

THE HURON SIGNAL
FRIDAY, MARCH 23RD, 1883.

ENLIGHTENING THEIR DARK-
NESS.

Last week we were constrained to reply to the *Orange Sentinel* in the matter of the West Huron election, and by a singular turn of the wheel we are this week called upon to set the *Evening Canadian* (the daily edition of the *Irish Canadian*), right upon the same question. It seems a little strange that the two organs have buried their animosities toward each other for this occasion, at any rate, and both assail *The Signal*, because it knows more about West Huron than they do. In a previous issue we asked Mr. Kelly to scan the official returns in West Huron and figure up how badly he had been "sold" by his pseudo friends in 1879. The *Canadian* has taken upon itself to reply for Mr. Kelly, but its attempt in this instance is only another illustration that "Fools rush in, where angels fear to tread," that is, if anyone can so stretch their imagination as to attribute angelic qualities to Mr. P. Kelly. Under the circumstances we will open the whole case for the benefit of the thunder-builder of the *Canadian*, for, evidently, a little information on the subject would not come amiss.

Col. A. M. Ross, the present member for West Huron in the Ontario Legislature, has been successful in contesting the riding on three occasions. When West Huron was first formed in 1875, he was the candidate chosen by the Reform party to contest the riding. He was opposed by Mr. John Davison, a resident lawyer of Goderich, and a gentleman who stood in good favor with the electors of the section. Col. Ross defeated him, however, by 89 of a majority. In 1878 it was tacitly agreed upon by the Tory wire-pullers that Mr. P. Kelly would receive the nomination for the Local House, on condition that his services and influence would be freely given to aid Mr. Farrow in North Huron in the contest for the Commons. Mr. Kelly innocently agreed to the compact, and in 1878 did his level best to secure the election of Mr. Farrow. In 1879 Mr. Johnston was anxious to come to the front as a candidate, but as the arrangement had been formally made that Mr. Kelly should receive the Tory nomination in 1879, and as that gentleman was anxious to obtain his "pound of flesh," it was decided that he should be allowed to receive the nomination. But it was also decided that Mr. Kelly should be killed politically on election day, and killed by his friends, so that he would never have the temerity to again put forward claims to the candidacy of West Huron. By a certain number of the Conservatives—some 250—refraining from voting, Mr. Kelly was buried under 414 of a majority. The vote killed Kelly as an aspirant—from that time forth his political cake was dough, so to speak—and the way was opened up for his friend, Mr. Johnston, to come to the front. The events in the recent contest are still fresh in the minds of our readers, and we will not trespass upon their patience by entering into minute particulars. But for the edification of the editor of the *Canadian* we would state that Mr. Johnston polled 250 votes which had not come out when Mr. Kelly contested the constituency, and thus brought the majority down to 167. To illustrate this further we would state that Goderich township, which is the "solid" Tory township of West Huron, gave 101 of a majority for Mr. Davison in 1875; in 1879 it only gave 39 for Mr. Kelly; and in 1883 it gave 89 for Mr. Johnston, notwithstanding the fact that some 20 or 30 of its electors who had also voted in Goderich town and Clinton, were instructed to vote in the latter places, so that Mr. Kelly's record of Goderich township in 1879 would not be distanced by nearly three figures. Col. Ross' returns in 1879 and 1883 were within two votes of each other; but the figures polled for Messrs. Davison, Kelly and Johnston in 1875, 1879 and 1883, respectively, proved beyond a peradventure that there was a "nigger in the fence" somewhere.

So much for the "selling" of Mr. P. Kelly in 1879. We have no desire to keep up an interminable racket in regard to our local election in this section, but if our Tory confederates, at home and abroad, are not satisfied with the thrashing their party received in West Huron—a thrashing that could be repeated every day in the week, if it were possible to hold an election contest this often, then we are prepared to show them, and the public generally, where they have been hit on the raw.

The true friends of Ireland feel sad at heart at the dynamic bribe policy adopted by some of her would-be saviors. Such desperate means which resorted to only defeat their own, may as well be applied to the *Irish*. Alas! poor Ireland.

WASN'T J. J. HAWKINS misreported when he is mentioned as saying he represented the strongest Protestant constituency in Canada? Shouldn't he have said "protesting" constituency. Both well protests strongly against Sarnia Stephens' candidate.

Mr. J. J. HAWKINS, the representative of returning officer Stephens in the House of Commons, in speaking on the Orange incorporation bill, stated that he represented the most Protestant constituency in Ontario. Mr. Hawkins' Mr. Stephens must be a thorough-paced, conscientious Protestant indeed, or Mr. Hawkins would not have boasted of his piety. But there wasn't much piety in Stephens' tricky manner of counting in Hawkins.

AFTER all the boasting of Sir John A. Macdonald on the license matter, and his threats as to what he would show "that little tyrant, Mowat," he has attempted a despicable effort to crawl out of his corner on the liquor question. In order to get the responsibility off his own shoulders, he has endeavored to shift it upon the House, and thus make the Reform minority partakers of the burden. The Reform members appointed on the committee have very properly refused to serve, and the fooled trickster had to substitute Tories in their stead. Imagine Mr. Mowat trying to introduce the Crooks Act in such a fashion. Sir John A. Macdonald is not so tricky, but

FAMILY quarrels abound among the Tories at Ottawa. The introduction of the Orange Bill was provocative of lively spats between some of the blue-blooded party. Mr. Cousens, of Montreal, wanted to give the Bill a six-month's hoist. Mr. P. White, in opposition, declared such an attempt unobtainable. The doughty Montclair, who is a strong Tory, told his eastern brother that if it were said outside of the House he would resent the insult. Later on an ex-Sovereign "Bowell" raked up some of his compeers, and said that of course Mr. Ives "knew everything." Mr. Ives retorted by alluding to Hon. Mr. Bowell as the "representative of the Battle of the Boyne in the House." The Tories in the Commons are a happy family.

The Reformers of Clinton and vicinity have arranged for the holding of a grand Reform banquet in Clinton on the evening of Thursday next, the 29th inst., to celebrate the third wheeling into line of the three Hurons in the Provincial Legislature. Hon. Oliver Mowat, Hon. Christopher F. Frazer, and Col. Ross, M. P. P., for West Huron, Thos. Gibson, Esq., M. P. P., for East Huron, and Archd. Bishop, Esq., M. P. P., for South Huron, together with M. C. Cameron, Esq., M. P., for West Huron, and other members of the House of Commons, have signified their intention of being present. Invitations have also been extended to Hon. Edward Blake, Hon. Alexander Mackenzie and Mr. Patterson, M. P., for South Brant, and it is understood these gentlemen will endeavor to be present at the gathering. The banquet promises to be one of the largest and best ever held in the Western district, and we expect that the sturdy Reform yeoman who "smote the Amalekites" on the 27th of February last, will gather in goodly numbers on the 29th inst., to celebrate their triumph and hearken into the voices of the chiefs for whom they fought so earnestly and with such good results in Huron when the day of trial was on.

When the *Mail* and other journals talk about the impossibility of Mr. Mowat carrying on the Government with his present majority they probably forget that for the four years prior to 1879, his majority was no larger than it now is, and that no difficulty whatever was experienced. The fact is the Opposition was badly defeated and instead of "acknowledging the corn" recourse is had to all sorts of wild speculation about small majorities, the effect of recounts, the possibility of certain members being bought up, and the like.—[Kingston Whig.]

It will be remembered that prior to the late Ontario elections the granting of the right to cut timber on Walpole Island, to Mr. Tennant, of Brockville, was made the subject of official investigation, allegations having been made that Mr. Tennant secured the vote of the Indians in his favor by bribery. Mr. Dugan, Inspector Indian Agencies, was sent up to inquire into the matter, and was understood to have reported to the Department at Ottawa that the charges were fully sustained and that Tennant had by that means secured from the Indians the right to cut the timber, in the face of an offer from another party some \$4,000 or \$6,000 higher. Mr. Tennant was well known as a Liberal. He went to Ottawa, had an interview with Sir John Macdonald, returned to Brockville and announced himself as a candidate in opposition to Hon. Mr. Fraser. When the past week's instructions were received by Mr. Tennant's agent on the island, direct from Ottawa, to go on cutting the timber.

Mr. Cameron, M. P. for West Huron, is charged just now by Conservative organs with using strong and British sentiment. The deal and front of Mr. Cameron's "policy" consisting in commencing the importation of Charybdis, on which the Canadian Government spent \$37,000, then returning the old craft to the Imperial authorities, as a rotten hulk. How transcendently loyal these organs assume to be at times!—[Stratford Beacon.]

Patroll speaks of a Paris in the company of M. Clementon, the famous medical statesman, and Henri Rochefort.

A STRANGE CRIME.

The Attack Upon Lady Florence Dixie—Saved by Her Dog.

London, March 18.—Lady Florence Dixie was attacked at Windsor yesterday by two men disguised in women's clothes. Her dress was cut with a dagger in several places, but she received no injury. Lady Florence was walking in a secluded spot near the woods when two men asked her what time it was. She replied she had no watch, and afterward noticed that they wore women's clothes, their faces had been shaved. Much alarmed, she started to walk away followed by the men, one of whom seized her. She struggled to escape, but seeing their daggers, fell in a swoon. This occurred at 4 p.m. and she did not recover her senses until 4.45. Lady Florence has been prostrated to day. The story of the affair was elicited from her only at intervals. The saving of her life is attributed to her St. Bernard dog which it is supposed protected her while she lay in a swoon. Lady Florence had no reason to suspect immediate danger, although she has been somewhat fearful since the receipt of letters about the Land League. The last thing she remembers is one of the men pushing a quantity of mud into her mouth. On recovery she found both palms were cut across and her gloves severed. There were two dagger holes two inches apart in the right breast of her dress. A broad steel corset rib was broken by a weapon which penetrated in the inner lining of her dress. Lady Florence supposes she unconsciously struggled with the men, assisted by the dog, until the sounders were disturbed by a cart passing the woods. She received threatening letters while in Ireland lately. One of the men wore a green dress and large hat with veil. It was the veiled man who attempted to assassinate her. No arrests have been made, but the police have a slight clue. It is believed the sounders were bitten by the dog in the struggle.

London, March 19.—The Florence Dixie affair is still puzzling everyone. There is no clue to the assailants. A gardener working thirty yards from the scene of the outrage says he heard nothing and saw nothing of the occurrence. Lady Florence says she called to her husband for help. She states she would be sorry to attribute the outrage to the Land League.

Patrick Egan says the attack on Lady Florence Dixie has no political significance. The family is peculiar, and the attack on the lady was probably the result of a family feud.

London March 19.—It is supposed Lady Florence Dixie's dog followed the assailants some distance. The Queen has requested that a painting of the dog be done for her. Lady Florence says:—"The whole affair is most mysterious. I can ascribe the motive to no one, as my sympathies for the Irish people have been openly avowed and are well known." She warmly repudiated the assumption that the crime was of Irish origin. The boldness of the attack was extraordinary. It was committed close to a busy highway, in open day, within sight of the towers of Windsor. She says her assailants spoke no brogue. She remembers seeing her dog drag one of them backward.

The papers generally attribute the attack on Lady Florence Dixie to Irish malcontents. *The Morning Post* believes the Invincibles have transferred operations to England.

London, March 19.—A dispatch says the alleged attempt to murder Lady Dixie has roused public excitement to the highest pitch. Although officials say they have clues to the perpetrators of the outrage, no arrests have yet been made. The affair is still shrouded in mystery. Lady Dixie is perfectly rational in her talk, but excited, and seems to know very little about the circumstances of the attack. There is no evidence of any struggle. The slightness of Lady Dixie's injuries is causing general distrust as to the entire truth of her story. There is now a vague undercurrent of opinion that the affair has been exaggerated or is the result of an overwrought hysterical imagination. Gossip says the whole affair may not be unconnected with a lecturing tour through the United States which, it is said, Lady Dixie has been considering. It is understood if she goes to the United States it will be arranged to have her closely follow Parnell in his proposed route. Irish members of Parliament discredit the story of Lady Florence Dixie.

SARNIA'S SAGES.

Turn the Council Chamber into a Bear Garden.

Although some of our town Councilors occasionally grow a little snappish, we are pleased to say that no such scenes as that which occurred at the last sitting of the Sarnia Council has yet happened here. The *Observer*, in its report of the scene, gives the following spirited dialogue:

Mr. Watson asked Mr. Riley where he could get a counter and Mr. Riley told him there was one in the market and he went to Mr. Millard who referred him to Mr. Luscombe and he said he could have one. Mr. Riley knew all about the counter and could have seen it at any time and he had no right to accuse me of getting rid of it and set up and rush at me like a wild bear or a mad dog and charge me with a lie.

Mr. Riley.—I demand an apology for that right straight.

Mr. Watson.—I say you went for me.

Mr. Riley.—I appeal to the Mayor to have this man taken out. Put him out right straight or I'll do it myself.

Mr. Watson.—You had no business to rush.

Mr. Riley picked up an ink bottle and with that in his hand said: "I demand you to take that back. Apologize or I'll knock your head off."

Mr. Watson.—Apologize. I'll take it back.

The councillors who were sitting beside Watson, and who felt themselves menaced by the ink bottle, exclaimed in chorus: He apologizes. He takes it back. It's all right now. Their feelings were much relieved by the ink bottle being put down.

Mr. Watson.—Mr. Riley should have brought this up in proper shape.

The Mayor.—If you don't keep better order I shall leave the chair.

KILLED BY FRIGHT.

Effect of Wiggins' Prediction on a Nervous Child.—Breeding, Brain Disease, and Death.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 19.—Report has been received from different parts of the United States and Canada of people being driven to insanity through brooding over the fallacious storm of "Prof. Wiggins, and now Buffalo has a far sadder case, that of the death of a young girl, to be attributed to no other cause than fright. Ada Wolfe was the twelve-year-old daughter of Jacob Wolfe who lives at 184 Grant street. The child has always been notably bright and intelligent, was a great reader, rather imaginative and peculiarly nervous about storms. She read in the newspapers the predictions of the Canadian prophet. A week ago the storm was prophesied to do its most destructive work. She was particularly nervous, and spent a good portion of her time that day and Sunday searching through the Bible to look for confirmation or relief of her fears. The members of the family attempted to reason her out of her fears, but in vain; she brooded constantly over the apprehended danger, and would frequently use such expressions as:—"The houses will all blow down, and then where can we go—where can we go?" Unfor-

tunately, at the supper table that evening Mr. Wolfe spoke of the prophecy, and expressed an opinion that the events predicted might take place. That evening the child refused to go to bed until her father came home, and sat in a chair before the fire trembling and anxious whenever she heard the wind whistling around the house. Her nervousness continued all Sunday, and that evening she was taken with vomiting and complained of pain in her head and side. She was put to bed, but talked continually about the storm, and covered her head with the sheet whenever she heard the wind blow. Dr. Parmenter was called in to see her, and it was only the day before her death, on Friday, that he could determine that her disease was meningitis. She faded gradually, and at three o'clock on Friday afternoon passed away. The family fully believe that fright was the cause of her illness and death, and Dr. Parmenter told them it was more than probable that the brain affection was brought on by that cause.

THE JERSEY LILY.

Her Visit to Toronto a Very Flattering One.

The Jersey Lily has gone, and has left a good impression behind her. Her appearance at the matinee on Saturday afternoon in "The Honeymoon" and in the evening in "As You Like It," was greeted by large audiences. No doubt her best character is that of Heister Grazebrook in "The Honeymoon." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I will say farewell." Among the absurd things of the evening was the singing of God Save the Queen by "the gods." She has not been on the stage long enough to play Rosalind as it has been played by finished actresses. Mrs. Langtry is a charming woman, but she is not, (and to do her justice she does not pretend to be) a great actress. Shakespeare's plays cannot be interpreted by amateurs like a piece of music that is read at sight. The fair Jersey woman was probably as well pleased at her reception as were her audiences at her appearance, as she was all smiles and modest blushes. In the evening, after having been liberally applauded, she made a short speech in response to the vigorous demands of the students who were present in great force among "the gods." She said: "I am sure you do not look to me for a speech. None that I could frame would bear any proportion to the warmth of your greeting—to the heartiness of your encouragement. Had anything been needed to remind me of England, my reception on Canadian soil would have recalled to me the dear and distant land where my first and still unworthy efforts met with indulgent recognition. Let me then say, without courting failure in an attempt to express in words how grateful I am for your kindness, that it will never fade from my memory, and that of the many incentives to work in the profession I have chosen, the favour of a Toronto audience will be among the sweetest and strongest. Thank you again, and for a while at least, I