

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

CHAP. II.

Week after week flew by, and on every available opportunity our four swell friends found themselves in the Chateau Perkins. A certain coolness was now quite perceptible, and no wonder, for when did rival lovers ever love each other? Each one had made up his mind to propose for the lady's hand, and each made up his mind to pop the momentous question on a certain evening, and the same evening, by a "circular circumstance," was chosen by all. The first who obtained a fitting opportunity to try his luck was the Hon. Hardy Kanute. He described to her his great prospects, and showed her a map of his genealogical tree back as far as the first invasion of Britain by the Romans.

"Can you skate?" enquired the lady.
"I feel that I must confess to my ignorance of the divine art, but, dearest—"

"I assure you," answered the determined Penelope, "that I deeply feel the honor conferred upon me by your proposal, but, at present, at least, it is altogether out of the question, for I really could not make up my mind to marry a man who can't skate? Seventeen suitors have I already refused on the same grounds, and that is the reason, from my supposed insensibility to the tender passion, that I am called Granite Heart."

Poor Kanute departed with a saddened heart, muttering, "Confound it, I thought Granite befewed to the Granite Wink!"

Castletoddy, Tentacle, and McMurdo all followed suit with their proposals, and all received the *conge* on account of their ignorance of skating. Still a faint hope was left them—they might learn to skate. McMurdo, however, as he bowed himself out of the room, said, "Dinna forget the kindred game!"

It was a pitiful sight to see the unfortunate rejected ones in their attempts to master the slipping art on the rink. Nothing but the fond hope of ultimately gaining the lady's hand would have carried them through the frightful ordeal.

Such slipping and sliding and ground and lofty tumbling has been seldom witnessed, and their unfortunate bodies were black and blue from head to foot, and, alas, after all, their efforts to skate were in vain, and they gave up the attempt in despair. In the meantime, McMurdo had joined the Curling Club, and practised steadily one very opportunity, and at last the day on which a Grand Bonspiel was to be played arrived. His three bosom friends were there, likewise the adorable Miss Perkins, who gave Mac an encouraging glance as he proceeded, broom in hand, to the field of action. Mac was determined to do his best, and win the admiration, at least, of the girl he adored, and well he played his part; he sent the metal-handed stone gliding on to its goal with marvellous precision. Such shouts of "Soop her up" and like expressions from the "brither Scots" made the rafters of the Granite Rink ring again, and McMurdo was applauded by all the spectators, not forgetting the charming Penelope Portia, who busted a pair of fourteen buttoned gloves in her demonstrations of satisfaction at Mac's success. That evening Mac was borne bodily to the Queen's Hotel, and was regaled with haggis, cauld kail, bannocks, scones, champagne and other Scottish refreshments until he could hardly walk home to his lodgings.

CHAP. III.

The next evening a select family party met at the Chateau Perkins. It was Penelope's birthday. Messieurs Tentacle, Kanute and McMurdo, and Lord Castletoddy were invited. Penelope Portia was delightfully sparkling and vivacious, and sang the Song of the Rink in

beautiful voice. Never did the fair creature seem so happy, or show to such advantage. At the supper huge flagons of Burgundy, Moselle, Champagne and *vin de Gooderham* were drunk by the anti-Crooks portion of the company, while the opposition deluged themselves with new cider, pop, and the sometimes treacherous raspberry syrup in her honor. Everything went as merry as a marriage bell, when to the unbounded surprise of the whole "pairty," Miss Penelope Portia Perkins arose and addressed the assemblage thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am aware that it is unusual for a lady, especially an unmarried one, to arise and address an audience, however distinguished it may be, and I have no hesitation in saying that a more distinguished one than the present has seldom or never been gathered together in Toronto. (Hear, hear.) But, ladies and gentlemen, it was not to praise our noble selves that I felt called upon to arise and speak this evening (no, no), but to state a fact that doubtless has escaped the attention of most of the honorable members of the present company, and likewise to remove a great weight of anxiety from the minds of four of the most excellent among us. These four honorable gentlemen I allude to have severally proposed for my hand, and to each I replied that although sensible of the great honor conferred on me, I would never, never marry a gentleman who could not skate, and that I would defer my decision until a future occasion. In the meantime these gentlemen have tried their utmost to skate and have failed, but one of the number proving himself such an expert at the noble and roaring game of curling, I retract my former resolution, and accept the hand of that gentleman; need I say that the gentleman's name is McMurdo?" (Loud and continued cheers from everybody except the rejected ones.)

Mr. McMurdo arose and took the young lady's hand and addressed the company thusly:—

"Leddies and gentlemen, I now claim the young leddy's hand, which I have won, as she says, by display of agility in the Roarin' Game, but notwithstanding her preference to skating she does na forget that curlin' is a kindred game, and I now propose that we drink to the united sports of SKATIN' and CURLIN', and to the leddy with the GRANITE HEART!"



A fine collection of works by members of the Ontario Society of Artists is to be offered for sale by auction at the rooms, 14 King-st. W., on Saturday, at 2 p.m. This will be a fine opportunity to secure at very moderate figures some of the best efforts of Canadian art.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolie, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia; Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.

In Italy it is customary for three or four married women to drag a bride to her would-be-husband. She pretends to struggle desperately to get away. A wise journalist points out that it would take all the married women in the country to hold back an American girl who had concluded to enter the conjugal state.

THE LABORING MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BY T. M'TUFF.

I'm a poor laborin' man, my livin' I win
By the hardest of all kinds of work;
At sunrise my manifold toils begin,
And often extend until dark.
Yet I'm happy the while,
Though idlers might smile,
To see me laboriously plod
On the weary gangway,
Neath the sun's burning ray,
Horne down by the weight of a hod.

When bright summer comes with its skies of blue,
My heart then is lightsome and gay;
For work there is plenty, and wants there are few,
And my day's work commands ample pay.
But when autumn is sped,
And all nature seems dead,
My soul then is burdened with care:
And when winter's fierce storm
Chills my lightly-clad form,
My heart then grows black with despair.

For my little ones have to be clothed and fed,
And I've small means to do it upon,
For with rent, and taxes, and fuel, and bread,
The mite I had saved is soon gone.
And poor is the fare
With so many to share
Our frugal and scanty repast,
What with less'n'g store
And the wolf at the door
I look on the future aghast.

I strive with my feelings, when want makes me ask
My rich neighbor over the way,
For something to do to lighten life's task
Ere the cold winter passes away;
He replies with a smile
As he points to a pile
Of cordwood under his shed—
Half price I will give,
You may cut it and live,
For I know that the poor must be fed.

Our good parson tells us of mansions above,
Far, far beyond the blue sky;
There angels are waiting with hearts filled with love,
To welcome such toilers as I.
Yet I've thought 'twas a pity
That in that bright city
Those cherubs alone should appear:
How much better 'twould be
For such poor folks as we
If they had an abiding place here.

A "NEWS" EDITORIAL.

We like the style of the *Morning News* editorials.

They are written in very good English, and fed to the public in the form of chopped stuff. So that they are easy to read and digest. They are also vigorous and democratic. And patriotic.

And something entirely new in the sleepy journalism of Canada.

Why doesn't the *Globe* go in for this most excellent style?

People would then, seven times out of nine, read the *Globe's* leaders.

Which at present they do not.

And why?

Because they are so long, solid and dry.

Now, don't you see the beauty of the *News* style?

The reader starts off and says to himself, "I'll just read a paragraph or two while I'm waiting for the supper bell."

So he starts.

And the first thing he knows he has read a dozen paragraphs.

Then the bell rings.

But the reader doesn't throw the paper down.

He says "I'll just swallow a few more paragraphs."

And before the bell stops ringing he has gulped down another dozen.

Then the bell stops.

And the reader lays down the paper.

But he has read the whole article.

And digested it.

The *News* style is a big scheme.

It is popular.

And effective.

And nineteenth centuryish.

And don't you forget it.