

A HINT TO YOUNG MEN.

ONE night as in the parlor I
Wooded Arabella Broom,
I saw some little object run
In circles round the room ;

A little, tiny animal—
A native of the house,
As Arabella looked at it,
She only said, "a mouse!"

She did not scream, or faint away,
As other girls would do,
But simply rose and shook her fist,
And sweetly murmured, "shoo!"

We're married now, and I have cause
What once I prized to rue,
For as her courage still remains,
So also does her "shoo!"

'Tis not the harmless syllable
I've written just above,
But one she snatches from her foot
And fires at me, the dove!

If courting I might go again,
The maiden of my dream
Would be one whom a mouse would cause
To mount a chair and scream!

W. H. T.



"GOOD THINGS FROM GRIP" is the title of a neatly printed brochure which has just been placed upon the market. The title indicates the character of the work, and, if we may blushing say so, the contents are really good things, by pen and pencil. A special original double-page cartoon entitled "The Caricaturists and their game" is given. It contains portraits of all the leading comic artists of the day and a great multitude of the distinguished men of all countries who are the playthings of their pencils. Price, only 10cts.

"A BLUNDERING BOY."—This is the title of a well written humorous book by Mr. Bruce W. Munro, in which one may revive his recollection of the scenes of his youth. The author has performed his task with evident relish, and the reading of it is consequently easy and pleasant, which cannot by any means be said of many other works in the same line.

THE admirers of Mrs. May Agnes Fleming—and all who delight in lively, dramatic fiction are of the number—will rejoice at the announcement of a new work from her pen written, be it remarked *before* her death. The title is "Love's Young Dream, or the Mystery of Gower Hall." The work has been published in very attractive form by the National Publishing Co., of Toronto.

NEW MUSIC.—The Anglo Canadian Music Publishers' Association has favored us with copies of the latest choice publications, embracing the popular baritone song "They

all love Jack" (fifth edition); "The Little Wonder" song by Paul Rodney; "Une fête à Terianon," Gavotte, by Henri Roubier; and "Cynisca," Valse, by Pierre Perrot.

ANOTHER WIMAN SCHEME.

MAY we venture to call the attention of our excited contemporary the *World* to the following ominous extract from Mr. Adam 4-Paw's advertisement:—

"In further consummation of this purpose* and to carry out both the dream and ambition of his managerial life, he (Mr. 4-Paw) has recently entered into a contract with Erastus Wiman, of New York, the famous steam boat and real estate prince,† involving nearly a million dollars, to exhibit at Erastina, New York, beginning June 27th, all the features of his great triple circus, double jungle menagerie, Roman and Grecian Hippodrome races, oriental pageants, spectacular tableaux, panoramas, pyroramas, the Tower of Babel, the Destruction of Nineveh, etc., etc."

FASSING SHOW.

THE Toronto Opera House has undergone some alterations which have greatly improved it. The management continues to be able and wide-awake, and the patronage good.

GILBERT & SULLIVAN's new opera, "Ruddigore," is here at last, in all its wealth of mirth, melody and scenic display. The most competent critics pronounce a high opinion of the music, though it is generally thought that in the libretto the inimitable Gilbert has nodded. The reader is advised to go and see for himself. That he will come away highly pleased may be safely promised.

UNUSUAL interest is manifested in the concert to be given at the Toronto Opera House on Monday evening, 16th. The leading attraction on the occasion is Mr. Frank Lincoln, who is pronounced the finest musical humorist of the American platform, and who visits our city for the first time. The programme also embraces contributions by Mlle. Victoria De Angelis, of New York (soprano); Miss Jossie Alexander, elocutionist, and Messrs. Warrington, Litster and Arlidge of this city.

THE BEAUTY COMPETITION.

BROOKLYN, Boston, Baltimore and Washington are engaged in unseemly strife over the question as to which city possesses the prettiest women in America. We say *unseemly*, because it doesn't seem that any one of them has any title to the pennant, the fact being notorious that Toronto carries the palm for female loveliness. Of course it would not be right to severely censure our Yankee contemporaries for their mistaken opinions on the subject, as they have never enjoyed the privilege of a promenade along King Street on a fine spring afternoon and don't really know what female beauty is. No doubt the belles of the cities above named are very pretty when compared with plainer women, but in the presence of the peach-blow complexion, brilliant eyes and Juno-like form of our Queen city girls, they fade into positive homeliness. Toronto, in short, is famous throughout the civilized world for its lovely women, its handsome mayor and aldermen, and its admirable comic papers.

* This purpose! Ha! To lead Canada into annexation! Nothing could be clearer, eh, Mr. *World*?

† Prince? Here's a pointer for you, Billy! With less than your usual enterprise you can secure ample proof that Wiman hasn't a drop of royal blood in his veins.