

## HOW P. QUILL BROUGHT DOWN THE HAT AND THE HOUSE.

[Written especially for him by himself.]

A LADY at the Opera one night sat  
In front of Peter, and her wide-brimmed hat  
(With feathers furnish'd, that would cover o'er  
Of small birds probably a score, or more)  
Excluded quite from his paid point of view  
The stage, and all the actors had to do.  
Not caring thus to pay a dollar bill  
And lose the play, nor wishing to act ill,  
Before the curtain rose did Peter say  
Unto the lady—"Pardon, Madam, pray  
Would you remove your too-exclusive hat,  
Which quite prevents my seeing aught?" At that  
The lady grew enraged and firmly said  
"My hat shall stay as now—upon my head."  
Once more did Peter ask with winning smile,  
And failed again; the hat remained; meanwhile  
The orchestra proclaimed the hour was near  
When both the play and players should appear.  
So Peter, when the drop began to rise,  
Bethought a plan, and right before the eyes  
Of all the audience, upon his head  
He placed his hat, and to the lady said,  
"The last time, madam; please remove your hat."  
She of the broad-brim scorned to notice that;  
But when she heard a hundred voices shout,  
"Take off that hat!"—"The monster!"—"Shoot it out,"  
"Knock down that tile!"—and—"Kick it out of doors,"  
And heard the shouts increasing unto roars,  
She, trembling with excitement and with fear,  
Unfastened quickly her immense head-gear,  
Took down the three-feet Rubens from her head  
And left a clear view of the stage instead;  
At which P.Q. removed his own top hat,  
And all the audience saw what he was at;  
So just as Hamlet entered, with good will  
They all gave three big cheers for

PETER QUILL.



### GRANITE ITEMS.

HARRY—Look here, old fellow! I'm going to skip.

Jim—The deuce you are. Why, you must have wonderfully advanced in curling, in 10 shots.

Harry—Bah! I don't mean bossing a rink. I am going to skip out, and it is all on account of that confounded curling.

Jim—How's that?

Harry—Well, you see, a few days ago I was playing, and there was a lot of those Sawneys on the next rink, playing for beef and greens, a barrel of meal, or a leather—no a heather tankard or something of that kind—and when my shot came they told me to give it side, or a turn, so I Englished my ball—I mean the stone—but it didn't take the curve, but shot across the ice into the next rink, and scattered the stones there in all directions. Old McHector's rink was on the point of winning when my

unlucky shot upset everything. He's Mamie's father, you know, and was furious—*red het wud* they put it in Scotch, and I dare never meet him again. I am afraid to go again to the club, and I have to dodge him continually down town. As to going to the house to see Mamie, oh, gracious! So I must skip, skip out.

Jim—Oh, that's the kind of skip, eh? I thought it was a match.

Harry—No match for me. You can't make matches with red het wud fathers-in-law.

Jim—That's so, by Jove.

### CANADIAN ENTERPRISE.

"REALLY it surprises me; it is very beautiful and is indeed a credit to Canada. It surpasses all former efforts of the *Star*. I think copies should be sent to the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic* to show what can be done in Canada. Bengough's caricature, 'Politicians at the carnival,' is wonderfully clever and is worth the price of the whole number. The snowshoe bounce is a beautiful picture, and in fact I am delighted with the entire number, which speaks well for the enterprise of Montreal."

This is Mr. Geo. Hughes' opinion of the Montreal *Star's* Carnival number. But for gorgeousness and gold the *Star's* sumptuous publication is just a little behind GRIP's Carnival number. Have you seen that, reader? Price only 10 cents.

### THE CARIVNAL.

I HAVE just returned from the carnival at Montreal. I am not good at carnivals myself. Some people are; I am not and generally don't go to them, but on this occasion I did, and if you notice two of my front teeth are knocked out, my eye blacker than it is wont to be, my legs rheumatic and my nose red, it is all summed up in the word carnival. In the first place, when I got to Montreal, I found that everything was on ice. I have seen cities on fire before this, but Montreal was the first city that I saw on ice. But so it was. Ice houses, ice palaces, ice creams and ice drinks, which glowed like frozen water, ice everywhere. Then as a consequence there is tobogganing. It's grand fun, if you like falling from the fifteenth story of a house. If you don't, then perhaps you won't like tobogganing. I recommend you to practise sliding off the roof two or three times a day and you'll soon get into it (into your grave I mean.) Then there's snow-shoeing. Gentle reader, did you ever snow-shoe? Did you ever flounder about in snow five foot deep, attired in a costume that is a cross between Oscar Wilde's outfit and that of a Cherokee Indian? If you have not, you know nothing about snow-shoeing, and the Montreal Carnival is an excellent place to learn. Then there's sleigh riding—an excellent thing, if you don't get frozen. Then torch light processions—in torch light processions, sleigh riding, snow-shoeing, and tobogganing, all joined in one, and if you are left alive to tell the tale, go to the next carnival at Hamilton.

### PROOF POSITIVE.

IN fashion, now, we sorrowfully find  
The truth of Darwin's doctrine *re* mankind;  
For following each whim of fashion's pet,  
Full many of our people *ape it yet*.

W. H. T.

TURFITE—Yes, a blooded horse is generally a good gore.