

WHY DON'T THE GIRLS PROPOSE?

I AM a bashful bachelor,
My age just twenty-five,
I recently made up my mind
That 'twas high time to wive,
But ne'er could get my courage up
To brave a woman's "noes."
When Leap Year came "Hurrah!" thought I,
"Some maiden will propose."
Vain hope! I've gone to social teas,
To concerts, and to balls;
I've joined the throng at skating-rinks,
At risk of many falls.
But not a single female yet
Has pity on my woes;
They glance, and smile, and chatter free—
But none of them propose.
I give them opportunities
When walking home at night;
I tell them that I do not think
A single state is right.
They sigh, and simper, and look down,
While blushing like a rose,
But never seem to take the hint.
Why don't the girls propose?
They say there are so many girls
Just longing to be wed,
It surely cannot be the fact
In spite of all that's said.
They have their Leap Year privilege,
As long time usage goes,
It's really unaccountable,
Why don't the girls propose?
Some people talk of women's rights,
And would extend their sphere.
'Tis vain to think of such a thing,
While it remains so clear
That present rights they will not use;
First, let them value those,
And woo the swains who sadly ask,
Why don't the girls propose?"

CANADA'S ART PROGRESS.

At the meeting of the Toronto Art League—a vigorous young organization whose progress GRIP is glad to note—a paper was read by Mr. S. Jones (not "Sam" of that ilk) on "Stained Glass and Canadian Art," a subject which was made deeply interesting, although stained glass is a delicate subject to handle. Mr. Jones is a high authority on the art, and it is pleasing to hear his testimony that Canada is ahead of the United States, and nearly equal to England in the merit of its work in this line. Specimens of designs for windows, etc., from the essayist's own clever pencil were exhibited, and are kindly left upon the walls of the League rooms, (over Imperial Bank,) for inspection by all who feel an interest in the subject. It may not be generally known that this League furnishes instruction in all branches of art, by competent teachers, at merely nominal fees. Intending pupils should make a note of this fact.

SHOWS.

MR. MELVILLE D. LANDON ("Eli Perkins") lectured on "The Philosophy of Wit and Humor," at Association Hall, on Wednesday evening, 15th inst. The night was very cold, and Bill Nye's recent appearance made it particularly chilly for anything in the comic-lecture line. The audience was accordingly not large. Those who were present, however, enjoyed one of the richest and raciest discourses that have ever been delivered in Toronto. Perkins is no mere laugh-maker, he is a thinker, and moreover, a man whose heart is beating healthfully.

He spun out a yarn of genuine wisdom, but about every inch of it the audience would catch on a knot of fun and explode with laughter. It was brainy from first to last. Henceforth Eli Perkins will be a strong card in Toronto, for not one humorist in a thousand can talk for two hours and then have his audience shouting "Go on!" and this is what happened that evening. Come back again, Eli, and do it some more!

THE CHORAL SOCIETY will present the oratorio of "Eli," (no connection with the above) at the Pavilion on Thursday evening, 23rd inst. The work has been long and carefully rehearsed both by singers and orchestra, and will, no doubt, be done in a way worthy of this excellent organization. Mr. Fisher will conduct.

MR. J. J. DOWLING is playing an engagement at the Toronto Opera House, in his new drama "Never Say Die." A feature of the play of intensest interest is the river of real water, into which a lady is thrown and rescued by Jack (Mr. Dowling). This is, perhaps, the most thrilling thing that has ever been seen on any stage in this city, but it is not the only startling situation in the piece.



IRRESISTIBLE, OF COURSE.

Sir John.—At last, Greenway, I have struck on an argument that must carry weight with you. If you have no regard for the Syndicate, and no care for me, at least you will be content to carry that burden a few years more to oblige this gentleman—the Dutch Investor, who is looking for dividends from his C.P.R. stock!

FINANCIAL.

GOVERNOR MORISON has just delivered the speech from the throne of the British American Assurance Co. You can read it in another part of this paper, and you will see that, notwithstanding the hard times, the Governor and his able cabinet have a net surplus of \$140,815. His excellency refers to losses occasioned by the "extreme dryness of the season." The same cause seems to effect the bar-business in the Scott Act counties. "We don't give a button for a large business with all its cares and troubles, unless it is on a solid foundation." Hear, hear, governor! O, Central, Central, what a pity it is you gave so many buttons! There is no prospect of a job for the liquidators around the old B.A. Company's office; for the solid foundation is there in fifty-five years of experience, a rock-bottom board of directors, and a governor who is not a Scotchman for nothing!