

But soft! wasn't that a crack loud enough to be made by a number nine boot? A figure emerges from the shadow of a soft maple. Who is it? There is no mistaking those litho and airy limbs. 'Tis Reginald. Hastily he implants a ladder against the bricks, the light in the window renews his courage, he ascends and hastily pulls back the shutters; what a sight meets his first gaze! Imogen has just finished reading her letter, already her back hair has given away under the gentle pressure of her taper finger, she is unbangled, and other little make-ups are being taken off. But how fares it with Reginald? His delicate nerves are shattered at the first onset, even the size of her boots appear twice their right in the horror of his gaze. "Can this be she?" he cries, "oh! heavens what a make up; base girl why hast deceived me." He does not wait to see, for he has swooned away; poor fellow! he is to be pitied, he never had a sister.

IV.

The following appeared in next morning's *Globe* "personals":—"Mr. Reginald De Symphonie left this city on early morning train for Boston. —SAM. BEAMISH.



"TYPES OF BEAUTY."

Portraits reluctantly declined by the Exhibition sub-committee in charge of the Beauty Competition.

THE ANTI-SNEERING INSULT FUND.

MR. GRIP.—No doubt you think yourself very clever, a drawing of them nasty cartoons of decent people with your black beak, which as I says you can't never expect no better from a crow. And them paltry little newspapers, which as I say, is a shame, they way they laughs and makes game of hys Henglishmen. I'm a goin' to tell you something which you don't know, Mr. Goldwin Smith is a Henglish gentleman, sir, none of your bloomin' hupstarts has thinks Canada the best kentry under the sun, but a hup and down Henglishman sir, has thinks Canada fit for nothing but annexing to the States. Which as I says the sooner the quicker. When nawsty little colonists like you begin to laugh at the Henglish and Henglish customs they're fit for nothing but to make Yankees of. Which them's my very sentiments. Mr. Smith says as 'ow you are allus a-sneering and a-taking us off half the time, cos we ain't a-plotting and a-combining like them low Scotch and Irish half the time; which we ain't a-going to stand hit a minnit longer. Hif the late Lord Beaconsfield was halive now, which mores the pity he ain't, hinstead of this ore Gladstone, which as Mr. Goldwin says he aint got no 'ead to manage, hand no hability to speak hof; he'd have a gunboat run in to Youngstreet wharf, to demand satisfaction for the sneers hand the insults which 'ave been 'eaped on the pore hoppedressed Henglishmen in this ere city of Toronto.

I ham a direct decendant of the Hearl of Silkhat, which my great graudmother made a low marriage, and ran haway to Hamerika, which is ow I come to be in business, but the blue-blood is hlu my veins sir, I feels hit sir; has Mr. Goldwin says, we got to give you notice that we will "brook no hinsults." Canada aint a-goin to be hallowed to sit on John Bull's knee, hand pull his whiskers, hand chuck him under the chin, and tickle him hunder the harms, a-taking half the dignity hout of the hold gentleman, hand making hys laughing stalks half hover. Wy! they 'ave no more respect for a lord 'ere no more nor if he was a monkey. Half this 'as got to be stopped. Mr. Smith says we must "plot hand combine" like hother hoppedressed peoples does, hand make them laugh on the other side of their mouth. We 'ave started the "Anti-sneering Hinsult Fund," which we are a-going to carry the war hinto Hafrika. We 'ave hordered a

dozen wedding cake boxes, which they're a-going to be filled with dynamite, hand sent to half the dirty little newspaper hoflices wot sneer hand laugh hat Henglishmen. 'Owver though we knows you 'ave be'aved shamefully like the rest, still we are willing to spare your life, if you will consent to 'ave an open subscription list in your hoflice, which Mr. Goldwin aud myself will 'ead with two shillings ha piece, and you come good for half the printer's devil steals hof the contributions. Hand we will consider it some reparation hif you will lend hus "Bunthorne Abroad" to get up a hamatour concert hin laid hof the Hinsult Fuud. Them's the conditions on which we will keep from blowing the hughly black feathers hof your back, hand that subscription list in your hoflice window will be the red card that will save you when half the hother offices are destroyed.

Hi ham, sir,  
HAN HINDIGNANT HENGLISHMAN.  
P.S.—Hi henclose my card.



DISINTERESTED TEARS.

Scott Act Missionary.—My good man, what is wrong? Why do I find you in tears?  
Liquor Dealer.—How can I help weeping? (sob, sob.) I find the people determined to pass the Scott Act and (boo-hoo) I know it increases the sale of liquor! I am weeping for the people, not for myself.

CANADIAN SPORTS.

FOX-HUNTING EXTRAORDINARY—A LONG RUN AND A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

The inhabitants of the eastern portion of the city have for some time past been in an unwonted state of excitement, and on the tip-toe of expectation, on account of the great fox hunt which took place last week on the Don Flats, sublying Riverside Park. The fox, which was to play what may be called the leading role in the matinee, had been for days kept securely chained—the beast being of a very savage and hostile disposition—in the loft of the boat-house on the banks of the Don, the same being, singularly enough, kept by Mr. John Fox.

The start was supposed to take place at 2.30 p.m., but as the doomed animal was at that time enjoying his usual siesta, his keeper, probably from human considerations, refused to disturb him. In the meantime the multitude had gathered from all quarters to view the chase, and occupied the adjacent heights in full force. One gentleman, probably from England, wanted to know "Where the 'untsmen and 'osses were." Poor fellow, he evidently did not know the constituent parts of a Canadian fox.



Mr. J. Ross Robertson is making a tour of England on horse back.—Daily Paper.

THE LAY OF THE GOOD CROP.

Hamilton "Spectator":—"A good crop is a great thing for the country."

For I'm First Min. and the Cabinet too,  
And the helm to steer 'em straight,  
And the balance of power and the Q. of the hour,  
And the hope of the Ship of State.

I'm Tory or Grit, as in power they sit,  
I'm the root of the good soft snip;  
I'm the barnacles' hulk, I'm the parasite's bull,  
I'm the Civil Service Sycophant's nap.

I'm the cold, cold shades, I'm the pleasant glades,  
I'm pasture field of both kinds of kine;  
I'm the empty dishes, and the luvvies and the fishes,  
I'm the winning or the losing Party Nine.

I'm the savior of Sir John, the N. P. can now go on,  
I'm the bete noir both of Blake and of the *Globe*;  
I'm the oil on North-west troubles, I boom more  
South Sea bubbles,  
I'm the speculator's scalpel and his probe.

I'm Mowat's light and life, I'm in Meredith a knife,  
I'm a welcome guest of Tory writers all;  
I'm the lane of agitators, I'm the tramp's meat and  
pertators,  
I'm of all the Party Prophets the Great Saul.

Yes, just now I'm the Cook and Captain too,  
And the crew of the *Old Donna*,  
And the guiding star and the harbor-bar  
That shelters the good ship in.