

able aptitude for writing poetry, he gave full swing to his poetic fancy and at the age of nineteen, composed a volume of poems which no publisher would have anything to do with at his own risk on any account. Nothing daunted, however, by this fact, Mr. Crinkle, Sr., brought the book out, as he expressed it, "on his own hook," feeling that his son belonged to that race of beings who are born, not made, namely poets; the consequence had been that "Flights into the Realms of Poesy, by C. Hyperion Crinkle," elegantly bound and beautifully printed, was to be found on the tables of most of the friends of the author, a gift from him to them, but the fact ought also to be stated that but two copies of the work were ever sold,

and these two were purchased by a couple of envious critics who slashed most bitterly at the wings of the aspiring bard and effectually prevented him from attempting another flight, either into the realms of poesy or elsewhere for a long time to come; and the remainder of the edition remained suspended on the paternal "hook" on which it had been brought out, without any apparent prospect of being taken off; but Charles never despaired of being yet able to give to the world something that might place him high on the scroll of names of the poets of his country, and he stated his determination never to give up till this happy end had been attained. "It would be dreaming in the lap of folly," he poetically observed to his fond parents one day when the conversation had turned on himself and his prospects. "It would be dreaming in the lap of folly for a man to think that he is going to do without obstacles, the work that has cost others a lifetime to perform," which sentiment brought tears of pride into the eyes of worthy old Mrs. Crinkle, and caused Charles' father to slap him on the back with sufficient vigor to take his breath away, at the same time adjuring him to go in and win, which his son stated his firm determination of doing.

All this had taken place several years previous to the time of which these memoirs treat, but as yet the great work had not yet made its appearance. Before concluding this brief description of Mr. Crinkle, it might be stated that he, like many another poet, was of a highly susceptible nature, and was constantly imagining himself to be deeply in love, and the number of sonnets to eyes, odes to rosebud mouths and poems and verses to feminine charms in general that he had written since entering his teens (and he was now twenty-six) was almost incredible, and it was a slight entanglement with a little minx who bore the name of Julia Swoppets, which was extremely distasteful to the elder Crinkle, the lady in question having no fortune but her face, that made the old gentleman hail the proposed expedition to America, when it was mentioned to him, with delight as a means of weaning his son from his last love, and he avowed his determination to furnish him with whatever funds might be needed for the project.

(To be continued.)

THOS. W. KEENE, the tragedian, will be able to play next season—*Current*.

Glad to hear it; he never has been up to the present.

## INCONTROVERTIBLE DEDUCTION.

FOR healthy, able-bodied reasoning I am prepared to back the editor of the *Guelph Herald* against any university graduate, anarchist, or member of the Markham Debating Society.

I do not state this recklessly, or because the young man is a pronounced Tory, or because I owe him anything, or because I would like to see him get a position on the editorial staff of the *Week*, but simply and solely in view of the subjoined introductory to a last week's leader:—

### THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The resolution passed at the last meeting of the city council appointing a committee to enquire into the feasibility of the city establishing and operating an electric light system may develop an important question, or may amount to nothing. That altogether depends on the result of the committee's deliberations.

That this is not graceful, concise, vigorous and altogether felicitously irrefragable logic, let some one say who is a good dodger and has a large swamp contiguous to his premises.

Please let me change the polished wording of the paragraph, but not the masterly argument:

The council pass a resolution. A committee are intrusted with the subject thereof. If this committee "deliberate" favorably, the question will be "developed." If they don't, it will "amount to nothing."

Oh, argumentative artist!

Oh, metaphysical *maestro*!

Oh, journalistic Daniel come to judgment!

Oh, goodness gracious!

JIBO.



### GRIP'S STAFF

Hard at work upon the Great, Grand and Unprecedented Summer Number, which will dawn upon the public about July 14th.

BEYOND the pale—The face of the yachtsman.

THE fisheries question—Which is the best hotel near the camp?—*Ex*.

CONSTERNATION filled every breast in Shantytown when the left-fielder of the second nine shouted from the enclosure where the ball had been battered: "Yer'll have ter call der game, fellys, Flinnerty's pig has swallowed the ball!"

"I WONDER why I can't make my kite fly," wailed the little brother of a High School girl. "It looks to me," replied Mildred, "as though its caudal appendage were disproportionate to its superficial area." "I don't think that's it," said Jim; "I think its tail is too light."—*Ex*.