



QUITE FRESH.

Mr. McDude.—Well, my little fellow, and how old are you?
 Little Adolphus.—I ain't old, I'se nearly new!

THE BEAUTIFUL S—.

Beautiful snow!—oh!
 Moses! who struck me this time
 Such a terrible, vindictive blow?
 What? snow is no subject for rhyme!
 Now I think they are suitable,
 My lines on the beautiful—
 Oh! stow
 That large club away,
 I'll wish you road day;
 Still, I think that my rhyme
 Is simply sublime.
 On the beautiful, beautiful snow.
 But no newspaper man or editor can
 Stand any poem, on snow, oh no!

A LA NORMAL SCHOOL.

PRIME CITY, Oct. 1st., 1885.

MISTER GRIP,—Oh, say! if I send you some letters all the way from Prime City will you print them? Oh, do! there's a good GRIP—now if you don't you'll be real mean. I'm just

dying to tell you all the fun we have at school here. You know my pa and ma sent me to school here in Prime City, it isn't quite a hundred miles from Toronto, and I board with my auntie and my cousins, three great big fellows, and they go to the same school as I do; but in school we're not allowed to speak to each other, oh my, no! It's so funny. In the country school where I was brought up, the boys and girls all learn in the same class, and you don't think no more of a boy than of a girl; it's just all like brothers and sisters. Some were nice and some were horrid things, just like it is at home, or at auntie's with my cousins. But here the boys are shut up and locked out from the girls; you've got to shun the boys like they were lepers, or like it is in a nunnery. Good gracious! if they saw you speaking to a boy they'd take a fit. And oh! it is such fun. One day we were all sitting at lunch, and the caretaker went out to get something. "But," says he, "girls"—and he'd such a dry twinkle in his eye—"I'll have to shut the door after

me for you know you might see a boy!" Well, sir, I just roared.

The master is an awful good man, awful good, and so strict, oh, my! fearful strict. He's got to be strict, and it keeps him watching the boys and girls all the time. My cousin Jack says he has velvet soles to his boots, and he comes slipping, slipping without a sound, so sly, and just when the boys are in the middle of a lark, he'll glide in just like the ghost in Hamlet, and first thing they know is the gleam of these awful spectacles transfixing them, and then, oh, my! ain't we prim—you'd think butter wouldn't melt in their mouths!

I tell you, Mister GRIP, I wouldn't go back to a school where the boys and girls are in class together for anything again. Why, there's no fun; every thing is frank and open and above board; no watching; no need to hide anything, no deceit; it's all so tame. We don't think a thing of the boys except to beat them at exams., but to be forbidden to speak or look at your own brother or cousin, to see them watching that you keep your eyes to the front for fear you should happen to squint over at the boys' side when we're all assembled in the hall, oh, my! it's so jolly, so comical, to have all the teachers what Jack calls private detectives! When we're all at home in the evenings we have such fun telling all the larks. Now, don't you forget to print this and maybe I'll get Jack, Cousin Jack, to send you a letter next week. Yours sincerely,
 GERTY LARKIN.

VASTNESS.

BY LORD DE-DAW.

If you seek vastness, to Canada come,
 So much the better if vast your cheek;
 Come out to Canada, make things hum,
 And crowd out Canadians humble and meek.

Lies upon this side—lies upon that side,
 Will do you to tell to the jolly marines;
 And be certain that you don't let anything "fat" slide,
 Then you're sure of your mutton and bacon and greens.

Turn up your nose at our mutton and beef,
 Pitch into the climate as "beastly and cold";
 No good beer or porter, which is the chief
 Glory and pride of your country old.

The plays are no good, and the prices ridiculous,
 "You'd see better at 'ome at a fair Penny Gaff."
 With such yarns as these you amuse us, and tickle us—
 Your vastness is funny, it makes us all laugh.

Oh! cad from the Angel at Islington—
 Oh! duffer distressed from Ratcliffe Highway,
 What on earth have we poor people done
 That such folks as you come out here to stay!

With everything here you're sure to find fault,
 Nothing does please you, not even our skies;
 Stay home and enjoy there your essence of malt,
 And don't make us sick with your sneers and lies.

—B.

ELEGANCY WANTED.

Somebody advertises in the Mail for an "elegant penman." Wonder what they want the distinguished personage for! It is hinted vaguely that he or she will be utilized in sending off envelopes. Now, an "elegant" penman would naturally be possessed of a good address and be able to address anybody or anything well, including letters or circulars. Yet we cannot help thinking that there is some hidden meaning to the "ad." Perhaps some æsthetic lady wants an amanuensis, and would like something "elegant" to harmonize with her furniture. Or, perhaps, indeed, it may be some high-toned old gentleman who requires an elegant young lady for the purpose of adoption. Or perhaps the advertiser is an Irishman or a Yankee, who always call everything that pleases them "rale illegant" or "real ullegant." Or perhaps— But we give it up.