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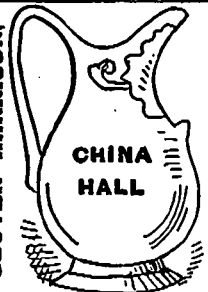
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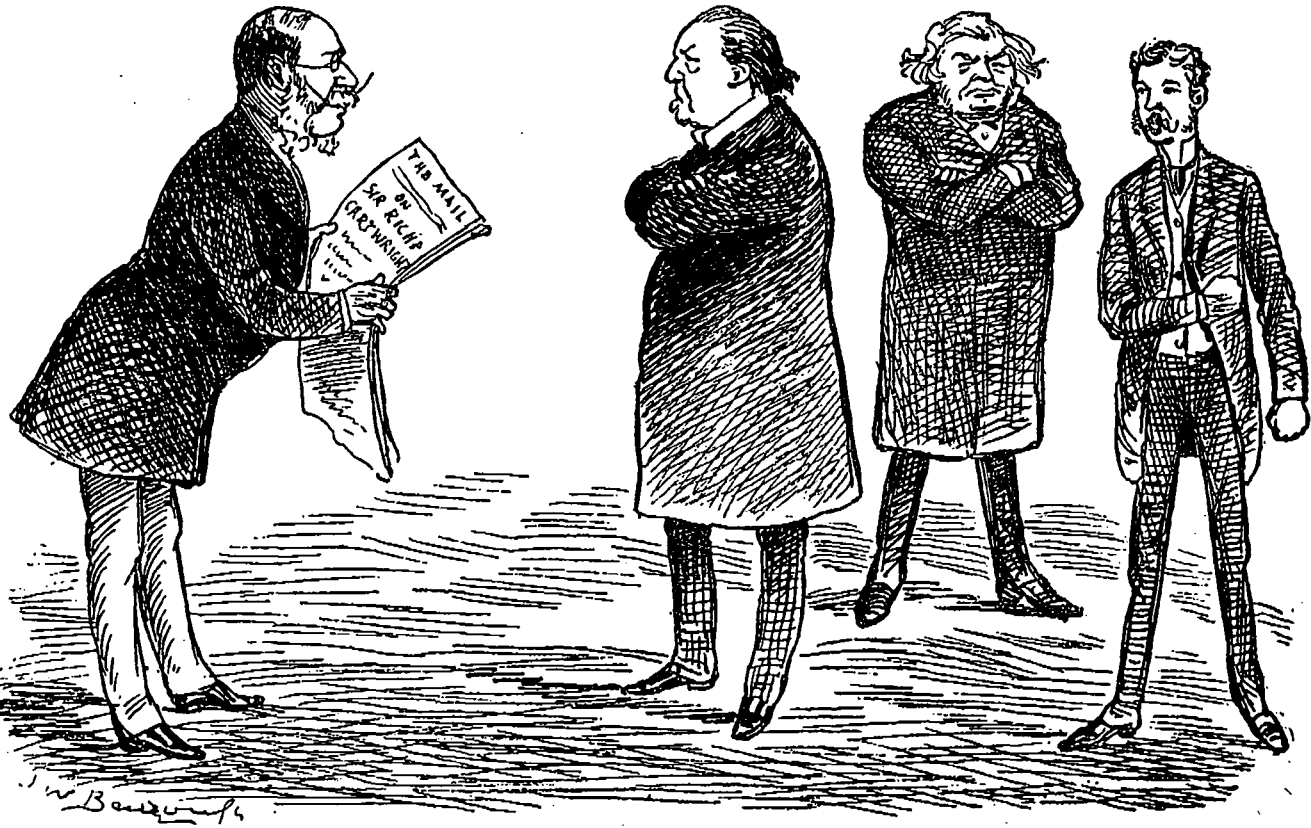
IMPORTER,

49 KING ST. E., TORONTO.

VOLUME XXV. }
No. 5.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1885.

{ \$2 PER ANNUM.
5 CENTS EACH.



A READING FROM THE "MAIL."

(Pleasant for the aspirants to Sir John's Shoes.)

Cartwright (reading).—"Had Sir Richard been able to curb his ambition the hope of the Ontario Conservatives to-day after Sir John Macdonald!"

he would, in all probability, have been

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

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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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

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.—The French-speaking citizens of Canada, almost to a man, are in sympathy with Louis Riel, and no effort that they can make will be spared to get him out of the difficulty in which he is at present entangled. On the other hand it is safe to say that the members of the Orange Order are unanimously against the prisoner at the bar, and consider it their duty as loyal citizens to anticipate his condemnation and execution as a matter of course. Both these interested on-looking parties are, in the meantime, sworn friends of the Government that worked up the rebellion and gave Riel the opportunity of occupying the dock, and the problem to be solved is, how to vindicate the majesty of the law and, at the same time, preserve the division lists of the Party. The Professor will prove equal to the occasion. Keep your eye on him and see if the affair doesn't end to the satisfaction of all concerned.

FIRST PAGE.—A few days ago, in writing of Sir Richard Cartwright, the *Mail* said that had the gallant knight in question only "curbed his ambition" at a certain period "he would, in all probability, have been the hope of the Ontario Conservatives to-day." At this the political world of Canada was mightily amused, for it was one of those master strokes of stupidity which only a party organist is capable of making. In the first place it plainly intimates that the *Mail's* opinion of Sir R. C. is exactly the opposite of that which the *Mail* has always expressed, and secondly, it is a most clumsy slap in the face to Sir Hector Langevin, Sir L. Tilley, Mr. Dalton McCarthy, and all and sundry the other Conservatives who have aspired to follow Sir John in the leadership. In their own subsidized organ these gentlemen read that Cartwright (the *Mail's* "mixer and muddler,"

"fly on the wheel," and general incompetent of old) is so far superior to any of *them*, that if he only had remained in the Tory party he would, "in all probability," have succeeded Sir John! Tortuous are the ways of the party organist, and ill-spent the money of those who pay for his tunes!

EIGHTH PAGE.—There is to be a convention of Young Liberals from all the Provinces, in this city in September, and it is not too much to say that intense interest is being manifested in the coming event. Patriotic citizens, who have marked the valor of our boys in the field, are in high hope that the gallant youth of Canada will prove their readiness and ability to fight for their country in the political arena as well, and if ever there was a moment in the history of this glorious land when MEN were wanted it is now! Never before was there a state of public affairs so well calculated to fire the generous heart of young Canada with high resolve, never before such a demand for the strong right arm to rescue our country from the doom that threatens her. This convention must be the first gun in a glorious new departure, or it must be a sickening failure. This latter it will prove assuredly if the Young Liberals prove to be merely young Grits. They might as well be young Tories. Both these rotten organizations of the past must go—these parties of small-souled salary-grabbers—the one led by a corruptionist, the other by a coward, and both past all useful purpose in our day and generation. Away with them, and give us *men*! Let the Young Liberals cut their connection, if such exists, with effete Gritism, and hoist the banner of the Third Party, and GRIP much mistakes the spirit of his countrymen if the convention does not prove a greater blessing to Canada than the most sanguine patriot now anticipates.



The Holman English Opera Comany are entertaining our music-loving citizens in a round of popular operas at the Pavilion. Mrs. Holman conducts in person, as of old, and the company is the best she has brought to us for a long time. Go and hear them.

The Press excursion is set down for August 4. The route is to be via the White Mountains to Boston and New York, returning by the Hudson and Niagara Falls. A goodly number of the fraternity have signified their intention of "taking in" this attractive jaunt, and GRIP wishes his fellow toilers who may do so a very happy and profitable holiday. Mr. Wm. Edgar, of the G.T.R., deserves the thanks of the "boys" for valuable assistance rendered the secretary in arranging the trip.

A most unique entertainment was the "Welcome Home" given on Monday evening by Elm Street church to the forty gallant boys who did honor to that congregation in the North-West campaign. The handsome auditorium of the church was elaborately decorated

for the occasion, and a grand audience filled it. Rev. Dr. Potts, who occupied the chair, had not room even in his generous proportions to contain half the happiness he felt, and as a consequence he was brimming over with eloquence and good fellowship. Capital speeches, patriotic songs and choruses by the choir enlivened the evening, which was daintily brought to a close by an attack in force upon the ice cream and cakes in the school-room by the noble forty, ably supported by the speakers and singers of the evening, and other picked troops. The affair was a happy thought, carried out to perfection.

The fourth annual convention of the Canadian Shorthand Society will be held in the Normal School, Toronto, on Monday, 17th August, comprising a concert, conversazione, collation and excursion, in addition to practical papers and discussions, and an exhibition of writing and reporting appliances. The council of the society have arranged a very attractive programme, and we would strongly advise shorthanders to arrange their holidays so as to take advantage of the convention. Full information as to hotel and railway fares, excursions, etc., will be sent on application to the secretary, Mr. Frank Yeigh, 262 Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

ALARMING REPORT.

DEAR GRIP,—I quote from a recent newspaper the following:—"The gloomy story is noised abroad that the Poet Laureate is actually getting a corporation like an alderman's," etc., etc. Now this is horrible. Think of it!—an aldermanically obese poet! So monstrous is the idea, that I've dashed off the following poem—(mine eye in a fine frenzy rolling the while). Print it quickly, dear GRIP, or I may have to recall the effusion, for I've sent a cablegram to England to ask if the rumor's true—and—and—and you know—IT MIGHT BE!

YOUR SEARCHEMOUTES.

OUR ANTIQUARIAN'S POEM ABOUT THE POET
LAUREATE.

A gloomy rumor is noised about
That the Poet Laureate is growing stout.
Oh! can it be true that Alfred Tomnyson
Is eating too much beef and venison?

No—perish the thought! The noble curves
Which swell the form of him who serves
Sweet poetry—must surely be
By Nectar caused—or maybe Tea.

"Aldermanic," a horrid word,
And of a poet, quite too absurd;
So, gentle Baron, eat and drink,
And never mind what people think.

As for me, I'll never consent
To own the poet has so far unbent.
The rumor's unprofitable, stale and flat,
And I won't give in that Tomnyson's fat!

ATTENTION.—What makes you pay more for harness than is necessary? We can give you a better article and later styles than any other house in the Dominion. A \$45 harness for \$23; a \$35 for \$18; a \$20 for \$11.50; a \$15 for \$9. All hand-stitched. All work guaranteed. 200 sets to choose from. Salesmen take a pleasure in showing goods. CANADIAN HARNESS CO., opposite Hay Market, 104 Front Street, Toronto.

Professor David Swing, in *The Current* of July 25, in "London's Veil Torn," commends the efforts now making in London to protect young girls from wealthy libertines, and appeals to good men of the other large cities to join in the defence of the innocents.

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

LITERARY AND MUSICAL.

Mrs. Frances J. Moore, of London, Ont., (a daughter of the late Mr. J. L. Hutton) is one of the musical contributors to the "St. Nicholas Songs," about to be published by the Century Co. Mrs. Moore inherits her celebrated father's gifts as a composer, and has already done much excellent work.

Messrs Bengough and Browne's descriptive song, "The Charge at Batoche," is growing in popularity every day, and is sure to be a favorite selection with tenors and baritones at future concerts, as it never fails, when fairly rendered, to "fetch" a Canadian audience.

Rev. Dr. Beattie, of Brantford, has favored us with a copy of his recently published work on the "Utilitarian Theory of Morals." The book makes pleasant reading, which, considering the subject, is no mean praise to the author. We mean, of course, pleasant reading to the anti-utilitarian moralist. The other fellow cannot be expected to see his pet system knocked to pieces with emotions of rapture, but in his case the work may at least be described as instructive.

MARION PULSIFER ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A FEMALE FRENCH COOK.

CHAP. I.

"Mamma, I will Go and Be a Cook."



Most young ladies in a similar predicament to that in which my heroine was placed would have said "governess" in place of "cook," for that is the way they do in all novels, but Marion Pulsifer was not an ordinary girl, and besides, this is a true story, and no bogus novel affair.

The facts leading to the announcement which heads this page are briefly as follows : Pulsifer pere had failed in business, and from being one of the wealthiest merchants in Montreal, he was reduced almost to beggary. He had failed, and, strange to say, had not made over sufficient property to Mrs. Pulsifer to fire up again and make another splurge.

And so the mother and daughter sat in the handsome drawing-room, in the house once theirs but now no longer so, but which they were allowed to inhabit till furnished apartments could be procured, and talked over the plans and prospects for the future.

And so it came to pass that Marion Pulsifer made that startling announcement :

"Mamma, I will go and be a cook."

"A cook, child!" exclaimed her astonished parent. "Why, you were never in the kitchen in your life. With your expensive education, surely something more suitable in the way of employment may be found."

"Mamma, I shall be a cook—a French

cook," and the little foot tapped ominously on the carpet, and the brown eyes flashed like a black tomcat's on a dark night, when he hears his lady love's sweet song from afar.

"Be it so, child; you were ever wayward and headstrong. Go and be a French cook, and heaven have mercy on the family that employs you," and with these words the elder lady sailed (waddled) out of the room.



That night Marion left Montreal for Toronto or somewhere.

CHAP. II.

"Mademoiselle de Petitpois, lately arrived herself from the France, a cook very accomplished, is of an engagement desirous. Address No. 50, — Street."

Such was the advertisement that appeared in several of the city papers in Toronto or somewhere a day or two after the events recorded in the preceding chapter. Of course the reader will at once divine that Mlle. de Petitpois was none other than my heroine—there is no mystery intended about that—but why, you ask, should she word her "ad" in that Franco-English style? Simply. I reply, because she was no slouch, and knew how many blue beans made five, if she didn't know how many went to a gallon of soup, or even how many were contained in one of E. King Dodds' jars.

A day had not elapsed ere she received several answers to her announcement, but amongst these, she selected the following one, as being the most promising :

"Mademoiselle de Petitpois,

"No. 50, — Street.

"If the Mademoiselle will call upon Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs, at my mansion, The Oaks, on — Street, I shall be glad to make arrangement with her. Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs will be at home to you between 3 and four P.m., when she will here of something to her advantage.

Yours truly,
"MRS. E. PONSONBY HUGGS."

Now, old Huggs was just about as wealthy as they make 'em—a retired something or other, and accounted the richest, as well as the most ambitious-to-be-considered-aristocratic man in Toronto or somewhere. But Mrs. Huggs was 50 per cent worse. She had, at one time, been a most accomplished office scrubber, and when engaged in her professional duties one day, was encountered by the ambitious Huggs. Being of a plump and pleasing person, her charms overcame the aspirations after the aristocratic of the great Huggs. Love is omnipotent. Huggs succumbed, and Nancy Bogs became

"MRS. E. PONSONBY HUGGS,

"The Oaks,

"— Street."

as her cards announced.

CHAP. III.

Having picked out Mrs. Huggs' elegant communication, my heroine, attiring herself in

her most Frenchified costume, set out for the Oaks. She soon found it, and a very imposing place it was. The mansion, for such it might be called, was a vast pile of brown stone—handsome, certainly, but that was due to the taste of the architect who designed it, and not to that of its owner—standing in a very small piece of ground, and looking like a large loaf of brown bread on a very diminutive plate of vorious colors, for the—ahem!—lawn was laid out in most gorgeous style, and flowers of every hue were to be seen wherever it was possible to shove a flower into the ground. Not an oak on the premises, though, in spite of the name of the place. So much *en passant*.

Mlle. de Petitpois drove up to the door—though a cook, be it borne in mind she was a French one and was bound to cut a dash, for she knew from Mrs. Huggs' letter the style of woman with whom she was about to deal, and it was a big salary she was after—and accordingly she had hired a *coupe*, and here she was. Alighting from her equipage, she ascended the massive stone steps before the hall door, and rang the bell. A flunkey in quiet dress appeared in answer to the summons, and to him she thus spake :

"Madame Oogs, est elle chez lui?"

The man was evidently an English importation, and stared at her blankly. She repeated her question.

"Hi don't hunderstand, miss; me not speaky Frenchy," and the poor fellow was almost in despair.

"C'est bien. Is the Madame Oogs within, at home?" enquired Marion, (let me call her so,) affecting to make an immense effort to speak her own language.

"Ho! it's Mrs. Uggs you want, miss. Certingly, certingly; please walk in, miss," which Miss did, handing the man her card, and desiring him to announce her to his mistress.

She was ushered into a handsome apartment—evidently a library, as book-cases, filled with brand-new books of the richest binding, and looking, as was doubtless the case, as though they were never touched, surrounded the room—and requested to wait whilst the menial did her bidding.



In a few moments he returned, and desired Marion to follow him. He preceded her up a magnificent staircase, and in a couple of minutes she stood in the presence of Mrs. E. Ponsonby Huggs, a large, fat, coarse-looking woman—for many years had elapsed since she was plump and pleasing Nancy Bogs—gorgeously attired and loaded with jewellery, who was loling in what she imagined to be a graceful and fashionable attitude on a crimson sofa with blue cushions and green tassels.

Suppose we leave her there for a little while.

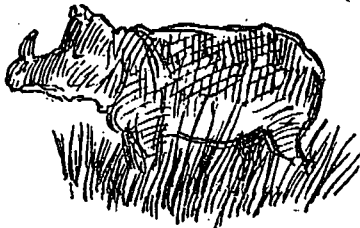
(To be continued.)

OUR OWN NATURAL HISTORY SERIES.
WRITTEN BY OUR BLACK-FINGERED P.D. FOR
HIS MORE D.P.LY READ FRIENDS AND
ACQUAINTANCES.



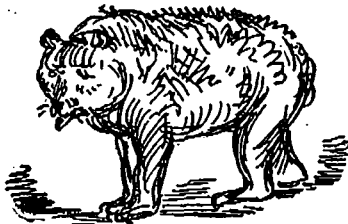
THE LION.

The Lion stands at the head of the nat'ral hist'ry class, because he is such a powerful feller. He is also a roarer, though not Aurora Boryalis. Forcpaugh's has some of him, and he has four paws. With these he never pawes but to kill with all his might and mane. The Lion is grate and full of fire. He once got into a net and could not tare himself out, which made him very gross. A mouse, who knew the ropes, saw the Lion's nettled condition, and gnawing what best to do, gnawed at the ropes and set the Lion free. The last seen of him was the end of his tale.



THE RHINOCEROS.

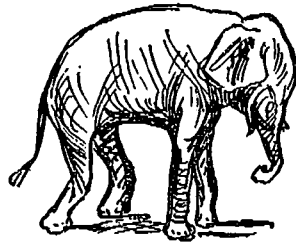
The Rhinoceros is amfibious. He lives partly in the Rhine and partly out of it. Although he is fond of water, he is fonder of his horn, and sometimes is not afraid to attack a schooner. He is also tough. In his native land his flesh is sold to bording-house keepers to make soup of, and from which funny borders compound simple jokes in large quantities. At times the R. gets in a passion, and rips and tears around with his tusk, when his room is more desirable than his company. His skin is so thick that a bullet won't go in; it prefers to glance in passing.



THE BEAR.

The Bear is known as Bruin because he is always mischief-brewin'. His coat is of many colors—sometimes white, sometimes black, sometimes brown. He is fond of a big hug, which makes him a hugly fellow, and when he gets a show, he presses his suit of black or brown so hard that his enemy turns black and blue. The Bear lives in the woods, and those who go to hunt him should forbear to holler until they're out of the wood, for he is so full of grease that he proves a most slip-

pery customer. In captivity the Bear is fond of a bun, and when taught to dance he gets abundance.



THE ELEPHANT.

The Elephant lives in a circus. He is so strong that he never hires a man to carry his trunk around. He does not like needles. A man once made a cushion of him, and the Elephant came back and drowned him. It is needles to say more. To make the Elephant go to the right, his boss sticks a hook in the Elephant's right eye, when the Elephant says "aye, aye," and hooks it right away; to go left, the boss performs on the other eye, and gets left. The Elephant boss may thus be called a hooker of reyes. The Elephant carries heavy weights, light blacks and little whites, these being children, at five cents a head. Owing to his big feet, he shoeses to go without boots. No more at present.

JUST now every one wants a new cool summer hat, and if there is any object in saving twenty per cent, the purchaser should let nothing prevent him from going to R. WALKER & SONS', as they import direct from the makers.



AMATEUR CONCERTS.

BY OUR OCCASIONAL GRUMBLER.

Thank heaven, the amateur concert season has again passed, and we are permitted to rest upon our E's for a Cson. Some fellow once said, "Spare me from my friends," but those friends of his could not have been musical, or he would have been more diabolically outspoken in his remark. Were I a phrenologist, I should say the bump most developed by amateur vocalists and instrumentalists was Self-esteem, and very powerfully too in many cases; whilst that of their oft-times unfortunate hearers was Patience and Long-suffering rolled into one. Every musical season I am continually worried to attend such a concert, "just to hear how delightfully Miss Mimperton sings," or to listen to Mr. Bobbings, the powerful basso, "who goes down to C." I have always thought if these wonderful men must go down to see, surely their seeing is sufficient without me going with them. T'en, again, I must, "yes, you must, dear boy," go and hear Miss Clementina Clippis play some foreigner's sonata, or rhapsodie, or something of the sort, upon the piano.

If I excused myself from one concert, I was sure to fall out of the frying-pan into the fire by being dragged to another.

To me there is a painful similarity in the conduct and performance of amateur musicians when upon the concert platform.

For instance, the lady Solo Pianist invariably comes on the platform with a dash, drops suddenly upon the musicstool, arranges her music, feels her back hair, stiffens her spinal column for action, glances at her hands, then dashes like a Gatling gun into the solo. Her frigidty of form is kept up to the end of the solo, when she rises abruptly, makes a bob at the audience, and is gone.

Then we have the Soprano. Her song is usually about love, at least so states the programme, for, in nine songs out of ten, the listener cannot make a word of English out of her vocalization. She appears upon the platform holding her music in her left hand, whilst with her right she gently draws across her mouth her newest and daintiest lace handkerchief, just to make jealous the ladies present. Whilst the opening symphony is being rattled through, the Soprano places her music in position, puckers her mouth in the most approved singing form, and launches into her song. If she be possessed of soul she will clutch her music convulsively and sway her body from side to side; when the words cannot be understood this is very taking. When the Soprano strikes a high note her mouth forms a large (O); when a low note is reached it assumes the shape of a (o). Her song concluded, she smiles charmingly upon her audience, makes a comprehensive bow, and gracefully retreats.

The Tenor is generally a tall, thin gent with a light brown moustache and a thinly clad caput. He comes upon the platform perfectly composed, and occupies the time taken up by the introduction to his song in complacently smoothing his moustache, or tenderly touching his scanty locks to know whether any have left their usual resting places. The Tenor, also, has a preference for love songs, which he sings either so emotionally that the audience look for an instalment of tears, or in such a gasping, rip-throat style that they groan for rests and lots of them. However, he comes out smiling, and retires with a firm belief in his great musical ability.

The Basso, on the contrary, is dark-haired, valiant and fleshy. He is particularly fond of sea and patriotic songs, and is so salted through with the former that he is ready at any time to take a five miles' trip on the lake without being seasick. The Basso, though valiant, is fond of runs, and revels in "The Wolf" and the "Holy Friar," tearing all the 'air off the wolf with the greatest gusto, and bringing out the friar's o-o-o-o-o-o-ohs with all the energy of a miniature Vesuvius.

He is undoubtedly the baseballer of the musical family, and makes his hits on runs.

I will not refer to the amateur instrumentalists—to the violinists, the flutists, the cornetists and their kindred. Many of them are as wearisome as the amateur vocalist.

I have done.

THE BEST YET.

There is no preparation before the people to-day that commands their confidence more, or meets with a better sale than does Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry—the infallible remedy for all forms of summer complaints.

Doctor.—Your wife is in a very critical state, and I should recommend you to call in some specialist to consult on the case.

Husband.—There, you see, doctor, I was right again! I told my wife she ought to get 'proper medical advice, but she thought you might get offended.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I am about to dispose of this Rebel in a manner that will please the Blues and satisfy the Orangemen. There can be no deception, as Brother Bowell is here to watch me on behalf of the Order!

I know ye trick beforehand. He vill of course fool ye Orange!



W. Bancroft!

“KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE PROFESSOR!”

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

I.—PARTANT POUR L'EUROPE.



DEAR GRIP,—I beg to forward the first instalment of my report of my European tour, which latter I am enjoying immensely, thanks to your liberality in pecuniary matters, and to my own popularity.

I left Quebec per s.s. Calithumpian on the 15th of June last, and had a most charming eight-day voyage to Liverpool. It soon became noised abroad on board that I was your representative, and I was treated with the utmost consideration, though I could have wished to have preserved my *incog.*, as every idiot amongst the cabin passengers seemed to fancy himself called upon, whenever in my presence, to perpetrate the vilest and stalest jokes imaginable, and I never entered the saloon but a whisper

would go round, "Ah! here's Grip; now we shall have some fun; now for something good"; and there I had to sit like a Stoughton bottle, and every time I opened my mouth, if it were only to request some one to pass the mustard, or some such thing, a regular roar would ensue. This may be fame, but it's deuced unpleasant. It just shows that when a man gets the name of being a wit, fools will howl at every piece of asininity he utters, for it is all too evident that the majority of people don't know a joke when they hear one, and take it for granted that whatever a representative of Grip says must be a *bon mot*. This is the same with poets who have become famous. Tennyson can—and does now—write the veriest slush conceivable, and publishers bow down, and beg to be allowed to pay a thousand times its value for it; a distinguished preacher may utter trash that would get a less famous divine run off into the woods if guilty of saying the same, and people will see worlds of eloquence and divine inspiration in his utterances; eminent painters may slather a lot of colors together on a canvas in the style of a man whitewashing a barn, and the critics will go into rhapsodies about "magnificent perspective," "exquisite blending" and "chiaro oscuro" that would turn a brass monkey sick. My merest and most commonplace remarks were seized upon with avidity as the choicest *jeux d'esprit*, and I was flattered and applauded to the top of my bent at times when I couldn't, for the life of me, detect the faintest semblance to a joke in what I had said.

Here is a specimen of what I mean: As there were several Frenchmen and French-Canadians on board, I made a practice of conversing in the Gallic tongue, of which, you will remember, I am a perfect master, and one afternoon about dinner time, feeling very peckish, I remarked to the crowd of admirers male and female, particularly the latter, who ever thronged about me in the manner of the rapturous maidens round Reginald Bunthorne, "*J'ai bien faim*," whereupon a blundering Englishman, connected with *Punch*, I believe, who was always at my elbow with a view to picking up my stray scintillations, and who was most assiduous in his flattering attentions to me, remarked, with that beautiful accent adopted by Britons when speaking French, "Mais, oui, moosheer, vrainom, voos avvy *Fame*," and he noted this down on his tablets for use in his melancholy paper. A sprightly little French woman, who evidently adored me for my reputation and ability, after the manner of women who will go wild about a man of whom the world speaks in terms of praise, here rolled her liquid black orbs towards me, and sighed out,

"Ah! monsieur, vous dites que vous avez une femme; mais, hélas! pour moi, je suis perdue!" The poor creature, though a Frenchwoman, had misunderstood my speech, my accent being much purer and more Parisian than hers, and fancied I had said I had a wife, and she, being head over ears in love with me (for you know, dear Grip, that my face and figure are just such as ensnare the affections of weak women) was in despair. I did not undecieve her, and she shortly afterwards sprang overboard. "Ah!" exclaimed the *Punch* man, "she over bored you, Mr. Grip, and now she is over-board herself," and he jotted this down in his note-book, with about a dozen notes of admiration and the point fully brought out in parentheses. My innate gallantry, however, would not permit me to see the poor little lady drown, so, pitching the *Punch* contributor to her as a temporary life-preserver whilst I divested myself of my superfluous raiment, I dashed after her, and soon had the pleasure of placing her on deck. Though she had been all butter to me before, she was now all dripping. The *Punch* man had gone to the bottom like a shot. His pockets were full of his jokes, and their weight had dragged him down; moreover, he had a few copies of his paper about his person, and the articles, being leaded, had not given him a chance to swim. (Note.—To work up French joke about young woman drowning. She becomes property of the sea, i. e., *mer*. Is she not always, till married, the property of her mother, or *mere*? Something can be done with this.)

The remainder of the voyage passed away without any startling occurrence, and on the 24th of June I found myself one of six occupants of a villainously close and stuffy compartment in a "first-class railway carriage," into which we were securely locked, *en route* for London. This custom of locking passengers in is a precautionary one, and a measure that is absolutely necessary on the English railways, if the full complement of passengers is to be accounted for at the journey's end, for the evil odors that prevail in a close first-class "carriage" when fully occupied cannot fail to put thoughts of suicide into the heads of the sufferers, and the doors are locked merely to prevent the patients from jumping out to obtain a breath of fresh air, and being dashed to pieces on the "sleepers."

Arrived at London, we were released from captivity by a warden or turnkey in uniform, whom I addressed as follows, "Say, conductor, where's the baggage car?" The official gazed at me spellbound for a minute or so, and then said, "I'm the guard, sir; I expect it's the luggage van you want; at the end of the train, sir," and he turned his back on me, saying in a low voice, "We're not supposed to take anything, sir, but—" and he put his arm behind the small of his back with the palm upturned and half-closed. I shoved a copy of GRIP into it, and went to look after my "luggage." I finally got it, and a porter placed it on a truck and bore away for a cabstand where were many hansoms, one of which I engaged. The "luggage" was placed on board (as I called it), and the porter, touching his cap, whispered, "We're not supposed to take anything, sir, but—" and he whipped round and presented a rear view of himself to me, his hand being in precisely the same position as that of the guard spoken of. I paid no attention to his hint, but, springing into the hansom and calling out "Buckingham Palace" to the driver, in order to impress the lick-spittle, aristocracy-loving, toad-eating Britishers lounging round with an idea that I was somebody, was whirled away muttering to myself, "Ah, yes, indeed! no mistake about this being England, land of beef, beer, pudding and tips; great nuisance that last," and then, calling to the cabby to proceed to some decent hotel instead of the destination I had previously given, I gave myself up—by look-

ing in the little mirror in the cab, opposite me—to reflection.

—S.

(To be continued.)

HAPPY EFFECT OF A REPORTEE.

Little Johnny Hardup, whose name has frequently figured in these columns, and whose figure everybody in Toronto knows, has a long-suffering tailor, or he wouldn't look as well on the streets as he does.

Well, he received a prodigiously long account from the aforesaid patient Ninth Part of a Man, the figures on which occupied at least two pages of large size bill or dunning paper. At the foot of all was the following intimation:

"SIR,—The above is very much overdue, and we must request immediate payment of the same. Yours, etc.,

"So & So."

Johnny is rather a cool fish, so the only answer that he vouchsafed was this:

"SIRS,—You say your account is very much over dew. I can't see it. So far from being a wet document it is, upon perusal, about the dryest anecdote, of its kind I ever saw.

"Yours faithfully,
"JOHN HARDUP."

It is said that the tailors were so pleased with this exhibition of their customer's aptness at repartee that they handed it to their solicitor for collection, and the Division Court was the grand *finale*.



CAPTAIN PHELMIM Q. McCANN.

A STORY OF A FENIAN RAID.

Come, sit thee down, nay, do not go,
I'll tell thee a tale of Toronto.

Michael O'Donovan John McGuff
Kept a corner dive where the ralo old stuff

He would ladle out from early morn
Till dewy eve; and an ample horn

He would give to the man whether friend or foe
Who could a solid five cents show.

To each and all he was polite,
And the man must be exceeding tight

Who'd be refused a flowing bowl
As long as the half dimes he could roll

Across the bar, and the coffers stuff
Of M. O'Donovan John McGuff.

One day one Phelim Q. McCann,
A patriot and a Fenian-an,

Who straight did come, as Mike did know,
From the big city of Buffalo.

He sported a force and black 'moustache,
And seemed to carry loads of cash.

He said he'd no respect for laws
Except they helped the "patriot cause."

A gang of hummers stood around,
A thirskier crowd could not be found.

"Come up, me boys, take what ye like:
Drinks for the house," he said to Mike.

He threw Mike down a ten-dollar bill,
And told him again the howls to fill.

Again the gang oped wide their jaws
And drank success to the patriot cause.

He filled them up to their hearts' content
Till he'd about five dollars spent.

"Now, give me my change," said bold McCann,
"I like to deal with an honest man."

"I call again before I go
To join the boys in Buffalo."

McCann then handed him a "v"
And Phelim skipped off cheerfully.

"A fine man that," exclaimed McCann,
And the hummers murmured "Ho's the stuff."

That night McCann took from his till
The "Ten" to pay his grocery bill.

But the grocer grinned and said, "Mike, bedad,
This ten-dollar bill of yours is bad!"

Then up arose a wild McCann,
And he cursed and swore in language tough.

"I'll have his life!" he loud did cry,
"Ho's a murderin', thraitorous, British spy!"

That night in Buffalo might be seen
The bold McCann in a coat of green.

And he told the boys how many tens
He'd palmed off in the Toronto dens.

And they laughed and roared when Phelim said:
"Just leave me alone for a Fenian raid!"

"And I tell ye, boys, that sort of man
Is Captain Phelim Q. McCann."

—B.

OLLA PODRIDA.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S CONVERSATION.

O'Hourigan, good dacent man, sat out on his
door's tip and fanned himself wid one of his
brogues. Along came neighbor Casey and gave
his friend good avenin'.

"Mighty hot days these, Pat," sez Casey.
"And it's that they are, Mike," replies Pat,
cpially at night, be the same token"

"Thru for ye, Pat," sez Mike, "an' it's the
sensible man ye're to sit on yer dure-stip and
take in a gollyogue o' fresh air."

"Sure the coolest place in the house these
nights is outside, Mike," says Pat.

"Thru as ye're born," replies Mike, "an'
how's the slip av a pig ye bought last week?"

"He doesn't improve, Mike, an' he's too
little. I never seen a littler baste in my life,"
sez Pat

"Little!" sez Mike, "why Danny Sheehan
has one twicet as little. Yes, be the powers,
he's as little as two av him."

An' wid that he lit his dhudeen and biddin'
his friend good night, wint away.

* *

BATOCHÉ.

Some citizens were standing on the street
discussing the recent rebellion.

"Fine affair that at Batoak, wasn't it?"
says No. 1.

"You mean the charge at Batoatch, I
suppose; oh yes, gallant piece of work." re-
plied No. 2.

"Ah! I see you fellows are talking about
recent scrimmage in the Nor'-West," broke in
No. 3, coming up at this moment. "well, I must
say the Batoshay charge ought to be handed
down to posterity with that of Balaclawva."

"Tisn't Batoshay," says No. 1.

"What is it, then?" asks No. 3.

"Batoak, of course. Here, ask Jimpson.
How do you pronounce it, Jim?"

"I call it Batoak, and I guess I'm right. I
was in Manitobaw myself once," replied Jimp-
son, "but ask this GRIP man; say, GRIP, what
is it?"

"Batoashe, of course, you duffers," answered
the omniscient one, "r-o-c-h-e, roashe; ergo,
t-o-c-h-o, toashe.—Batoashe; now, go home
and study your French Grammars."

THE RETURN OF THE B'YS.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE GLORIOUS DEMONSTRATION.

Och, shure, it done me powers av good to see the grand
demonstration.
Was made last week in Tronty whin the b'ys kom
marching back;

Bedad! I think I niver seen so grand a demonstration
since the time av Paddy O'Finnigan's wake in the
parish of Ballywhack.

No; I'll say I niver seen
Such goin's on before
since I kem away from Dublin Bay
An' left ould Ireland's shore.

There was arches ericted on all the sthreeets, an' banners
everywhere,
An' sthreamers wid advertis'ments, an' flags from ivry
steepie;

An' thin the hate was awful, an' divil a breath av air,
An' I think there must have bin a crowd of mor'n a
million people.

But, oh! the sight was grand
Whin the B'ys kom marchin' by
Wid their glorious band an' their faces tanned,
An' the wimmen begun to cry.

There was Tronty's gallant Grenadiers who took Batoche
by storm,
An' wasn't we glad to see 'em back? The Q.O.R. as
well,
They wasn't the lasfe bit backward wherever the fire
was warm
Up there where they was fightin', but they laughed at
shot and shell.

But, my! they did look brown,
As bat'rally they would,
Whin they'd not touched wather for four month's an' a
quarter,
It's reasonable they should.

There was Ghiral Howard av the Gatlin' gun; us him's
the broth of a b'y;
An' didn't he pepper thim half breeds, and didn't he
do it well?

"Take that, an' that, an' that," he'd say, as he'd let a
volley fly,
An' ivry time he'd done it some Injun or half-breed
fell.

(There was pickpockets until the crowd
As busy as ants in a row,
An' one made a snatch and wint off wid my watch,
But waches was made to go.)

Shure such a crowd I niver seen; there was Germans,
Frinch, and Russians,
There was ripresentatives, I think, from ivry blessed
nation;

There was Chinamin an' Poles an' Turks an' Irishmin
an' Prussians,
All come to honor the gallant b'ys at this glorious
demonstration.

An' such a row as they made!
'Twas worse nor Babel, by Jingo!
For aich haythionish baste would cheer till his taste,
An' all in a different lingo.

An' there amongst the other throops was the Govern-
Ginral's Gyards;

Bedad! thim chaps looked butifal, aich man with his
great, long sword,

Av course they looked all baththered up, but that was
upon the cyards,
But aiven as it was I think they'd a' ddrawn some
praise from Luard!

They was led by Dinison,
Him as won the prize av the Czar;
An' by th' infernal ho looked like a colonel,
An' just the b'y for a war.

There was all the civic alderrin, but divil a bit I cared,
To see thim chaps; shure, any day at Mike McCon-
nell's place

Ye can see a City Father, an' ye needn't look very hard;
Ye'll see them dhrinkin' ivrywhere and sometimes
runnin' their face!

They needn't 've shown thimselves,
No ornaments was they;
As I said before, through McConnell's dure,
Ye can see thim anny day.

In all my days I niver seen a purrecession so big and long,
It took eight hours to pass one point; at laste that's
what I guess;

Perhaps ye think I'm puttin' it a weeny bit too sthronge,
But a thafe had larry'd my watch, as I said, but it
couldn't 've bin much less.

Bedad! I niver seen
Such a sthronge of men before;
An' there in the crowd, all snivellin' loud,
Was swootharts an' wives galore.

An' thin the bands I there must have bin a hundhred at
the lasfe.
With threupets, dhruuns, an' bagpipces an' clarencets
an' ffoots;

Discorsin' sweetest music wid the most bewildorin'
taste;
There was min wid fifes whose music mod my teeth
ache till the roots.

An' mid all th' exorciscatin din
The b'ys wint marchin' along;
While the peulers bawled, sang out, and howled,
To keep order in the throng.

An' now I've tould ye all I know of this shplindid cel-
bration;
It bates the Dutch to think thim b'ys is all safe home
once more;
But shure they must feel gratified wid Tronty's dem-
onstration;
They've felt some of the hardships, now they feel the
sthreeets of war.

So now I've said my say,
An' a pretty long one it is;
Now, Mither Gair, I'll give you a tip,
My name's

—CLONTARY O'SWIZ.



SEASONABLE—A TRIO.

TO BE SUNG BY A PEELER, A REPORTER, AND A
PARSON.

Air.—Obvious at a glance.

PEELER:

Old Phubus now is streamin on the streeets
—on the streeets,
With rays so very torrid that it seems
—that it seems

That the peelers who would stumber on their heates
—on their heates
Would be very hot and blazy in their dreams
—in their dreams,
Which makes that pithy saying quite a true one
—quite a true one,
(I mean what Mr. Gilbert's pen has done
—pen has done.)
That the man who wears a peeler's coat, a blue one
—coat, a blue one,
His lot is not indeed a happy one
—happy one.

REPORTER:

But surely 'tis no worse for Mr. Peeler
—Mr. Peeler
Than for us poor luckless wights, reporters named
—porters named.

A reporter of hot weather is a feeler
—is a feeler
Just as much as are our tug-of-war men famed
—war men famed.
They are forced to knock about a lot at night-time
—lot at night-time,
Which really in this weather is not fun
—is not fun;
For the season of July's a mighty bright time
—mighty bright time.
A reporter's lot is not a happy one
—happy one.

[When the reverend gentleman was called upon for
his stanza he hummed and hawed considerably, and then
stated that truth and candor compelled him to confess
that his lot was a happy one; he had not much to do,
and when the weather was very hot he was not even
obliged to write or prepare a sermon for Sunday, as he
could make the excess of atmospherical caloric an excuse
for dismissing his congregation without the customary
discourse, and he was forced to admit that the members
of his church seemed to be devoutly thankful when
such was the case. As the other two did not appear
willing to contradict his reverence, the reporter obtained
an item from the peeler, and the peeler obtained a
quarter from the reporter, and the reporter, for
obvious reasons—but from the other gentleman, and
the trio parted.]

—S.

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