



OLD, BUT WORTHY.

AN aged form, with slow, unsteady gait
Moves o'er the pavement with an air of woe;
Half skin, half bone—a truly hapless fate
To be the butt of many a jeer and blow.

Old bones! old soap-grease! skeleton! and death!
The youngsters bawl in treble notes of glee,
While onward toils that aged form, with breath
Quick panting, as the mob he tries to flee.

Oh, shame upon thy craven hearts I say!
And may thy days know naught but black remorse
For these jeer—at a form so lame and gray—
He's old, but he has been a worthy horse!

W. H. T.

HAMILTON, August 7th, 1886.



MY DEAR KATE.—Do you want your hair frizzed so it will keep so for a week—well if you do just come here and view the Collegiate Institute. I'm up here for my holidays and I tell you it gives girls like us who have been used to the monastic principle in Toronto—quite a shock—a rather delightful shock, will you believe me when I tell you as a solemn truth that there's *no* watching, *no* spying, *no* furtive glancing across at the boys, all is open, and above board with the full approbation of teachers and trustees! Of course it loses a good deal of its intensity. As sweetness you know, to accost, or be accosted by a boy with a pleasant "good morning" when you meet in class, and that without fear of detection or censure—I'm afraid it would get tame, too *brotherish* altogether—why, they help each other just as if they were so many girls; lend books—compare lessons—form literary associations—actually walk home with one another—and in past years have really and truly got up picnics!!!! yes, and invited the teachers too!!! who went and enjoyed themselves!!! think of it!!! they have also skated and tobogganed with them!!! picture *our* boys and girls

unspied, unchaperoned—talking and associating just as if we were blessed ghosts who had shuffled off this mortal coil of sex! And what do you think has been the awful result of this unheard-of freedom of association? The heavens have not fallen—there has been no social eruption, no calamity—not one single marriage among the students—but one awful thing *has* happened, the fence between the boys and girls in the play-ground has been taken down and now they may walk and talk like ordinary ladies and gentlemen in the grounds!!! Oh! oh! oh! my dear, when I beheld this latest edition of barriers broken down—my hair just frizzed all up of itself—I thought of our Toronto Collegiate Institute—and through sheer force of habit I started and looked round to see if the Rector was looking, I don't think I should like it, its *too* free—there's no fun, no secresy, no espionage, no "eyes to the front" when the boys are behind—no necessity for stolen glances—its *too* brotherish altogether—tell Alice and Emily—all about it—its *awful*—yours ever.

TILLY SAGE.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SOME DAILY NEWSPAPERS.

THE grand musical festival at Bayreuth will, it is rumored, be suspended in honor to the memory of Abbe Liszt.

The Italian hurdy-gurdy player, who has been in the habit of frequenting York street, has not been seen of late in his accustomed place.

The great disciple of the greater master who composed the Parsifale in Buhnenpfeifestspiel died quietly and without pain.

The whistles of the different boats of the Island ferry are pitched in different keys.

The *Beati Qui* from "Mors et Vita," was recently rendered at Toledo, Ohio.

Many infants in various parts of the Globe, are at this moment exercising their vocal chords. [By special cable.]

A "Toccata" in F. Bach was played last month in Cincinnati.

It is denied by the first scientists of the day, that a howling dog predicts a death in the neighborhood—and so on and so forth. To all of which *Grip* merely says: *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

MAN'S WORLD.

You just bet! We're going to hold up *our* end of the log if it takes us all summer to do it. Yes, by Jove, even if we should have to hire a woman to write it up for us. It used to be once a week this racy column in the *Globe*, but now that it has come to be once a day, and a pretty considerable column at that—this "Woman's World" concern, we mean—we are going to have our "Man's World" represented too. See if we don't!

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That's a fact! Mighty humiliating, wasn't it? If it had been a council of *female* aldermen that had let it out, what harm—it would just be like them—but, now that the cat is out, what's the use o' botherin'? Any how, these reporters are altogether too darn fresh;—I've always said so.

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'Um—ya—as—ya—as—there's no denying it, but he goes too far, too far! Why, 'tother night coming home from the lodge—sober as a judge, 'pon my soul, fact,—well, of course—a couple of drinks or so, but all right—