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TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 5TH, 1885.

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# • GRIP •

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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.**—Miss Canada, speaking by the ballots of East Durham and Cardwell, has pronounced her opinion of the Franchise monstrosity, the North-West outrage, and the numerous other scandals perpetrated by the Government now in office. Her opinion as thus expressed is emphatic, and is in approval of the ministerial doings. She has said plainly that she can see nothing wrong about the frauds and subterfuges practised by her rulers, and the wholesale squandering of her resources in the interest of party; and the happy Ministers will not be slow to act upon this perhaps unexpected endorsement. It is evident that this highly respectable young woman is on the spree along with her jovial Government, and the two additional bottles she has just contributed will aid in postponing the "sober second thought" an indefinite time. But the day will surely come when, with a tremendous financial headache, and political pains in every limb, she will begin to reflect upon her folly. Meantime there is no use in talking to her.

**FIRST PAGE.**—The mean and scurvy manner in which the Government is treating the volunteers who were on active duty in the North-West is enough to make every decent Canadian sick. Not content with disgracefully delaying the paltry sum due them, the Minister of Militia now resorts to low, huckstering dodges to reduce still further the miserable pittance. It would serve such a Government right if every militiaman in the service resigned forthwith. Out of the blood and toil of the gallant volunteers Caron has, with dainty fingers, picked a knighthood, and having thus served his own turn, he has no further need to indulge in fine talk, or even to pretend to entertain common respect for the men who won his title for him. The millions due to swindling contractors and jobbers in connec-

tion with the rebellion will no doubt be promptly paid; the \$20,000 voted to the General will likewise be forthcoming on time. It is only the rank and file, the men who sacrificed their incomes at the call of duty, and who in many cases are now pinched by want, that this heartless Government will dare to cheat.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—The Prohibition party in the United States means to demolish the legalized liquor traffic, and free the land from its curse. To this end a complete organization has been formed on political lines, and all those side influences which our cousins of the Republic know so well how to use, are being brought into effective play. Amongst these may be mentioned the Prohibition camps for summer work, which are dotted all over the Union. The St. John Circuit embraces forty of these camps, one of which is at Milton, Ont., the others being chiefly in New York State. Having enjoyed a week at the Lakeshore Camp, near Olcott, N. Y., we can speak confidently of the good work which is being accomplished. The camp ground is beautifully situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, and is under the management of Rev. Ward B. Pickard and Mr. Henry Outwater. These energetic gentlemen have made it one of the pleasantest places for a summer holiday to be found anywhere, aside from the rich literary and musical treats which are daily supplied in the auditorium. The W. C. T. U. cordially assists in the good work at all the camps. Lakeshore is especially favored in having Mrs. Williams, of Lockport, President of the State Union, in charge of the ladies' department. No one who has met this noble woman will need to search further for an ideal Christian worker. Our sketch is intended as a little souvenir of a pleasant holiday, though it embraces but a few of the good and great people who were at Lakeshore Camp.



TWO WAYS OF CATCHING A HEN.

(Respectfully dedicated to Sir H. Langevin on the eve of his political tour of Ontario.)

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.



The Grand Opera House open again for the season, and presents a most brilliant appearance. Mr. Sheppard continues in the management, and his programme of attractions is a very inviting one. Baker & Farron in "A Soap Bubble" opened the ball on Monday night. The latter part of the week is enlivened by the ever-popular Lotta.

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### SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TAMSON & TAMSON'S WAREHOUSE,  
TORONTO, Aug. 25th.

DEAR WULLIE,—I hae nae news in particular tae send ye, sae I'll just fill up ma letter an' tak' oot ma five cents worth o' postage wi' an account o' hoo I spent the ceevic holiday. Ye ken I never tak' muckle stock in holidays—when there's nae work on hand I just feel as gin ma fingers were a' thooms—but, seein' I didna vera weel ken what tae dae wi' masel', ma landlady, Mrs. McClutch, a vera decent widow woman, says tae me, "What for, Maister Airlie, d'ye no gang ower tae the Island an' hae a soom an' a whuff o' gude, fresh air? It's a vera weel i' the auld kintra tae just wash yer face an' hands an' maybe yer neck roon the haffits whaur it's seen, but, haith! it's a halesale washin' an' scoorin' o' yer entire solar system that's needed here." Raily, Wullie, I cudna but admire the justice o' her remarks, for, what wi' heat an' hard wark, a body at this time o' the year just fries in's ain creesh, an' than the stoor sticks tae ye till ye just feel as claggy as gin ye had been rowin' in treacle clack, an' a' the machinery o' the nerves an' sma' banes gets clean oot o' kelter. Sae I said, "Deed, Mrs. McClutch, I'll e'en tak' gude advice an' go tae the Island."

"I wish tae gudeness I had kent ye were gaun, Mr. Airlie," says she, lookin' at me oot o' the corner o' her e'e, "but I suppose it wad be ower late noo tae get ready?"

"I'm afraid it wad, Mrs. McClutch, far ower late," says I. "In fact," says I, haulin' oot ma watch, "Lord sake! is't that time o' day already!" an' wi' that I made for the door as fast as I could. Ye may be sure the meenit I got safe oot I congratulated masel' on ma narrow escape. Ye canna be up tae thae widows, but I had "Bardwell versus Pickwick" in ma e'e at that meenit, an' though she thinks me unco' green, I can see through her brawly. Mrs. McClutch is a woman that kens when her bread's buttered, an', mind ye, it's no ilka day she gets the chance o' throwin' sheeps' e'en at a man like me.

Hoover, off tae the Island I goes in ane o' thae bits o' ferry boaties that paddle back an' forrit a' day, an' I had tae stand up a' the road ower for the vera gude reason that there was nae room tae sit doon. The first thing I noticed when I landed on the sandy, treeless

waste was ane o' thae kind o' creatures they ca' dudes. He was a' drossed up in bonny blue breeks an a white flannel coat, for a' the world like ane o' thae dolls o' the masculine gender that I've seen in store windows, the braw brass buttons bein' extraordinar' conspicuous. The meenit he saw me he clapt a goggle wi' a string on't tae his e'e, an' bogan e'ein' me frae tap tae tae, till I thoctt maybe he was some teel-yor's advorteezement lettin' on tae tak' ma measure for a coat an' breeks—but then, again, I thoctt maybe the puir creature was short-sichted, an' bearin' in mind ma grannie's receipt for e'ewater, I thoctt I micht as weel signaleeze ma vescit tae the Island by doin' a gude turn. Sae, stapping up, I says till him, "I'm sorry tae see a creature like you short-sichted; frae yer general appearance I canna think ye've ever injured yer e'esicht wi' book learnin'; the midnicht ile may enlarge the brain, but it contracts the e'esicht. Noo—" Here the dude whurled roon an' set aff like a shot, an' a lot o' impident little scoondrols o' laddies set up a great cheer, but whether they were cheerin' me or him I cudna mak' oot, for I was just liftit aff ma feet bodily wi' the crood comin' surgin' up frae the boats.

I was real vexed tae think I had on ma gude Sabbath-day claes, for the bonny gloss was rubbit clean aff ma gude black coat. The crood was just awfu', but when I saw them landin' boatfu' after boatfu', like hauls o' herrin' at the simmer drave—losh! I began tae get feared. I never saw sae mony folk thegither in a' ma life, an' raily the majority o' them seemed to hae sic a superabundance o' what ye wad ca' adipose matter that raily, when I began tae kalkilate the wecht o' the hale aggregate, I got terrible oneasy. I thoctt upon the Island o' Isky awa in Italy there that sank twa-ree year syne wi' far less wecht on't than was here. I thoctt, weel, noo, wadn't it be awfu' if this Island was just tae slip cannily doon oot o' sicht an' settle at the bottom o' the lake, an' maybe twa-ree hunder year hence, get hoisted up again wi' a kick frae the hind legs o' an earthquake? Hech! hech! what a terrible sensation it wad mak' tae see a' thae hundreds o' fossileezed pleasuro-seekers—a solemn warnin' tae the thoctless lovers o' ease in that day an' generation. Sic an overpoorin' thoctt! An' then there wad be mael—a weel-preserved feeger, remarkable for perfect phevycal development—an' hale columns o' the *Globe* an' the *Mail* devoted tae the descriptions o' the cast o' ma muscles in the mud, an' quarrellin' about ma supposed nationality, some sayin' I was a North American Indian, but the *World* chiefly inclined tae think the outline o' ma phevycognoimy was strikin'ly like the features o' the celebrated artist wha had come a' the road frae New Zealand tae paint his world-renowned picter, "The Ruins of London—A View from the Bridge." It was a solemncezin' thoctt, an' ane kalkilated tae set a man meditating on his latter end.

Hoover, tae prevent sic a catastrophe, an' tae relieve the Island o' several hunder tons avoirdupois, I thoctt the suner a wheen o' us got intae the watter the better, sae I awa up tae the office an' bocht ma ticket for a room an' a bathin' suit. I cud see wi' half an e'e that ma bathin' suit was never intended tae cover a man brocht up like me on aitmeal, an' I had a terrible warstle gettin' mael' inside o' the thiogs. Hoover, I managed somehow, an' got intae the watter. It was kin' o' cauld at first, an' made me sich an' sob like, but afore I was weel clear o' the fence I saw a sicht that made me forget the cauld an' gar every individual hair o' ma head risc on end. Nae less than three o' the biggest women I ever saw comin' waddlin' for a' the world like three fat jucks right in ma direction. I never was in sic a predicament in a' ma born days. I never dreamed o' women an' men soomin' promiscuous like this. An' what tae dao I'm sure I didna ken, nor did I get muckle time tae think, for

doon they cam, sae in desperation I sat doon ower the head in the watter till they wad pass by. But the very thing I did tae avoid them brocht them pell-mell doon upon me, for they had a haud o' hands, an' the middle ane no seein' me got tripped up, an' doon cam' the hale three on tap o' me, like a shoer o' elephants! Losh me! siccan skreichen an' skirlin' an rowin' an tumlin' an' scartin' an clawin'! It beat all the cockfechtin' ye ever saw. I was baith drooned, killed an' smothered. An' every time I wad get tae the surface an' yell "Murder!" I wad swallow aboot an ell o' lang, black hair floatin' on the watter. At length an' lang we got fairly sindered, the women soomed awa like as mony dolphins, an' left me tae ma ain meditations. It was a great relief tae me when I saw a weel-faured callant o' aboot sixteen come soomin' doon beside me an' speer gin I was sair hurt. I tellt him it was a wonder I was livin' awa, considerin' what I had gaen through the last twa-ree meenits baith in body an' mind. I hauled up ma sleeve an' lut him see the blue marks on ma shouther whaur the limmers grippit haud o' me, an' showed him a bare spot in ma croon whaur ane o' them had snatched a neivofu' o' ma hair. He was very kind an' said it was a shame, but for a' that I cud see he cudna weel keep frae laughin'. Hoover, he said he wad keep an e'e on me an' see I didna get ony mair ill-usage frae women folk. Sae we soomed aroond awhile, an' then, seein' he was a rale decent, weel-faured fallow, I thoctt I wad gie him a bit o' gude advice. I tellt him tae steer clear o' women folks; they were a' kittle cattle, aye showin' themselves whaur they werna wanted; gie them an' inch an' they wad tak' an ell; gin they had their way, the men wad sune get kicked oot o' sicht a' thegither—wi' their roarin' for the franchisee an' a' the rest o' t'—an' I pinted oot tae him hoo they had invaded the vera soomin' baths, sae as a decent body cudna come doon tae get a soom ance in the year without bein' smothered alive wi' them. A' this advice an' a gude deal mair I gae the young fallow, an' I was glad tae hear him say that he preferred the society o' men tae that o' women ony day, an' that I micht keep ma mind easy aboot him for he wad never marry ony woman born. But what were ma feelin's whan we were comin' oot, tae see him cut clean awa up the ither side an' intae the women's rooms. For twa-ree meenits I just grew sick—fearfu' sick. "No possible!" I kept sayin' tae mael', but for a' that I had a deepenin' conviction that I had ance mair been made a fule o'. The young limmer! an' me a' the time thinkin' she was a young man!

As I stud up in the watter meditatin', I vowed never tae forsake the standards o' the Calvinistic Kirks, especially the doctrine o' everlastin' punishment, for it was naething but the fear o' riskin' everlastin' fire that kept me frae droonin' mael' then an' there just tae be oot o' the road o' women.

Hoover, I scrammelt up tae ma room someway, an' ye may be sure the meenit I got ma claes on I never ance luckit ower ma shouther, neither at the roller-coaster nor ony ither thing, but just got doon an' aboard ane o' the sma' steamers, an' was glad tae find mael' on gude Toronto terry firmy ance mair. Aff course I didna want tae affront ma landlady wi' lettin' her ken that I had been fairly chased (figgeratively speakin') aff the Island by women, sae tae wile awa the time till sax o'clock, I tuk a daunder roon the ceety. I cam straucht up Yonge Street, an' turned aff on ane o' thae bonnie bits o' streets, green an' leafy, for a' the world like the far end o' a kintra village, an' afore lang I passed by a rale decent luckin' brick hoose wi' bay windows, an' at ane o' them wha should be sittin' but a braw lass, a' drossed up in nae end o' whirrigs an' falderals o' a' kind o' ither. Of course I tuk nae notice o' her, but just gaed by, takin'

a swaucht o' her oot o' the corner o' ma e'e. I cud see vera weel she was luckin' at me, but I never lut on—I wadna gratifee a woman's anity that far. But just imaugin' ma feelin's tae hear her whustlin' after me! Raily, I cudna help exclaimin' in the words o' the poet, Charlie Mackay:

"Toll me, ye winged winds  
That round my pathway roar,  
Do ye not know some spot  
Whore women come no more?  
Some lone and pleasant dell,  
Some valley in the West,  
Where, free from toil and pain,  
The weary soul may rest?  
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,  
And sighed for pity, as it answered, 'No!'"

I never ance lucked ower ma shouther, sae seein' I tuk nae notice o' the whustle, she cries oot, "Scottie! Scottie! Scottie Airlie!" Noo, Wullie, I haena the sma'est objections tae be ca'ed by ma ain name, but a nickname I never cud thole—somehoo it aye raises a' the nick that's in me. Sae mairchin' right back wi' dignity in ma appearance an' fire in ma e'e, I stud up afore the young woman, an' says I, "Mem! nae doot ye think yersel' extraordinar' sma'it tae be ca' in' names after a decent man that way, but—" Afore I cud feenish what I was gaun tae say she disappeared ahint the curtains, cryin' "Scottie! Scottie!" an' laughin' sic anither eldritch laugh! Of course impidencessae onprovoked as this I cudna be expectit to stand, sae I made up ma mind at ance, an' stappin' up tae the door, I rang the bell an' said I wantit a word wi' the faither o' the young woman that was sittin' at the window. A rale respectable luckin' man cam tae the door, an' glowerin' at me wi' great surprise, says, "Well!" I made nae apology, but merely said, "It's no for me to be keel-haulin' pawrents aboot their duty, but I'm just gien' ye a freenly warnin' tae luck sharp after that dochter o' yours, or else she'll bring yer gray hairs in sorrow tae the grave." "What d'ye mean, sir?" he cries, grippin' me by the collar. At that critical meenit "Scottie! Scottie!" comes ringin' oot o' the pawlor. "Noo!" says I, "D'ye hear that? There's ockler demonstration for ye. Will ye believe me noo?" Lettin' go haud o' ma collar wi' a great laugh, he bolts intae the pawlor, an' brings oot a great big cage wi' a pawrot in't, an' the meenit the beast saw me he began whustlin' like mad, cockin' his head an' stridin' up an' doon an' windin' up his performance wi' fixin' on me an e'e like the Ancient Mariner's an' exclaimin' "Hello, Scottie!" Just picter ma emotions!

Yer brither,  
HUGH AIRLIE.

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

#### WHO WAS ROASTED?

The Brantford *Expositor* offers a slight correction to our remarks on the subject of the Indian picnic held lately on the Six Nations Reserve. We stated (having the *Mail* report for our authority) that Mr. Wm. Patterson, M.P., was on that occasion roasted by his political opponents in the presence of the Indians. The *Expositor* alleges that the *Mail's* report was fiction throughout, and that "any roasting that was done, Mr. Patterson himself manipulated the toasting prong, and the general opinion of both Indians and whites was that the trio (John Joseph Hawkins, Watts and Henry) were 'done brown.'" As it is further stated that Hawkins himself furnished the *Mail's* report, the probability is that the *Expositor's* version is the correct one. But when will the Canadian press rise above the wickedness of saturating their reports as well as their editorials with partizan lye?

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

XI.—HANLAN'S ISLAND AND OTHER RESORTS.

In the "heated term" there is probably no pleasanter spot near the metropolis of Ontario than Hanlan's Island on which to pass a few hours and quaff deep draughts of cool, pure lake air.

There are several ways of reaching the Island from the city; there are numerous ferry boats—and these are a ferry good means of crossing the intervening wet; there are row boats innumerable, and, if the visitor prefer it, he may swim across, or, with sufficient faith, he might possibly walk over the water, though this element is stated on good authority to afford but a poor foot-hold, and to be very yielding beneath a heavy man. Possibly the pleasantest method of making the trip would be to step down to Harry Hodson's Brock Street Wharf boat-house and hire a small sailing boat: Enrico Hodsonio himself, though bearing a name strongly suggestive of Andalusia, is a typical Saxon, his tawny beard and sky-like eyes proclaiming his direct descent from the renowned Hereward: his manners are of the most suave and polished description, and his boats are unequalled for safety and comfort, and he is ever willing to dead-head a newspaper man when out of funds—and when are the members of this fraternity otherwise?

However, let us get to the Island by some means or other. Arrived there the visitor is immediately struck with the fact that, though this resort is frequented by Toronto's elite aristocracy, it is a mighty low place to come to: so low, in fact, that a wave of more than Lilliputian dimensions might be considered capable of swamping it from stem to stern. Up to date the Lake has waived this ceremony and the Island remains *in statu quo*.

Hanlan's Hotel stands pre-eminently imposing and close to the shore of the Bay on one side and to that of the Lake on the other. Since his return from Australia, the ex-champion is reported to be much dissatisfied with its position. A gentleman enquired his reasons for this dissatisfaction and the ingenious Ned at once confessed that it was a little too near the Beach.

A feature of the Island in summer is the large number of tents of campers-out. To a person who really enjoys having his night's rest broken by the stings and harrows of outrageous mosquitoes, and who prefers his food seasoned with a beautiful supply of sand, this charming spot affords unlimited satisfaction in these respects. It is said good Conservatives who have gone to camping-out on the Island, have, at the end of the season, been *Grit* through and through.

Then, the Island boasts the Wiman Baths. Wiman is the name of the donor of the baths, it may be mentioned, and not an illiterate way of spelling "women," as some members of the British Association supposed. The name "Swimming Baths" is a misnomer, as they are quite stationary, and it is the people who frequent them that do the swimming. The patrons of these baths are very numerous and of all classes, and some of the younger people appear to pass most of the summer season in the waters of Lake Ontayreco, Ontayreco. One individual, in particular, seems to be *always* there, and has gained the *sobriquet* of the "Tallow Chandler"—the reason being that he makes so many "dips." He, though a strong advocate of cold water, may be termed a veritable "dip"-somaniac.

Possibly there is no pleasure resort near Toronto so well adapted in summer for peeling the cuticle off the visitor's nasal organ as the Island: here we see a symbol, as it were, of the majesty of the law; the sun's rays and the visitor's nose being respectively the Peeler and the Beak. Though the sun has a pretty

fair reputation, as a general thing, he certainly plays a very bad "skin game" indeed, over on Hanlan's Island on a hot day in July or August. Occasionally a warm, close, "fuggy" sort of breeze sweeps over the Island, and this is said to be even more potential than the sun in altering the complexion of visitors. This breeze is reported to be very similar to the desert simoons, and a gentleman, well versed in New Testament lore, always refers to it as "Simoon the Tanner."

As the visitor steams back to the city per ferry, leaving someone else to return the sailboat to Enrico Hodsonio at Brock Street Wharf, he will be struck by the myriads of dead fish floating on the surface of the bay. These small shad are supposed, by the majority of people, to have come to their death through straying from their accustomed water to a different locality, and this is a very comforting supposition: the true cause of their demise, however, is the poisonous sewage in the Bay—the water the citizens delight to quaff whilst they talk about "their noble body of water." If they termed it "water of considerable body" they would be nearer the mark, for verily it is a semi-solid and opaque fluid. And water that can cause the little shad to pass through the dark shad-der (!) cannot be fit for human imbibition. —S.

(To be continued.)



Mamie.—Why, Sadie, you have let your hair grow dark again. Last time I saw you it was a lovely blonde.

Sadie.—Yes, but you know I'm in mourning now for poor, dear papa. I'm not wearing light shades at all.

ESSAY ON THE EGG.



It is not exactly known when the egg was first invented, but it is probably a very long time ago. That it was known to the ancient Romans is certain as all historians agree in conceding that those doughty warriors, in their triumphal processions, were in the habit of forcing their vanquished enemies, captured on the field of battle, to pass under the yolk as a sign of humility and degradation. From this it would seem that the Egg was held in but poor estimation in olden times, and this feeling of contempt for it, even when it is venerable, still exists, at times, in the present day.

The principal use to which the Egg is now put is as an article of food. We are not in-

formed as to who was the first man that ever ate an egg, but he certainly deserves to rank, as far as courage and intrepidity are concerned, with that hero who first tackled an oyster. What a vast train of thought arises when we reflect that the first egg that was ever eaten might have chanced to have been a bad one! From that moment all eggs would have been condemned as the embodiment of loathsomeness and putridity, and would have been relegated to their apparently natural sphere of action as producers of fighting cocks and spring chickens. But the man who ate the first egg evidently hit upon a fresh one, and in this respect he was a doosid sight more lucky than the writer very frequently is in this respect.

Age has a beneficial effect upon port wine and mummies, and the more venerable these articles are, so much the greater is their value. But it is far different with eggs, and when once old age marks them for its own, they are of but little or no commercial value, and the only disposal that can then be made of them is to give them to the poor. Many a grocer has gained a reputation for charity through having benevolently presented some orphan asylum with a basket of eggs in the sere and yellow leaf, and then telling a newspaper reporter what he had done, with a hint to say nothing about it in his paper, of course maintaining the strictest secrecy concerning his true reason for making the presentation.

Nearly every physician of any prominence has given it as his opinion that the only edible portion of the Egg is the pith, and that the skin is decidedly indigestible. A practical experiment in this matter will convince the most sceptical that, in this case at least, the doctors are right—for a wonder. There is scarcely an article of food that some medical man will not condemn as unwholesome and deleterious; but in the case of the peel of the Egg all are agreed as to its pernicious effects upon the human system.

Probably there is nothing more contemptible in the universe than an egg that is no better than it ought to be, and the English language does not contain an epithet suggestive of greater depravity than that of "a bad egg." It is the fowlest term that can be applied to a man, and shows how very bad a bad egg must be.

History makes frequent mention of the Egg, and Christopher Columbus is said to have gained an immense reputation for smartness, and to have evinced his fitness to come out here and discover America (which, by the way, the poor benighted Indian had discovered centuries before him) by puzzling a body of *savants* by making an egg stand on its end. None of the wise men could do the trick, but Kit simply chipped the end and the thing was done, and he would have been an alderman or something for the feat if he had been as big a fool as the men whom he thus bamboozled.

Eggs occasionally form prominent features at elections and other social gatherings, though a man gains neither "kudos" nor "chic(k)" by being made the recipient of these tokens of the feeling of the Great Unwashed and others.

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It has been found in Spain that people living in the vicinity of soap-factories are exempt from cholera.—*Ex.* This is quite lye-kely. They wash themselves occasionally.



HOW LONG IS THIS SPREE GOING TO LAST?



THE LAST RESORT.

[Mr. Edgar has applied his extra sessional indemnity to a fund to be raised to fight the Revising Barristers.—*Daily papers.*]

No doubt Mr. Edgar has heard the story of the two shipwrecked Yankees who were clinging to a spar in mid-ocean. "Can you pray?" asked one. "No; can you sing a hymn?" "No; but something's got to be done; let us take up a collection."—*Ned Farrar.*

EUREKA!

"Oh, to think of it! Oh, to dream of it!  
Fills my heart with tears." —*Kerry Dawling.*

CONSIDERATE WORKMEN.

It will doubtless surprise many people to find that workmen, when treated with proper consideration and liberality, are capable both of gratitude and generosity toward their employers. In the Leven shipyard some time ago a ship was put down on speculation merely to keep the men together. Last week the riveters and caulkers, sensible of their employers' kindness, held a meeting and resolved to ask the firm to reduce their wages ten per cent, and to intimate that they were willing to do a fortnight's work on the steamer without any wages at all. This is an unprecedented instance of good feeling between masters and men, and shows that, after all, artisans are much more easily led than driven. —*London Truth.*

MISTAH GRIP.—Yah! yah! yah! weally, dis niggab come nigh bein' tickled to deff ovah dis yer perograph. Oh deah! oh deah! how vevy surprised we are, to be suah! We, de bosses—de uppah ten—weally, it's 'nuff to take one's bruff away—de idea ob gratitude and generosity bein' discovered in de bosom ob a—a—oh, good gracious! ob—a—workman—and not only in one, but in workmen *en masse*. De *London Truth* breaks it softly to his readers. De readers ob *London Truth* are, on de hole—toney—so he tries to soften de blow; he says: "It will doubtless surprise many people to find that workmen, when treated with proper consideration and liberality, are capable both of gratitude and generosity"! Hear, oh heavens! and give ear, oh earth! and doan forget to put a nick in de wall wid de date ob discovery. De Millentum am a-comin', sho! It hab done got a big boost dis time. Dem caulkers an' riveters am so chuck full ob gratitood at an act ob simple justice dat dey hab gone down on dere marrowbones a-beggin' de rich bosses to please take a couple ob slices off each family loaf, as a mark ob 'preciation ob de unheard ob liberality ob putting a ship down on speculation, an' dey declare dey will work a fortnight free

gratis, fo' nothing. And now dis niggab am going to de readin' room eberv day till he am one hundred years old to find out from *London Truth* how de bosses can keep dere end up. I tell you, Mistah GRIP, dat de word "surprise" won't begin to indocate de feelin's ob dis niggab when he sees anoder perograph, announcin' de fact dat de bosses hab held a meetin' and unanimously voted dat de men be begged to 'cept ten per cent raise ob wages an' a fortnight's wages free gratis, widout working fo' it. It would be too bad—too bad fo' de uppah ten to be outdone in generosity by common workingmen—so, gee-hup! you bosses, an' rol de ole chariot long—an' don't get so paralyzed wid surprise at de discovery ob human feelin's in human breasts— But, dere, dis succumstance happened in England. It couldn't nobow happen on de 'Merican continent—no, siree! not in Canada, ef dis workman knows it. No beggin' ob de bosses to 'dooce de wages heah! Yah! yah! yah!

Yours 'spectfully,  
JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

A SKETCH OF GENRE.

(*Papillonis Silibidilis, or Silibilly Butterfly, anatomically dissected.*)

She is a beauty, that she is,  
Of course no one would dare to doubt it,  
This being her only gift, I wis,  
She scarce could get along without it.  
She's fair and white—of azuline  
Her eyes: she's graceful, supple, splendid,  
Her lips—this isn't new—like wine,  
You'll guess the rest—this verse is ended.

She's not one of your staid and mild  
Prudes, but she's wayward and capricious,  
She thinks the pants of Oscar Wilde,  
(Abbreviated) are delicious.  
She paints on tiles, on canvas too—  
Her friends alodge her pictures pretty—  
(They're wretched daubs, 'tween me and you,  
And raves of Turner, Millais, Etty.

She speaks enthusiastically  
Of Roubens, Rosa and the Renaissance,  
She prates "When I was in Pares"  
With imperturbable complaisance.  
She loves the blue Italian sky,  
She glories in the Louvre's treasures,  
Admires the ancient statuary,  
And thinks that Art's the chief of pleasures.

Most wondrously she braids her locks,  
She's very nice about her graminar,  
She sallies forth a-chipping rocks,  
With a small silver-handled hammer;  
With French she interlards her speech;  
Her accent puro—she joys to show it,  
She's fond of wandering on the beach,  
Rossetti is her favorite poet.

The latest novels all she reads,  
Likes Ouida and George Eliot fairly,  
Tears over many a page she sheds,  
For knights who loved sweet ladies dearly.  
Trollope and Black are favorites  
Of hers, she jumps at any new "go,"  
And since she's Frenchified, delights  
In Zola, Dumas *filis*, and Hugo.

She holds in real life men are  
Not all Romance has brightly painted,  
That novelists their heroes star  
With nobleness that's only feinted.  
She plays the choicest melodies  
Of Verdi, Chopin, Liszt and Handel;  
She warmly praises those that please,  
But votes Carlyle a horrid vandal.

She's all the rage, she knows her power,  
She chaffs and flirts, she's light and airy,  
She's lovely as a foam-white flower,  
She waltzes like a little fairy.  
Rose-dreams of conquest crowd her pate—  
But while her other traits I'm booking,  
Perhaps it's just as well to state,  
She's really innocent of cooking.

—JUDSON FRANCE.



The Miller.—Say, Strawstack, how was it that when I came to measure those five barrels of apples I bought from you I found them nearly a barrel short?

The Farmer.—Singular, very singular, for I put them up in some of your own flour barrels.

The Miller.—Ahem! Did, eh? Well, perhaps I made a mistake. Fine weather, isn't it?

A DANGEROUS CONDITION.

One of the most dangerous conditions is a neglected kidney complaint. When you suffer from weary aching back, weakness, and other urinary troubles, apply to the back a Burdock Porous Plaster, and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the best system regulator known for the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels.

ONE OF THE FEW.

FACT.

She was a Glasgow woman—a great Tory in her way—and had in her younger days with Sandy, her husband, listened to Gladstone, Palmerston, Disraeli and other politicians. "But," quoth she, "I aye liket Disraeli the best. I just enjoyed his speeches; an', mind ye, it wasna ivery anc that could understand Disraeli."



QUEBEC TO CANADA.

You have the land our fathers bought  
With toll and blood, and pain;  
De Mont's and Cartier's earnest thought—  
The life-work of Champlain;  
From fair Acadia's smiling strand  
To wide Ontario's shore,  
Where Norman swords fought, hand to hand—  
The Iroquois, of yore.

And those great Western wilds, afar,  
Where braves and beaver roan,  
And where the hardy *voyageur*  
First made his wild-wood home;

All, all is yours,—from east to west  
The British banner streams,  
And yet within the conquered breast,  
Still live the early dreams;

And when your rich men grudge our poor  
Their homes on those far plains,  
The blood of the old *voyageur*  
Leaps, boiling in our veins!

And *one*, whose brain was fired with thought  
Of suffering and of wrong,  
Took arms in evil hour and fought  
For weak ones, with the strong!

The wild scheme failed—how could it stand!  
Against such fearful odds?  
And brave hearts sleep in that far land  
Beneath the prairie sods.

And yet, perchance, the battle cheers  
And tumult of the fray,  
Have brought the sufferers' cry to ears  
That else were deaf, to-day!

But he who fought for others' weal,  
For those he loved so well  
Lies, prisoner of your fire and steel,  
Low in a felon's cell.

Pity the captive in your hand,  
Pity the conquered race—  
You, strong, victorious, in the land,  
Grant us the victor's grace!

—FIDELIS.



A grain elevator.—Old rye.

Do the Bud-dists use flowery language?

A pawnbroker's must be a very loan-sum place to live.

Most of the sherry sold just now is sheer-rye.

English s-candles throw a light on dark deeds.

An acorn.—The "horn" you take to cure a headache in the morning is an ache-horn.

What a river in South America said: "The

Mississippi may be the 'Father of Waters,' but I Am-a-son."

When a balloonist starts to go up, is it impertinent to call him an up-start?

What heifer you do, get vaccinated and you'll "steer" clear of smallpox.

They don't call them "Upper Crust" since the *Pall Mall* sat on them. They are "Upper Crushed" now.

Iced coffee, as served up at the Snow Shoe Café, is del-ice-ous. I tried it and found no "grounds" for complaint. No Mocha-rye about it.

The earliest mention of the festive game of poker—when Satan saw the first pair.—*Ex.* I thought it was when Adam and Eve "raised" Cain.

Would it not be a good idea for Sir Charles Tupper to engage Mr. W. H. H. Murray to deliver his Illustrated Canadian Lectures in London while the Exhibition is open?

GRIP'S AMBASSADOR ON HIS TRAVELS.

(Continued.)

IV.—THE RIVER TEMS—DISCOURSE ABOUT CANADA AND ITS INHABITANTS, ETC.

LONDON, Eng., August 21, 1885.

DEAR OLD RAVEN,—Yours with cheque for \$3.50 received. Is there not some mistake? and should not the figures be \$3,500? That's what I expected. However, see to it, and rectify the error at once. My friend, Burnand, called for me with several members of his *Punch* staff this morning, to take me to see the sights of London. We were a mighty merry company, I assure you, and if anyone mistook our three carriages for a funeral procession, with me as chief mourner, I am not to blame. Jokes, *jeux d'esprit* and *bon mots*, flew about like hail, and I can confidently say I had not heard some of them more than twice before.

We drove past the Horse Guards and down to Westminster Bridge. As the river Tems burst upon my view, my companions gazed at me and burst into an enthusiastic yell of "There! behold the Tems; the river of the world. Say, Canadian stranger, did you ever see so grand a body of water before?" I replied that I had not in Toronto, though I ventured to believe that for purity and wholesomeness our own Don rather headed it off.

"Oh! you Don't say so!" exclaimed F. C., "I can't believe it," and he really seemed quite hurt at anybody daring to compare any river with his own little streamlet. The Tems is a sizable brook at this point, but gets wider farther down. It froze over once and it's a pity it didn't remain congealed, for it is a dirty stream.

I strove to raise my companions from the gloom into which my remarks had plunged them and hazarded the question:

"Why is this bridge like a game of cricket?"

"I'm stumped," said Mr. Slasher, M.A.

"Bowls me out," scintillated Mr. N. C. Poop, B.A., whilst Burnand declared that he couldn't see the "point."

"Because," I said, "it was made *pour passer le Tem(p)s*."

My answer was received in profound silence. None of these M.'s and B.'s of Art could grasp it. I wrote it hastily down, properly italicised and !!!!!'d and they saw it in ten minutes. My witticism appeared in that week's *Punch*, from which paper I had stolen it fifteen years before.

"I suppose you have no bridges in Canada," said F. C., as he noted my riddle on his tablets.

"No bridges!" I exclaimed, "why not?"

"Well, you don't require them in that country. Can't you walk over on the ice?"

I smiled a smile in which sorrow blended with anger but said nothing.

"It must be great fun to see you fellows out in Canada going about on snowshoes all the time," remarked Mr. Slasher. "I suppose you never venture out of doors without a good thick suit of toboggans on, do you?"

I merely intimated that about this time the air of Canada was almost temperate enough to allow a man to go about without an ulster. At this my British friends, one and all, expressed their incredulity, and even intimated that my veracity was not what it might be.

"Don't 'arrow us by drawing the long bow quite so far, my dear fellow," said the editor of *Punch*, "it puts me all in a quiver."

At this the other two roared till they were black in the face and shouted:

"There; he has you. Put that in *Grip* and let 'em see in Canada what genuine impromptu wit is."

I was nettled, but kept command of my temper admirably, merely saying that Mr. Burnand's puns were certainly impromptu—with Cain or Abel, or some of those fellows. This made them angry, but they said little.

"Happy thought!" cried Burnand, "beer. Driver, to the Westminster Palace Hotel." Thither we drove, alighting amongst whispers of "There's Burnand," "There's Punch," and so forth, from an admiring throng on the steps. "Happy thought!" again said the great editor, "Ale for the ailing!" (a roar from the B.A.'s and M.A.'s); "ale would beer good thing." (Immense applause.) The beer was produced, and I must do these Englishmen the justice to acknowledge that they have this beverage good, and it makes the drunk come quicker than our own. We consumed several huge pews of this delectable beverage and started off again. We once more passed the Horse Guards, where two gigantic life guardsmen were seated in full uniform on horses in sentry boxes. They looked as pretty as Col. Denison in the glittering panoply of the G.-G.G.s;—good name for a cavalry regiment, Gee-Gee-Gees, eh!—but they did not strike me as being so military looking as our own George T. D., and not half as fierce as he does when uttering the cabalistic formula, "\$1 and costs or 30 days," to some drunk of many years' standing. A life guardaman looks splendid on horseback, and he ought never to be seen out of the saddle; on foot and in his shell-jacket he is the very image of a perambulating clothes-pin; he seems to be split up too far.

Her Britannic Majesty and all England are justly proud of the three Household Cavalry Regiments, and they can consume more porter in a day than any other body of men in existence; these troops are essentially "fleshy men of full habit," and their uniform has a strong tendency toward vulgar nineteenth century pomp and splendor. I have only seen one corps that can in any degree bear comparison with the British Life and Royal Horse Guards for magnificence and general martial bearing. I refer, as you have doubtless divined, to Capt. (or is it Colonel?) Carter's Noble Ward Brigade—a corps in which I believe Mr. Piper holds a generalship. Mr. P. wouldn't do for a Horse and Life Guardsman; he isn't split up right; but if he were rolled out he might reach the standard height of six feet, and his chest measurement would do as it is, if the tape were put round him low enough down; say about the top trouser button. A man's chest, in reality, isn't there, but that was a mistake of nature and mortals are not to blame for the fact that their lungs were served out to them higher up. Ald. Baxter has a fine lower case chest; but he wouldn't do for the Queen's Household Cavalry; the heaviest weight that

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SKETCHES AT LAKESHORE PROHIBITION CAMP.

the horses can carry is 2,100 lbs; anything over this is the straw that breaks the equine vertebre.

Taken as a whole, I enjoyed my outing with F. C. and Company, but I should have felt less sad if they had refrained from joking. The British joke is a thing that is fearfully and wonderfully made; and its depressing effect on a stranger accustomed to the brilliant and effervescent hilarity of GRIP is very terrible. The proper degree of stupidity necessary to be acquired in order to manufacture a real joke of this description can only be attained by copious libations of Allsopp & Co.'s entire or deep draughts of 'alf-and-alf.

To-morrow I start for the provinces, having drawn on you for \$5,000. —S.  
(To be continued.)

A spoony youth and his Sunday girl, visiting Buffalo Bill's show in Montreal, were shown the little elk which had just been born. "Marjar," said he, "what is the difference between you and that little elk?" "I don't know, Josiar; what is it?" Why, that is a little elk, and you are a little dear." "Josiar, dear, don't you think we had better va-moose?"

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R. H. LEAR.

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