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Vol. I.

PUBLISHED BY THE GRIP PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO.

No. 2

June, 1887.

Issued Monthly.

\$1.20 PER YEAR OF 12 NOS.

## JUBILEE JOLLITIES.



JUBILEE ADDRESS FROM THE "SUPPORTERS OF THE CROWN."



A JUBILEE "AT HOME."



**IDIOMATIC.**

*Editor of Daily (to newspaper reporter)*—What's this? You say "the culprit was then swung off." This won't do!

*Reporter*—But he was, sir. I was there.

*Editor*—It won't do, I tell you. You must put it "launched into eternity," or you can't stay on this paper!

**THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.**

[A suggestion has been made that Parliament should be asked to contribute largely towards the "Imperial Institute" by means of a grant.]

A WORTHY scheme to satisfy its need,  
 Forsooth! "Imperial" Institute, indeed!  
 We think at this rate it would better suit  
 To call it the *Imperious* Institute!

F. F.

**NEW DEFINITIONS.**

- Music:** A polite art which serves its highest usefulness as a stimulus to conversation.
- Duty**—An obligation that rests entirely upon one's neighbor.
- Advice**—A superfluous article which everybody is eager to give away, but no one cares to receive.
- Consistency**—A jewel which frequently needs re-setting.
- News**—Old women's gossip; salacious scandal and secrets of domestic and conjugal life; anything in the way of rumor that does not relate to public affairs.
- Civility**—An ancient form of behavior, popular in feudal times, but unsuited to the exigencies of modern civilization.
- Artist**—A man of subtle æsthetic perceptions who attains proficiency in some such useful art as hair-dressing, or negro minstrelsy.
- Poetry**—Any metrical composition whose merits is unrecognized by the average magazine editor.

**Economy**—A habit of life which enables a woman to save money in her domestic expenditure in order that her husband may keep up his end at the club.

**Culture**—the pursuit of social folly having its origin in the love of singularity.  
 HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

**HOW TO SEE EUROPE.**

*Funds.*—First, borrow \$2,500.

*Tips.*—Next, convert \$2,300 of this into small British and Continental coins for tips *en route*.

*Health.*—Tie a string around your left lesser finger so that you will not forget to be sea-sick on the way over.

*Sleeping.*—If you are a Prohibitionist avoid staterooms on the port side.

*Baggage.*—Do not take any baggage, and thereby avoid being shadowed by dynamite detectives from Stoughton-on-the-Bass to Fenwick-Partshishairinthe-middlesex-on-the-Yarrow-near-Comley-West-Morley-Shropshire.

*London.*—Stop long enough to see the American-Exchange-in-Europe. This was founded A. D. MDCCLXXVII.; and, as any intelligent Briton will inform you, it is here that the foreign policy of the United States Government is shaped.

*Paris.*—The train stops here ten minutes for refreshments. Skip your lunch and visit Worth. See if he has finished Mrs. Florence's morning gown, with the chestnut beading.

*The Lakes in Holland.*—When visiting these, please do not allow yourself to forget

the fact that, while they are of various lengths, they are uniformly a yard wide.

*Pfaffenhofen.*—Famous for its brewery, which has the enormous output of three kegs of beer per week. Stay here a month (in Pfaffenhofen, *not* in the brewery) to get data for a book. Pfaffenhofen is the only spot in Europe which has not been written up for tourists.

*Mt. Vesuvius.*—By the time you reach Italy this will probably have been removed, judging from an official advertisement now appearing in *I Macaronio*, the leading paper of Naples, viz:—

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received for the razing and grading of Government Volcano No. 7, known as Mt. Vesuvius. Plans and Specifications may be seen at the Department of Public Works. All bids must be addressed: Tender for Removing and Grading of Mt. Vesuvius.

*Czarville Centre.*—Walk your locomotive over the bridge here, and do not tread on any fresh earth.

*Shillaly-by-the-Sea.*—This is famous as the birthplace of the third Irish King, Emigrant IV. The father of Emigrant IV (Emigrant XII) established the Irishstocracy, and was "every mile a king." He was noted for his broguacodocio: and, like Panurge, feared nothing but danger.

*Hole-in-the-Ground.*—Really we must be excused. This place is too well known to need description. We will only say it is here the Atlantic Cable crawls ashore. The Hole-in-the-Ground and Wayback Junction R. R. is the best conducted line on the Continent. On this railway,



### THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION.

He—There, you see, Ethel, you *can't* paddle your own canoe. Will you be mine?

first-class travelers are confined to their compartments by improved Yale locks; second-class by padlocks, while third-class tourists are fastened in with tenpenny nails. Such are the class distinctions of European railways.

WALLACE PECK.

### THE OLD BARD'S LAMENT.

SUGGESTED BY STRICTURES ON RECENT VERSE OF TENNYSON.

It's hard, did you know it?  
To be an old poet  
And be dogged by the ghosts of your past reputation;  
If you want praise or pelf  
You must copy yourself,  
And be of yourself an exact imitation.

Alas, it is hard  
To be an old bard  
To your own garnered frame a perpetual creditor.  
You will have a hard time,  
You builder of rhyme,  
With your past self for rival and chiefest competitor.

—*Tal-Bits.*

VERDI, the composer, received lately from King Humbert, the grand cordon of the Order of Saint Maurizio and Saint Lazzaro. It would be a fitting and graceful tribute to letters, if Goldwin Smith were to be honored in a similar manner during the Jubilee. The Professor would then be able to keep his necktie from shifting, without pinning it behind.

ALL the Jubilee poems that we have seen are strikingly beautiful. They are all original, too; in none of them have the ideas been stolen. And what is more, you could leave all these poems out in the back-yard all night, and take the fence down, and tie the dog up in the cellar,—and there wouldn't be the slightest danger of having them stolen either. We live in a wonderfully honest age.

### ADVANCE SHEETS.

THE *London Punch*, next week, will contain the following apropos of the approaching Jubilee:

*At Windsor Castle.*

Queen Victoria: Now, Walesey, dear boy, come up to tea to-morrow at seven. And mind, sonny, don't you-be-late.

Prince of Wales (*with some asperity*): Don't jubilate? (*you be late*). Well, I guess not. What in thunder have I to jubilate (*you be late*) about.—*N. Y. Life.*

### DESPICABLE PLAGIARISM.

THERE has been much said in the papers of late in regard to Rider Haggard's plagiarism. Now, if he has plagiarized he should be punished severely. My feelings are intense on this subject, for I have been woefully treated in this regard myself. I should have published several books, which would have had a world-wide sale, had not the great authors of antiquity prematurely and shamelessly stolen my thoughts before I was born.

It seems that, taking advantage of my unavoidable absence, Homer, Plato, Dante, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, and others, plagiarized my thoughts in a scandalous manner, and an unthinking and frivolous world gives them glory for their second-hand products and treats me with neglect. My best conceptions were ruthlessly pirated by Virgil; but the cowardly scribbler took good care to do his literary poaching well-nigh two thousand years before I was born. When I read his works at school I was kept nearly bursting with rage, thinking in what a shame-faced way that old heathen had built up a reputation on my ideas—the very ones I was just going to utter myself.

Shakespeare stole from me by the wholesale, and attained a literary fame which even I shall probably not





WITH MODIFICATIONS.

*The Bride*—"Love and cherish," yes, of course; but the Methodist Church has cut out the "obey" part, and I want to be married as a Methodist.

exceed myself, for with shrewd and malignant cunning he picked out the very best of my thoughts, and I find that the ideas I have left are really no better than his. My friends are unreasonable to think that I can surpass Shakespeare under the circumstances.

The whole play of Hamlet is mine. I recognized it the minute I read it. I would have written it myself, if I hadn't been kept so busy beating carpets. It's a mighty good piece, and Shakespeare knew it when he stole it.

I notice that Sidney Smith, and Charles Dickens, and Artemus Ward have stolen all my jokes. But I do not feel so bad about this, for I notice that the jokes of other contemporary humorists have been shamelessly appropriated by the authors of the most remote antiquity. I don't think I shall write much more. A modern author stands at tremendous disadvantage, when other writers have had five or six thousand years to sort his thoughts all over and pick out the best ones before he had a chance to open his mouth.

S. W. Foss.

THE position of a judge is an exceedingly trying one.

OH NO! WE NEVER MENTION IT.

(A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.)

[A CONTEMPORARY, describing certain novelties to be met with in the West-end shops, says: "A Crown jewel-holder for handy use on the toilet table is a seasonable trifle. It was called Jubilee, but I see a wise tendency to drop the hackneyed term, and style commemorative trifles Crown or Sovereign."]

SCENE.—Interior of a big dry goods store.

Clerk—Dress materials, madam? We are selling quite a number of these Crown cashmeres for morning wear, madam.

Lady Customer—Ah, very pretty indeed; and I—er—I think you may send me home sixteen yards of this one.

Clerk—Any handkerchiefs, madam? These are our sovereign Irish linen. The colors are fast and—

Lady Customer—Well, perhaps I *could* do with a dozen. No, I don't fancy you can show me anything else.

Clerk—But these Queen's kids are a marvel, madam. Only seventy-five cents a pair, six button, and warranted not to split.

Lady Customer—They are certainly remarkably good for the money. You may put me up a couple of pairs.

Clerk—Before you go, madam, may I have the honor of showing you our Empress hat-shapes for the summer season?

Lady Customer—I have really a good mind to have one. You are trimming them with—

Clerk—Flowers and ribbons of the new color, madam—sceptre yellow.

Lady Customer—Thank you; these ribbons will suit my complexion admirably, and I will leave you the hat to make up.

Clerk—Very good, madam. Anything in hosiery to-day? The goods you are examining are our Coronation hose, and we can highly recommend them.

Lady Customer—Then I will take half-a-dozen pairs, on the understanding that you will not tempt me to buy anything else.

Clerk—Oh, madam, it is surely not tempting you to beg you to inspect our Throne corsets—our Palace sunshades—our Jubilee collars—our—

Lady Customer (*with sudden asperity*)—Certainly not. I never purchase vulgar Jubilee articles.

[Flounces out of shop.]

Manager (*to Clerk*)—There! you frightened the lady away with your confounded Jubilee rubbish!

Clerk—It—it—it was a slip of the tongue sir. I ought to have said Potentate collars, but former habit—

Manager—Then you'd better take precious good care to make it so for the future, that's all. Jubilee, indeed

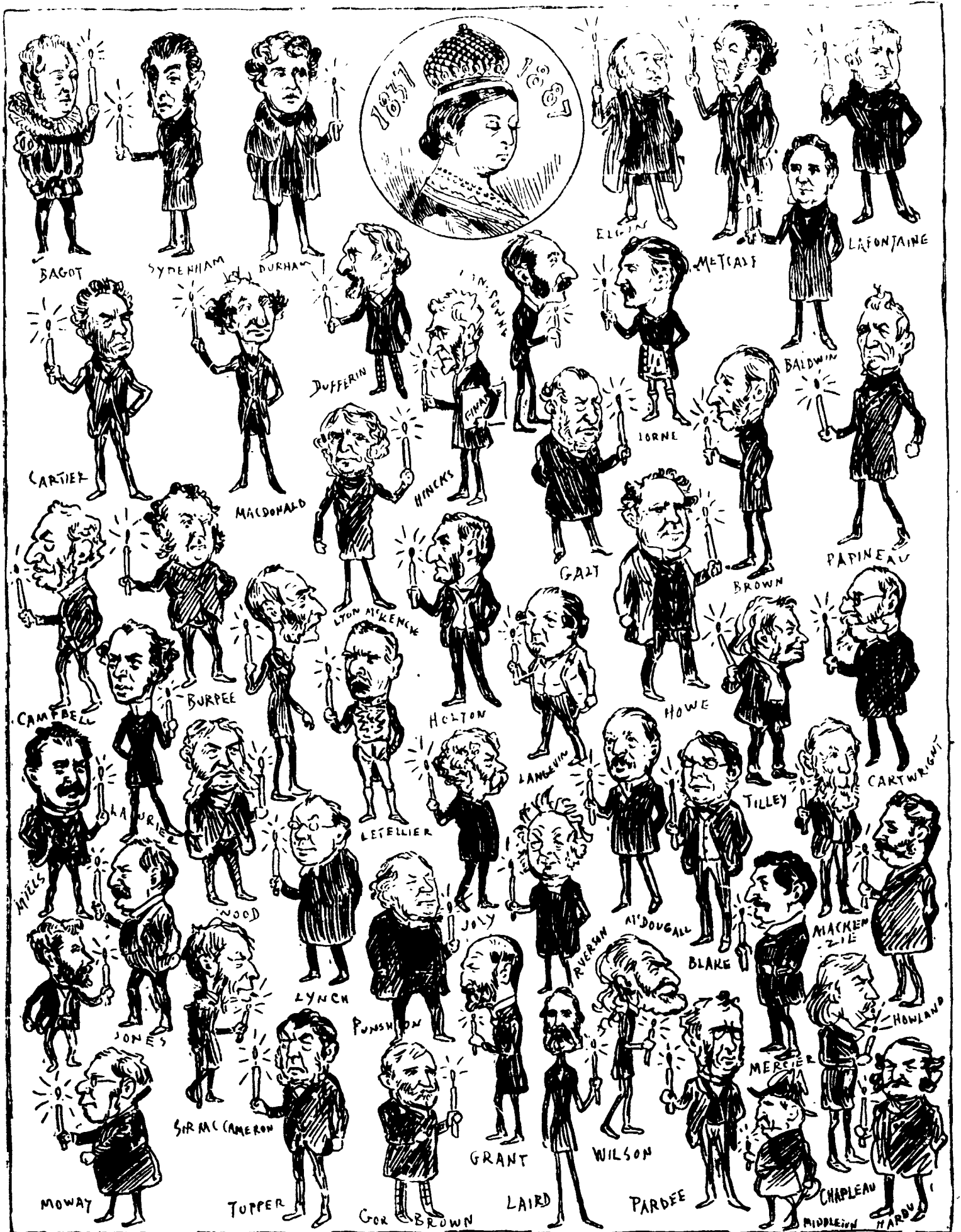
[Scene closes.]

—Funny Folks.

A HEAVY inroad it must make  
Upon the person's optimism  
Who's willing that his nerves should quake,  
And bones and joints and muscles ache,  
Who, in a word, for fashion's sake,  
Can take a pride in rheumatism.

—Judge.





LIGHTS OF CANADA DURING VICTORIA'S REIGN.



**LATEST FROM OTTAWA—A "CAPITAL" JOKE.**

*First Civil Service Swell*—Aw, 'I say, Cholly, I've made a joke. Why is this celebration like the celebrations we often have with the twaddsmen who give us credit?

*Second C. S. S.*—I can't guess. I'm tired, doncherknow. Why is it?

*First C. S. S.*—Because its a Due-Bill-ee celebration, doncherknow! See?

**THE JUBILEE.**

TIME, who hath seen the passing away  
Of all that the fleet years mar and slay,—

For all things last but a little while.  
Like Egypt's cities glassed in the Nile,

And golden youth, alas, grows grey,  
And life is but a year and a day,—

Heareth now an empire's loud acclaim  
World-wide, to Victoria's name.

"O Fifty Years," Time crieth, "behold!  
Like the daughters of Danaus, of old,—

"The fifty maids by the dismal shore,  
Whose urns run empty evermore,—

"Years that love hath had power to foil,  
I've laid on you a fruitless toil!"

W. J. H.

**THE JUBILEE YEAR.**

THIS little publication, instead of amusing the Anglo-Saxon world as intended, would only excite the contempt and indignation of all English-speaking persons if it failed to present a resumé of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. No Jubilee publication could expect to succeed without that. As briefly as possible, therefore, our Ten-Crout Historian proceeds to his task.

Victoria Regina is the grand daughter of King George Number Three, and was born on the 24th of May, sixty-eight years ago. We hate thus plainly to hint at a lady's age, but in this case it can't very well be avoided. It was an omen, no doubt, of the good fortune which has attended Her Majesty throughout her long life that her birth was upon the 24th of May—the pleasantest holiday of the British people. Victoria was born a terrific swell, so far as blood goes. Not only was her grandpa a king—though not a particularly clever one—but nearly all her connections on both sides of the house were in the royalty business and belonged to old established firms. No sovereign of Britain ever had more indisputable right to the throne, as Victoria united in herself all the claims that could be set up on behalf of all races, religions and dynasties surviving in the royal line. She was just eighteen years old when called upon to assume the throne, and when one comes to consider what hard work it is to sit all day in a stuffed chair wearing a heavy and uncomfortable crown, it speaks well for the heroism of the young princess that she was willing to take the position. She had been reared in strict seclusion under the care of her affectionate mother, and was entirely innocent of picnics, moonlight excursions, and all the other frivolities of her sex. She did not even know the mysteries of chewing-gum, but on the other hand her domestic tastes and capabilities were highly cultivated. When the high State dignitaries went to the castle before daylight to announce to the princess the death of her royal uncle, the future Queen, we are told, met them without hesitation, although at the time she was not dressed for company. She did not first go and peep through the parlor shutters to see "who in

the mischief *th's* could be at such an outlandish hour." No! The noble young Victoria was not up to the usual feminine capers. She appeared at once—as we are informed in the words of one of the dignitaries aforesaid—"in a loose white nightgown and shawl, her nightcap thrown off and her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." This "early" glimpse of Her Majesty gives a correct estimate of the real nobility of her character. No show or flummery about her! None of the society young lady's mock modesty. What belle of the present day would meet a deputation of swells in her night-gown and slippers unless that night-gown was a perfect marvel of embroidery? Is it any wonder that the statesmen of the day—and everybody else—were charmed by her gentle dignity and engaging manners?

Forthwith the fair young princess took possession of the sceptre, but the formal ceremony of coronation did not take place until June, 1838. The fête attendant

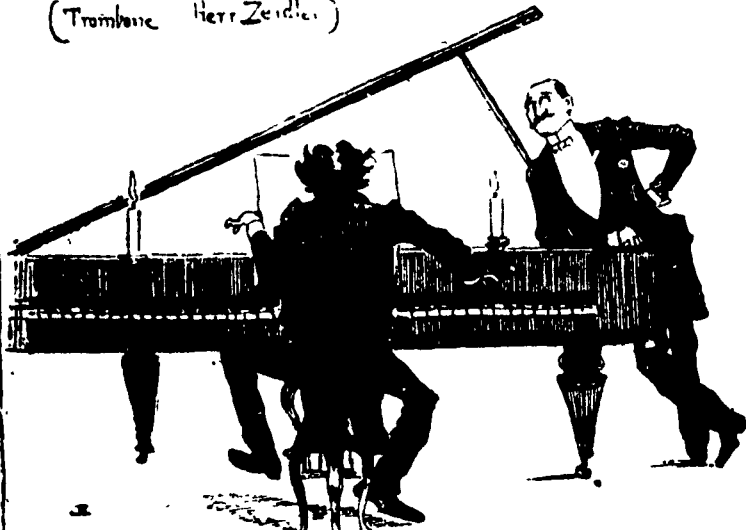
# THE BOUQUET FIEND AGAIN



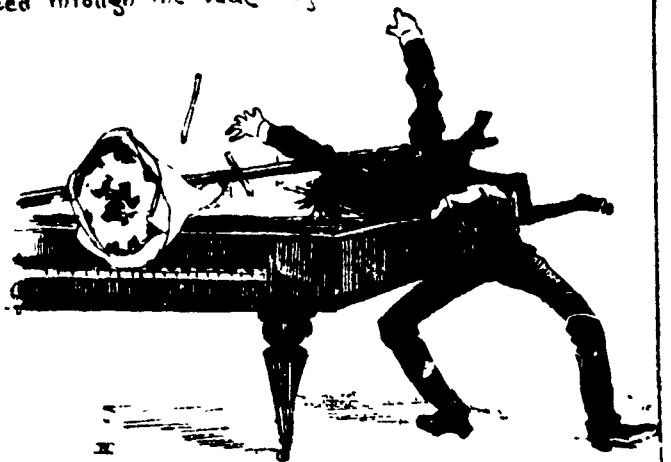
*Song*  
The trumpet calls my love away  
(Trombone Herr Zeidler.)



Considerable enthusiasm Herr Zeidler's teeth  
forced through the back of his head



Madame Antouette Stelling sings My own true love? More enthusiasm



And if the bouquet hadn't caught the stick  
that held the lid of the piano up Mr. Schimmmerhorn  
wouldn't have been walking about at this moment  
with his head in a shig

thereon was something so prodigious that the memory of it utterly extinguishes the combined glories of the Barnum and Forepaw consolidated aggregation combined with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. It was truly immense, and conveyed in an adequate degree the tumultuous enthusiasm of the public.

The young Queen began her career amid conditions which held promise of unusual glory and happiness. Peace reigned throughout her empire, and Her Majesty's person was surrounded by a galaxy of great men whose hearts were enlisted in her service no less than their intellects. Amongst her very first acts was to confer the honor of knighthood upon a Jew—Sir Moses Montefiore. This grand old philanthropist died only a short time ago, at the ripe age of a hundred—or was it two hundred?—years. This incident is fittingly recalled now, as the Jubilee is a distinctly Israelitish institution. It is, however, only one of the many wise, generous and womanly things which Victoria did then, and has been doing ever since.

Having now got comfortably settled down in her own house, the young Queen begins to contemplate the possi-

bility of being an old maid, and the prospect was as repugnant to her as it is to all well-regulated young women. The sceptre was very pretty, very useful about the house, and worth a lot of money, but it couldn't love her in return and it couldn't speak German. The crown was very neat and comfortable, but it wasn't to be compared to a nice young man. And Victoria was in love with just such an one—a very deserving young gentleman named Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel something. We couldn't learn his other name. He was at the time residing in Saxony where he carried on a small but respectable business in the Duke and Prince line. He was called Albert for short, and as it happened that he was a cousin of the Queen, it was only natural that she should love him—it is the regular thing in high class English romances. According to court etiquette, a proposal of marriage in such a case must come from the lady—a point which the reader will do well to make a note of in case he ever takes a fancy to a royal princess. The consequence was that Albert could not speak his love; he looked unutterable things, however. After a due season of this silent sort of courtship, the fair young



**A MODERN INNOCENT.**

*Mamma*—But, Flora, how do you know that this young man loves you. Has he told you so!

*Flora*—Oh, no, mamma. But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!

monarch at length summoned up courage, and one beautiful moonlight night as they walked upon the terrace of the castle, she said, "Francis Albert Augustus Charles Emanuel, will you be mine?" He blushed and whispered "Yes," and small blame to him, for besides getting the girl he loved—who happened also to be one of the prettiest and sweetest-mannered girls in the land, aside from all considerations of birth—the Prince secured a situation for life which combined light and pleasant employment with a first-class salary. The marriage was celebrated on Feb. 10th, 1840, and all the world knows that it proved an uncommonly happy union. The reader who desires to go into particulars as to the domestic arrangements, felicities and occurrences of the royal household is referred to that able work of reference, "Leaves from my Diary," by Victoria Regina, an authoritative book on the subject, price \$1.50, in neat binding. Space forbids more extended notice here. The children who in due course arrived to enliven the corridors of the castle with their gleeful prattle were, need we say, the idols of their fond parents, whose generosity to them, especially in the matter of given-names, was truly princely. Following is the list:—Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise (Nov. 21st, 1840), Albert Edward, etc., (Nov. 9th, 1841), Alice Maud Mary (April 25th, 1843), Alfred Ernest Albert (August 6th, 1844), Helena Augusta Victoria (May 25th, 1846), Louisa Caroline Alberta (March 18th, 1848), Arthur William Patrick Albert (May 1st, 1850), Leopold George Duncan Albert (April 7th, 1853), and Beatrice Mary Victoria Fedore (April 14th, 1857). Of this interesting family all survive to the present but Alice and Leopold.

They are all married to husbands or wives of royal blood with the exception of the Princess Louise who, aspiring beyond mere royalty, married the son and heir of the Duke of Argyle. The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne are well and favorably known to the people of Canada for their ability in salmon fishing, and the indomitable heroism which enabled them to undergo a lengthened residence at Ottawa.

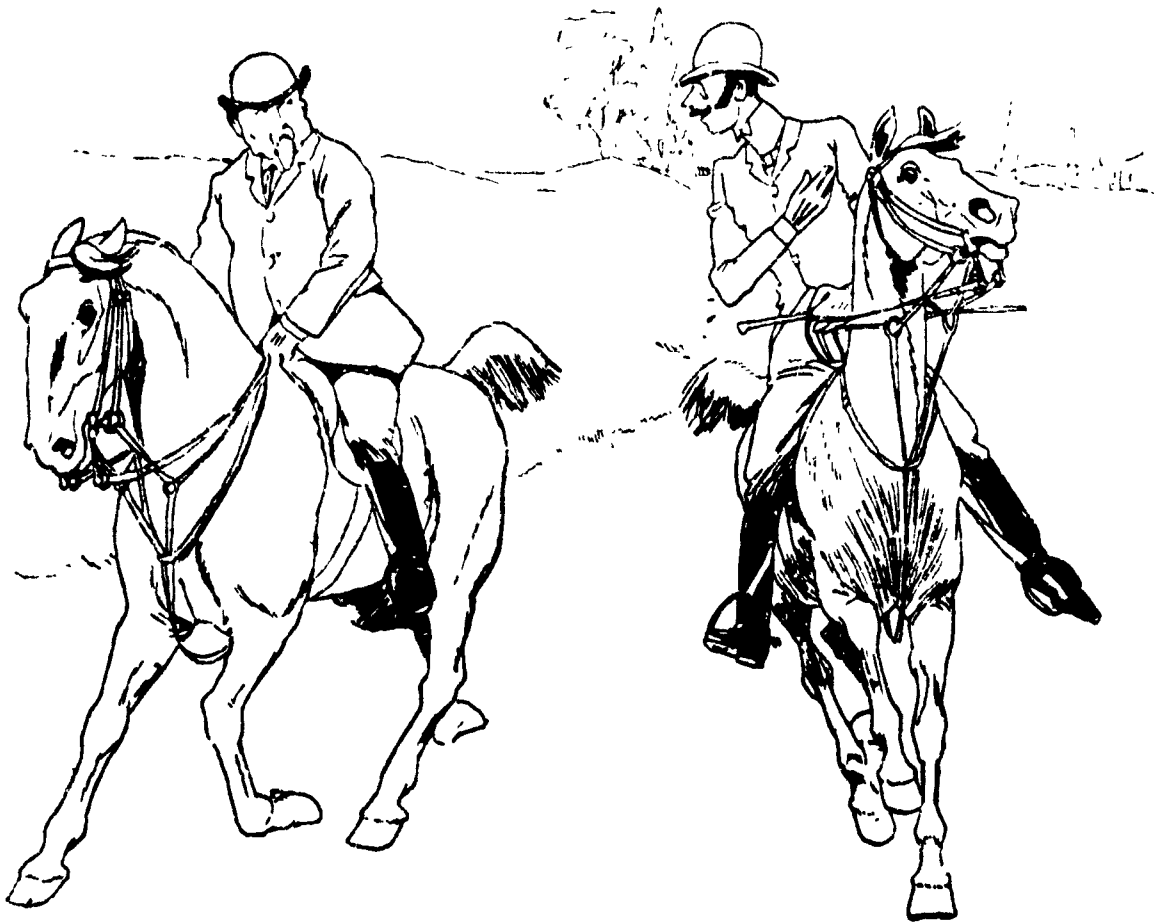
The royal residence is at Windsor Castle, some twenty-three miles from London. Here the state ceremonial is so stiff with gold lace and formality as to make life a burden. It is all based on the theory that human beings are destitute of feeling and do not crave for companionship. To be invited to dine with the Queen is about as cruel a fate as can well happen a man. He is not allowed to see Her Majesty until they are about to sit down at the table, and when in their places conversation is out of order. The visitor, whatever his rank, can't even ask the old lady to pass the butter. The table is always presided over by the Master of the Household, whose duty it is to see that the guest doesn't eat with his knife. It is no wonder that the queen is very glad to escape from this nonsensical travesty of life as often as possible, and to fly away to Balmoral, in the Highlands, where she lives the life of a flesh-and-blood human being. Here she is always accompanied by the fair Beatrice and her hubby, Prince Henry of Battenburg, who is expected to dress in the Highland garb. He says he doesn't like the kilt, although it is certainly a free costume and one is not liable to commit any breeches of etiquette while wearing it. For interesting details as to Balmoral and its surroundings, consult that other standard work, "Our Life in the Highlands," by Victoria Regina (cloth, \$1.75). Canada



**HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW, OF COURSE.**

Now doctor, don't hesitate to tell me—I have prepared myself for anything. Do you really think she will not pass away?

## THE OPPORTUNITY



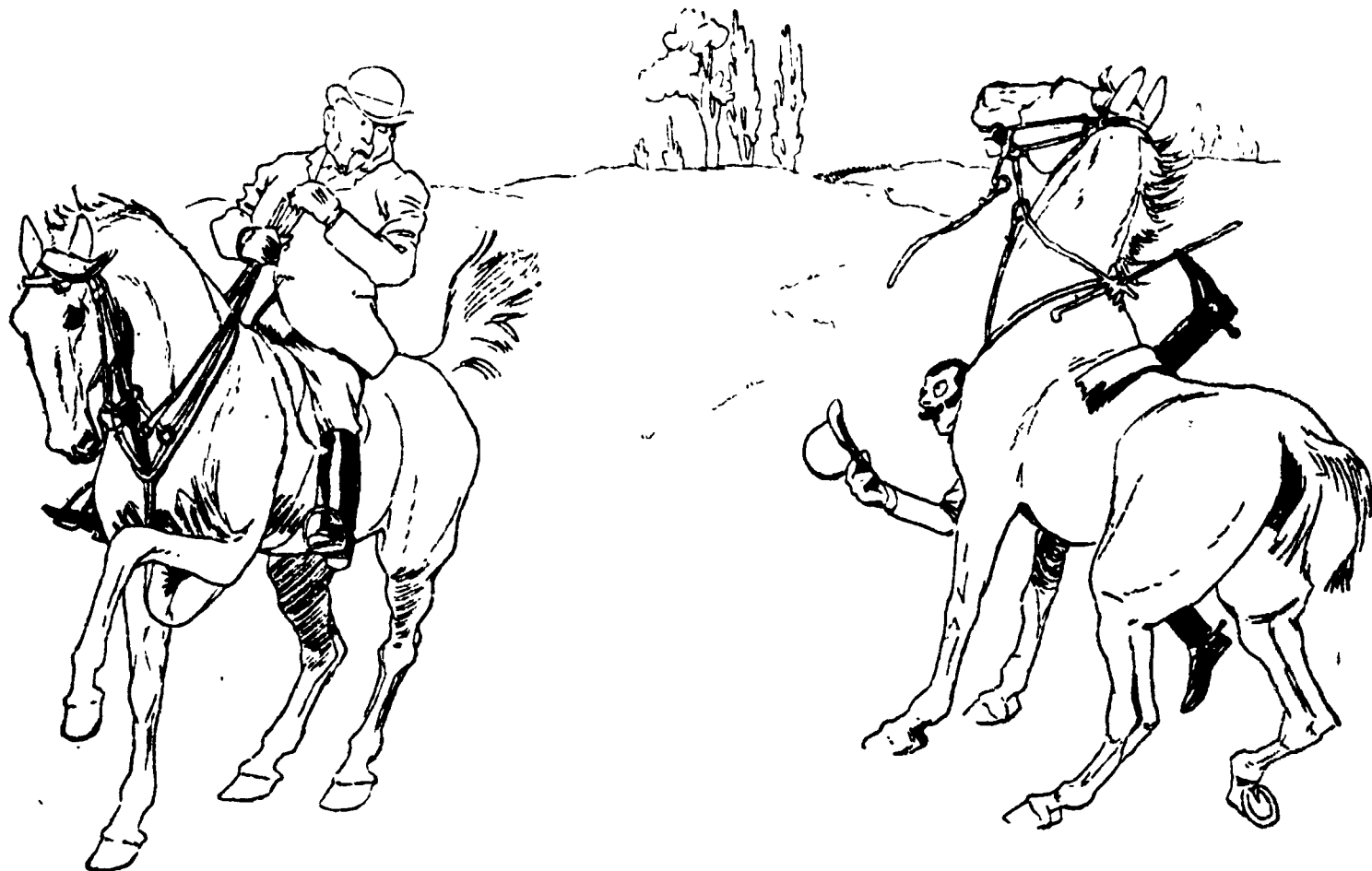
*Algernon*—You have, no doubt, perceived, Col. Brown, the tender sentiment, which I have endeavored in vain to conceal. I am—(the horse shies)

signalized the commencement of Victoria's reign by a Rebellion, which ended in the establishment of responsible government; and through that responsible government she signalizes the Jubilee by piling the taxes on British iron and other imports higher than ever. Canada's loyalty to the mother country is entirely superior to all base commercial considerations. During the fifty years our country has kept pace in progress with the empire at large. During that period we have given Sir John A. Macdonald to the world—and the world confesses that it never saw anything like him before. Sir John entered parliament just six years after the accession of the queen to the throne, and for the greater part of that time he has wielded the sceptre here. The glorious Victorian age has also witnessed the rise of other great Canadian institutions amongst which may be named that organ of independent public opinion—GRIP (only \$2 per year). The Dominion itself, it must not be forgotten, was established during this period. When the queen took her first glance over her empire from the top step of the throne she saw Canada in the shape of a number of scattered Provinces, in two of which lively rebellions were going on. *Now*, when she occasionally glances this way, what does she see? A consolidated Dominion, happy and prosperous from end to end, ruled wisely and prudently by an economical government with the supervision of an able, intellectual, high-minded and patriotic Senate, with an overflowing treasury and no national debt worth mentioning; with no whisper of secession on the one hand and no agitation against disallowance on the other; with partyism buried in forgetfulness and mutual honor and respect ruling over the

councils of the political leaders. Dost like the picture? If so cherish it—it is a brilliant work of imagination. Events of the reign outside of Canada must be briefly alluded to before we conclude this Jubilee sketch.

Victoria's era may be known in history as the Era of Cranks. It began with the Chartists, a set of fanatical fellows who had got hold of some large chunks of common sense, which they ultimately succeeded in forcing down the throats of the authorities. They gave a great deal of trouble and constant employment to the police force, however, before accomplishing their mission. The impetus toward Liberalism which has marked the reign took its rise in the Chartist agitation. Before long (1850) the corn laws were repealed and Great Britain became what she has ever since remained, a free-trade country. Thus does a nation suffer through not having great statesmen to give her an N.P. In 1840 the war with China began, and our glorious Empire forced the Mongolian at the point of the bayonet to let us sell opium to the unwilling heathen. In 1842, Afghanistan threw off the British yoke by a sudden uprising, in which the entire garrison was wiped out. The yoke was readjusted, however, the next year. After a few other minor difficulties, the great Crimean war broke out, in 1854. England, France and Turkey undertook to maul the Russian bear, and they executed the contract in a fairly satisfactory manner. The war was chiefly noted for furnishing the raw material for Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," which is considered a better piece of poetizing than his Jubilee Ode. In 1857 the Sepoy rebellion in India broke out, and a dreadful massacre occurred. The rebels were subdued in a short time and their leaders

WAS NOT WASTED.



now in a position to be married, sir, and hope to receive your consent to my union with your charming daughter, Eveline.

fittingly punished. In 1858, Japan opened her ports to British trade, and her growth since that event is one of the marvels of the age. The establishment of a Japanese shop in Toronto is amongst the latest foreign enterprises of the Eastern Empire.

Early in 1861 Her Majesty lost her mother, and in December of the same year, her devoted and amiable husband. This event transformed her life, which has ever since been that of a "widow indeed."

The other principal events of the period we have only space to name. They were the American Civil War (1861-64); the Fenian Invasion of Canada, (1866); the Abyssinian War, (1868); the Disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, (1870); Compulsory Education in England, (1871); the Ballot, (1872); the Queen proclaimed Empress of India, (1876); the Treaty of Berlin, (1878); the Zulu War, (1879); and the Irish Coercion Bill, No. 78, 1867. This last mentioned item is a veritable fly in the Jubilee ointment. It is a great pity that the bill granting Home Rule to Ireland cannot be passed before the end of this auspicious month of June, but unfortunately the present Government of England have no eye for the fitness of things. The empire at large is enjoying the blessings of peace, and throughout its vast extent its loyal subjects were never more ready to

"Sing with heart and voice,  
God save the Queen."

J. W. B.

We see that Edward Rice's popular opera of "Evangeline" has been put in verse very cleverly by a Boston man named Longfellow.—*Chicago News*.

#### A GREAT SUBJECT.

WHEN gold-lined crocus-cups are brimmed with dew,  
When tulips blow, and when the sky is blue  
Over the fields where wildflowers mark the way  
Trodden by spring's sweet feet in the month of May,  
When opal mists stretch out the hills along,  
And eke the lark's glad heart bursts out in song,—  
The poet,—this year,—doesn't blithely sing  
A tender, soulful, sensuous hymn to spring;  
He reaches for his Rhyming Dic. with glee,  
And proceeds to indite an ode on the Jubilee!

#### THE JUBILEE POEM.

DEAR MAISTER GRIP,—If there's a'e thing mair than anither that I hate and abhor, its tae see a body fu' o' their ain conceit—an' in this opinion I find I'm backit up by Solomon himsel', nae less. Noo, let me tell ye, it's nae sma' comfort tae find yersel' uphaiden in yer opinions an' sentiments by men whose minds hae been acknowledged at least no that far ahint yer ain. Still, I wadna like ye tae tak as an evidence o' self conceit the fack o' me sayin' (in confidence like) that I think the poetic element is vera strong in ma mind, an' if it wadna that poetry is sic an ill-paid article in the lesterary market, ma name might lang ere noo hao been inscribed in characters a fit lang on the roll o' Fame. Hoo I missed a grand chance o' Fame the ither day I'm just gaun to tell ye. About twa month syne, just after a sair day in the warehooose, I was just sittin' in ma easy chair takin' a swautch o' the *Week* when a' on a sudden ma e'e lichter on a notice in't, tae wut:—A hunder dollars for the best poem, etc. Noo, mony an' mony a time the Muse has come to me in various characters. I've seen her come like Love, or Frenship, or Fun, or Nature hersel', an' I





“REST.”

*The Doctor*—(after long and careful diagnosis)—What you need, young man, is absolute rest of brain, and complete repose of body.

*The Patient*—No use. I've been trying that for four years. I'm in the Dominion civil service.

wad aye dae my best tae suit ma verse according to the inspiration she wad gie me, but this was the first time she had ever appeared to me in the shape of a hunder-dollar bill, an' the first thing I did was tae cry, “Avaunt thee, Sautan!” an' pitch the *Week* an' a' its temptations tae the ither end o' the room.

But then, ye see, a hunder dollars is a hunder dollars, an' sae I just pickit up the paper again—an' read the offer ower an' ower, calklatin' hoo often I wad hae ta' soop up the warehouse for siccan a sum. Then I began ta consider what a sinfu' thing pride was an' thocht if Robbie Burns cud accept an excisemanship I micht accept the offer o' the *Week* an' sail aff wi' the hunder dollars—only I hated to take it frae the rest o' the puir needy souls that of coorse wad be tryin' for't. Charity, hooever, begins at hame, so I telled Mistress Airlie that as I was beginnin' tae feel the divine afflatus comin' on, she wad better gae awa ben the hoose an' steek the door ahint her. She offered tae mak a mustard plaster tae pit on the afflatus—but I just waded her awa' Then I tuk aff ma coat an' lowsed the twa tap buttons o' ma' vest, so I cud heave a great sigh noo an' then, an' rinnin' ma fingers through ma hair to get a kind o' a toozy poetic look about me, I tuk up ma pen an' buckled tae.

“Go! strike ma Muse, the sounding liar  
A hundred dollars worth of fire;  
Poetic—think of it, my soul,  
And make your verses ring and roll!”

Then I strak up the grand auld Alexandrian rhyme, an' I just tell ye auld Dryden was eclipsed for ance. I got sae warmed up that, like Jenny in the witches' dance, I

wad fain hae “cuist my duddies to the wark,” in fact, I did tak aff ma paper collar an' ma vest an' threw open the sash tae let in a breath o' bawmy air, an' tell the bairns roun the doors that as I was just writin' a poem for the *Week*, I wad be extraordinar' obleeged tae them if they wad a' haud their tongues till I got through—an' when I got the prize I wad gie them a bawbee the piece.

I'm sure I feenished the hale thing in aboot ten meenits after that, an' then I wrote a letter tae my brither Willie, tellin' him hoo the *Week*, in order tae tempt me intae their columns, had actually offered a hunder dollars for a poem, weel kennin' that gin I opened ma moo nae ither dowg wad bark. I telled him that the *Week* was an insignificant sort o' a paper, but that I had na doot when ma name ance became connectit wi' its circulation wad mair than dooble itsel'. Tae this I added a lang screed o' family affairs, an' then I faulded baith manuscripts up, addressed the envelopes, an' pittin' on ma coat I set oot an' posted them then an' there. Just picter ma feelin's, ma complete misconfishment, when I got ma letter tae ma brither Willie returned frae the *Week* office—sair-castically declined wi' thanks! I'm no the better o't yet—but its no masel' I'm thinkin' o', it's the loss tae the *Week*.

HUGH AIRLIE.

“THE GREAT WILD WEST” IN LONDON.

(It really pains us to have to get ahead of Punch this way, but business is business, you know.)

ALL London hastes to gaze its fill  
On wild-eyed red men roving free,  
And brandishing tomahawks (swift to kill)  
At long-haired scouts in savage glee.  
The Cockneys' pulses throb and thrill  
Such wild, blood-curdling sights to see,—  
Thus, gathering wealth, doth Buffalo Bill  
Enjoy the BUFFALO JUBILEE!



*Grigsby*—You go on the stage? Why, you've no talent.

*Wiffins*—Talent! Why, I've been the defendant in the spiciest kind of a divorce suit. What more do you want?





**CEUSHED!**

*Fair Critic*—How did I like the piece? Well, frankly, it was well played, but it is wretchedly composed. Do play that last new thing of your own Mr. Jobbleson. I hear it is very pretty.

*Jobbleson*—Er—that was it.

**THE FLY IN THE JUBILEE OINTMENT.**

Is't a Joobilay poem yere after, Mavourneen!  
 Sure thin it's meself will supply yez that same;  
 An' if yez want blarney—my name isn't Barney,  
 If I don't have yez smothered in syrup an' crame.

Och, thin, it's meself thinks a dale av the ould sod!  
 An' a foine daycent woman no doubt is the O'ane;  
 It's moighty few women could walk on that same road,  
 For fifty long years an' their skirts kape as clane.

More power to her elbow! an' may her bright shadow  
 The devil an' iver change or grow less;  
 But don't be mistaken—its of *Her* that I'm spakin',  
 An' not av that crowd that would Oirel and oppress.

Bad luck to thim! spilin' the whole jubilation,  
 Wid their Coercion bills an' their gaggin' cloture;  
 Determind to crush the life out av a nation  
 Unworthy the name dirl they suffer it sure.

Luck ye, now, it's meself that's as bad as ould Baalam  
 Whin he blessed 'stead o' cursin' thim I-sraelites ould;  
 Here's meself set out blessin' an' find its all cursin',  
 But like him I can't help it—the truth must be tould.

It's a Joobilay poem yere axin', Acushla?  
 Whist ye now till Home Rule makes ould  
 Onelund contant,  
 Then I'll sing yez a ditty, so nate an' so pritty,  
 Wid music you'd dance to all put into print.  
 BARNEY O'HEA.

**JUBILEE JOTTINGS.**

THE life of the Jubilee celebration in Canada is the loyalty and love towards the Queen sincerely felt throughout the Dominion, as throughout all parts of the broad Empire. Lord Lansdowne is to us merely her representative, and while we are all pleased that the Governor-General has been *joined* and made much of in Toronto, we keep well in mind, at the same time, that he is but a figure-head. Whatever there is in Canada's attachment to England lies wholly in the strong sentiment of the sturdy, self-respecting, democratic Canadian people.

\* \* \*

LORD LANSDOWNE—if we may be allowed to say so of the scion of a hundred earls, now that O'Brien is out of the country—has, so far as Canadians are concerned, a striking resemblance to a member of the *corps de ballet*. He is clothed in a little brief authority; she, the *ballet* girl, is clothed in a little brief—but, really, we are in utter ignorance of theatrical matters, and can speak of such things only from hearsay.

\* \* \*

SOME stagnant water from the river Jordan was recently sent by an enthusiastic churchman for Princess Beatrice's baby to be baptized with. We do not know whether the baby was baptized with this water or not, but we are gratified to learn that Prince Henry of Battenberg is doing as well as is to be expected under the circumstances. It is pleasant, too, to know that the baby's presence will not interfere with the Jubilee festivities. There will be bawls every night.

\* \* \*

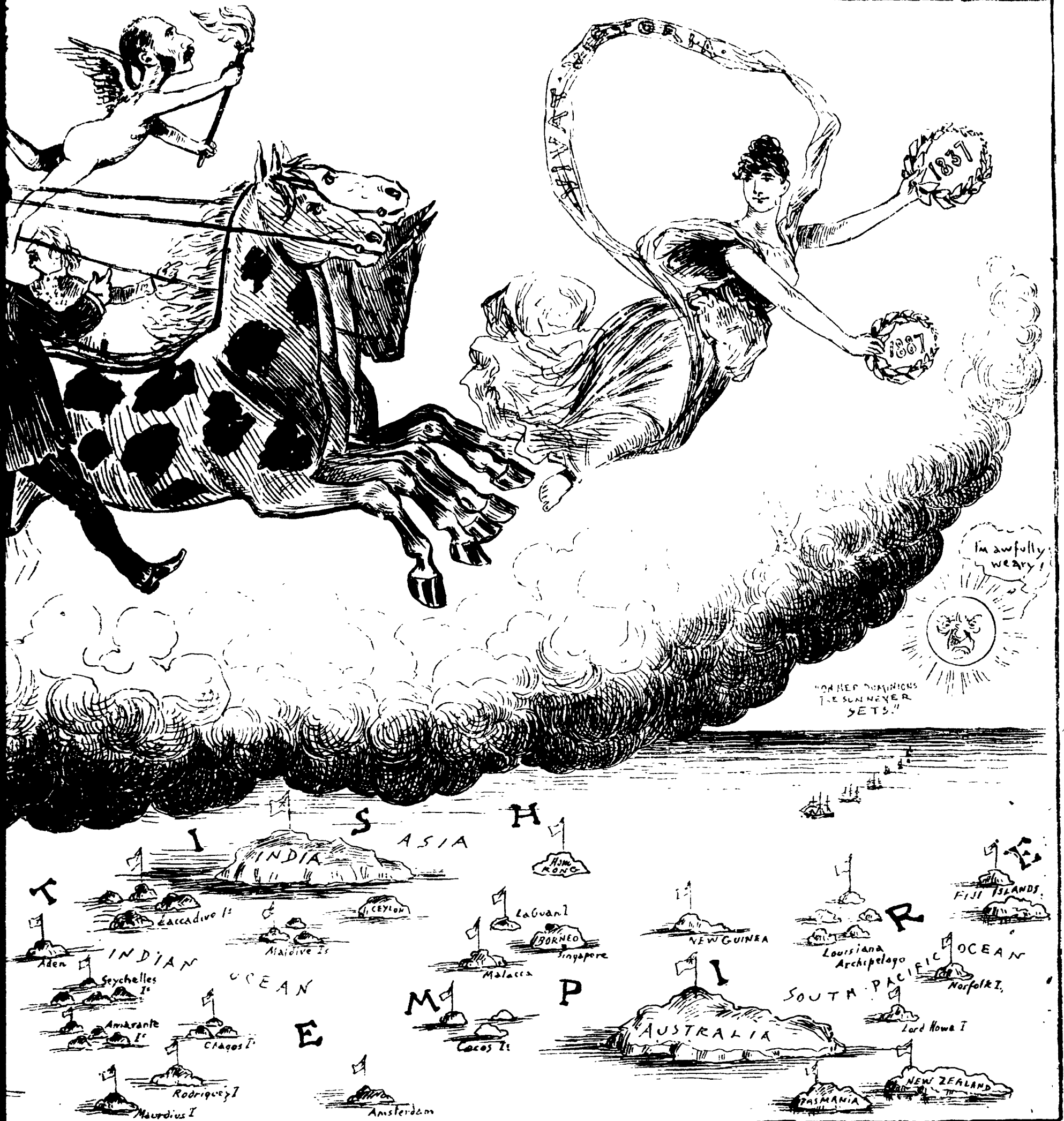
It is stated that the Queen intends to signalize her Jubilee by the creation of a new Order. A cynical American paper suggests that since there is already an Order of the Bath, which does not seem to fulfil all the requirements, the Queen, if she wishes to consult the real needs of the aristocracy, will establish an Order of the Chloride of Lime.

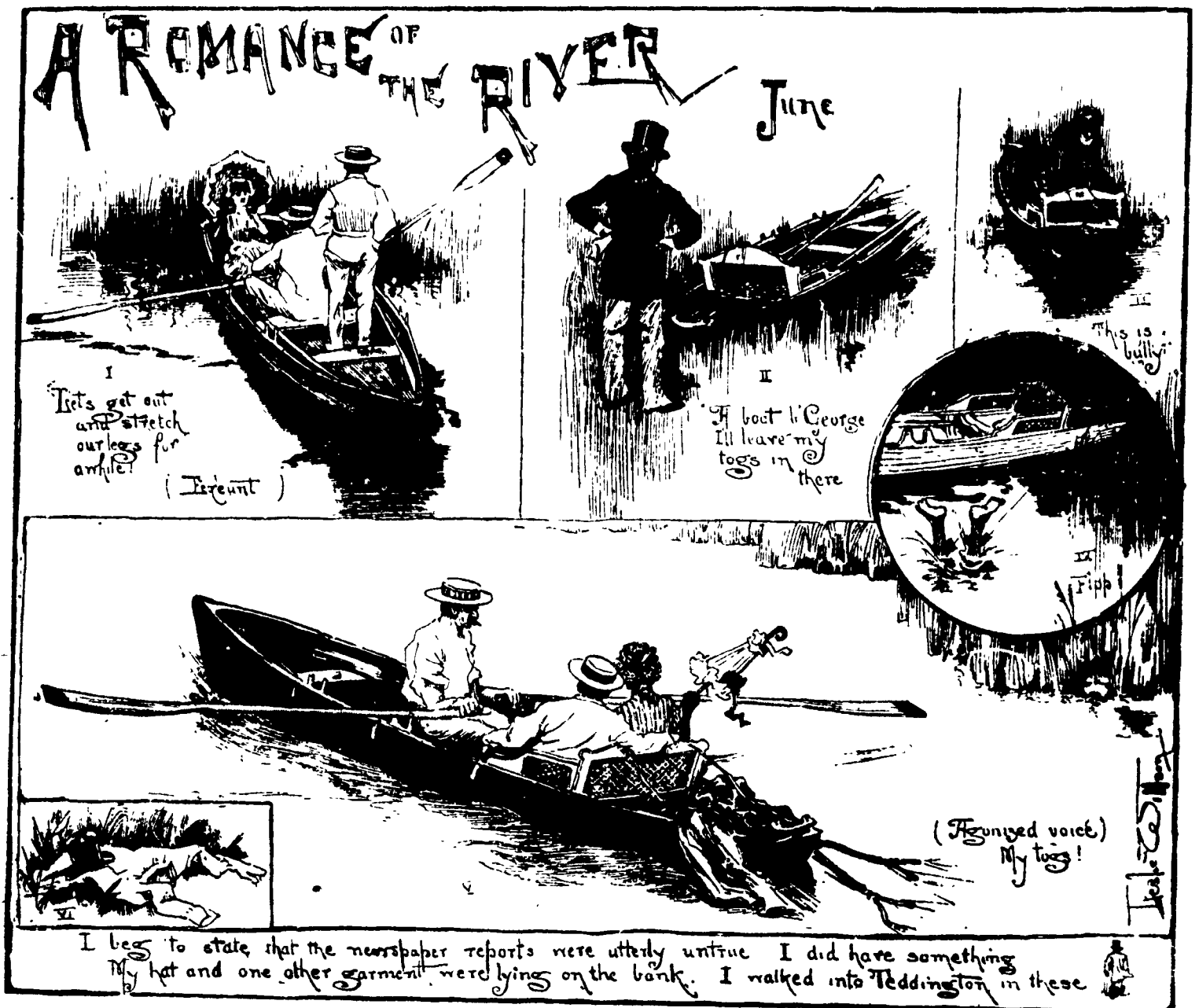
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To be sincere, though, we would earnestly advise those to whom titles may be offered during the Jubilee, to accept them without any ill-bred affectation of despising them as empty baubles. We hope that none of our readers will be guilty of the insolent vulgarity of refusing a proffered peerage. As for ourselves, the offer of an ordinary knighthood would clothe our expressive countenance with a grin of happiness to be measured only with the Atlantic cable as a tape-line.

THE gray suits occasionally worn by ladies this spring are very grays-ful.







### LAWDEDAW ON THE IRISH QUESTION.

Aw—I can't see through this Iwish awangement at all. I can't understand what all the doosed fuss is about. Aw—why O'Bwien should come to this countwy I can't think—in fact—aw—why he should bothah himself aw anybody else about these evictions passes my—aw—compwehension. Eithah the tenants pay their went, aw, they don't pay their went. If they pay their went, they pay it, of cawse, and if they don't, they don't. There is the whole question in a—aw—nutshell. I don't see what the landlawds have to complain of, aw—when the tenants can't pay their went, of cawse they can't give them a weceipt—but if they can pay their went, and won't, aw—all you've got to do is to ask the weason why. Aw—on the othah hand, I can't see what the tenants have to complain of, anyway. You tell the landlawd that—aw—aw—in fact you can't, and won't, pay your went—and he evicts you—aw—well, there is no more went to pay, is ther? That's how I look at it. How are you to get a living? Oh, that's—aw—your lookout. If you are living on the woadside and paying no went, you ought to live—aw—cheap. You can take all the money you give out for went to buy bwhead with, and if you can't get

bwhead, why don't you get meat and eggs, and saw fawth?

Aw, weally, there was not the slightest necessity faw this O'Bwien business—aw. If the people, as he says, can't affawd to pay went and make a living out of the land, then why in the name of—aw—common sense don't they go into business—dwy goods aw gwocewies, aw become landlawds themselves, and not have to pay went. Landlawds don't have went to pay—aw—hence they are nevah evicted. Aw—I think it's a shame faw fellows like O'Bwien to be continually—aw—thwusting the wongs of Ireland befoah the noses of people just when they are occupied in—aw—celebwating the jubilee of the Queen. It's in bad fawm—aw—vewy bad fawm indeed. As I wemahked at the outset—aw—I can't see through this Iwish business and this Home Wule question. I'm vewy much afwaid it will end in—aw—just hand me anothah cigah—aw—thank you.

### BORED.

"SAY, Tom, can't you suggest a word  
Something to rhyme with 'jubilee'?"  
"Well, ya-as, I can," said Tom the bored,  
"There, write it down, 'Toujours perdrix.'"



**INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.**

(By one of our accomplished Amateur Photographers.)

**DE YEAH OB JOOBILLOH.**

Oh go 'long, yo' darkie niggahs!  
 Bet you all cut sorry figgahs,  
 When I tickles wid dose finghas,  
 Tink-a-tink, de ole banjo!  
 Now shet up! an' listen will yo',  
 Wile I go ahead an' tell yo'  
 Tink-a-tinkle all about dis jubilloh!  
 Jubillee!—Jubilloh!  
 All about—dis—yere—ju-bil-loh!

Oh de yeahs dey fifty numbah,  
 Since dis chile do recomembah  
 How a young gal, slim an' limbah,  
 An' by name "Victorloh."  
 Sooa's ole William done departed,  
 Tuk de throne an' reignin' started,  
 Jes fifty yeahs afo' dis jubilloh,  
 Jubillee! Jubilloh!  
 Dat wor fifty yeahs afo' de jubilloh!

You jes bet she was a daisy,  
 Shey'd have no one round her hazy  
 Guess de folks dey called her crazy,  
 Case for lub she married, sho!  
 Dat chile knew what she was doin',  
 Dem dere days when she done wootin',  
 Dem happy days afo' dis jubilloh,  
 Jubillee! Jubilloh!  
 A long time afo' dis jubilloh!

Lots of joy, an' lots ob sorrow,  
 Bright to-day, an' dark to-morrow,  
 Nary need ob care to borrow;  
 Sich is life, o' cose you know.  
 All de same she am a beauty,  
 Fifty yeahs ob well-done duty—  
 Doan yo' think dat dar am worf a jubilloh?  
 Jubillee! Jubilloh!  
 Dis chile am boun' to keep de Jubilloh.

J. K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

A ROBBER met a coal dealer on a lonely road and stopped him. "Your money or your life," said the robber. "Who are you?" asked the coal dealer. "I'm a highwayman," replied the man. "Good enough," continued the coal dealer, "I'm a low-weighman. Shake. We should be friends." And they were.—*Merchant Traveller.*

"ACH, Pismarck, I vos a very sick man, don't it?" remarked the Emperor of Germany to the chancellor. "Py crashus, vot der matter vos?" asked Bismarck in alarm. "Look at dot, and tole me no questions." And Wilhelm showed the chancellor a picture of himself which had been printed in an American paper.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

LAWYER in court—May it please your honor, I wish to be just and generous to my brother on the other side. I do not say that my brother is a liar, because such an intimation would be entirely unprofessional. But if one of his associates should make such an intimation, of course in professional terms, with the light I have at present I should be unable to dissent.—*Boston Beacon.*

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### METTLE FOR A STAR.

*Manager*—But have you counted the cost of being an actress? The newspapers will make very free with your name, you know—

*Aspiring Amateur*—Cost? I care nothing for the cost. I'll pay them whatever they ask for such notices!

### THE JUBILEE SON.

[“I see in one of the papers the announcement among the ‘births’ of the arrival of ‘a fine Jubilee son’!”—*Truth*.]

A “JUBILEE Son”—well, I never!  
Though the news is sufficient to stun,  
I'll contrive to bear up, and endeavour  
To tackle the Jubilee Son.

Does he lie in a Jubilee cradle,  
When his Jubilee Sprawlings are done?  
With some Jubilee pap from a ladle  
Do they nourish the Jubilee Son?

Have they bought him a Jubilee rattle?  
Or such Jubilee row do they shun?  
Do his lips utter Jubilee prattle  
To the nurse of the Jubilee Son?

By the points of his Jubilee “peggies”  
Have his gums to be punctured begun?  
Can he stand on his Jubilee “leggies,”  
Like his mammy's strong Jubilee Son?

Is he fond of a Jubilee frolic  
With his dad, that great Jubilee gun?  
Does he suffer from Jubilee colic?—  
This marvellous Jubilee Son!

Have you christened him Jubilee Something.  
Père and mère of the Jubilee One?  
If you'll say, I'll be henceforth a dumb thing  
On the Topic of Jubilee Son.

—*Funny Folks*.

### THE LAUREATE'S JUBILEE ODE.

HOW IT WAS WRITTEN TO ORDER.

(Leaf from His Diary.)

9 A.M.—Bother the Jubilee! What in the name of fortune can one do with such a rubbishy subject? But here's Macmillan waiting, and I haven't done a single line yet. Must get something put on to paper, if only to quiet him. But how on earth to begin! Get in “fifty” somehow. Want fifty something that come but once a year. Christmas? Good. That suggests Clown. I have it.

Fifty times the Clown has grinned and tumbled.

No. That won't do. It's too shabby, stagey. Has a *soupgon* of the *Promise of May* about it. Wants something wider. Ha! The Row, suggesting the Season, of course.

Fifty times the Row has filled and emptied.

No. Don't like it. Reads as if I was talking of a cistern. Too heavy. Try something lighter. Pastry? Feathers? Flowers? Ha! *that's* it. Flowers, of course. Here, I've got it!

Fifty times the Rose has flowered and faded.

Anyhow, *that'll* do to go off with. Let's see. I want fifty something-elses to follow it up with. What shall it be? Cartloads? Handfuls? Armfuls? Autumns? Harvests? Good again. Not that there's any precise connection between them, but one must stick down something.

How'll this do?

Fifty times the golden harvest fallen.

Yes, that reads all right. Is there any other way of putting “fifty”? Yes, “twice twenty-five.” But that won't come in. Then there's “four times twelve and a half.” No; that won't do. Enough “fifty.” *Now* we want some allusion to Her Majesty. Must get in a “since.” I have it, “Since our Queen assumed.” Capital. Here you are!

Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

Come; that's a beginning anyhow. Three lines! But they've quite dried me up. Besides I can't go on in blank verse like this. Don't feel up to it. Must try another metre. What metre? And then what on earth am I to say in it? I haven't had such a job as this for a long time. Could weep over it. A precious Ode I shall make of it.

For though I know not anything,  
Yet must I not try lot upbraid;  
Since as the Laureate I am paid,  
And, being paid, am bound to sing.

But, “a glass of sherry, will make me merry.” I'll try one.

6. p.m.—Confound the Jubilee Ode! Have now been at it all day, and am floundering worse than ever. Have got in something about illuminations, sanitary improvements, subscribing to a Hospital and Penny dinners, and given a kind of back-hander to George the Third, but



who on earth I refer to as the "Patriot Architect," and what I mean by asking him to *Shape a stately memorial, Make it regularly—no, "regally"—gorgeous, Some Imperial Institute*, I don't know. But if I arrange it in parallel lines it will look like poetry, and that'll be near enough.

Feel I'm making a horrible hash of it. Might go for a turn on my bicycle. May clear my head. Might try it. Will.

Have dined, and now, at 9 p.m., have again settled down to it over a pipe and a glass of grog. Am in a more hopeless muddle than ever. Trying to bring in everybody in a kind of wind-up appeal. But look at this,—

You the snubbed, the unfortunate,  
You, the Lord-Undertaker,  
You, the Lord Omnibus-Conductor.

That doesn't seem to run very well, but it's the kind of idea I want to work in. Don't seem able to manage it.

You, the Lady-Amateur Actor?

No, that won't do! Shall never get it done to-night.

10 p.m.—After awful hammering, managed to knock off two more lines. Head spinning, but must stick to it. Feel I've never turned out such stuff in my life before. Hopeless!

10.30 p.m.—Two more lines screwed out. But *what* lines! Won't scan, and as to rhyme,—ha! ha!—catch me rhyming to night!

11 p.m.—Have come to a dead stand-still. Equal to it. Have had recourse to *the wet towel*. Refreshes me. Ha! I see light. Happy thought! As I can't do it in verse, why not write it all in prose, and then cut it up into poetry afterwards? Sure to get cut up when it appears. Why not do it myself first? I will. Anyhow, here goes.

Midnight.—Done it! Labelled it *Carmen Seculare*. Looks all right, but quite the toughest piece of work I've ever had to turn out. Posted it to Macmillan. Hope he'll like it.—*Punch*.

1837-1887.

ONE golden morning in the spring,  
When skies were blue with perfect weather,  
When Pleasure ruled the world as King  
And brought True Love and Youth together;—  
With happiness the world was ripe,  
Without a ripple sped Life's river;—  
A morning when the worth of life  
Depended solely on the liver.

And we were young—so life was fair,  
Forever full was Pleasure's fountain;  
I never felt a day more rare,  
Nor never breathed divinier air  
Than that spring day upon the mountain,  
For there we sat beneath "The Pines,"  
Which murmuring sent their sweetness down,  
The buds were bursting on the vines,  
The fields were losing all their brown.

We saw the robin pause in flight  
To pour abroad its mellow note,  
We watched the solemn crows alight,  
The swallows in the deep blue float,  
Beneath us rolled the swelling plain,  
With lines and groves of graceful trees,  
And fields that paled and turned again  
As ruffled by the passing breeze.  
And here and there we caught the gleam  
Of tapering steeples, tall and bright.  
We saw, beyond the woods, the stream  
Blaze like a diamond in the light.

I looked and longed, she smiled and dreamed  
Of joys unknown, of days to come,  
The golden silence o'er us seemed  
Scarce broken by the insects hum.  
I knew that fortune's prone to slip,  
I'd quite resolved my fate to try,

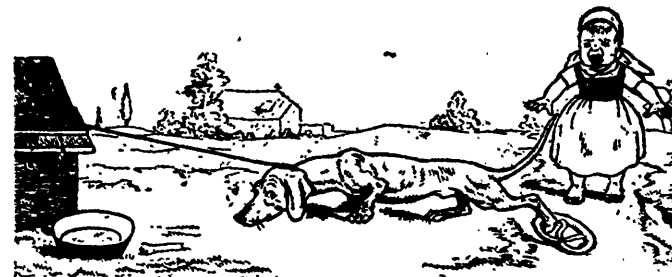
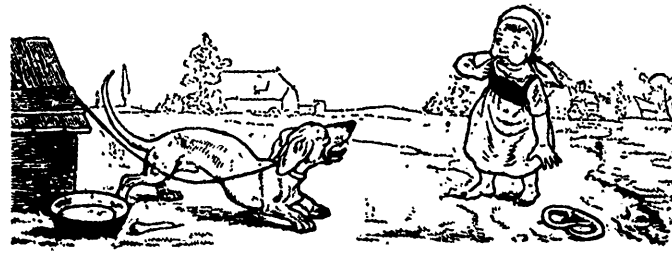
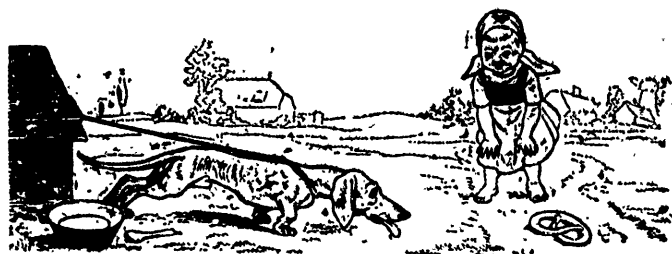
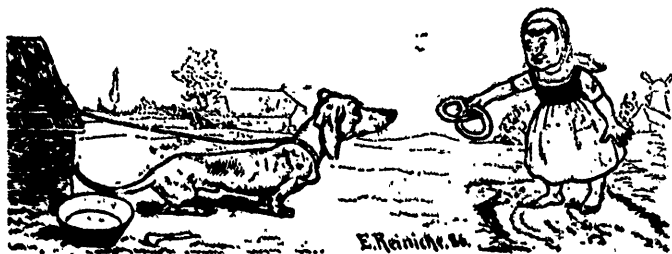
The words were trembling on my lip  
And still—I let the moment fly.

\* \* \* \*

I see the spring flowers in her hair,  
The trillium and the violet,  
I still can feel that heavenly air  
For me, those birds are singing yet.

That fair day lives for me alone,  
I'm still unmarried—old—and free,  
While that fair maid, I grieve to own,  
Now weighs a trifle o'er twelve stone,  
Has five great children fully grown,  
Who crown her on the family throne  
And hold their joyous jubilee.

MELTON MOWBRAY.



L. E. G. ON A PRETZEL.

(From *Flegende Blätter*.)



## PERVERSITY OF FORTUNE.



*Mr. Croesus Jenkins (amateur artist)*—Oh, if I only had the talent of that fellow Coté! Painting is the joy of my life, but I can't paint, that's my only trouble! Gladly would I exchange all my luxury for a little bit of my neighbor's genius.

*Mr. Lazarus Coté*—Ah! if I only had the money of that fellow Jenkins, I would be happy! Painting is the meanest business on earth! If I only had money, I'd pitch my brushes to the deuce.

## LITERARY NOTE.

ALL the poets have been penning odes for the Jubilee, and not to be behind the procession, our talented young friend Mr. M. Doolan will publish immediately a volume of poems, "*Jubilee Wreaths of Shamrock*." It would, of course, be unfair to the gifted poet to forestall public expectation by giving here any part of the Ode to Her Majesty, which he has done us the honor of allowing us to read in manuscript. We may be allowed, however, to quote the following strong sonnet, which, Mr. Doolan thinks, will prove an effective counterblast to the vigorous trumpetings of Swinburne's recent denunciation of the Grand Old Man:—

## TO GLADSTONE.

MDCCLXXXVII.

THE bloody iron heel of Saxon hate  
Now lifts its Hydra head, with venom vile,  
And stalking through the down-throd Emerald Isle,  
Stains wid its gory hand the web of fate;  
Once more does Freedom gaze on the debate  
And shriek aloud to outraged Heaven, while  
The hellish Coercion Act makes her blood boil,  
And she weeps the bitter tear, disconsolate!

God bless Parnell, and also William O'Brien,  
And all the heroes la: Leyant the sea  
Who fight to free the old land from the yoke.  
But thou, O Gladstone, O thou orator fine,  
Thou greatest statesman intirely, God bless thee!  
—*I wish that Salisbury's head was broke.*

IRATE parent in the door, to his clerk, who is caressing his daughter: "Young man, you are not hired for that kind of work," "That's so. I'm doing it for nothing."—*Texas Siftings.*

## JUBILEE SALAD.

SARAH BERNHARDT was asked by a New Yorker the meaning of "comme il faut." She replied, "Ze propair capair."

MISS DE COLLETTE—"Do you approve of the nude in art, Mr. Fitz-Jones?" Mr. Fitz-Jones—"Well, I don't know. I think it better there than in society."—*Judge.*

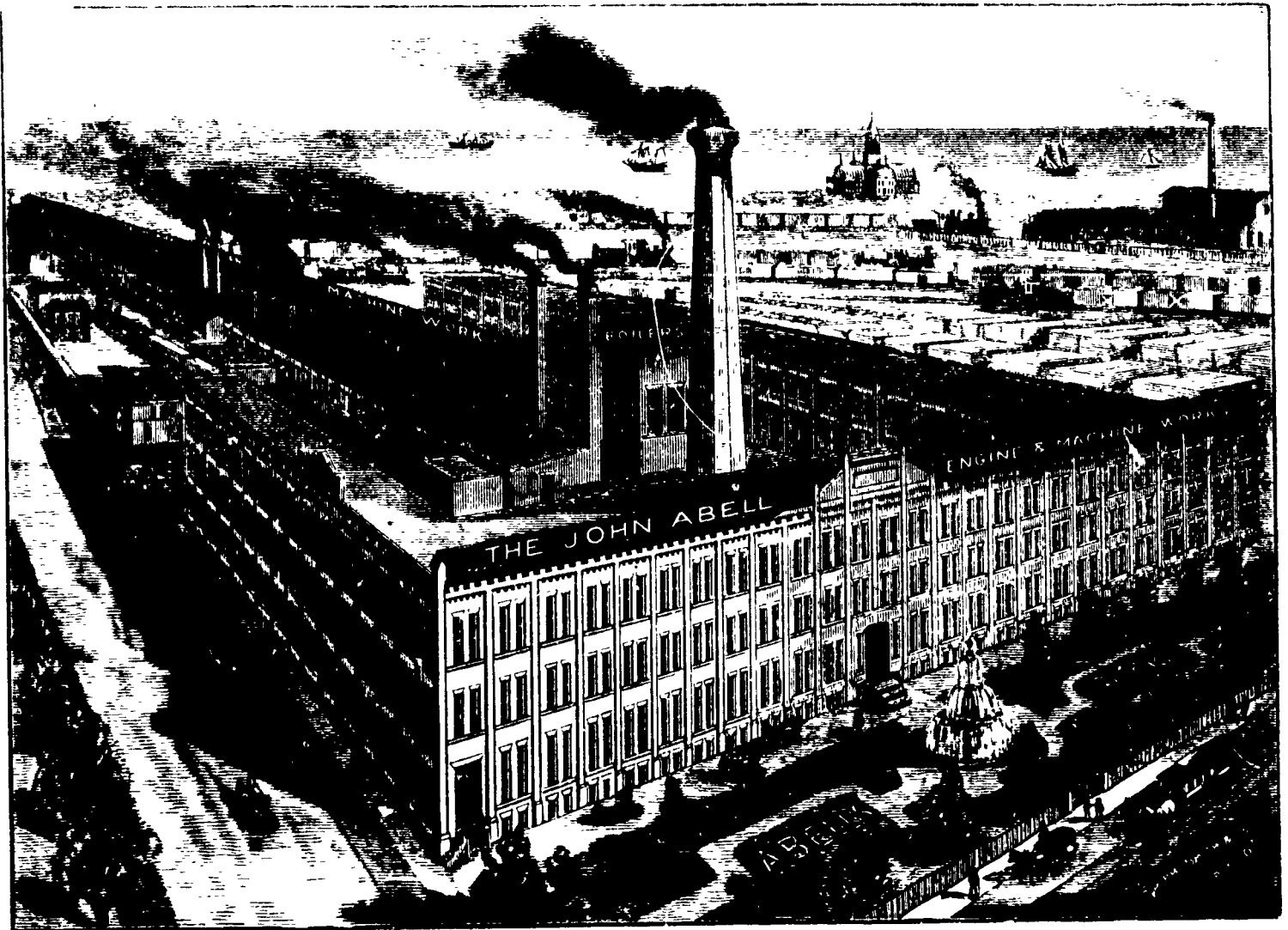
THEY were discussing a new artist in Rome. "Ah! he's a dog!" said one. "What makes you think so?" asked the other. "He's a follower of Whistler."—*Judge.*

MRS. PLUCKWORTH—"In the ballet, my dear, before she was married; that accounts for the elegance of her carriage." Mrs. Dolbuss—"Oh, quite! And for the elegance of her horses, too."—*Fun.*

MR. COKESPUR—"My dear boy, eloquence is wasted at the Bar. What you want there is 'cheek,' and plenty of it." Mr. Lyttletonne—"My dear boy, I'm delighted to find your prospect of getting on so good."—*Fun.*

ALICE—"How nice those Officer friends of Charlie's were! The Captain was most attentive all the evening." May, (slightly jealous),—"Which one was that, dear—the one with the squint, or the one with the snub nose?"—*Fun.*

THE Knights of Labor have strange notions. They have now put stove moulders on strike at the beginning of warm weather and when winter comes they will probably get the haymakers to quit work. There is nothing like being seasonable in this world.—*Kinderhook Rough Notes.*



**THE JOHN ABELL ENGINE AND MACHINE WORKS**  
 TORONTO, (LATE OF WOODBRIDGE) CANADA.

**The Temperance and General Life Assurance Co.**

Head Office . - 22-28 King St. West, Toronto.

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 MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

HON. S. H. BLAKE, Q.C. } *Vice-Presidents.*  
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**Deposit with Dominion Government for security of Policy holders, - - - \$50,000.**

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INSTALMENT BOND guaranteed cash value on the face of bond. Best commercial paper in the market. Can be disposed of as easily as a marked cheque.

ALL OTHER DESIRABLE PLANS OF ASSURANCE FURNISHED.

The only Canadian Company giving TOTAL ABSTAINERS the full benefit of their SUPERIOR LONGEVITY by being kept in a CLASS BY THEMSELVES.

TELEPHONE 1217.

H. O'HARA,

**Agents Wanted.**  
 MANAGING DIRECTOR.

# QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.  
Solo. Tenor or Soprano.

Music by PROF. J. F. JOHNSTONE, Toronto.

1. Our no - ble Queen, all hail! On this thy Ju - bi -  
2. From ev - 'ry land on earth Thy sons send greet - ings

lee: True hearts shall ne - ver fail To love and hon - our thee.  
full, And proud - ly own their birth Be - neath thy sove - reign rule.

## CHORUS.

Vic - to - ri - a, to thee, From loy - al hearts and free; From

ev - 'ry clime, at this glad time, Come shouts of Ju - bi - lee.

3. In many scenes of life  
Our hearts round thee entwine;  
As mother, Queen, or wife,  
Thy virtues nobly shine.—*Cho.*

4. Let rebels point with scorn,  
Or cowards quake with fear,  
Thy true sons, British-born,  
In memory hold thee dear.—*Cho.*

5. God spare thee many years,  
In trouble send relief;  
At last a nation's tears  
Shall wet thy grave in grief.—*Cho.*

The above Copyright Song is published in Sheet Music form by IMRIE & GRAHAM, 28 Colborne St., Toronto. Price 10 cts.

# DRINK MOXIE ✧

*The Moxie Nerve Food is the greatest discovery of the age; it imparts strength and energy to the Nervous System, and gives health and vigor to body and mind.*

The Moxie Nerve Food Company, 85 and 87 Church Street, corner of Lombard Street, Sole Agents for the Dominion of Canada, for the Moxie Nerve Food, Moxie Lozenges, Moxie Celebrated Lime Juice, Lemon Fruit Juice Cordial, Julian Alvarez & Co.'s Lemon Juice, Davenport's Ginger Cordial and Davenport's London Club Sauce.



**THE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL TRADE SUPPLIED.**

Telephone 1122.



## THE PANTECHNETHECA



**The Most Artistic Store in Canada.**

ALL THE LATEST USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL NOVELTIES IN  
**ART POTTERY, CHINA, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, PLATED WARE,  
 FANCY GOODS, HOTEL GOODS, Common Wares of every description,  
 Cheap Goods in great variety.**

*We specially request the public to visit our establishment and inspect the goods whether you wish to purchase or not.*

To keep pace with the present increase of business we have found it necessary to enlarge our premises and put in a passenger elevator. While improvements are being made we will sell goods at a great reduction.

— ROBERT JUNOR, — — — MANAGER. —

116 Yonge St., Cor. Adelaide St.

TORONTO.



#### QUERY.

*The Experienced One*—Why, when I was your age, I was married and had half a dozen children. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?

*The Bachelor*—No. Were you?

#### THE "BUNGTOWN BANNER'S" JUBILEE NUMBER.

THE enterprising proprietor of the *Bungtown Banner*, not to be behind any of his journalistic confreres, determined to get out an extra edition of his paper in honor of Her Majesty's Jubilee. When the idea first occurred to his powerful mind he was in the act of sawing the firewood for next day's consumption at his palatial residence. Dropping the saw in the midst of a more or less sticky knot, he left the woodshed and informed his wife that she was at liberty to finish the mere manual labor, while he gave himself up to the more profitable work of thinking out the idea he had conceived. It may be as well to confess that the editor's wife could see nothing brilliant about the idea at all, but was mean enough, on the contrary, to regard the whole thing as a scheme on the editor's part to get clear of the bucksaw, and to plainly intimate that such was her belief.

This rather dampened the editor's ardor at first, but before long he had regained all his usual enthusiasm. He reflected that his wife would no doubt think better of it when he presented her with a cheque for \$200 or thereabouts, representing the extra profit from the Jubilee edition now in embryo in his teeming brain.

Next day the journalist got down to his office an hour before his usual time—a circumstance which robbed the office-boys of just sixty minutes of their customary matutinal horse-play. The foreman came in before long from the adjoining hotel, where he boarded, and, at the invitation of the editor, sat down to make an estimate of the cost and probable receipts of the great Jubilee number. Meanwhile the editor was busy with calculations as to the literary and artistic nature of the work. His scheme, as handed to the foreman, foreshadowed a sixteen-page paper, with gaudy cover, specially designed

for the occasion. It also contained special illustrations of the business houses of Bungtown, portraits of the Queen and royal family, articles in prose and verse on the subject of the Jubilee, and seven pages of advertisements. The foreman (whose breath, it may be incidentally mentioned, had a strong odor of gin, due to the fact already stated that he boarded at the hotel) having received the outline from the hands of his chief, was not long in presenting his estimate, as follows:—

#### EXPENDITURE.

|   |         |
|---|---------|
| Seven reams of paper at \$5 per ream..... | \$35 00 |
| Composition and presswork, say.....       | 5 00    |
| Engraving, say.....                       | 8 00    |
| Literary contributions, say.....          | 4 00    |

Total..... \$52 00

#### RECEIPTS.

|  |          |
|--|----------|
| 7,000 copies @ 3c. net.....              | \$210 00 |
| Seven pages of ads. @ \$40 per page..... | 280 00   |

\$490 00

Expenditure..... 52 00

Net profit.....\$438 00

This showing, it need scarcely be said, was highly satisfactory to the editor, and it is not very marvellous (to those who know him) that he at once retired to the adjoining hotel to lay in a little refreshment as a reward for his happy thought, and a stimulant in the carrying out of the same.

Upon returning to his desk, the editor lost no time in putting the special edition under way. His first move was to telegraph to Toronto for a first-class freehand artist to come at once to Bungtown and do the sketching of the local business houses, and pending the arrival of this accomplished individual an advertising solicitor was secured and sent out to decide upon which shops should be pictured—the work to be done, of course, upon a business basis. The canvasser had announced himself as a person of experience, and the editor (who prided himself upon his knowledge of human nature) decided upon a cursory glance that the financial department of the venture was perfectly safe so far as the advertisements were concerned. It was arranged that the artist, when he arrived, should be taken in hand by the advertising man, and meantime the foreman was instructed to damp down the paper and get things in readiness for the press, it being the editor's intention to retire to his inner sanctum



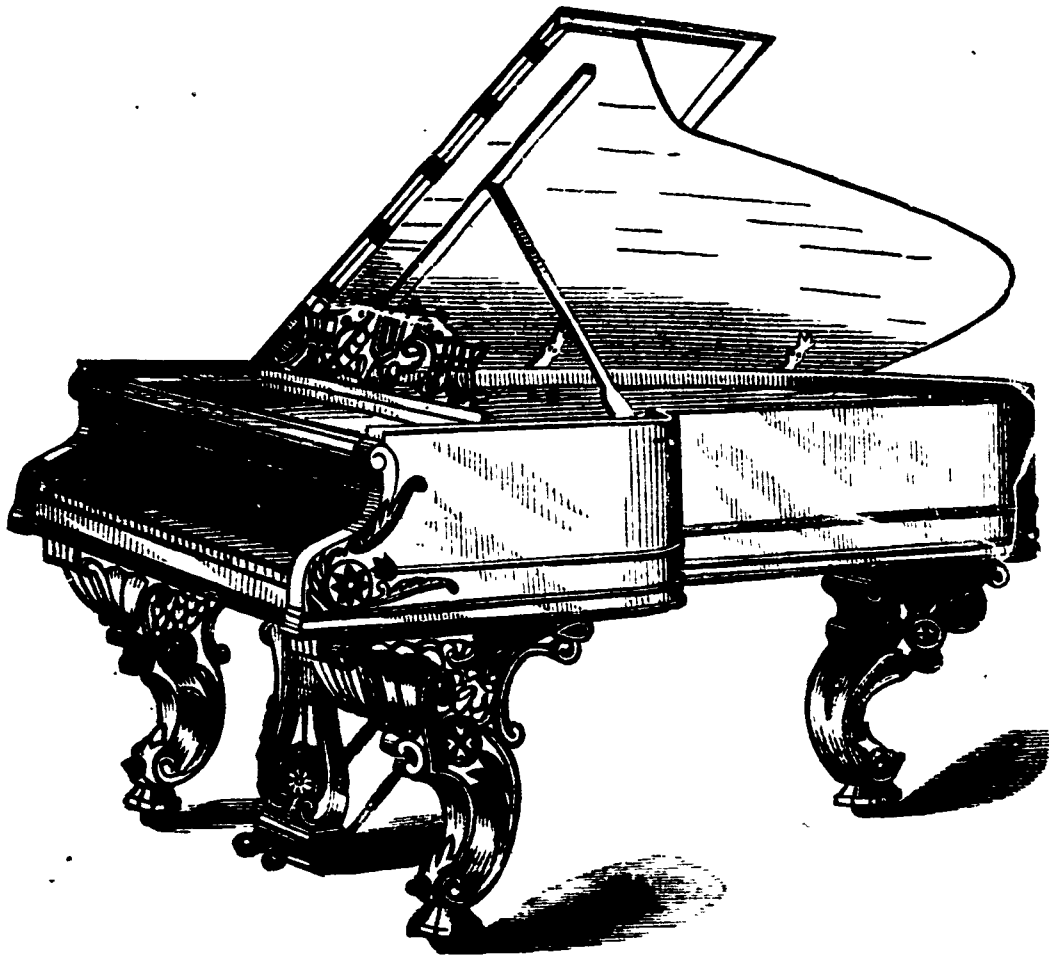
#### SIMPLY DISGUSTING!

*Arabella, the Disappointed*—I thought this was a tender epistle from him, and it turns out to be another of those abominable "Jubilee" advertisements!

# CANADA'S HIGH-CLASS PIANOFORTES

"Canada may well feel proud in being able to manufacture such fine Pianofortes."—*Mendelssohn Quintette Club.*

The enviable position the Mason & Risch Pianos have attained in the estimation of the musical public of Canada, and the great artists of Europe and America is the result of unremitting effort and determination to win a reputation of the highest character for a Canadian Pianoforte.



## MASON & RISCH,

32 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

*The demand for these instruments is steadily increasing as their merits are becoming more extensively known.*

Their success in London last year was phenomenal. The leading artists and musical authorities testifying to their excellence in the most flattering and unqualified terms.



### THE ONE THING LACKING.

*Miss Daisy Freecass*—There is only one thing required to make your studio perfect, Mr. Camelsair.

*Mr. C. (interested)*—Yes? What is that?

*Miss Daisy Freecass*—That you should paint something, sometime.

at his residence and prepare the varied and brilliant literary contents of the Jubilee edition. \* \* \* \* \* These stars represent an interval of five days, during which the brainy chief of the *Bungtown Banner* was secluded from human society, and reeling off in vast profusion a variety of good things, all dealing in one way or another with the Queen's Jubilee. He suffered nothing to distract his attention, having even his frugal meals sent to his room. His intercourse with his kind was limited to brief interviews with the office-boy, who came periodically for "copy," and never failed to carry away a bundle. A written memo. of the illustrations required had been sent down for the guidance of the artist, and if the work of that genius was at all equal to the literary matter accompanying it (the editor thought) the special edition would indeed be a "hummer." \* \* \* At last the task was done. Next day the paper was to be on press, and the day after, it was to be out to dazzle the public in accordance with the poster announcements. With light and airy step the enterprising editor went down to his office to look over the page proofs. On arriving he found a melancholy party of three awaiting him. They were the foreman, the canvasser and the artist. "Morning, gents," said the editor, cheerily. "Everything all right, I suppose? This number ought to be a stunner." "She is," said the foreman. "We're

all particularly stunned." "Explain yourself," said the editor in a startled voice. "Well, so far as *my* department goes, the only trouble is that I can't get the paper. They refuse to let us have a sheet until our account is settled." "Oh, that will be all right," responds the editor, hopefully, "we can hypothecate the profits of the Jubilee edition to meet *that*." "But where's the profits to come from?" asked the canvasser, in a depressed tone, "I couldn't get a solitary ad. As soon as I mentioned 'Jubilee' they kicked me out of their shops." "Then *this* gentleman's work all goes for nothing," said the editor, with a breaking voice. "Oh, no it doesn't," promptly responded the artist. "There's your sketches as ordered, and I'd thank you to settle my little bill, which amounts to \$75, aside from travelling expenses." "The Jubilee be hanged!" is all the editor of the *Bungtown Banner* said.

J. W. B.

A CHAMPAGNE dealer, charmed with Baron Tennyson's Jubilee Ode, has written to the poet, offering ten dollars for a poem entitled "Pommery Sæcularæ."—*N. Y. Life*.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher asked a little girl of her class if she had been baptized. "Yes," said the little girl, "two times." "Two times? Why, how could that be?" "It didn't take the first time," said the little girl.



Fred. W. Flett,  
 FAMILY AND DISPENSING  
CHEMIST,  
 462 QUEEN STREET WEST,  
 TORONTO.

*Always Open.*

FOR FURNITURE  
 SEE STOCK ON VIEW  
 AT  
INDEPENDENCE HALL  
 341 YONGE STREET,  
 KEPT BY  
 JAMES STEWART, TORONTO.

H. W. CLUNN,  
 2 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO,

SAIL MAKER.

Sails, Tents, Awnings, Flags and Window  
 Shades. All kinds of Waterproof  
 Goods. Horse and Wagon  
 Covers, Tarpaulins, etc.

LONG BRANCH SUMMER RESORT.

On Lake Ontario, seven miles west of Toronto, near Mimico, beautifully situated on high table-land. Choicely wooded with forest trees and shrubs. Seventy-five acres reserved and enclosed by nine-foot iron bound fence. Broad avenues, pretty cottages, lake and country air. Elegant hotel with electric bells and speaking tubes in every room. Private telephone direct to Toronto. Fountains, lawn-tennis grounds, archery, croquet, boating, bathing and fine athletic field, Queen Anne pavilion, merry-go-round and picnic buildings unsurpassed in the Dominion. Fifty horse-power boiler and engine, twenty-light electric Dynamo for hotel and grounds. Six hundred feet of promenade twelve feet wide on the lake shore with arbors, rustic seats, etc. The large, safe and fast steamers Rupert and Imperial will run between Long Branch and Toronto daily (Sundays excepted). Railway communication within 200 yards of the property. Tally-ho coach service from the city. A charming resort for Sunday-school and other excursions, residences, tenting, canoeing, picnicing, etc. Exclusively controlled and guarded in the interests of families under strictly temperance and Sabbath observing principles. Hotel opens about June 15th. A few cottages for sale or to rent. Lots from \$100 up. Plans, photographs and other information on application to THOS. J. WILKIE, 61 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.

*Thompson & Co.*  
*Real Estate Brokers*  
*Mail Buildings*

TELEPHONE 1327.

TORONTO.

The West End Hardware House

813 Queen St. West, TORONTO.

JOHN L. BIRD.

Nothing from nothing you can't, but  
 take something from something and some-  
 thing remains. We are always taking th  
 people's money and giving them somet ng  
 in return.

**CALL YOURSELF AND TAKE SOMETHING.**

TELEPHONE 101.



THE SLATE WIPED OFF.

# Walker's Weekly Payment Stores,

107½ Queen Street West, TORONTO.

166 King St. East, HAMILTON.

165 Sparks Street, OTTAWA.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, STOVES, BEDDING, and  
 General House Furnishings sold on easy weekly or monthly  
 payments to suit purchasers.

WALKER BROS. & CO.



**RIGHT BEFORE FREDDY, TOO!**

*Eva*—Who are you going to visit, mamma?

*Mamma*—Oh, nobody.

*Eva*—I know who that is—its Freddy's ma, 'cause you said she was nobody.

OLD as the hills—The valleys.—*Cedar Rapids Gossip.*

Why not offer John L. the presidency of the American Pomnological Society?—*Life.*

THE habitual prevaricator takes a nude departure when he tells the naked truth.—*Boston Courier.*

FLOATED in with the tied—the steamer that brought over the bridal couple.—*Rahway Advocate.*

THE King of Siam is searching for twenty women to marry his son. If he is mad at his son, why in the dickens don't he kill him at once?—*Newman Independent.*

**GRIP'S OWN LIBRARY**

ISSUED MONTHLY.

No 1. Good Things from Grip. Comic Pictures and Reading from GRIP. Price 10 cents.

No. 2.—Jubilee Jollities. Price 10 cents.

No. 3.—The Grip Sack. Pictures and reading for summer days; with a beautiful souvenir picture of the Queen free with every copy. Ready July 1st. Price 10 cents.

No. 4.—The Scottie Airlie Letters. By Hugh Airlie, Esq. Illustrated. Ready August 1st. Price 10 cents.

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TORONTO, ONT.

**QUESTION ANSWER**  
WHAT ARE THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIERS?  
**Dr JUG'S MEDICINE & PILLS**

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS**  
REGULATES THE BOWELS, BILE & BLOOD CURES  
*Constipation, Biliousness, all Blood Humors, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Scrofula, and all Broken Down Conditions of the System.*

WATFORD, Ont.

My daughter, after a severe attack of Scarlet Fever, was completely broken down. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills with but little satisfaction. Before she had taken one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters there was a remarkable change, and now she is entirely cured.  
MRS. HOPPERTON.

**The Eagle Steam Washer.**



No HOME COMPLETE WITHOUT ONE!

Good Agents wanted everywhere. Send for catalogue (mailed free) to

**FERRIS & CO.**

87 Church Street, TORONTO,

MANUFACTURERS OF

The Eagle Steam Washer,  
Matchless and Eagle Wringers,  
Brass Roll Family Mangles  
And Wringer Benches.

GET A COPY OF

**IMRIE'S POEMS**

Post Free for One Dollar.

**IMRIE & GRAHAM, Publishers,**

28 Colborne St., Toronto, Canada.

Don't judge a man's wit  
By the clothes that he wears;  
Don't judge a man's grit  
By the way that he swears.  
—*Decatur Review.*

THEATRE hats should have a night off.—*Buffalo Times.*

NEWSPAPERS that quote Latin die young.—*N. Y. Morning Journal.*

THE reason so many Russians come to America is because they leave only a steppe mother country.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

SEASIDE hotel-keepers are just now laying in their stock of red ink and vinegar, which, later on in the season, will ripen into Chateau Lafitte at \$3 per bottle.—*Full River Advance.*

MILLIONAIRE—Another subscription paper? How much have they subscribed? Charity agent—If you will put down \$95, sir, I shall have an even hundred, and I have called only at ten or twelve places.

GENTLEMAN—Let me have a bill of fare, please. Waiter—We ain't got no bill of fare in this restaurong, sir. We got maynoos. This is a first-class place, an' it's only gentlemen as comes here, sir.

BEFORE this fisheries trouble is finally settled we hope that some measures will be taken to prevent the Eastport sardine packers from inflicting on an innocent and hungry public four-inch herrings boiled in kerosene oil.—*Somerville Journal.*

"THEN you will sail for Europe?"  
"Yes, in the very next steamer."  
"And is everything ready?"  
"Yes, John even got a passport."  
"And a big letter of credit?"  
"No. John draws the line on credit every time. He intends to pay cash wherever we go, and we can afford it. We shan't ask for the least bit of credit anywhere."



**A JUBILEE CUSTOM.**

*She*—That Mrs. Isaacstein next door is a nasty, impudent huzzy.

*He*—Hoity, toity, what's up now?

*She*—Why, she had the audacity to tell me that it was the custom in the year of Jubilee to return all property to the original owners, and she suggested that I might hand back those spoons I borrowed. The wretch!

## RUPTURE.

I have personally adjusted about 100,000 Trusses to Ruptured people on this continent, and hereby offer, especially to those who were unable to get a Truss to hold there Hernia, my SCIENTIFIC TRUSS which is designed to hold the LARGEST RUPTURE without belts or leg straps, hip bone free from pressure and waterproof. Send 6c. in stamps for illustrated book which gives you very valuable information, the result of twenty years' experience. The largest practice in America in RUPTURE and straightening deformities. The extensive experience in shipping goods by mail for so many years has completed a true system which makes failure almost impossible. Address, CHAS. CLUTHE, TORONTO, ONT., or COR. MAIN AND HURON STS., BUFFALO, N.Y.



PROPOSED JUBILEE COSTUME FOR THE MEMBERS OF THE CANADIAN SENATE.

## The Leading Wholesale Cigar House

TORONTO, - CANADA.

CHARLES LOWE, 48½ Front St. East,

makes a specialty of the finest and choicest brands of Imported Havana Cigars, and the leading lines of Domestic Goods at manufacturers' prices.

WHOLESALE ONLY.