



THE KNIGHT ERRANT,

WHO ALAS! DOESN'T APPEAR TO HAVE ANY ERRANT TO GO.

O is there a maiden in all these landes,
Who is in somme soare distresse?
Lo, here is a knight with somme time on hys handes,
Who woude gladly yield her redresse!

Delaney's a man, and Mr. Warden, I will not shrink from giving you some more tuition who my antagonist is. When he left the nest where he was born, he had all his contents of his trunk on him, and that was a prize coat on his back, cordoroy breeches on his stretchers, and a pair of cashel brogans on his naked feet. When he landed on the shores of Ameriky he domiciled wid John Dolan, to feed pigs at four dollars a month, and during his recumtency, so intent was he in deformin his daily invocations that he pulled all his nails off scratchin praties out of the ashes. Delaney was in the servitude but same engaged workin at more manly re-sources. I have been oblivious of this scorpion of sedition ever since his extradition with the blood money, from the ould sod, and judge of my distonishment when I organized him the cther day, dacently impartment and attendin here in the capacity of Reeve for Killaloo. Truly, Mr. Warden, the alternations of fortune are fickle and fallowless, or Tom Burke would have been a beggarman to-day instead of a lumberman. But ould Biddy the mother, will be glad to hear that her boy that was cursed by the whole parish for takin the blood money, is dacently reforming hisself and his townies imposing confidentially on him. But he must lave Delaney to his own renoun, or I'll scourge him wid my wit, charm him wid my eloquence, and slab him on the gob wid my fight. I will never allow such a remnant of morality to reduce into this country his doubly rivited de-position.

Sheenboro, Mr. Warden, can niver, now, nor hereafter looso the sate of Government. Burke might as well try to pump the falls of Niagara up Deep river wid a baby squirt as deprive "Sheenboro" of the boon reposed on her by His Royal Highness Sir Edward Head, of Her Majesty's General-Governor. Delaney's affections are firmly and fondly detached to the "Sheen" l'boys, and will always vote wid them and for them, for they thrate me to whiskey whin I am d'ry, and give me money whin I lave home, and whin I come back. And Burke

can niver distrust those affections, except by walkin over Delaney's lifeless corpse. Burke has a follower there sittin at his right hand, as ugly as Connolly, the Ulster man. I would advise Burke to knock one of his eyes out, as it would reprove his looks. Put him in a box and exhibitate him round the streets of some popular town. He might in this way reprov his misfortunes and retrave his character. I will now close by proposing "Sheen" and the sky over it, and expendin a wish that Burke and his Jack in the box, may be speedily swept from their impositions, and that no more trouble may intervene, in passing our immortal by-law when the debentures come from By-Town. Mr. Warden, I must impresince myself and be hurried in my motionments, having a child on Allamette Island undergoin educational connivance, and another at By-Town in the same imposition. And I want to be in "Sheen" before the boat laves for the hight of land. The back of my hand and the sole of my foot to you, Tom Burke, you scorpion of sedition, may I never see you more, either here or hereafter, dead or alive, for you are as mane as Patsy Whelan, the thief that hung his own mother and stole his father's one pair of brogans.

Yours respectfully,

PATRICK DELANEY.

Dulcimer Notes.

ADOLESCENCE VILLA, Jarvis St.,
Toronto, Nov. 15th, 1881.

Mr. GRIP:

Dear Sir,—See here, about this confounded University business, by Jove! it's too bad, you know. Just listen to this paragraph, will you?

"Young women are carrying off the honours at the London University. A girl took the palm in the class for mathematical honours; a girl also came out ahead for English honours; two for German honours, one in chemistry, another in anatomy. In every case they distanced their male rivals, and carried off the honours from them."

Now, Great Cusar! you know this will never

do, and I now write to ask you, what are we going to do about it? You see what these Londoners have got for their stupidity in admitting the weaker sex to compete in University classes, and I'm sure I sincerely hope and trust that the very few who were foolish enough to advocate equal advantages to both sexes in Canada, will now see their folly, as it is perfectly clear to me that it's going to play the doose with us fellows if allowed here. Girls, sir, can never learn, never. They have no head for anything but ribbons and feathers, and all that sort of thing; they can't study worth a cent; all the same, they'd carry off all the honours to be had, just for spite, sheer spite. Now the short and the long of it is they've got to be kept out, and Mr. GRIP, do now, there's a good fellow, use all your enormous influence to keep these here University gates looked, barred and bolted against them, that is, if us fellows are going to have the shadow of a chance. Why, we'd have to study all hours to keep up with them; a fellow couldn't have a lark, nor take an afternoon's fun, for fear of them getting ahead, and then of course we couldn't cut up rough, with girls in the classes. Oh! confound it all, GRIP, I tell you it won't do, we've got to keep them out, and there's an end to it. Say, couldn't you get up a few articles now, about the proper sphere of women, and all that sort of humbug, you know the kind of thing goes down best; give them lots of taffy, call them the angels of the home, queen of hearts, "She at whose knees, &c., &c." and all that sort of bosh, you know, and then point to "the most sensible thing," the *Hamilton Spectator* "has seen this many a day," viz., "Six dollars premium for the best darned pair of stockings." You've got to use a little tact to bring them in. I remember when I was a kid, our young filly would get out sometimes and scamper away over the fields, and the only way I could get her back was with an old hat and a few oats in the crown of it, then when I had baited her I'd slip the halter over her neck and lead her back to the stall. Now that's the way to manage them girls. These fillys, sir, have slipped the halter, they are not in the pasture, and, by Jupiter! if allowed to run at large, they'd soon assume the curves and proportions of an Arabian, and I want to know where are you going to get your beasts of burden if this sort of thing is going to go on. No sir! here's the bait that'll fetch 'em. "Six dollars for a darned stocking!" Of course we can get new ones for 25c. or 50c. a pair, but, darn it, I say, and then you'll get six dollars for it, and when you're about it quote the "simple cottager," and the "blessings of contentment." But anyhow you fix it, drive the notion of University training out of their heads, and save us the disgrace of being beaten at the examinations by girls.

Yours in great disgust,

THEODORE Z. DULCIMER,
Undergraduate Toronto Univ.

P. S. (Private Statement.) In looking over this letter I have come to the conclusion that I've got a good deal of literary talent, for, on the whole, I must confess it is very cleverly written; quite equal, in fact, to anything that Goldwin Smith has written on any Canadian subject, and will certainly drive a nail in somebody's coffin. I don't frequent the library, but think I'll hunt up some of the best authors on the "Supremacy of Man," and send you any notes which I may consider might be useful to you, in demolishing the pretensions of these darned girls.

T. Z. D.

"An unknown Wild!" ejaculated Mr. Jumbleup, reading a displayed heading in *Thursday's Globe*. "Thank goodness that can have no reference to our preacher, anyhow!"