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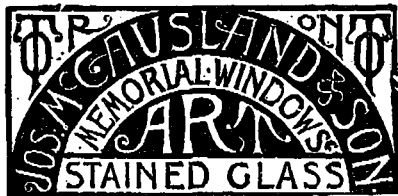
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GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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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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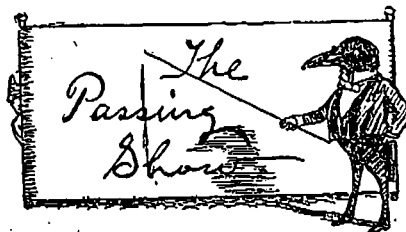
Cartoon Comments.

LEADING CARTOON.—If we may trust the evidence of judges, medical men, travellers and others whose business in life brings them into contact with society at large, the Rum Traffic is the ample explanation of seven tenths of the poverty, misery, disease and death in any country where it is established and protected by law. Canada is no exception to the rule. We see these effects around us on every hand, and there is no reasonable explanation of what we see, aside from Rum. As in other civilized countries, public opinion has been attracted to this destructive agency in our civilization, and like other communities, we have endeavored in vain to "regulate" the Drink evil. It has been demonstrated to the satisfaction, we believe, of a good majority of the Canadian electors, that this cannot be done—that the only adequate measure for the regulation of Rum is Prohibition, which will regulate it out of existence altogether. Accordingly, Prohibition those electors intend to have, and that before long. Let the Grit and Tory Parties take notice, and pack up their tawdry duds for a permanent move. It has become clear that a Third Party is required in Canada, as in the States, to achieve this great measure, for the Grit and Tory factions are as emphatically under the control of the Rum bosses here as the Democrats and Republicans are across the border. And the Third Party, with Prohibition for one of the solid planks in its platform, is already on the way. The Tory oligarchy is now, and always will be, solid for Whiskey, for the pure love of evil; the Grits, with their Hamlet-like leader, have as usual hesitated and halted until their chance has gone, and richly deserve the demoralization in store for them. "A curse o' both your houses!" is the watchword of all

who would see our Dominion freed from this murderous traffic, and it is no empty imprecation.

FIRST PAGE.—Mr. GRIP takes the earliest opportunity of tendering his thanks to the *Mail* man for the large amount of gratuitous advertising the Tory organ has kindly given him during the past week. It is a favor which was really unlooked for, as GRIP has always understood that kindness was shown in this way by the "organ" only to those who had (like the Bribers, or John Shields, or Roddy Fringle) "done something" for the cause, and never to those who had endeavored merely to serve the country at large. Surely the *Mail* is improving; perhaps the recent change in the editorship accounts for the improvement. Whatever the cause, the result is more in accordance with the fitness of things. Let the *Mail* go on encouraging those who are well known to be unselfish workers for their country, and reserve its bitter words for its brethren in salary-grabbing—the Grits. A few lies, here or there, in the course of the panegyrics, will do no harm to GRIP, and will, on the other hand, be a sort of *Mail* trademark and guarantee of genuineness in the article.

EIGHTH PAGE.—GRIP congratulates Hon. Thomas White on his accession to Cabinet dignities and his entrance upon the duties of Minister of the Interior. As an old newspaper man—one who was, moreover, always well-liked by his brethren of the quill, the elevation of Mr. White reflects honor on the guild which he represents, and there are few amongst the press men of the country who will not heartily wish him success. It must be confessed, however, that he is called to an unusually difficult post, and if in any measure he fails, we feel confident it will be owing not to want of competence on his part so much as to mismanagement on the part of his predecessor. Give our man a fair show! Get out of the way, Dewdney; stand back, John A; keep outside of the ropes, Mr. Syndicate! Let there be no meddling with the plans of the new Minister for the straightening out of the tangled skein of the Interior Department, and we venture to predict that the Editor will prove equal to the occasion. This, at all events, is GRIP's sincere hope, both for Mr. White's sake and the country's.



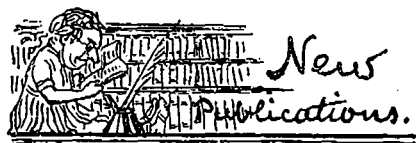
As so much depends upon chamber concerts for the real progress of musical taste it is gratifying to see that a systematic effort will be made this season to establish a series of concerts, on the plan so successfully adopted in London, England, under the title of "Monday Popular Concerts." The season will open

on the 19th of October in the pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens, when Miss Emma Juch, the charming American *cantatrice*, will make her first appearance in Toronto. The directors in inaugurating these concerts have a double object in view; for while they intend to have performed by efficient artists the highest class of concerted instrumental music, they also propose to give the public opportunities of hearing the best American concert singers at prices of admission much below what it has been the custom to charge. The concerts will be given twice a month throughout the season, and their success may be considered assured, as the subscription list already includes four hundred of the *elite* of the city.—*Mail*.

The season at the Grand will commence on the 31st inst, and the opening week will be remarkable for the re-appearance of the bewitching little actress, Lotta. Among other attractions that are booked are Daly's comedy, "A Night Off," Joe Murphy, Jefferson, "Shadows of a Great City," Ned Thorne, Sol Smith Russell, Mary Anderson and her English Company, Genevieve Ward, the Florences, Sculan, the "Dark Days" Company, "Alone in London," Rose Coghlan, the "Prisoner for Life" Company, "Rag Baby," "Silver King," "Wages of Sin," Aimée, Modjeska, Baker and Farron, George Boniface, Rhéa, the Carlton English Opera Company, and the "Beggar Student" Opera Company.

The Holman Opera Co. produced *Patience* on Monday and Tuesday evenings, with Mr. Harry Rich as *Bunthorne*. The young comedian scored a great success, considering that it was his first appearance in the character. With a little judicious coaching he will make one of the best *Bunthorne*'s on the stage. The cast throughout was good.

Mr. McDowell and his Comedy Company will appear at the Grand in September in the first production of a new piece entitled "Madge, or the Gambler's Wife," by Geo. Fawcett Rowe. The play is now in construction, partaking of the character of comic opera, melodrama, and farce. Mr. McDowell expresses high confidence in it as an attraction.



SMITHERSONIAN POESY.*

Descend, my muse, and toot
For Mr. Smithers' ear,
Some stern prosaic facts,
Such as are fit to hear.
Please drop your high-falutin'—
Lord-claunging metaphors—
Come down and sing of "jams"
And "babies' pinafores"!
Discard all useless words,
And sentimental gush;
Put on your oldest larp,
And help me murder "mush"!
Till now we've run amuck—
Kind Smithers shows us how
Much subject may be found
For rapture, in a "sow"!
No more of love and beauty,
We'll make our poems treat;
More honor shall we gain
By singing "butcher's meat"!

* Somebody with the euphonious soubriquet of SMITHERS—William John Smithers—has issued a thirty-page treatise on modern poetry. He shines out effulgent as the apostle of "matter-of-fact, every-day verse," and strongly urges "young birds" to avoid useless flights of fancy, and to stick to subjects "such as may be understood by anybody"—himself, of course, first! By-the-by, who is William John Smithers? What authority is he on poetical subjects, and in what quarter of the globe does he publish his effusions? Did anyone ever hear of W. J. Smithers before he published his "pamphlet"? Fancy if he should accompany the cholera germ into Canada! What a catastrophe it would be!

Cesspools shall smell in verse,
 We'll clean the pigs in rhyme;
 Byron, and Tennyson, and Keats,
 Are all knocked out of time.
 For Smithers leads the van,
 We follow in his wake;
 Get up, ye Nine! get up!
 Your loudest lyre take,
 And toot away like mad,
 Of bulls, spring colts and hogs;
 Of insects lurking in the coats
 Of Smithers' curly dogs.
 Oh! sure, you've been asleep!
 Wake up and buckle too,
 An Hind may be formed
 On Smithers' east-off shoe.
 Apostrophise it thus,
 And gain the loud applause,
 That Smithers says will ring
 Throughout our spacious shores:
 "And art thou brought to this?
 So noble once, and now what is thy state?
 Torn, lacoloss, sololoss—cast away!
 What ignominious fate!
 You cost 'threc-fifty' new,
 (A pair of laces in,
 And now I find thee thus,
 Reposing in a bin!
 Here, once where Smithers' corns
 Bulged out thy swelling side,
 There flows in mucky stream,
 House-water foilly dyed!
 And here—right through thy point
 With which he used to kick—
 In sneering arrogance protrudes
 A dirty piece of stick."—etc., etc.
 Oh, Mr. Smithers, send
 By P. O. O. ten dollars,
 And I will sing, oh, such a thing,
 About your dirty collars!
 For fifty more I'll tell
 The people how you look
 When you get hold of this!
 I'll fill a quarto book,
 And you shall be immortal—
 As much as I can make you;
 And should I fail, I hope
 "Auld Clotie 'il up an' take you!"
 —GEORGE H. CANDLER.

Now that we are in the "heated term" a
 Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool,
 will have the effect of alleviating the distress,
 and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.

ASTROLOGICAL.

"I have seen indications of this Indian rising
 in the northern heavens for a long time," said
 O'Rion to P. Leiades, the other evening as they
 sauntered up King Street discussing the
 propriety of hanging L. D. Riel. "Oh! give
 us a rest," said the latter, "what has the
 northern or southern heavens got to do with
 the half-breed claims?"

"Well," said O'Rion, "I've been watch-
 ing nightly the movements of Ursa Major."
 "Well?"
 "Well! Isn't Ursa Major Big Bear, and
 isn't Big Bear one of the —"
 "That'll do; that'll do," said P. Leiades.
 "Let's go and have something." B.

OLD STUBBS ON MODERN GAMES.

I am an old man now, decrepit, weak in
 limb and shaky when I meander; yet I man-
 aged to reach the Rosedale Lacrosse Grounds
 the other day to witness a modern game on
 which I had heard so many enthusiastic en-
 comiums. I was very much disappointed. I
 was sold. I came home and lay on my bed
 for two or three days, ruminating on the folly
 and foibles of the youth of to-day.

Now, the games of my hygone days were
 much the same in name as they are at present.
 But, oh, the sad changes which have been
 wrought in their details! When I saw that
 game it made me yearn once more for the little
 joys of my youth. The changes have been so
 great during my short life that I am led to
 wonder very much what kind of boys will
 exist on this globisphere about the year
 100,000. When a man of to-day can stop a
 cannon ball with a stick, I imagine a man of
 that date will be able to put out his hand and
 haul in a comet or a meteor with as much ease
 as a cat would catch a fly.

I will now explain why I was not satisfied
 with the game I witnessed, by giving a few
 illustrations of the sports in which I used to
 take a prominent part long years ago. And
 when you have gazed "on this, and then on
 that," I am sure to have your sympathy.
 Lacrosse was, with me, the most exciting.
 I used to love that game, and became in a
 short time so practised a player that no one
 else had a show at the bawl when I was
 around. I was the whole team, my mother
 the manager, and *pater* generally stood around
 and umpired.



LAY 'CROSS AS I USED TO KNOW IT.

Baseball was another game in which I was
 very proficient. It was always played either
 in conjunction with, or shortly after a game of
 lay 'cross. It was a kind of an after recreation.



BASS BAWL IN THE DAYS OF YORE.

There was another game, called battledore,
 in which I sometimes revelled. It was always
 played in a dark closet, where I could imagine
 there were mice and spiders running over and
 around me. The closet was a nice place for
 the game, as I could howl and battle the door
 to my heart's content, but no bright angel of
 a mother would open. The inexorable Fates
 always decreed that I was to remain among
 the cockroaches, beetles and spiders for two
 terrible hours. That game got tiresome,
 though, and became effete before I was sixteen.



BATTLE DOOR AS I REMEMBER IT.

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

MARION PULSIFER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A FEMALE FRENCH COOK.

(Concluded.)

CHAP. VI.

Notwithstanding that the members of the
 Huggs family were unable to appreciate (for
 so they privately confessed amongst them-
 selves) the subtleties of French cookery, still
 they were loth to part with their treasure, for
 the glory they acquired amongst their friends,
 and the envy, hatred and malice that they
 caused to be borne towards themselves on
 account of her possession, were ample recom-
 pence for the discomfort that her cookery pro-
 duced.

So they determined to give one of their
 grand dinner parties; at least Mrs. E. Pon-
 sonby Huggs did, for it must be confessed
 that Mr. Huggs was not at all sanguine as to
 the success of the undertaking.



Mrs. Huggs accordingly presented herself at
 the door of Mlle. de Petropolis' private apart-
 ment one morning, and having knocked,
 entered in reply to a rather tremulous "*En-
 trez,*" from within, and was just in time to
 behold a pair of masculine boots, evidently
 occupied, disappearing over the windowsill,
 leaving no room for doubt that they were pre-
 ceded by their owner.

Mademoiselle, however, was quite calm, cool
 and collected.

"Mam'selle," began Mrs. Huggs, "I intends
 for to give a grand party in four days—a din-
 ner party. Some of our very best people, our
ecelst, will be here, and I want you to do your
 utmost to show 'em what a reshasy French
 dinner is."

Mademoiselle inclined her head respectfully.
 "Now," continued her mistress, "I can't
 say I altogether approve of French cookery,
 but it's fash'nable, so I want it. Mr. Huggs
 can't never touch your Bully de shoes, or your
 Omlets a lar Pompydoor, or your potadge dee
 eau deo lar rivier; but his taste isn't culti-
 vated yet."

"Ah! madame," cried the artiste, "in my
 beauteeful France they do so motch like
 those deeshes; and I do assure you I expend
 ver motch time when I learn myself to fabri-
 cate thee *petit pale de jenne chat* that come
 from ze table ouch. I ver gratelee grieved
 and *tres desolee*, for I take motch pains with
 heem."

"Well, do your best, and I shall be the
 sincere" (she meant cynosure) "of all eyes.
 This is Monday; on Thursday I gives my
 party. Order what you wants and spare
 nothink," and Madame left the apartment.

CHAP. VII.

Thursday: time, 4.30 p.m. Butchers, bak-
 ers, Italian warehousemen, confectioners and

what not, had made a constant procession to and from "The Oaks" all day long.

Mr. Hubert etc., Huggs had, in person, made several visits to the kitchen in order to ascertain that things were progressing properly, for the honor of his mother and The Oaks was at stake. Twice he had found it necessary to withdraw with the French artiste into the sacred precincts of her private apartment, in order to explain some obscure passage in the English Cookery Book (a work compiled by a Toronto lady, and very popular) which Mlle. de Petitpois' imperfect knowledge of the language prevented her from grasping without an interpreter.

At 5 p.m. the family were assembled on the lawn, discussing the great event that was to take place.

"Now, Hubert, my boy," said Huggs pere, "bring that little affair of yours with Miss Tallowfat to a head to-night. I want to see you settled. You'll come in for a clear eighty thousand a year, and she'll have you; her mother told yours so. Clinch the matter to-night."

"I will, father; don't be alarmed. This night shall see you a prospective father-in-law, so make your mind easy," replied the dutiful heir.

"Good boy," said the old man. "I have this day made over \$100,000 worth of property to you, and nothing can take it from you, and your eighty thousand a year is yours as securely as if I was already dead. By the way," he added, suddenly, "suppose you elope with Miss Tallowfat; she'll be willing enough, I'll be bound, and it'll give a romance to the affair, and we want romance, that's a fact. Get her into the conservatory just before dinner, and I'll tell Adams to have the carriage and horses (the fast pair, just for the look of the thing) ready. Slip out with her, and away you go."

"What! and lose all the French cookery at the party!" exclaimed Hubert.

"Oh! hang the French cookery!" cried old Huggs. "Get the girl, boy, get the girl; she's worth a pretty plum."

"I'll do it, father," replied Hubert, after a pause. "Yes, I'll get the girl and never mind the cookery."

"Good lad," rejoined the happy parent, as he went off to instruct Adams about having the carriage ready at 7.45 p.m. precisely.

Hubert went into the house and paid another visit to the kitchen.

CHAP. VIII.

Time, 7.30 p.m. The guests arrive in shoals. Miss Tallowfat was among the first to put in an appearance, and, true to his word, Hubert inveigled her into the conservatory. There the two chatted for ten minutes on various topics, when Hubert said:

"Please excuse me, Miss Tallowfat, for one minute; I have forgotten my watch. I'll rejoin you in less than sixty seconds. Kindly wait for me here," and he went out by a door leading to a path round the house to the stables. Changing his mind, he darted into the house, into the ladies' dressing-room, and in two seconds had secured Miss Tallowfat's long crimson and white opera cloak, (a most conspicuous garment much admired by the elder Huggs, who had seen its owner arrive in it that very evening,) with which he hurried away to the window of the private apartment of Mademoiselle de Petitpois.

"Vite, ma chere," he cried in a voice husky with emotion.

"Soyez tranquille, mon enfant," replied a voice within, "je suis prete."

In two minutes the son and heir of the house of Huggs entered the stable yard accompanied by a female figure enveloped from head to foot in a long crimson and white opera cloak.



The carriage was in readiness; Adams, the coachman, was on the box; the horses chafed at their bits and pawed the paved yard impatiently. Old Huggs peeped out of a window in the coach-house—the old rip should have been receiving his guests instead of planning an elopement—and whispered:

"Well done, my boy; wish you success; God bless you," and crumpled up a cheque for \$50,000, saying, "for her, you know," and threw it to his son, who pocketed it, and who assisted the lady into the carriage, and in a low voice bade Adams drive to a village distant about eight miles like mad.

There was no telegraph line to that village. "Good bye, father," he shouted, as the vehicle dashed past the window whence the ruddy face of old Huggs peered forth, and then a comely face was thrust out of the carriage, and in silvery tones floated back the words:

"Au revoir, M'sieu Oogys; je suis bien aise de vous donner mes adieux. Ta, ta, PAPA."

And the horses dashed away, leaving old Huggs gnashing his teeth with rage and purple with fury.

He had planned his son and heir's elopement with his own cook!

He could do nothing—absolutely nothing. There was no cutting that heir off with the traditional shilling; no, indeed. That son, Hubert, would get that \$100,000 worth of property as sure as eggs; and there was no keeping him out of his \$80,000 a year when he himself pegged out. And he had given that beggarly French cook a cheque for \$50,000 into the bargain! My! how he swore! And didn't the guests pull that French cookery at the grand dinner party to pieces? And how they *did* laugh up their sleeves at Mrs. E. Pensonby Huggs when they knew all! Oh! gewhilkinks!

Verily, verily, Mademoiselle de Petitpois, nee Pulsiver, christened Marion, had made a magnificent resolve when she said to her mother, in the words of my opening chapter: "Mamma, I will go and be a cook."

—SWIZ.

THE END.

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opp. Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper off them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.

A "dear little sham-rock." The artificial nugget "value, \$15,000," recently stolen from the Geological Museum, Ottawa.

THE DRUG CLERK'S LAMENT.



EAR GRIP:

I pry'thee, hear my prayer, and print it in your journal, For I'm a victim of a law that's loathsome and infernal; I am a hard-worked druggist's clerk, and all the week I potter Amongst a lot of jars and things, till I can scarcely totter. I'm sick of seeing drugs and pills; I gaze on Latin labels Till my poor optics are so dazed, that to see I'm hardly able. The very sight of *Rhei tinct.* near drives me into madness, While *Sapo. lin.* my very soul enshrouds in gloomy sadness. *Puls. cretae mist. cum opio* in all its weak inanity, Glares down upon me from its shelf, and threatens mild

insanity. And often, overcome with woe, I gaze with most intent eye

Upon a certain jar which bears the legend *Sp. Frumenti*; A hearty draught from that glass jar would ease my woes like winking, But I should run a chance, I know, of being "sacked" for drinking.

From Monday morn till Saturday at midnight, I'm compounding Prescriptions whose chirography is fearfully confounding.

For doctors do write heastly fates; such curly, cramped, and twisted 'uns; Why don't they go to school and learn to write like other Christians?

My work don't end with Saturday; I can't "lay off" till Monday Like other clerks, but I'm supposed to be in place on Sunday.

And often in the stillly night, when stars in heaven twinkle, And I am dropping off to sleep, I hear a "tinkle, tinkle";

It is the bell, the drug-store bell; I rise, I ope the portal, And there I see a pallid wight who deems his sickness mortal.

"Quick, quick!" he cries, "some castor-oil, some laudanum: Death's cold slumber Now threatens me, last eve I sipped on lobster and cucumber."

The brute! I wish he'd died outright, ere me he came to boro, and I ask him why he didn't buy his stock of drugs beforehand.

Another comes; he cannot sleep; his blurry, soft, stalc, soapy, eye Proclaims the fact, and loud he howls for *chloral* or *Puls. Opii*.

He never thinks that I need rest; if he should lose an hour Of sleep you'd think he'd die; 'twould turn Griseldis's temper sour.

Then all day long on Sunday, too, though overcome with dizziness From want of rest, I have to be prepared to tackle business.

And dudes flock in, for they o'er night have tested what a fallacy Is getting "tight," and they must have a "nip" of *Vini Gallici*.

Another wants a box of pills, for he's been on a "whooper," Why couldn't he have patronized the great Sir Astley Cooper,

And bought his pills on Saturday; his conscience can't be tender If he should make us drug-clerks swear on Sunday o'er his "bender."

Now, what I want to say is this; we druggists' clerks respire Our rest the same as other folks, for we, like them, must tire.

And if we can't get stoop enough we're bound to be so weary That we can't toll *Puls. Cretae Co.* from arsenic; ain't that cheery?

A man will come some Sunday, and he'll want some *Syrup. Scilla*; It's strychnine that that chap will got, and that'll knock him silly.

We must have rest, for life's at stake, so shut drug stores on Sunday,

And let us fellows have a sleep from Saturday till Monday.

And now, dear Grip, please do your best to regulate our "biz"; Believe me, yours most faithfully,

HIPPOCRATES O'SWIZ.



WANTED, A THIRD PARTY!



SUMMER PHENOMENA.

NO. II.—THE FISHER.

Another summer phenomenon is the fisher. A fisher setting forth to fish in a temperate climate, like that of the old sod, is a sight reasonably enjoyable, capable of being understood. But a sane man setting out on a fishing excursion, and stumping it cheerily with rod and basket for several miles under the burning rays of a Canadian summer sun, when that sun has a tropical fit on, all for the pleasure of sitting out the day on the banks of a turbid, ill-smelling stream like the Don, in the vain hope of landing a catfish or so—this, also, is one of the mysteries of life.

But from boyhood's hour 'twas ever thus. There is a sound of pine-splitting by night. A light flashes wildly to and fro in the back yard, and gleams through the chinks of the woodshed and summer kitchen. The astounded stars look down and behold the figure of a man darting out and in, and hither and thither, on purpose strong intent. The dozing echoes of the neighborhood are wakened by the rattle of stove lids, the rush of the water tap, and the sarcastic, sullen "humph" of the stove, as the tea-kettle is dumped firmly into its place. So the fire is laid ready, the larder inspected, and now the figure once more emerges to take a final view of the symptoms and probabilities for to-morrow. He lifts his eyes and consults the oracle. The small steel finger points to HEAT!

HEAT! is the electric word flashed from horizon to horizon! HEAT! laugh the celestial will-o'-wisp that play hide-and-seek in the cloud that smoulders above the pine grove on the mountain. HEAT! shrieks the bullfrog in ceaseless contralto monotone, as he sits with distended waistcoat on the margin of his native pool. HEAT! chirrup the cricket from his corner in the garden. HEAT, Oh, HEAT! moan the children, as they toss and turn in bed. And HEAT! says our observer briskly, as he locks the door and turns in for a few hours; for it is midsummer, to-morrow is a holiday, and he is bound to go afishing.

To-morrow dawns, radiant, cloudless, hot. Phœbus has been firing up extra for this day, and the result is a fierce, horizontal downpour of blinding rays. Ah! what a day to "tak' the road in!"

On such a day Erebus is god of the domestic interior. Every housewife's Venetians are hermetically closed, blinds are drawn down, doors shut, fires tabooed; female forms in cool *deshabille* rock softly in parlor glooms, fans call up zephyrs from unseen Aolian deeps, there is ice in the cellar and cool, crisp lettuce on the table. Phœbus has laid hot siege to the house, but Erebus, with feminine aid, successfully holds the fort. But not all the delicious fascinations of the darkened rooms could tempt that man to stay, not all the arrows of the sun-god could appal him; when he's made up his mind to go fishing he'll go.

He is getting ready this very moment; the house has been ransacked in every corner for a certain fish-hook, which is finally discovered

stuck fast in the hem of his linen duster, after which he sits on the back door stoop and perspires over a last year's snarl in the line. Then he suddenly produces a flask, which he mysteriously hides from the children, stowing it away in the bottom of the basket, which he has packed with lunch. Without another word he dons his helmet, shoulders his rod and basket, and, to the relief of the limp household, disappears by the front door, which, as it opens to let him through, admits a blast of hot air as if from the mouth of a burning, fiery furnace. A glad sigh escapes the household bosom. He is gone! There need be no cooking to-day, no broiling over a hot fire, no getting up the usual dinner, nothing but a light, cold lunch—bread and butter, fruits and milk. Ah! how delicious! What a mercy men sometimes go afishing!

Meantime the fisher is well under way. He has met several acquaintances, all of whom have informed him that it is "a hot day," evidently under the impression that he is unaware of the fact. His helmet is made of the pith of the palm, but not even the pith of that tropical peculiarity can exclude the rays of this Canadian sun; it has grown hot, it burns, it feels like a hat of firebrick; the perspiration trickles down his cheeks, his nose ripens like a tomato, he bares his head, and for a space he walks under the shade of a few scant poplars by the way. His friends who meet him in this extremity enquire sarcastically if it is hot enough for him—he feels irritable—fills his hat full of grass, and, resuming it, pursues the even tenor of the remaining two miles. Not quite even though—the course of the true love of fishing never did run smooth. There are stopping places by the way where men enter to rest and wipe their heated brows, and if on each of these occasions he saw a man—why, *honi soit*, etc.

On the river bank he sits patiently for hours, with his rod aloft and his line in the water. If the fish don't bite, the mosquitoes do; their favorite point of attack is his nose; they, singing, whirl round and dart at it like moths at a candle, a proceeding which, to judge from his ejaculations, is anything but conducive to morality. Ah! a bite at last! At last—he lands—a catfish—a very juvenile catfish; but he feels now that he has not lived in vain. He can eat a bit of lunch now, and in order to do this in comfort, he gets up and walks another quarter of a mile in search of a tree under the shadow of which he may sit in peace. As he munches and gazes on that catfish he is a boy once more, and, by the way, that reminds him of the flask!

Here we fain would leave the fisher, but we cannot, for, see! the helmet slips lower and still lower down over his face—he falls asleep and dreams of home and mother. He hears a low whistle—he leaves the meal unfinished—he seizes his school-bag, and whistling loudly with an air of indifference, he saunters slowly off—no, not to school—but over the garden wall, across the fields, through a gap in the hedge, and ho! we are off for a good day's fishing! There are two of them now—they fish, they wade, they swim, they make a day of it, and finally go home by the way of the old farmer's orchard. Oh! the golden, luscious apples, honey-sweets, hanging ripe and tempting low over the fence! How these shrewd translators of the story of the fall understood the boy nature in man when they describe him as unable to resist the temptation of an apple! Their hats are full—they are busy filling their pockets, when, hark! a shot! it is the farmer's blunderbuss!—ah!—oh! He starts up—a blinding flash bewilders him, the thunder rattles overhead, he is drenched to the skin. He looks around; there are the rod, the basket, and—the catfish! Alas! life's dream is o'er! He is a boy no longer—youth has fled—he is an elderly, sensible, married man.

And what will she say? How will she quiz him on his big haul of fish, his drenched attire, his blistered nose, his three mile walk home in the rain? Oh, yes! SHE will be sitting in the doorway, fresh, bright and comfortable, enjoying the clearness after the rain, and will salute him from the balcony with a "Well, dear! how did you enjoy yourself? Got a basket of fish?"

And yet women may not vote!

JAY KAYELLE.

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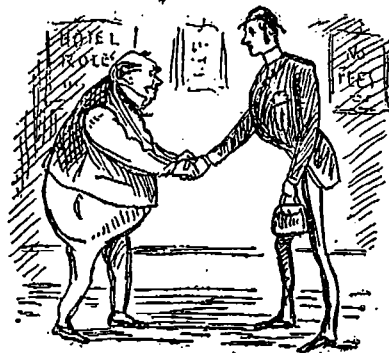
GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

II.—LONDON—MR. BURNAND—"PUNCH," ETC.

LONDON, ENGL., Aug. 1, 1885.

DEAR OLD GRIP,—Acting on your instructions not to do anything by halves, but to keep up the credit of GRIP, I "put up" at one of the best hotels in this vast metropolis, and very comfortable everything is, I assure you, and as different from an American or Canadian hotel as chalk from gunpowder. No supercilious, paste-diamonded clerk to patronize the visitor; no darkey waiters; no shoddy aristocracy boarding here, and fancying they are doing the grand by living at an hotel; nothing of this; all quiet, orderly and comfortable. I haven't seen my bill yet, but, as you are so generously paying the expenses of my trip abroad, I am not anxious about it.



My landlord soon found out who I was, and he can't make too much of me; he seems to think nothing good enough for me—but doubtless the beggar knows who is footing my bills. He has had a brass plate screwed on over my bed-room door (it is the fashion here to put the names of the tremendous swells who have occupied rooms in an hotel, over the doors of those rooms) and on the plate is the legend:—

"CORNER FITZ-HAVEN SWIZ,
"GRIP'S" AMBASSADOR-EXTRAORDINARY."

Immediately underneath this are the names of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, George IV., and other lesser fry.

I had not been there twenty-four hours before I received a visit from Mr. F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch*. He is the wittiest man in Europe (or England, at any rate) and all London goes into convulsions of laughter over his paper.

He was ushered into my apartment and at once extended his hand and gave me a cordial grasp.

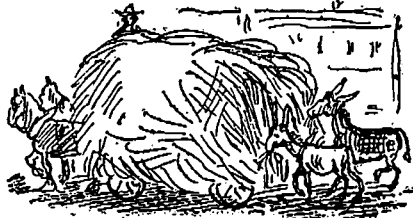
"I like to get a good *Grip* once in a while," he said, "ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! d'ye see the joke? *Grip*, you know: name of your

paper; to grip, to grasp; d'ye see: ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho! better a friendly Grip than an unfriendly Punch, eh? Ha, ha, ho, ho, he! D'ye see it? Grip and Punch; your paper and my paper; good, ch?"

"This is a fine city of yours, Mr. Burnand," I said, after he had somewhat cooled down.

He looked grave and puzzled for fully five minutes and then remarked:—

"That's not a joke, is it? You know it isn't really *my* city; it doesn't belong to me; I needn't laugh, need I?"



"Oh, dear! no; I'll tell you when I make a joke; I believe it is necessary to explain such things in this country. Ha!" I exclaimed, as I looked out of the window and saw a load of hay proceeding down the street, followed by several donkeys (these animals are very common here; the donkey, it is well known being a *common* beast) which were vigorously eating it from the wagon, "Ha! look yonder; now, here is a patent, copper-bottomed, boiler-riveted, Al, GRIP conundrum for you: Why is that hay-cock like an ingredient for a pleasant summer drink; one that would go well now, for instance, for it's deuced hot?"

Mr. Burnand pondered for a long while, much perplexed: at length he said:—

"Because it's Hay, I; is that the answer?"

"No, sirree," I replied, "I'll tell you the response: Because it is a *City rick ass-ed*: d'ye see?"

He evidently didn't.

"Well, but," he remarked, "hay isn't citric acid."

"Oh! come off," I said, impatiently, "here, I'll write it down for you, all ready for publication in *Punch*. There, 'Because it's a *City rick ass-ed*!!' (*Citric acid*!!!!!!)"

"Thanks, thanks," cried the other, "I see it quite plainly now; but you didn't make that on the spur of the moment, now, did you?"

"Well, you just bet I did," I replied, "What'll you have to drink?"

"Half and half," replied F. C., and at once the beverage was produced.



I merely mention this to let you see that these Britishers don't all leave out their H's, as many Canadians and all untravelled Americans suppose; it is only the lower classes, costermongers, small drapers, haberdashers and petty tradesmen that do so, and you will know, after this, that any Englishman you meet in Canada who tries to pass himself off as "somebody at 'ome," and yet drops his aspirates, is nothing but a low-bred, vulgar "cad," and a member of some one of the classes mentioned.

"Let me see," said Mr. Burnand, as his genial visage emerged from the vast half-gallon pewter in which it was served, "your office is in Winnipeg, isn't it?"

"No, sir," I replied, "the office of *Grip* is in Toronto."

"Yes, yes; to be sure, so it is; excuse me; well, but Winnipeg's not far from Toronto and Quebec and Halifax and those places, is it?" enquired my guest.

"Oh, dear! no," I replied with, I fear, ill-concealed sarcasm in my tones, though Mr. Burnand's ignorance of Canadian geography was merely a sample of the generality of the upper-ten Britisher's knowledge in this respect, "oh, dear! no; the places you mention are quite close; a stone's throw; why, Toronto is only 1,500 miles or so from Winnipeg, and the few thousands of miles between Halifax and Toronto are a mere *bagatelle*."

"Why, Canada must be quite large," said Mr. Burnand, in astonishment, "it must be larger than England, but I'd rather live here than have to go about in furs and on snow-shoes all the year round. But, excuse me; I have stayed too long, already," as he finished the half and half, "if you like to drop round at my office—you can take a tram-car all the way—in the afternoon I shall be proud to show you something of London, and I'll introduce you to some of the *Punch* staff."

"Mr. Burnand," I replied, impressively, "I don't wish to seem rude, but let me tell you, I attended two funeral services during the week before I left Canada, and I don't like them: if you will promise to keep your humorists out of the way this afternoon I'll drop round, but I am weak after my sea-voyage and I had rather not meet the boisterous, rollicking roysterers of the *Punch* staff, for such I know them to be from their writings."

Mr. Burnand evidently took what I said as a compliment and failed to detect any sarcasm in my speech, for he replied:—

"Yes, I'm proud to think I have some pretty funny fellows about me; however, you'll come, won't you? Yes; thanks; drop round about 4 p.m. and I'll show you the *Toms*; that'll rather surprise your Canadian eyes, I fancy; something like a river that; and there's the *Serpentine*, too, I think will rather astonish you; I suppose you never saw a river that wasn't frozen six feet thick, did you? Then we'll "do" Hyde Park and the Row. Well, good morning; be sure and come; take the "tram" and when you get to the office in Fleet Street go up on the "lift." Such are the English terms for "street-car" and "elevator." Benighted people!

—S.

(To be continued.)

The legal firm of Hall, Fullerton & Cook has been dissolved by mutual consent, and Mr. Wm. M. Hall has removed his office to 30 King Street East, first door east of *Globe* office.

TORONTO INDUSTRIAL FAIR.

It is now generally conceded that the great Industrial Fair which is held annually at Toronto takes rank as the largest and most important one held in Canada, offering as it does the largest prize list in all departments and drawing its visitors from all classes of the community throughout the Dominion as well as the adjoining States, and this has been accomplished without the aid of a dollar of Government money. The attendance last year was over 150,000, and already the appearances are that this number will be far exceeded at the coming Fair to be held at Toronto from the 9th to the 19th of September next, for which unusual preparations are being made. Prize lists and any other information can be procured by dropping a post card to Mr. Hill, the Secretary, at Toronto.

BROWN OF CUT-KNIFE CREEK.

A BALLAD.

Beverly Brown was a tall and dashin' Youth, and a bright partic'lar star In the world of wealth and fashion, And he had the name of dashin' All the ladies near and far.

Beverly Brown lived in Toronto, Where he had been born and bred; He could get all cash he'd want to, Rig himself up all afloat, And followed by his red dog Ponto He would King Street lightly tread.

Beverly Brown was a high private In the gallant Q. O. R.; And good sooth he was a boy fit To fix bayonet and to drive it; He could likewise "scrap" and spar.

When the western war-cloud busted, And roused the country with its frown, Bev took down his rifle trusted, Belts and sword he soon adjusted, And answered "here!" to Beverly Brown.

All the ladies flocked around him When he stepped on board the cars; His plumed busby fairly downed 'em, In their tears they almost drowned him— Weeping maidens, tearful "nurs."

One there was among that weeping Galaxy of ladies bright, Her handkerchief was fairly steeping, A crop of sorrow she seemed reaping, It was Maud Mirandy White.

Many a night she'd skimmed the troller Rink with Bev, who called her "lamb," As round and round the rink he'd bowl her, And he, the one who could console her, Was under dread Pat Cunningham.

Cunningham, the sergeant-major, Terror of the raw recruit, Whom, no matter what his age or Size, you might your duets wager Pat would shortly teach to shoot.

When Brown moved up with the column He thought he'd be in the van; But he suddenly grew solemn When Color-Sergeant What-d'ye Call'em Put into his hand a pan.

Saying, Private Brown, your duty's To fall in as second cook; Which order did by no means suit his Martial tastes; but unlike Brutus, He dare not speak or "give a look."

And through the whole campaign our hero Boiled the pork for Company Q; Time and oft he cried "Oh dear, oh!" When 'twas 45' the knith zero, While he the leading mess-fire blew.

Alas! alas! his martial ardor Went up with the camp-fire's smoke, Said he "my lines could scarce be harder, Worse than sentry go, or guard, or Fatigue party! It's no joke."

Never did he hold his rifle, Never did he fire a shot; And when of surreptitious rye full, Swore that he would for a trifle Cook Big Bear or Pi-a-pot.

But when safe home his Maud Mirandy Clashed him to her heart so true, And looking sweet as sugar candy, Then Bev felt he was a dandy, Though he'd cooked for Company Q.

When Maud asked how many red men, Cree, and Chippeway, and Sioux, He had left behind as dead men, Bev blushed, and stammered, and then said "Ten Dozen, p'raps, and Irish stow."

L'ENVOI.

St. James' chimes will soon be ringing, P'raps indeed to-morrow week, Bev and Maud together bringing; While the crowd outside are singing "Rah! for Brown of Cut Knife Creek."

—B.

WE WONDER WHY!

The newspapers inform us that Princess Beatrice's eldest sister wouldn't eat any of the bride's cake. And Beaty didn't bake it herself, either.

Punch, a monthly comic shorthand magazine containing 32 pages full of fun. Photographic Books supplied Wholesale and Retail. Shorthand thoroughly taught by mail. Teachers sent to country towns where classes can be formed. Address all letters, etc., to the head office. **THE ONTARIO SHORTHAND SOCIETY,** Head Office, 35 Arcade; Branch, 26 Adelaide-street East, Toronto.

Engineering, Certificates granted, and situations procured. School teachers and advanced students will find this very valuable school to attend, and should at once send in their applications so as to secure the advantages we now offer. Shorthanders should send for application form to be enrolled a fellow of our Corresponding Society, and also enclose 15c. for sample copy of "Phonographic

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GIVE THE NEW BOY A SHOW!

HOPE FOR POETS.

No heaven-inspired minstrel need now despair. Read this:—"The author of 'Silver Threads Among the Gold' has been appointed post-master in Wisconsin with a salary of \$242."—*Exchange.* £48 8s. per annum! \$242! and only twelve years have elapsed since the song was published. Wonder what the author of "Grandfather's Clock" is entitled to!

THE POOR NEED NOT DESPAIR.

A party of gentlemen feasted on steaks cut from the carcass of Barnum's big elephant, killed at Keene, N. H. They pronounced the meat excellent. This will delight poor people who have been unable to afford beef steak at the present high prices.

DO NOT DELAY.

Do not delay, if suffering from any form of bowel complaint, however mild apparently may be the attack, but use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is the old reliable cure for all forms of summer complaints that require prompt treatment. Ask your druggist and all dealers in patent medicines.

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Single Truss Try it. Illustrated pamphlet free.
No Address, **TOMS & CO. (Druggists),** 274 Yonge St., Toronto.

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

THERE is no disputing the fact, said Mrs. Talkative to her neighbor, ESTLEY'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., railroad and banking stamps, notary public and society seals, etc., made to order. 36 King-street west, Toronto.

WHAT are you thinking of? Others claim to be Kings, and Crowns, and Perfect, but we claim to be only a DOMESTIC, but ONE that no lady will part with. Found only at 98 Yonge Street, Toronto. Call and be convinced.

LEAR'S

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

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

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Best Toilets in the Market.



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

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