

LATER DAY FAIRY TALES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE CANADIAN OF MYSELF.)

I.—BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.



ONCE upon a time, not so very long ago, either, there lived a Beauty. In the classic vernacular of the pave, she was quite a bute. She wore a tailor-made gown, bleached hair and other modern improvements, including several editions of the *Week* and other equally interesting papers, carefully concealed from public view by a rear extension of skirt. This was supposed to add to the elegant *tout ensemble*

of her appearance. From the point of view of the ordinary male observer there was a heap of supposition about it.

Late one afternoon, dear children, this Beauty made an impression upon a Beast, who belonged to that distinct species of biped known as stuffy old duffers. This particular article of stuffy old duffer was about the worst specimen of the whole tribe. Time had scalped him clean, his teeth had fallen out, and one of his eyes was made of glass. This, together with his diabolical expression and the sinister glare of his remaining optic, rendered him about as unlovely an object as one might desire to stay away from.

He was not an attractive Beast, dear children, but he had loads of Dust.

It happened that the Beauty was coming down town in the street-car, and the Beast sat down beside her. When the conductor sidled through for tickets, the Beauty found that she had left her purse at home, though she could have carried it quite easily without getting tired, and the Beast said, "Please let me supply the deficiency," and the Beauty said, "Oh, if you would be so kind—I don't know how I came to forget it, I'm sure. It was so careless of me. I don't know how I can thank you for your kindness. You must give me your address, and I will send it back to you just as soon as I get home." And the Beast said, "Pshaw! it's not worth talking about." And so they continued to toy with the strange delights of a street-car conversation until they got down town, when the Beast took the Beauty to lunch, and subsequently treated to caramels. And that evening he called to see her, and she showed him her collection of photographs and her essays at water-color art, and had her little brothers and sisters come in and kiss her good-night, so that he could see what a tender, loving, affectionate sister she was to them, and the Beast was charmed completely, and he said to himself, "She is the most dazzling corruscation of supernal excellence that this planet ever winked at, and I'll have her if I have to steal her."

So it came about that, as time stumped swiftly by, and the days lengthened, and the summer came, and the sun soaked the section of atmosphere in which these lines are written with amber heat, full of sizzle and productive of yearnings for ice-cream and soda water, one gentle, moonlit evening, when the perfumed breezes sang concerted pieces o'er the pellucid waters, and the katydid chipped in an accompaniment to the mournful call of the whippoorwill up in the forest, where the whispering leaves murmured ceaselessly—it was just during this halcyon portion of the day that the Beast let his

pent-up emotions loose in one impassioned outburst: "Will you marry me?"

And, in accordance with the manner of the times in which we live, the Beauty said unto him, "How much a year will you settle on me?"

And he said so much.

And she said him nay, remarking incidentally that he would have to put up another stack of reds if he wanted to see her hand. And to herself she reflected, "He is very hateful. I detest the very ground on which he treads. But he is old and feeble, and his gold will pass at par."

Then the Beast remarked that the stack of reds would be forthcoming.

The Beauty smiled sweetly, flopped in his arms with an exuberant, slopful flop that was calculated to excite the stony heart of a graven image, and murmured soulfully, "Darling!"

Then the moon, which had been taking in the scene with its usual benign smile, said, "This is too much. Right here I quit, I hide, I swear off on lovers for a week. Darling—oh, oh! how can such lovely lips such lies bring forth?"

And so they were married, and lived unhappily ever after.

CECIL STREET.

NOT ACCIDENTAL.

BROWN and Jones were walking down Yonge street the other day, when a sudden gust blew off Brown's hat. He immediately ran to catch it, and in doing so fell. On seeing him fall Jones calmly got off the customary imbecile remark, "You didn't fall, did you?"

"Naw!" snarled Brown, "I just sat down to pick up my hat," and then they walked on in silence for the space of two blocks.

DEACON PUNKIN ON THE OHIO STATESMAN.

"I DON'T believe in this 'er riskyproxity, not even in nateral projects," said Deacon Punkin, who has always voted for Sir John. "What's Yankee Butterworth, anyhow? 'Tain't nuthin' but ol'marchyerin."



IMPERFECT HUMANITY.

JOHNSON—"I was reading a scientific article the other day, showing that there was hardly a man or woman in existence whose figure was perfect. Now there goes Sharpley; what's the matter with him?"

DOBSON—"Everything! He's the crookedest man in town."