

PORTRAITS OF FAIR TORONTONIANS.

Not by FRANK MILES.

11.—MRS. LOVEM.



MRS. LOVEM (or Cranem or Miss Shylock, for since these prospectuses are all alike one copy will do for all), receive a number of young duchesses into their select and desirable establishments, for the purpose of filling their young and elastic bodies with all the delicacies of the seasons and a few over, and cramming their youthful brains with a picking from the bones of most of

the sciences that have engaged the erudite brain of man since the fall of that vulgar and ill-conducted young woman, Eve. Mrs. Lovem (Mrs. Cranem or Miss Shylock) regret to say, that though weeping tears of blood at the vulgar selfishness of the demand, they are forced to request that the sum of \$500 per young duchess per annum be paid to their account at the Smashup Bank, strictly in advance.

N. B. 1.—A quarter's notice required before the removal of a pupil.

N. B. 2.—Each young duchess is required to bring her own knife, fork, and spoon, in solid gold, with her monogram set in diamonds on the handle.

NOTE.—These articles are not returnable.

N. B. 3.—Should any pupil die through neglect, or be seized with brain-fever in consequence of over-cramming, the principal will not be responsible.

Having thus introduced these talented ladies to the reader by means of their prospectuses, we may now commence our sketch.

Fat, fair, and not quite forty, Mrs. Lovem is a happy mixture of the old and new schools combined. She is always spoken of as "much liked by her pupils." She combines a motherly tenderness with a delightful ignorance of all mundane subjects; particularly those connected with the health and management of young girls. She possesses, however, in an eminent degree, the gift of the gab; and so beautifully can she expatiate upon the care and attention which the health of those exotic plants in her greenhouse require, that the parents, in ninety nine cases out of a hundred, depart in great satisfaction. Mrs. Lovem rakes her pupils by "moral influence," and makes great capital of the intense love she bears them. She insists upon all the windows being tightly shut whenever the air is the least chilly. She keeps the house at a mean temperature of something like 157 in the shade, during all the winter months. In the summer, on the contrary, Mrs. Lovem awakes to the necessity of plenty of fresh air for young people; and the draughts that circulate through that academy in the dog days, are enough to blow the very hair off the loved ones' heads.

Now and again, Mrs. Lovem's pupils die from cause; that she considers are not under her own control. On these occasions, the afflicted principal scatters all her pupils broadcast through the city, dresses in sable garments, and falls to bitter weeping. The amount of learning acquired by the pupils in this select academy is something remarkable. On one occasion we had the pleasure of the acquaintance of a pupil of Mrs. Lovem's, who had attended the classes for nine years. So magnificent an opportunity was not to be missed, and we promptly set to work to in-

crease our own knowledge by ascertaining hers. Being only eighteen years of age, we were stupified by the discovery that she knew the capital of England to be London. She was not, however, acquainted with any of the other capital cities of Europe, nor did she seem conversant with the geography of her native land or any other part of the world, but then, this could not be expected of any girl who was only eighteen years of age, and who had only attended nine years at Mrs. Lovem's. History, general and particular, was a branch of study to which this young lady had a rooted objection, therefore it would be ridiculous in the last degree to expect her to know anything about it. In arithmetic she could do multiplication and addition, also division, if not too hard. She was fairly acquainted with (How shall we utter it without a blush?) with vulgar fractions; but having perpetrated the sublime act of self-denial and condescension, involved in teaching her pupils a subject so revolting, this refined lady-principal could not be expected to plunge any deeper into the mire which contained proportion, practice or reduction.

We will endeavor to present faithful portraits of Mrs. Cranem and Miss Shylock in our next.

F. E. DOWNES.

SELECTIONS FROM THE STANDARD POETS.

TUMULT.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
Toronto's students bright had gathered, when
A portion of 'the boys' were somewhat tight
And loudly singing *Vive L'Amour*, as d then
Startling from their slumbers weary men,
Their voices rose with wild, discordant yells;
When they approached the festive "boozin' ken"
They entered, and ne'er thought of "Number One's"
dark cell.

Beside a broken niche of a stone wall
Lay Jones, B.A., prostrate on his left ear;
He said he heard the peelers "buzzoo" call;
His comrades laughed because he deared it near,
"Hip, hip, hurrah! Let's go and have some beer!"
Jones cried, "Dry up," he knew the sound too well;
As lawyers say, "On that point he was clear,"
And he was right, that night they passed in dungeon
cell!

Last morn beheld them in the lecture room,
At noon perhaps they felt a little gay;
The evening showed them all upon a "boom."
At midnight they were "ready for the pay,"
And roared in accents wild each roundelay,
Till they were "copped" by a blue-coated squad,
Who then the erring youths did straight convey
To where, repentant all, they passed some hours *in quad*.
—Byron.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the Prairie Province passed
A youth who bore through snow and ice,
A satchel with this strange device—
Calgary.

His hands were cold, his nose was blue,
His bearded face was stuck like glue
With frost and sleet. Still on his back
The legend shone out from his "puck"—
Calgary.

He did not pause at Winnipeg
To taste the treacherous "ingleleg";
When strangers tried to take him in
He only answered with a grin—
Calgary.

"Stay!" the half-breed maiden cried,
"The prairie is both long and wide,
If you keep on you will get froze."
He still replied, with thumb to nose—
Calgary.

A "sport" he met said, "Stay and rest,
Wipe off your chin, pull down your vest,
Let's go and have a game of 'draw,'"
The youth replied, with loud 'haw, haw!'—
Calgary.

His weary westward way he tramped,
Until his legs grew stiff and cramped;
He cried, "I can no further go,"
And sighed as he fell on the snow—
Calgary.

Next morn a half-breed on his way
To Winnipeg with load of hay
Brought back the youth, who swore like sin
When he found out that he was in—

FORT GARBY.
—Longfellow.

A SIGN OF "THE TIMES."

Regina! loveliest village of the plain,
Which, erstwhile reached by humble oxen wains
Policeman's charger, or the festive mule,
Is now the favored spot of Fashion's rule,
The buffalo hump and ligreous pemican
Have given place to chicken broiled and ham;
The crooked whiskey-vile—the red man's bane
Forsaken is for sherry and champagne.
The dusky brave, with savage painted face,
Is seldom seen, his form has given place
To dukes and viscounts, earls and other nob's
(Barons and baronets are there in mobs),
Nobility of genius too, and men of mind
Are moving there, and very soon you'll find
A journal independent, bright and free,
The TIMES, and edited by N. F. D.
—Goldsmith.

SABBATH EVENING.

On Sundays passing to and fro,
Tho' slippery lies the trodden snow,
The ladies with mammas and beaux,
Proceed to church religiously.

But you may see another sight,
About the hour of eight at night,
When corner loafers mostly tight,
Are talking wife obscenity.

In ulsters and flat hats arrayed,
They ape the Yankee blackguard blade,
And form fit subject for a raid
By the police fraternity.

A girl goes by with prayer book—
Each beery "bum" and slip'ry "crook"
Will ogle her with lecherous look,
And grin with gross vulgarity.

Their late n-j-a's the "fine cut" crunch,
Suggestive of the late free lunch,
And pity 'tis some one don't punch
The heads of all the galaxy.
—Campbell.

"Willie, my precious boy," said Mr. Bunn, the other evening, to his newly arrived prodigal, "how could you have the heart to go a playing in the streets after school, instead of coming straight home? Here's your mother and me been a wondering and worrying and a-working ourselves up, and a-wearing ourselves out, trying to fancy what kind of a strange animal had swallowed you entire. Don't let this happen again, my own son, or you and I will have to have a little re-union in the back wood shed. You'll find it a very striking programme, and the music will be furnished by yourself, my cherub. There's no doubt in the world about that."

Hulton is a good enough young fellow in his way, but he is rather vain of his youth and cleverness, and fond of his dog. For these enormities he receives the scornful attention of a young lady-enemy in a letter to her friend as follows: "The all conquering hero, the irresistible, the lady-killer, the render of hearts, the young man of whom you spake is he yet alive? Is he as young as he used to be or younger? Is babyhood coming on apace? Can you see the sweet deciples coming round the dear little neck and wrists? would you kindly ask him to write a list of the things he doesn't know, as I want a bit of paper small enough to wrap round my finger before putting on the thimble. Is he making love to that good Sophy Miles? If so, please kick his dog for me. Is she going to throw herself away on him? If so, poison the dog."

Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" has become so thoroughly established in public favor that were it not for the forgetfulness of people it would not be necessary to call attention to its power to cure consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, and other blood diseases, as eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, and "liver complaint."