



TORONTO'S BEAUTIES.

BY GRIP'S BASHFUL AND SUSCEPTIBLE YOUNG MAN.

O! I'm sad and forlorn, and my bosom is torn with  
anguish and anxiety,  
And I'm really in a doleful plight if ever man was in  
one;

I can't go out to dance or rout (for I move in swell so-  
ciety)

But I fall in love with some beautiful girl, tho', as yet,  
I've failed to win one,  
And my heart goes flippety flop,  
And refuses to do its duty,  
And my bosom heaves and my pulses stop  
At the sight of feminine beauty.

When I'm inclined to make up my mind, whose state is  
most peculiar,

And I fancy I'm dead in love with saucy little Helen;  
My indecision is stirred with a vision of that most be-  
witching Julia,

Till, twixt the two, my state of heart I have no means  
of telling.

And I'm puzzled what to do,  
Arrange my thoughts I want to,  
And I feel it a duty to worship each beauty,  
And they're common in Toronto.

When I walk the street I am sure to meet some girl who  
keels me over,

And I have to tone my system with whiskey with some  
lemon in;

Why it should be I cannot see, but like a mountain rover,  
My heart goes jumpin', jumping at the sight of beauty  
feminine:

In a terrible way am I,  
And though I do not want to,  
I shall have to flee from the witcherie  
Of those beauties of Toronto.

Why it is so I do not know, but the fact can't be disputed  
That the girls of Toronto, Queen City of the West,  
Take the very first place for beauty and grace, and are  
admirably suited

To make my poor heart palpitate till it nearly busts my  
vest.

And their ruby lips disclose  
The result of famed Odonto,  
With their teeth in rows like winter snows,  
Ah! beauties of Toronto.

When the breezelets play on Toronto Bay in the glad some  
summer season,

And the charmers of the city disport upon the waters,  
In these joyous days I long to gaze, tho' I'm nigh bereft  
of reason,

On the rosy lips and sparkling eyes of Toronto's lovely  
daughters,

As their rippling laughter steals  
Upon my raptured senses,  
And I hardly know my head from my heels,  
But the feeling most intense is.

The Ambitious City has girls that are pretty, but oh! the  
size of their feet;

And London, the Less, has one or two, but their  
mouths are so immense,

And Peterboro' too has a limited few, but as they prance  
the street

You can hear by their clatter and feminine chatter that  
they're rather short of sense.

But here — my heart be still!  
Our girls have no deception,  
And wherever you go and look where you will,  
A plain one's an exception.

Good-bye, dear girls, with your frizzes and curls, and your  
great big Gainsboro' hats,

I should love those last wares they twice as big, and  
thrice as ugly, too:

For whatever you wear to me seems fair. I'm going  
round the corner to Pat's

To steep my soul in the flowing bowl, which I know it's  
wrong to do.

It's wicked to tittle I know,  
Be tussy I do not want to;  
Are there none in the city, who for me feel pity  
Amongst those pretty, and jolly and witty  
Little darlings of Toronto.

Heigho! I've got it awfully bad.

The following legend is written in a Lead-  
ville church: "Please do not shoot the organ-  
ist: he is doing his best."



## A LITTLE STORY

FOR VERY YOUNG PEOPLE AND ALDERMEN.

Run, children, run, for I want to tell you a  
story. You have all read about the old woman  
who lived in a shoe, and who had such a nume-  
rous family that she was bewildered, and how  
she treated them in a manner that would have  
caused her to have been fined ten dollars and  
costs if she had been a school-teacher, and  
some old jackass had been a deputy police  
magistrate. Now, did it never strike you,  
dears, that the shoe she lived in must have  
been of enormous size? Did you not think  
that the whole tale was invented by some  
bold, bad man who would go to where he  
would never slip through the ice in the hot  
by-and-bye? Well, I know that the story is  
not false but quite true, and I will tell you  
where the old woman lived, and where she  
got the shoe. She dwelt on the shore of Lake  
Ontario, near a place called Oakville, and she  
found the shoe on the beach one day, where it  
had drifted all the way from Burlington Bay,  
after being thrown into the water by a beau-  
tiful young lady, a native of Hamilton, be-  
cause it pinched her foot so badly. I have  
seen the shoe, so I know that the story is not  
made up, dears, and I observed how much the  
sides of it had got rubbed and damaged in its  
passage through the Burlington canal, where  
I was told it got jammed for two days. The  
mate of the shoe of which I speak has long  
since been disposed of to ladies who have seen  
better days and who keep boarding houses;  
I have been told that these ladies used the  
pieces of the shoe that they purchased for  
beefsteak, and I am not altogether willing to  
dispute this statement. Would you not like  
to be a beautiful young Hamilton lady, my  
dear children and aldermen, and have a shoe  
that a good, clever, honorable man like us  
would write a piece about in his paper?  
Good-bye.

## MRS. LANGTRY.

Mrs. Langtry is announced to appear at the  
Grand on Thursday and Friday evenings of  
next week, and crowded houses are a foregone  
conclusion. Whatever the fair visitor's claims  
may be as an actress, we can guarantee that  
in Canada she will, at all events, be received  
by press and people with the respect due to a  
lady,—which will be a grateful change after  
her experience in the vile atmosphere of some  
American cities.

The engagement of Miss F. H. Churchill,  
the celebrated elocutionist, of Boston, by the  
Canadian Shorthand Society, has been arrang-  
ed for Thursday ev'g. March 29th, at Shaftes-  
bury Hall. The proceeds are to be devoted  
to the establishment of a library and reading  
room for the use of members of this rapidly-  
growing profession. Miss Churchill comes  
with the highest endorsement of the American  
and Canadian press, and prominent citizens,  
and we have no doubt she will be greeted by a  
large audience.

## GRIP'S FABLES.

THE OBSERVANT YOUNG MAN.

A Young Man fell Desperately in love with  
a Beautiful Girl, and having Screwed up his  
Courage to the Sticking Point, he asked her  
to Marry him, and as he was a Nice Fellow  
with a sweet little moustache and big Balance  
in the Bank, she said she would. "Now,  
Dearest," he said, "before we proceed any  
Further with this Venture, I want to ask you  
whether you will Promise me one thing?"  
"Anything you choose," she replied, closing  
her Rosebud Lips upon the Tip of his Ear.  
"Well, dovey," the young man said, "you  
must promise me that, when we twain become  
one flesh, you will Refrain from sitting down  
on the floor when you take off a Tight Boot,  
for much as I Adore you, I feel that my love  
would ere long be transmuted to gall, bitter-  
ness, aye, even Hatred, did I ever behold you  
Sprawling about on the Floor in the ungainly  
manner that I have seen my sisters cut up  
when in a similar predicament. Will you  
promise me this? It is essential to my happi-  
ness that you should abandon this Objection-  
able Practice." The beautiful Girl would have  
blushed if she had been able, and as she stood  
Pondering the matter in her Mind, she was  
silent for several minutes. At length she spoke  
and asked, "Is it Absolutely indispensable  
that I should promise this ere we can be  
united?" "Absolutely," replied the young  
man. "Then," said the maiden, "rather  
than relinquish one of the few privileges of  
my sex which has not been ruthlessly de-  
stroyed, I will go forth and become a Nun."  
And she departed and married a Butcher.  
And the young man was very Sorrowful.

MORAL.

Girls should be more Careful of what they  
do in their brothers' Presence, for young Men  
are not all of that class who, having Ears, hear  
not, and Eyes, yet see not.

## WHAT AILED HER.

Mrs. Binslop was always imagining that  
she was dying, and many a cold, nocturnal  
journey she gave her poor husband Job, send-  
ing him scurrying away for the doctor at all  
sorts of ungodly hours; and when that indi-  
vidual arrived, he invariably found that her  
ailments were purely imaginary or else some  
slight indisposition, the effect of over-eating  
or some such thing. Job was down town one  
day, and as he drew near his house on his re-  
turn, he saw the physician just driving  
away. As he entered the house he beheld  
Matilder Hann, the "help," proceeding up-  
stairs with the warming-pan, and his afflicted  
wife preparing to retire. "I allers said as I  
wasn't long for this world, Job," were the  
words she greeted her spouse with, "and I  
guess I'm a goner this time. I felt my old  
symptoms a comin' on, and I sent for the  
doctos, and when he come he says, says he,  
lookin' as grave as an owl, 'Mrs. Binslop,  
says he, 'you're a confirmed hypoconderack,  
and I can do nothing for you,' he says, so I'm  
goin' to bed now for the last time; and you,  
Job, see you plant some sunflowers onto the  
grave of the poor hypoconderack as bore her  
sufferin's so noble." And she flopped into  
bed and awaited dissolution.

When a new railway is to be built in Amer-  
ica the first thing they do is to "break  
ground," which is done with great ceremony.  
The next thing is to break the shareholder,  
which is done without ceremony.—*Leicester  
(Eng.) Post.* We do not reprint this because  
it is so terribly funny, but simply because it  
is the only funny thing we have seen in an  
English paper for the last fifteen years.