



Mrs. Seguin, the opera singer, is dead. Seguin is a French-Canadian name from Iberville.

Alexander Salvini, son of the great tragedian, is the most accomplished swordsman on the stage.

Gilbert and Sullivan have finished their new opera, to be brought out in London in September.

A London violinist, named Carrodus, has just bought the Stradivarius violin used by Paganini for \$3,400.

Max Heinrich, the baritone, well known in Canada, has gone to London to sing and expects to stay there.

M. Couture, choir master of Christ Church Cathedral, Montreal, is now in England making a special study of cathedral music.

W. E. Fairclough, organist of St. George's Church, Montreal, who recently graduated as a Fellow of the College of Organists, of London, Eng., has arrived, with his bride, in Canada.

QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

X.

THE VILLANELLE (Continued.)

The reader asks for a few more examples of the Villanelle. We will bend to this desire, giving some chosen from the best hands, and on the most appropriate subjects. Austin Dobson has the following on a Nankin Plate:—

"Ah, me! but it might have been!
Was there ever so dismal a fate?"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"Such a maid as was ever seen!
She passed, though I cried to her: 'Wait!'"
Ah, me! but it might have been!

"I cried, 'O my Flower, my Queen,
Be mine!' 'Twas precipitate"—
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

"But then... she was just sixteen,—
Long-eyed,—as a lily straight,—
Ah, me! but it might have been!

"As it was, from her palankeen,
She laughed—"You're a week too late!"
(Quoth the little blue mandarin.)

"That is why, in a mist of spleen,
I mourn on this Nankin Plate.
Ah, me! but it might have been!"
Quoth the little blue mandarin.

And this, from the equally "conynge" pen of Edmund Gosse, is timely to the coming fall season:—

Wouldst thou be content to die
When low-hung fruit is hardly clinging
And golden Autumn passes by?

Beneath this delicate rose-grey sky
While sunset bells are faintly ringing,
Wouldst thou be content to die?

For wintry webs of mists on high
Out of the muffled earth are springing,
And golden Autumn passes by.

O now, when pleasures fade and fly,
And Hope her southward flight is winging,
Wouldst thou be content to die?

Lest winter come, with wailing cry,
His cruel icy bondage bringing,
When golden Autumn hath passed by;

And thou, with many a tear and sigh,
While life her wasted hand is wringing,
Shall pray in vain for leave to die,
When golden Autumn hath passed by.

Just for the sake of Bonnie Belle, as Samuel Minturn Peck sends her a Villanelle, let us read it and enjoy its gentle spell:—

Just to please my Bonnie Belle,
With her winsome eyes of blue,
Lo, I sing a Villanelle.

List the merry music swell!
Haste, ye rhymes, in measure true,
Just to please my Bonnie Belle.

Have a care to foot it well,
Tripping like a fairy crew,
Lo, I sing a Villanelle.

Come from where the Pixies dwell,
Dance with sandals dipped in dew,
Just to please my Bonnie Belle.

In her ear, the tiny shell
Let my peerless passion sue;
Lo, I sing a Villanelle.

Will she listen? Who can tell?
Does she love me? Would I knew!
Just to please my Bonnie Belle,
Lo, I sing a Villanelle.

We have not yet quoted Oscar Wilde, in this series, although he excels among the votaries of Provençal verse. The reader will, therefore, doubtless be pleased to read this Villanelle to old Sicilian Theocritus, prince of pastoral poets, as the crown of this issue's paper:—

O singer of Persephone!
In the dim meadows desolate,
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still through the ivy flits the bee,
Where Amaryllis lies in state;
O singer of Persephone!

Simaetha calls on Hecate,
And hears the wild dogs at the gate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Still by the light and laughing sea
Poor Polypheme bemoans his fate;
O singer of Persephone!

And still in boyish rivalry
Young Daphnis challenges his mate;
Dost thou remember Sicily?

Stern Lacon keeps a goat for thee;
For thee the jocund shepherds wait;
O singer of Persephone!
Dost thou remember Sicily?

A PASTUREAL POEM.

Gustavus Adolphus Benjamin Lee
Said he wanted to learn to milk,
And the rustic swelled with inward glee;
"You'd better borrow some pants," says he,
"And rig yourself like Bill and me."
But, no; he wa' none of that ilk.

Do you think that a chap at the top of the tree,
Who to college has been for years,
Cannot learn in a trial or two after tea?
Just give me that stool and you quickly will see
How soon you would lose if you'd bet me a V.
But, no; you have nothing but jeers.

So he sat on a stool that was made like a T.
And the cow in the pail put her tail,
Then, feigning she wanted to kill a mosquito—
To, she slashed with an action quite free;
You would think that she wanted to murder a bee,
For she handled her tail like a flail.

Gustavus said something beginning with D,
Took his crushed hat (made of silk),
And murmured: The question at present with me
Is not whether $X = Y + Z$,
Or whether the moon is in perigee,
But will benzoline take out milk?

Huntingdon, P.Q.

MACK.

MILITIA NOTES.

General Cameron wants the Government to build him a dwelling at Kingston.

General Middleton is making an effort to settle the trouble in the Governor-General's Foot Guards in Ottawa. He declares that no breach of discipline has been committed.

Lieut. Chamberlin, of the 45th Batt., has paid \$25 duty on the cup he won at Wimbledon and got the cup. On the return of the minister he will apply for a refund, which may be made by order-in-council.

Gentleman Cadet Edmund Charles Hamilton, from the Royal Military College, Kingston, has been appointed second lieutenant in the Third Hussars, and William Charles Gifford Henneker a second lieutenant in the Connaught Rangers.

On the authority of Mr. Percy Wood, we are informed that the casting of the Sharpshooters' Memorial, to be erected in Ottawa in commemoration of the suppression of the last Riel rebellion, was completed by the founders on August 1st, with the result that a casting of peculiar excellence has been obtained. The work will shortly be shipped to Canada, and Mr. Percy Wood will be present at the unveiling in Ottawa. Mr. Wood has presented a cast of his bust of Professor Owen to the Canadian National Gallery, and it will be placed in the collection at Ottawa.



"Do they have round dances at this hotel?" "Yes; but they do not permit the boarders to have square meals."

It is not always safe to hire a kitchen girl on the strength of her assertion that she is a good poker player.

The experience of ages has shown that it is useless to expect a man to be a good, practical, consistent Christian when his standing collar doesn't fit.

The worst case of selfishness on record is that of a youth who complained because his mother put a larger mustard plaster upon his younger brother than she did on him.

Western Town Boomer—"We're bound to have a big population here." Stranger (mired in a principal street)—"Yes, fellows who get in here once will never get out again."

"I hear you have broken with Miss Strong?" "Yes, I found that she was a woman with a will of her own. It was a question of breach of promise or promise of breeches, and I chose the former."

"I am so glad your sister enjoyed her visit to us, Mr. Smith."

"Oh, well, you know, she is the sort of girl who can enjoy herself anywhere, you know."

A correspondent says: "My name's Somerset. I'm a miserable bachelor. I cannot marry, for how can I hope to prevail on any young lady possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy to turn a Somerset?"

Ambitious Musician—"I have fame at last in my grasp." "How so?" "You know that Mendelssohn's wedding march helped amazingly in making his fame." "Well, what of it?" "I shall write a divorce march."

Dumley (who has given Featherly a cigar from his private box)—"I've smoked worse cigars than these, Featherly."

Featherly—"Ye-es, Dumley, I s'pose you have; but you must remember that you are an older man than I am."

Ragged urchin (to druggist's clerk): "Pa has taken a dose of that linnymunt you gin lim, an' he's corfin' an' sneezin' fit to bust hisself, an' he says he's a coming to knock merry blazes out o' you; so gimme a nickel an' run fer yer life!"

"Clara," said the old man, from the head of the stairs, "say to that young fellow that a storm is coming up."

"All right, sir; thanks," responded the young fellow himself. "I hadn't noticed it. I think I'll wait and see if it doesn't blow over."

Horace Greeley told this story of himself. Soon after he went to learn the printing business, he went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text: "My daughter is being grievously tormented with a devil."

"You seem to have quite a sum in your bank, Bobby," remarked the visitor. "Yes," said Bobby, "ma gives me ten cents a week for coming to the table with clean hands and face." "Ten cents is a good deal of money for a little boy to earn every week." "Yes, ma'am, but I have to do a large amount of work for it."

Equal to the occasion. He (summering in the country)—"Shall I assist you over this wire fence, Maud?" She—"No, I can do very nicely by myself; and in the meantime, Charley, I wish you would study that bank of clouds in the west and tell me if it looks like rain."

A line or two may appear in a newspaper that may make a man an enemy to the newspaper for life. He will stop his subscription, but this act does not deter him from reading the paper. It simply changes him from a subscriber to a borrower, a filcher of the editor's work without compensation. There are a number of individuals who will read this item and appreciate its pith.

Woman with satchel enters car, sits down; enter conductor, asks for fare; woman opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, takes out dime, shuts purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, shuts satchel, offers dime, receives nickel, opens satchel, takes out purse, shuts satchel, opens purse, puts in nickel, closes purse, opens satchel, puts in purse, closes satchel; "Stop the car, please!"

"Darringer, have you a half dollar that you don't want?"

"Why, certainly. Here it is."

The next day:

"Say, Darringer, that half dollar you gave me was a counterfeit?"

"Yes, Bromley. You asked me if I had a half dollar that I didn't want."

She (blushing)—What did papa say last night, George, when you went to gain his consent to woo and win me?

He (somewhat embarrassed)—Well—er—to tell the truth, Clara, in some way we got to discussing politics, and I forgot all about the other matter. Ah, darling, are you sure that you will always love me as you do now?

She (coldly)—I beg of you, Mr. Sampson, let us talk about the tariff question.