



EQUIVOCAL.

MISS GORDON—"So you are going to leave Toronto for a time, Mr. Snosley? Well, when you return from abroad we shall hope to see *more of you.*"

THE RIVALS.

DIALOGUE ADAPTED FOR COMMENCEMENT DAY AT THE WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE, TORONTO.

Characters:—MISS MONT REAL; MISS T. O. RONTO.

MISS MONT REAL—

I 'm glad, my dear Miss T. O. Ronto
That you have given me this call,
I've often wonder'd where you'd gone to,
Not having seen you since last Fall.
I've just been dying to tell you all I know,
Because I thought 'twould tickle you to hear;
Take off your things, you really must not go
Until I've poured my tale into your ear.

MISS T. O. RONTO—

Proceed Miss Real. Of what are you so full?

MISS MONT REAL—

My dear Miss Ronto, it's about our school,
Or, rather, college medical for ladies.

MISS T. O. RONTO—

Pshaw! What about it? We've had one for years.

MISS MONT REAL—

That thing! Ha, ha! It but a babe is,
While ours will come to life full grown,
A lovely edifice of polished stone.
Museum, class, dissecting rooms complete—
A noble ornament to any street.
But yours! Why, look at yours! Here is its photo,
A corner grocery beats it *in toto.*

MISS T. O. RONTO—

Excuse me, Miss Mont Real, when I say
Our school is in a very prosp'rous way.

MISS MONT REAL—

A prosp'rous way! How can that be, forsooth,
If what I hear is only half the truth?
Your lecturers perform their labors gratis—
A pretty way to run a college, that is!
Your rooms are seven by nine, or nine by ten,
And only four in the whole cottage then!

MISS T. O. RONTO—

Yes, but our faculty will build next year.

MISS MONT REAL—

Indeed! A lofty one-floored house they'll rear,
To cost a thousand, or it may be two,
Without appliances, or but a few.

Of course, in country towns like yours, one should be thrifty
But we, with thousands two hundred and fifty
Will have no pauper starveling college
To give our girls the necessary knowledge.
Twelve thousand dollars now we have in hand,
And lady friends, an energetic band—
Their hearty efforts never once will cease
Until they see this small amount increase,
Making the quarter of a million full
To build, equip, endow our medical school.

MISS T. O. RONTO—

I really think Miss Mont Real you're mean.
I can't help that; but I will tell our dean,
And the professors, too, for I am glad
To say they aim to turn out each girl grad
Even superior to those horrid boys,
Who, tho' they make considerably more noise,
Have frequently been beaten by some lasses
Who got their training in our college classes.

MISS MONT REAL—

That not a single moment do I doubt,
I only tried to take you down a bitty,
And show that tho' you villagers can shout,
For solid work, they're far behind our city.

NOT LONG AGO

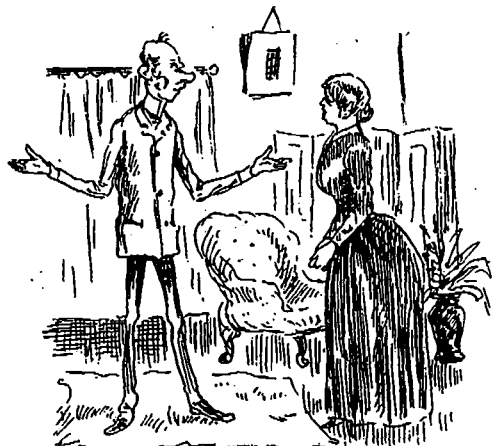
I T wusn't very long ago—
Jist long enough to make it hazy
And make it nice to dream about,
When one is feelin' sort o' lazy;

We'd been a-walkin' through the corn
And she stood laughing while I fastened
A corn-silk moustache on my lip,
And then she blushed and said, "You dassent!"

Of course I kissed her double quick,
And she observed when I had done it,
"I'd like your kissin' better if
Your face had real whiskers on it!"

Since then I've let my moustache grow—
(She scemed to think it so important—)
And when I stole a kiss last night
She only said, "You really ort n't!"

That wusn't very long ago—
Not long enough to make it hazy,
But still it's nice to dream about it
When one is feelin' sort o' lazy.



AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. SMITH—"John, has Mrs. Thompson done anything to offend you? She complains that you spoke very rudely to her when you came in yesterday evening."

MR. S.—"Oh, I'm sorry for that. I'm always glad to see Mrs. Thompson, and wouldn't like to hurt her feelings. Fact is, when I came in, the room was rather dark and I mistook her for *you.*"