



The Chantraus at the Grand Opera House are sure to draw well. The new "East Lynne" holds forth a promise we hope to see well fulfilled.

At the Royal, the "Pathfinders" have made good way. It is always creditable to a company to show a conscientious desire to do well, and the Pathfinders not only show this desire, but fulfil it. The "cull'd gent'l man" is very clever, and the piece is most amusing.

The concert at the Horticultural Gardens on Friday, 24th March, was a decided success. The stars of the evening, Miss McOutcheon and Mr. Lauder, delighted their audience by a brilliant display of their accomplishments. The really difficult pieces arranged for two pianos, were exceedingly well performed, and in his *Scotch Fantasia*, Mr. Lauder gave evidence of considerable talent as a musical composer. The high characters of the well known vocalists Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Morris, were well sustained, and the *debutante* of the evening, Mrs. Redfern, won deserved applause. Mr. Schuch and Mr. Fraser acquitted themselves in their usual excellent style. As accompanist, Miss Boyd discharged her duties with good taste and judgment, thus adding in an important degree to the pleasures of the evening.

He That May Not When He Will.

A STORY OF TORONTO LIFE.

(Concluded.)

CHAP. IV.

"'Twas but a little faded flower."

—Boutbee.

And so the years glode on—'tis a way they have. The lovers met at intervals, and so did the Local Legislature. Bulstrode was over a welcome guest at the paternal board, for he had wealth and was regarded as the coming man for West Toronto. Who would have thought that 'neath such good clothes there worked so treacherous a heart?

"No, papa," replied Rebecca to the repeated urgings of her parent, "I never can wed a man who says 'he done it.'"

"Says he done what?" replied the stern parent.

"Alas! then you do not understand," she replied, quivering like an aspen leaf.

"No, I don't. What does he say he done? I believe he did put up that little April fool job onto that blamed idiot, Wharnccliffe, if that's what you allude to, but served the cuss right."

"Oh, the unutterable baseness! and you, father, would have me wed a wretch like that! Go to—"

"Go there yourself, shameless girl!"

At this juncture the servant girl entered and announced "The baldheaded gentleman that comes to shpark Miss Rebecca, devil a one o' me remembers his quare name at all."

With a gesture of ineffable loathing our heroine swept from the room just as Bulstrode was carefully removing his chaw of tobacco and looking for a convenient nook to deposit it, so as to obtain it again on his departure.

"Why thus scornful?" he cried, his voice suffused with emotion and tobacco juice, "Waltz not off thus previously upon that pearly ear. Pause awhile and we will talk of the situation in West Toronto—"

But she was gone.

And still the bright sun shone high in the heavens, and the trees waved their greensome branches, and the blue waters rippled along the shore, and the sparrows twittered in the eaves, and the street cars rumbled hoarsely by with their accustomed irregularity, and the voice of the newsboy was lifted in notes of cheerful blasphemy, despite the pall of gloom which enwrapped human hearts, and the fact that the N. P. has increased the prices fully 20 per cent. Who will find a solution to life's mysteries?

Probably H. W. Phipps will do it some of these days.

CHAP. V.

"My lord, the carriage waits,
And, by the way, permit me to observe that
The man who'd lay his hand upon a woman.
Save in the way of kee-ness is a wretch
Who is only fit to be elected to the City Council."
—Dion Boucicault.

When Hamilton Bulstrode quitted the Maltravers mansion, his movements being somewhat accelerated by the playfulness of the pet goat Pessimist, who was grazing on an ash-heap in the corner, he ran plump against Wellington Wharnccliffe.

The rivals fronted each other menacingly.

"Humph!" said Wharnccliffe.

"Bah!" exclaimed Bulstrode.

A solemn pause.

"Look-a-here now, Wellington," said the coming man for West Toronto, "this thing has gone on long enough."

"It's gone on a darned sight too long to suit me," said Wellington.

"Let's come right down to hard pan—you've got no show at all with the old man, you know, and may as well step down and out."

"But you've got no show with Rebecca herself, Bulstrode. You could no more induce her to consent than you can get Ed. Clarke to give way in West Toronto."

"Well now, see here, there seems to be a dead-lock all round, somebody has got to get left, why not save trouble by one of us agreeing to retire. Personally, I admit, I should delight to shed your heart's blood and dance a wild, hilarious breakdown over your mangled corpse, but this method of settling the matter would have inconveniences which I need not dwell upon."

"Did the present social conditions admit of it," replied Wharnccliffe, "nothing would give me greater pleasure than to rend you limb from limb, and after tearing your heart from its loathsome resting-place, to cast it to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. I would pasture Rebecca's goat on your remains with a feeling of infinite satisfaction. But alas! the good old days when such things were possible have passed away."

"Ah, yes, we live in a degenerate age," replied Bulstrode, "this method then being unanimously voted impracticable, why should we not decide the question of who shall withdraw by the simple expedient of tossing up a cent, the one who loses to resign his claims."

"Done," said Wellington, "that will bring things to a focus right away."

They entered the Maltravers mansion arm-in-arm to the great surprise of the inmates. The plan was speedily explained to the old man and Rebecca, and everything being ready, Mr. Maltravers took from his pocket a quarter which he flipped into the air.

"Heads!" said Bulstrode.

"Tails!" said Wharnccliffe.

"Heads it is!" exclaimed old Maltravers.

"Such is life!" sighed Rebecca.

"Take her and be happy," said the maiden's parent. "I would give you my blessing, but this thing comes so kind of sudden I haven't got any blessing committed to memory for the occasion."

"Count me out of the ring," said Wharnccliffe, preparing to take his departure. "Adieu, Rebecca. Weep not for me, for I was prepared

for the worst, and am solid with two or three other girls, either of whom is better-looking than you are, if not quite so well heeled. As for you, Bulstrode, may you be as blissful as you are bald-headed and—no, Squire Maltravers, you need not assist me to the door with your boot. I can find the way myself, thank you, quite easy."

And he was gone.

Shortly after the marriage of Hamlet Bulstrode, Esq., to Miss Rebecca Maltravers, the following notice appeared in the *World*:

"THE ZOO.—The attractions of this popular place of amusement continue to increase. Mr. Hamlet Bulstrode yesterday presented the institution with a fine Siberian goat by the name of "Pessimist." He is a fierce and very voracious animal, with a keen appetite for old newspapers. The introduction of this breed will solve the problem which is troubling our contemporary of the Tall Tower, of how to dispose of their evening issue."

THE END.

Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzside.

A TALE OF A GILDED LORDLING.

Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzside, A scion of De Bumford's lordly race, Leaving fair England's dear but muggy clime, Came here to find a new home in the west. The lordly house of Bumford holds demesnes In all the fairest counties of fair England— Has held them in one long unbroken line For some eight hundred years or thereabouts. In fact, the ancestors of young Fitzside Came mailclad o'er the channel with the Conqueror; At least this was the plain, unvarnished tale Of R. Augustus Reginald Fitzside.

Over the briny ocean's billowing breast, Up rivers, rapids, lakes, and deep canaws, Came R. Augustus Reginald Fitzside, Till at Toronto he did disembark. "By'r Lady!" quoth he, as he stepped ashore Upon the crumbling, coal-encumbered wharf, Where passengers from Eastern ports do land: "By'r Lady, this place pleaseth well mine eye; Here will I tarry, rest myself awhile, And give the honest colonist a chance To learn of courtly manners, and assume, As well as rude colonial burgher can, The graces born of true blue Norman blood." Thus mused young R. A. Reginald Fitzside.

Great were the rejoicings in the town! (When I say "Town" I speak of the *elite*) When it was whispered round that a great nob, A son of Earl de Bumford, K. C.B., K.G., K.M.G., &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. Was to remain with "us" for quite a time. At ball or party every night was seen Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzside; The fairest ladies in the fairest town Of this, the fairest Province of them all, That constitute fair Canada's Dominion (*Pride remark of Hon. R. M. Wells*), Fell prostrate at his feet, as rapturous maid Falls at the feet of Bunthorne in the play. For visions bright of England's stately homes, Of which some day she might be fairy ladie With footmen in laced coats and crimson breeches, To bow her in and out of four horse carriage, Came o'er each fair young dard ambitious head; And "Oh dear me! good gracious! how delightful! To drive about, you know, in pony carriage, And scatter largess to the poor retainers; Just, I declare, as in the olden times!" And in these hopes I fear they were encouraged By their respective kind and dear nmmas; But all their blandishments were lost upon Robert Augustus Reginald Fitzside.

For R. Augustus Reginald Fitzside Had, ever since his *entrée* to the "set," Cast his eagle eye (the one adorned with glass) Upon the daughter of James Duff, *Esquire*. Yes—Janet Ethelberta Delia Duff Was the sole object of his youthful heart. Thrice (in one night) he led her through the *lancers*, Thrice he helped her through the mild quadrille; Four times in a voluptuous *zalc* of Strauss, He whirled his partner through the brilliant room; Not that the fair and fascinating Duff Was formed for tripping of the light fantastic, (For I have seen tobacco strippers in "The Ward" Who off her easily could knock the spots), Nor was her face or form of such design That she could pose for a professional beauty; Yet R. Augustus Reginald Fitzside Loved Janet Ethelberta Delia Duff!