



"BE GOOD TO HER, JIMMY!"

REMINISCENCES OF SLOWTON LIT-
TERY SASSIETY.

BY JAY KAZELLE EX-PRESIDENT.

SESSION 4TH MYTHOLOGY.

In the year of Anna Dominie the Sassiety unanimously moved that the President, (that was me) had ought to read a paper on suthin' or other. Then I ups and moves as an amendment that the Sassiety apint the subject. I guessed I could tackle anything they'd a mind to mention, whatever the Sassiety could stand I could, and they would therefore be good enough to pile it on thick. You never in all your born days saw such a meachin' crowd as them there was, when I made this call on them. They looked at me an' they looked at one another, and like the paraphrase "everlasting silence reigned." Then Jake riz up slowly, an' in about five minutes he got extended to his usual height, about seven feet. He looked awful solemn, standin' there gazin' out the school winder, with one of his long arms stretched out halfway across the school, and the other clutchin' his backcoat pocket. Says he: "As we stand here on the brink of Time, atween the two infernities—a voice breaks on our ear, 'who shall apint the subject'—and heecho answers—'hoo!'" With that up jumps Jim in a hurry "Hecho need'nt mind hootin'. There's plenty in this here Sassiety, fit enough to apint a subject without trapesin' down through the infernal regions, a-huntin' some of our future ancestors to suggest suthin' likely. I dunno nothin' about the subject I'm a'goin' to propose but I want to in the worst way—so I move, second and carry without any amendment that the subject fur the President's paper be *Mythology*."

Fur about two minutes I couldn't get a breath, I tuk sich a stick in my side when he said that onnatural word. However, I cum to, and never let on. Who the dickens was Mythology anyway? I'd never heard tell on him before, an' concluded fur a minute that he must be first cousin to Mythuselah, the fellow that lived all through the glacial period, and was the father of all glaziers, and of all sich as live in glass houses. As I said before—I wasn't goin' to be beat, if they could stand it I could—so I riz up in my chair and with a bland bow and smile, thanked them fur the honour conferred on me, and hoped to read them a paper next week on what was at once a favourite and a familiar subject, namely, Mythology. But you bet, Jim got even with me there for apintin' him to write the *Essay on Love*. Who or what Mythology was I'd no idea—but I hunted up the diction-

ary—and after I found out, I wired in stiddy fur ten days, eatin' lots of fish to support my brain, an' though I looked like a ghost when I got through, an' wanted shavin' badly—I got up a paper that raised my character fur learnin' all of twenty-five cents in their estimation. I told them in that there paper, that Mythology was the history and pedigree of folks as aint, never wor, and never will be. Ancient Mythology was a history of the gods that used to sit up in the celestial gallery and cut up while the play was going on below. They wor a bad lot, an' didn't know nothin' about fair play. As soon as a favourite of theirs was likely to get beat, they lit down on his opponent like a thousand of brick, and the poor fellow had no show. All wire pullin' an' party spirit, very same as you see at Ottawa to-day, only Sir John aint Jove. It is mythology that supplies us with the root of the name Smith; the fashionable way of spelling it coming nearer the original root, Smyth or Smythe. It means a person without individuality, a myth. When a man wishes to obliterate his identity he calls himself S-myth and from that moment he is as completely lost as a drop in the ocean. As a distinct individuality he exists no more, unless indeed he distinguishes it by attaching some other name, like a buoy to keep it from sinking. For instance, an article from the pen of Mr. Smith is unread unless prefixed by the word Goldwin. And yet the great Macbeth exclaims "What's in a name?" Macbeth wrote Shakespeare, and an American has written a book to prove that Shakespeare wasn't Shakespeare but Bacon. Well, they may make out Shakespeare to be a myth, but they'll take good care that American quotations on pork will hold good—especially Bacon. That Americans should extol Bacon is only characteristic, there's dollars in it. Mythology is fashionable now-a-days. William Tell who shot off his boy's head with an apple and buried it in the heart of the tyrant is a myth—he never was, so we are told. St. Patrick who banished all the vormin from the Emerald Isle, except—he was a myth—or at least he was Scotch which is the same. St. George was no hero, if he ever lived at all, he was an old swill barrel—so we are told. St. Andrew—but he was Scotch—and as the Scotch have existed from the beginning of time and are omnipresent everywhere, there's no gettin' them inside the pale of Mythology nowoh you fix it.

The greatest modern apostle of Mythology was a goddess called Betsybrig. She'd snap her fingers in the face of another goddess named Sairey and declare "wich she didn't believe as there wasn't no such pusson as the

immortal Misses 'Arries."—And a good deal more sich enlightenment I gave them on the subject. I tell ye what if they think to pull me up short, or catch this chicken nappin' they'll have to get up bright and early in the morning. At the conclusion of my paper I laid two volumes, blue and gilt, on the desk as first and second prizes for the best essays on any subject they liked to choose. An' I'm going to make it my business to tell you how nicely one of the fellows cheated the Sassiety out of the first prize and was expelled for all time to come, next week.



The Press Club entertainment at the Grand Opera House on Friday evening was a great success, though the programme was rather long. Part III consisted of the operatta, "The Rose of Auvergne," performed by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Thomson (*nee* Miss Agnes Corlett), and Mr. Scadding. The lateness of the hour placed the performers at a disadvantage, but the little piece was well done, notwithstanding. Mrs. Thompson made her *debut* on this occasion, and acquitted herself in a very promising manner, though her voice, so successful in concert rooms, is perhaps too light for the stage. The opera is shortly to be repeated with the same cast.

Robert Grau (a disgrace to an honorable dramatic name) ran away from his company the week before last, leaving them stranded in the city without their salaries and with hotel bills to pay. Not only so, but before he "skipped" he borrowed money on the security of the costumes, which were the property of Mr. H. J. Norman, a member of the company. In these straits Mr. Norman assumed the management, and Miss St. Quinten nobly stood by her people, playing engagements at the Island in the afternoon and every evening of last week, and this at the Zoo theatre. Much credit is due to Mr. Piper in this connection, and his kindly and energetic efforts to right the wrong done by Grau are not likely to be forgotten by any member of the company.

The St. Quinten Company are appearing this week in "Iolanthe," giving a very clever performance of that work. The prima donna is one of the best opera comique artists that has yet visited Toronto, and she is ably supported by principals and chorus. Mr. Bengough's successful work of last summer, "Bunthorne Abroad," is now in the hands of this company, and an early production of it, probably at the Gardens Pavilion, is anticipated. The libretto has been greatly improved since last season, and in the hands of the St. Quinten Company a decided hit is amongst the certainties.

Pride & Sackett's Pavilion goes on and prospers. Curiosity Hall is well stocked with wonders this week, and the programme in the theatorium is new throughout.

The Holmans are doing the "Lakes of Killarney" at the Theatre Royal every afternoon and evening.

In another place in this issue GRIP extends his congratulations pictorially to Mr. J. F. Thomson, on the event of his joining the benedicts. In common with all the friends of the happy couple, GRIP hopes their wedded life may be a symphony pitched in a high key of felicity, and that the baritone and soprano may always blend harmoniously until the grain-reaper breaks up the duet.