



The Lacrosse Match.

MISTHER GRIP, SIR:

Hurr o for the Shamrocks! Be me sowl, fwhat I've think av the way they polished off the bios from the Quane City a wake ago come Saturday. Three straight games, no less. A crown av glory for aich lafe av the purty little flower that's their namesake, in a manner av spakin'. I was presint, Misther Gurr, an' a foimer bit av shikill I niver witnessed, brrin' a few whacks on the shins an' some more on the skulls be way av variety. Lacrosse, sir, is an illigint game entirely to luck at, an' maybe it wud be fun to belong to a club av the life insurance wasn't so high. I only spake as a spectator, hei? that I have a family to take care of an' wuddn't think av takin' a hand in the play. But wid regards to the great match at Monthrellhall, I must say the Taranta bies tuck their defate manfully. They didn't raise a howl and whine that the umpire was briled and the ball didn't go be-tune the flags, an' all the rest av the shenanigan we often hear. They put on their coats an' wint away like min, an' niver a wan av them squealed. They lift that sort of thing to the reporter av the *Globe*, an' fwhen I read his bit about it I cudden't help laughin' so I couldn't. Did yez notice fwhat he said? Jisthen to this:

"As a display of the science of lacrosse the match was a complete failure, and does not deserve record. It was evident the Shamrocks had laid out their programme to win, and they never gave the Toronto men a chance to exhibit their fine powers and scientific skill in the field. Similar games have been played here before, but they are not worthy of imitation. The match throughout was played in the most gentlemanly manner ever seen here, and in that respect only was it an advance on former contests."

Did yez iver here anythin' richer than that? The match was "played in the most gentlemanly manner," barru! that "the Shamrocks had laid out their programme to win" an' the mane spaipeens "niver gave the Taranta min a chance to exhibit their foine powers and scientific skill!" Luck at that now for a dirty thriek! I don't know nothin' about it, but from the way the Taranta bies acted I thought at first they had "laid out their programme to win," an' I believe they did all they cud to prevent the Shamrocks from "showin' their skill" too.

Yours truly,
TERRY McSHANE.

The Great Scullers.

ANECDOTES OF THEIR BOYHOOD.

It is with pleasure that Mr. Gurr, at great expense and deep research on the part of his correspondents in all parts of the world, offers the following anecdotes concerning the aquatic giants now in our midst, in their childhood's happy hours, at a time when they were as yet to fame unknown. Anything connected with

the early days of these gentlemen cannot but be interesting to Gurr's countless readers.

Edward Hanlan.—When Ned was two years and six months old, his nurse (an elderly Italian lady from the Black North, whether Lombardy or Tyrone the chronicle doth not state) reproved him for endangering his life by venturing out on Toronto Bay on a plank—such was his intense aquatic disposition even at that early age.

"Neddy, my darling child," the dear old lady used to say, "do not, I pray of you, go near the water."

"Water ye say?" was the reply of the precocious infant phenomenon. The boy always loved the water—he revelled in it. At one time it was thought that he would die of water on the brain.

Wallace Ross.—Wallace, when a kid, showed always a determination not to be conquered. His undaunted and combative nature aroused the fears of his parents.

"Wallace," his maternal parent would often say, "be careful, you will get into trouble."

"Trouble!" said the undaunted youth. "Didn't a former Wallace defeat Edward of England? I am going to get away with Edward of Toronto."

He hasn't done it yet—but he'll try.

Charles E. Courtney.—Charles E. in his early youth was very studious. He first saw the light of day at Union Springs—where he first handled the saw that has made his name so famous. As I said before he was a studious child and particularly fond of sacred history and classics. The story of Esau affected him deeply when he read it. When quite a child he asked Professor Engie, of Cornell University, what was the meaning of *Veni, vidi, vici*. "I came, I saw, I conquered," was the reply of the astonished pundit, delighted at the youth's desire for information.

"You have not construed the lines right," said the youthful Charley to the astonished professor. "I interpret the words thusly:—'I came, I sawed, he conquered.'"

"I p'ophecy for that young man," said Professor Engie to an intimate friend, "a great future. He may be yet an honor to this University."

Were the old gentleman's words indeed prophetic?

Edward Trickett.—Edward T., like Edward H., is a born oarsman. He came o'er the sea from the Antipodes to England, and distinguished himself so much that many an eloquent oration was delivered in his praise, and many were the orisons that went aloft for his success. His friends thought he could pass anything without an orol, and presented him with an oride watchchain. O'er all competitors he stood until he met the "boy," when his dream of life was o'er. *Orate fratres.*

Frederick A. Plaist.—Frederick A., as a boy, evinced a great taste for high society, long before he won the laurel wreath and placed it on his brow. Although not showing any remarkable desire to enjoy the comforts of domestic society, he had always a great penchant for clubs, in which he had full swing. "Without clubs," said Frederick to one of the reporters who interviewed him while partaking of clam sholder at his country seat at Cape Cod, "my life would be a blank."

Evan Morris.—Eph. was born on the Monongahela, in the State of Pennsylvania. One may say he was brought up on the Monongahela, and still loves it with the passion of a mother for its babe, or a *Globe* editor for a Tory scandal. When asked by the champion on one occasion on what conditions they would pull, Hanlan said: "How shall we row, Evan, even?" Evan replied, "Not *this* Eph; some other Eph; Good Eph."

Hanlan says he is the only one of the fraternity who can get a joke through his skull.



A NEW MINISTER.

Nothing would afford Mr. Gurr greater gratification than to see his esteemed friend Mr. J. Burr-Plumb elevated to a Ministerial position. Heretofore the Premier has had no chance of bestowing a well-earned portfolio upon his able lieutenant, for whenever a vacancy has occurred in the Cabinet it has been filled by the appointment of somebody else. But now a rare idea has been broached. It matters not that this "happy thought" has emanated from a pestilent Grit source, it is a good idea, and Gurr would like to see it carried out. It is, in short, that a new portfolio should be created—that of Minister of Pienics, and Mr. Plumb is the man nature has designed for the office. He has devoted a great part of his valuable time to the study of Political Pienicology; and his fame as a manager of entertainments of this class is as wide as the Dominion. Mr. Plumb deserves some recognition at the hands of the Government, and this we feel sure would be an acceptable form in which to offer it.

Love in June.

And so we lingered 'neath the shady trees,
She low reclining on a garden seat,
With pensive look, hands clasped upon her knees:
I, all adoring, seated at her feet.
Waiting the words I thought would be so sweet,
Sweet they would be from lips so sweet—why not?
She simply murmured, "My! it's awful hot!"

"It is," I said, feeling a wild desire,
To tell my love in words more burning still.
Why is she silent? She sees not the fire
That burns my soul, that scorches e'en my will!
Again she moved her lips—a sudden thrill
Swept through my soul as if a rising storm—
She spoke—the gently murmured, "Ain't it warm!"

"Very!" I said. "But list to me, sweet maid
Passions are warmer than the sun's warm rays;
Yes, more unbonded, neither tied nor stayed,
By circumstance, nor fashion and its ways.
They care for neither censure nor for praise.
I have a passion—" "Oh!" she said, "how nice;
Yes, so have I, a desperate one for ice!" J.A.K.

More Rhymes.

A young lady, Miss Maude Pinsoncault,
Went on the bay with her beault,
But she made a mistake,
For when out on the lake,
She discovered her beault couldn't row.

The same lady went out in a yacht,
And in a tornado was caught,
But she took in all sail,
And weathered the gale,
Although the yacht nearly upstaid.

An æsthetic young lady in Guelph,
Had a lot of old china and delf,
And her lover she sacked,
When he said, "They're all cracked."
And he now thinks her half cracked herself.

There was a young woman named Lysle,
Who tried a young man to beguile,
But the young man was fly,
If he was rather shy,
And he made this remark, "I should smile."