



WHAT WE MAY EXPECT IF THE PRESENT STYLE CONTINUES AT THE RINKS.

FINICAL PHRASEOLOGY.

THOSE who are anxious to observe the latest fashions in phraseology, will be interested in learning from an item in the *Globe*, that "It is one of the fancies to say, 'Shall I luncheon with you?' 'I luncheoned with him,' instead of saying 'I lunched with him.'" We suppose that in asking a friend to join you in a whiskey hot, the correct form of invitation would be, "Will you puncheon with me?" If not, why not? It is at all events a reasonable an-a-logical conclusion.

PRESS CLUB-HOUSE WARMING.

HOW-SWARMING were the rooms and corridors of the new Press Club-House, on Bay street, on the occasion of their formal opening, on the 21st Jan. "Too cold" eh? Well, rather—took hold in great shape. It was a representative gathering—proprietors, editors and reporters, dailies and weeklies, Grits, Tories, Independents, and Democrats, serious and secular, without distinction of caste, creed—color or sex we were going to add, but that would be superfluous as Toronto journalism now exists. None of our newspaper men are colored, though some of their statements may be. Well, it was an event long to be remembered—an occasion of general fraternization, and the ignoring for a few hours of the monotonous and wearisome issues over which journalists disagree and abuse each other—Grit and Tory smoked and joked together, and drank each other's health in the temperance beverages which were wisely substituted for the stronger

potations formerly indulged in by newspaper men, and Labor Reformers played billiards with the hirelings of monopoly. It was below zero outside, but within all was mirth, jollity and good fellowship. GRIP cordially joins in the wish expressed by the energetic President, Mr. John Ross Robertson, that the Club may be able to inaugurate an era of good feeling and dissipate old time misunderstanding and prejudices. You can whang away at each other in the columns of your respective papers just the same, you know, boys; but let it be understood that it's only done for political exigencies and doesn't count.

The Club has a splendid start, and now "*Laissez faire Galignani*," as they say in Paris, France.

FUN.

LIGHTS O' LONDON will be the attraction at the Toronto Opera House all this week. The *Philadelphia Times* says:—"Over four thousand people crowded into this popular house last evening to assist at the grand opening of the season. The people were delighted with an admirable presentation and performance of the noble melodrama, 'Lights o' London,' with Marston's exquisite scenery, the picture of London Bridge being a masterpiece.—The cast includes such favorites as Mrs. Fanny Denham Rouse, Miss Mary Sewel, Messrs. James Carter, Horace Vinton, Mason Mitchell, Sam.

Hemple, Charles B. Poore, and other excellent people. Hundreds of persons were turned away and a very large number secured places for every performance this week."

PROF. REYNOLDS closed his season of mesmeric exhibitions here last Saturday evening, and went on to give Montreal a good laugh. There are, we suspect, a good many people in this intellectual centre who are unaware of the fact, that a first-rate mesmerist, like Mr. Reynolds, can give an evening of fun infinitely more laughable than the funniest theatre performance. It is a fact, nevertheless, and those who missed this opportunity will be glad to know that the Professor is to return next month.

THE Caledonian concert on Thursday was a great success, as usual.

BILL NYE, the famous humorist of the New York *World*, will hold forth in Association Hall on Thursday evening, February 2nd. His theme is "The New South," and it will no doubt be found that there is more fun in the subject than a casual observer would suspect. The lecture will not only be illustrated with jokes, but also with pictures, drawn by McDougall, Mr. Nye's colleague in the *World*. Go and hear old Baldy.

THE papers are poking fun at Prof. Wiggins because Ottawa was shaken by an earthquake the other day, and the learned scientist knew nothing of its intended visit. This is premature. Prof. Wiggins knew all about it, but it is beneath his professional dignity to give advance notices to small, one-horse earthquakes.