

GRANITE HEART;  
OR, PENELOPE PERKINS ON SKATES.  
A TALE OF TORONTO CITY.

## CHAP. I.

Miss Penelope Portia Perking was the very *belle ideal* of a healthy and handsome Toronto girl. Her glowing cheeks vied with the roses that bloomed in the parterre fronting her father's villa, and her brow was as white as the untrodden snow on the boulevard fringing Tamrad Crescent, in which fashionable "quarter" her home was situated.

It was indeed a pleasant and refreshing sight to see her on a clear, cold afternoon "gaily tripping" up Church-street to the Granite Rink, swinging her skates in the exuberance of her girlish spirits, careless of the cold conventionalities appertaining to the ordinary plodding world, which she looked upon with all the indifference of a buoyant and happy nature.

Penelope Portia was a young lady more than ordinarily accomplished. On the grand piano she could delight you with one of Beethoven's Sonatas or a Fantasia of Carambion; entrance you with a Fandango on the Spanish guitar; bring tears of sympathy to your eyes by her manipulations of the noble and hard-suggesting harp, and she could wail out her young soul on the violin like unto the great Remenyi, or a Noble Ward Italian.

Let it by no means be supposed, however, that music was her only accomplishment. She was a graduate of the Royal Canadian Art Academy, could paint trees like Perre, mountains and rocks like Matthews, old saw mills and distant fortifications like O'Brien, and "mugs" equal to Mrs. Schreiber; oil or water colors, crayon or sketch, she was there every time. When we state that she had gone through a course of classics, Greek, Latin, French, German and English; had read and studied all the poets from Chaucer to Walt Whitman and Avde, all doubts as to her condition must be at once removed. In athletics she likewise excelled, she was a "speedy" runner and walker, an expert with the Indian clubs and dumb bells, and it was only her feminine attire and the absence of a "ladies' gymnasium" in this city that prevented her from being a successful acrobat and "tumbler" and an accomplished *artiste* on the flying trapeze. The only and beloved daughter of the wealthy and Honorable Plato Peniles Perkins, she had but to name her wish, when, if within the bounds of possibility it was granted her, horses, carriages, sleighs and cutters were ever at her call, but all the ostentation, luxury, pleasure, dignity and enjoyment associated with, and inseparable from, a "swell turn out" were abandoned in the winter for one sole and absorbing amusement, that of skating.

Yes. Such was the fact, so wedded—if we may be permitted to use that expression in connection with an unmarried lady—was she to that most healthful and fashionable pastime, that every day when the ice was "good" Miss Penelope Portia Perking sought the glassy surface of the granite rink and thereon enjoyed herself to her heart's content. Such fantastic figures she would cut! She could cut out the lines and curves of the most intricate theorem in Euclid; and she could describe as many angles, segments of circles, parabolas and semi-diameters as were used by the scientists during the transit of Venus.

So great was her fame indeed that all the young swells of the city, foreign and domestic, thronged to the rink every day the young lady would be likely to appear, and the evenings on which she attended were actually called "Perkins' Nights."

"Doosid fine gal that; wendei who she is," said Young Vavasour Tentacle, late of the Foreign Office, one evening to the Hon. Hardy Kanute, of the Mucilage Bureau, who had both come all the way from London (Eng.) to Toronto with a view to slaughtering the

bears and wolves in its immediate vicinity. "Cawn't say I'm, shaw," replied the latter gentleman, "Awf'ly pwothy, however; wesembles the Lily somewhat."

"I'd wager a guinea a nater fut and anel could not be found on me fawther's esteet," was the remark made by Lord Castletoddy, eldest son of the Earl of Ballykillagent, of the Kingdom of Ireland, who had come to Canada to invest in agricultural lands and was yet laboring under the somewhat erroneous impression that Toronto was in close proximity to Regina. "Ay. She's nae sae baud, gin she be a lassie born in the kinty, a fack I have muckle dootsaboot, ablin though, she tak's planty o' parritch at brackfaust tac gie her sic a bonny complaxion," observed Mr. Murdock McMurdo, M.D., M.A., of Aberdeen.

"Oh hang your porridge, Mac!" said the Hon. Kanute, "I can't conceive that it is necessary to devowah oatmeal like a highland gillie to insuah a vespectable complexion; but who the doose is the lady? I'd weally give a pound to know," and the hon. gent continued gazing in admiration on the beautiful vision as it cut a magnificent figure eight, until the thread of his admiring was broken by the words "Telegram and News only one cent!" shouted by a boy in ancient and mangy fur cap and roomy pantaloons, showing a solution of continuity in the same, and displaying a flag of truce through an embrasure thereof after the manner of Arabi Bey at the bombardment of the Alexandrian ports.

"Find out the name and address of that young lady for me," said Kanute, pointing to the fair Penelope Portia, "and I'll guarantee to buy all the newspapers in your bag." "Who? her," said the newsboy. "Sure that's ould Perkins' daughter that lives at 904, Tamrac Crescent, and they calls her The GRANITE HEART."

"The gwanite haut!" exclaimed the astonished gentleman, "what an extwaordinawy appellation; but I must endeavor to obtain an introduction." The newsboy was given a dollar, and "Telegram and News only one cent" was shouted by him that evening no more.

(To be continued in our next)

## HE LAUGHED.

He was a tall, lanky, cadaverous, dyspeptic who had used almost every decoction and preparation that was ever made. His friend, said his case was hopeless, but he laughed, for he had just procured a Notman's Stomach and Liver Pad which had already commenced to cure him. He is now cured as everyone else is that wears a Notman Pad.



## PICKINGS FROM THE POETS.

"Learn to labor and to wait."—*Longfellow.*



## O TEMPORA! O MORES!

Dis am a most deceiving age  
For eider a white or speckled sage,  
An' de cullud pundit has no show  
De way dat things begins to go.  
My fadder was a barber bold,  
But de barber bis, has got too old,  
An' now his youngest offspring Jim,  
(Law bless you, honey, dat boy's a lim!)  
Hab rigtified a sign which certifies  
To a pack ob de spryest kind ob lies;  
He's a caterpillar artist now,  
(I spos'e becase he shaves so slow,  
An' whar he scrappes de public chop  
He calls some sort, ton-sore heel shop.  
Dough all de soreness eber I saw,  
Am dar confined to de public jaw;  
(It really am a solemn sin,  
Dey way dey skarif de clin.)  
An' den Algernon, bless yo' heart  
I low de chile am sorter smart,  
Especially for a bowl of mush  
(Much more dan wid a whitewash brush.)  
But how dat nigga' hab de sasse,  
To turn on so much colored gas,  
To call a common whitewash make  
A landscape painter, makes me choke;  
But dat am't all, it am a fac  
De nig. am a "Fresco-manic."  
An' calls his bucket ob pump an' lime  
Original Roman Kalsomine.  
Galileo runs on a dining car,  
I'm tole he washes dishes dar,  
But now, he tells me (dear! oh dear!)  
He am a Paris *cuisinier*!  
Why, all de French de jackass knows  
Would not suffice to skar de crows,  
But foreign trash am all de rage,  
In dis yar supercilious age.  
Josephus am a carpenter—  
(Six shillin' a cord am radder dear)  
But woodpile buckin' cannot be  
No specimen ob carpentry.  
But argyffin am't no use,  
It only rile de nigga's dander  
For what am sausage fo' de goose  
Am also sausage fo' de gander.  
As Spokeshare says, dough I don't see 't  
A rose (or a nig) will smell as sweet  
By any oder appellation,  
(If I am correct in de quotation)  
Now Spokeshare am a splendid cuss,  
Dough slightly dictionary—uss,  
But I spec' de risin' generation  
Finks mostly ob de appellation.  
When I was young dey used to dance,  
To hoe it down, an' tar an' prance  
Balance to pardners, warm de hoofs.  
And shake de raftumes in de roofs.  
But de ole gymnastics had to go  
Befo' de light fantastic toe.  
Good-bye, ye good ole times, good-bye!  
De modern chickens roost too high.  
I long to spire, I want to fly,  
But it's got too expensive now to die.

## SPECIAL FROM THE SOUDAN.

London, Dec. 6.—A special despatch to the Government says: "Yesterday morning El-Medhi sent for Muckabosh Pasha and had a private conference with him. Muckabosh thereupon sent the following despatch to Cairo: 'Medhi confesses that he is the *False* Prophet; the *True* one is the author of the Predictions in Grip's COMIC ALMANAC for '84. Use every effort to prevent the circulation of that work in the Soudan.'

"Now, children," she continued, "what is the meal you eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," promptly replied a member of the class.