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## The Days o' Langsyne.

SONG.

ON the bonny green banks o' the Gryffe,  
In the dear simmer days o' langsyne,  
Sae sweet was the morning o' life,  
Nae heart was mair happy than mine.

Mair deep was the violet's glow,  
Mair gowden the bonny sunshine,  
And the heart did wi' joy overflow,  
In the dear simmer days o' langsyne.

Before a' this warfare began—  
This terrible struggle for gain—  
This battle between man and man,  
Wi' our heart-strings for aye on the strain.

There was less o' contention and strife,  
And life had mair o' the divine,  
On the bonny green banks o' the Gryffe,  
In the dear simmer days o' langsyne.

Auld, weary and worn on the track,  
Nae wonder we're apt to repine,  
When life's but a lang looking back  
To the dear happy days o' langsyne.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.



### PARTY FEED.

Visitor from Bruce.—“Gritz for Parritch?” Aye, but that's a gey queer way to spell the name o' oor Party!

### SHOWS.

THE subscription list for the Hoffman concert is being rapidly filled up at Suckling's. The chances are good that Toronto will soon have an opportunity of hearing the wonderful child pianist.

REV. DR. CHAS. F. DEEMS, pastor of the Church of the Strangers, New York, is to lecture in Toronto this month. GRIP feels unusual interest in this announcement, as Dr. Deems is reputed to be the wittiest man of his cloth in Gotham.

MADAME PATTI is the most eccentric artiste on the stage. The other day she gave a special performance at Madrid, in honor, as she unblushingly announced, of her *forty-fifth birthday!* Most *prime donne* would rather die than allow such a confession to go on the bills.

PROF. JOHN REYNOLDS is with us once again, and every evening until the end of next week, Shaftesbury Hall will ring with laughter at the involuntary comicalities of the subjects of his mesmeric powers. These powers, as displayed by Mr. Reynolds, are certainly marvellous, and, aside from the vast amount of healthful fun to be obtained, the entertainments are well worthy of the attention of cultivated people for their scientific interest. We would like to see the schools and colleges of the city largely represented in the audiences during the professor's present visit.

THE manager of the Toronto Opera House is evidently meeting a public demand in bringing out a series of lively melo-dramas. Crowded houses last week greeted “Never Say Die,” which is succeeded this week by Mr. I. P. Studley and company in “A Great Wrong.” The play is a strong one and carries the central figure through a labyrinth of vicissitudes, all capable of scenic adornment, to the end, where, of course, all comes out right. The play has plenty of movement in dialogue and changing scenes. Miss Abbie Pierce, leading lady with “A Great Wrong,” was for many years chief support to the late John T. McCullough, and Wallack's Theatre, New York city. Miss Pierce is a very charming actress.

### TALKS WITH THE FAKIR.

V.

THE Fakir was in rather better trim than usual when he dropped in last week. He wore a new suit, and his general aspect betokened that he had struck a vein of prosperity.

“Well, Fakir,” said the advertising man, “how's things?”

“Oh, pretty fair—pretty fair. Been kept busy for the last few days. Society business, you know. The order of the Heroes of Marathon, which I lately joined, have been holding their annual convention. I was a delegate, representing Pyrrhic Phalanx, No. 371, and was chosen Grand Champion.”

“Gracious! Then you must be at the head of the order.”

“Oh, no; there's several ranks above Grand Champion. There's the Magnanimous Royal Princes, and the Sublime Emperors, and the chief executive is the Supernal Demigod. You just ought to see our gorgeous regalia. It everlastingly lays over the Masons, and the Oddfellows, and the Knights of Pythias. I tell you the Heroes of Marathon is a big thing. We have Pyrrhic Phalanxes all over the country, and people are joining with a rush. Better let me propose you.”

“I don't take any stock in such nonsense,” said the assistant editor. “How any full-grown man can feel any satisfaction in rigging himself out in a lot of tinsel finery, and calling himself a Grand Champion, or a Sublime Emperor, is more than I can understand. I didn't think you were that kind of a crank.”

The Fakir's countenance assumed an expression of shrewdness, and he winked knowingly.

“Oh, don't you make no mistake. I aint dead stuck on titles and regalia, and all that. It's the solid boodle