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Vol 36

THE REIGNING SENSATION!

Stone, Murray & Co's



Which has acquired a National Reputation of being

THE BEST EVER SEEN!

WILL EXHIBIT IN

ST. ANDREWS,

FRIDAY, July 10th,

Corner King and Park Streets.

Performances at 8 o'clock and Evening.

Commencing at 2 and 7 o'clock.

Admission 50 cents. Children under 10 years 25c

and 5c THE TROUPE THIS SEASON.

As regards extent and variety of talent, cannot be

equalled, composed as it is,

ENTIRELY OF FIRST CLASS ARTISTS,

who have no rivals in their astounding specialties,

and whose intensely exciting Performances can be

seen in no other exhibition in the world.

The Press terms with Laudatory Eulogies of the

excellent excellence of the Mammoth Troupe,

and overflowing audiences, fashionable and critical,

attest with rapturous applause, and other mani-

festations of popular delight, the thorough appreci-

ation of

THE PROLIFIC TALENTS

of the Matchless Cluster of Artists of the

LEADING CIRCUS OF THE WORLD!

The exhibition will be given with the same unpar-

alleled splendor that has always characterized the

entertainments of STONE AND MURRAY, and they

are warranted to be the best.

REFINED AND ATTRACTIVE

Artistic Performances ever offered to the Public.

LOOK AT THIS SUPERB CATALOGUE:

THE CALLER BROTHERS.

The Amazing Gymnasts, from the Hippodrome,

Paris, their first season in America.

MURRAY & HUTCHINSON,

The Peerless Acrobat!

MISS EMILY COOKE,

The Dashing English Manage Equestrienne!

THE SNOU BROTHERS,

The Unequaled Posturers and Equilibrists!

SIG. COLUMBUS,

The Inimitable Italian Contortionist, (his first season in America.)

MR. DEN STONE,

The Popular American Clown!

MR. HARRY NORTH, and his Companion MR.

CHARLES RIVERS, the two best Tumblers in the World.

SIG. FERDINAND SANGRINO,

The Spanish Champion Rider!

MR. BURT JOHNSON, the champion Leaper and

Vaulter. MISS GEORGE COOKE, the Artistic

Protean Equestrian. MR. FRED. MAY, the

Protean Contortionist. BARRY & REEVES, the

Artistic Acrobats.

The above Artists will be aided by a complete force of

Auxiliary Talent, super-added to

HUTCHINSON'S ACTING DOGS;

MURRAY'S TRAINED HORSES;

and BEN. STONE'S COMIC MIMES;

The Grand Extraordinary Parade will parade the principal

Avenues on the morning of the Exhibition Day.

The attractions of this Circus are indeed of a

superior order, and the "Stock market" street shows—

STONE AND MURRAY have what their Patrons pay to see.

—A First Class Entertainment, with a profusion of New

Ideas and Novel Effects.

Do not heed the plaintive cry of "Wait, oh, Wait!" at

the door of "Managers in distress." But if you desire to see

the very best Circus in the world, attend the superb exhibi-

tion of Stone & Murray.

If you "wait" to see a better Circus than Stone & Mur-

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son he knew you to be a clandestine mason,

and a man who has learned the secrets in an im-

proper way. Therefore it is his duty to chastise

you. Your life may yet be forfeited for that

indiscretion.

My life! but by all that is good, I thought

you were only humbugging me when you said

that "spoons" was the password.

Sh! I'll leave! said Jacob, putting his

finger to his lips. Never utter that

word again. Masons are ubiquitous, and you

might lose your life. As it is, you are in dan-

ger; for all the folks in the city will be

immediately convoked to adopt measures that

may discover the man who has betrayed them.

My life, as well as you s, is in jeopardy.—

Promise me that you will never again utter

that password.

And so "spoons" is the password! Ralph

was at last convinced that his old friend had

been telling the truth. Well, may I be broil-

ed on a red hot iron, if ever I had "spoons" again!

Ralph has most religiously kept his word.—

Should he need a spoon while at the table

he now asks his wife for a "sugar-spoon,"

fearing if he mentioned the proper name of the

required article, some pugnacious member of

the mystic brotherhood might respond to the

Masonic password.

My First Sight of the Queen.

BY J. M. M., TORONTO.

It was in the month of February, 1867,

just a little over two years ago. The scene

was in London, and the occasion was the

opening of Parliament by Her Majesty in

person on the fifth day of that month. Many

years had I wished for such an opportunity,

and several efforts had I made to get a

glance of her—but all in vain. Owing

to the great seclusion in which Her Majesty

lives, the opportunities of seeing her in public

have been comparatively rare.

A "sight of her" is not easily forgotten or

effaced from the memory—on the contrary, it

is generally treasured up for years by all who

may have been so favoured—to be related to

social and family circles, with all the incidents

of the day, which retain their firm hold on the

memory. Such, at any rate, is my own ex-

perience, for though the circumstances in

which I saw her were not the most comfort-

able or agreeable so far as the weather was

concerned, still I cannot help looking back

with feelings of satisfaction at having under-

gone a little of the life of the Queen, and

of the Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and

Ireland.

This was not the first occasion on which

she had opened Parliament since her long re-

irement; she had done so the year previous,

1866, but on that occasion I was disappointed,

having been misled as to the time stated at

which she was expected to return from West-

minster—the result being that I got down to

the Mall just in time to be too late to see her

passing Buckingham Palace.

My long-remembered location was in Upper Thames

Street, not a thousand yards from the centre

of the Dome of St. Paul's—a street famed for

its numerous Iron and Metal, Paint and Drug

and other warehouses—so that I had a three-

mile journey before I could reach the line of

procession; and desiring to perform the jour-

ney in as little time as possible, I decided on

going by the quickest route, namely, the

"Penny Boat." The morning was fair but did

not look at all propitious. Towards mid day

the clouds gathered gloomily overhead, and

by one o'clock rain fell heavily. I embarked in

one of the steamers, at St. Paul's wharf—a

conveniently located spot, for here it was

that the hero of the story remained for some

time in seclusion in the house of honest John

seeing, there was the regular mixture of "City

Arabs," "Coster-mongers," and other "Na-

tives" of the lanes and by lanes of the Metro-

polis, who came out to a small amount of real

native stuff, in which such individuals gen-

erally excel, and which tended to keep some of

the people good humoured who otherwise might

have got impatient. Umbrellas and hats par-

ticularly came in for their share of ridicule,

and the cries of "umbrellas down," with the

eager signs of anxiety and excitement con-

sequent on "false alarms," tended to relieve

the monotony of waiting. At length, how-

ever, the carriages began to pass along one by

one in their appointed order, containing more

or less important members of the Court of St.

James, until at last the royal carriage ap-

peared in view. It was drawn by eight most

beautiful cream-colored horses, with splendid

brass mounted harness of the most elaborate

and costly description, and outriders.

I felt afraid of losing even a glance at the

Queen in such an eager crowd, but happily

just at the right time—when the carriage was

passing right in front of where I stood, there

was as it were a general wave of the hand

before me to the right and left, that enabled

me to get a full view of her face, just as she

was in the act of looking out and bowing to

the people on our side of the carriage in re-

sponse to their loyal cheering. In front of her

sat the princess Louise and Beatrice, and by

her side one of the young princes. Her Ma-

jesty looked in good health, and I was much

pleased with the motherly character of her face,

and saw the same with her favorite Mrs.

Queen of Scots' cap, which became her well

known to all who have seen her. The crowd

immediately afterwards dispersed—

some to wait till her return, to see her

again—others to their homes, and still others

to return to their daily toil. I having to do

the latter, made my way as best I could back

through the wet and sloppy streets, feeling re-

warded for my pains, and satisfied that I would

not soon forget "my first sight of the Queen."

[From July number "New Dominion Month-

ly."]

HOUSTON AND THE VOLUNTEER.—One

day as General Houston and Base, accom-

panied by the Adjutant-General, M. C. G. W.

were promenading arm in arm through the

streets of the town, which were swarming with

the disbanded volunteers, many of them col-

lected in groups discussing the propriety of the

President's order, their attention was called to