



SUE AND I.

Staying in the country
For a little season,
Frosty days proved pleasing,
For a special reason.

Sue is coming over
From across the border,
And I hope to take her
To the rinks in order.

As a skilful skater
I am not much noted,
Tho' I have for ages
On the art quite doted.

As I wanted practice,
Ice I quickly sought for,
And upon the mill-pond
Fame, with Fate, I fought for.

Clamping on my Acmes
In a quiet corner,
In myself I saw a
Granite Rink adorning.

Off I started gaily!
In two minutes roared,
For I fell, and sadly
Dented in my forehead.

Up again and off the—
Head ache, *genus* "rousters,"—
Struck a stump, and very
Badly burst my trousers.

Must'ring up my courage
In an effort final,
Down I went and nearly
Broke my column spinal.

Off I took those Acmes,
Housewards went for mending,
Feelings in my carcase
Oddly, strangely blending.

How shall I face Susie,
Who just dotes on skating?
"Laugh at me!" She's sure to,
My mishaps relating.

Skate I will not venture
On that swell rink Granite;
Skate with Sue I cannot,
For my course—I ran it.

—J. A. MESAG.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION.

Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—There is one question in connection with this university business which I have not as yet seen discussed in the letters to the public press. I refer to the matter of Taddle Creek. When are we going to have that noble water-way broadened and deepened and made navigable for the four-oared crew of the University? This is a reform which calls loudly for action on the part of the authorities.

Yours &c.,

A GRADUATE.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—I have not read very carefully the many letters which have appeared on the University question, but it seems to me that the point at issue might be settled without such

an expenditure of paper and ink. I think, indeed, that there are no two sides to the question. If public funds are to be applied to the maintenance of a university foot-ball club, I fail to see that the Denominational Universities have any claim whatever on the Government.

Yours,

ALPHA.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR,—As an old student of Toronto University, permit me to offer a few words on the subject new agitating the public mind. With all due deference to the opinions of Principal Grant I hold that the students of Toronto University have a right to sing in the gallery of the opera house, and that as a matter of fact they furnish better music than the orchestra. If, therefore, the Provincial Government sees fit to provide funds for the encouragement of these musical efforts, I fail to see that the outside colleges have any right to interfere.

Yours truly,

I. ASSINUS JINKS, B.A.

Mr. GRIP.

SIR,—I haven't much toime to rade the letthens in the newspapers on fwhat they call the University Question, but I belave Doctor Dewart and thim is right, whin they say that it is unjust to allow the studints av Toronto College to parade on Yonge street and howl their songs and go on wid all their shindigs as they are in the habit av doing. Sure, sir, they give us more throuble than any other class av disorderlies, an' I will be plased if the govern-ment puts an end to it as these gentlemin sug-gists.

Yours,

JAMES BATON,
Policeman.

WINNIPEG LAW-MAKERS—LAW-BREAKERS.

An esteemed correspondent in Winnipeg invokes GRIP's sharpest pencil against the lottery iniquity, which is flourishing in that unhappy place. He wants us to depict the scene in the Opera House there on New Year's Eve, representing the Premier, Norquay, assisted by Attorney-General Miller, Provincial Secretary Sutherland, Mayor Logan, and other distinguished official "Sports," engaged in distributing the gew-gaw prizes from the wheel of fortune, in what was known as Scoone's Lottery. Then he proceeds:—You in Toronto have your County Attorney, Feun-ton, following up lottery folk with the sharp stick of the law. In the United States they have the Postmaster-General using all the powers of his office in rooting up and eradicating this monstrous iniquity, but here in Manitoba we have the highest authorities in the land giving official countenance to, and aiding and abetting, the violation of a well-known and wholesome law. Three of the parties are natives, and only recently emerged from the semi-barbarism of the Red River region, but to think that a recent Judge, an Attorney-General—whose special duty is to maintain the law—a man brought up in the moral atmosphere of Ontario, should so join in the pollution of the streams of order and good government, is without precedent or parallel even in the days when the play of "George Barnwell" was peremptorily ordered by the Lord Chamberlain to be put annually on the boards of the London theatre. What, with frozen wheat, discontented farmers, unjust tariff, lotteries, and monopolies, are we coming to?

Coming to your right mind, dear correspond-ent, and when a majority of you get there, let us hope you will make short work of a govern-ment that disgraces you before the world. Meantime, it would be unbecoming in GRIP to pillory the men who were your choice at the polls.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Dedicated to SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, K.C.B. &c.
&c., Premier of Canada.

The winter is here, Johnny my man,
And with it cold cheer, Johnny my man!
Provisions are dear,
And I doubt, and fear
'Hard Times' will appear, Johnny my man.

The factories are shut, Johnny my man,
In the mart there's a glut, Johnny my man!
Pray then legislate
To aid our sad state;
And a market create, Johnny my man.

And wages are down, Johnny my man,
The evil to crown, Johnny my man!
And working men swear
When their pockets are bare,
And live on light fare, Johnny my man.

You know what you told us, Johnny my man,
If you wish to hold us, Johnny my man!
Keep well to your text,
For, when hungry we're vexed
By empty pretext, Johnny my man.

You told us, no more—Johnny my man,—
'Hard Times' we'd deplore, Johnny my man!
If once more, of power
We'd grant you a dower,
The fiend you'd o'erpower, Johnny my man.

But here he is back, Johnny my man,
On the old beaten track, Johnny my man!
And thousands to day
Are earning no pay
To chase him away, Johnny my man.

Then do not neglect, Johnny my man,
To treat with respect, Johnny my man,
Those friends who stood by you
When foes did decry you,
And strove to belie you, Johnny my man.

For come is the hour, Johnny my man,
'To use that strange power, Johnny my man;
By which we were told
You could change brass to gold—
Yes frequently told, Johnny my man!

T. McTUFF.



Mr. Harry Piper's lectures at the Zoo on Saturdays are vastly edifying, and are listened to by man and beast with rapt attention. You just ought to hear one of 'em.

The Royal Museum continues to flourish. The new arrivals this week are the D Alma Troupe of male and female gymnasts. The pantomime of Humpty Dumpty is continued.

On Tuesday, 15th inst.—mark the date—the Toronto Philharmonic Society will sing "Elijah" under the conductorship of Mr. F. H. Torrington. Mr. A. Stoddard, the well-known New York baritone, will be the principal soloist.

Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels are at the Grand, and if you care for that form of entertainment, this Company will please you. It is in all respects first-class. The singing is especially brilliant, four of Sam Hague's best vocalists being in the semicircle.

The audience at the Theodore Thomas Concert on Monday night was large. It was also fashionable, as it demanded encores to both of Madam Boema's songs—which, however, it didn't get. The performance of the orchestra was eminently satisfactory throughout, the Wagnerian selection being brilliant beyond the power of words to tell. The omission of the usual courtesy of the National Anthem at the close may have dampened the enthusiasm of the audience slightly, but Her Majesty at last accounts was in a fair way to recover. GRIP congratulates Messrs. Snelling & Sons on the successful result of their enterprise, which must have involved a great deal of hard work, aside altogether from the formidable financial risk.