

## TORONTO'S SHORTCOMINGS ;

OR, ONE DOESN'T WANT "SPECS" TO SEE THAT.

Toronto just now stands in need of reform—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

The municipal buildings are far, far from warm—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

Such a rickety, tumble-down thing for a hall,

As that which by that name the citizens call,

Should be razed to the ground, or with age it will fall—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The court-house on Queen-street is not yet begun—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

And it now seems as if it would never be done—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that—

But I tell you it's needed in summer's hot term,

When 100 degrees is marked up on the therm ;

The police court's the place for the cholera germ—

And one doesn't want "specs" to see that.

'Round Toronto are odors, obnoxious and vile—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

And the Bay and the Don you can smell for a mile—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

And at No. 1 Station's a terrible smell

Which makes Col. Denison very unwell,

And last summer it nearly killed Mr. Nudel—

And one doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The city is large—metropolitan quite—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

But the folks say the Postal Department's not right—

One doesn't need "specs" to see that ;

For they don't get their letters till late in the day,

As they live, from the post office, too far away ;

We can't blame the carriers ; no, they're O.K.—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The city detectives ain't up to the mark—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

And ladies can't go out alone after dark—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

Is the fault the "Department's" ? I've oft heard it said

That it's time that some change should take place in it's

head,

For order at night in this city is dead,

And one doesn't want "specs" to see that.

There's a great waste of water this year, so they say—

Well, one doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

From the citizens letting their taps run all day—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

But the waste isn't caused by the quenching of thirst,

For some prominent men, though they'd drink till

they'd burst,

Take a small drop of water, but—rye whiskey first !—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

On King, as the hands of the clock point to 3—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

The Queen City dude you will certainly see—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

But though in Toronto, thank Heaven, they're few,

I think you will probably find one or two

In the cage with the monkeys down there at the Zoo—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The female book-agent's a nuisance, 'tis clear—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

And you cannot but know that she's numerous here—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

But what can you do when she bores you to try

Her latest production ? You purchase and sigh ;

She's a fiend you won't meet in the sweet buy-and-buy—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

The cedar block pavement is certainly bad—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

And it's time that a better invention we had—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

If the aldermen's heads were all laid down together,

We'd have a block pavement that would stand any

weather ;

'Twould be solid as wood, far tougher than leather—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

Now it's time that these sad lamentations I stopped—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that ;

Or I shall be put where my hair will be cropped—

One doesn't want "specs" to see that.

But whatever short-comings Toronto to-day

May have, I, in words most emphatic, must say

She's ahead of that village on Burlington Bay—

And one doesn't want "specs" to see that.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C.W.P.—your verses will see the light of day in an early number.

S.C.—Another miss, sorry to say. Lines in background not black and solid enough.

S.M.P., Shelbourne, N. S.—Your last is rather lengthy. Mere outline work is all that is necessary. Please try again.

C.D.E.—Isn't this a trifle personal ? Send on the others and let us see them.

MR. GRIFFIN being absent from the Mail office, taking his usual snack of salmon, snipe and duck at a neighboring lunch counter, the office boy got the following item inserted in the 12 o'clock edition, on Dec. 30th :—"Thanks are returned to Mrs. W. H. Beatty, for a large turkey sent to the Home for Incurables, and whose name was omitted from yesterday's list." When Mr. Griffin read this he merely muttered a low curse and fainted.

## PECULIAR PEOPLE

I don't believe in this Transmigration of Souls theory, that is, not in the general acceptance of the term. I don't believe that the souls of the dead human beings pass into the forms of animals lower in the scale of creation ; but I do believe that when an animal—I mean any animal but man—or bird shuffles off the coil of existence, its soul or whatever it may be, passes into the form of a human being.



Man, but—the more chary you are of making his acquaintance, so much the better for you.

Now for an example of the soul of a bird inhabiting the body of a mortal. Did you never come across one of those big, pompous, treble-chinned women, who puff and swell themselves up and draw back their heads till you would swear that the next thing they would do would be to "gobble" ? Of course you've met her. Upon my word, the first time I saw a Turkey-Woman I was quite disappointed, after witnessing her stately movements—so terribly turkey-like—that the "gobble-gobble-gobble" was not forthcoming. I was, indeed. She always has three chins, and is very ponderous and stately.



Now I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings, but I wish to ask whether the Gander-Man and the Goose-Woman are not to be seen at every turn, and whether their appearance and actions do not go far to reconcile you to my theory that their bodies are tenanted by the departed spirits of ganders and geese, butchered to make a Christian holiday ?



Cast your eye on that fat-faced, short-necked, small-eyed, stump-nosed man, over there. Don't you almost expect to hear him grunt or squeak ? and don't you feel rather disappointed because he doesn't ? That is the Pig-Man, and you see him everywhere, and it does look as if the Hog supplied more human beings with souls than any other quadruped. In appearance, actions, manners and everything else, the Pig-Man is nearly all the former half of that name and very little of the latter, and I'll be bound that if he had his dinner put before him in a big trough, he would be more at home than he is at the Leader, St. Charles or any other restaurant, and he would get his fore-legs into his food just as naturally as any other hog.



Observe this little dapper, spruce, military-looking man prancing towards us, his whole visage covered up to the eyes with stiff, wiry, aggressive-looking hair. Now what is he the very image of ? Right you are ; a Skye terrier, you say. That's the very animal, and the reader who has not run across him at some period of his life must be blind, deaf, dumb, lame, unobservant. And the Skye-Terrier-Man is, in all his ways and movements, the very image of the vivacious little canine counterpart he so much resembles externally, and you feel that if a rat were to run before him he would pounce upon it like a flash, snap it up in his bristling jaws, and with one shake send the poor rodent's soul on a hunt for the Rat-Man.



The Rabbit-Man comes next, and is often found in the ranks of very young curates. He is excessively timid, and you will notice how his nostrils twitch and work up and down, as like those of a rabbit as one white bean is like another. You wouldn't be a bit surprised if he suddenly sat up on his haunches, pricked up his ears and gazed timidly around in expectation of seeing a dog about to spring on him. No ; you would consider it perfectly natural, and you would not feel the faintest shade of astonishment.

Many more of these Animal-Bird-Men and Women there be. The Lion-Man, the Cat-Woman, the Leopard-Woman, the Cock-Sparrow-man, (generally about 5 feet 1 inch in stature, but more pugnacious than Sullivan, Mitchell, Mace, and three Crim Tartars rolled into one), the Bear-Man, and the Jackass-Man ; all these pass us in our daily walks, and, gentle reader, if you desire to see the last-mentioned, with all his asinine peculiarities and characteristics, you cannot do better than drop around and gaze on the writer who has held your senses enthralled with this able article.

—S.