A WATER-LILY

BY M. F. BUTTS.

O star on the breast of the river, O marvel of bloom an i grac, Did you fall straight down from heaven Out of the sweetest place? You are as white as the thoughts of an inge'; Your heart is steeped in the suu; Did you grow in the golden city, My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven ; None gave menty sainly white; None gave menty sainly white; It slowly grew from the blackness Down in the dreary night. From the coze of the silent river I won my glory and grace. White some fail not, O nny poet; They rise to the swee'est place.

"SEEST THOU, O MAID."

BY AUBRRY DE VERE.

Se st thou, O maid ! some star by us unseen. Bur'e I from us in depths of sturless space? -cw'st thou some jay of lesser j ys the quee That lights so sweet a mystery in thy face?

That face is as the face of them that bask in some great things or the face of one Who hat heath set his hand upon some task By G dordnined, that shall for Ged be cone

That light is as the light of them who bent That shepherd choir—above the babe new be Upward from Him thy day is ever sent, A life-long kindling of the Bethlehem morn.

"DIZZY" ACTORS.

### Some Peculiarities of the Class, with a Few Notable Exceptions.

(From the New York Dispatch.)

The "tlizzy" actor is somewhat of a rare bird in New York, the fl urishing state of the drama here, and the high salaries paid, leading to such competition that only the best artists can obtain firm foothold in our It is true that a lawyer of late theatres. years, and an actor of former days, who re-cently gave a series of Shaksperian per-formances in this and other scaboard cities, was with one acelaim pronounced by the people as King of the Dizzies, and as such proceed with applause not frequently heard in the front of a theatre, such as the tooting of horns, blowing of penny whistles, inter-spersed by the throwing of faded flowers and eggs no longer fresh, at the most un-seemly moments. But as I never witnessed any performance of the Count Joannes I can give no opinion of his acting. He was the original Claude Melnotte in this country, and that distinction, if no other, would seem to entitle him to at least a respectful hearing

from a well-bred auditory. If Sothern had called The Crushed Tra gedian The Dizzy Actor, the title would have been very funny to those of the American theatrical profession who are not dizzy themselves.

#### HEADQUARTERS OF THE " DIZZIES."

Chicago, the metropolis of the great North-west, they tell me, is the headquar ters of the class of professionals under con sideration, and so well known is the tern there that a certain popular place of resort

is called "The Dizzy Actor's Retreat." The "dizzy" is usually of the old school of acting, and, as a rule, in the days that are distant, was an excellent artist; but having been unable to change his style to the present, he is therefore laughed at as being an old fegy and old-fashioned. The term includes also many old men who never have been good actors even before the flood, and sundry young ones who never will be if they live until the next deluge.

Shal:speare being comparatively rarely played nowadays, and the dizzies having no adaptability for the ever-popular "society-play," find it very difficult to get anything to do, and are consequently in a state of chronic "seediness" and impecuniosity. Like their better off brethren, they are fond of dress, but are little able to gratify their innocent, but frequently expensive tastc. Still, in order to have some style about them, they button the last lower button of the

dilapidated frock coat, throw out the breast well, and straighten themselves up, their favourite attitude being that so happily caught by Sothern in "The Crushed Tragedian," the right hand thrust into the left

The Dizzy also has his boots well shined, though they may be broken; his linen, though torn, is well starched and spotless; his hair carefully combed, and his face clear shaved-in short, all offices which he can perform for himself he does not neglect, especially that of keeping his face smooth

ent (he hopes) h

with him who in his business was invalu-A Stowaway's Story. ab'e : he had a thousand virtues and one

The he heard and felt the dog lay

old of the end of the stave and break it

off, and heard shouts of laughter of somebody evidently amus d at the dog's antics. He

bou ed and cried till he had no voice left

Indolence and Ignorance

Terrible Suffering of the Youth Found in the Hold of an Atlantic Steamship of New York. vice, which vice was that he would rob Buchanan regularly every night of the larger part of his receipts whether great or small. But the star was too smart to dis-James Donnrelly, the stowaway on the miss so good a business manager as that for such a triffing weakness which he met and steamship City of Che ter, who reached New York on Friday nearly starved to death overcame in another way. After the per-formance he would almost invariab'y sit by eleven days' fasting, had so far recovered next day under the careful nursing of the down with t'e agent at draw poker, and never fail to win back a'l the money. He used to say "he bad to pay twice over for every dollar he got." Sisters at St. Vincent hosp tal that he could tell the outlines of his story. He is a Scotch lad, 20 years o'd. His present diet is confined to brandy and water, with occasional sips of tea, and this will not be vari d for

THE WONDERFUL TRAGEDIAN.

several days. He has two aunts and two A certain facetious low comedian says that uncles living at Marina, R. I., and it was to get to them that he become a stowaway. He of all modern actors Dr. Landis, of Phila-deiphia, is the most wondrously dizzy. He get to them that he bee the astowaway. He had worked as a riveter in the ship yards on the Clyde, and latterly in the boiler shops of Liverpool. Find ng himself out of work and money, he got a bottle of whiskey, and the day before the City of Chester sailed went on board at Birkenhead. The whis-key he gyae to a sailor, and begged the man to bidbin away. The caregogae the man came to New York last winter, after inflictcame to New York last winter, after inner-ing himself occasionally on lo g-suffering l'h ladolphia, until there were signs of riot and revolt in the air when his nome was mentioned there. He knew he was talented, but was only kept down at home by petty local jealousies; so he came, and at one of to hide him away. The cargo was going in, and the sailor told him to go below where the minor theatres astonished and for a time amused its patrons by a round of tragedy the cargo was stowing. The man took the whiskey and afterwards threw the bottle impersonations. It is hard to say what he played worst, but probably his *Hamlet* was down into the hatchway where Donelly had stowed himself on the orlof deck. This was the most ghostly thing ever beheld outside of a morgue. In disgust at his lack of suc-cess as a tragedian, he had a piece got up for him in which to burlesque tragedy—which on the afternoon of Sept. 22. It was perfect'y dask in the ho'd, and he can tell thing of days or time after that event. In seened to be his strong point. In it he killed everybody in the cast at least once, and was himself killed four times. Multigrop ng about after the hatch was put on he fell through the bottom of the hold. Feeling about he di covered some salt meat, but tudes would have rushed with fond antici it was so tainted that he could not eat a mouthful. He then climbed to the orlof de k, where he discovered some loose sult nation and delight to witness the proceed ings had one of the four times been real; but as all were, like himself, only sham, and ate some. Of course it made him horri-bly thirsty. He felt no hunger at any time people kept away from the theatre, and finally he abandoned the stage in d sgust. to be spoken of in comparison, but to slake his thirst, he would have given all the world. He used to drive the famous Count Joannes to frenzy by his challenges to play On what he concludes way the second of for the championship." "How long," said a crushed tragedian to a ticket clerk in a depot, striking an atti-tude, "How long will it take a first-class actor to get to Podunk?" third day out he got hold of a barrel stave and mana ed to work it up between the hatch and the combings. He make a'l the noise he could, and the barking of a dog fol-

wed

"No longer," replied the clerk, "than it would any other first-class darned fool !" AN AMERICAN GENTLEMAN.

Mr. E. F. Thorne was o ce acting with a man who was as dizzy in the words as in his

and then he fel' to the deck and became un onscious. He knew no more of anything art; in reply to every speech he would thrust his ha d into the breast of his coat, ntil he felt water poured upon him as h ay on the steamer's deck on Friday evening and, striking an attitude, a la Sothern, would say, "I, sir, am an American gentle-man," which praiseworthy and patriotic statement was irrelevant, and alforded no clue to the plot of the play, and was even when I c had been locked up eleven days. As soon as he came to, his first sen-ation was and then his thirst returned. The chief officer of the steamship thinks that the sup-posed sa lor was a stevedore connected with more vague in furnishing a cue upon which to give an intelligent rejoin ler. Wearied at last by the glittering but monotonous generality, Mr. Thorne, on his on of the gangs at the Birkenhead docks. Besides Donelly, the City of Chester brough over two other stowaways who had crawled into one of the life-boots, and, from Monday

\* Prove it ! Prove that you are and responded : \* Prove it ! Prove that you are an American gentleman, and I'll show you where we can make a barrel of morey !" until Friday, lived on'y upon water, which they sucked by a paper tub: from the reserve beakers. On Friday hunger compelled These interpolations into the rightful text them to cr wl out, and they were set at work will give the uninitiated reader a good idea of what is meant by the technical term of scrubbing and sweeping.

gagging. THE FEMALE "DIZZY."

These two are very closely connected. Very different is the female to the mule. Too closely, some think. Are there not persons to be met with who really know While he is painfully skirmishing for forage in the outlying precincts of civilization, she purchases for a fabulous sum a wardrobe in Paris, a piece in London, and "an opening" very little, and, it may be, have a sneaking suspicion of the fact? Indeed, some very candidly acknowledge their ignorance, and York, where her "youth, are sorry for it. That ignorance often puts them to the blush. They feel very, very small, and wish, oh, how earnestly, that they only knew more and didn't seen and heaut and talent," are rung the changes on by the press; if s' e is a passe "society lady," who has concluded to honour the stage by her resence, then her "accomplishments and feel so awfully stupid and dummy. Again and again they determine within themselves to turn over a new leaf. They feel that all is not lost yet : that there is still time to represence, then her "accomplianments and literary ability" become the theme of every tongue, and in all human probability she is said to write her "own play" like the great American champion Dizzy Actress, Anna trieve in some measure lost opportunity, and to make up for wasted time. They will

Dickinson. In every case she has control of money read. They will study. They will store up knowledge. Their ignorance shall no longer make them ashamed. They will get knowledge. They will get under ta ding and no longer will they forsake it. Glorious most generally it percolates int) her pocket through that mysterious channel vaguely known as "a backer-that Mrs. Harris of the theatrical Betsy Gamps—with the differ-ence in the favour of the Fotheringays of the stage, that "there is such a pusson. visions of the excellencies of wisdom visit their dreams : her preciousnes and the hap-

Sary." The dizzy ramifies through every departpiness of the man who getteth her fill their souls. They are intoxicated with the shought of the exultation and promotion ment of the histrionic art-from the star to the supe. I remember a dizzy little Dutchthat is to be forthcoming. There is no "roval road to learning." That they beman (ut west who was burning to become "royal road to learning." That they be-lieve: and they have made up their minds not to seek for it. Work, work, hard work, man fut west who was burning to become an American ac'or, and could not be made to understand in those days of predilection for drinking at the "we'l of English undefiled," that his terrible accent was an impediment

after the example of the great and the wise of old is to be their motto. With patient to his playing *Hamlet* and the like. In a dramatization of one of Ceoper' teps they will climb the steep and slippery heights of learning, and will give to all novels he was given just one line to speak, and invariably brought down the house when he bawled out at the top of his lungs : ture generations a striking example of the truth of that old proverb "tis never too Rubenstein's Piano Plaving.

Jud Brown's Description Thereof

sand mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fetcht up his right wing; he fetcht up his left wlng; he fetcht up his centre; he fetcht up his reserves. He fired by files, he fired by platoons, by "Jud, they say you heard Rubenstein play when you were in New York. Well, tell us all about it." "What, me? I might's well tell you all company, by regiments and by brigades. He opened his cannon, siege guns down thar about the creation of the world."

-Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder, big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, "Come, now; no mock modesty. Go ahead. "Well, sir, he had the blunedest, big-

round shot, shells, grapnels, grape, canister, mortars, mines and magazines, every livin gest, cattyconceredest panner you ever laid eyes cn. Somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was h'istel, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a torn the intire insides battery and bomb a-goin at the same time. The house trembled, the light the ceilin' come down, the floor come up, g ound rockt, heavens and earth, creation, sweet phatoes Marca danced, the walls shuk, the floor come clean out, and scattered 'em to the four g ound rockt, neavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, tenpenny nails, my Mary Ann, halleluiah, Samson in a 'simmons true, Jeroosal'm, Tramp Thompson in a tumblercart roodlewinds of heaven,"

"Played well, did hc?'

"You bet he did ; but don't interrup' me. When he first set down he 'peared to keer mighty 1 ttle 'bout play, and wisht he odle-oodle-oodle-raddle-raddle-nddleuddle-uddle-raddle-addle-addle-addleh idn t.come. He tweidle-leedle'd a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodle le codle'd riddle-iddle-iddle-reetle-eetle-cetle-cetle eetle-eetle-p-r-r-r-lang ! p-r-r-r-lang ! ome on the bass ; just foolin' and boxin' the per lang ! per plang ! p-r-r-r-r-r lang BANG! "With that bang ! he lifted bimself

thing's jaws tor bein' in his way. And I says to a man siltin' next to me, s' J, what sort of a fool playin' is that? And he says 'Hee'sh !' But presently his hands combodily into the air, and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten tocs, his elbows and his nose, striking every single, nenced chasin' one 'nother up and down the keys, like a passel of rats scamperin' through solitary peg on that pianner at the same time. The thing busted and went off into a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded one of a time. seventeen hundred and fifty-seven, five sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a cundy hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi-quavers, and I knowed no mo'. When I cage. "'Now,' I says to my neighbour, 'he's

come two I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, treat showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me up a tune of some kind or other, l'd-' ing a Yankwe that I never laid eyes on be-fore, and never expect to agin. Day was a-breakin' by the time I got to the St. "But my neighbour says 'Hee'sh !' very

Nich'las Hotel, and I pledge you my word I mpertinent. didn't know my name. The man aske 1 me the number of my room. I told him. 'Hot music on the half shell for two !' I pointedly "I was just about to git up and go home.

bein' tired of that foo'ishness, when I heard a little bird wakin' up away off in did." the woods, and calling sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and I see R iben was

beginnin' to take some interest in his busi-ness, and 1 set down again. It was the

usic, that is.

you.

Small Boys.

twisted and tied down, and turned and

tacked and tangled into forty 'leven thou-

peep o' day. The light come faint from the east. The brecze blowed gentle aid fresh; Among the many misories of this most miserable life, one of the most poignant is the small boy. How on earth the small boy some more birds waked up in the orchard then some more in the trees near the house, ever manages to grow beyond that period is a marvel, for he commits so many sins, and and all begun singin' together. People be oun to stir and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon is the cause of so much cursory language on the part of others, that did he get his descrts the blossoms, a little more and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it the would never appear as he often does, as a large boy, or hobbledehoy. The small boy is as a general rule, an imp of mischief; and this is a rule that has no

exception. His o' ject in life appears to be to make people generally as mail as hat'ers, or March hares-which, as everybody knows are the madd st beings in creation, though

think he's here he's there ; and if you fondly imagine for a moment that you have him, so to speak, under your thumb, you'll find him, sure as fate, behind your back with his finger to his no.e. It is simply useless to try and be patient with him; he is one of

One of the most aggravating forms in which the small boy is to be found is that of your girl's youngest brother. When he pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin happens to be in that proud position, he is master of the situation, and can dictate silver streams running between golden gra-vels, and then the streams joined each other what terms he pleases ; unless, indeed, you declare in favour of war to the knife-in at the bottom, and made a brook that flow-ed sil nt except that you could kinder see which case heaven help you. All the fiend-ish malignity of his nature breaks forth in a series of annovances that only the most

patience. We know of nothing more aggravating for instance, than to sit in a room with the gas turned down, your sweetheart beside you, and, right in front, watching your every move, that demon of mischief, the small boy, her brother. He spoils all your good sayings, turns all your witticisms into fun, criticises your appearance with the most delightful candour, and drags forth your peculiarities and infimities—which he takes a fiendish delight in discovering—in a manner that is most experating. It is utterly impossible to carry on a courtship under such circumstance. The sweetes been destroyed by the hateful presence of the small boy; and although Adam and Eve hadn't any courtship worth speaking about---in the modern sense of the word---we are inclined to think that "the scrpent" we are inclined to think that "the scrpent" ed and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and F-could a-got up then and there and preachel a better sermon than a.y I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and up the state of the edge of the state of



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the music, 'specially when the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't Christian fortitude enables you to bear with hine, nor the birds sing ; it was a foggy day, but not cold. The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that ran ahead of the music brook, and led it on, away out of the worl l, where no man ever was—1 never was, certain ; I could see that just as plain as 1 see Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall and between the black sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine l dies in the lit up win-dows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get adigh 'em, and played on guitars ander the trees, and made me that miserable I could a cried, beceuse I wanted to love somebody, I.don't know who, better than the mon with guitars did. Then the sun went down. 'It got dark. The wind moan-

was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the bigds sang like they'd split their little threa's; all the leaves was movin' and flashin' diamons of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or a woman anywhere. It was a fine mornwhy, is an interesting question which we cannot just now stop to discuss. The small boy is ubiquitous. When you in'. And I says to my neighbour, 'that's " But he glar'd at me like he'd like to cut my throit. "Presently the wind turned ; it begun to

thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited d'rectly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the crosses of life, and we can only grin and the drops touch the ground ; some flashed bear it. up like long pearl-ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was

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called upon to act a part in which he would have to wear false whiskers, or otherwise would make-up.'

SUCCESSFUL " DIZZIES."

tht at any

However herce the sting of poverty may be--however heavy the hand of fate may be upon him-the Dizzy never doubts his own talent; if others roll in wealth while he suffers the pangs of hunger, he attributes it to "luck" which favours others less de-serving of fortune than himself, or to a depraved and degenerate public taste that can not recognize nor appreciate a good actor when it sees one. Notwithstanding, there are instances of terribly dizzy people being remarkably successful. There is a story tord of a certain actor who started starring a few years ago-with a " specialty " of his own in the shape of a fearfully and wonder fully bad sensation piece; the profession could not determine which was the worst, his acting or the play. A manager tele-graphed that he would give him \$500 for

one week's performances. He replied : "I accept your \$500 for the week. Have sent parts and book."

ent parts and book." Back came a dispatch saying : "No-mistake-fifty (\$50) for the week." The young star flashed back the answer : "All right, I accept \$50 for week. Have out parts and back "

sent parts and book.

Time and experience, they tell me, have now made a very fair actor of him.

### M'KEAN BUCHANAN.

The worst and most famous as the worst of dizzy actors was without doubt McKean Buchanan. He used to be a sugar broker in here ? Buchanan. He used to be a sugar broker in New Orleans, got stage-struck, and "sailed out" as a star. He was a good fellow, witty, well educated, tall, and fine-looking. He had many friends, some of whom en-couraged his mania as a joke, and others from kindly feeling. He was the best-tem-bered man that ever lived—if one might oit, sir pered man that ever lived-if one might judge by the beaming smiles with which he received the laughter and derisive applause which greeted his Shakspearean efforts, for nothing short of Hamlet, Othello, and such

parts, would be appear in. "" "My wardrobe," he would say, "is too good for anything but old Bill."

And in these days no one in the West and South had seen the like of his costumes. It took a mountain of velvet to make him a king's cloak, and in his fearful rushes on the stage, in one of Othello's jealous frenzies, he would say to the actors standing at the

wing : "Stand aside, minions ! Make room for my three-ply-imported from Lyons, every inch of it ! Blood ! blood, Iago ! blood ! " For his first engagements he was utterly dambfounded because the audiences "guyed him, but got used to it after a while, and accepted the popular verdict; he disarmed criticism by avowing himself as the worst star actor in the civilized world, but he never truly believed that that was really the case. He had a curious habit of losing his

breath between his sentences, and catching it up again with the exclamation of "a!

thus, he would say : "'Tis-a-hc-a!" "Tis-a-shc-a!

"Hang out-a-Our banners-a-On the outward-walls-a-

The cry-a-They-a-come-a ! "

When the actors would suggest new readings to him, he would loftly reply, Look at the house ! There isn't standing room in front. If think my old readings will do well ince.

enough. He was as fine a poker player as he was bad as an actor. I had an agent to travel (will burn without help from him.

late to mend." History, politics, poetry, the drama, and the fine arts, science, and pote along tor side? longside ! ") THE MAN WHO PLAYED WITH FORREST.

needle work are immediately gone at with a force and determination which Bacon himself might have envied. A very wilderness In the same theatre was a lean lantern of words passes before the "chambers of the soul," a few may even find an entrance into awed cockney, who, in despair of ever get-ting a syllable to utter, determined one that wonderful receptacle, and a pretty defi-nite conception formed of their meaning. hight to attract the attention of the audience and crown himself with glory by in-dulging in some by-play of his own brilliant By degrees a wonderful conglomeration is formed of extracts from Shakespeare, house invention. The play of his own brilliant invention. The play happened to be "Metamora," with the gentle and lamb-like Forrest as the "big Injun." Our cockney was one of the (speechless) Indian hold receipts, and wonderful facts of science They talk in raptures of the delight it is to get up early in the morning, and begin a hard earnest day's work with the lark. They are tribe, and got himself up bravely in red paint, feathers, leggings, tunic, moccasins and a tomahawk. In one of the great tra-gedian's addresses to the red man, this supe surprised how any one can lie in bed when nature spreads all her stores of wonder and delight so enticingly before the eyes of the man who has but eyes to see. All this and pretended to consider himself as the one red more than this, but alas ! even in the midst nan especially appealed to, and, bursting of their inspirations there is the half-acknowinto a shrill war-whoop in the midst of For-rest's soliloquy, he rushed down to the right-hand corner of the stage, and wildly branor their inspirations there is the half-acknow-ledged consciousness that they are getting tired of itall. It is beginning to bore them. By degrees they lie a little later in the mornings. They talk less about the beaulies of nature dishing his tomahawk over his head, he in-dulged in a frantic war-dance that set the audience screaming with laughter; but his triumph was of brief duration, for, breathand the glories of science, and by and by you will not be able to tell the difference between triumph was of brief duration, for, breath-less with astonishment and panting with rage, Forrest instantly prepared for action. With one mighty bound he cleared the in-tervening space between the centre of the stage and the corner, and grasped the af-frighted supe by the threat, forgetting in his transactions bears on the abstract he may hem and other people. What is the matter Oh what a fall is here ! What has caused the marvellous change? Has a vaulting am ition met with the deserved fate of a self b'erkcapment, and a fall on t'other side i Nothing miraculous has taken place. Nofrighted supe by the threat, forgetting in his tremendous passion the character he was hing more serious in all probability than an impersonating and his surroundings. He shook the man till he shook him on to his attack more or less severe, of mental dys pepsia, just as a boy who has sated himself with honey says, "don't feel like taking any marrow bones, and then roared out : "You —— fool, what are you doing

nore just at present, thank you ma'am Now there are such people in the world "Mr. Forrest\_I\_" stammered the halfwe believe, people who put forth a real, earnest, praise-worthy effort to make up for strangled supe, "I-was honly hacting a past neglect, and who deserve all respect

and encouragement in their attempts, but they don't always, as has been shown, take No longer of the rank and file, that amitious actor has been for many years past the right way, and disappointment and the captain of the supes at the -- theatre He abounds in reminiscences, usually beginfailure often ensue. Some, of course, give up because they are really bored, and from

ning: "When me an' Forest was a hacting 'Amlet,' at the ole -----

A New Panacea.

Doctor-"My dear sir, you are suffering from nervous exhaustion, the result of overwork. Your only choise is perfect rest for six months, combined with the most faultthing like it. A little every day of som consistently followed course of reading and less diet, the purest air, and the most un-exceptional hygienic conditions." Patient-"And how am I to procure these ?" Docfuture progress will become easy. Self-re-spect will return, and a good acquaintance with at least one branch of knowledge may confidently be looked for. Let no one sit tor—"I will tell you, As you leave my house take one of my umbrollas with you. There are several in the hall. I will have down in contented idleness, and say, "It's no use trying." It is of use. A great many people comfort themselves in the same way as the poor fellow did who said, "Well, I can't help it. I must have been born tired, I think." But other people won't excuse you run in before you can turn the corner of the street, and in a day or two you will find yourself in the most ideal circumstances for regaining your health, strength and spi-rits. When these are restored I will see them. They know no such thing as in-born that your character is duly cleared, and you tiredness, and are very apt to call it laziness. will be able to resume your most invaluable labours for the good of mankind !" It is possible that with all a man's effort he may never become a world's wonder. But

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THE great depression in trade now pre vailing in India may be judged from the fact that there are at present about 150 vessels lying in the port of Calcutta, only six of which have charters for a fresh voyage the destination of the rest is uncertain—

IT is reported from Goa, the Capital that is, the freights offering are so very low that the owners or agents are obliged to de-Portuguese India, that in consequence of the unhealthiness of that place the Portuguese cline them. A similar state of things ex-ists in Bombay. Government have decided to remove the seat of Government. A republican journal of Marseilles, calls

the new Bishop Mgr. Robert, "Robert" quite short. Spartan style with a venge-

An Italian journal alludes to the Minister of Public Works founding a deep sea har-bour in the "Bois de Bologne"—an error for Boulogne-sur-mer. Equally good is the French correction which states that Boulogne WHEN men, women and opportunity meet

tavern bar.

is on the Atlantic Ocean.

the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one that left the garden. And a pretty speci-had left the garden. It was happier to be miserable than to bit. be happy without being miserable. I touldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief and blowed been in paradise, there would have been no

my nose loud to keep from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway. I didn't want anyneed of an apple. He would have done al body to be a gazin' at me a-snivlin', and its nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine, But some several glared at me, mad as Tucker. Then, all of a-sudden, old Ruben changed his tune. He ripp'd and he rar'd, he tipped and tar'd, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afeared of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band nd a big ball, all goin' on at the same time.

He lit into them keys like a thousand of orick ; he giv 'em no rest day or night ; he set every liven joint in me a goin', and not bein' able to stand it no longer, 1 jumpt, sprang onto my seat, and just hollered, 'Go t, my Rube ! "Every blamed man, woman and child

in the house stared at me, and should 'Put him out! put him out!' Put your great-grandmother's grizzly, gray, greenish cat into the middle of next month !' I says, 'Tetch me if you dare ! I paid my money and you just come a-nigh me.'

"With that some several p'licemon run

up, and I had to simmer down. But I would a-fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die He had changed his tune agin, He hopt, like ladies, and tip-teed fine from eend to low and so'emn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles in heaven were it one by one; I saw the stars rise; the

great organ of cternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. Then the mu-sic changed to water and began to drop, sheer want of strength of purpose and reso-luteness. But many let us; charitab'y be-lieve fail from attempting to do too much drip, drop, drip, drop, clear and sweet like tears of joy fallin' into a lake of glory. It at first. Let none such, however, despair. at Inst. Let none such, however, despair. Let them try again, and go deliberately to work. Let them keep at it, content if they can accomplish something, and not aiming at universal knowledge all at once or anywas sweeter than that, it was as sweet as sweethcart sweetenin' sweetness with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the andience cheered. Ruben he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, 'Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't inter-

rupt me.' "He stopped a minute or two to fetch breath. Then he got mad ; he run his fingers through his hair, shoved up his sleeves, he opened his coat-tails a lectle further, he drug up his stool, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapped her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her cars and he scratched her checks till she fairly yelled. He knocked her down and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed like a bull, she bleated like a cal she howled like a hound, she squraled like a pig, she shrieked like a rat and then he wouldn't let her up. He run a quarter with ordinary diligence and self-denial he may at any rate be a well informed, and instretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean into the bowels of the fluential member of society by merely turning to account the time spent by many at the street corners, and by many more at the

earth, and you heard thunder gallopin' after thunder through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got way out

of the troble into the clouds, what the notes were finer than the points of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't

let the old pianner go. He foa'ard-twod, he cros't over first gentlemen. cros't over first lady; he balanced to pards; he chassade right—left, back to places; he all hans'd rightaroun'; ladies to the right; promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth,

up and down, perpetual motion, double and RICE

PRICE : \$16.00 Eye, Ear and Throat Diseases men of a small boy he was, even supposing R. A. ALT, LECTURER ON EYE trouble and annoy. If the small boy had been in paradise, there would have been no and Ear Diseases, Trinity Medical School. Eye and Ear Surgeon to the Andrew Mercer Eye and Ear Infirmary (Goneral Hospital.) Treats Eye, Ear, and Threat Diseases at 146 BAY ST, TORONTO.

the mischief that was required. A noticeable feature in the small boy is the marvellous capacity of his stomach and his pocket. He can stuff both with the most miscellaneous collection of articles that can be imagined, and yet survive to create further mischief. Lively as a cricket, hardy as a Polar bear, nothing seems to affect him, except, indeed, the want of some one to play his infernal pranks upon. This, however, never troubles him long, as he makes a victim of the first person he may happen to see.

Language fails, however, to describe all the amiable qualities of this interesting specimen of humanity. He must be seen to be appreciated; and if he is appreciated by the reader as he is by the writer of these lines, he will not be rated very high. It must ever be a source of poignant regret to all right-thinking men that any of us ever were small boys.

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and blood purity. For sale by all dealers. A Cousil, a cold, or a sore throat, requires immedi-ate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue irritation of the lungs, a permanent throat disease, or consumption, is often the result. Hag-yard's Poctoral Balarm, having a direct influence on the parts, gives immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, consumptive and Throat Diseases, the Ba'sum is always used with gool succes. For sale by al! dealers.

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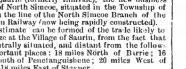
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central locality. Merchants, Millers, Tradesmen, Mechanics, Dealers in Grain and Timber, Farmera and Professional Men, should at once secure a Lot in the thriving little Vil-lage of Saarin (formerly Elmvale), the new business centre of North Simcoe, situated in the Township of Flos, on the line of the North Simceo Branch of the Northern Railway (now being rapidly constructed). An estimate can be formed of the track likely to centralize at the Village of Saurin, from the fact that it is centrally situated, and distant from the follow-ing important places: 18 miles North of Burrie; 16 miles South of Penetanguishene; 20 miles West of Orillia; 18 miles East of Stayner. Upon the completion of the Railway (which will be in the Antumn), a considerable portion of the trade of the Townships of Flos, Tiny, Tay and Medonte will be concentrated at this point; and from the quanti-ty of rich Agricultural Land in the above-named Townships, now to be purchased at low prees, it is safe to say that mo other Section of this Province will increase with more rapidity in wealth and popu-lation. safe to say that no other Section of this Province will increase with more rapidity in wealth and popu-lation. As the Villago of Saurin is the centre of this new and fertile district, parties desirous of participating in the advantages of early settlement, should at once secure good business locations. The lots will be sold on very reasonable terms, and par-ties building at once will be liberally dealt with. Plans and all other information supplied upon ap-plication to

JOHN DICKINSON, Civil Engineer, Barrie. Barric, June 28th, 1878.

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