

see. Blow me if London hin the bush hain't a bloomin villidge: wy, I eard as some feller wat described it began by sayin it was a furrishin town situated on the houtsskirts of Carling's brooery, and blow me, hif that bloke wasn't about right, for the brooery is about the biggest part of the place. "Lor, Arry," sez I, "this ere's a bloomin sell." "Right you are, my chickaleary cove," he says, "vy, look ere: dash my vig hif they don't call this ere Hoxford street: well Hi ham jiggered," and sure enuff, Hoxford Street was a little insignificant thurryfair, ardy deservink of the name, and a puffick *hinsult* to Hoxford Street in the great metroplus. "Look ere," I says to a bloke harfter we'd walked about a bit, "wot d'yer call this street, hey, my bloomer?" "Porl Morl," said the feller, "can't yer read: there's the name rote up." Vell, the hidea. Porl Morl! not Pell Mell, mind yer, the way its pronounced by rights; my heyes: about as much like the *rele* Pell Mell as H'im like a howl. Hand then, ang me, hif they don't call that river up there the Thames, and blow me tight, but they pronounces it the way its spelt ven hevry one as knows hannythink knows as Tems is the way to say it, and such a river: vy, they *ave* got some decent rivers in this kentry Hi hadmit, and vy they wornt to go and call that there bloomin little crcek the Thames licks me: Hit's a hinsult to the finest river in the world.

Now Mister GRAY, hold pal, don't you think its ridiclus to go namin little bits of villidges and thare streets harfter the great metroplus? Hi do, and so does Arry, with their Kensingtons, and Blackfriars and Cuvving Gardin hand Sydnam and Vesminister. Wy, yer know, it makes them London in the bush folers a bloomin larfin stork, blow me hif it don't, naow. But the wust of the ole thing was, with hall their hold London names, there wasn't a decent pot of bloomin af an arf to be ad in the ole villidge, though Arry and me got a kind of an *attemp* at that lieker, but it was a skandalous subitfuge and nothink else, though we ad to pay tuppence apenny a bloomin glarse for it, wareas we could a got a ole quart or a pot for another bloomjn brown in the Hold Kentry.

We, thats me and Arry, is comin down to Toronto soon and we'll look yer hup, but at present must bid yer adoo, as my hintentions was houly to let you knaow ow ridiclus we thort it was to name streets lafter those of the great metroplus.

Good-bye old pal,

Ere's our bloomin monickers,
HENRY HAUGUSTUS IGONS,
ARRY BELVILLE.

ENQUIRER'S COLUMN.

DRAUGHTS OF INFORMATION FOR THE DROUTHY.
(Swiz, G. P. of the Oracle.)

Miss Pouter writes to say that she is being compelled this term to study Euclid, and wishes to know why girls are tormented thus.

By all means study Euclid. You can never be a surveyor, an architect, a civil engineer, or an astronomer without it. You could not articulate the skeleton of an ichthyosaurus or a mastodon without a knowledge of Euclid. The chances are that you will forget all about it six months after leaving school, but that's nothing. I myself was taught Greek at school, but now I could not tell a capital delta from the pyramid of Cheops. It does not seem to be at all necessary nowadays to remember what one learns at school, though it is a lamentable fact that any little vices contracted there are clung to with a pertinacity that would do a burr or a bulldog credit. However, to get back to Euclid: oh! yes, you must learn it. The school trustees, who are well known to be possessed of the most elarorate erudition and profoundest knowledge of all such abstruse subjects, say you must do so, and that ought to settle the question.

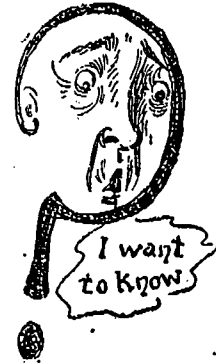
"I have heard a great deal lately about Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom of Coventry!" writes a correspondent. "Who were they?"

Here is the whole story. The Boss Alderman (Saxon *Byggjebugge*) of the ancient town of Coventry refused the petition of the people to permit the sale of striped hose and periwinkles without duty. His good wife, Godiva, sided with the people, and urged their claims so persistently that, to silence her, the

alderman promised to grant the petition provided she would attire herself in a Tam O'Shanter bonnet, high heeled slippers, a liver pad and nothing else, and ride through the town at noon mounted on his steed, Fole. The lady demurred. The boss insisted and finally the lady acquiesced, and using a bottle of "Carboline" cultivated a magnificent head of hair which completely covered her. The citizens locked their doors, closed their windows and retired to their cellars while the procession of one passed by. The miserable tailor, (Peeping Tom as he was afterwards called), however, with the impudence characteristic of his class, peeped through a lattice and a potato bug, flying into his eye, spoiled his vision for a time, and he died soon afterwards. Being "sent to Coventry" means being obliged to pay a tailor's bill, a thing that goes uncommonly hard with some people.

Who was Roscius? asked Fitzbuskin

Roscius was a renowned Roman actor who did not "mouth it" as Hamlet says. The modern stage does not require geniuses of his kind: something better is wanted. Almost every youth who can read is both tragedian and comedian in his own estimation, a very Garrick, a Macready, and a Sothern united. Actors in the olden time began at the lowest round of the ladder and devoted years to study, but our players, especially those of the amateur class, make their first dash at the highest glories of the histrionic art. A rest on the highest pinnacles of Fame is in each lad's eye, and he adopts the grand motto "Excelsior" as his own peculiar property.



There are several little things
That I much should like to know:
On what bones do angel's wings
Sprout when it is time to grow?
On a mortal's shoulder blade
For wings there's no provision made.
Why do women on the floor
Sit while taking off their shoes?
Chair or sofa they ignore,
And the floor they always choose.
It is really very strange;
Beyond my comprehension's range.
Why do men who grudge a quarter
To their wives for things they need,
Let their wash go free as water
For a cocktail or a weed
For themselves, and feel quite proud
In standing treat for "all the crowd"?
Why do women who are fat,
Who upon a street car ride,
Sit and squash all others flat
By picking out the crowded side?
For they do; they always do;
Why I cannot tell; can you?
How is this? a fish in water
Weights five ounces; when its captured
Fully three pounds and a quarter
Is it's weight: for, quite enraptured,
Such it is, the angler cries,
And a fisher never lies.
When the sun is shining brightly,
And shows the time is half-past ten,
Tell me, someone, tell me, rightly,
The hour by a *Globe* watch then?
Any where from twelve to six, it
Is as near as one can fix it.
Mr GRIP, please, if you can, sir,
To these questions give an answer. SWIZ



THE NEW TIMOTHY.

Tommy.—Ma, this gentleman looks like the minister that preaches in our church, but he don't talk the same.

Mama.—Why, Tommy dear, this is our minister. What do you mean?

Tommy.—Well, why don't he talk so I can understand him in church; same as he does here?