



### THE SPELLING REFORM.

Joy of a Phonetic Reformer on observing the progress of the glorious movement in St. John's Ward!



Mr. Erastus Jackson, Warden of York, gave the customary dinner at the Albion Hotel on Tuesday evening. Of course it was a great success—as great, in fact, as Mr. Jackson's wardenship has been. Everybody sang with particular heartiness the popular chorus, "He's a jolly good fellow!"

On Saturday (mat. and eve.) an event will take place at the Grand Opera House for which theatre-goers have been on the "tiptoe of expectation" for several weeks—the appearance of Miss Ruby Quinton as Pauline in "The Lady of Lyons," who made her debut in New York a short time ago, and is said to be a very promising actress. She will be supported by Mr. C. W. A. Dedrickson, a Toronto journalist who has had a good deal of experience on the stage.

The Choral Society, under Mr. E. Fisher, gave a fine miscellaneous concert at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening.

The Holman Opera Company have established themselves at the Zoo, where a stage and all necessary 'fixins' have been provided for the proper production of the popular comic operas. "Olivette" was given this week, before good audiences. The company is under the management of Mr. Davis, formerly of the Grand.

Mr. Thompson's Standard Company gave the "Pirates" in splendid style last week. Those who miss seeing the troupe will have cause to regret it; "Patience," as placed upon the boards by the Standard Company, was never excelled, if equalled by any troupe that has visited Toronto. Saturday matinee and Friday and Saturday evening performances of this opera.

### ON OUR TABLE.

Mr. Wm. Burgess has favored us with a copy of his new Guide Book to Toronto. The work is very neat in typographical appearance, and is edited with characteristic care. It contains all that the visitor needs to know about the city, and this information is supplemented by a large map of the streets. Price, 10 cents.

*Pickings from Puck*—a book with a gorgeous colored design on the outside, and a great mass of funny matter and pictures from *Puck* between the covers, comes to us from the office of our New York contem. Get one at your bookseller's.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS, WOULD-BE-CONTRIBUTORS, &c.

R. L. P., Highgate.—1. What is good for colic? Since we read your 'Rueful Monody' undertakers rub their hands and chuckle as we pass; what did we ever do to you that you sort us that thing?

2. We don't run a shorthand bureau. We never did run a shorthand bureau. We don't intend ever to run a shorthand bureau. We haven't any circulars. We can't send you one. Can you read? Bengough's Shorthand Bureau is at No. 11 King-street west, and is advertised in *Grip* every week. We have no connection with that Bureau. How big are you? We should like to kill you for the two-fold injury you have done us: firstly in nearly poisoning us with that Monody, which you admit to be vile trash, and, secondly, in being the nine millionth crank who asks us about that Shorthand Bureau.



### A GROAN.

AFTER PAVING A TAILOR'S HILL.

Oh! eye of mine in frenzy fine  
Roll round and round, and oh! ye muses,  
Come down in time, inspire a rhyme  
To please each one who this peruses.

I do not aim to make a name  
As one who lives, a baby-hater  
Oh! no, oh! no; that is not so,  
'Tis of the child's perambulator,

(Which is a pest that I detest)  
That I would sing in tuncful numbers:  
It makes my life a hateful strife,  
And haunts me in my broken slumbers.

For I am—well—what's called a swell,  
And in this role I am extensive;  
The garb I wear is rich and rare  
And, honestly, is quite expensive.

But what I boast about the most  
Is what I'm going to tell you now, sirs  
'Tis not my tile, but fit and style  
And *tout ensemble* of my trowsers.

They're made of light material, quite  
As delicate, in hue and so forth,  
As primrose petal; and on my mettle  
In these immaculate 'togs' I go forth.

In crowded street I often meet  
Those things, the sure result of marriages,  
Which some proud patres call perambulators,  
But which I'll here style baby carriages.

Where'er I stroll these buggies roll,  
Propelled by nursery maids, so loving too,  
Whose eyes the 'winder' of a shop will hinder  
From seeing where on earth they're shoving to.

And ere you know it their wheels will go it,  
All smeared with mud against your legs, sir;  
And a 'spodge' imprint on that primrose tint,  
They will as sure "as eggs is eggs," sir.

And though you swear and tear your hair  
As on the ruin you are gazing,  
That maid from the country with cool effrontery  
Will stare at you with cheek amazing.

Perhaps demanding why you were standing,  
(With devilish leer of imp or satyr)  
With so little 'savy' on the middle of the pave,  
In front of her perambulator.

Now, it's very trying to be always buying  
New 'trowsers' and it makes one irate,  
But it'll have to be done as long as the sun  
Stands still for the world round it to gyrate,

And perambulators of prolific matrs  
Are allowed to monopolize the sidewalk,  
Or, till, in reality, the municipality  
Give folks on foot a much more wide walk.

The law that bicyclists and likewise tricyclists  
Must take the road the same as equestrians,  
No one disparages, and baby carriage  
Should leave the sidewalk for pedestrians.

SIR KNT. & BRO. W. CRINGLE, E. A. O.  
K. T. E.

(Continued from last week.)

During the period when Sir Knight William was studying to obtain the sublime 105th degree, I own, with sorrow, that he was neglecting his patching and mending, and his customers becoming weary of the constant repetition of the answer, when they called for dilapidated foot-wear that had been left for repairs, that Mr. Cringle had been appointed delegate, (or 'delicate' as good Mrs. Cringle called it) to some meeting of some Grand Windbag, (for so what would be lodges and grand lodges in other orders were termed in the Euroclydons—Windbags—thus Sir Knight Cringle's Windbag was Windbag No. 25, and so on) and would probably be absent several days, betook themselves with their broken shoes to other cobblers less exalted than Sir Knight William, the consequence being that as that doughty little man's insight into the Euroclydonic mysteries became deeper and greater, his stock of shoes to be repaired became gradually less.

In vain Mrs. Cringle remonstrated with him, and pointed out that, instead of benefiting him, this Sir Knightly business was actually injuring him, and that every banquet brought fresh rents into the sheets from his knightly spurs, till those articles—the sheets—were by this time little but rags and tatters; Sir Knight Cringle merely told her not to meddle with mysteries, rites, and ceremonies too deep for feminine comprehension, and went on parading, processing, gripping, and banquetting till he was standing on the 83rd round of the ladder, and was just about as illustrious a little man as was to be found anywhere, for he held office, occupying the chair of Grandissimo Caracolumpy, and though it is true he had to stand on a couple of bricks neatly covered with pink velvet to enable him to see over the altar in front of him, still he could not help his diminutive stature, and he made up in pompousness and dignity what he lacked in height.

So things went on, and at length Sir Knight and Bro. (with the alphabet twice repeated after his name) William Cringle held a grand banquet upon attaining the 100th degree; but it was the last one he ever attended, for, as his degrees had been multiplying, his customers had been decreasing, till, at last, not one solitary pair of shoes had found their way to Sir Knight Cringle's bench either for purposes of re-soling, half-soling, re-vamping, patching or healing for two weeks, and very little of anything, food or furniture, remained in the house, with the exception of Sir Knight Cringle's uniform and regalia, now very much the worse for wear, though these could scarcely be termed furniture, for Mrs. Cringle, poor thing, had been forced to sell, piece by piece, such articles as she had or else starve, while her husband was laboriously ascending the Euroclydonic scale of degrees, and suddenly the Sir Knight found himself unable to pay his windbag dues. Month after month slipped by, and save for an odd job at long intervals, but little work had the little cobbler to do,