



The St. Quinten Opera Company, re-organized under the management of Mr. Harry J. Norman, is playing a successful engagement in the pleasant Summer Pavilion, York-street. The company is headed by the sprightly English artist, Miss St. Quinten, who is supported by Mr. Wm. Wolf, the popular comedian, and a good company. On an early date Mr. Bengough's successful operatic medley, 'Bunthorne Abroad', will be put on, with Miss St. Quinten as 'Lilhel'. The other parts will be carefully cast, and the orchestra will be under the leadership of Mr. Wm. Obenier. The libretto has been materially improved since the first production of the piece, and a repetition of the decided success scored on that occasion is assured. Popular prices rule at the Pavilion, and tickets (during this engagement) are on sale at Nordheimer's.

The musical portion of the service at the Island church was rendered by a quartette composed of Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Cummings, Mr. Boyce and Mr. J. F. Thompson, last Sunday. These ladies and gentlemen will furnish the music at each service there during the remainder of the month, and we hope they may be secured by some city church for the winter season. There is certainly no music which can compare with a good quartette in a church service.

THE SCALPEL.

WORSE AND WORSE, AND MORE OF IT.

"About 12,000 more persons in all came from the United States to settle in Canada during the past six months than went from Canada to the United States for that purpose."—Mail Sub Editor.

Going from Canada to the United States "to settle in Canada"—or "for that purpose"—is something remarkable. Surely those border emigration statistics were mixed enough without a Mail young man taking a hand at stirring up the stuff into a worse mess. What some people want is more schooling if not discretion.

MAN'S INHUMANITY.

"Germany has an organization destined to assist bankrupt noblemen to emigrate to Chili."

Pretty tough! sending 'em to Chili when it comes a cold day for 'em!

BEAUTIFUL MUTUALITY OF IT.

"The hope of the Liberal party is in the political education of the people."—Reform Correspondent.

Just so! And the hope of the people is in the political education of the Liberal party.

KNOWS A LITTLE ABOUT IT HIMSELF.

"William L. Scott, of Pennsylvania, who gave \$100,000 toward the election expenses of Gen. Hancock, says he will contribute as liberally to elect Governor Cleveland."

Our own Mr. Fauquier will be able to appreciate this. He was a poor, but deservedly assisted young candidate himself—one time.

BY WAY OF CONTRAST.

"When THE MAIL is attacked or personalities are sufficient showered at it, we rest on our own account to the serene conviction that brand those for whose deour views are those of allfance they are intended."—The Editor. World.

Merely a difference of opinion. But the contrast is striking, and whichever way you take it you leave room for a vast amount of thinking.

"OUR COLUMNS ARE AN OPEN FIELD FOR ALL OPINIONS."

EDITORIAL SANCTUM OF The Hebdomadal.

Enter individual with MS. in hand—Good morning. The editor, I presume.

Editor—You are right, I have that honor.

Individual—I have here a manuscript I should like to see in your very excellent paper. It is intended to show up the folly of those Total Abstinence and Prohibitionist fellows in supposing that they are teaching temperance. The idea is absurd, you know; how can a man be temperate in a thing he objects to touch? It's all nonsense, you know, that because a lot of low creatures lose their heads and become worse than brutes, you and I should be forced to give up our good wine and take to tea and cold water. Don't you think so?

Editor—Certainly! Certainly! just our views. I shall be happy to give your MS. space in our next issue.

Individual—Thanks, I'm sure. Good morning.

Editor, bowing deferentially—Good morning.

Exit Individual.

Enter Contributor whose MS. has not appeared in last issue of "Hebdomadal"—Good morning, Mr. Editor.

Editor, coldly—Good morning.

Contributor—I see that my letter on behalf of total abstinence as a duty to our fellows did not appear in your last issue.

Editor—No sir; I have been compelled to refuse it.

Contributor—Indeed, how was that? Was it not well written.

Editor—Oh, yes.

Contributor.—Was it not fair and temperate in tone?

Editor—Quite fair, I have no doubt.

Contributor—And are not your columns open to the expression of opinions?

Editor—We have expressly stated so.

Contributor—Then may I ask on what ground you refuse the expression of my opinion on Total Abstinence and Prohibition?

Editor, curtly—Your opinions are not ours, you see, and our space is limited.

Contributor—Oh, I see; limited to your opinions. Good morning. Exit.



By Jawve! aw—I tell you, it takes a fullah's bwethat away—to—aw—hew the way our Goldwin dictates to Gladstone—Phew!—whow!—aw—makes me sweat to think of it. Hewh, when poor Gladstone is getting weady to stomp it, our Goldwin has got the whole pwogwamme cut and dwied. Talks about wewising the English Constitution and "bwinging its sewval pahnts into hawmony"—just as a fellow would talk about a tailaw turning an old coat faw you. By Jupiter! what a head he's got! Howewaw much Gladstone may be inclined to follow the advice of our sage bystandaw—aw—I wathaw think he'll see that Fwanchise bill thwough first,—

ya-as—aw—if it were only to pwevent what, Goldwin fears—aw—a "too easy admission" into the house of Commons—"in a country where social influences are so stwong." Well—now I wonder whethaw Gladstone knows what he is about? At pwesent he is down on the floor fighting the beah—and we hope he will gwatefully listen to our Goldwin, as he sits up among the wafawws—shouting—"hit him on tother side Betty," "Give him a clout on the head Betty," "'That's the way!" Ya-as—by Jawve—I think I'll have some ice wataw and lie down awile—now aftaw that—aw—ya-as indeed!

Aw—I feel bettah now—aw—don't you think it stwange that doctaws who are genewally considered a vewy humane class of men, should keep silent on the subject of pwescribwing fawms they are in the habit of pwescribwing faw. Had it not been faw the death of this—aw—unfawtionate youngstaw—the wholesale murder of these innocents might be—aw—going on yet—as—aw—I believe in othaw pahnts of the city. Is it not stwange that while all evidence went to shew that the childwren were in an indecwivable state of filth and stalvation—onc doctaw should say they were in a comparative state of cleanliness. Now what was that medical man afwaid of? Why didn't he speak out and donounce this wholesale murder of infants. That's what I—aw—would like to—aw—find out. Four or five babies—sucking away at empty bottles—and nothing but sour milk in the house—aw—where is the society for pwotection of animals—aw—dumb—animals like infants—who have "no language but a cw'y"—as Tennyson puts it. Ya-as—we are a wonderfully humane body we medicos—we are—aw fact.



The city papers have evidently made up their minds to so familiarize folks with the plague that they will come to regard it as rather a sanitary boon. If I am wrong, will the genial author of a local paragraph referring to the municipalities buying from Dr. Bryce "large numbers of the cholera and other Health Pamphlets" please step out and explain himself?

There is nothing like getting at the solid bottom of the facts, and if a Globe reporter cannot do it on any given subject, no other aspirant for the job need try his hand. A correspondent of that valuable and beautifully illustrated—on its advertising pages—journal writes from St. John, N.B., after mixing with the people by the sea and "arriving at a tolerably correct idea of the general condition of political feeling." The correspondent says: "There is little feeling in either Nova Scotia or New Brunswick favorable to a severance of the Canadian Confederation in order to the substitution of a union with the United States. \* \* \* In Nova Scotia, however, there is an evident annexation sentiment, and I conversed with not a few persons in this Province who boldly avowed their belief that the material interests of the people would be placed on a vastly improved footing if the Province was absorbed by the American Union."