yes, every day."

CHORUS—  
"I don't," screamed the lady, "what cheek!  
I wash only once in the week!"

"Oh! often the truth, when least meant, may be spoken,"  
The sweet singer cried, "by that very same token  
You own, as I often have said that you do,  
You wash once a week, and, by heavens, it's true!"

CHORUS—(weep, all weep)—  
Up came the feminine broom,  
Then down. The bard went to his doom.

Englishman.—"I, aw, see, aw, that the divine Mawy Anderson is to reside in England permanently, don't ye know?"

American.—"So I have heard."  
"Couldn't leave deah old England, ye know,  
after she got acquainted, ye know."

"Oh, that wasn't it."  
"It was not?"  
"Oh, no; she has determined never to marry,  
and wants to keep out of temptation,  
that's all."—Philadelphia Call.

"A THUNDERSTORM."

Young Hopeful (to visitor just called on mamma).—Say, mister, what makes the rain,  
and what good is it anyhow?

Visitor.—Why, don't you know? It rains  
to refresh the parched earth so that the  
vegetables and trees may grow strong.

Y. H.—What are vegetables?  
V.—O, carrots, turnips and cabbages and  
all those sort of things.

Y. H.—Then, I guess you like the rain.  
V.—Why, what makes you think that?  
Y. H.—O, 'cause I heard mamma say to  
papa that you was a regular cabbage head.

Young Hopeful is rigidly kept out of the  
parlor when visitors call now.



# BOSS OF THE SITUATION.

THE TENANT SECURES A RENEWAL OF THE LEASE BY VIRTUE OF A CLUB.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

V.

SOME PECULIARITIES THAT STRIKE THE VISITOR.

When the stranger first strikes Toronto he is immediately struck himself in return by many peculiarities of the Queen City of the Universe.

It is now the gay and joyous summer season. Winter has, apparently, left us for the present, though it never does to be too confident about such matters since the climate of Canada for the past few years has seemed as little to be depended upon as that of that gem of the ocean, "perfidious Albion."

But it does *look* like summer; it *feels* like summer; it *smells* like summer—in the Horticultural Gardens, at the Don's fair mouth and at other sweet spots. This series of articles—there are to be 39 of them, as is consistent with the canons of the Protestant faith—professes to be a Guide to the City for the benefit of strangers, and as some visitors might not be aware that they are in Toronto till some of its peculiarities are described, a brief description of these things will not be out of *place here*; it is our *plaisir* to be de scribe to describe them.

In the first place, if it be a hot, dusty summer's day—like this, for instance—he, the visitor, will at once know he is in Toronto by the absence of watering carts on the streets where they would do the most good, and their abundance on those by-lanes and lesser thoroughfares where nobody particularly cares whether they put in an appearance or not. The drivers of Toronto watering carts are a race of misanthropes, or rather of Ishmaels, whose hands are against all men, and if they see a street which looks nice and moist and which has been thoroughly drenched half an hour before, they guide their fiery, untamed steeds down that street and back and forth along its length till the inhabitants are compelled to telephone for canoes ere they can emerge from their dwelling-places. But should one of these Jehus observe a very public street, where the dust is doing irretrievable damage to hundreds of dollars worth of dry goods, where the grocers open all their doors and windows and hail it with delight, and allow it to collect in every available spot preparatory to sweeping it into the sugar and pepper drawers, they pass it by with an air of unconcern, and the street lies blazing and scorching in the rays of the sun like one of those so often seen in such cities as Naples, Madrid, Cologne and so forth, where the dislike to water in any shape or form, whether for internal or external use, is proverbial. "Ha, ha!" they cry, (the drivers) "it's a treat to us to leave that street to its fate," and they lash their snorting, champing horses into a 10.95 gait and make for some street where are many Dudes with boots and shoes of immaculate polish, and they lay for those Dudes, and as they approach they pull the string and squirt upon those immaculate shoes.

Thus it will be seen that the drivers of Toronto water carts are fiends in league with canoe-men, grocers, shooblacks and Old Nick.

Next, should the stranger to the Metropolis of the World, Toronto, be proceeding on a summer morning at about 8.30 or 9 o'clock along a certain street where an all-pervading odor of bad chicory, fried bacon of peculiarly rusty odor, and that fragrance inseparable from beef-steak out from close to a bull's neck, creeps from the open casements as he passes along, he will immediately become aware that he is on Church Street between Wilton Avenue and Queen, a portion of that thoroughfare dedicated to those temples of luxury, Boarding Houses. Jarvis Street appears rather to affect tea, fair to middling coffee, ham and eggs and broiled fish, with sausages in due season. Other thoroughfares have their own

peculiarities and specialties in ante-meridian odors. Lombard, the next street of fashionable importance, may be at once recognized by the strong perfumes that assail the olfactories, at all times of the day, of boiled cabbage, bacon and unwashed populace. Teraulay seems to be somewhat partial to decaying eggs and open drains, whilst Queen and York in certain parts fairly reek with the smell of powerful Bologna and German sausage and cheese of a gamey flavor, as the proprietors of the lordly mansions dedicated to "Old Clo'" come forth and stand at the open portals of their emporiums and offer you a suit of wondrous garments, warranted to wear for any number of years, at a fabulously low price.

"Mein Gott," they cry, "dose glose lasht you halluf a century. I gif you dose shuit for feefteen thaler."

Strange that the "chosen people" should be such liars. St. Paul exclaimed in his wrath, "All men are liars," and the older a man grows so does he become the more impressed with the fact that Paul might have made the same remark in his calmer moments, and not have been far astray.

Should a visitor to Toronto be desirous of taking furnished apartments with a private family in preference to "putting up" at an hotel, he will notice one peculiarity, though perhaps it is not one that is peculiar to Toronto alone—in fact, we are inclined to think that it is *not*. But whether it be so or not, the unfortunate stranger, who is so "taken in," in every sense of the phrase, by these letters of apartments, cannot fail to be struck by the peculiarity referred to. He will find that he will be treated with most obsequious civility for the first few weeks when his intentions of remaining may be undecided, but as soon as he appears to have made up his mind to stay—presto! all the obsequiousness and cringing and fawning of the proprietor will vanish, and incivility and indifference take their place. It is our candid opinion that those people who keep boarding houses and let either furnished or unfurnished apartments are about the meanest creatures in existence. There are exceptions to this sweeping condemnation, but they are mighty few, and the best thing a stranger can do on arriving here will be to put up at a decent hotel—Paddy Rats', or some other respectable hostelry! (This is rote skarkustical.—A. W.)

For the present, adieu. Next week something will be said about the churches and other places of popular amusement.

—S.

(To be continued.)

THE NORTH-WEST PARADE.

AIR—*The Hungry Army.*

When Riel took up the half-breed cause  
He said he did it just because  
They couldn't stand the unjust laws  
Of John A.'s Hungry Army.

CHORUS—

March, boys, march, for the way is long before us,  
Shout, boys, shout, and join us in the chorus;  
March, boys, march, the singing will restore us,  
Shout, boys, shout, we're a hungry, happy band.

Says John to Riel, "You'll be hanged,"  
But Riel's reply was "You be danged,"  
And John A. swore he wouldn't be slanged,  
So he called out the standing army.

Chorus.

They served us out hard-tack and tea,  
The amount thereof was a sight to see;  
They give to ton what *might* feed thrice,  
Oh! we are the Hungry Army.

Chorus.

We tramped around the bleak North Shore,  
The snow made up for the want of gore,  
And we swore as we never swore before,  
As we marched with the Hungry Army.

Chorus.

I daren't sing of the flat-car ride,  
When each one's ribs were frozo to his hide,

For the C. P. R. must be subsidized  
For freighting the Hungry Army.

Chorus.

The guns we have are Snider's make,  
And as you know they're no great shake;  
They'll never make the rebels quake  
In front of a Hungry Army.

Chorus.

The General gets a bullet through his hat,  
But he don't give a fig for that;  
Then sixty boys are laid out flat,  
It's hard on the Hungry Army,

Chorus.

Now this lad Riel must be caught,  
And a lasting lesson must be taught,  
If by John A. he isn't bought,  
In the teeth of the Hungry Army.

Chorus.

But if he can't again be bought,  
Why then, of course he must be shot—  
Tis sad that such should be his lot  
At the hands of a Hungry Army.

Chorus.

Or if he can't be caught! then what?  
Our expedition comes to naught,  
For John A.'s promises are rot,  
So say the Hungry Army.

Chorus.

—J.

Pentanguishene, Ont., 4th May, 1885.

THE BEST YET.—The best blood cleanser known to medical science is Burdock Blood Bitters. It purifies the blood of all four humors, and gives strength to the weak.



THE DANGER OF SMOKING.

First Irishman (smoking a dudeen).—Oi hear, Moike, (puff) that smokin' (puff) gives wan a (puff) cancer.

Second Irishman.—Phat's a (puff) cancer, Pat?

First Irishman.—It's a (puff) sore, Moike.

Second Irishman (knocking the ashes from his dudeen).—Faith, thin, Oi'll stop it at wunce. Oi've had a bile on me leg this two days.

OIL ON THE TROUBLED WATERS.

"Why, goodness gracious! Who poured coal oil in the water in this bucket?"

"I did, mother," replied Johnny, as he was hurrying to get his books strapped up to start to school.

"Why, you rascal! What on earth did you do that for?"

"'Cause there was sich a storm brewin' between you and pap before he left that I thought I'd pour oil on the water and see if it wouldn't stop it; and you bet it did, for pap jist then, without knowin' it, picked up his hat and started out in a hurry."

—Kentucky State Journal.

TWO EXQUISITE RIDDLES.

"What beautiful little animals those are frisking about so playfully on the lawn, Miss Delamere!" remarked Mr. Slim Slimson to the lady above named, and whom he greatly admired in a mild, milk-and-watery way, and on whom he was making a morning call, "what are they? they greatly resemble young sheep."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the fair Clara, in her silvery, rippling voice, "ho, he, he! no, Mr. Slimson, those are *not* young sheep; don't you see they have no wool? Those are papa's four young goats—kids, they are called."

"But why do they knock their heads one against another?" queried the vapid Slim.

"They are playing: the performance you allude to is called butting," remarked the fair one.

Mr. Slimson was silent for some minutes: he imagined he was thinking. Finally he looked up in his charmer's, but not charmed one's, face, and said solemnly and slowly:

"Miss Delamere, I—do—believe—I've—made—a riddle."

"How clever you are, Mr. Slimson! but what is the riddle?"

"This: Why are those little goats out there like the gloves you won from me on the Haulan-Beach race?"

"Dear me; I'm sure I could *never* guess it. Do tell me, Mr. Slimson," replied the satirical Clara, who evidently knew what was coming.

"Well, Miss Delamere, it is because they are four buttin' kids."

"What a brain you have, to be sure! Now, do you know, I think I've made a riddle: shall I ask it? No: you are so clever you will laugh at poor little me. Well, I will then, as you say I *must*. What is the difference between Mr. Slim Slimson and an animal said to prefer thistles to grass? Oh! I'm all in a tremble."

"One is a—*one* is a—*really* now, I can't see any difference," said Slim, after some moments profound conjecture.

"Nor can I. Te-he-he-he" and again rang the rippling laughter through the room.

"Why that isn't a riddle."

"No? I thought it was, but I'm so silly." Soon after Mr. Slimson seemed to suddenly see that it was a riddle, and rising he bade the fair but satirical Clara Delamere a hasty good morning.

OLLA PODRIDA.

"Soap cheaper than dirt" (sign in grocer's window on Church Street). Enter girl. "Are they all one scent?" "No, dear, they're all ten cents." This is the funniest the O. P. man can do when funerals are as thick in Toronto just now as blackberries.

Scott Acter's Toast—"Here's to the vine that makes this wine." The toast is drunk in milk. Do you catch on? No. Then let us explain: Bo-vine!!—*Punch* in his best vein.

Many young men who are troubled with weak eyes forget often that they are in a weak place.

Many Toronto men are eating their own heads off, since it has been discovered that calves' brains are good brain food.

"A young lady wishes a room mate, address box," etc., etc., appeared in a Toronto evening paper recently. Although the writer of the "ad" has very capacious pockets in her overskirt, and carries a fair-sized reticule, she had more responses than she could conveniently take home. It pays to advertise if

you have anything to offer which is really wanted.

The wife of a Jarvis Street stove dealer is named Dilla Terry. If she is as dilatory as her spouse she takes not only the bun, but the bakery, confectionery and all the establishment.

LIFE.—Man respire, aspires, conspires, perspires, and expires.

The Scott Acters have become logical. One luminary advances that a saloon-keeper should always have another business to fall back upon, and confine himself to it.

"Why do you say so?" said the centenarian, when the tailor remarked of the coat which he was fitting upon him would last longer than he would, "I begin this hundred years a great deal stronger than I did the last."

Behind some scene: "Is that your wife's hair?" said one of the players to his 'vis a vis,' "ho'ding up a long specimen. "Of course it is," was the reply. "Well, I'm very sorry for it, for I picked it from that gentleman's coat at the next table."

A recent medical work says that the Arabic tree-toad secretes from its back when captured an acrid yellowish fluid, having a disagreeable odor, and that it is doubtless to this fluid that they owe their property of curing the most distressing toothache when placed alive in the hollow tooth.



AN UNDERTAKING.

Angus and Allan, two crofters, are discussing the late factor whose funeral is about to take place.

Allan (*impressively*).—Wheesht, wheesht, Angus, there's ta funeral comin', an', forbye, you'll no should say anysing against ta deid!

Angus (*awed*).—Ay, ay! Weel, I'll pe mute tull ta coffin passes, onyway!

—*The Bailie.*

SUCCEEDED TOO WELL.

"Now," said the bride, "Henry, I want you to understand distinctly that I do not wish to be taken for a bride. I am going to behave exactly as if I were an old married woman. So, dearest, do not think me cold and unloving if I treat you very practically when there is anybody by."

"I don't believe I can pass for an old mar-

ried man. I am so fond of you that I am bound to show it. I am sure to give the snap away."

"No, you mustn't. It's easy enough. And I insist that you behave just like all old married men do. Do you hear?"

"Well, darling, I'll try; but I know I will not succeed."

The first evening of their arrival the bride retired to her chamber, and the groom fell in with a poker party, with whom he sat playing cards until four o'clock in the morning. His wife spent the weary hours weeping. At last he turned up and met his grief-stricken bride with the hilarious question:

"Well, ain't I doing the old married man like a daisy?"

She never referred to the subject again, and everybody knew after that they had just been married.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

BAD SIGNATURES.

There are some persons who really make a point of concocting a signature which cannot be read. Occasionally we receive letters every word of which is legible except the name of the sender, and it is necessary to cut off the signature, and paste it on the reply envelope in the hope that the postmaster may know to whom the scrawl belongs.

The eminent Dr. Potts, when a clerk in Philadelphia, took a bill to a Quaker, and had signed the receipt with one of those hieroglyphics sometimes seen on bank notes. The Quaker, taking up the paper, said blandly:

"Friend, what is that at the bottom?"

"That, sir, is my name."

"What is thy name?"

"William B. Potts."

"Well, William, will thee please to write it down here plainly, so that a witness in court would know it."

William learned a lesson that day, and ever afterward he wrote his name so it could be read.—*Exchange.*

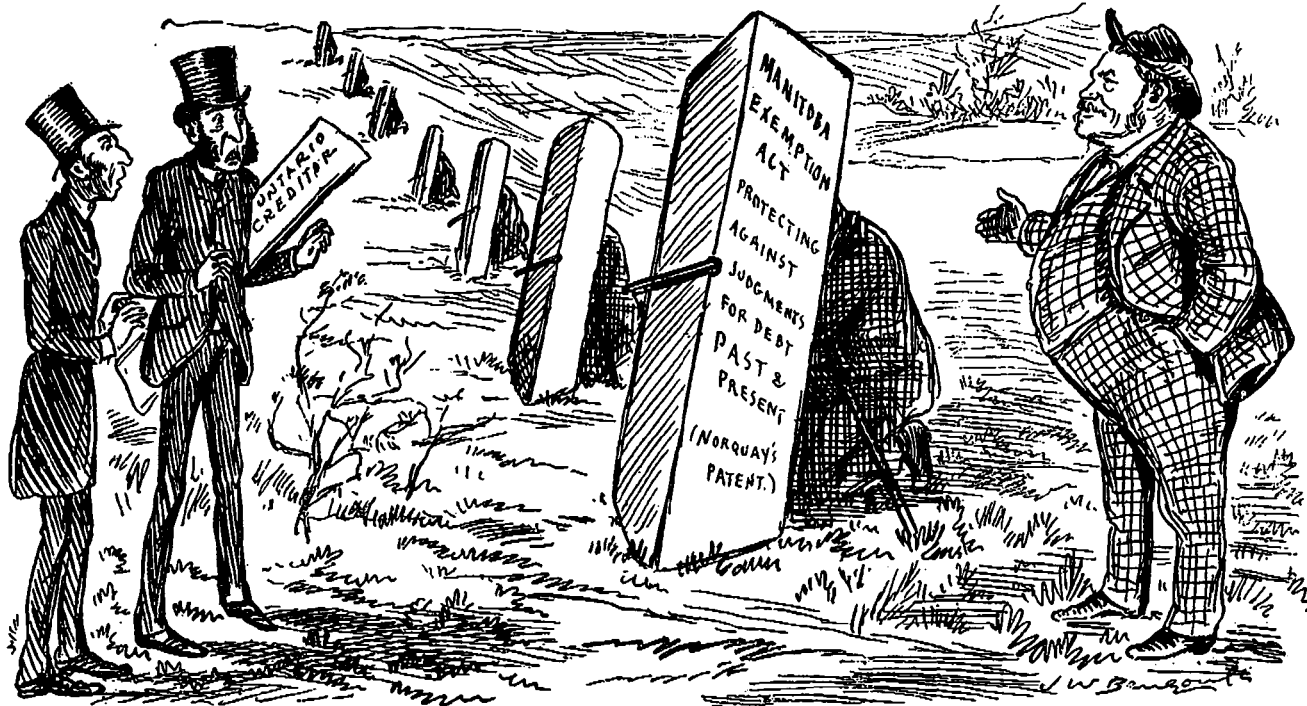
PAUL DRESSER.

"Now, Eddie, what is a city?"  
 "It's a town."  
 "Well, what is a town?"  
 "It's a city."  
 "Well, what is a city composed of?"  
 "Oh, people."  
 "What else?"  
 "Streets."  
 "What else?"  
 "Burns and bad whiskey."  
 "What is most useful in a city?"  
 "A council."  
 "What is a council most needed for?"  
 "To make motions and turn each other over."  
 "What do the motions mostly consist of?"  
 "Tapping sewers and beer kegs."  
 "What is the moon?"  
 "It's red."  
 "Is it inhabited?"  
 "Don't know."  
 "Suppose it was, and you were one of its inhabitants, on what would you subsist?"  
 "Don't know."  
 "I mean, what would you eat?"  
 "Don't know. I know what my paw would eat."  
 "Oysters."  
 "Oysters! Why, what makes you think that he would eat oysters?"  
 "Why, he came home the other night and maw came down stairs and told Aunt Mary that paw was upstairs, full as a boiled oyster or something like that, for the next morning he couldn't get his head through the door."  
 Recess.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Punch, a monthly comic shorthand magazine containing 32 pages full of fun. Photographic Books supplied Wholesale and Retail. Shorthand thoroughly taught by mail. Teachers sent to country towns where classes can be formed. Address all letters, etc., to the head office. THE ONTARIO SHORTHAND SOCIETY, Head Office, 35 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.

Engineering. Certificates granted, and situations procured. School teachers and advanced students will find this a very valuable school to attend, and should at once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Shorthanders should send for application form to be enrolled a fellow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose fee, for sample copy of "Phonographic

Shorthand, Type-writing, Book-keeping, Commercial Position, Commercial Arithmetic, English Grammar, Writing, Languages, Matriculation in Law, Medicine, Arts, and Civil



NORQUAY'S POLITICAL APPLICATION OF LARMOUR'S PATENT RIFLE SHIELD.

THE REASON.

Two men were quarrelling. One of them threatened to shoot the other. The threatened man, in revival of an old piece of sarcasm, asked:

"Where do you bury all your dead?"

Just then an excited man drew the satirist aside and said:

"My gracious! you ought not to talk that way!"

"Which way?"

"Asking that man where he buries his dead."

"Why?"

"Because he is a physician."

—Arkansaw Traveller.

ARE YOU INTERESTED?—If you want to save from \$10 to \$15 on a set of harness, buy of the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front St. E., opposite Hay Market. A \$45 set for \$23; a \$35 set for \$18; a \$20 set for \$11.50; a \$15 set for \$9. All work hand-stitched and guaranteed.

SPECTACLES THAT will suit all sights. Send for an Illustrated Catalogue, and be convinced. H. SANDERS, Manufacturing Optician, 185 St. James Street, Montreal.

QUEEN CITY OIL CO.



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

AND OTHER MACHINE OILS:  
TORONTO.

CATARH—A new treatment has been discovered whereby a permanent cure of this hitherto incurable disease is absolutely effected in from one to three applications, no matter whether standing one year or forty years. This remedy is only applied once in twelve days, and does not interfere with business. Descriptive pamphlet sent free on receipt of stamp, by A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada.

Go to Kingsbury's, 103 Church-street, Toronto, for fine Cheese and Groceries.

PURE GOLD MANUFACTURING CO.  
31 Front-street East, Toronto.



AT THE FRONT.—While our gallant volunteers are now at the front facing our country's foes, J. BRUCE, the well-known Art Photographer is, always has been, and intends to remain at the front in every branch of the Art. Ready, eye Ready, at 118 King Street West.

THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, PRYER'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. 56 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 93 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

LEAR'S

NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM, 15 and 17 Richmond-street West. Proprietor, having business that calls him to the Old Country in June, has decided to offer for the next two months inducements to buyers not often met with. Ten Thousand Dollars Wanted. Cash customers will find this the golden opportunity.

R. H. LEAR.

MORSE'S SWEET BRIAR, BOUQUET, WHITE CASTLE, PRINCES LOUISE

Best Toilets in the Market.

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

BURTON'S ALL HEALING TAR AND GLYCERINE SOAP  
Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth.  
ASK FOR BURTON'S.

COVERNTON'S Fragrant Carbolic Tooth Wash cleanses and preserves the teeth, hardens the gums, purifies the breath. Price, 25c. Prepared only by C. J. Covernton & Co., Montreal. Retailled by all Druggists; wholesale, Evans, Sons & Mason, Toronto.

CLOTHING. J.F. McRAE & CO., Merchant Tailors, 156 Yonge-street, Toronto.

PHOTOS—Cabinets, \$2.50 per dozen. J. DIXON, 201 to 203 Yonge-street, Toronto.

VIOLINS—First-class, from \$75 to \$3. Catalogues of Instruments free. T. CLAXTON, 197 Yonge-street, Toronto.

TENTS and Camp Furniture. All kinds for Sale or Hire. Send for catalogue. Tent and Camping Depot, 109 Yonge-street, Toronto.

COOK'S AUTOMATIC POSTAL SCALE.

NOVEL, SIMPLE, CONVENIENT, ACCURATE. Indicates instantly Weight and Postage on LETTERS, PAPERS and PARCELS. The trade supplied. Send for circular.

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

J. DUNN, Retail Dealer in QUARTZ, TORONTO.