



THE COLLEGE GIRL AT THE RACES

SHE.—“What’s the trouble on the judges’ stand, George?”

HE.—“There is some dispute over the last heat.”

SHE.—“Why, aren’t their thermometers all alike, George?”—*Texas Siftings.*

#### MR. GRIP AT COMMENCEMENT!

TUESDAY, the 12th, was Commencement, and GRIP, interested of course in the graver education of the youth of Canada, whom he instructs in his own quaint way, fluttered expectantly up to Convocation Hall. There arrived, finding no statue of Minerva (no “pallid bust of Pallas”), on which to alight, he settled on the sober-faced clock beneath the gallery, judging prematurely that such a resting place, silently expressive of the swift, irrevocable flight of time, would best suit the solemn business of the hour. Solemn, indeed, was the occasion, and yet more solemn yet was the Raven’s countenance as he viewed the entering crowds below, looked with becoming reverence at the memorial window, and, cocking his head on one side, gazed with grim apprehension at the ghastly gorgons overhead.

But his reverence deepened to awe as now a great noise without preceded the entrance of a lordly, dark-robed figure, tall and stately, advancing with dignity up the aisle, armed to the teeth with majesty and a mace, a real gilt concern, emblematic of the sovereignty of Her Majesty, Victoria, D.F., etc. Behind him thronged the dignitaries of the institution, a noble band—all literary characters, whose love of letters was chiefly displayed in the long strings of them tagged after their names. So far, so good: GRIP was impressed and awed. But from the wonder by what subtlety of academic reasoning these learned gentlemen had found themselves compelled to call the end of the college year Commencement, GRIP was rudely roused. Can these, these crowding, crushing, shouting hordes, be Grimming with their jolly songs the lofty hall, and making the terrified Gorgons on the roof writhe horribly in a vain attempt to escape through the woodwork—can these be the academicians of whom

he has heard so often and with such respect? But so it proved! The alpaca tatters, dangling in unseemly shreds from their shoulders, afforded complete demonstration of the unwelcome truth. GRIP was dazed, and awoke only to hear the following able speech from the Vice-Chancellor,—

Ladies and gentlemen; (*applause, loud and long-continued from the gallery*)—heartily welcome. (*renewed applause, mingled with shouts at an unfortunate Freshman who had presumed to enter with a cane and a lady*). I am especially glad (*tumult in the gallery, caused by the forcible entry of half-a-dozen sophomores into a space already more than filled*), ever-increasing number of matriculants (*tremendous applause; cries of “cheek, Freshy!” and other original witticisms, with an attempt to sing “Litoria,” which was accomplished by about a dozen different cliques in a dozen different times and tunes.*)

Here the venerable president was so ill-advised, as to interfere. His appearance was the signal for the following irreverent ode, sung with great gusto by the whole gallery, to the tune of “Willow, tit-willow, tit-willow”:—

#### ODE:

ON THE OCCASION OF DR. WILSON’S DECLINING A KNIGHTHOOD.

OII, Doctor, dear Doctor, what’s this that we hear,—

Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny?

What queer information assaileth the ear—

Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny?

You might be benighted—beknighted, we mean—

By that gracious old lady, Victoria, Queen,—

The funniest story we ever have seen,

Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny!

But right on the heels of our getting the news,

Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny,

We hear you intend to politely refuse,

Oh, Danny, dear Danny, dear Danny;