



**MIKADO-MAD.**

UCH as I admire the wit of Mr. Wm. Schenck Gilbert and the music of Sir Arthur Sullivan, I, for one, am not sorry that "The Mikado" is not likely to be produced in Toronto again for some time to come, come, come—Confound it! I'm catching it too. I say, that though I think "The Mikado" simply glorious. I rejoice that we shan't have that opera here again for a time. And why? you ask. Simply this: that through its

instrumentality all my friends seem to have gone suddenly crazy.

For instance, there's Fizzlegig; I ask him to lend me a couple of dollars: he replies that he, he, Fizzlegig, small, red-haired, bow-legged, is a gentleman of Japan, and that I'm wrong if I think he ain't. He says or rather sings this with some idiotic contortions of his rickety figure, supposed to be Japanese. And I don't get the \$2. That's the worst of it, for the imbecile persists in his declaration of being a Japanese gentleman, till he sees I am weary of asking him for the money.

Then there's my room-mate, Flighty. The other morning at about 1.30 a. m. he rose from his bed and began to dress himself. "Where are you going, Flighty?" I enquired, starting up.

He turned a lack-lustre eye on me, and I saw that he was not thoroughly awake. I repeated my question and he replied, solemnly and in a sepulchral voice,

"I'm going to marry Yum-Yum, Yum-Yum, I'm going to marry Yum-Yum," and proceeded with his robing. I sprang up and shook him violently—he only weighs about 90 lbs.—when he became furious, and rolling up the sleeve of his night-shirt and displaying a member about nine inches in circumference above the elbow, declared that he has "bared his big right arm," and was about to visit my person with condign punishment. I got him soothed at last, however, and he returned to bed, finally falling asleep muttering that it's to his, he being a landsman, taste to lay aloft in in a howling breeze, but that a sailor, etc., etc.

Meeting my charming young friend, Miss Clara Pip-pety, at 15, I enquire how she likes her new school. To my intense astonishment she pirouettes round me and vociferates that she's "come home for good, and isn't going back any more." This she repeats for answer to every question I put to her, till I turn away in deep dudgeon.

Again, there's that ass, Yawper, in the Bank of French South America, great, big, over-grown gaby. I happened to call at his rooms and found him pouring something out of a bottle into a glass

"Hallo! Yawper, what ye got there?" I enquired.

He turned round and with a smile even more idiotic than usual replied,—

"It's—ah—something humorous—I forget exactly what, with boiling oil or melted lead in it," and he

keeps on saying this till I dash out of the room and slam the door behind me.

I trust this craze is only temporary and that the effects of "The Mikado" may soon pass away, but as it is at present I can no more speak to my friends with the anticipation of getting a rational answer than I can fly, and I think my experience has been that of a good many fellow-sufferers in this respect.

But I must conclude, for even as I write I hear approaching that awful trio of spinsters, the Misses Fitz Scragge, varying in age from 26 to 42, and their shrill, discordant voices are upraised in song, and lo! I recognize the words and they are, "Three little maids from school are we." Ha! ha! ha! Three little maids, indeed. Let me flee. S.

**AN OLD FRIEND HEARD FROM.**

GRIP acknowledges with much pleasure the receipt of the following letter from old Mrs. Blunderby, who, as everyone knows, is sister to Mrs. Partington, and the respected aunt of Mrs. Malaprop. The good old soul writes as follows:—

"DEAR MR. GRIP,—

"I have just returned home from a visit to your hospital city, and I take time by the fetlock to send you this missile, to let you know how I enjoyed myself. It was my first visit to Toronto; as the French would say, I made my debauch in the Queen city, and I must say there is no comparison between Toronto and Blunderbyville, and I can find no paregorics good enough for the former. I saw all the sights, and was much struck by the Norman School, where I spent a whole afternoon admiring the statutes, etc., which are very fine, though I prefer the classical in art, and admire the Appollo Belladonna, the Dying Gladiolus, the Venus de Medicine, and the Goloshes of Rhodes more than anything.

"I was introduced to the city hall, and saw several aldermen, of whom I must speak in the most flatulent terms: one of these gentlemen invited me to go and see his quadruplets and horny theological specimens at the logical gardens, and I went accordingly, he acting as my cicero. We arrived just at feeding time, and saw the voracious brutes receive their rationals, which they devoured in a most glutinous manner. I was much amused at the antiques of the monkeys, which are confined in a large cage of an epileptical shape, which gives them plenty of room to go through their achromatic revolutions.

"But my space won't permit me to tell you half of what I saw; it is enough to say that what I went through is scarcely creditable, but this is generally so when one is making one's debauch in a city; and I am not sorry to be home once more.

"Believe me, dear Mr. GRIP,

"Ever yours,

"SARAH BLUNDERBY

"Blunderbyville,

"March 5, 1886."

**MONTREAL'S VERDICT.**

THE recent improvements in GRIP are most creditable. The illustrations and literary matter reflect the highest credit on its publishers, editors and artists.

Montreal, Mar. 1st.

W. S. H

A RECEIPT for lemon pie vaguely adds: "Then sit on a hot stove and stir constantly." Just as if anybody could sit on a hot stove without stirring constantly.