

One bright and lovely morning in the pleasant month of June,
Wild flowers the hills adorning, while the feathered song-
sters' tune

Made the scene
Quite artistic,
While the stream,
Calm and mystic,

Reflected on its surface the lithe and graceful form
Of Isabella Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

Oh, fate strange and most beautiful! about the self-
same hour,

An artist plodding dutiful upon a sketching "tower,"

Saw the lady
Graceful sit,
And then said he,
"Here's a bit

Of figure for my foreground, she's as graceful as a fawn,
And he sketched the fair Miss Gordon of Todmorden on
the Don.

There every morning early came the heartless painting
wretch,

And so surely the dear girl he would just as surely sketch,
He watched her

Every motion,
Till he cotched her,
And no notion

Had this innocent young damsel of the artist's goings on,
Ingenuous Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

At length the fiendish painter completely lost his heart,
Sometimes he'd nearly faint for he'd lost his taste for
art.

His blues
And his greys
He'd confuse
In all ways,

So he resolved to propose, for his heart was fairly gone
On Miss Isabella Gordon of Todmorden on the Don.

He approached Miss Isabella and he made her an address,
"Fair lady, I'm a fellow of the famed R.C.A.S.

You were sittin'
Where you are,
I was smitten
From afar

With your lovely form, your graceful pose, your suit of
snowy lawn."

"Git out!" replied Miss Gordon, of Todmorden on the
Don.

"Be off, you pigment slinger, with your easel, tubes, and
brushes,
Git out, or I'll soon bring here one who'll throw you in
the rushes,

I'm his baby,
You just bet,
And a lady,
Don't forget.

He has been my steadfast lover since I left my native
Vaughan,
So git out," replied Miss Gordon of Todmorden on the
Don.

"Ha! ha!" cried the dread painter, "Then thou lo'v'st
this cattiff knave,
Revenge!" Her screams grew fainter as he bore her to
the cave.

Jaffrey's cave,
Jaff the grocer,
"Save me, save—
Oh, sir I oh, sir!

Let me go and I'll relinquish him, no more the swain
from Vaughan,
Shall behold me, Bella Gordon, of Todmorden on the
Don."

"Tis well," said young R.C.A.S., "now let us plight
our troth,
Your aunty will both of us bless, except, indeed, she's
wroth,

But she don't
Know of the cave,
And she won't,
If you behave

With your usual discretion, as when the log upon,
I sketched you, dearest Bella, of Todmorden on the
Don.

He continued, "Dearest dovey, to-morrow straight we'll
hie

To where St. James's, lovey, points its steeple to the sky.

I will bring
My darling sweet
A gold ring,
And all complete

Will be our store of happiness, our sorrow past and gone,
And there'll be no more Miss Gordon of Todmorden on
the Don.

To borrow a phrase—Jack: "Say, old
man, will you let me take your hat and top-
coat to-night; mine are looking a little the
worse for wear?" Chum: "Certainly you
can have them; but don't you call that tak-
ing your partner's best and going it alone?"

—Ez.



(We do not
approve of this so-
ciety gossip now
so prevalent, and
we had resolved
to sit down heav-
ily (2024) on it,

and, setting our face against it, strive by our
example to root it out of the columns of our
respected co-tems. But that summer clime
which is not ours is said to be paved with
good intentions—not the clime itself, exactly,
but the country where eternal warmth and
geniality reign—and our resolutions are no
stronger than those of other great and good
men, and we were forced to succumb to the
earnest solicitations of several of our best,
most wealthy, poorest and consequently most
honest, fellow citizens, and, putting our
fractured resolutions in another person's pocket
that was empty—we know, for we had just
felt to see if he had lost anything—we once
more gladden the hearts of society people
with a dose of gossip about upper tendom).

Some of the Smiths are out of town.

Quite a flutter of excitement was caused at
the hunt last Saturday. Miss Joodespreet of
Dude Avenue dismounted from the magnifi-
cent mule on which she was following the
hounds, and running forward to where the fox
was lying asleep, grabbed him by the tail—
no, brush, and whilst holding him up at arms
length, the poor animal's tail—caudal appen-
dage, no, broom, no, that's not right, ah!
brush, came out and the fox expired with a
peaceful, happy smile on its face,—no coun-
tenance. (This item was communicated by a
member of the hunt.)

As Mr. Bullseye, the popular, genial, ener-
getic, urbane, and well-known policeman was
standing under the lamplight's glare late a few
nights ago, in the northern portion of the city,
passers by remarked a low, muttered rum-
bling as of a distant cataract's roar, which
seemed to proceed from the immediate vicinity
of Mr. Bullseye's nose. What the strange
sound was must ever remain a mystery, as Mr.
Bullseye avers he heard it not, and the whole
force unite as one man and laugh to scorn the
possibility of that gentleman being asleep on
duty. Parish the thought.

As Mr. Jerrome de la Diddler, perhaps the
most aristocratic bank cashier on this contin-
ent, was about to leave the city on Tuesday
last, he was requested to defer his departure
for an indefinable period, as some infamous
hound had been altering the figures in his
books. It is believed that the culprit is
known; at any rate the detectives have a clue
to his whereabouts. Mr. Jerome de la Diddler
is residing across the Don till the culprit is
brought to justice.

On Monday last Drs. Gollop, Cofeen and
Spatule of this city, visited Mr. James Ogilvie
of Gerrard St., who was suddenly seized with
severe cramps on that day, in company. Mr.
Ogilvie is doing very well, though he does not
express much confidence in his medical attend-

ants' skill. His last words were, "There is
too much!"

Mr. Bangup, of Dummer-street, and Miss
Matilda O'Neil, of the same place, are to be
united in matrimony as soon as the funds can
be provided to procure the to-be bride a pair of
shoes for the wedding ceremony.

Miss Jones is well.

The medical student in the hospital who, a
few weeks ago, applied a bi-aural stethoscope
to a patient's head to hear the latter's heart
beating, has since discovered that the heart is
not in the head. Time and experience do
much.

Some of the Smiths are in town.

A POEMLLET.

SUGGESTED BY A RECENT CIRCULAR.

The wretchedest person beneath the skies,
Is the poet who frenziedly rolls his eyes
As, to build up a poem he manfully tries

For a prize;
He aims to write something uncommonly smart,
And plies all the tricks of the minstrel's art,
And his eyes bulge out as though they would start
Apart

From their sockets: his brain convulses and turns,
His judgement his jingling rhymecless spurns,
As his breast at the thought of the big prize burns,
He learns

That, tho' it is easy to sometimes write
When a prize for his poetry's not in sight,
That then his endeavors will not end right
Out of spite.

He is hampered by thoughts of that prize or stake,
And he feels that though brain cells and heart may ache
He will fail in the end as the winner to take
The cake.

Ye bards who are anxious to win a big prize,
Take the best I can give, that's a fool's advice,
And don't try for to write and go rolling your eyes
In rhapsodies
And fine frenzies
Be wise.

THE PASSING SHOW.

Whoever is managing the Sheppard benefit
—of course it isn't O. B. himself—understands
a thing or two. The performance is to be
given as a testimonial of Mr. Sheppard's
"popularity," but great care has been taken
to have good actors announced—names that
would draw whether the beneficiare were O. B.
or Doc., or any other man. The fact is that
no theatrical manager in Canada is so
thoroughly unpopular with the profession and
the public as the present incumbent of the
Grand.

"The Government House," Baker and Far-
ron's new piece, was produced before a good
audience on Monday night. It went very well,
all things considered. Of course the leading
parts were funny—Baker and Faron could
make *Othello* a screaming play if they under-
took to—but it must be said that the "The Gov-
ernment House" will require some attention
in detail before it is good enough for these in-
imitable comedians.

Mr. J. F. Thomson's name is already a guar-
antee for the excellence of any entertainment
under his management. The Minnie Hawk
concert having been postponed till June 1st, the
music loving public now turn to Mr. Thomson's
new poster announcing the Nashville Students,
an organization of coloured singers equal in
every respect to the very popular company
from Fisk University. They appear at the
Pavilion Friday and Saturday evening, 25th,
and 26th, with Saturday matinee.

Let it be borne in mind that the exhibition
of paintings is now open at the Normal School
building. The forces of the R. G. A. and Ont-
ario Society have been united for this occasion,
and the display is consequently very attrac-
tive. We will pay our respects to the Exhibi-
tion more at length in our next issue.