



THEY sat within the garden bower,  
The eve of one soft summer's day,  
Scented round with many a flower  
That drooping hung from leafy spray.

Her face was fair as lover's dream,  
(Fairer than ever fancy drew  
Of nymphs who bathed in fabled stream)—  
Fair with all that's good and true.

Her hair was of that golden hue  
That gleams and flashes in the light ;  
Her eyes were of the sweetest blue  
That ever glanced on mortal sight.

Her lips were like the rosy red  
That blushes through the morning's mist,  
That half suggest, though naught be said,  
The wish that they were straightway kissed.

They sat in silence ; and his soul  
Drank deep the witching draught of love,  
That flowed from Cupid's golden bowl,  
Dipped in the living stream above.]

He looked and sighed, and longed to speak,  
But feared his bashful lips might fail  
To paint his love, for words are weak  
The heart's fond secret to unveil.

But when with loud, discordant bray,  
The dinner-bell called all within,  
He could no longer brook delay,  
Though deep he cursed that clam'rous din.

He spoke : and with each burning word  
To greater height his courage rose ;  
She, with bowed head, in silence heard  
The lover's rapture to its close.

" Oh ! maiden, fairer than the morn,  
Fairer than aught mine eyes have seen,  
Turn not thy face away in scorn,  
Nor spurn my prayer with angry mien.

" When first I saw thy glorious face,  
My heart in adoration bowed,—  
But where find words my lips to grace?  
How can I speak my thoughts aloud ?

" With golden store I'll thee endow,—  
But why speak I of sordid self ?  
My love, my all, I offer now ;  
For guerdon give me but thyself.

" I love but thee, and with thy life  
Mine own I'll blend through good or ill ;  
Come weal, come woe ; come peace or strife,  
Each, all shall bind us closer still !

" Thanks for that hopeful, tell-tale blush ;—  
Say, dearest girl, wilt thou be mine ? "  
" Oh, please do stop your flow of gush :  
I'm hungry, and I want to dine ! "

And I suppose she dined.

Black River.

E. W. L.

### A "STRONG" ATTRACTION.

IN view of the advent of summer excursion parties from distant places, steps should be taken to put all Toronto's attractive points in holiday trim. We earnestly hope that the City Council will act on the excellent suggestion to put an ornamental railing round the Yonge street slip, so that visitors may be able to enjoy this unique attraction as it deserves. It is about the first point of interest that strikes the new arrival—it generally strikes him in the nose—and as an introduction to the Queen City, the educational centre, the metropolis of the Premier Province, etc., etc., it is a most important local feature. We regret to see that unpatriotic journal, the *Mail*, in a spirit of diabolical vandalism, setting itself against the project of beautifying the slip. Not only so, but actually advocating the destruction of this characteristic feature of our city. In a recent issue the *Mail* said :—

The gas from the decomposing matter in the Yonge street slip is turned loose whenever a steamer enters. To such an extent is this the case that the foul smell is almost unendurable. It should be cleared away for sanitary reasons if nothing else, and something in this way should be done before the extremely hot weather sets in.



CAPTURED.

Mr. E. A. Jones.—I s'y, Mr. Policeman, I s'y ; I've gone and lost my blooming little dawg, I have.

P. C.—What did ye do that fur ?

Mr. E. A. J.—I didn't do it. Poor little Ponto's been prigged from me.

P. C.—Oh ! I see. Did Ponto wear iver a tag ?

Mr. E. A. J.—He had no tag, Mr. Policeman.

P. C.—What is your full name and address, sorr ?

Mr. E. A. J.—Eahnest Augustus Jownes, numbah 244 — St.

P. C.—Very good, Mr. Ernest Augustus Jones, I'll just be afther layin' an information agin ye fur keepin' a dog without any licence, dy'e moind, now ?