

LITTLE LOTTA

Pen Picture of Toronto's Favorite.

Among all the gifted ladies who adorn the stage Lottie is decidedly the pet and favorite. Her intense vitality, her beauty and the versatility of her talents draw all classes to see her. She has been on the stage since her eighth year and in all that time the breath of scandal never once assailed her.

It was always a marvel to the amusement-loving public how Lotta could be so sick that the Chaenut street opera house, Philadelphia, was compelled to be closed for one week, (about two years ago,) and that the end of that time she was well enough to resume her play of "Nitouche." More than this it was noticed that her voice had acquired fresh volume, and in "Nitouche," which is a singular play, she could be heard in ensemble as well as in solo. She is a phenomenally devoted child to her mother, in whose society she is found at all times. Can it be wondered at that this little lady returned so soon to her labour at the opera house, when we remembered that this speedy restoration was due to the inhalation of Compound Oxygen?

"Oh, yes! You remember the terrible sore throat I had two years ago—that it baffled the skill of my New York physicians! After burning my throat and positively prohibiting my appearance before an audience for an unlimited time I was promised great things if I would try the 'Oxygen'."

"It was evident from the first inhalation that I had done the right thing, for it seemed to bring the whole trouble under immediate control."

"Then you do not favor burning the throat or any of the methods usually resorted to?"

"No, I think it a harsh and cruel treatment and it cannot be long before Compound Oxygen will come to the rescue of all the profession."

"The health obtained by the Compound Oxygen treatment is as genuine and permanent as one's original health. Does your experience confirm that opinion?"

"I have not been sick an hour since I used the Oxygen. My mother has also been greatly benefited by the use of the Oxygen and is a great enthusiast as I. It seems to invigorate the whole constitution and imparts fresh life to every part of the body. In my profession I am always studying from nature. I observe the expressions, gestures and ways of the various people with whom I meet, and find that my power of observation has grown more acute and discriminating since my treatment with the Oxygen. In the voice alone there is a most perceptible gain. Long and sustained notes have become easy and whether talking or singing I find it not so labour. Persons who sing or talk much on stage or platform feel a certain amount of exhaustion at end of the season and to them the use of Compound Oxygen would be of great value. It is just what we all need."

"Do you think it would have the same effect on the system as change of climate?"

"Yes, and without the disadvantages of long journeys in pursuit of health, such as the loss of home comforts and the interference with regular business pursuits."

Should you have any unpleasant sensations while taking the Oxygen?

No, on the contrary, the sensations are pleasant."

...give your full consent to make
...review public?

Only do. You are at liberty

one of the busiest little
world. Her engagements

requiring her presence in the city. She owns the *Illustrated London News* and *Eq.*

... of wooded land in
... she is one of the
... the store. Totto is



FLOWERS

BY JOHN LAMBIE, TORONTO.

Flowers are loved by young and old,
As they gracefully unfold
Sweetness caught from Eden's bowers,
When at first God made the flowers ;
Bless in every tint and hue,
Smiling through their tears of dew ;
Beauty's glory crowns their heads,
As they peep from grassy beds !

Purity the Lily seems,
As she in the sunlight gleams;
Humility the Pansy knows.
Happiness bespeaks the Rose
Love the laughing Daffodil,
Pinks our eyes with *Beauty* fill;
Every flower, a charm its own,
Fills a place on *Flora's* throne!

Flowers may teach the heart of man,
As no other teacher can ;
God's creative hand was there,
When He made the flowers so fair ;
Out of chaos formed the earth,
Spoke, and planets had their birth ;
To adorn the human race,
Lest the beauty of His face !

He who loves the tiny flower
Something knows of Heaven's power—
That will hope and courage give,
Strength and sweetness while he lives;
Like the flowers we pass away,
Short, yet sweet, is life's brief day—
Let good deeds and thoughts sublime,
Stand the touch and test of time!

test with greater co'it than this gifted lady, who is still young and fresh. Now if the Compound Oxygen can bring back to the stage each year this favorite and pet, in prime health, the public can but thank this remedy. The local Toronto dispensary is at 73 King St. West, where Compound Oxygen is manufactured daily, and is administered to those who call.

PEOPLE

The eminent British naturalist, Mr. Wallace, will visit America in October.

The Duke of Braganza and his wife have secured the use of a magnificent Italian man-of-war for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

The rather boydenish balls and private theatricals of the Princess Metternich have considerably agitated the Austrian court-circles.

M. De Lesdun was welcomed back to the city of Paris with a public demonstration on the part of large crowds at the station and his home.

Lady Mandeville presented Mrs. Mackay at a recent Court Reception. Mrs. Mackay's ornaments were her famous sapphires, valued at \$300,000.

Rev. Dr. Playfair has received a long autograph letter from the Queen, very warmly thanking him for his attention and services during the late serious illness of the Duchess of Cornwall.

The ex President of France, M. McMahon, when he became a bridegroom, and gave up prolonged bachelorhood, married a sister of the Duc de Castries, whose death was a real Parisian social shock.

Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, jun., says that the Cunard steamer Oregon committed suicide to avoid being put on the company's Boston line—showing, at all events, that

something in the Boston line of humor continues in the Holmes family.

John Ruskin having had an opportunity to discuss in a London paper "How to give away £100,000," says: "It happens at this moment that I don't want to give away any of my money; and what I want to be told is how I am to do good by keeping it."

On the day before he sailed for one of his European tours, the late John Welch chanced to lock over the books of the Episcopal Hospital, at Philadelphia, and noticed that its debts amounted to \$18,000. Two days later, when he was on the coast, the manager received his check for the full amount of their indebtedness. He had made his address purposely uncertain, and their letter of thanks did not reach him for weeks.

Here's a state of things. Not long ago "Sam" Shall, in one of his sermons, said that a certain Mississippi editor hadn't "sense enough to feed a calf." The editor replied in the vernacular of the country that "Sam" was a liar, and that he could take it any way he pleased. The Kansas City Times advised "Sam" to take one third down and the balance in one and two years.

The death occurred, a few days ago, at the age of eighty-two, of M. Marceau, a tall, r. c. conierge, of the Rue de Babylone. The name of Marceau long ago struck the fancy of the novelist Balzac, who happened to see it in the owner's shop front. Balzac invested Marceau with the fanciful initial "Z," and made him a character in "*Scenes de la Vie Politique*." The conierge was charmed with the compliment, and to the end of his days not only signed himself "Z Marceau," but invariably appended to his signature the explanatory note, "the hero of Balzac."

Mr. Gladstone's strong face is in reality, as in his portraits, very deeply lined, though his eyes are as young as ever in their glowing keenness. He dresses in a quiet rather than a peculiar manner—black frock-coat, a vest opened low and displaying a broad shirt front, a high standing collar, with a black cravat carefully knotted, and dark baggy trousers. His seat is usually in the center of the ministerial front bench, and seated on it through a debate, when his face is most colorless and unlikable, he is apt to be most wide-awake. He hears everything, and is ready to answer everything.

The young ladies of the Northwestern University have ordered an oil portrait of Miss Frances Willard as a central ornament of the drawing-room of the Weman's College. It is a fitting tribute to a lady acknowledged the world over as a true and strong type of American womanhood, and who gave to the Weman's College (as its first Dean) some of the best years of her early life, and the prestige of her name. Prof. Kate Beal, the efficient director of the Art School of the Northwestern University, has received the order for the portrait, and will complete it before Commencement Day.

"I shall give the vacant Thistle to Lord _____," said Lord Melbourne. "If you do," replied Lord Palmerston, "he will eat it." If anyone had offered a primrose to Lord Beaconsfield, it may fairly be presumed that he would have yearned to devour it, for there is only one allusion to this flower in all his works, and that is in "Lothair," where, at the spring picnic, one of the characters rather ridicules his wife for bursting into ecstasies about the primrose, and remarks, "I have heard that they make a capital salad."

The Rev. Mr. Tyler had a big dog named Watch, whom he was in the habit of taking to church. One Sunday, in the midst of an impressive sermon, Mr. Tyler repeated in an earnest, eloquent manner the words "Watch! watch! watch! I say!" when rustle, rustle, bounce came his big dog, almost into his very arms. Honest Watch had been sitting with his eyes fixed, as usual, on the minister. At the first mention of his name up went his ears, and his eyes kindled; at the second he was still more deeply moved; at the third he obeyed, and flew completely over pew-rail and pulpit door with leaps that did equal honors to his muscular powers and desire to obey.

I think that every life has periods when the world, with all that is in it, is inexpres- sibly beautiful and dear. There, sadly enough come later periods, perhaps when our appre- ciative and grateful sense of the inexpress- ibly beautiful, and dear vanishes in the pa- thetic discovery that both the spirit and the flesh are weaker than we had ever dreamed they could become.