



A GASHLY STORY.

Some young ladies gave a party in this city t'other day. To none but those of their own sex—a funny thing to do. They wore not all Toronto girls: some came from far away. There was gentle Katie from Dundas, and Maude from Peterbro, From Hamilton there came A very high-toned lass, 'Twould be no shame to give her name, So we'll say they called her Cass.

There were many more of these skittish things; suffice it, then, to say, That after talking seven hours, or seven and a half, They wanted now amusement, just to pass the time away, And one fair belle suggested, half in earnest, half in oint, "Let's measure our mouths to see Who has the largest one." What fun 'twill be, cried the whole beven. And no sooner said than done.

The Dundas maid was measured first, and her rosebud lips were found To be only an inch and a quarter by the compasses they used; The Toronto girl tried next, and lo! an inch would more than bound Her dainty mouth: I will not see our own fair girls abused. The Hamilton Cassie tried, And her mouth was found to be Two inches wide, and she nearly cried Those compasses to see.

"Now Maud," they cried to the Peterbro' girl, it's your turn, you're next!" And Maud sat down and the compasses were opened to their full extent. But not the slightest use it was: and Maude was sadly vexed To see those horrid instruments, and wondered what it meant. Nine inches full they spread, But they failed to measure that mouth. Salt tears were shed by Maude as she said She hated those girls down South.

For how they laughed! "what can we do, for measure Maude's mouth we will. Those compasses ain't big enough," cried one of the pretty dears. "I know, I know," screamed another sylph, "just wait a minute and be still." And away she ran and soon came back w' a pair of garden shears! Yes, shears of the largest size, But they were too small: oh! woe. And w' tears in her eyes poor Maude cries, "I'm off for Peterbro."

Swiz.

(It is believed that she went as described, but we strongly advise the author of the above to steer clear of that place.)

TWO OLD LETTERS.

AUBURN, Anno Domini, 1734.

Deacon Guileless to Deacon Sharpset, greeting: Ye great & mighty revival of ye diligent reading of ye scriptures, among ye youths & maids of this ilk, hath moved me to write to thee, being greatlie astoned thereat. So greatlie absorbed hath our baker become in this studie that, sooth to say, we have eaten naught but burnt loaves for a week. Ye butcher boy, while waiting for ye wench to answer ye bell, fell to studyng so profoundlie that my good dog Watch, being cured by the savoury smell, succumbed to temptation & slowly abstracted from the basket a legge of mutton which I had to pay for, besides going for two days without meat. Ewyn Mrs. Lyght-head, whom thou rememberest as a dyvourer

of novels & ice-cream, she consumeth ye myd-nyght oil in searching ye scriptures—though she still fryzzeth her hair after ye manner of ye women of ye world, and gylleth consumedly when thy servant holdeth forth in ye meetynge. As I was gently borne along through ye fields in ye evening on ye back of Dapple, he stopping now & again to munch his favourite herbes—I beheld what I took to be a flyght of crows, perched on a zigzag fence at ye far end of ye field. Whereupon I tickled ye ribs of Dapple & spurred him towards them, wishing with all my heart that I had my gun, so that I could have a crow pie for to-morrow's dinner. But as I approached, behold, they were not crows, but doves, youths & maidens, sitting on ye fence, each with a copy of ye scriptures in hand, & ye heads of each pair meetynge very close over ye booke. I asked a damsel why she studied Holy Writ so earnestlie, whereupon she made answer that she was tryng for ye prize; and so are we, and we, and we, said they all. I said I was glad in heart to see them so pious, & suddenly rode away, for Dapple, urgently impelled by unscen prods from behind, started off at a gallop, hastened by sundry missiles, which expedited greatlie his departure, but I was too thankful withal to be angry thereat—for it is indeed a hopeful syne to see ye youths & maidens so well employed. But my mind misgives me about this prize; for there was that in their demeanour which causeth me mistrust, & a sudden fear that the Evil One may have assumed the guise of an Angel of Lyght & caused them to read ffolly Writ for an unholy purpose moveth me to write to you who knoweth ye sarcas and delusions of ye world.

Thy friend,
NATHANIEL GUILLELESS.

LONDON, Anno Domini, 1734.

DEAR BROTHER GUILLELESS,—The matter ament which thou sendest to me is verily a delusion & a snare & a device of ye enemy to evade ye lash of ye law as administered by Executioner Master Fenton, Crown Attorney. & knowinge ye heart of ye people is sound in ye faith of ye word, he doth under a cloak of piety, incite them to a searchinge of Holy Writ—not for any good to their souls, but in ye hope of getting trinkets to wear on their bodies, or to display in their houses; and this hope causeth them to send to the author of the schema a certain amount of spondulicks which, coming from the great army of ye credulous, doth without value received, speedily fill to repletion ye exhausted exchequers of ye individual who wipeth his mouth and saith I have done no evil.

Thy friend in truth,
JOHN SHARPSET.

BARNEY AT COMMENCEMENT.

LOMBARD TERRACE, June 11.



ME DEAR MISTHER GRIP,—Yesterday bein' commencement day, I was afther tlein' Nora to lay out me biled shirt, me green tie and me swallow tail, so I'd luck dacent whin I'd go up to the University, to see Tim Doherty's bye take the vows av calibacy an' become a Bachelor av Arts fur life. It's me own Tim I'll be afther sendin' there afther a bit, but I musht be afther waitin till I see what kind av janyus, an' what ability he's got, fur it's no use sendin a bye there unless he's got brains an' a will to sthudy, more be token—now whin the

wimmin are comin' swapin' all the follow's heads off. Well, I set sail up College street, the summer shnow fallin' around me aff av the beautiful row av chestnuts all the way up; every wan av them bloomiu' like a bride. The grass was fresh and green wid the summer rain, on' the skhoi was blue an' sunny as the oies av the childer that played in the park beyant; altogether it was a foine day afther the rain. I succeeded in gettin' a good seat beside a—a—yes bedad! I musht spake the truth, a made up woman, with false hair, a sixteen inch waist, gold on her fingers, round her neck and in her teeth. What airthly interest sich a bein' cud have in that hall av larnin' clauze bates my comprehension. However I wiped the perspiration all av me forrad, an' was sittin' meditatin' on the advantages av higher education an' all the culture an' refinement about to be displayed, whin av a suddin' there cum a blast from a fog horn, shartlin' me out av me sivin sineses an' landin' me clane into the lap av the woman wid the gold teeth. It was fur all the wuruld as if the Angel Gabriel was tunin' up an' practisin' for the grand finale, an' the echocs were just "reverberin'" as Miss Henderson says in her roamin' poem whin there cum floatin' soft an' sweet, a shtrain av heavenly music, faint an' far away; like the wailin' av the wind through a shmall tooth-comb, or the "wee-ow" av a kitten suspended by the tail. It was beautiful cutoirely; an' yet, bedad! there was something so oncomonly comical in the sound av it, that smiles varyin' from three to seven inches, could be seen wid the naked eye all over the hall.

But bless yez! this was only the interlood; thim byes were bound to entertain the visitors; an' afther a few short yells the whole College orchestra, composed av three fog horns, wan shmall tooth comb, wan whistle, an' two tin pot lids, shtrucked up a medley, the like av which no mortal ear ever had the privilege av hearin' before. It was an impromptu piece, intinded to express the dear delights av boyish devilmint, an' as such, was a success; only, like readin' the dictionary, ye cudn't follow the argyment. Afther that there riz such a yellin', shure I was afther thinkin the whole Salvation Army were comin' hot foot afther the divil, but it was only the byes marchin' an' chantin' the requiem av the immortal Misther Grimes. The way they sing that is very affectin'. As soon as they sing his name they fill up—they can go no further, but wid tares in their voice, they can only repeat the name av the dear departed—what a tribute to his memory. Afther that agin, to the chunc av several airs all played together at different times, in walks the Chancellor, an' the rest av the dignitaries, amid the thunderin' cheers av the students. Somehow, the cheerin' av these soine young fellows springs a leak in me owld eyes, but be the toime I imirge from behind me handkerchief, who should be sittin' in the chair forinst me on the platform but his Lordship—purple cowl an' alltogether. Musha, but he does remind one forcibly av Ould Ireland. I'm not goin' to describe how the boys got the halter wid the bit av rabbit-skin thrown round their necks, but will at wance proceed to the double-u-o man av the year—Miss Balmer, the sweetest, purtiest, dearest little girl I've seen this many a day. She reminds wan av Burn's "wee modest crimson tipped flower" (only she hadn't a bit of crimson about her, it was the poctess had the crimson wid a roavin' green bonnet to match). Yes, sur, there she stood, in her modesty and beauty. The howlder av all thim scholarships, a livin' rebuke to the opponents of co-education. Really, the way some people talk, ud make wan think that ivery fuyndle student was a keg av dynamite in petticoats. gettin' ready to blow the whole educational system sky-high. Whin all was over, hadn't meself the honour an' glory av listenin' to Misther Blake, the wan man in the Dominion