

affection. Much more is this true of young ladies. Their tongues are sometimes as stinging as daggers, and inflict wounds which rankle in the breasts of the victims, but the spirit of true manliness and gallantry, of course, restrains them from replying.

A young lady who habitually attempts to be sarcastic will soon have her character warped and distorted—will be shunned and avoided by all, and will never have those in whom she may confide and trust:

"Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed,
To dazzle merely, or to wound us."

While speaking of the fair sex, I must say a few words about some country girls I have met. They possess in an eminent degree that quality without which woman is bereft of her highest glory—modesty. They are truthful, not given to gossiping or backbiting. There is nothing artificial or "make-up" about them. They are what they are, and nothing else. They have, generally, higher aims in life than to become the leaders of fashion and the images on which are placed showy dresses and fantastic jewellery. In my "mind's eye" I see several true types of this class whom I have met.

It would be difficult for my pen to do justice to the country girl. With cheeks like summer's roses, with eyes sparkling with mischief and brightness, in form as graceful as the gazelle, and possessing an intellect as clear, as her appearance is bewitching, she might well pass as the original of Wordsworth's charming picture of a model woman—

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, and image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

One quality the country girl frequently possesses, viz., she looks far more beautiful in a cotton dress than when bedecked in silks and fine apparel.

While many of the city girls are marred by some of the not very pleasant traits mentioned, still there are, of course, some whose minds are not made up of such ignoble stuff. It will be well to remind them of the influence they exert over young men; and the power for good they may wield. Many a young man thrown in a great city, without dear ones to comfort and cheer him, has been led onward to high and noble action by the inspiring words of some pure, young woman; or has been blighted and ruined for life by the careless advice of some devotee of fashion and world pleasure.

That women can still set examples of noble daring and heroism was well shown during the yellow fever scourge at New Orleans. When Death held carnival in that ill-fated city; when men, women and children were dying hourly, and when despair seemed to have settled upon the place; tender, delicate women stayed there, and, like angels of peace, soothed the dying and gave solace to the sick. Strong, healthy men fled affrighted and terror-stricken; and yet finely-strung, timid women, risking their lives and sacrificing all, remained in New Orleans and set a glorious example of womanly courage and heroic self-denial.

While all city girls may not be able to immortalize themselves by such deeds as these, they have still a wide field of usefulness if they will but enter it. Let them tell young men over whom they exert so much influence that real manhood and true chivalry lies in striving and battling for worthy objects—in vindicating the right and just, and endeavouring in this little life of ours to do something for the benefit of humanity. Let them give us high and lofty ideals of moral courage and unflinching integrity. Let them picture the heights we may attain and the Alps we may surmount by pursuing the paths of temperance, honour, and morality.

THE CONCEIT OF TORONTO.

WITH THE VIEW THAT OTHER CITIES MAY KNOW.

No. III.

There can be no two ways about it, unquestionably conceit is at a discount in Toronto. By payment of a nominal fee you may become a member of the most self-contained Society of the sort in existence (with of course the qualification that the title of the Society suggests)—the Property Owners' Association—a Society that takes and apes to itself sufficient airs and conceits to stock a considerable Yankee town. This peculiar Society takes upon itself the dictation of the government of the whole city in a very insinuating manner, forgetful of the fact that the people's desires are not always the same as those of its members. The members of this important body seem to forget that the great majority of the good citizens are not property-holders, but nevertheless pay the taxes of the houses they rent. They fail to appreciate the fact that the mass of the property owners are unrepresented in their great Society, and altogether ignore the fact that the government of the city is invested in a Council who themselves were instrumental in a small measure in placing it in authority. With all the insolent arrogance that the knowledge of wealth brings, this Society as

a body will question every act, trivial or otherwise, that any city official or member of the Council may determine upon. With all the cunning of well-trained spies (so to speak) they manage to ferret out every trumpery grievance or difficulty that happens from time to time in matters municipal; and although the drowsiness of Toronto's City Council is proverbial, what else can be expected when their every action is constantly watched by the lynx eyes of the members of the Property Owners' Association? It is a matter for special wonder that good men can be found at all who will risk their reputation in the hands of such a body. As an instance of the watchful care of this Society, they very generously suggest that the Mayor's salary be abolished, "for we can get plenty of good men who will do the Mayor's work for nothing; let him have a few dollars to distribute in charity." And in such summary and arbitrary manner they would like to deal with the salaries of all the officials of the city. If the rate-payers are called upon at any time to vote for a civic appropriation for railway bonus, exhibition, or such like, the Property Owners' Association cannot think of such a thing,—will never continue such reckless extravagance. Property owners who do not care to belong to this great "unwashed" are anti-Torontonians. What are the thousands of tenants, merchants, and professional gentlemen who are not lucky enough to own the dwellings, warehouses or offices they occupy, to do to put in their protest against extravagance? Must they have a society of spies also? and so have society watching society, and both playing spy on the Council. It is lamentable enough with one conceited society of spies in our midst; a second is a thing to be deprecated. It has been sneeringly said of some of the members of this great society that they are like one Vincentinus, of whom it is recorded by Marcus Donatus that he was so big in his own conceit, that though he was a very thin man, he imagined he could not possibly get through an ordinary doorway. To witness the pompous air of some of these men, the simile is very applicable.

The charities of Toronto are a subject of great interest to ourselves. Our charitable institutions are our boast. Speak of charity and you touch upon our weakness. We cannot help admitting that we are a trifle vain over our charity; indeed we never deny it. We cannot see the poor want—no, Sir-ee! We are going to give \$10,000 to the Irish—only we did not. We cannot bear to hear the term "suffering humanity," it grates so upon our nerves. "Charity vaunteth not itself; is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly," and yet one of our so-called Charitable Societies lately appealed for aid through the medium of an extensive pamphlet containing a report of its benevolence, and an absurd list of donors and donations which ran something as follows:—

James McGrath.....	10 cents.
Wm. Briggs.....	10 cents.
Rev. D. W.....	call again.
Mrs. Brown.....	15 cents.
Sarah Jones.....	call again.

and so on. The above is from the report of the "Ladies' Aid Society." If this is not ostentation without the grace and the spirit of charity, then truly the words of St. Paul are ambiguous.

We are in a quandary. We are led to suppose from certain sources that Toronto can boast of very little pauperism. There is, comparatively speaking, a minimum of distress in the city. Poverty is at a premium; but, really, poverty is not the word to use in respect of our poor. We positively do not know whether Toronto is blessed in being free from poverty, or whether she is cursed by a superabundance of real distress.

The reliable reports of our dozen or so Benevolent Societies proclaim in big words the amount of their giving. How many thousands did the St. George's Society relieve this last Christmas? And the St. Andrew's and St. Patrick's and Irish Protestant Benevolent Societies? What are the Houses of Providence and Industry doing? The Young Men's Christian Association and Young Women's Association, and Ladies' Aid Society are supposed to do a great deal for the poor, and yet there is no poverty in Toronto. One-third of the citizens are so ignorant of the poverty of Toronto that they would send \$10,000 away from the city, ignorant of the starving poor who remain behind. If the reports of our societies are not true, they certainly are well founded.

(ADVERTISEMENT).

SOMNAMBULISM.—According to the usual custom the Commissioners and Chief of Police, together with a large proportion of the city Council of Toronto, will fall into a deep sleep, commencing early in February and ending about the end of November, 1880.

There is every reason to believe the sleep will be as usual, apparently easy and comfortable, although in individual cases it is expected to vary at times from a somnolent incubus to a sort of drowsy lethargy.

The emolument that each somniloquist will receive will be according to his sleepy proficiency and garrulity.

The following programme will enliven the monotony of the proceedings:—

The mayor will frequently turn in his sleep.

The aldermen will snore in various sharps and flats to diversify the entertainment.

All the paid officials (including the city solicitor) will yawn frequently.