IN AN ICY GRIP.

A CHILLY CARTOON.

BY "TEEK."

There has been a chill in the air of late. We have had to drill holes in the sides of the jugs to get the milk out for breakfast, and have had to engage stone-masons to cut the butter for us.

It has been so cold that conversation has frozen stiff as soon as uttered—while in several public places some of the previous evening's chats have been preserved by the intense cold till the following morning. Therefore, no surprise was felt when it was made known on Saturday last that competent and trustworthy experts had declared the Kingsholm ground to be as hard as a rock.

Our weekly supply of football thus being cut off, we turned to the wireless for consolation, but not a word of consolation did we hear. The weather announcer (who only rubbed it in) there he sat, no doubt well wrapped up in front of a roaring fire, and (judging by the sentiment in his voice) eating hot dog as well—while in between the bites, or when he wasn't poking the fire, he prattled gaily into his microphone, filling it with chilly statistics and frozen forebodings about zero, ice-bergs and the glacial epoch.