



When gripping grief the heart doth wring.
Of doleful dumps the mind oppress.
Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.
Shakespeare

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

(The writer can recover by applying at Grip office.)

Toronto, 16th, 1886.

TO MISS MADGE THRUMS,
Hamilton Coll. Inst.



MY DEAR MADGE,—Litoria! Litoria! Litoria I've got on the brain, tra-la, ever since Convocation. For you must know we made it a matter of duty and principle to turn out in full force to see the boys. And not only did we see them, we—shall we ever forget it—*heard* them, their fish-horns, their chestnut bells, their voices, from the raw shrill of the freshie to the *basso profundo* of the bearded graduate—male, of course. We heard Old Grimes as sung in the original

“For he's a jolly good fellow” chorus, three cheers and a tiger, dedicated to Professor Young, who, however, is old, tho' not above joining in and feeling like old times. We nigh swooned at the witching strains of “Upi-dee-i-dee-i-day,” and as for Litoria it came along with us and we sing it in our sleep.

But oh, darling Madge, you remember Tom, Dick, and Harry—the dictators, the exalted demigods of the Hamilton Literary Soc.? It was a sight for angels to weep over, the way they were “sot upon” by the sophomores. It was “sit on the floor, freshies,” here, and “sit on the floor, freshies,” there, until the poor ex-demigods were fain to droop their chins on their vests, and sneak towards the door like badly used canines. Viewed in the light of the past it was a refreshing sight to us who keep the memory of their late magnificence green.

As usual, your Ambitious City boys were characteristically to the fore, upholding the reputation of your famous and successful co-educational Institute. Didn't I just crow to see Wilton and Bowerman and Bensley getting medals and honors. Hooray! Why wasn't I born a boy

that I could stand up and cheer? But oh, say, you should have seen J. T. in his brown check suit and—cigar. Your worthy ex-president, to wit—the only student there who had the—the—gall to make a funnel of himself among all the ladies present—wonder if his mother knew he was out on exhibition as a brown-check smoke-stack.

And Bob! You would have expired to see Bob play football with his head! Oh, my side! and the tears came running down my cheeks till I looked a holy show—laughing so. Always gave Bob credit for a good hard Presbyterian head—but when I saw him butt like a billy-goat at that ball and send it flying over the goal—oh! it was too funny for anything. But why *don't* he put on long stockings? he used to be a modest boy—knit him a pair, Madge, do!

Oh, I must tell you—the strangest, the cheekiest thing—I had just got home from convocation, and was up in my room singing Litoria for all I was worth, when a policeman came walking up and down before the window—and scowling! you ought to see him scowl! he looked a veritable Blue Beard ready to gobble me up. Now, what do you suppose ailed the man?—Ever thine, Litorially,

GERTY SCHNELLANGEN.

THE *Dominion Annual Register* for 1885 has reached our table, and is equal to any of its predecessors. This is high praise, for the *Register* is an invaluable adjunct to the library of any man who is interested in Canada and its affairs. The volume before us is an epitome of everything pertaining to the country worth recording during the year 1885. Henry J. Morgan, of Ottawa, is the publisher.



“FAIRY FINGERS,” the French comedy drama presented by Rhea, on Saturday night, was a delightful five-act piece, one of the most sparkling things our stage has ever seen. The fair comedienne herself, and Mr. Forrest, (whose comic gifts are very great) added much to their laurels, and the support was in all cases satisfactory.

This week Alfred Thomson's comic opera *Pepita* (music by Solomon, of *Billee Taylor* fame) is being given at the Grand. This work scored a fine success in New York. At the Toronto, the Mexican Orchestra performed the first half of the week. Janish, the distinguished comedienne, is the present attraction.

On Thursday evening, Mr. Walter Pelham, the celebrated English humorist, appears at the Horticultural Pavilion in connection with the Court Musicians, in a series of four entertainments.

On the evening of thanksgiving day (Thursday next) the Trebelli-Musin Company reappear under the auspices of the St. George Society.