



A STARTLING SUGGESTION.

Mail Subscriber--(entering the sanctum of that journal).—If this Franchise Bill is not what the *Globe* says, why not print it in the *Mail*?

[Sensation among editors.]

PADDY'S BROGUE SPOILT.

My Jennie hae twa hazel e'en,
And hair to match, begorra;
Her purty feet and graceful mien
Has shole me heart, och worra!

Sure if me brogue be Scottish mixed,
Braid like a Burns' sonnet,
Ye will perceive how I am fixed,
When ye know it's love that's done it.

Frae Scotia fair is my colleen,
The land o' brose an' gaule,
First I'm from that Isle so green,
Of praties and the baillif.

I call her my ashore machree,
"Faith, you're the divil, Paddy,"
And then she, w' sich bewitchin' e'e,
Calls me her bonnie laddie.

She spakes about her "Scots wha hae,"
Of burnies, brans, and hether;
And I discourse on "Patrick's Day,"
As we gang aft thegither.

Ane nicht ower muckle brow, ye ken,
As we gang w' thegither,
"Och marry me!" says I, "swate Jen!"
Says she, "Gae ask me mither."

Sure spoilt intirely is me brogue;
Me friends and near relations
Will take me for some foreign rogue,
And quit their invitations.

—J. T., Jr.

GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

II.

THE QUEEN'S PARK (CONTINUED).

Proceeding onwards north and by west half north, we come to the monument erected to the memory of the gallant volunteers who fell at Ridgeway. At this time this memorial erection will be viewed with the greater interest, as the present troublous times in the North-West cannot fail to call to mind the Fenian raid in the "sixties." Ridgeway was a decisive victory for our troops; of that there can be no doubt, and though all the engagements that have so far taken place with the rebel hordes of Riel have been claimed as resulting

favorably to General Middleton's followers, there are not wanting sceptical people who remark that some of those victories closely resembled defeats. It does not look much like a victory when the enemy, not by any means dislodged from their position, step out when our men are retreating, and yelling derisively and defiantly, invite the latter to come back. But different people have different ideas concerning victory and defeat.

We walk round the Ridgeway heroes' monument and admire the effigies thereon of the gallant sons of Mars—and, doubtless, pass as well—and having squeezed out a tear or two, pass on to the colossal statue of the late George Brown. Here we may possibly overhear (over here, you know) a conversation similar to that which saluted the ears of the writer on one occasion. Two old Scotchmen were discussing the many good qualities of the original of the statue before they came in sight of it.

"He was a gran' mon, Sandy," said one.
"He waur that, Donald," replied his friend.
"We'll no see the likes o' him again," and then, coming in full view of the statue, Sandy added, pointing to it, "and yon's the mon you meant."

Of course no one ever supposes that a Scotchman would be deliberately and in cold blood guilty of perpetrating a joke, especially so superfluous as the above, but the Scotch race, though possessing a certain kind of "pawky" humor, are not what may be classified as a brilliantly witty people, but are excellent butts for true wits (we are blushing) to exercise their Heaven-given faculties upon.

To the north of the Brown statue—which is not exactly brown, but bronze—are seen dense groves of trees, shady knolls, woodland and glades. On a summer's evening, as the shades of night are falling around, the visitor, in wandering through these umbrageous retreats, might almost fancy he was in close proximity to some swamp or morass through which herds of cattle were passing, so frequent is that sound resembling the pulling of

a hoof out of clinging mud. It is not a smack; it is not a dull thud. The man has not yet been born who is capable of describing in black and white the sound of osculation. Gifted as we are, we confess our inability to do it. This sound, the intelligent reader will doubtless have surmised, is caused by the gentle dallings of the numerous lovers who here do mostly congregate. It is, on a soft July night, actually a grove sacred to Cupid.

Around the Park runs a carriage-drive which is said by competent judges to far surpass in every way the celebrated drive round Hyde Park in London. Certainly the equipages are more stylish and gorgeous, and the liveries of the grooms and coachmen perfectly dazzling. That our citizens are by no means backward in their ideas of what a coachman, in order to give that dash and *comme il faut*ness to a turnout, ought to be, no one can doubt after reading the following advertisement clipped from a Toronto paper, and which is only one of many:

WANTED — COACHMAN — ENGLISH — SINGLE, about 25, who can milk and assist in gardening, and who will make himself generally useful.

That many of the coachmen who tool their spirited teams around the drive are engaged in the multifarious employments above indicated is evident. The dinge in the plug hat made by pressure against the side of the cow during the operation of milking, is not infrequent, whilst the garden soil and manure on the boots show that horticultural pursuits are not neglected by them. It is also evident that the same liveries are made to do for successive relays of coachmen, as we have ourself recognized the same coat with armorial bearings—usually a butter-firkin rampant with the motto, "O leo; marga rine" (Spanish), or some such thing, on three different and distinct Jehus at three different and distinct periods.

Some time after six is the best to view these splendid and fast-flying equipages, or on a Saturday afternoon, for then the wholesale shops are closed, and the happy proprietors, Toronto's aristocracy, casting aside their aprons, pens, etc., etc., rush to their stately mansions and call out the dashing chariot.

Sunday in Queen's Park is devoted to spiritual exhortation and spirituous condemnation. The faltering Christian obtains encouragement from the lips of all sorts and classes of men, and the Anti-Scott Act people get everlasting fits. The Band Stand (elsewhere mentioned) is metamorphosed from a gigantic bedstead into a pulpit, and it is safe to say were some of those who utilize it in its former capacity to be subjected to the discourses of those who make use of it in the latter, they would slumber even more soundly than they do as it is.

For the admirable order, display, neatness and taste which meet the eye at every turn in the Queen's Park, probably ex-Alderman John Irwin, for many years Chairman of the Park Committee, deserves more thanks than any one; and as no one else deserves any, and as more than nothing is an unknown quantity, the intelligent reader is left to calculate to what amount of thanks Mr. Irwin is entitled.

And now, having briefly described the glories of this Elysium of the Queen City, we will take leave of it with many sighs, and next week will endeavor to bring our feeble language into play concerning King Street, or some other public place of note.

—S.

(To be continued.)

A SECRET.—The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions. It cures all scrofulous diseases, acts on the blood, liver, kidneys, skin and bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek.