

"DARE TO BE A DANIEL!"

GRIP herewith extends heartfelt congratulations to the honored President of University College for his avowed determination to abide by that title, rejecting all others. To all our friends who tried to persuade us that he would accept the title of "Sir," we now present our card of compliments with *I told you so*, written in large letters on the back thereof. As it is only on great occasions such as these that we are seized with the divine afflatus and drop into poetry, we trust the genial president will not take offence at our dedicating to his honored name these new stanzas to a stirring old tune. In the words of an old king—

"Who is there like Daniel?"

Jealous of his fame,
Honor him the faithful one,
Daniel is his name!
Dare to be as Daniel,
Dare to hold your own,
Dare to show your self-respect,
Nor dare to let it down.

"President of the 'Varsity,"

Learning's lover true,
He a ~~knave~~ knight forsooth!
He Sir Dan. Go to!
Dare to be a Daniel!
Dare to stand alone,
Dare a title to refuse,
And dare to make it known.

Not for him such Knighthood cheap,
Common as the mire;

"President of the 'Varsity,"
That is something higher,
Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare a mind to own,
Dare to choose the higher still,
And dare to make it known.

President! aye, what is more,
Friend of all the boys;
Young as they in heart and soul,
Sharer of their joys.
Dare to be a Daniel,
Dare true worth to own,
Dare the 'Varsity hold first,
And dare to wear her crown.

THE BOODLING WITNESS'S COMPLAINT.

OH this weary investigation!
How it fills me with vexation,
That old judge and these snart lawyers, everything they want to know.
How they twist and turn and try me,
How with questions they do ply me,
Humbugging me about old things that happened long ago.

They must think I am a noodle,
To keep track of all the boodle;
And these private small transactions, how the doose was I to know
That some day 'twould be demanded,
How th' exchequer got so stranded,
Or what value did we get for money spent so long ago?

Some one of these law gentry
Puts his finger on an entry
How this tallies with the voucher is the thing he wants to know.
If I tell the truth about it,
We'd be jailed, sir, do not doubt it,
So I say I cannot swear to it for it's so long ago.

When my statement they attack it,
I just tumble to the racket;
Ain't I a right to save my neck? is what I'd like to know;
Let 'em question all they like to,
The plan I'm goin' to stick to,
Is to say I can't remember, it's so very long ago.



MR. GRIP,

SIR,—I notice in the last number of the *Musical Journal* an article on "Reverence in Church Choirs," in which the writer expresses the preposterous opinion that concert room conventionalities are out of place in the house of worship. This only shows how ignorant even an editor may be. Surely the church authorities ought to know better than a mere musician what is or is not befitting in a sacred service; and so long as we find distinguished soloists advertised in the Saturday papers to perform on the next day at this or that church, it would be more becoming for the *Musical Journal* writer to keep his diminished head hidden. What do people go to church for now-a-days, anyway, if it isn't to hear Mme. Colvolli, Mme. Corletomsoni, or yours truly and indignantly,

FRIZZIE BLONDBANGS,
Prima Donna Soprano Church of St. Judas.

IT DIDN'T SEEM TO WORK.



I SEE OO! I SEE OO!



PEEK-A-BOO!

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS.

Stranger, who has returned to his native town after twenty years absence.

"I see you have been making great improvements here of late."

Old Resident.—"Aye, great improvements. The new cemetery, there, is filling up fine!"