



ERNESTO ROSSI,

THE TRAGEDIAN.

(COMING TO THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE MONDAY EVENING, 13TH.)

pretended to take the greatest interest in the proceedings. So I call to Collector Patton, at once to do as the *Dominion Churchman* advises.

While his hand is in, might he not do something to the publishers of the *Canadian Monthly Review*? They are Nonconformists of most dangerous views. The Collector might seize some of their books. One of them, I am told, is what worldly persons call a good-looking man, quite the person therefore to allow foolish women to attend such meetings of Dissenters!

I am, Sir, yours in sorrow,
IGNATIA CHANSUBLE GRUNDY,
Toronto, Feast of St. Blazes, 1881.

Our Private Box.

Royal.—Mr. Oliver Doud Byron, a sensational actor well known and highly popular in this city is the attraction at present at the Royal, where he will remain until the end of the week.

Grand.—The great event of the season, the engagement of Rossi, the Italian tragedian, supported by Milnes Laveck and a first rate company, commences on Monday night, when *Hamlet* will be given. Tuesday and Wednesday will be devoted to *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello* respectively. Reserved seats are now on sale at the usual places; prices, \$1.50 and \$1 according to position. Those who intend seeing this great actor will consult their interests by securing their seats in advance—"and quickly too."

Mr. Wm. Horace Lingard reappeared at the Grand on Wednesday night, succeeding Haverly's "Strategists," and will remain to the end of the week, giving his mirth-provoking representations. There are few adler comedians on the stage to-day than Mr. Lingard, and all who enjoy good character acting should make it a point to see him.

It is rumoured that Sam Hague's British Minstrels are to return shortly. They are sure to get a right hearty reception if they do.



BUCOLIC BULLS.

Mr. John Bull is a good-natured old buffer, of a truth. He is immense on the "forgive and forget." Having scored from the tablet of his memory all the facts in the case of the Alabama award, including the interesting item that several millions over and above the just claim still lie in Uncle Sam's cash box, and having expressed his thanks for the comical "salute" to his flag lately given at Yorktown, we find him now taking off his hat to the stars and stripes at the Lord Mayor's show. We do not object to displays of international good will, on the contrary they are amongst the most hopeful signs of the times. But they look better when they are more or less mutual—not altogether one-sided. The Yorktown affair was a joke—if not intentionally something worse—on the British flag, and the present salaaming

on Mr. Bull's part would be a little ridiculous even if Uncle Sam didn't have his hand in J. D's. coat-tail. Jekot as he has—further particulars of which may be had on application to Mr. Secretary Blaine.

Quid Nunc?

'Twas in a meeting lately held
Within Toronto city,
That did occur this incident—
The subject of this ditty.

A man though young, yet of great zeal,
Attacked a Rural Dean, Sir,
In words which in old party days
Might have provoked a scene, Sir.

When his remarks concluded were,
The one aggrieved did rise, Sir,
And quietly de-liver-ed
The following reply, Sir:

"Young men ought not, I'd have you know,
To make such rabid speeches
'Gainst those who missionaries were
Ere they'd attained to breeches."

Then let us learn to have respect
For men who, born before us,
Have, though we really clever are,
Ten soles for our chorus.

November 7, 1881.

CHARLIE JAY.

Ten Minutes in the Sewing Circle.

BY J. LOES.

The ladies of the Sewing-society were in Mrs. Jones' parlour, sewing away with energy and spirit for their contemplated bazaar which they fondly hoped and firmly determined should out-shine anything of the sort ever given by them or rival societies in the village of N—. A variety of articles, ornamental and otherwise, in various stages near completion, attested to the fact that a great afternoon's work had been done, and if as the time for work was drawing to a close, they were enjoying a gossip, they felt themselves entitled to that pleasure.

The conversation was animated, small wonder, they were talking about a wedding.

"Well," said Mrs. McDonald, the President of the society. "What did you think of the bride, how did she look?"

"Well enough," answered Mrs. Smith, as she turned the hem of a pinafore, "though she was a bit pale, it was natural in her to look kind of scared, knowin' her man for such a short time as she did. I hope as it will turn out all right."

"Pale! Mrs. Smith! Goodness me, when I seed her she was walkin' down the ile, and was as red as a turkey cock and almost as conceited."

"Seemed to me she held her head as much as to say she'd done something great," exclaimed Miss Blake, as she proceeded to turn the heel of the stocking she was knitting.

"Well, and why shouldn't she be proud; husbands don't grow on every bush, and if Mary Arthurs is a bit conceited, why, I say, let her be."

"She wanted lots of the same article to match with the poorest specimen of a man, or she'll have no chance to hold her own," remarked Mrs. Scroggins, whose own connubial relations were not of the happiest.

"Oh, Mrs. Scroggins, all men ain't so bad," timidly ventured meek little Mrs. Taylor, "and any ways Dean is a lucky man to marry such a sweet girl as Mary Arthurs."

"Sweet!" jerked out Mrs. Jones (a widow) in a high falsetto—after a pause—"Well, yes, now I think of it, she was sweet, rather too sweet, for Tom Cole had made up his mind to marry her, and feels bad as he didn't; not as in my opinion she's much loss with her extravagant ways. I'd like to know how the brothers could afford to buy her weddin' dress, and all the fine things she had for her trousseau."

"Her aunt gave 'em to her," said Mrs. Mc-