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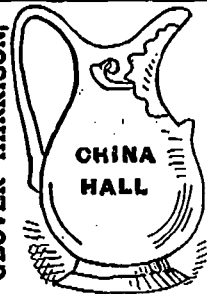
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VOLUME XXV. }
No. 2 }

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 11TH, 1885.

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5 CENTS EACH.



"TRIFLING NEW PROPOSITIONS."

Dr. Dewar.—Why, a little hole like that, or that—or THAT—doesn't count, does it?

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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.

MONTREAL AGENCY - 124 ST. JAMES ST.

JOS. S. KNOWLES, Agent.

Cartoon Comments

LEADING CARTOON.—Notwithstanding the dreary presagings of Sir R. Cartwright—the wish no doubt being father of the thought—that Canadian credit was so low on the London money market that it would be a difficult matter to float a new loan on almost any terms, Sir Leonard Tilley is able to announce that he has succeeded splendidly in his mission. He has effected a loan of \$25,000,000 for fifty years, at 4 per cent, placing the same at a premium of £1 17s 8d. When the tenders were opened it was found that the amount had been applied for four times over.

FIRST PAGE.—Rev. Dr. Dewart has of course never been to a circus, and is not likely to visit even the great John B. Dorris' show which is coming here on the 18th. He is therefore perhaps unaware that, in connection with the University Confederation question, he is playing a piece of "funny business," which is in the repertoire of every properly equipped circus clown. The amusing professional gentleman in question is asked to hold one of the paper hoops for the fair equestrienne to jump through. He accidentally punches his finger through it, whereupon the ringmaster expostulates warmly. "What!" cries the Jester, "you object to a little hole like that?" punching a bigger one. "Why! a little hole like that is a mere trifle" (another punch)—and so on until there is nothing left of the "balloon" but the rim. Dr. Dewart, speaking as a friend of Victoria University, has punched some good-sized apertures by means of now propositions, in the basis of confederation finally agreed upon at a convention in which all interests were represented, and in reply to the alarmed outcry of Dr. Wilson and others he says their demands are mere trifles. Dr. Dewart is drolly blind to the fact that although the holes do not count they make an end of the compromise scheme.

EIGHTH PAGE.—In the immortal words of the country editor, when he published an account of how his rival in the village captured the county printing—"comment is unnecessary!"

NOTICE.

The Montreal agency of the Grip Printing and Publishing Company, formerly conducted by Mr. F. N. Boxer, is now in charge of Mr. Jos. S. Knowles, Mr. Boxer having retired from the service of the Company.

Mr. Knowles is a newcomer to the commercial metropolis, but we feel confident that the qualities which have made him so universally popular in the business circles of his native city, St. John, N.B., will soon win for him equal appreciation among our friends and customers in Montreal. We heartily commend him to all whom this may concern in the city and Province generally.



Mr. Fraser's comedy, "Muddled," was presented at the Grand on Dominion Day, afternoon and evening. It went fairly well, considering the company, which, excepting only Mr. Rich, was about as bad as it could possibly have been. The leading character, Augustus Bimm, is a strong one, and fits Mr.



Rich like the proverbial glove. Perfect familiarity with the lines is all that is needed to enable this clever young comedian to make Gus one of the best things on the American stage. The play itself needs a good deal of cutting down, especially in the second and third acts. As it now stands there is too much of the melo-dramatic element in it in proportion to the comedy. We would like to see the play again, amended as suggested, and presented with decent support. It didn't get a fair show by any means.

NEW MUSIC.

The Rebellion in the North-West has inspired our musicians to give expression to the prevalent spirit of patriotism. Amongst the publications already on the music store counters are:

Welcome Home, Brave Volunteer. Words by John Imrie, music by F. H. Torrington. The air is a quiet, undemonstrative one, and fits the sentiment very well.

The Batoche Polka, published by Nordheim, is a tasteful composition for the piano, by Miss Delaney, of Peterboro. It is highly spoken of by competent judges.

The Charge at Batoche, a descriptive song. Words by J. W. Bengough, music by Barton Brown. This composition is in press, and will appear next week. The music is very fine, and although written for baritone, is suitable also for a tenor voice of ordinary compass. The words are as follows:

CHARGE AT BATOCHÉ.

DESCRIPTIVE SONG.

By J. W. Bengough.

Who says that British blood grows tame,
Or that the olden fire is gone,
That swept the fields of deathless fame,
When heroes led our soldiers on?
Let tyrant Czars, grown great on wrong,
Believe that fable if they will;
While I rehearse, in martial song,
A story of Canadian skill,
And Canada is British still.

In duty's name, we lay before the pits
All day like targets for the rebel lead,
Wasting our bullets on the sullen hill,
In whose grim breast the enemy was hid.
In duty's name, we choked our anger down
And clenched our rifles in impatient grasp;
Blazing at random, just in duty's name,
While comrades round us gave their dying gasp.

Out rang the signal shrill,
Each soldier's heart to thrill,
Along the line the glorious signal—
Charge! charge!! charge!!!

All eager sprang the gallant 90th then!
Up flashed the scarlet of each Royal Gren!
Forth thundered Boulton's scouts and French's men!
On dashed brave Howard's Galting in the van!
"Twas charge! charge!! charge!!!

With rousing British cheers,
The loyal volunteers
Swept grandly on,
Blanched at the whirlwind dread,
The shattered rebels fled—
Batoche was won!
That's how Batoche was won!

Won! but, ah, dearly won those steep,
For on the field in manhood's pride
Lay heroes whom our country weeps:
It was for Canada they died,
For Canada—fair Canada—
Our gallant heroes fought and died.

Who says that British blood grows tame,
Or that the olden fire is gone,
Must first forget Batoche's name,
Our volunteers and Middleton!

THE REBELLION ILLUSTRATED.

The Souvenir Number of the *Illustrated War News*, to be issued in two parts, is intended to epitomize all the salient points of the rebellion, in print and pictures. Part I., which is just out, carries the story up to and inclusive of the battle of Fish Creek, twelve pages being devoted to illustrations. The letterpress, by Mr. T. Arnold Haultain, M.A., is in that well-known writer's best vein. An extra tinted picture, "Canada's Sacrifice," and a splendid group of the commanding officers, are given with Part I. The price of each part is 50 cents, and certainly no equally good historical work was ever offered at the figure.

A TERRIBLE FALL

At the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. We have heard from very good authority that there has been a terrible fall in the prices of harness. Their harness is the best in the city, and got up in the latest styles. They use nothing but the best of stock and the best of trimmings, and they are all hand-stitched. You can save from \$5 to \$10 a set. Call and see for yourself, or send for catalogue. We will send you a set of harness for inspection, and if not satisfactory, send it back at our expense.

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.



GRIP'S PROMISCUOUS PROWLER.

HE INTERVIEWS A PROFESSOR OF PHARMACY.

"Look here, Mr. Prowler," quoth the Raven, sternly, as that individual came swaggering into the Sanctum with a vilely odoriferous cigar stub he had picked up off the advertising agent's desk, reeking in his mouth, and his hat cocked over his right eye, "look here, fellow, I'm not satisfied with you at all. You disgraced this Establishment when you visited that Prominent Citizen the other day, and he's been round to complain about you. Says you insulted him by singing 'White Sand and Grey Sand' in his drawing-room when you knew he was a grocer."

"A grosser libel I never heard," replied the Prowler. "I didn't know what he was."

"I know your voracity is above par," said the Raven, "so I suppose I must let you slide this time; but you were certainly suffering from anarlyanklesia or tangle-leg when you returned: now just mind your 'p's' and 'q's,' or you and I will have to part."

"Oh! well," returned the Prowler, "you're comfortable enough where you are; don't let me drive you out of your berth."

"Come, come, no levity," said the Raven, "I want you to visit some of our drug stores and find out anything you think will be interesting to our readers. Hence, sirrah."

"Hence it is," replied the Prowler, and he henced without more ado.

He was soon seated on the velvet-topped stool in an Emporium sacred to Pharmacy and thus addressed the Lofty-browed Personage behind the counter.

"I have a severe pain in my left shoulder; perhaps I had better consult a physician and see what he says; who's your 'commish' practitioner?"

The other eyed him queerly for a moment and then said:

"Never mind; that's an undivulgeable secret; but what ails your shoulder? Tut, man, you needn't go to a doctor. We druggists treat numbers of these cases, and I've had lots of practice; I can prescribe for you; besides, my grandfather was a first-rate 'vet' and was reckoned A 1 on male diseases, and I inherit his talent. What's your trouble?"

The Prowler, fancying he detected a spice of sarcasm in this speech, was about to rise and leave the Emporium when he was stopped by the Lofty-browed Personage, who remarked:

"No offence, sir, no offence; your right shoulder, you say; h'm, ha—must be your liver; always touches a man up in that quarter. Let me prescribe for you: take a little 'podoph'; nothing like it; or, here's my own preparation: 'Bungey's Hepatic Explorer'; unqualified for the liver, sir, only \$1.25 a bottle."

"Bosh," said the Prowler, curtly, "I don't think it's my liver at all."

"Oh! my dear fellow," replied the Personage, smiling loftily and superiorly, "we know it's the liver if it's the right shoulder: had it been the left we should diagnose it as sub-clavicular engorgement or supra-scapular

aneurism, combined with a slight over-tension of the deltoid; but as it's the right shoulder, my dear sir, it *must* be liver; shall I put up a bottle of my Hepat—"

"Hang your He Patricks and She Patricks," cried the Prowler, "I don't want your confounded swill, I tell you."

"Ah! irritable, I see," went on the Personage, quite unruffled; just wait half a minute and I'll mix you a soothing draught," and he stepped behind the mirror concealing the little compartment dedicated to the retailing of soda water with a wink in it to young bloods with swelled heads.

The Prowler, left to himself, proceeded to explore, and with this design, slid over the counter and took down a glass jar labelled "Sp. Frument.": taking out the stopper and placing his nose to the orifice he inhaled for a moment and then placed the jar to his mouth and let about half a pint of the contents gurgle down his throat.

"Pugh! bah! burrrroooo!" he howled, gasping and dashing to the door; "I'm poisoned."

"Stay, my dear sir," cried the Personage, emerging hurriedly from his retreat, "what have you took?"

"That, that," howled the Prowler; "that 'Sp. Frument,' up there."

"Ha, ha, ha! that should teach you unprofessionals not to meddle with the property of—ahem—medical men: ha, ha! that, my dear sir, is a mixture of compound Turkey Rhubarb or Rheus co., and Bals. copaib; but it will not hurt you: here, take a drop of this: 'Vini Gal.:' and he poured out a couple of ounces of what the Prowler declared to be "the pure quill," which he drank, and demanded another whack.

"What in thunder do you label your jars wrong for?" enquired the Prowler, somewhat mollified by his dose of French Wine, *alias* Hennessy's Best, "and what d'ye want Latin names at all for?"

"Well, I'll tell you," answered the Personage, patronizingly, "Latin is a universal language and doctor's don't want their patients to be able to read their prescriptions and see that they make 'em pay two dollars for ten cents worth of stuff: d'ye see? I'm caudid, you'll allow, but I think I know who you are, so I feel safe."

"Why, who d'ye take me for?" queried the Prowler.

"Professor Wiggins, the weather crank; am I not right?"

"No, sir; your left; decidedly left."

"Well, I knew you were some kind of a crank, anyhow. Now, us professional men understand Latin as well as we do English, so it has been found better for our coadjutors—the doctors—to write their prescriptions in the former language. A medical man really need not know much about it, as long as he gets his quantities and ingredients pretty near the mark. All he wants is such words as 'nocte,' 'mane,' 'sumend.,' 'haustus,' 'simul,' etc., etc., and he soon learns to write a prescription."

Here a very beautiful and fashionable lady, whose complexion was fairly ravishing, entered the Emporium, and having purchased a box of Rouge de Paris and two bottles of "Bungey's Nonpareil Complexion Tittivater," requested the Personage to replenish her receptacle for smelling salts—a very long, crimson glass, silver-topped affair (as is the fashion nowadays). Mr. Bungey at once complied with the lady's request, and refilled the Receptacle, as desired—from the *Vini Gallici* jar! and the lady retired, saying, "Of course you will charge these articles to my husband as magnesia and smelling salts."

"Certainly, madam, certainly," replied the Personage, bowing his fashionable customer out.

"The Prowler winked and the Personage

winked; and then charged the articles. Having done so, he continued,

"Now, about your shoulder; if it's not liver—which it *is*—it must be a sprain—technical term for sprain—hum, ha—slipped my memory; or possibly it is a luxation of the humerus. Allow me to examine it, sir."

The Prowler stripped off his coat, and as he was guileless of a shirt, his shoulder stood revealed in all its nude beauty. It was very black and much swollen.

"My—dear—sir," exclaimed the Personage, aghast, "this is the worst case of compound engorgement of the sub-cuticular blood-vessels I ever saw. We must exhibit some very powerful remedies at once, sir. This discoloration arises from a moribund condition of the renal capsule combined, as I previously diagnosed it, with a topical sluggishness of the great hepatic organ, the Liver. This is a marked case of congestion of the liver, my friend. Now, I'll prescribe for you. A bottle of my own preparation:—"Pil. Hydrarg. nocte, and mist. mag. cum Rheo, omne mane," till the liver regains tone. Well, what d'ye say?"

"I guess I won't trouble you, but you may give me an ounce of arnica," replied the Prowler, rising. "This bruise on my shoulder was caused by my wife giving me a most unmerciful pounding with a potato masher when I returned from interviewing a prominent grocer who had acted very hospitably. Thanks, I'll take another pick-me-up of that *Vini Gallici*, and then I'll toddle: thank you, good day." And the Prowler returned to the Raven's Roost reeking of the contents of the V.G. jar. —S.

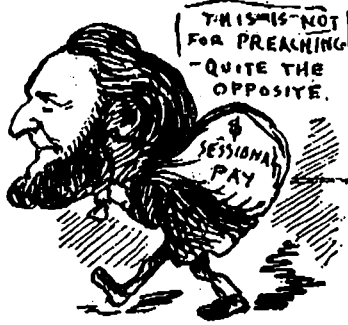


NICE FOR MUFFKINS.

Her Little Brother.—Say, Mr. Muffkins, will you let me hear you speak some French? *Muffkins.*—Yes, if you wish, but why? *H. L. B.*—O, just for fun! Ma says your French is very amusing!

SECURE ONE NOW!

The Summer Number of GRIP does not deal with the current affairs of the week as the regular issue does. It is filled with fun and pictures suitable for the season, and is just as timely now as when it appeared on the first of July. It contains sixteen pages, four of which are devoted to brilliant colored cartoons. There is not a dull item in it from cover to cover. A few numbers left. Price, 10 cents.



LITERARY NEWS.

Since the appearance of Mr. James Beaty, Jr.'s, book, in which he proves that it is unscriptural and demoralizing for ministers of the gospel to receive salaries, a literary fever has broken out amongst our public men. It is now reported that several important works are shortly to be sent to press. Amongst them are the following:

The Perfect Righteousness of Pious Members Voting for Dishonest and Scandalous Measures. A sequel to the work above referred to, by James Beaty, Jr., M.A., M.P., LL.D., D.C.L.

The Wrongfulness of Contractors Accepting Ten Times More than they are Entitled to, by John Shields, Esq.

The Unscriptural Character of Certain Timber Limit Transactions, by Chas. Rykert, Esq., barrister-at-law.

The Ethics of American Crooked Whiskey, Viewed in Relation to the Thirty-Nine Articles, by Hector Cameron, Esq., M.P., with (Dominion) notes, by Christopher Bunting, B.B.B.

The Impossibility of Serving Two Masters, by Oliver Mowat, with an introduction and critical comments by His Grace, the Right Rev. J. J. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto.

"Muddled"; a Farical, Financial Drama, by Sir R. Cartwright and Sir L. Tilley. (Loan of title raised on Canadian 4 per cents in the usual way.)

INTERCEPTED LETTERS.

JACKFISH BAY, June 29, 1885.

DEAR BUNTING,—I Hawley know what is the matter with me. I was taken bad on Friday evening last at Napanee. Napanee's an awful unhealthy place; in fact the whole county of Lennox is unhealthy, and don't agree with me. I thought a change of air would be beneficial and I came up here to recruit my shattered nerves. I feel a little like talking nasty to you. You remember I strongly objected to contesting Lennox again. Of course I'm clever. The *Mail* has impressed that upon my mind, and also upon the mind of the whole world. But, dear Bunting, the barbarians of Lennox don't want a clever man to represent them in Parliament. This has been very emphatically demonstrated upon at least two occasions. Don't send me the *Globe*. I am sure it will be saying something disrespectful of me. Isn't it a scurrilous sheet? I am convinced it did me a great deal of injury in Lennox. The people there read the detestable thing till they're black in the face, some of them. I wish the new election law had been in force. If our mutual friend and fellow-worker, Mr. Meek, had only had a chance at the voters' lists, I'd have been all right. I'm sure the other fellow, at the close of the poll, would have been very much embarrassed. How's that, eh? Say, look here, the new Franchise Bill is the only thing that will save this country. The Grits (this in confidence) are gaining ground every day. I know it; I've been there twice now, and speak advisedly. Good-bye. Yours in anguish, GEORGE TAIT B.—K.

P.S.—Did the *Mail* have anything about the other elections on Friday? I looked carefully over the paper, but couldn't find how things went in Algoma and Simcoe. Suppose you didn't get the returns before going to press. G. T. B.

DEAR BLAKE,—You are of course aware that I have a pretty good thing here as a member of Mowat's Cabinet, and that, so long as we can keep our end up in Ontario it don't make much difference to us whether you are in office or in opposition at Ottawa. I make this statement that you may know that in the suggestion I have now to make I am actuated by purely disinterested motives. The *Mail* and *Hamilton Spectator* say the Reform Party has no policy. What do you say to silencing those disreputable organs on that point by enunciating a strong prohibition policy. If I read the signs correctly the party which comes out boldly on the side of temperance (for the next few years at least) is going to win. You must have noticed how the counties, one after another, are rolling up majorities for the Scott Act. Now, I would suggest that you make this question a party issue, and if the temperance people get your support between now and election time, you will assuredly have their support then. I make this suggestion, not so much in the interest of temperance and morality as for the good of the Grit Party, which, as a humble member of the same, I would like to see successful at next Dominion election. The recent vote on the proposed beer and wine clause was a step in the right direction, but it is not sufficient that your followers vote individually for prohibition. In order to secure the solid temperance support you must make this question a party issue. Kindly think this matter over, and if you think the suggestion a good one carry it out at once. Yours truly, T. B. P.—E.

"Puns are an abomination," remarked Trulygood to Funnywag.

"So they are," answered the incorrigible Funny, "but if the wife of a gambler happens to refer to her husband as her better half, what are you going to do about it?" Trulygood's look of distress would have broken the backbone of a mule's laugh.

—The Hatchet.

"Canada's Destiny" is ably discussed in *The Current* of June 27, by Absalom Greeley. He writes from the anti-annexation standpoint, and seeks to disabuse the American mind of the ideas that Canada has not progressed rapidly in civilization, and that the tendency of sentiment in the Dominion is toward annexation.

CANADIAN GEOGRAPHY.

In a recent number of the *London Illustrated News* is a picture of the troops en route to the North-West via Lake Superior, which is apparently covered with snow through which they are apparently wading with snowshoes on their backs, the able artist evidently considering that a Canadian, either military or civilian, without a pair of snowshoes somewhere about his person would be an anomaly. Whatever that English artist may think about it, the fact still remains that snowshoes are not usually worn on a man's back when the snow is as deep as represented by the imaginative cuss who drew that picture. It is high time that these British artists ceased to misrepresent this country and its inhabitants, for the majority of the English people know nothing of Canada further than what they glean from the libellous pictures in illustrated journals that ought to know better.

It is altogether probable that a class of English school-children being examined on Canadiana geography would give answers some-

thing like the following, unless their ideas upon the subject were more advanced and correct than are those of editorial writers of leading journals and artists of illustrated papers. This would be about the style of thing:

MASTER.—Where is Canada?

PUPIL.—Across the Atlantic.

M.—What are its chief characteristics?

P.—Intense cold all the year round, Indians, bears and buffaloes.

M.—What is Lake Superior?

P.—A sheet of water between Quebec and Winnipeg; it is nearly twice as large as Lake Windermere and is quite deep in some parts, but as it is frozen over all the year nobody is ever drowned.

M.—Where is Toronto?

P.—Toronto is a large town on the River Ottawa (celebrated by the poet Moore), near the Falls of Niagara.

M.—What do the inhabitants of Canada look like, and how do they dress?

P.—They strongly resemble the Esquimaux, and are clad in furs and skins of the wild beasts which roam all over the country. They are densely ignorant and speak a kind of patois called French-Canadian. They walk about on snowshoes, and play a game called lacrosse which resembles battledore and shuttlecock.

M.—How is Canada governed?

P.—Don't know.

M.—Where is Manitoba?

P.—In the Province of Winnipeg. It is the capital of the County of Selkirk or Middlesex, and is the warmest part of Canada.

M.—How large is the St. Lawrence?

P.—In some parts it is nearly as broad as the Thames, though it is not so long. It rises in the Rocky Mountains, and flows either into Hudson's Bay or the Atlantic. Its mouth is quite wide, and is known as the Gulf Stream.

M.—Who are the half-breeds?

P.—They are a race of savages running wild in the forest and on the prairies surrounding Montreal and Toronto. They are half Scotch and half French, but are quite wild and run about naked.

M.—What is the capital of Canada?

P.—London; it is situated on the River Thames, one of the largest rivers in Canada.

M.—That will do. You have answered very nicely. School's dismissed.



FINE DISTINCTION.

Schmidt (hearing a terrible noise, as if a small boy was hammering on an empty box).—Boy, what object you haf in sooch poundings?

Boy.—To make a noise.

Schmidt.—Oh!—ah! Vell, dot's better for you. I tink maybe your object vas to disturb me!

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



SO I CAN'T CATCH ANYTHING, HEY?

THE BARON OF SCHWABEMONPEN; OR, RESPECT FOR THE REDSKIN.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the readers of GRIP the following free (and easy) translation of an exquisite but hitherto untranslated German legend, Titus A. Drum takes the sweet unction unto his bosom (his heart is on the Rhine), and he it said pathetically and parenthetically (too little rhino unto his pocket) that in it, if carefully read between the lines, will be found solutions to two of the leading questions of the day, viz.: the lofty, we might almost say thoroughbred, "What's in a name?" raised by a yeasterly fellow yeleft Shakspeare; and its equally momentous cousin-german: "What's in a German sausage?" Sages, from the learned to the green or so and so sage, have hitherto been baffled. From to-day we give them a rest. The head and front of the offending will be found in the leg-end which follows, or the translator's efforts have been futile and kneedless.

THE LEGEND.

The Castle Schwabemonpen stood upon the point of a very high hill whose foot was washed by the Rhine; which proved the Rhine a knowing old fellow, for that was just what the foot wanted, it was dirty enough.

From a window in the castle, overlooking its winding ascent, glowed the ruby proboscis of the Baron Von Cracken Schwabemonpen, giving the lie direct to the shameful rumor that he was a Scott Act supporter. Such a game was not worth the Baron's candle, his favorite was Hock-ey, he found more delight in it, and so heavy was his play he downed many "pints" daily.

The more the Baron looked out the casement, the more the ruby glowed and a bad case it meant for somebody. It was plain as A, B, C, the Baron was ill at ease. Muttering an oath he turned from the window, strode into his chair of state, and called for Herr Swigtdown, the Schwabemonpen majordomo. That gentleman appeared, wand of office in hand, bumped his head three times upon the floor in token of servitude, poised himself gracefully on his left foot and then looked anxiously at the Baron's nose.

"Herr Swigtdown," growled the Baron, "how is it that orders for our Extra Red are not shipped more promptly? Serious complaints have reached me from Canada. Care, mine herr, or —" and the Baron drew his first finger across his throat and said "kwo-o-ish."

The majordomo dropped his wand at the sound of the cabalistic word.

"Baron, I have always done my duty, casings I have enough of, but the chopping machine stands idle for want of supplies."

"Wretch that thou art, it must be set to work. _____, _____, _____."

(The blanks represent sundry German swears indulged in by the Baron, for which the translator cannot find words adequate to do full justice to them.) "Where are the laborers that fell into the well last week?"

"Most noble Baron," replied the majordomo, "they are yet in pickle. I pledge me word, me liege, me lord, that not an animal, canine or feline, is to be found within a radius of six miles. And if my services are not appreciated I can give a week's _____"

"I am the only person around this establishment who does the kicking. Git!" roared the Baron Von Cracken as he booted the majordomo into the castle keep. "Can I or canine not? that is the question," muttered the Baron when he had refreshed himself with a pint of good Rhine wine, "it must be; our maranders shall be called out."

Leaving the Baron to his glass and its reflections, let us without dissent hie to the castle's winding ascent. Upon a boulder of rock sat a stranger. "By gosh!" he murmured, "I

wish I'd stayed in Toronto. Darn it! I can't get a glass of lager anywhere, and I'm as dry as a German—but what am I saying? I used once to sing "Ehrin on the Rhine," and now I'm errin' on the Rhine myself. Ha! ha! The air on this hill is making me quite hilarious, I declare. If ever I reach yon castle I'll tell them I'm a Canadian knight; that ought to daze the Barons and Baronesses."

The stranger toiled on and had almost reached the summit, when he was surrounded by a band of fierce-looking men and carried before the Baron. Any other other man would have trembled for his safety, not so our stranger, he was a Toronto man.

"Yaw, mine herr," began he to the Baron, "bleased to make acquaintance mit you, this is von surbrise barty—"

"Here, stow that," replied the Baron, throwing a wine flagon at the stranger, who adroitly dodged it, he was a Toronto man, "what is your name and where do you come from?"

"Name, Solomon John Jinks, K.C.B.; home, Toronto, Canada."

"Ah! Toronto! I have business relations with gentlemen in Toronto. We must treat you well. What, ho, there! Spread the table for two, the stranger is our guest."

Soon the feast was ready and the Baron and Solomon John sat down to enjoy it. As Solomon John's eyes wandered over the dishes they twinkled with delight until they rested upon one near the Baron; then his cheeks blanched and his limbs trembled. Rising from his seat, in heart-rending tones he said: "Baron, what is that?" pointing to the dish.

"That is a sausage from our own works."

"Take it from my sight, Baron," screamed Solomon John.

"Varlet," roared the Baron, beside himself with rage, "thou comnest at thy own destruction. Thou eatest it, or to the chopping machine thou goest."

"I cannot conknife to forket the past, Baron. I cannot eat of it."

"Why, stranger, why?" asked the Baron, somewhat pacified with the sight of Solomon John's grief, "why wilt thou not eat?"

"Hark ye, Baron," replied our hero, fixing his eyes upon the Baron. "I am a pork butcher."

The Baron quailed before the dreadful words and toast off a pint of wine to cheer his spirits.

"Further, I am employed by Greasem & Porker, the celebrated Toronto firm."

"Greasem & Porker," groaned the Baron.

"I supply them with German sausage. I know it, Baron, as soon as I heard your name. Now, can you blame me for not partaking of the dish?"

"I cannot, I cannot," replied the Baron, his eyes filling with tears, "your fine discrimination and respect for the contents of the German sausage hath touched me to the quick. You shall have our daughter Gertrude for a wife."

The Baron kept his word. Solomon John Jinks and the fair Gertrude were duly married, and after staying many days, during which time Solomon John was taught the secrets of German sausage making, they departed for Toronto, and to-day, in a certain street in that city, (the name being withheld for obvious reasons,) our hero and the Baron's daughter deal out German sausage as innocently as the heathen Chinese.

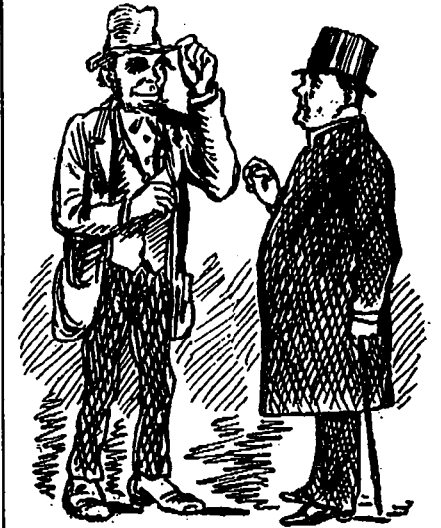
(The end of the Legend.)

THE PENCIL.

The caricaturists are responsible for endowing the peculiarities of public men with immortality. But for them, politicians might make fools of themselves one day and their folly be forgotten the next. Their potent pencils make the wicked tremble and the foolish quake. Nicknames, peculiarities man-

nerisms, mistakes, and idiocies, are embalmed by the art of caricature in a manner that defies oblivion and makes the subjects thereof "sommatt wakeful o' nights."

The cartoonist seems to have been created for the purpose of administering reproof to public offenders in a way they despise and remember. "Seathing editorials" have no terrors for political sinners. They well know that the public will forg t them in a week, if, indeed, they are read at all. But when a master of the pencil impales a man he impresses his unhallowed inspiration on the general mind forever. When genius and ridicule combine to make a man uncomfortable and absurd, the man gets the worst of it.—*Washington Hatchet.*



COMPARATIVELY SPEAKING.

Father McCoy, P.P.—Michael, I am pained to see this black eye. It looks very bad indeed. I am afraid you have been—

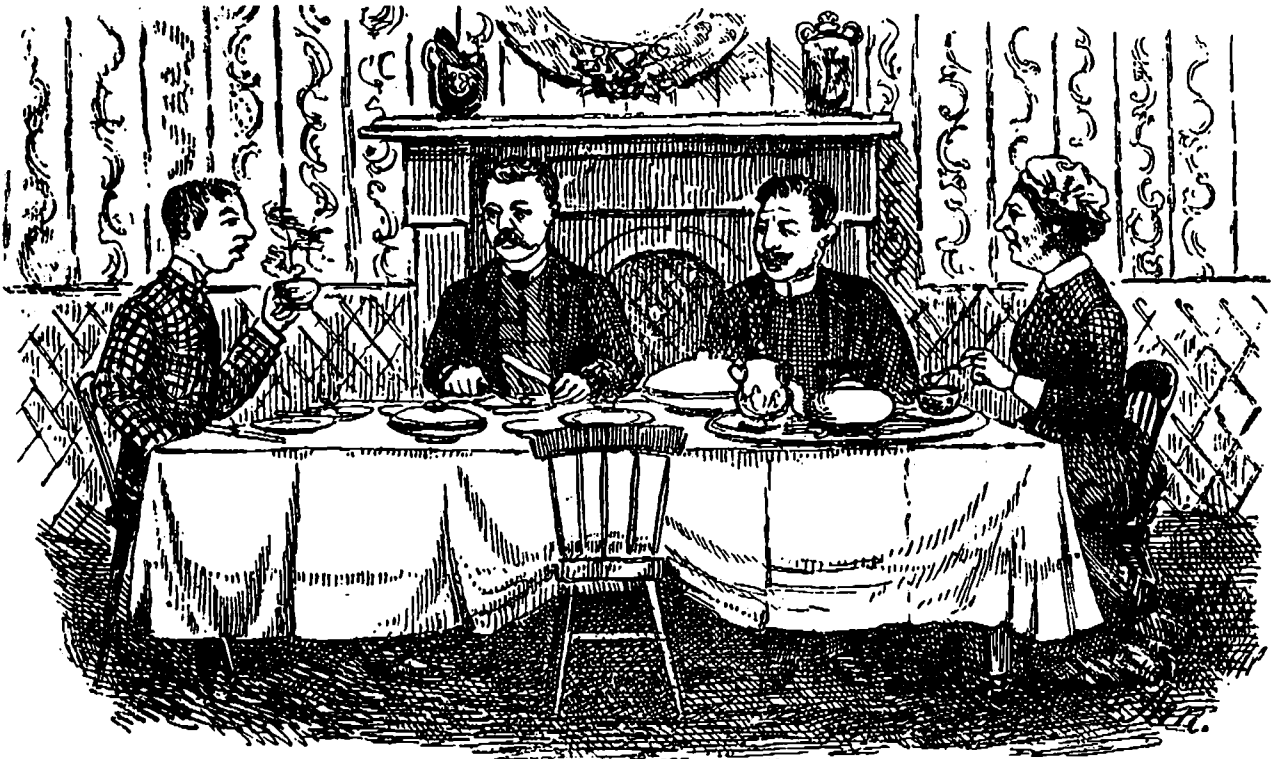
Michael (interrupting).—Sure, yer reverence, if ye cud on'y see the oye Patsy Doolin has, ye'd think there was nothin' at all the matter wid moine!

A SLICK ROAD.

Having occasion to visit New York recently, Mr. GAR patronized the West Shore Railway between that metropolis and the Bridge, and by way of contrast with what he too frequently finds in connection with home roads, he thinks it proper to make a note of the civility and urbanity of the officials and the business-like despatch which characterized everybody concerned in the important work of conveying him to and fro on this occasion. No doubt the consciousness on the part of conductors, brakemen, ticket sellers, and other officials, that they had in charge an exceedingly distinguished foreigner may have spurred them to extra efforts, but it is well known that the American railways, and this road in particular, are noted for these business graces. Some of our railway employees ought to be sent over to take a few lessons in "how to do it."

ANSWERED.

Quoth the Bishop: "I really would like to know why our Church is thus dwindling down. Our membership roll is awfully low, and our funds are utterly gone. Considering our straight apostolic descent, this is surely a puzzling predicament." "The roll is too low," was the quick reply, "because the Church is a deal too High."



CRUEL.

Landlady (resembling the absence of one of her boarders).—Mr. N— must have been asked out to dinner.
 Young English Boarder.—By Jove! how jolly fortunate.

REFLECTIONS ON DOMINION DAY.

BY OUR OWN REFLECTOR.

Eighteen years of Confederation! Is it a success or a failure? It is, undoubtedly.

What a grand thing it would be if our country's financial and commercial outlook were just a little in consonance with the outlook from this upper window of mine on the first of July? The weather is perfect; the lawns and trees and everything within the range of vision are rapturously beautiful. Our public debt is just about three hundred millions of dollars.

I pick up my *Mail* this morning and I am called upon by the comfortable and well-fed editor thereof, to rejoice and feel proud and secure in view of the vast things Parliament has done in the present session, and especially to fall down in renewed adoration of the marvellous work of the great Chieftain. When I am paid to enthuse at the same rate as my disinterested advisor, I will no doubt do it. Meantime, in common with most of my countrymen, I feel tired and sick when I think of the sheepfold at Ottawa.

It is refreshing to look in other directions, and here and there to light upon something one can feel proud of in connection with Canada. The brilliant success of Rev. Frederick W. Archibald, of Truro, N.S., in winning the degree of Ph.D., at Boston University, is one of those cheerful things. This was no mean triumph, as the degree in question is only conferred after severe examinations. Mr. Archibald passed the ordeal splendidly, distancing several American college professors who were in the competition. He is a nephew of Sir G. A. Archibald, of Halifax.

Mr. Abalom Greeley, an American writer, reminds his countrymen, through the *Chicago Current*, that the idea that Canada has not

prospered in the past in an equal degree, relatively, as the United States, has not been duly considered. He proceeds to prove that the "agreeable statement" to the contrary is quite the reverse of fact. In 1799 the population of the Republic was more than seventeen times greater than that of Canada. It was not so in 1880. The trade of the United States has not been seventeen times greater during the last twenty years, nor has the railway development of that country ever been greater relatively than our own.

Mr. Greeley is decidedly of opinion that Canada's destiny is to play a part in the grand scheme of Imperial Federation. Independence, he thinks, would end in French occupation; and annexation could not be accomplished, and ought not to be thought of by the Americans if it could.

French occupation the sure upshot of Canadian independence! If Bro. Sheppard only believed that he would burn down the *News* office and make for the woods without a moment's delay! Let him take this into his serious consideration before he gives us another hot-shot editorial on the subject.

It is observed by many readers of the *Globe* and *Mail* that those organs are a great deal more local in tone than they used to be. A few years ago they were recognized as in a fair degree provincial, if not national; now they are looked upon as Toronto newspapers. One indication of this narrowing process may be found in the head-lines over the rebellion news. Wherever Toronto regiments were concerned the type used has been bigger and blacker than that which announced the doings of other forces.

I am glad to observe that the Canadian Club is an established fact in New York City. The officers selected are men of rank, and the quarters secured are all that could be desired.

The club cannot fail to fill a want long felt in the big city over the way. Indirectly, its permanent success will have an important influence in favor of Canada amongst our neighbors, who are still generally under the misapprehension that Canadians eat hay.

Do you ever read that column in the *Globe* headed, "Other People and I"? It appears every Wednesday, if I am not mistaken, and I commend it to the notice of all admirers of a brilliant and witty feminine style. This naturally comes up amongst my Reflections to-day, because I think I recognize the writer hidden under the pretty *nom de plume* of "Garth Grafton," as one of our cleverest Canadian women, formerly a resident of Toronto.

And that reminds me that Canada can at present boast of many very competent lady writers. Some of these are well-known in Toronto journalistic circles as the wielders of graceful pens.

It is pretty well known that one of *Grip's* very best contributors is a lady—the writer, amongst other things, of the amusing and popular Scottish letters of Hugh Airlie.

The long delayed recognition of woman's rights to a university training, and the signal success of the ladies already admitted, ought to result in a good many additions to the ranks of feminine *litterateurs* in Canada. If any of them turn out to be very, very funny as well as awfully deep and learned, *Grip* will get them on his staff without delay.

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.

GRIP'S SHAKESPEREAN GALLERY.—NO. 4.



"COME ON, MACDUFF!"

—Macbeth.

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Of a Georgia woman who died recently it is said, "Whenever food was mentioned she grew pale and trembled." That is the way we feel when very hungry.—*Drake's Magazine.*

THE CHOLERA.

Possibly the Cholera may not reach our locality this season. Nevertheless, we should take every precaution against it. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a sure cure for cholera morbus, colic, cramp, diarrhoea and dysentery.

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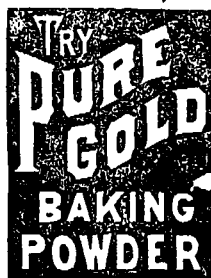
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AT THE FRONT.—While our gallant volunteers are now at the front facing our country's foes, J. BRUCE, the well-known Art Photographer is, always has been, and intends to remain at the front in every branch of the Art. Ready, eye Ready, at 118 King Street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

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

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. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

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R. H. LEAR.

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