

help was now in vain, the happy couple resumed their seat behind the summer-house.

Araminta proceeded to recite verses from Seranus's Birthday Book for many hours until the delicate fragrance of a consuming Havana cigar seemed to tickle her sensitive nose.

"Fonzy," she said, interrupting herself, "are you smoking?" Receiving no reply, the heiress of Van Goldstein looked around, but Alphonso was gone. Araminta looked into the basin of the fountain, but he was not there.

Again the perfume of the weed wafted over her nose and she followed it up. It led to the summer-house and as she entered she saw her Alphonso sitting with his arm around her maid Estelle, who was trying to light a cigarette from his cigar stub. Indignation arose within Araminta; but curiosity proved stronger. She crouched beside the arbutus and listened. She heard nothing but the frantic inhalations of the maid, endeavoring to steal fire. At last a wild shriek rent the air and Estelle fell dead, as a solitary curl of smoke issued from her expiring lungs and filled the summer-house with a peculiar odor.

"Revenge is sweet," shouted Araminta, as she stamped on the corpse of her handmaiden. Alphonso picked up the still smouldering cigarette and examined it carefully. Horror-stricken, he tore his hair, and exclaimed in remorseful tones, "I have murdered her,"—*It was Cubels*. Araminta threw her arms around his neck and said, "Dearest, I forgive you," and they flung the body of Estelle into the basin of the fountain, where it served the animal wants of the fishes for many days. P. QUILL.



"HAVE you read Rider Haggard's latest book, yet?" Bingley was overheard asking Miss Pompon. "Not yet, Mr. Bingley," replied the young lady, "but I thought his *Ben Hur* was just too lovely for anything!" and this is fame.

WHEN heard from last, Mr. Donelly was still struggling to rip open the canvas bag of mystery which time has enveloped what we call Shakespeare, and which hides the true Bacon beneath. The honorable Ignatius has for some time been hurling the immense powers of his volcanic intellect into the solution of a mighty problem, and he has been phenomenally successful in proving himself a ham.

MR. THOS. O'HAGAN'S volume of poems under the pretty title "A Gate of Flowers," has left the hand of the printer in a most presentable shape. The contents do honor to the author's poetic talent and fine literary instinct, and will, we doubt not, be read with pleasure by all who appreciate good work in the domain of poesy. In a "raw, rough and democratic" country like Canada, the genuine poet should be sure of a hearty welcome, however modest his offering, and Mr. O'Hagan's claim to a kindly hearing has long since been acknowledged.

## THE CHORAL CONCERT.



THE Choral Society's closing concert was given at the Pavilion on Tuesday evening of last week. Our swallow-tail representative was on hand, and submits the following:—"Paradise and the Peri," by Schumann, was the work selected. It is a romantic novel in three volumes, not quite so sensational as "She," but rather more incredible. A class of grown-up girls and boys on the front seats, (names, Miss Ryan, Boston; Miss Martin, New York; Mr. Geo. Warrenrath, New York; Mr. Warrington, Mrs. Bradley, Miss Hillary, Miss Berryman and Miss Dick, Toronto), took turn about in reading this story to the audience, and they did it very well, excepting that you couldn't tell what they were saying, as a general thing. The reading was accompanied by splendid orchestration, however, and this enabled the audience to endure what would otherwise have bored them to death. Occasionally, the multitude of blushing damsels and black coated young gentlemen banked up behind the orchestra would rise and demand fair play in a stentorian tone of voice, being plainly encouraged to make these demonstrations by Mr. Fisher, who ably conducted the whole affair. I think it's a pity that Mr. Schumann bothered with any words at all, since he had no intention of giving the vocalists anything but recitative, than which nothing can be more tiresome when extended over a whole evening. I refrain from passing any opinion upon the vocalization of the soloists as they had no singing to do. The chorus acquitted themselves very creditably, and the orchestra was unusually good, as it should have been, seeing that it embraced the Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston. Mr. John Marquardt, of the club, performed a violin solo—a fantasia by Ernst—in a manner which sustained his great reputation."

## MORE QUERIES.

THERE is a great deal of nonsense talked about the "ties of blood" between Great Britain and Canada, and the existence of these ties is spoken of as a reason why we should take an unfriendly attitude toward the United States. As a question of fact, is the average native-born Canadian related more nearly to Great Britain than to the States? Has not almost every Canadian a greater number of close relatives in the States than in Britain? Are there not nearly 1,100,000 native-born Canadians living in the States? And are not an immense number of the stay-at-home Canadians descended from Americans?—*Globe*, 21/5/87.

And are not an immense number of Americans descended from Ancient Britons? And are we not all descended from Adam?

## SOUND.

THE *Mail* is fixing itself more firmly every day in the confidence of the intelligent public. Its opinions are not only sound politically and morally, but are expressed in language at once forcible and judicious. The following paragraph is quoted as a sample:—

B' ABHAIST do charaid air taobh eile a chuain mhoir a bhi 'g radh oach 'b urrainn do shior Ghaidheal orain Ghaidhlig a leughadh gun nidheirp a thoirt air an seinn.