

recital of the story, and though that illustrious scientist was once brought to the very brink of suffocation by putting the lighted end, on which a long feathery ash was clinging, into his mouth, during one of the most interesting passages of the poem, Mr. Tremaine read it through to them in tones so deep and sonorous, that its effect was greatly enhanced thereby.

"I have called it," he said, as he was about to begin, 'The Haunted Man,' and it is a record of something, as I before said, that came under my own notice; so without further prelude I will begin."

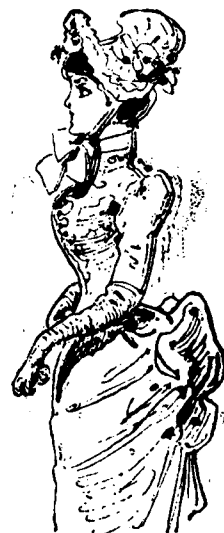
The story was then duly read, was listened to with intense interest, and afforded to the auditors more satisfaction than is customarily accorded, to similar relations.

(To be continued.)

## TWO LETTERS PICKED UP OFF THE STREET.

FLIRTINGTON CRESCENT,  
July 25th, 1886.

*John Coke Blackstone, Esq., Barrister.*



DEAR JACK,—Please consider our engagement as terminated, *finally and for ever*. I might forgive you for seeking to wed me to a life of poverty, but I cannot forgive or condone the offence of representing your income to be \$4,000 per annum (average) when in reality it is only \$900 as given under oath, as I understand. It is bad enough to obtain *money* under false pretences, in fact the law can punish any one for *that*, but how shall I characterize the man who tries to obtain a wife *under false pretences*—please return my letters *at once*. I herewith return yours, together with your presents. Yours truly,

VIRGINIA DRAPERVILLE.

P.S.—Of course as papa says your visits to our house must cease. V.D.

P.P.S.—Of course I feel sorry, *awfully sorry*, for I really *did* love you, but its *all over*!—good-by for ever! I cannot possibly marry under \$4,000. Tra-la-la. V. D.

(Answer to above).

LAW CHAMBERS, TORONTO STREET,  
July 26th, 1886.

DEAR MISS DRAPERVILLE:—

Since you desire it I will consider our engagement at an end, and that "finally and for ever," as you so decidedly put it. I admit having misstated my average amount of income in my interview with your father some months ago. I said about \$4,000; well, \$5,000 would be much nearer the mark; but, being no braggart I thought it more becoming to say a few hundreds less rather than to overrate the amount.

With regard to the \$900 published as my income in the *Globe* assessment list—that, like the flowers that bloom in the spring, has "nothing to do with the case," that is simply all I can afford to pay tax on. I return packet of letters—and also return you the courtesy of the formality "awfully sorry." My visits "of course" will cease *instantly* be sure of that. Yours respectfully,

JOHN COKE BLACKSTONE.

## AN ALARMING DISEASE.

ITS SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT.

A GOOD many people in this country and some others are afflicted with a peculiar disease; strange to say it has not been studied, or even named by any faculty of medicine known to us. It is not propagated by germs, is not chargeable to wall-paper, does not come up the stealthy drain-pipe, is entirely unconnected with tight-lacing and has no fraternity with strong drink. Its symptoms are silence, moodiness, a decided increase of nervous irritability; the eyes are commonly affected, usually with myopia; memory and will are enfeebled, fog seems to settle on the mind, interest is gradually lost in business and domestic affairs. This dire disease fastens upon its victims during their hours of leisure when labour might be best exchanged for recreation. Sometimes attacks occur at the dining-table, and quite often may be noticed on railroad trains and steamers. No city, town, or village, however salubrious in site, or however thorough in its drainage, seems exempt from its ravages. Its chief centres of attraction are where people congregate together in patronage of news-stalls and circulating libraries.

The victims of the epidemic described are subject to strange fascinations and delusions. They are powerfully attracted by large sheets of paper once white, but spoiled for useful purposes by rows of many small black marks. To run their eyes along the marks for hours together becomes a habit which they think does them good and not harm incalculable. Their favorite scent is an odor nearly as strong as tobacco, and which proceeds from a mixture of the fragrant materials known to commerce as glue, molasses, and lampblack.

The perversion of an appetite once healthy seems to be the cause of this curious disease. As in the case of whiskey, the best cure, in fact the only one, is neither pill, potion, nor plaster, but simply abstinence. Anything that might excite and increase the malady must be sedulously kept from the patient: all daily newspapers, novels, books of gossip and cackle. Bacon or equally substantial diet may be taken in small portions, but even of wholesome food there must be no excess. Too much fuel can put out a fire.

The malady, if we must name it, is print-greed, the passion in a reading age for mere paper and type, irrespective of thought, judgment, or even pleasure. G.

## A FALSE ALARM.

(SCENE—Country road; a stalwart Irishman, unemployed, meets a lawyer.)

*Irishman (hoarsely)*—Sor, a shillin', or ilse—

*Lawyer (alarmed)*—Else what?

*Irishman (still more hoarsely)*—Or ilse—a six-pence.

The lawyer "forks out."—*The Bailie.*

*He*—And now, Sarah, what kind of an engagement ring shall I get you? *She*—Solid gold, I guess, Henry; I'm so tired of wearing imitation gold for engagements.—*Ex.*

THE performances at Doty's Island Theatre have been remarkably well patronized during the past week. The theatre is under the management of Mr. W. J. Dill, and its success is due in large measure to his experience and energy.