

**SEEING THE ELEPHANT  
IN MONTREAL.**

PART FIRST.

Harry Davy was carefully reared in a little town on the St. Lawrence River; sent carefully to day and Sunday School; carefully kept from the company of bad boys, who were given to skylarking nights; as carefully kept from reading anything contained between yellow covers, and specially from noticing the roquish maids of the town who were prone to cast seducing glances towards him.

Harry was handsome and his parents were wealthy; and not only that he was to come into possession of quite a large fortune when of age. For this reason he was looked upon with longing eyes from many quarters, and from this reason also his parents endeavored to teach him that his person was much too good to be bestowed upon anything found in his native place.

How well they succeeded may be guessed; but, at all events, he was looked upon as "a nice young man" and when he became of age he was rich, but hadn't sowed a solitary one of his "wild oats."

But his money set him to thinking about the world without, and from which he had been so studiously kept. He had read much of Montreal but had never seen it, although he had often given vent to sighs when he saw the beautiful steamers coming from and going to that great mart, and wished within himself that he could learn something more about it. In short, he sometimes went so far as to wish that he might plunge into and enjoy something of its society.

If the girls of the country were so attractive, and had so many seductive ways with them, what must the fairies of the Metropolis be? He had seen a few of them at intervals, as they chanced to come and go, and although taught to regard them as little short of beautiful devils, they nevertheless made an impression and awakened a hankering which was gradually getting the best of him.

But, outside of this influence a desire to see something of the world urged to him the resolution, and he resolved to turn his back on the country and cut away from the parental apron-strings which had held him so long. He felt himself of age, and resolved to be a man in actions as well as in stature, so he communicated his resolution to his careful parents.

They were horrified, and used every argument to dissuade him from his rashness. He was their only child, and if he should be led away—oh, lord! it would be worse than a funeral to them. But the resolution on Henry's part was not rescinded, although he promised to consider the matter a while longer before going.

To his parents, the idea of allowing their first and only born to mingle in unselected grades of society was almost too much to contemplate. He would surely be ruined, and perchance return to them a fast

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young man, loving whisky, cigars, and strange women.

But while Henry was considering the matter he made the acquaintance of a young man who knew all about Montreal, and the glowing accounts he gave him of it nearly turned him topsy-turvy. He was determined to go, then, come weal or woe.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

**SPIRIT OF THE STAGE.**

The air is full of Neilson pulls.

Nilsson will not visit America this year.

Junius, Brutus, Booth is running a Summer Hotel.

The New York Criterion Co. open at the Lyceum, N. Y., Sept. 16th.

Sothern opens his engagement at the Park, N. Y. in Crutch and Toothpick.

A London letter says Jay Gould gave \$50 for Sarah Bernhardt's photo.

Emma Thursby will not come home until November; She may visit Montreal.

There is some talk of building a new theatre in Montreal in a convenient locality. Better sustain those we have now before shouldering an elephant.

The family of the late Mr. Jarret of Jarret & Palmor, New York are comfortably provided for.

The passion of the French for theatrical amusement; and the patience with which they will wait at the doors of theatres for the sake of obtaining a good place for witnessing the performance, are well known. At a crowded French theatre a woman fell from the gallery into the pit, and was picked up by one of the spectators, who hearing her groaning, asked her if she was much injured. "Much injured!" exclaimed the woman, "I should think I am. I have lost the best seat in the very middle of the front row.

We have heard many people make the remark: why is it that Montreal cannot sustain two legitimate theatres? The question has generally been answered by the rather unsatisfactory reply that Montreal people, as a rule, are not theatre goers. This we claim is a wrong impression. Our citizens are as capable of appreciating the drama in its higher branches, as those of other cities, as is evinced by the crowded state of the Academy and Theatre Royal when first class companies are on the boards. Managers fully realized this fact last season and are prepared to cater to the wants of the metropolis in a successful manner. They find that it pays to introduce the best of talent, and we may look forward to a brilliant and most satisfactory season. The Academy of Music has been much beautified, and under the managerial eye of Mr. Geo. Wallace, who has been the only lessee that has given satisfaction to the metropolitans, much can be expected. The handsome Theatre Royal under the management of Messrs. Sparrow and Grau will also come to the front as a Thespian temple devoted to the legitimate drama.

**AROUSED HER ANGER.**

The other day a St. Constant street woman opened the front door of her house, looked up and down the street and cried out:—

"Me—hit—!"

There was a bad boy across the road, and he interrupted her by crying out:—

"Who did you hit?"

The woman looked as scornful as she could at him, and started off again:—

"Me—hit—a—!"

"Hit a man, I suppose!" yelled the bad boy.

She shook her fist at him and inquired who brought him up. He didn't answer, and she puckered her mouth and called:—

"Me—hit—a—!"

"Did it hurt him any?" screamed the boy, grinning horribly.

The woman looked for a policeman, made threatening gestures at him, and with her hand on the door-knob screamed:—

"Me—hit—a—bell!"  
"What did you hit a bell for?" gruffly called the fop.

She went in, wising she weighed a tin, and a hittable, a girl of ten, who had been down to the corner to see a boy black boots, soon appeared and skulked into the house.

THE only place where you can get scientific Cocktails is at J. B. ARCAD'S, corner Craig and St. Constant Streets. He offers \$1,000 for any one who can compete with him.

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