

LOST.

Hear the squeaking of the cork
As it's drawn,
By the aid of three pronged fork,
From its throne;
From its throne within the throttle of the horrid whiskey
bottle,
From the flagon of Nepanthe, from the awful whiskey
bottle,
As the toper drinks his draught,
All alone
In the stilly hours of night,
As he wakes up in affright
From a dream, a dream whose horrors to all others are
unknown.
And he drinks, drinks, drinks,
And the liquid quickly sinks
In a manner that is its and its alone,
In a way that's most entirely its own,
And the fiends within the bottle
Shriek in glee,
As the "lush" goes down his throttle,
For they see
That the ruin they are bent on,
For which errand they are sent on,
Will soon be consummated by D.F.
From that awful and terrific thing D.T.
And they laugh, laugh, laugh,
As they see the tippler quaff,
And they shriek and howl and yell in fiendish glee,
And they crack their heels together in fiendish glee.
They are neither man nor woman,
They are minions,
Whose work makes breath of human
Worse than "inyous."
But their duty they don't shirk;
They get in their dirty work,
For they're the awful demons who in the bottle lurk,
They belong to certain parties who are seldom seen at
Kirk,
And they fly on dark Plutonian, dismal pinions;
And they fly from realms of Pluto on their pinions.
But the tippler tipples on
Like an ass;
Till his liquor all is gone,
Not a glass
In his bottle now is left,
Of his soul by haps bereft,
He is borne away to Tophet light as air whate'er his
"hoft."
And he's lost,
As is crossed
The dark and dismal Styx; when by Satan he's accost,
And he feels that now in very truth he's lost.
Yes, he's lost, lost, lost,
And the whole Satanic host
Sit on their fiendish haunches,
And laugh and yell "He's lost!"
Yes, he's lost, lost, lost,
Ah! he's lost, lost, lost,
He belongs to us, to mortals he is lost Swiz.



AN ISLAND HORROR.

It was Saturday afternoon, and J. Silkingbang Smythkins had a half holiday. To use a vulgar expression, he was "crushed" on Miss Grededina Gamper, and to use a vulgar expression the second time, Miss Grededina Gamper was "crushed" on J. Silkingbang Smythkins. In fact it was a mutual "crush." Both were attired faultlessly and both wore bangs. They hurried down to the bay through the crowd of pleasure seekers; no thought had they for the giddy throng, for each was absorbed in the other. They reached the wharf, scrambled aboard one of the no-flies-on-em floating palaces that abound thereabouts and around, and sailed out upon the vasty, heaving, swelling, surging, rippling, limitless,

dirty and miasmatic, sewage-mixed-up-with-it expanse of water known to all civilized nations, and the Harbor Commissioners, as Toronto Bay. Ah, here was pleasure! gallons of it! None greater to J. Silkingbang Smythkins than to be seated by the one object of his affections and the solitary subject of his thoughts; none more heavenly than to be bounding over the pellucid and sparkling waters of the bay, within whose crystal depths, clearer than the diamond tear that fills the violet's eye at dawn, he could easily discern the coral caves, the haunts of bright-eyed mermaids, slippery eels, cat-fish, and superannuated oyster cans. He gazed at the sky over which a single small cloud was drifting, and wondered if any cloud would roll across his happy life; he gazed at the restless waters whose waves, tipped with foamy crests, looked like a blue muslin dress trimmed with frothy white lace, and wondered if his love for Grededina would ever cease to be as deep and as limitless; he looked afar off at the heavy masses of smoke that hung over the distant busy city, shrouding it in sombre gloom, and wondered if the malicious tongue of an envious enemy would ever cause a black mass of calumny begotten sorrow to hang over their united heads; and he gazed into the cerulean depths of Grededina's eyes where he saw reflected the all-consuming love of his own grey eyes, and he wondered how long it would be ere he would hold forever her heart, hand and pocket-book—for Grededina Gamper was wealthy. Ah, it was a lovely sight to see those true young souls who lived to love and loved to live, wrapped up in each other figuratively speaking—and dead to the envious looks of other young men and the giggling gibberish of gay, giddy, gushing, gawky, girly girls!

They reached the crowded wharf, and, mingling in the thronging thousands that paced the promenading planks, passed the Hotel de Hanlan and sauntered lakewards. They reached the end of the sidewalk and proceeded along the beach, a few grains of sand now and then slipping cooly into Grededina's *petite* shoe—she wasn't a Hamilton girl or the city would sue her for stealing real estate from the Island. They found a seat on the lake shore and were watching the gulls that flew across the water and the white sails of the fairy-like crafts that skipped athwart the same. They heard the rippling sound of the waves breaking with muchly musical cadence on the pebble-paved beach—but ah, sorrow deep and dreadful was soon to check their short-lived happiness. As suddenly as falls



the avalanche upon the sleeping Swiss village from the overhanging cliffs; with all the appalling horror that accompanies the devastating tornado as it sweeps over the western plains, came their doom. With a heart-shattering cry poor J. Silkingbang Smythkins threw himself upon the sand, rolling in frenzied agony and tearing out his hair by the handful. Grededina Gamper rushed to his assistance, but was powerless. Their frantic

screams for help pierced the air for miles around, and summoned a crowd of terrified people who were certain of beholding a terrible tragedy. The young man, unable to endure the torturing that he felt, had fainted. He was restored to consciousness, his coat, vest, shirt and guernsey cut open, and it was found—that a spider had crawled down the back of his neck and had started an exploring expedition down his spinal column.

C. M. R.



Grau's Opera Comique Co., will remain during the present week, appearing nightly at the Zoo Theatre, the stage of which has been enlarged for the occasion.

The Grand presents a good attraction for holiday week in the melodrama of "The World." This fine piece will be presented by Lytell's Dramatic Company with all the original scenery.

The Holmans, at the Theatre Royal are presenting Joe H. Bank's sparkling little piece "Bubbles" in good style. Miss Sallie has lost none of her old time charms, and her voice is decidedly better than ever.

Make a memo of it—Promenade concerts with Liberati the cornet virtuoso, at Granite rink Monday and Tuesday evenings, Mendelssohn Quintette Club, with Miss Kellogg and other vocalists, Friday evening at the Gardens.

Pride & Sackett's Pavilion presents a new bill of novelties this week, including Barnum's Zulus and other wonders in Curiosity Hall, and a new company of variety artists on theatorium stage. The audiences at this entertainment are made up of the best class of our people. Mr. Sackett is right in his theory that it pays best to cater for the respectable class only.

It makes a milkman's wife blush to ask her if her silk dress is watered.

Mark Twain is learning to ride the bicycle. He will soon give an exhibition of innocence abroad.—Lowell Citizen.



SUMMER EMPLOYMENT.