



"FANTASIA ON WELL KNOWN 'AIR."

BY PADEREWSKI.

ENGLAND'S FUTURE COURT.

(AS IT WILL BE IF THE FIFES COME TO THE THRONE.)

LONDON, October 29, 19—

HER MAJESTY held a drawing-room last evening. Among those present were Baron Gumperdorfer, the German ambassador, Hon. B. Jabers, American minister, and lady, Earl Chamberlain, Sir Thomas Pignuffe, the Duke and Duchess of Killiecrankie, Earl Tullochgorum, Master of the Buckhounds, Lord McTavish, Keeper of the Latch-key, Lady Gowanbrae, Mistress of the Robes, Sir Donald McCrimmon, Custodian of the Sneeshinmull and other notables. In reply to an enquiry as to the state of her royal health by Hon. Mr. Jabers, Her Majesty was pleased to reply, 'Brawly mon, brawly, an' thank ye for speerin'.'

This morning the corps of Highland pipers, under the direction of Sir Dougall McIntyre, who has recently been appointed director of the London Conservatory of Music, played for an hour in front of the Castle, rendering a number of pibrochs and strathspeys with fine effect.

Orders have just been issued, in accordance with which the Highland costume will henceforward be worn by all the flunkies and other liveried servants of the Castle. The change creates great consternation among those affected.

Owing to the difficulty of communication between Her Majesty's family and their English *entourage*, Professor Colin Gillespie, of Edinburgh has been appointed court interpreter. It is understood that the appointment is only to be a temporary one, as since Her Majesty's

accession the higher classes are rapidly familiarizing themselves with the Scottish language, and Her Majesty and the Duke of Fife have less trouble than at first in making themselves understood.

Sir Alexander Gaberlunzie, Bart., recently appointed Poet Laureate vice Baron Tennyson, deceased, has completed a beautiful birthday ode to Her Majesty, commemorating in fit terms that auspicious event for the Scottish nation. The first verse begins as follows:

Aweel ye swankies dinna thole
Wi' muckle feckless wae mon,
Oh wha wad jouk, gin swithers roll
An' ilka glowkit sae mon.

The *Spectator* pronounces it the finest poetic gem that has enriched our national anthology since the death of Burns, and infinitely superior to anything written by Milton or Shakespeare.

It is proposed to make the study of the Gaelic compulsory at Oxford in place of Greek. The disloyalty of Professor Fordivel, who strongly opposes the innovation, has caused strong feelings of indignation.

[COMPETITION.]

THE SPECTACLE TRAGEDY.

I WAS a-settin' in my rockin' chair, a-narrowin' the toe of Ezra's sock, when a horrible catastrophe was navigated behind my very eyes, and the reason I saw it with my back I will tell ye if ye promise to keep it a secret. It's true as gospel, mind ye, and I tuk it every bit in by means of me specs, wich set well out on the sides of me head. I cud see in the specs what was goin' on and I sot stiff and dignigraphed. I wasent afraid durin' that sad festivity, my mind was as clear as soup, my head sweetly stufferated, and my feet folded beneath the wings of my lustre gown. No, I wasent afraid. I had been renovated by noble thoughts all day, thinking as how stewed prunes was healthy for boarders, and how my old bunnet wud luk like new if I wore it back end first and put new strings to it, and when that dark celebration tuk place behind my eyes, my head was as calm as the Falls of Niagara. But great minds never gets cogitated, and so I sot solid and reckinifed and came out of that blissful ceremony with eyes foremost and feet downwards. Me cap was on me head, do ye know, as firm as ever, and it was funny do ye know, but my knittin' was in me hand, and me a-workin' on it just the same as ever.

I was even a-smilin' seraph-like and a-restin' contentiously in me chair. Few sperits wud have come through that bustulated tragedy without hysterickatin' or captivatin', but my tempestuous sperit wafted itself to realms of bliss without a pang.

But, ah me! when I saw in my glasses them two blood-thirsty spiders walk consecratedly out on the hearth, halve and desseck that agonized beetle, strip bare his spinal column, saw asunder his jug-o'-rum vein, then eat him every scrap, it's a miracle I'm alive to-day.

ALICE DOROTHY BARTON.

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A LITERARY LIGHT.

THE *Globe* appropriately refers to the poet Lampman as one of the brightest lights in Canadian literature. The characterization is felicitous. A Lamp-man ought to be a bright light, and we are pleased to see that our contemporary intends to illuminate its pages with a little of his radiance.