

Tabitha at the Concert.

I promised last week to tell you about the concert given by the Saint Andrew's Koran Society, in the Hautykulchural Gardens. The night bein extremely wet, I was in fear that the performers would be the only ordinance, but my gloomy precipitations were frustrated. Though the rain descended in currents, the thunder roared and the lightning flashed round that capricious Parvillain in a truly imposin manner, the musikal elemeant in the ordinance was able to resist the dampenin effects of them watery and thundery ellemeants, so the floors and galleries was pretty fairly filled. The overture was founded on old MARTIN LUTHER, and finished by another man, and was rendered in a pleasin manner. Then came two part songs, by the late Mister MEDDLESOME, and, though not a musikal cricket, I must state that I think it is always a pity to be dividin things up in that way, and the whole songs would be more pleasin than only part songs. I must also state my objekshtuns to minglin the sublime and the ridiclus by callin any kind of musik an area. There was altogether 4 areas which I enjoyed in spite of my objekshtuns. 1 long Sacred Canter, 1 mail kwartet, another part of a song called "The Sands of Dee," and a rousin korus, the last thing before the Nashunal anthumb. Musik has a very inspiwin effect on me. I jest felt during the singin of that last korus as if I was kareerin on the wings of the wind along with the tempests and the breezes that the singin is about. I am glad to think that the Koran Society is in such a flourishin condishun, and also that the tastes of the Toronto people is bein elevnted by hearin classified musik.

I have just come home from a meetin about celebratin the sentennery of the Sunday-schools. We had an edifyin time, the room was well filled, the femail sect predominatin, as is usual on such okashuns. Di-kushuns was lively and amusin. One klergyman displayed his ignorance of human natur, by askin if any of the ladies present remembered a piknik that took place twenty years ago. I wonder if that man has any femail relashuns, I spose not, or he would know that most women were not old enuff 20 years ago to be kapabel of rememberin.

I was much pleased to observe that most of the klergymen, in speakin of pikniks, processhuns, etsetetra, seemed to have a lively remembrance of the times when they was boys themselves, that bein a most important fak for those intrusted with the trainin of the young to remember, to say nothin of the effect it would have theupon literacher, (gamblin lambs bein a frekuent smile with writers.) What a kind of solemn impresshun we would have if the old sheep insisted on makin the young ones waddle round the meddows in the same slow and akward manner as themselves. I wouldn't mean to insinuate that any one of them venerated pastors was an old sheep. I am merely speakin paregorically. In fak, I have observed that menny sheep-like qualities is rarely found in klergymen. I have heard, through SAMUEL, of a book called "Soshal Pressher," where the writer says that sheepishness is a great evil in the conduct of bodies of men, they bein always inclined to go in flocks in whatever direkshun their leader chuses to take them. Now, klergymen generally act contraiy to this, each man bein natrally inclined to go in the opposite direkshun to where his reverend brother is inclined to lead him. In this respect a more sheep-like disposishun would be improvin. It will be a considable time yet, before the brethren take up with old PEREN's advice "to be all of one mind." A great menny things was desided at the meetin. One thing being that as a century only happens every hundred years, there should be a grand sellebrashun. A piknik, addresses, conferences, etsetetra. My opinion is, that the bishop and his kommittee is kapable of managin with eksellent practical effect, but,

I would also remark that several things which I herd stated kame jostlin up agens the noshuns in my mind, so that it was all I could do to keep them steady. I had such a longin to get up and state my ideas of things. I am not a woman's riter, but I would jest like to inquire if enny of the mail sect, who make disparraing remarks about us not bein able to hold our tongues, have enny idea how hard it is for a woman with her mouth brim full of words, to have to hold on to them to keep them from slipping out spontajeously, and jest have to be as silent about all them diskussed toppiks as if she hadn't a noshun of her own. I find that my feelins is runnin away with my pen, konsekwently I will preserve my ekspresshuns for another time.

With best respekts.

TABITHA TWITTERS.

Monday evenin, June 14teenth.

Divorce.

The Senate, with all due respect to MR. BLAKE, has one vital function left—that of a Divorce Court—for the rich only. To those who can pay for the accommodation she furnishes, the Old Lady is not unwilling to accord her favours. For instance Mrs. MILLIONAIRE wants a divorce, not because her husband illuses her, not because he is untrue to her, but because she happens to fancy that she prefers some one else for the present. All that need be done is an elopement, a delightful state of notoriety for some days, an application for a divorce to Mrs. Senate, which that amiable old party may grant on receipt of the usual fees. Then champagne, felicitations, grand luncheons and rose-colour.

But the poor have no Divorce Court. Last week brought to light the case of a poor woman whose husband had given just and Scriptural ground for a divorce. She had no resource but to go to the United States and there be divorced and re-married.

To the weakening in any way of the marriage tie GRIP has the strongest objection. But there are cases of illusage and unfaithfulness in which the Bible allows divorce. And this should be as available for the poor as the rich.

A Sad Neglect of Womens' Rights.

Some aspects of the newspaper business are very puzzling. It is inexpressibly sad to see that noble and consistent organ, the *Globe*, rushing headlong to destruction just through one simple little error. All the congratulations of its contemporaries on its change of form sink into nothingness, because by that change it has lost the support and confidence of the fair, or ruling, sex. In its new form the feminine mind sees neither usefulness nor beauty. The sheets, once so broad, are now too narrow and contracted, too much cut up for covering cubboards, while for the same reason they have ceased to be an aid to the decorative art. It is now impossible to cut paper dress and mantleshapes out of its substance. What is the use, they argue, of breadth of sentiment when there is only narrowness and contraction in the paper in which it is printed? True the improvement (?) may cause it to be less "cut up" by the one sex, but render it not fit to be "cut up" at all, by the other. It is to be feared "its usefulness" to the larger half of humanity "is gone." The *Mail* is actually preferred by the female element of humanity.

A settled melancholy is beginning to pervade the family mind as it reflects that the pattern newspaper is no longer fit for patterns, for "the girls."

Thoughtful newspaper men will not receive these well meant hints in a spirit of levity. It is up-hill work to contend against the sex which really rules us. No newspaper, however great, can afford to trample on the time-honoured

"rights of women." Broad and liberal sentiments are doomed ever to go hand in hand with broad and liberal expenditure of paper if they would attain success.

A Blushful Reminiscence.

I loved a maid, my visage burns
As backward now my memory turns
To these most idiotic days,
I went to vapid balls and plays
With MIGNONETTA SANTA CLAUS;
My brow contracts with honest scorn
That I was such a jackass born,
That I was such a braying mule,
Such a bright, blatant long-eared fool
As time has shown I was.
Her father kept a tiny shop,
Where, with a razor and a strop,
He'd shave the smooth incipient chin
Of fools like me who went therein,
And oft he'd crop the tangled hair
Of nasty little schoolboys there,
And now of course seven times a week
He'd cut and oil and smooth and sleek.
The fathers name was XMASTRER,
A meretricious villain he
As ever plied a pair of shears
Behind a pair of lengthy ears.
His daughter would serenely sit
Within the shop and sew and knit,
And oftentimes to ginger pop
She treated me within the shop,
Oh desperately "gone" I was
On MIGNONETTA SANTA CLAUS.
I took her buggy riding often,
In strong attempt her heart to soften,
To prove her my affection true
I treated her to oyster stew.
With oysters boiled and baked and fried
I madam MIGNONETTA plied.
I gave her liquorice and buns
By ounces, hundredweights and tons,
And oceans, too, of lemonade
I forced upon the willing maid.
A fortune large I threw away
On gum drops for her day by day,
And sausages and tender chops
I bought for her in butchers' shops.
I purchased her a seal-skin sacque
Fit for a bank clerk's widow's back,
And knitting wires and toasting forks
And patent screws for drawing kinks;
I bought her traps for catching rats,
And joiners, tools and cricket bats.
Refrigerators—old car rails,
And kegs of lovely shingle nails.
My madness went to a degree
Just bordering on insanity,
And presents obsolete before
I pressed upon her by the score.
What do you think of paving stones,
And scaffoldings and mammoth's bones?
Of bicycles and derrick cranes,
And curry-combs for horses manes?
Upon my word and sacred honor
I lavished all these things upon her,
Had she a Baptist chapel sought
I would have bought one on the spot;
I would have bought a parson too,
Or man 'o' war with all the crew!
And yet she turned from me aside,
"I do not love you, CHARLES," she cried,
My protestations were in vain,
She hinted that I was insane:
Her "pa would never let her wed
A lunatic," she softly said:
"Besides, I'm fond of SAMUEL RAKE,
He is the man I mean to take,
So now adieu; my cockatoo
Asylum portals groan for you."
For ever blessed be the day
She ordered me to go away.
My loving but misguided brain
Resumed its wonted strength again.
I loved a maid, I say it now
With blushes mantling my 'row.
And I to empty cellars rush
To hide that self-same silly blush
And as for RAKE—unhappy man,
His course is very quickly run,
And now 'oh, pigeon breasted jade,
Who with my young affections played,
Enjoy your fragrant barber's shop,
Your scissors, razor and your strop,
Your fly-blown prints upon the wall,
And you the mustiest of them all!

B.

A succession of direful shrieks is heard on the first floor. Foud Mother—"What is the matter with Billy?" Coloured Servant—"Please, marn, he is crying about jewberries." Mother—"He can't have any more. He has had four saucersful already." Servant—"Dem is de berry ones he is whooping about, He's all swelled up."—*Oil City Derrick.*

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.
See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.
First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.