

FAMILIAR OUTLINES.



MR. ALD. BURNS.

GAY-BUT FLIGHTY.

LADY GAY, writing in a late *Saturday Night*, and rapturously describing the delights of the preceding Sunday afternoon at the Horticultural Gardens, where a vast crowd had gathered to see the soldiers and to listen to the band, wonders "if the gracious influence of that beauteous May afternoon will not remain to bless that vast multitude and do them lasting good; better" she adds, "than the good of rampant emotional hymns and acrid, tedious discourses."

Well, the "gracious influence" doesn't seem to have been very lasting in "Lady Gay's" own case, or she would have left out the last phrase—which is a decidedly bilious and malicious fling. Her reference is apparently to church services, though it describes nothing in that line which is familiar to Toronto people. Too much of flippant "society," we fear, hath made "Lady Gay" cynical. Cannot the well-disposed citizen enjoy his quiet and elevating outing for the worship of the God of Nature in the Garden, on any fine Sunday afternoon, and enjoy the more formal worship of the God of Revelation in the christian assemblies as well? Why should Lady Gay sneer at the latter worship while gushingly apostrophising the former?

UNDER THE "CHESTNUT" TREE.

"Sparks from the anvil,"—tinkle, tinkle-ee,
Done by "The Blacksmith," who'n the *World* is he?

Clever, awfl'y, awfl'y clever, don't you think!
Epigrams in couplets easy as a wink!

Yet a trifle conscious in each epigram,
As who should say, "Behold me! see how smart I am!"

And the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of the thing,
Like a blacksmith's hammer, has a tiresome ring.

"Silent the anvil,"—we respond with zest,
Amen! clever Blacksmith—give us, please, a rest!

THE TELL-TALE EYES.

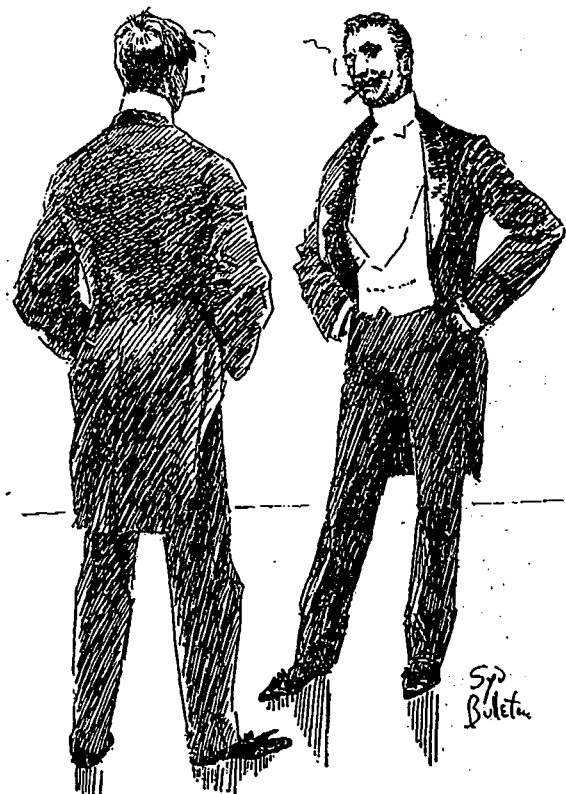
TRIOLET.

I LOOK in her eyes,
Tho' she falters out, "No, sir!"
She cannot disguise
As I look in her eyes,
(However she tries,)
That she loves the proposer,—
I look in her eyes,
Tho' she falters out, "No, sir!"

S. H. Clarke.

A LONG FELT WANT.

REV. DR. D. H. GREER of New York, established last February a Loan Bureau, for the purpose of saving the worthy poor from note shaving sharks and pawn shop comorants. He proposed to lend sums of from \$5 to \$50 at 6 per cent., repayable in monthly instalments, with proportionate decrease of interest, taking security only in the form of chattel mortgages. The plan has proven a perfect success, and in every instance the repayments have been made with a religious promptitude, so that not a single mortgage has been foreclosed. So great has been the demand for small loans that the good Doctor has been obliged to restrict the business of the bureau to New York City alone, and to heads of families only. It has been the means of saving many from utter despair. A similar bureau would do an equally good and necessary work in Toronto. Will not some of our solid financial men take up the idea?



HIS HONOR SAVED.

CLUBLEIGH—"You don't mean to say that you've challenged Jenkins to fight a duel?"

SWELLINGTON—"Yaas; you know duelling is against the law, and so I sent him a challenge. It was the only safe way in which my honor could be vindicated, doncher know."