

the loss is made known; no one apparently desires to listen to her somewhat disjointed description of the lost one. All are eager to get home, and the assistance of all the police and boat-hands are called into requisition. The search goes bravely on amid the jokes and quibbles of the thoughtless crowd. Behind a large coil of rope is found the lost one, and amid the bravos of the multitude the mother is made happy in the surrender of her child. Seasons come and go, the old step aside and make room for the younger revelers, and yet the Summer excursion retains its distinctive features, the same incidents occur year after year, the same troubles have to be overcome, the same jollities are indulged in, and notwithstanding all, the Summer picnic is an established institution among the pleasure-seekers of the metropolis.

SPIRIT OF THE STAGE.

Notwithstanding the extremely hot weather people sigh for something in the amusement line. Even a second class Pinafore Company would draw at present. Haverleys minstrels have scored success everywhere. There are plenty of them; they are all colored and all colors; and one of them has a mouth larger and more elastic than that of Dr. Talmage. They are worth seeing and hearing and will appear at the Theatre Royal soon. The popularity of Pinafore in the United States is on the wane, but in slow old England it is steadily maintained.

Nilsson has been interviewed. "It is not enough," she said, "to possess a voice and a knowledge of music, and some histrionic talent, or whatever it is, to sing through an opera. You must be strong—physically, brutally strong. It is the knowledge of this which makes lyric artists so sensitive when they are said to be ill. They know that without physical strength to sing through such an opera as Lohengrin, for instance, art, talent, genius, what you will, are useless." Every spare evening is devoted, not to the Opera or to concerts as one of the audience, but to the theatre, English or French. Madame Nilsson said she had enjoyed herself beyond everything the night before; she had been to the theatre, and had seen Mrs. John Wood, who had recognized her instantly, in Nilsson or Nothing—an incident which reminds the old playgoer of the visit of Ristori to the Olympic Theatre to see poor Robson play in Robert Brough's travesty of Medea.

Miss Kellogg has vindicated the good opinion of her American admirers by making a decided hit in Aida, at her Majesty's. The papers are enthusiastic over the manner in which Col. Mapleson has placed this opera upon the stage, with sketches from Cairo, and costumes from Paris. But will his production compare with Max Strakosch's San Francisco Aida, in which an elephant, two camels, four ostriches (with their original tail feathers), and piebald horses appeared?

The last new thing in England is the right to smoke in the theatres.

Manager Rico, of the Theatre Royal, Bradford—one of the finest houses in the kingdom—has been granted the privilege of having the non-smoking clause expunged from his license.

Will somebody in London settle two much-vexed questions by asking Sarah Bernhardt whether she gave Mary Ann Anderson a silver pencil, and advised her to get—or not to get—married?

Dr. Von Bulow, the pianist, is repeating at London the personal performances with which Theodore Thomas delights his admirers in this country—such as angrily watching an old lady go to her seat, frowning when a clock strikes, and generally bullying his audience. Result: Dr. Von Bulow has had poorer houses for his recitals than ever before.

The attractiveness of the cornetists, Levy and Arbuckle, at Coney Island,

like to set their faces against them, as a general thing.

One of our contemporaries says that genuine, old-fashioned love is played out. We cannot agree with it. The editor of that paper ought to see two lovers sucking at both ends of a stick of candy, and note the expression of their faces.

Johnny, I am surprised to hear you use such a word as 'cuss.' It is very wrong. "Where did you learn it?" said the mother to her son.

"In the Bible," replied the boy. "What? I am astonished! What part of the Bible did you find such a word in?" "In *Leviticus*," replied the little rogue.

A Montreal woman wants a divorce because her husband insists upon sleeping with his feet on the pillow, so that he can tickle her feet when she snores. If he had a spark of love for his wife he would hire a watch-dog to sleep by the bed, to seize and chew her hand whenever she began to snore. Or he might split a stick and place it upon the offending organ.

store, and was modestly doing his best to earn his magnificent salary of six dollars a week, when a lean, long, gaunt, old spinster with skinny hands and cork-screw curls entered the store. But this made little difference to the youthful, good-looking clerk, who was in duty bound to be just as polite to her as to the belle of the city. He even smiled sweetly upon her, as he asked in what way he could serve her. "I love you," said the old maid, with a smirk that must have strained her very corsets. That young and untried clerk waited to hear no more. He never knew that she was calling for a song, but supposing she was in earnest, flew out of the back door and never visited the store again. He talks of learning the shoe-maker's trade now.

THE SHOE OF A BELLEVILLE BELLE.

A commercial traveller selling shoes for a leading manufactory of Montreal was in Belleville recently and in addition to his other baggage brought with him and exhibited to a few admiring friends a shoe that has done good service on the foot of a reigning belle of Belleville. This delicate souvenir might well be placed in comparison with the glass slipper that compressed the arching instep of Cinderella. The Belleville belle's is numbered "17, extra large," is only fourteen inches from toe to heel, and six inches across the broadest part of the sole, and its former occupant is not happy, for the other shoe is just like it, and her feet grew one size every year.

She is only sixteen years old—just budding into womanhood. We shudder as we contemplate the result should she live to a good old age and keep up her pedal development. In addition to the main edifice there is a bay window on the east side of the gaiter to accommodate a few exotic bunions, and an extensive cornpatch to the west. A back porch has also been constructed on the heel to protect a growth in that direction, while one toenail has cut a gash like a spade slash out into daylight on the northern most part of the structure.

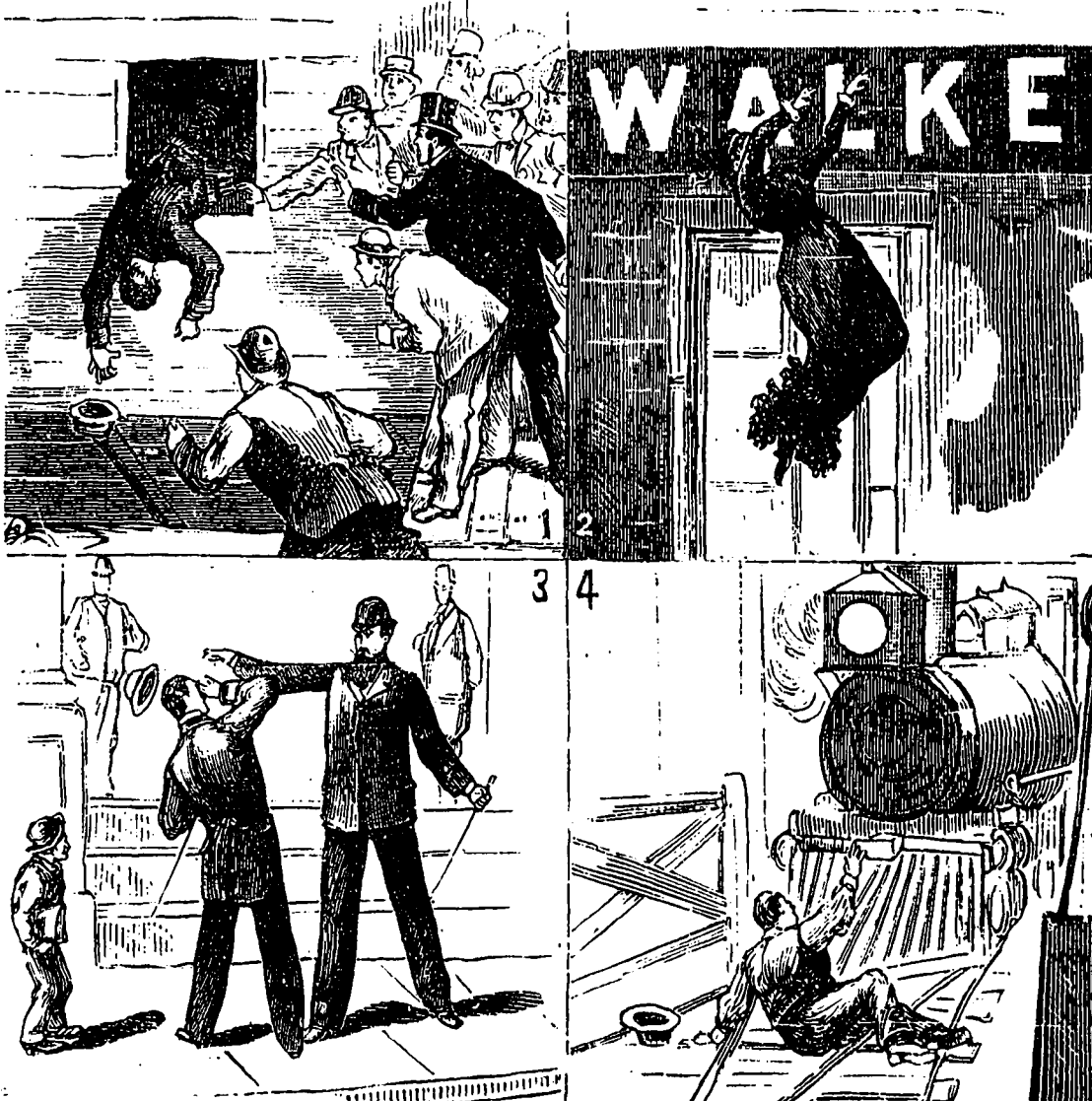
The girl only weighs eighty five pounds, and has received a commission to go west to tramp grasshoppers in Colorado.

The happy Editor.

The Milwaukee *Sentinel* thus epitomizes the daily life of an editor-in-chief. From the plaintive tone of the lustre tence, the writer intimates that he knows how it is himself: "The young man who is fitting himself for a journalistic career asks us if the chief editor's position is difficult. On the contrary, it is the most comfortable place on the paper. He has only to dash off a few columns of editorials a day, and then enjoy himself. All the good-looking women with poems are shown into his rooms, and he smokes all the cigars sent in for the reporters. He receives invitations to deliver addresses at county fairs, and carries home the best of the looks sent in for review. When he hasn't anything else to do, he looks over copy and carefully runs his pencil through the joke the writer struggled four hours with, and considered his masterpiece."

NOT AN ANGEL.

As a car was passing up Notre Dame street yesterday, a woman about twenty-five years old stood on a crossing. The driver prepared to stop the car, but she motioned him to keep on, saying: "Don't trouble yourself about me." As the hind end of the car came up she jumped for it, and her head struck the conductor under the chin and nearly lifted him off his feet. "What are you looking around here for?" she asked, as she humped around and grabbed at the railing. "I am out here looking for passengers," he growled, as he tasted of his bitten tongue. "You'd better run into the car and keep warm," she continued, as she pulled the door open and jerked it around. "If people have got to be so angelic that they can't jump on a horse-car, it's time they were preserved in sugar!"



1.—The fatal leap of Joseph Roussau a painter of Campeau street, on Sunday last, from the cabin window of the steamer *Laprairie* into the water. He was intoxicated.
2.—Accidental fall of Mrs. James Walker, wife of a prominent saloon keeper on Notre Dame street from a second story window without however much injury except a severe shaking.
3.—Captain Kirwan insulting Mr. R. A. B. Hart, Insurance Broker, in consequence of social difficulties.
4.—Frightful death of Louis Lussier, a gateman at the Mountain street crossing, who was run down by an engine on Monday last while he was walking on the track and cutting half.

has puzzled some philosophers; but they ought to remember that thousands of people, who don't care to bathe, go down to take the air—and they always get it from the cornet.

It is announced in London that "The actress-painter-sculptor-author-critic, Mlle. Bernhardt, has written a comedy, called *L'Épingle d'Or*, of which the heroine is a certain Miss Mary." Does *this* mean Miss Mary Ann Anderson?

POTPOURRI.

The latest name for very blonde hair is, "light fantastic tow."

Dry Goods packers ought to be adepts in the "mauly art" of pugilism, considering that they occupy most of their time in boxing. Sealed proposals may be sent in.

A lady acquaintance of ours says she has set her face against mustaches. Well, she is not the first lady who has set her face against a mustache. In fact, they appear to

"Unseal the city fountains,
And let the waters flow
In coolness from the mountains
Unto the plains below,
My brain is parched and erring,
The pavement hot and dry,
And not a breath is stirring
Beneath the burning sky."

An effeminate man, says a recent writer, is a weak poultice. He is a cross between table beer and ginger pop with the cork let out, a fresh-water mermaid found in a cow pasture with her hands filled with dandelions. He is a teaspoonful of syllabub, a kitten in trowsers, a sick monkey with a blonde mustache. He is a vine without any tendrils, a fly drowned in oil, a paper kite in a dead calm. He lives like a butterfly—nobody can tell why. He is as harmless as a penny-worth of sugar candy, and as useless as a shirt-button without a hole. He is as lazy as a slug, and has no more hope than last year's summer fly. He goes through life on tiptoe, and dies like cologne water spilled over the ground.

Song-writers have a great deal to answer for in this world. The chap who wrote "I love you" ought to be held responsible for the feelings of a young man in this city who is now a drooling idiot on his account. You see, he had just taken a position in a music