

DEAR LITTLE MAID.

Dear little maid,
 When the dawn first breaks,
 And the lark awakes
 In singing glee,
 And the dewdrops rest
 On the earth's round breast,
 I think of thee.
 Dear little maid,
 When the sun hangs high
 In the curving sky
 Oft, oft I see
 In its bright, warm beams,
 'Mid its golden streams,
 A glimpse of thee.
 Dear little maid,
 When the sun swings down,
 And the black night's frown
 Creeps o'er the sea,
 And the birds fly by
 To the woodlands nigh,
 I sigh for thee.
 Dear little maid,
 When the breezes croon,
 And the harvest moon
 Slips from the sea,
 My heart with gladness
 In love's dear madness
 Beats true to thee.

F. Mortimer Kelley.

Army and Navy.

Lord Wolseley, in declining an invitation to the gathering of Red River veterans, to be held in Winnipeg this autumn, wrote that he proposed crossing the Atlantic in 1901 to visit places connected with his military career in Canada. His lordship added that he looked forward with extreme pleasure to the contemplated trip.

A certain Mr. Atkins was heard to remark yesterday, somewhere in the vicinity of Work Point Barracks, that, "the poet or writer, or whatever he was, who paraphrased the didn't use this word, but let it pass; a certain Biblical quotation, would have made it, had he been a Tommy; 'Now Barabbas was a quartermaster.'"

General Weyler, who has been appointed Captain-General of Madrid, is the officer who, as Captain-General of Cuba, earned the unenviable titles of "The Butcher" and "The Modern Alva." The general has one soft spot in his heart. Falling in love with a peasant girl, he married her in the presence of his brother officers, and then placed her in a nunnery to be educated for the different social sphere to which she had been promoted. And this odd union is said to have turned out most happily.

It happened some years ago that a Royal Duke, dining with the officers of a certain mess, took part in a friendly pool after dinner. And the regimental marker, who was accustomed to mix with high, but not the highest society, became somewhat disturbed in his mind as the game proceeded as to how he should address the Duke when it came to the turn of the latter to play. So he whispered to the Mess

President: "Please, sir, 'ow am I to call 'im, your Royal 'Ighness or Spot Yellow?"

The London Times of Wednesday last has the following from its Berlin correspondent upon the Navy League manifesto:—

"A letter published in the Times of October 20th under the title, 'Have We Lost the Command of the Sea?' contains the statement that 'within a few months the Reichstag will again be asked to increase the German fleet by 50 per cent.' Nothing has so far leaked out here with regard to any such intention on the part of the government. It appears, however, that the naval administration is making every effort to provide the navy with a third squadron of modern line-of-battle ships before the end of 1905. The ships of the Sachsen class have undergone great alterations which have transferred these coast-defence monitors into sea-keeping battleships. Similar alterations are to be made in the eight ships of the Siegfried class, which, according to the recent Navy Law, are to form part of the reserve fleet till 1916, when they will be replaced by first-class line-of-battle ships."

The Royal Arthur, flagship on the Australian Station, is proceeding to Fremantle to take on board the Earl of Hopetoun.

Drama.

The Grand Opera Company came here, heralded by wondrous blasts of the tin horn. To read the newspapers, one would suppose that a finer aggregation of operatic talent never was before. We have seen and heard—and we must say we have been disappointed. With the exception of the prima donna and the comedian, the principals could neither sing nor act. In short, with these two shining exceptions, it was the usual punk show we seem to be chronically blessed with.

But still the papers continue to give them unstinted praise. They had to confess, that "H. M. S. Pinafore" was "not Quite up to the mark; however, 'Cavalleria Rusticana' was GOOD." Heaven save the mark! Who was good? What was good? Santuzza! Yes. Who else? The old woman who had lost her voice? or the tun shaped tenor that never had one? As for the baritone, the least said the better. The Intermezzo given by an orchestra of six—including the leader, who played the piano with one hand while he beat time with the other, can scarcely be called inspiring. Had amateurs treated us to so poor a performance as that given by professionals last Thursday week, they would have received a good slating—and serve them right, too.

But these are professionals, so they are dubbed GOOD.

To lovers of the gruesome, "Human Hearts," November 27th, should appeal. It is said to be a strong play of the melodramatic order.

"Shenandoah," December 2nd, has had a long career in the States, and on its first appearance made a great success.

"Why Smith Left Home" is after the "What Happened to Jones" style of farce comedy, and is said to be a good mirth provoker.