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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 Blako..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5, Hon. H. Mercier..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langouin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardee..... Mar. 28.
- No. 9, Mr. A. C. Bell, M.P.P..... Apr. 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.—Nearly every Conservative out of Parliament who has informed himself of the provisions of the Franchise Bill is opposed to it as cowardly from a moral standpoint, and unnecessary as well as disgraceful as a piece of party tactics. Many other equally honorable men are content to accept the statement that the Bill is, in its essential points, modelled on the English law, and this is rightly considered a guarantee of its justice and rectitude. But it so happens that the statement to which these well-disposed citizens pin their faith is a plain falsehood. A glance at our cartoon will show the reader the exact facts, and he will observe that the Canadian measure is as nearly as possible the reverse of the one it professes to copy. To fully corroborate our picture it is only necessary to compare the two Bills, copies of which can be easily procured.

FIRST PAGE.—Considering the pressure that is being brought to bear on the House of Commons, it is quite possible that body will endorse the Senate's "amendments" to the Scott Act, and at one fell stroke destroy the good work that has been done by the ballots of a majority of the citizens in many counties of this Dominion. History proves conclusively that beer and wine are the only tools the devil needs to ruin human society; distilled liquor is entirely superfluous. The Senate know this quite well, but the gray-haired reprobates who

voted for the amendments do not hesitate to commit this crime on the edge of the grave. Their triumph over the women and children and schools and homes of Canada will be short-lived, however. If the Scott Act is extinguished the demand for Prohibition will only become stronger, and that measure will in due time be wrung from Parliament by an aroused and determined people.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In the course of a speech at Woodstock recently, Mr. Mowat told the audience that "there were some things they (the Reform party) were obliged to do," although not much to their taste. One of the things the hon. gentleman had in mind, no doubt, was the necessity which is laid upon the present Ontario Cabinet of doing the bidding of the Archbishop of Toronto. It is a matter of notoriety that the good prelate in question is practically an *ex-officio* member of the Cabinet; and this must be, to say the least, inconvenient to the Premier. We are far from saying that the archbishop uses his influence wrongly, but if he were as unfairly disposed as some high dignitaries are, he could make a great deal of trouble.



"GETTING A BIG BOY."

Master Canada.—I guess you're not the only fellows in the world that have a *War Debt*. I'm getting one too!

## JUNE.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

June has been called the month of roses. Poets, who have a great deal to say about all such matters, doubtless gave it this name from some idea they had conceived about this being the month when roses bloomed most luxuriantly. But they were wrong. The month of June is called the month of roses partly because aquatic sports are at this time of the year at their height, and the proper spelling of the epithet is "month of rows, sis," and partly because fish are very prolific at this season, and it is the month of "roes-es." Thus do sound common sense and scientific research knock poetry higher than the top of Mong Blong in Yurup. June takes its name from the goddess Juno. D'you know that before? The Jews had nothing to do with

the name and we are not beholden for it to a Jew; no.

There is really very little of interest to be said about this month; in fact I do not know of anything else to say concerning it, though the fact that I am entirely ignorant of my subject would not necessarily prevent me writing an erudite and elaborate essay on it, any more than such a fact would deter other able essayists and commentators from doing the same.

About this time the gay young man who has been all through the colder months posing as a well-dressed man in an ulster, a collar, a hat and a pair of boots, experiences many pangs when he endeavors to solve the problem as to how he shall redeem his summer garments. How he finally does it I can't say, but as he is very numerous, you might ask him.

Snow-shovels may be filed away now or utilized as plaques and painted. And—that's all.

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.

## THE TWO VOLUNTEERS.

A TALE OF THE PRESENT TIME.

### CHAPTER I.

Standing in unstudied gracefulness before a glowing coal fire burning brightly in the brass-mounted and polished grate of one of those palatial residences that adorn the northwest part of the city was a young girl of some eighteen summers. Fair indeed was Imogene McCracken with her superb locks of radiant auburn hue, coiled in massive plaits around her perfectly shaped head. A dress of McCracken tartan scintillated in the fitful light of the fire, setting off her *distingue* and slightly *embonpoint* figure to perfection. She was adjusting a pair of fourteen-button canary-colored gloves on her dainty hands, her mantle and cap of seal and other fur were laid carelessly on a magnificent Ottoman of crimson velvet, and everything betokened that the young lady was about to set out for a drive, even if the exquisitely appointed tandem with cockaded coachman and footman were not to be seen standing "sentry go" and slapping their hands around their liveries outside to keep themselves warm.

"Strange," murmured the maiden, "that Pluvius has not come as he promised. I'll wait no longer, even if I offend—"

Suddenly there burst into the room a young man, tall and slim, but, withal, of Apollo-like mould, wearing a double eyeglass and the full-dress uniform of a high private in the Q.O.R. Snatching off his busby and dashing it to the ground with such force that the plume leaped from its place into the fire, permeating the hitherto rose-scented room with a singed-cattish atmosphere, he stood to attention and glared at her with a cold, clammy stare.

"Pluvius," said the fair girl, tremblingly, gazing aghast at the young man, "wha—what is the meaning of all this?"

"Pluvius me no Pluvius!" gasped the youth. "Last night, false one, I saw you, saw you with *him* at the roller rink. Think not that I could not penetrate your thin disguise. As for him, your accomplished partner, his colossal feet would betray him among ten million, but he wont escape me, ha! ha! and the young man significantly placed his hand on the hilt of his sword bayonet, but, suddenly withdrawing it, contented himself with giving his busby a kick that landed it on the head of a bracketed marble Milton. "So, Miss Mc-

Cracken, I bid you good-bye. I've joined the Queen's Own, Q Company, and I'm off—"

"Off! Oh, Pluvius! where?"  
 "Where! why, to the North-West. The infamous Riel has raised another rebellion; the troops are ordered to the front; on receipt of the news I enlisted. I go where glory waits me. False one, farewell forever!" and snatching his dismantled busby from the head of the blind poet he clapped it on his own and was gone. Imogene dismissed the carriage, and burying her head among the pillows of the crimson sofa wept in deep despair.

CHAPTER II.

Pluvius Paladine Purdy, the son and heir of Hon. Senator Patricio Plunket Purdy, was a freshman at the University of Toronto. At home in his father's senatorial residence he was always considered a brilliant youth, especially by his ma, and his sisters Gwendoline, Gertrude and Henrietta, who all felt assured that he would take high honors, and come out perhaps with a double-first. But young Pluvius did not take much stock in Cicero, Ovid, or Sallust, and his mathematical studies were chiefly confined to the different angles used in the games of billiards and pool, and if the truth must be told, he was very susceptible to the enchantments of the fair sex. He had met Miss McCracken at a party and at once fell violently in love with her; the demon of jealousy had got the better of him, hence his present determination to put on the belts, shoulder his rifle and look for gore. Leaving the McCracken mansion he pushed on for the armory. The night was cold, very cold. Pluvius had always had a nice warm bed to lie in, and hot gruel prepared by his mother on the first symptoms of a sore throat or cold. He thought of the bleak prairies, with the booming blizzards whistling through his clothes, and the wet blankets and frozen tents, and the salt pork and hard tack! Pluvius began to repent of his rash resolve. He was ashamed to back out, but what could he do? Suddenly his doleful meditations were interrupted by a voice exclaiming in a husky and whiskey tone: "I say, comrade, have ye the price of a drink to give to an old soldier, faith? I'm starvin' wid the cold. I wondher coddent I get a chance wid the volunteers. Perhaps ye know of someone that's drafted and duzzen't want to go—bedad! I go chape."

Happy thought! "See here, my good fellow, I enlisted last night. The officers never saw me before; now, if you go and answer to my name, I'll let you have my uniform and belts, and when I see you on the train for the North-West I'll give you twenty dollars. Here's a dollar for you now, don't get drunk, meet me here this evening and I'll bring you to a place where you can put your clothes on."

"More power to ye, my boy, I'm wid ye every time, and I'll stick to my bargain as sure's my name's Michael Finnerty."

"Your name's not Finnerty now," said Pluvius.

"What the blazes is it, then?"

"Your name is Pluvius—Pluvius Paladine Purdy."

"Oh! be the powers of Moll Kelly. P. P. Purdy! and a mighty fine name it is."

That evening Pluvius got Mr. Finnerty shaved and washed, bought him a pair of eye-glasses, got him into his uniform, and that evening, to the name of Private Purdy, Mr. Finnerty called out "Here." Next day on the cars he got his twenty dollars, and away he went with the gallant Q.O.R. as happy as a sandboy.

CHAPTER III.

Sad was the heart of the fair Imogene when she thought of the hardships that poor Pluvius was enduring on the long and weary marches on the trails through the wet and cold, and all for her sake. He was mistaken as to her fidelity. Yet for her he was suffering all manner

of hardships, and perhaps only to get shot by a wild Indian or swarthy half-breed. The least thing she could do would be to send him up some creature comforts to cheer and sustain him in the campaign. Accordingly weekly she packed up a huge hamper containing cold turkey, cold chicken, cold tongue, Abernethy biscuit, bottle of brandy, bottle of port, ½ doz. ale, etc., etc., and addressed the same 'To Private Pluvius P. Purdy, Q Co., Q.O.R., N.W.T."

When Michael Finnerty *alias* Pluvius P. Purdy received the first hamper he was struck dumb with astonishment, but it didn't prevent him giving his Company a good blow-out, he merely darkly hinting to his comrades that he was the son of an Irish Lord in disguise. A note was enclosed with the hamper, but as Michael couldn't read, and he didn't wish to let any of the boys see it, of course it remained unanswered. When the second came it knocked him silly, and on receipt of the third he got blazing drunk and was put in the guard tent, and after that with pack drill and extra guards, the bold Michael had a hard time of it, the upshot of the whole matter being that Michael one fine night stuck his rifle in the prairie and skeddaddled. And the first news the fair Imogene heard of her despairing love was contained in a telegraphic despatch from the front reading: "Private Pluvius P. Purdy, Q Co., deserted last night. It is supposed he has joined the rebels. He was a bad character, and a drunkard, and the battalion is well rid of him."

Imogene fainted. Alas! Her Pluvius a deserter, a rebel, and a drunkard! what a fate! It was weeks before Imogene recovered sufficiently to leave the house. One morning she determined to take the fresh air in the park and see if the walk would not dissipate her gloomy feelings. Entering the park she turned north and walked towards the Volunteer Memorial. Suddenly she was made aware of a horse and rider coming up at a hard gallop. She hastened to get out of their way when her foot slipped and she fell violently to the ground.

The rider checked his steed, dismounted, and came to her assistance. "Are you much hurt?" he enquired.

Imogene looked up. "Pluvius!" she cried, wildly, and fell into his arms.

"Ah! Imogene," said he, "is it thus we meet?"

"Yes; but you—you, why did you desert, why did you join the rebels? How did you escape? Oh! Pluvius, you may be in danger yet if you are discovered."

"Miss McCracken," said the bewildered swain, "will you kindly tell me what in thunder you are talking about? desert what? join what rebels?"

"Why, Riel, in the North-West where you went as a soldier?"

"I didn't go to the North-West, I got a substitute. Didn't you get my letter?"

"No!"

"Oh! I see it all. That drunken brute, Finnerty, didn't post the letter I gave him for you. Your silence made me believe that you wished to see me no more. Oh! Imogene, what I have suffered! But perhaps it's all for the best. I'm studying hard now, and let us once more be friends. I promise never to be jealous again."

"I will consent on one condition."

"All right—name it."

"That you won't join the Queen's Own again."

TABLEAU.

—B.

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 PHILANTHROPIC MEAL.

THE PROMISCUOUS PROWLER IS OVERCOME BY BEAUTY.

"My good Prowler," said Mr. GRIP, a few mornings ago to his trusty henchman, ambassador, and interviewer, "as you seem partially sober to-day I should like you to sally forth—"

"Sally who?" enquired the Prowler.

"Cease, trifler," replied the Bird, petulant-ly, "Sally nobody: go forth, I say, and find out anything you can about our Palaces of Philanthropy of this city. I give you *carte blanche* to do and say what you please as long as you keep sober. Hie thee away, hie!"

"Lo! Jack," instantly replied the Promiscuous Prowler, "I go, great Raven," and buttoning up his frock-coat to the top, to conceal the dinginess of his linen, he turned upon his heel and departed.

In a very brief space of time he walked into Palace of Philanthropy No. 1. He was so hungry, but his sable master had provided him with much wealth preparatory to sending him forth; so he tapped on the table whereat he was seated, and was speedily attended by a Willowy Damsel with Dark Orbs: to her he made known his wish for food, and was soon engaged in discussing a plateful of beefsteak pie, a diminutive dab of butter, two rolls and a glass of milk: when he had disposed of these viands he felt even yet more ravenous than before he had commenced, so, once more summoning the Willowy Damsel with Dark Orbs, he requested her to replenish his trencher and glass, and to produce another Lilliputian pat of butter and more rolls: the Willowy Damsel did as requested and laid a small ticket with a tailor's "ad" on one side and "42c." in most legible figures on the other, beside the Prowler's platter. That worthy was somewhat taken aback as he saw these suggestive figures. "Forty-two cents!" he muttered, "forty-two cents! and yet my hunger is not appeased: for twenty-five cents I could have had a regular blow-out at almost any hotel: but them hotels sell liquor: it just amounts to this: Philanthropy, no liquor, a poor meal and forty-two cents: or, no philanthropy, liquor sold on the premises, a square meal and twenty-five cents. Seems to me the hotel has the bulge. Now, let me see—Come hither, pretty maiden," and he beckoned to the Willowy Damsel with the Dark Orbs, who was so overcome by the intense expression of the Prowler's eye, that she jabbed the corner of her tray into a Bald-headed Gormandizer's ear and let the tomato-soup, milk, and so forth, that were upon it, slide down between his backbone and his under-garment, astonishing him and causing him to quote from the Koran; the Willowy Damsel, however, unable to resist the mesmero-electrico-magnetic magnetism of

the Prowler's optics, swayed over to his side and awaited his behests.

"Maiden fair," said GRIP's Prowler, "I'm rather sold." "Whoever bought you got a bad bargain," remarked a Pert Piece of Femininity, who had paused to hear what I had to say to her Sister of the Tray. "How- ever," continued the Prowler, "I am sold. I came here for a Philanthropic meal, in an establishment whose directors, I am told, don't care about profit, and fairly loathe a large annual dividend. I have had my Philanthropic grub and it costs me forty-two cents! forty-two cents, maiden! The price of a pound and a quarter of the choicest caramels or eight dishes and nearly a half of luxurious ice-cream." The Dark Orbs rolled languishingly at the thoughts conjured up by these remarks. "Now, listen: bread costs 4 cents a small loaf: it sells here for 1 cent a slice: 10 slices to a loaf: profit, 6 cents a small loaf. Milk: cost, 13 cents a gallon, wholesale: sells at 3 cents a glass: glass holds, say, half a pint: profit on a gallon of milk, 35 cents. Maiden, Philanthropy is a fine thing to practise—when it pays! On other articles I feel the profits are equally large." The Willowy Damsel looked annoyed. "However," went on the Prowler, "it is worth paying extra to see so much Feminine Loveliness and to be waited on by such Paradisian Houris as I see around me." The Orbs smiled once more. "For Feminine Beauty I am willing to pay: for Profitable Philanthropy, never!"

"But," ventured the Willowy Damsel, "these Establishments keep men out of temptation's way: they can get no nasty liquor here."

"True: but if they're bound to drink, they only need to step up street a few doors and drown the recollections of a forty-two cent meal in the Seductive Bowl. What is wanted in a Palace of Philanthropy is grub at a price just sufficiently profitable to keep things going. Doubtless the sight of so much Beauty spoils many appetites, and much food is left on the plates of Susceptible Youths to be re-dished; therefore the Transcendent Loveliness so rife around here is a source of profit, but—" and here the Prowler ventured to slip his arm round the Willowy Damsel's taper waist.

A rush; an uproar; a hullabaloo. The Prowler was seized by three Indignant Worshipers of the Sisters of the Tray, and before he could deposit his forty-two cents for viands consumed, he was hurled forth into the street, where he made his way to the Raven's Roost and submitted his report.

**ALIKE STARTLED,**

Only a tack on the sofa,  
Just one little tack sitting there,  
And only an elegant loafa  
Trying his best not to swear.

Only a band of poor redmen  
Fleeing the volunteers' fire;  
Rushing away in confusion,  
T' escape from a slaughter so dire.

Both Indian and loafer are startled,  
And this is the reason just here;  
Each one is surprised much at meeting  
This sudden at-tack in the rear!

—J. A. MESAG.

**WHO KILLED POOR BILLY?**

BY A DISCIPLE OF CLIKIE WOLLINS.

I.

*The Toronto Detective's Narrative.*

"Some time ago the town of Splashington was thrown into the wildest excitement with the news that Miss Tabitha Trim's cat, Billy, had been most ruthlessly murdered. Never before had such an awful calamity visited Splashington, and consequently everybody was horror-stricken and trade paralysed. I,

Bolter Bews, of the noted Toronto detective department, (pardon my vanity, but the honor of the connection is great,) happened into the town during the height of the excitement, and undertook, at Miss Trim's urgent request, to solve the mystery. I was informed by Miss Trim that poor Billy had been in the habit of sleeping at the foot of her couch at night; that on the night previous to the discovery of the murder she had put Billy carefully in his little bed; that on awakening next morning she was horrified to find it empty, that search was made for him and he was found laid across upon the back fence, dead, 'dead as a door nail,' as the servant, Mary Ann, sadly expressed it. I cannot explain why, but something about the catastrophe excited my tenderest feelings, and I determined that nothing should deter me from unearthing the murder; which, if accomplished, would, through me, cast honor and glory upon the able Toronto detective department. I began my investigations. After several weeks of incessant toil, I became convinced the deed had been committed by some person outside Miss Trim's house. Further investigation led me to suspect Master Tommy Gribbles. How I drew the chain of circumstantial around him shall not be told by me but by those persons more closely associated with the various links in the chain."

II.

*The Tinker's Story.*

"Strange indeed it is that I, the tinker of Splashington, should become involved in the greatest tragedy that has ever convulsed our fair town. But such is the fact. The circumstance that led to it is soldered to my mind good and strong. Little Mary, that's Master Tommy Gribbles' sister, had come in with the family tea-kettle for repairs, and whilst was fixing she casually remarked: 'Our Tommy says he'll kill old Miss Trim's cat, it's allus after our chickens.' I took little notice of the words at the time, but how significant they have become to-day!"

III.

*The Tailor's Tale.*

"No one in this town, barring his pa and ma, knows Tommy Gribbles better'n I do, or has him better measured up, for I've made his clothes these six years. I remember standing at my store door one day when up came Master Tommy and asked me to sew a button on his pants. This unusual request was the means of making me remember too well what followed. I sewed the button on and was slipping the thread when Tommy kinder scared me by asking: 'What's the best way to kill a cat?' Says I, 'I give it up, ask me something easier: cats has so many lives; but,' says I, 'I guess pison is about the best.' Tommy went away, and until we were horrified with the news that Miss Trim's cat had been murdered, I thought no more about it."

IV.

*Extract from a Letter Written by the Splashington Chemist to his Brother.*

"Before closing my letter, let me unburden my mind to you. I have, unconsciously, been a factor in a most heart-rending murder, that has shocked S. to its core. You remember Miss Tabitha Trim. Well, she had a beautiful cat called Billy, and one night Billy came to his end in a tragic manner. Some days after, Miss Trim asked me to make a *post mortem* examination, in order to discover how Billy had come to his death. I did so, and came to the conclusion that chloroform had been employed. Directly it flashed upon my mind that I had not more than a week back sold some to Master Tommy Gribbles, who said he wanted it for moths and beetles. Need I tell you how my heart is racked by being so connected with the murder of so inno-

cent an animal? Miss Trim is my best customer for homeopathic medicines."

v.

*The Story told by Louisa Jane, Housemaid at Snug Villa.*

"One evening I was standing agin the fence when I hears Mary Ann at Miss Trim's hollering to me. When I came up to her, I says, 'Suffen wrong?' 'Nothing partic'lar, mor'n the murder,' says she. 'Too bad,' says I. 'It is,' says she, 'it's about that I want to speak.' 'Go on,' says I. 'Well,' says she, 'the night the cat was killed it *did* git out.' 'No,' says I. 'Yes,' says she, 'I let it out. It come scraping around, annoying like, so I let it out, and when I came to call it in again, not a cat could I see, so, thinks I, let the darn'd thing stop out. When I found it had been killed I was afeard of saying anything to missus. That's all, Louisa Jane,' says she, mysterious like, 'not a word.' 'Not a word,' says I, and if it hadn't a been for that Mr. Bews talking it out of me, it would forever been locked up in my bosom."

VI.

*Extract from Miss Tabitha Trim's Diary.*

"To-day records one of the grandest triumphs of my life. Thanks to that estimable gentleman and able detective officer from Toronto, Mr. Bews, all doubt is now cleared up as to how my poor cat, Billy, came to his untimely end. I have just had the extreme pleasure of seeing the guilty one, Master Tommy Gribbles, most severely thrashed and sent to bed. Had it not been for Mr. Bews' keen perception and detective acumen, Splashington would have been burdened with a mystery from which it would never have recovered. We should indeed be thankful that Toronto possesses such clever detectives upon whom to call in case of need."

THE END.

A FOURFOLD WORK.—Burdock Blood Bitters act at the same time upon the liver, the bowels, the kidneys, and the skin, relieving or curing in every case. Warranted satisfaction, or money refunded.



**A PARTICULAR CUSTOMER.**

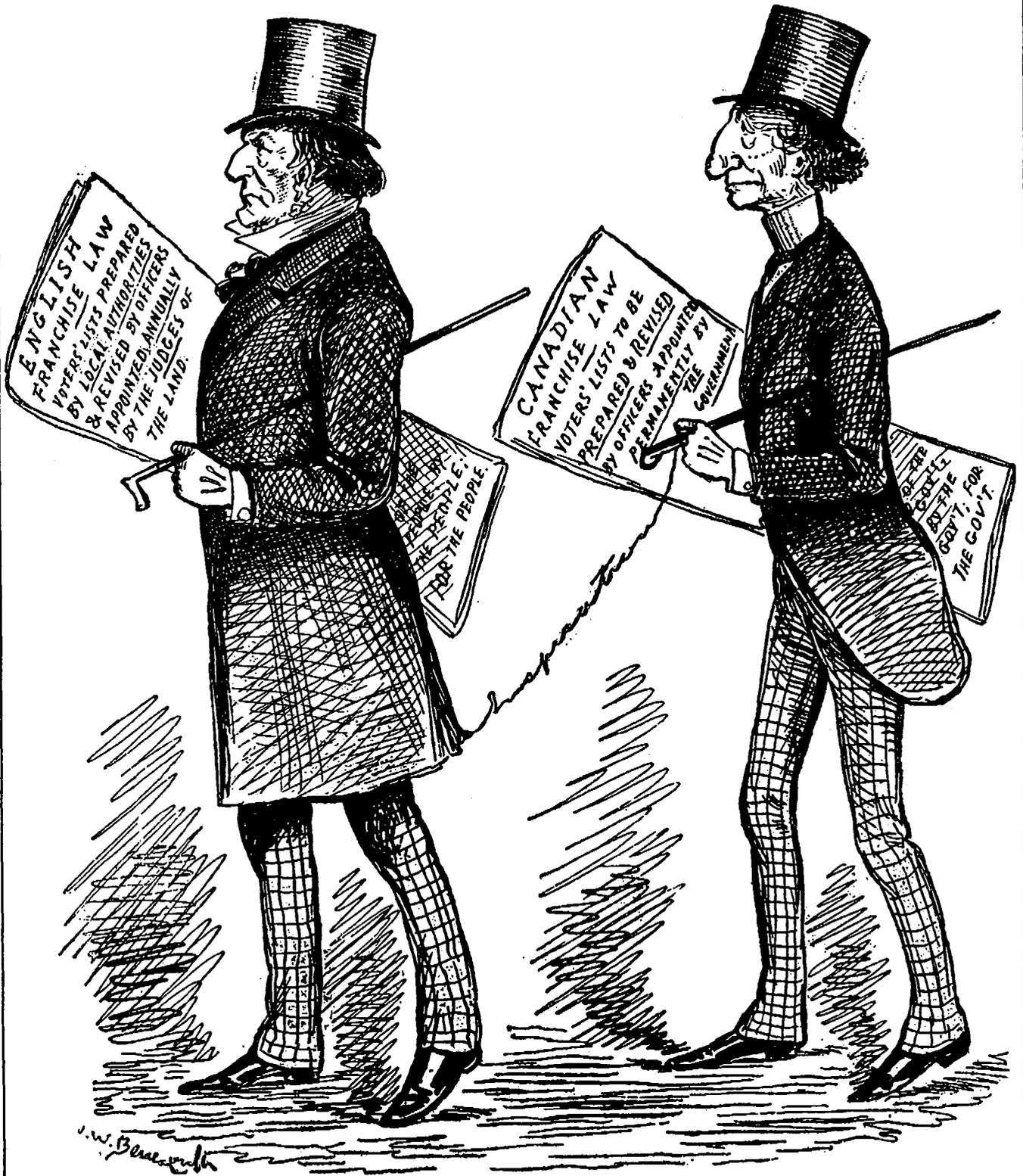
*Customer (in coffee and cake saloon).—*Waiter, bring me beef and beans on separate plates. Have the beef cut thin and with the grain, with an edging of fat; the beans brown on one side and not too hot, and a cup of coffee, and don't let the coffee spill into the saucer.

*Waiter.—*All right, sorr. Anythin' else?

*Customer.—*A glass of water.

*Waiter.—*Do yez want the wather washed, sorr?

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



“FOLLOWING ENGLISH PRECEDENT.”

(REMARKABLY CLOSE COPY.)



NAILING IT WITH SCRIPTURE.

SCENE—Ballachulish—M'Pherson, who has been found "appropriating" his landlord's lambs, is taken to task by the Factor.

Factor (sternly).—Now, M'Pherson, you're a respectable man and an elder in the kirk. I'm ashamed to have to charge you with stealing lambs. It has been proved against you, and I believe you don't deny it. What have you got to say for yourself?

M'Pherson (slowly).—Weel, sir, ass a crofter ant an elder, aal I'll say iss shust this: *Ta Lord's my shepherd I'll never want!*

—The Chiel.

THE NEXT MORNING.

IMPROVED EFFORT ON BYRON'S "HE WHO HATH BENT HIM," ETC.

He who hath looked with aching head,  
Where pipes and glasses still are spread  
In the first hour of seediness,  
The lust of seeing such a mess  
Before the housemaid's handy fingers  
Have swept the room where smoke still lingers,  
And marked the rank, unwholesome air—  
The musty symptoms everywhere,  
The tumbler that so plainly speak  
Of what has caused that pallid cheek;  
And but for that strong, stale cheroot,  
Which sickens now his very soul;  
And but for that half-empty bowl,  
Where lemon peel, and rum to boot,  
Appal the seedy gazer's heart—  
As if they ne'er had formed a part  
Of what he'd lavished praise upon—  
Yes, but for these, and these alone,  
Some moments, aye till office hour,  
He still might doubt false whiskey's power.  
But no, to bed he faintly reels,  
So sad the sight that room reveals.

THE M.P.'S WIFE ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

DEAR MR. GRIP,—I never really did know how far out of the world Rural Dell was, (though I've often told Lucius it was dull for the girls—hardly an eligible man in the place,) until I heard that Parliament had had no end of a time sitting up and talking about the Woman's Suffrage, and here in Rural Dell we'd never even discussed the question at the Sewing Society, nor any of us been asked to sign our names to any petition to forward such a movement, so no wonder it makes me mad to think of that great soft husband of mine giving the motion the weight of his influence, which isn't much which is one blessing, and me here at home with the younger children never knowing anything about it until I saw the newspapers. What on earth do we want votes for? I should think every sensible

woman would find her hands full enough managing her husband's house without having the cares of the nation thrown on her shoulders, and if any woman (and there is one here and there no doubt) fails, with present advantages, to twist her husband round her finger, she can take my word for it voting ain't going to help her get him under her thumb.

Lucius acting like this makes me feel awful mad, though, for another reason. I'm afraid it'll interfere with the girls' prospects, for likely as not the world has so little regard for the truth, people'll say that I henpeck their pa, and that I, the most womanly of my sex, have egged Lucius up to doing it, and add, that of course my daughters take after me and are strong-minded. It is not for girls to have a reputation for anything, but for being strong-minded it is truly awful; the very thought of those sweet girls, the *face-similars* of their mother, (I hope you won't think my quotation from the Latin mannish), makes me fairly shiver. Anyone that knows Mary and Jane would never think of accusing them of knowing a great deal or being strong-minded. I've taken too much trouble with their education for that, and they've belonged too long to an M.P. family to want to have a hand in politics. I don't suppose any earthly consideration would induce them to vote unless maybe at a bazaar for the most popular young gentleman in Rural Dell. Poor dears, it's the first time I've let their pa go to Ottawa without me to look after him, and all from motives of economy too. I see now that, in private as in national affairs, economy is a mistake, and I've written to Lucius to come right straight home and take me to Ottawa. It is funny to me if it wasn't bad enough for some of those silly old members to give us a vote, which we haven't asked for, but they must be complimentary enough to think of us only

when they've got the Indian franchise on the tapis—that I should think would be enough to settle the question with any liberal-minded lady. I suppose if an Indian cultivates the land, gets education, and wants to become a civilized being no one ought to prevent his getting a vote if it'll help him to give up his wild ways; but I don't suppose anyone calling herself a lady wants to go up to the polls where she would be liable to be elbowed by any child of the forest in his usual airy summer clothing. If there are any women so bold I can only say that they need never hope to cultivate the refined acquaintance of,

Yours, a lover of home rule,  
ELIZA FENCHERMAN.

P.S.—There's Lucius' cousin, Maria Fencherman, says they are going to give the vote to unmarried women only. An outrageous partiality indeed: fancy my Mary and Jane when they were of age being set up higher than their mother! Eliza Fencherman isn't the woman to give up parental prestige without a struggle—that'll be a hard enough subject to tackle with my sons-in-law when I get them. Give up my home rule to public voting by my girls, not quite! I'll head a society for the Suppression of Females Voting first—and mercy on us, what flirtation would go on (if it was made law) under the name of canvassing! Widows would become all powerful, and people grow as polite to old maids as they are now to married women—the matrons of the country will never submit to that—no, never.

E. P.

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.

A NIGHT IN NOVEL LAND.

A FREE LIBRARY EXPERIENCE.

There are events in the lives of the wisest that often baffle explanation, and though I do not set myself up as a wise man (rather set me down as a fool) to me the following experience is fully on a par with any mystery that may have come within the range of the wisest life. Without further remarks, save to state that I am no disciple of Bacchus, let me proceed with my story. I had read the daily papers in the reading-room of the Free Library, how long I know not, when a hearty thump fall upon my back, and a cheery voice said: "Vhy, guv'nor, you look down in the mouth, as the shell said to the oyster as it vended its vay to the man's stomach."

Turning round sharply I saw Sam Weller, in all the glory of his new suit. There was no mistaking the fact. I rubbed my eyes. Could I be dreaming? Before I could conjecture further, Mr. Weller spoke again: "The guv'nor's not far off. He'll be pleased to see you."

Sure enough Mr. Pickwick was coming towards me; there were his beaming features, shining spectacles and amply proportioned body so well known to me.

"My dear sir," said Mr. Pickwick, shaking my hand most heartily, "I am pleased to meet you. Sam told me that a stranger had stayed behind, and such we cordially welcome."

"Mr. Pickwick," I said, "it is indeed a great pleasure to meet you out of your covers. Pardon the allusion to your bondage."

"Vy, folks little dream as we leaves our books as we do; they thinks we are bound to 'em, sir," put in Mr. Weller with a chuckle.

"They do not, Sam," responded his master. "Now call together the Select. Our friend will be pleased to meet them."

Sam hurried off, and Mr. Pickwick had barely time to explain to me that the noted ones of Novel Land had formed themselves

into a Circle, the members being known as the Select, who nightly held meetings in which revelry and instruction were agreeably blended, when I heard remarks in the distance which I at once recognized: "Joe! Joe! why, d— that boy, he's asleep again!" and there entered the room Wardell, followed by the Fat Boy, Tupman, Snodgrass and Winkle. Such a shaking of hands! "Now, Joe," said Mr. Wardell, "Joe! why, d— that boy, he's asleep again! Sam, wake him up." Sam went up to the Fat Boy, yelled "pie" into his ear; the Fat Boy readily awoke and was despatched to call up the remainder of the Circle.

"I have entirely discarded my treatise on Tittlebats," remarked Mr. Pickwick to me, "because I find a greater field of labor in the drinking water of Toronto."

I withheld any remark upon this doubtful compliment, but thought a deal.

In came the Circle. Such a gathering! Every noted one of Novel Land. It would take columns to give the names alone; yet I felt quite at home amongst them.

Count Fosco offered me *bon-bons*, and chatted quite freely upon his treatment of the Woman in White. Seeing Squeers a little distance away, I excused myself and interviewed him to ascertain his views upon Canadian education, but I could get little from him. His one eye glared savagely at Nicholas Nickleby who stood near by conversing with Poor Miss Finch. It was indeed a strange sight. Handy Andy walked with Aurora Floyd, talking about horses; Mrs. Gamp favored Rob Roy with her opinion of the ladies of Toronto in general; Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday, close companions, argued the slavery question with the Cheeryble Brothers. So taken up was I with the scene that I did not at first observe that Mr. Jingle was addressing me.

"Glad to meet you—first time—like Toronto—fine city—pretty girls—able aldermen—very." I thanked Mr. Jingle for his flattering remarks, and asked had he ever visited Hamilton. "Yes—often—not too well pleased—girls tolerable—aldermen ambitious—slow—no free library—no park—streets dirty—very." Before I could ask further he had transferred his attentions to Mrs. Mantellini who was passing.

Next followed a "musical and literary *melange*." Valentine Vox entertained the company with an exhibition of ventriloquism; Mr. Jingle recited a Shakespearean scene; Dick Swiveller tooted several tunes upon his fute; Mr. Samuel Pickwick discoursed learnedly upon the antiquities of Toronto and exhibited several aquatic wonders which he had discovered in its drinking water; Uncle Tom sang a plantation melody; all these and many others were received with many demonstrations of approval. The entertainment concluded, we were next invited to partake of a cold collation which sprang from somewhere, I know not how. Sam Weller and the Fat Boy did wonders in the way of waiting; I did wonders in the way of eating; speeches and toasts followed, and—I remember no more.

OLLA PODRIDA.

A "PUNCH" CONUNDRUM.

When a man has neglected to take proper care of his teeth and they decay and he visits a dentist, to what expression does he often give vent, under that practitioner's manipulations, signifying a tooth-powder that would have saved him from his present misfortune?

Ans. Odonto! (Oh! don't, oh!! There is a tooth-powder called Odonto!!! Oh! don't, oh! is what the patient would say!!!!) *Punch* trade-mark attached.

\* \*

The weakness of Tennyson's latest official poetical productions may be attributed to his

lack of leisure, as he is engaged in writing another historical drama, a sequel to "Becket," and can only devote the odd hours to his duties as Poet-Laureate. It is the old story of a public officer neglecting the public business for his private affairs.

\* \*

WHERE IS HE?

Though tidings from the North-West daily come,  
At times quite cheering, then again more grave,  
How is it that the papers are all dumb  
About O'Soup, Ned Farrer's Indian brave?

We hear of Poundmaker and oke Big Bear,  
But amongst the names of all the red-skinned troop  
I search in vain: I never can see there  
That of Ned Farrer's Indian friend, O'Soup.

[NOTE.—This "broth of a boy" is probably boiled to rags before the hot fire of our fellows.—Ed.]

\* \*

HE STUTTERED.

Everybody knows the "stammering barber" of Queen Street West, and a large number of Toronto's citizens are pretty well acquainted with the chairman of the School Board, and know that his opinion of himself and his abilities is no mean one. Well, E. P. dropped into "the stammerer's" establishment to get his hair cut in order that his plug hat might sit easier above his ponderous brain. He sat in the chair of torture silent and dignified. At length the tonsorial artist ventured a remark; he said, "Y-Y-You have a re-re-remarkably th-th-thick head—" and then he paused, his jaws working convulsively and his eyeballs starting from their orbits; he evidently wished to say more but couldn't. E. P. turned round and glared at him, fire flashing from his eyes: the barber gasped, hit himself violently in the stomach and added "—of hair, s-s-s-sir."

Anyone who knows E. P. will see that the addition to the first part of the sentence classed that barber as a mendacious flatterer. Why didn't he leave well enough alone and let his little speech stand without the second part? Why, indeed?



WHAT IS IT?

A bewildered Hamilton man sends us the above *fac-simile* of a cut which graces the heading of a paper called *Justice*, published in the Ambitious City. It is only fair to say that Art is not exactly in the line of the publication in question; its chosen sphere is domestic economy, and, as a labor organ, it may paradoxically be said to be a capital organ. It is edited with marked intelligence and ability, notwithstanding this cut in its heading. We are earnestly requested to explain the picture and so save hundreds of Hamilton people from the asylum. We have taken the matter into our Mowat, and without committing ourselves

to any precise opinion, we submit the following theoretical guesses:

1. It represents Clow, the restaurant man, preparing to cut up a turtle, with a couple of the cooks' assistants waiting to carry off the parts to the soup kitchen.

2. It is a picture of Joe Rymal displaying the Franchise Bill, and offering to bet that neither of the parties can guess what it is like.

3. It is King Solomon trying to decide which of the women he will cut in two for claiming to be the mother of such a child.

The reason old maids are odd is that they are unmatched.—*Boston Globe*.

An angler's paper speaks of the "shrinkage of trout streams." A trout stream may shrink, but the trout never does. It generally expands and increases in weight after being removed from the stream by an angler.—*Norristown Herald*.

An ostrich-egg weighs nearly thirty times as much as an average hen's egg; but to hear the hen's remarks after laying an egg, one would suppose she had beat the ostrich out of sight. It is a good deal the same way with human beings. Some will make more fuss and brag over their little thin-shelled achievements than others do over an invention or work that becomes historical.—*Peck's Sun*.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

DEAR GRIP,—I look to you, as the wielder of a powerful influence over the masses upon this continent, for relief against a monster evil that has tormented and tantalized society too long. I refer to the sentence, "*To be continued in our next*." No matter where we read, in newspaper, magazine or any periodical, the words rise like a hideous phantasm before our eyes. Sometimes they appear in a contracted form, "*To be continued*," but their effect is equally disastrous. Could all the evil occasioned by the sight of these words be gathered together, what a terrible indictment could be made out against them. Who during his youth has not experienced the following? Say he was reading that highly exciting romance, "Doughty Dick; or the Villainous Vulture of Valparaiso," and had reached this exciting part: "The Vampire was in sight. A few moments and the monster would be in the hands of Doughty Dick. At a bend of the road a mysterious form barred their way. What could it be?" Now what followed? "*To be continued in our next*." These words stood then, and stand to-day, accountable for more wickedness than the whole of the story preceding them. Again, as we grew older, and read "The Boy Admiral; or the Buccaneers of the Caribbean Sea, there came the following passage: "The directions of the cipher had thus far been faithfully followed by the Boy Admiral's noble band, and the millions of doubloons would be in their itching palms before night-fall. As they dug, hour after hour, their commander paced the plateau with impatient steps. Suddenly a deep gloom fell on his fair brow. It was seen at once by his brave men, upon whom it had a most depressing effect. Hastily calling his hand together, the Boy Admiral said:

"*To be continued in our next.*"

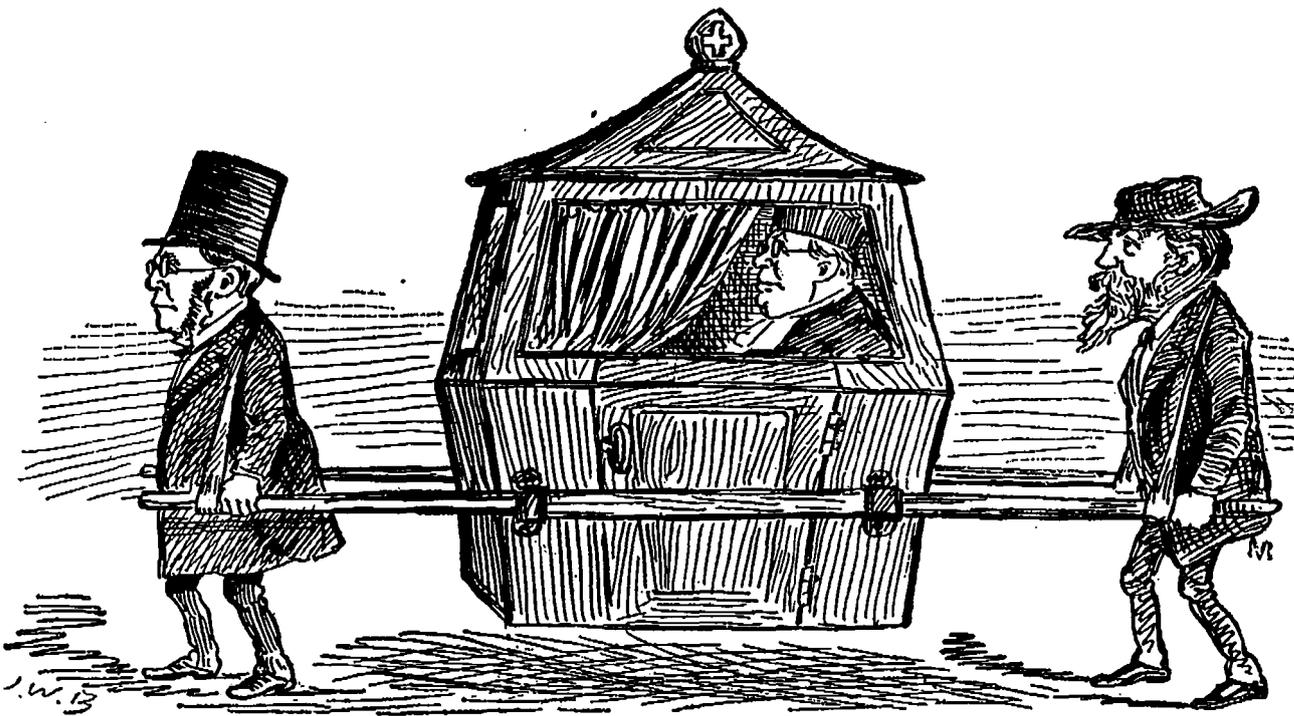
When we arrived at manhood's estate we found the same principle observed, be the story one of love, adventure or intrigue. To-day sees no improvement. Just at the most exciting point the hideous phantasm rises and cuts off further supply for the time. Now, dear GRIP, make your influence felt for good, and help to abolish this flagrant evil.

Yours learnedly,  
ROGER RATTLECAT.

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"THERE ARE SOME THINGS WE ARE OBLIGED TO DO."

[Vide Mr. Mowat's speech at Woodstock.]

**AN OLD PROVERB ILLUSTRATED.**

*Maledicti qui nostra bona ante nos dixerunt.*  
 Oh, there's nothing new under the sun,  
 And every conceivable pun  
 You might find, if you'd look,  
 In some confounded book,  
 Written ages ago,  
 In the Greek.  
 Still the world will insist on its laugh,  
 It must have its allowance of chaff,  
 And the funny-man's col-  
 umn of bright, mirthful jol-  
 lity's due, as you know,  
 Every week.  
 Then a curse on those humorists old,  
 Who so long ago told and retold  
 Every possible jest  
 That some one cries "Chest-  
 Nut!" whenever you say  
 A bright thing.  
 Meanwhile, let the old jokes be renewed  
 On the plumber, the iceman, the dudo,  
 The young wife's squash-ple,  
 And that faithful stand-by  
 Of the humorist gay—  
 Gentle Spring.  
 —Somerville Journal.

Two "revolutionary heroes" were given over to the Colombians, tried, and hanged before the close of business the same day. There must be poor lawyers in Colon.

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 NOTED GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM,  
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 R. H. LEAR.

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 Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth.  
 ASK FOR BURTON'S.

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