

### The Passing Show.

Hick's Hibernian Minstrels concluded a successful engagement at the Royal on Wednesday night. The present attraction is Hyde and Behman's Star Specialty Company, a combination which furnishes an entertainment of the most mirth-provoking kind. For the week commencing next Monday, the old Toronto favourite, Herndon, reappears with his Company in "Lost and Won," "Rip Van Winkle," and "Out of the Fire." Mr Herndon's performance of *Rip Van Winkle* is considered by competent judges to be as fine as that of Jefferson, and his support on this occasion will be good.

### A Grand Editorial.

CALMSOUGH HOWE, Feb. 20, 1882.

DEAR MR. GRIP:—I've just been readin' a grand editorial in the *Hamilton Times*, an' though the paper was a fortnight auld or ever I got my een out, there's nae doot it was a maist wonderfu' production; I wadna missed readin' that article for something. Hamilton is a bonnie bit toonie, an' one that ought to be gratefu' tae an all-rulin' Providence for the blessin' o' sic a paper as the *Times*. Hech, man! but the writer o' sic an article on co-education as that, maun be a wonderfu' fallow. I tell ye what it is, he's a hauntle mair in's heid than ye can bring oot wi' the fine tooth kaim, an' in justice till himsel', he ought to be wearin' a goon an' ban's, an' waggin' his pow in a poopit. His remarks on co-education are raithly by-ordinar', an' are weel worth the consideration o' a by-ordinar' sensible men. Just luck hoo sensibly he says that when the lads an' lasses are studyin' thegither it's a "very on-equal race after all." Noo, that's the very thing I'm aye sayin'. It's awfu' oequal, for de'il a scholarship can the lads get when the lasses kilt their coats an' start for the goal, an' I'm a wee inclined to think that it's partly on that account that they are tryin' tae dae awa' wi' scholarships a' thegither; ony thing rather than be lickit wi' a lassie. Then he tells us something I never kent afore. He says the higher eddication o' women in the States has gurd them be "deteriorated phisically." Weel, noo ye see I aye thoct it was their way o' livin' on pies an' pastries, an' keepin' sic onnatural hoors that was the cause o' that; it never ance entered my heid that knowledge an' learnin' was bad for the health. I aye thoct that livin' on parritch an' gude sweet milk, an' kail, an' beef, an' 'taties, wi' plenty o' caller sea air to breathe, was the cause o' the better phisical type in the auld kintra, but ye see I was wrang, an' ignorance maun be a gude thing after a'. Then he quotes a Mr. D. D. Hay, M.P., wha declares that it's far mair important that they should excel as cooks an' hoose-keepers, than as scholars, which is vera true. An' that bein' the case, I've nae doot but that his speech 'ill hae the effect o' makin' the onmarried an' widowed members o' Parliament marry their cooks an' hoose-keepers forthwith. An' seemin' that a woman canna cook Greek verbs, nor soop the hoose wi' mathematics, nor fasten on shirt buttons wi' English Literature, it follows that a' the man marry's for, namely, to get his cookin', soopin' an' sewin' done, he's no' likely to get, unless, indeed, as some folk maintain, the learned can dae hoose-work a great deal better than the unlearned, in which case the grey mare would prove the better horse, an' that wad never dae ye ken. The *Times* thinks it wud be "a national calamity" if the Canadian girls should become a "set of bluestockings, or if a large percentage should take to lecturing, law and medicine." Weel, aboot the colour o' their stockings, it's a thing I ken naething aboot, an' I believe a' married women are born lecturers already. But aboot the law an' medicine, if they tak tae that, I'm afraid the milliners 'ill find their occupation clean gane, the wo-



### POSITION OF THE PROVINCE OF MANITOBA, METAPHORICALLY.

SIR LEONARD.—IT'S NO USE, SIR JOHN. HE CERTAINLY CAN'T MAKE ENDS MEET. WE MUST INCREASE HIS SUBSIDY!

men will get over sensible a' thegither, an' there wad be an end o' a' nonsense. There wad be nae mair lingerin' in agonies o' admiration ower the trimmin' o' a dress, or spendin' hoors in earnest an' solemn consultation as to whether a knife plaitin' or three frills wad luck best on the tail o' a goon, or windin' up the day's gossip wi' their hair on a crimpin' pin. Na! Na! if we eddicate the women oot o' a' that, it wad be a "national calamity" indeed, second only to the shuttin' up o' the whusky saloons. Clubs wad dee oot for want o' patronage, for men wad find the attractions o' learnin', intelligence an' culture at their ain firesides, mair than they wad be able to resist; sma' waists, ill health, fancy dresses, an' lang milliner's bills wad be clean oot o' fashion, oor laddies they wad bring up like Spartans or modern Gracchi, wi' their newfangled notions o' the responsibilities o' life, an' sic like; in fact, I wadna wonder if they turned them oot wiser an' better men than their ain faithers! Na, na, we want nae sic "calamity" as that. The *Times* gies the lasses a solemn warning, to consider that if they persist in eddicatin' themselves as they are doin', they rin a awfu' risk o' bein' auld maids, because there are sae few men that ken much, an' that few like to marry women wha ken less. Noo there's plenty o' folks mean enough to insinuate that after a while, wearyin' o' the beauty o' a face that has naething ahint it, a man begins to crave for something mair satisfyin' than weel sewed buttons, an' has serious doubts whether a weel eddicated, intelligent woman woudna' hae worn better an' made a mair satisfactory mither to his sons, that a' the fine cookin' an' hoose-keepin' has failed to keep off the streets or oot o' the road to ruin. But atweel, Mr. GRIP, maist marriages are an awfu' mystery to me, an' I'm sure if there wasna ordination in it, plenty o' them wad never tak' place. But when I see a fine, clever, intellectual fallow tied to a simperin' nonentity o' a wife that he is veeisibly aslamed o', I canna help admirin' his patriotic self-sacrifice in passin' by his second self in the person o' an intelligent, well-read woman, an'

marryin' a fashionable What-is-it, rather than matrimonially encourage co-education, and thereby precipitate a "national calamity" sic as my freen', the editor o' the *Times*, anticipates an' deplores. An' I really dinna ken but what, in view o' the fearsome prospect o' the consequences o' sic an awfu' an' unheard o' calamity, we ought tae petition the Governor-General tae appoint a day o' fastin' an' humiliation, tae avert this second deluge o' education an' keep it frae swampin' the kintra. Howpin ye'll gie this suggestion o' mine hoose room,

I remain,

Yours to command,

ICHABOD HOOLET.



### THE BOARDING-HOUSE BOOM IN WINNIPEG.

GAMIN.—(Proprietor of Packing Box.)—Can't accommodate you, boss; very sorry, but this hotel is occ'pied by a snoozer who secured rooms by telegraph!

"Does it pay to steal?" asked the Philadelphia *Times*. It is a leading question. We cannot stop to discuss it. The gentleman in the neigh borhood of the roost will please hand down another chicken.—*Elmira Free Press*.