

SHE WOULDN'T - 8.

A PRINTER'S PROPOSAL.

DEAR maiden, * of all the race,
Before thine iii I bow ;
Please do not hide thy pretty face,
But hear my ? now.

The . has come, my own,
When I must take a mate,
And as I o thee alone,
We'd better - 8.

The maid looked +++ at the bore,
And hit him on the nose ;
Then = upon the floor
He lay quite ,tose.

W.M.T.



DILIGENCE.

Mabel—Sec, ma, how much I have done for you ! I have taken off your calendars for the whole year !

TORONTO'S ISLAND RESORT.

GRIP delegated one of his aspiring reporters to write up the Island last week. There was some difficulty in securing him for the occasion, but when a free ferry ticket was shoved under his nose all objections melted away like an ice-man's hundredweight. He returned about one o'clock in the morning all broke up, as he missed the last ferry and had to swim home. His manuscript, when dried, panned out about as follows :

It was one of those beautifully mild days in August, when the newly-arrived Englishman's ideas on the rigor of our Canadian temperature get shaken into fragments as suddenly as they would if he attempted to climb up a streak of chain lightning. I took a ferry to the Island for the purpose of gasping a few gasps of the ozoneified air which occasionally wafts in off the blue water when the breeze blows from the south. This day it didn't blow from the south—it came from the direction

of the cow-byres and gas works. But I could detect the ozone quite distinctly—it was strong. In the neighborhood of the shore the water was covered with a delicately colored oily substance from the gas works. This was ooze on, a near relative to the chemical ingredient I have just mentioned. As we neared the shore sweet dulcet strains of music were wafted to my ears across the intervening waters. When I arrived at the dock they did not sound so dulcet ; and after I had been there two hours my auriferous orifices were aching and my tympanums throbbing in agony. I asked one of the gate keepers if he did not tire of listening to the hurdy-gurdy and orchestra? He answered that he never heard them ! I gazed at him sadly and walked away. Am now hunting for the man who said "Music hath charms, etc." I am told he is dead. Pity he hadn't lived to visit our Island so that he could have an opportunity of undoing the mischief he has wrought.

Oh, agony most pure !
Oh, horrid nightmare dream !
A punishment I can't endure
Is music run by steam.

A little farther on I saw a young fellow with about a hundred jack-knives stuck in a board and a few small rings in his hand. "Every knife you ring, gentlemen, is yours." Thought I might speculate by ringing a few and selling them again. Spent a dollar with him, then went over to the lake shore and soaked my head for a blank fool. Dropped into a refreshment booth and asked for a glass of milk. About fifteen minutes afterward I was singing "The Capture of Batoche" to an admiring crowd of children. Think the cow must have been drunk when she layed that milk. Saw from a distance a large crowd of men and boys standing on a bridge gazing into the weedy depths below. Asked if anyone was drowned but found they were only fishing.

The Island is a delightfully cool place if you don't wear much clothing. When my collar had withered like the leaf of a mimosa, and my coat and vest had been removed, and I had got outside a pail of ice water, and the sun got low in the western skies, then, and only then, did I begin to realize what an inestimable boon we have at our door. Had I spent the afternoon in the city that day, in all probability I would have melted three or four collars and drank two pails of ice water.

Toronto is the very proud possessor of the handsomest female population on this continent, and a big percentage of them bask in the luxuries of cool verandahs and breezy hammocks on the Island. Every verandah has its hammock and every hammock has its dainty foot swinging over the taffrail. I was particularly struck with the elegant proportions of one little pedal and stood and stared at it in helpless goneness, when suddenly the foot gave a twitch and a laughing pair of eyes * * * Here the manuscript is unreadable, but it is presumed that she was an old acquaintance, as farther on it states: Oh, the ecstasy of those few hours ! What bliss to converse with so transcendently beautiful and intelligent a being ! The sun sank low in the west, the moon rose, and still we talked. We watched the silvery sheen of the moonlight on the waters. She hinted at the luxury of a row in the aforesaid silvery sheen, but the jack-knife fiend had my dollar ! [There is a lot more of this stuff about "She," the reporter evidently having forgotten his duty to our readers. We break the monotony and give his closing sentences] :

Suddenly I bethought me to look at my chronometer. Half-past eleven ! The last boat gone ! Wonder what