

Mr. Daly, of the Shamrocks, seems to be a really nice young man for a small tea party, if everything is true that is said about his conduct at the recent Toronto-Shamrock lacrosse match. It is gratifying to read that he sustained such a crack on his jaw during the fourth game that he was forced to tie it up and was thus rendered unable to indulge in any more of the really gentlemanly and classical language which he appears to have been using. Seeing that his side was being badly beaten, it would seem that the person referred to hoped to turn the tide in its favor by a liberal use of that weapon with which I have read Mr. Samson played such havoc amongst the Philistines. The Shamrocks were naturally nettled at having the championship wrested from them, but none of them can be excused for behaving as Mr. D. seems to have done.

What strange ideas children must have of things they are supposed to learn at school. A few days ago I was sitting under a tree in the Queen's Park, and two little girls soon after came up and took possession of the seat on the other side of the tree. They soon began to chatter, and their conversation turned upon what they were learning at school. "What are you learning now?" asked the elder, why was probably about nine years old of the other who appeared to be a couple of years younger. "Grammar," was the reply. "Hm! how far have you got?" "Into genderth," answered the younger lassie. "Well, I'll hear you your lesson: What gender's man?" "Man; oh! man'th mathculine." "Right; and woman?" After a little pause the reply came, "Feminine, to be sure." "Yes; that's correct. What's boy?" This was apparently a poser. The animal in question had not been classed. "Boy—boy," muttered the little one: "oh! bother: my grammar docthn't thay what boy ith, but I gueth he mutht be neuter: Boyth ain't any good, anyhow." There is nothing particularly funny about the foregoing, but it is strictly true, and just shows what very vague ideas children have about these things. Probably the little miss will change her views about the value of "boyth" as she grows older.



FEARFUL OUTRAGE.

FRIEND.—Ah! Major Beauclere, allow me to introduce my friend Captain Flipshaw.

MAJOR B. (tremendously heavy swell, of the Royal Horse Guards)—Aw; d'lighted 'm shaw. What-aw-wegment, aw? Don't wemembah the name in th' Household B'gade.

FRIEND.—No, Major, probably not. The Captain belongs to the Salvation Army!
(The Major nearly swoons.)

It is generally a cold day when an "Arctic" expedition gets left.—*Life*.



"WHO'LL ILLUME."

The month was this month; that's October;
The night was as dark as the tomb;
And though I was perfectly sober,
I fell as I traversed the gloom;
And although I can swear I was sober
I fell with a thud in the gloom,
With a sickening thud in the gloom.

No moon was there due in the heavens,
So never a gas lamp was lit;
The streets were at sixes and sevens
Where "the Board" was repairing a bit;
And I fell; for at sixes and sevens
Were the streets; I drew blood as I lit,
From my nose I drew blood as I lit.

"Oh! why then," I cried in my anguish,
As I took a precipitate roll,
"Oh! why am I left here to languish
In this horrible, sewery hole.
I to see those Aldermen hang wish
For not having lit up this hole,
Has an Alderman never a soul?"
And echo said, "Never a soul!"

Oh! who is to blame for neglecting
To light the Plutonian gloom,
And to place a bright gas-lamp reflecting
Some rays where it's dark as the tomb.
I shall write to the Gas Co. respecting
This question which is "Who'll illumine?"
Yes, an answer I want, "Who'll illumine?"

When at night all the sky was o'erclouded,
When the peeler's nose gave forth its boom;
And when broken up streets were enshrouded
In a mystical Stygian gloom,
I ask of those Aldermen, "How did
They happen to fail to illumine?"
Of whoever's responsible, "How did
You chance to neglect to illumine?"

Are folks in the month of October
To tumble about in the dark
As did I?—though I swear I was sober—
For the lamps showed forth never a spark;
Yes, I fell, though judicially sober,
And peeled from my nose all the bark;
From my classical nose stripped the bark.

And I'll cry till this matter is righted,
"Illumine, illumine the gloom;
Give light to pedestrians beighted,
And show where there's plenty of room
To walk without falling affrighted,
In the mystic, Plutonian gloom."

But who are the responsible parties to do this?
Who is supposed to know when there's a moon
and when there isn't? Shall a peaceable and
inoffensive citizen quietly perambulating home-
wards amongst the pitfalls, cedar blocks,
broken wheelbarrows, mutilated dinner-pails,
and other paraphernalia of a tyrannical and
soul-less corporation be permitted, because
some one, who is responsible, neglects to light
up, to fall, roll and mutilate his proboscis and
pour forth his life-stream into a sewer? Never!
then, I repeat, Who'll illumine? Who'll illumine?
Who'll illumine? Swiz.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The first number of the *Canadian Wheelman*, published in London the less, has made its appearance, its laudable object being to fill a long-felt want. It is well got up typographically, and presents a neat appearance generally, and reflects no small credit on its editor, Mr. W.K. Evans, and Mr. J. B. Dignam, its business manager. The *Wheelman* is devoted to matters of interest to bicyclists, and has our best

wishes for its success. It is alleged to be a monthly publication, but unless it comes to time a little more regularly than *The Bicycle*, deceased, used to do, it will have to be classed with the go-as-you-please journals. However, it may not.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.

THE CHIEF, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.—Would you be kind enough to give us the name of the author of "A Lesson in Rhyming," a little poemlet that appears in your issue of Sept. 22nd? We were under the impression that we were the author of those verses, in fact we know we are, and it is very strange if there be another poet whose fancies and language ever run in precisely the same groove as ours. What is the fellow's name? We have played the game of *Lec Talionis*, however, as you can see by glancing over this paper.

SNIFE.—Your laudatory poem "To Swiz," is received, but the modesty of its subject prevents its publication in GRIP: besides which, ill-natured people would only say that the subject of the poem and the author of it were one and the same person. "Swiz" is very much flattered, however, and blushing returns thanks to "Snipe" for his dose of taffy.



GRAND.—Mr. Sothern having finished a very successful engagement, was succeeded on Monday by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. S. Knight in their character drama, "Baron Rudolph." This accomplished couple are always popular in Toronto. The remainder of the week is to be filled out by the Harrison & Gourlay Company in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," a piece which has one aim only—the production of laughter. Mr. Gourlay is a capital comedian, as was his father before him. Mr. Harrison is too well known here to require any words of praise.

JACOB'S MUSEUM.—The Adelaide-St. Rink is to be opened on Monday night by a Museum and Specialty Company boasting a great array of diminutiveness and talent. "Hop o' my Thumb," the leading attraction, is said to be the smallest man in the world. Admission to each performance, 10 cents.

A deputation of Toronto gentlemen including Mr. J. J. Withrow, are off on a visit to Cincinnati, St. Louis and Philadelphia, to make investigation into the management of the Zoological Gardens of those cities. The project in view is a proposed amalgamation of the Toronto Zoo with the Industrial Exhibition—a scheme which strikes us as being capital. In the cities named the Zoo's are managed in such a connection and everybody knows they have proved highly successful. Our Zoo needs better accommodation, and no finer spot for it could be found than the Exhibition Grounds. We hope in due time to chronicle the accomplishment of the project.

Pick it up carefully,
Hide it with zest;
Weep o'er it prayerfully,
Give it a rest.
Tell not its history,
That is the day;
Shroud it in mystery,
It gives you away.
Bury it carefully,
Quickly at that;
Mourn it not tearfully,
Your summer straw hat.