



## Personal.

Rev. Abbé Lacombe, O. M. I., is seriously indisposed at Calgary.

Sir Wm. and Lady Hoste, England, are travelling in Canada.

Lord Stanley has left Quebec on a trip to the Lake St. John district.

Mr. Seth Green, the well-known fish-culturist, died at his home in Rochester last week.

Sir Edgar Vincent, financial adviser to the Khedive of Egypt, is on a voyage to this country.

The Queen Dowager and Regent of Spain has just celebrated her thirtieth birthday anniversary.

Sir William Dawson was recently injured by a slight accident at Little Metis. He is recovering rapidly.

James R. DeWolfe, a well known Liverpool merchant and shipowner, is dead. He was 65 years of age, and born in Kentville, N.S.

Mr. O. R. Jacobi, the well-known Montreal artist, recently celebrated his golden wedding at Ardoch, Dakota, where several of his family reside.

President Cleveland said to a friend the other day that one-half of his time is "taken up in listening to applications for office, while the other is consumed in listening to lies."

Mr. J. W. Nobles, of Penobscus, lately received a postal card from his brother-in-law, Mr. A. B. Foster, of the finance department, Ottawa, containing 1,614 words plainly written and easily read.

Mr. Meloche, artist, of Montreal, has just secured a contract from the Rev. Mr. Aubry, P.P., of St. John's, P.Q., amounting to \$8,000, for the interior decoration of the church of that beautiful town on the Richelieu.

Mr. Philippe Hébert, now in Paris, has completed the plaster model of the bust of Sir George Cartier, which will be placed on the tomb in Côte des Neiges Cemetery. The resemblance is perfect, the features full of the force and life characteristic of Sir George. Mr. Hébert has also completed a medallion of Mademoiselle Josephine Cartier, eldest daughter of Sir George, who died recently at Cannes, and which will be placed upon her monument. Mr. Hébert has also made a sketch full of vigour and poetry of a group of Indians designed for the Parliament House, Ottawa.

## QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

## IX. (Concluded.)

## THE TRIOLET.

The first group of Triolets have pleased so much, that we are induced to give a few more. We shall make no comments, but simply name the authors and the titles. One of the best hands, W. E. Henley, tries to wrestle with the Triplet:—

Easy is the Triplet,  
If you really learn to make it!  
Once a neat refrain you get,  
As you see, I pay my debt  
With another rhyme. Deuce take it,  
Easy is the Triplet,  
If you really learn to make it!

The following contains a double-barrelled compliment—to two Lucilles. It is from the pen of Walter Learned:—

Out from the leaves of my "Lucille"  
Falls a faded violet.  
Sweet and faint as its fragrance, steal  
Out from the leaves of my "Lucille"  
Tender memories, and I feel  
A sense of longing and regret.  
Out from the leaves of my "Lucille"  
Falls a faded violet.

This serenade is by George Macdonald:—

Why is the moon  
Awake when thou sleepest?  
To the nightingale's tune  
Why is the moon  
Making a noon  
When night is the deepest?  
Why is the moon  
Awake when thou sleepest?

This "Leçon de Chant," by Theodore de Banville, is much thought of by the French guild:—

Moi je regardai ce cou-là,  
Maintenant chantez, me dit Paule.  
Avec des mines d'Attila  
Moi, je regardais ce cou-là.  
Puis, un peu de temps s'écoula....  
Moi, je regardais ce cou-là;  
Maintenant chantez, me dit Paule.

The reader may not agree that "Rejected" is a naughty Triplet, and will therefore read it with pleasure, as taken from the *Century*:—

You've spoken of love,  
And I've answered with laughter;  
You've kissed—my kid glove.  
You've spoken of love.  
Why! powers above,  
Is there more to come after?  
You've spoken of love  
And I've answered with laughter.

Her lips were so near  
That—what else could I do?  
You'll be angry, I fear,  
Her lips were so near.  
Well, I can't make it clear  
Or explain it to you.  
Her lips were so near  
That—what else could I do?

We shall close, as this is still the season of outings and excursions, with J. Ashby Sterry's "Tiny Trip":—

## THE BILL OF LADING.

She was cargo and crew,  
She was boatswain and skipper,  
She was passenger, too,  
Of the *Nutshell* canoe;  
And the eyes were so blue  
Of this sweet, tiny tripper!  
She was cargo and crew,  
She was boatswain and skipper.

## THE PILOT.

How I bawled "Ship, ahoy!"  
Hard by Madmenham Ferry!  
And she answered with joy,  
She moved like a convoy,  
And would love to employ  
A bold pilot so merry.  
How I bawled "Ship, ahoy!"  
Hard by Madmenham Ferry.

## THE VOYAGE.

'Neath the trees gold and red,  
In that bright autumn weather,  
When our white sails were spread,  
O'er the waters we sped—  
What was it she said?  
When we drifted together!  
'Neath the trees gold and red,  
In that bright autumn weather!

## THE HAVEN.

Ah! the moments flew past,  
But our trip too soon ended!  
When we reached land at last,  
And our craft was made fast,  
It was six or half-past—  
And Mama looked offended!  
Ah! the moments flew fast,  
But our trip too soon ended.



Denman Thompson gave each member of his company a diamond when he closed his season. Den is half a Canadian, having lived in Toronto and Montreal.

The wedding between Joseph Anderson, Mary Anderson's brother, and Gertrude, the youngest daughter of Lawrence Barrett, is settled. Barrett is a Hamilton boy.

William Chappell is dead. He withdrew from business early to devote himself to musical and antiquarian studies. He was largely instrumental in making popular old English music.

The Toronto Opera House has undergone a thorough renovating and the management has left nothing undone that would add to the beauty of the house or the comfort of its patrons.

Joseph Jefferson has gone to Skiff lake, New Brunswick, where he anticipates great sport with the land-locked salmon. He owns an island in the lake, upon which he has erected a summer residence.

Rossini received \$12,000 for "The Barber of Seville." It was, however, one of his quickly written works, the whole opera being written in about thirteen days. The composition of "William Tell" occupied him five months.

The tenor Masini sang recently to the harem at Constantinople the aria from the "Huguenots." As he finished he was astonished to hear a voice from behind the screen sing, in a marvellously finished style in Italian, the song of "Valentina," which in the opera follows the tenor aria. Masini discovered that the singer was the daughter of a high official of the Turkish Court, who had studied in Rome with the intention of going on the operatic stage; but upon her return to Constantinople had been forced, much against her will, to enter the harem of the Sultan.



## Humorous.

When is a newspaper sharpest? When it's filed.

Why do "birds in their little nest agree?" They would fall out if they did not agree.

What are the most unsocial things in the world? Mile stones. No two are ever seen together.

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes? Because they correspond but never meet.

A new song has for a title, "My Mother's Hand." We can imagine that there is a good deal of feeling in it.

The son of a Detroit railroad man was punished at school. He told his father he was suffering from a misplaced switch.

Sir John Lubbock, of England, has studied the habits of ants for twenty-two years to discover that their average life is only thirty-five days. If this be true, it will hardly pay the sluggard to call upon her.

The husband at the beach doth groan  
And drop the silent tear,  
When he sees the family skeleton  
In a bathing dress appear.

Mrs. Isaacstein (to husband at Coney Island)—Vot you sthay in dot water so long for, Jacob?

Mr. Isaacstein (teeth chattering and blue with cold)—Dot b-bath vas t-t-venty-five c-cents mit no l-limit. I sthay in so l-long as I c-c-could, so hellup me!

"Father has such a happy disposition, Mr. Sampson," she said, as the front gate slammed and the old man came up the walk. "Do you hear him whistling?"

"Yes," responded Mr. Sampson, nervously, "and the chances are that he will arouse the dog."

A correspondent tells the following: "I have a brother—a wee chap—who sometimes says things very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother and said: 'O mother, I'm full of glory! There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it.'"

Physician—"Oh, you'll pull through, you have a strong constitution. There is no occasion for you to be alarmed. The medicine which I have just given you will get up your circulation and—" Newspaper Proprietor (flightily)—"The circulation is all right. It is the want of advertising that is worrying me."

"Well, Charlie, what are you staring at?" asked an unwary guest of a blue-eyed cherub in white duck trousers who was gazing intently at her back hair.

"Nothin' much. Only mamma said you were double-faced, and I was tryin' to see the other one." Charlie's remains were taken out on a shovel.

Uncle Rastus (to lawyer)—Kind I get er man 'rested fo' callin' me a bald-headed old thief, Mistah Blank?

Lawyer—Certainly, Uncle Rastus, no man has any right to call you such a name.

Uncle Rastus—Dat's what I thought, sah. When er man gits to be as ole as I am, tain't his fault dat he's bald-headed.

"Now, George," said his rich uncle, "you know that you are my heir, and if you will only behave yourself at college, do what is right, study hard and graduate with honour, I feel that I shall die happy."

"Dear uncle," responded George, with emotion, "words cannot express my gratitude to you nor the earnestness with which I shall go to work."

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

There lived a man whom much I wished to see.

Our ways were Sundered, so we did not meet.

He drew me to him by a charm more sweet

Than which tempts to the flow'r the honey-bee:

It was the gift of a rare minstrelsy,

That hallowed him and made his song-retreat

A literary shrine, where pilgrim feet

Will visit to embalm his memory.

His speech was simple, thus the more admired,

His characters in home-spun garb he drest;

His soulful songs with human passions fired,

His thoughts are living, now his mind's at rest.

As does the lark, his spirit soared to sing,

To nearer Heaven our aspirations bring.

Toronto.

WILL T. JAMES.

Dr. Richardson, the eminent London physician, says that the death-rate is the smallest in European cities where Sunday is a day of rest, and the largest where the day is given up to drinking, amusements and rioting.

The inspector of butcheries at Paris has just published a report on the sale of horse flesh in the French capital. It appears the consumption of this meat, in a more or less concealed form, has increased to an extraordinary extent.