



A POSER FOR A PROPHET.

Oh Doctor Wild! Oh Doctor Wild!
Oh mystic and prophetic Child!
Thou'rt very learned about the Nile,
And thou can't tell to half a mile
The distance to the fiery Mars,
Or ee'n the twinkling little stars,
Thou know'st the height of Old Goliath,
And when the prophet Jeremiah
Packed up his tent on Israel's soil,
And started for the Emerald Isle.
But wilt thou, Doctor, kindly show
What party in On-tay-r-y-O
Next session on the right will sit!
Will it be Tory or be Grit?
Oh learned Doctor, tell me that,
In sooth I've wagered a new hat;
Canst thou do thus, oh Bond Street prophet,
I'll raise to thee my hat and doff it.



Signor Salvini is the next attraction at the Grand, and no doubt his reception will be as enthusiastic as on his last visit.

Mr. Jos. J. Dowling is still at the Royal, presenting this week an attractive melodrama entitled, "Republic Mine," in which he displays great skill as a marksman.

The sixth Christmas concert of the Toronto College of Music, under the direction of Professor Kerrison, took place at that Institution on Thursday evening. The programme consisted of selections from the various musical masters, and the pupils' comprehensive rendition of such a high order of music must afford the highest satisfaction to the management of the institution, which has produced such clever pianists as Miss Annie Lampman, Miss Lily Smith, and others.

It is reported that Mr. John Hague, late secretary of the Philharmonic Society, intends opening a Chesterfieldian Academy for instruction in Polite Letter writing. His recent letters in the press, against Mr. J. B. Bousstead, abounding in such elegant phrases as "audacious," "gross," "unwarrantable," "outrageous," "repudiating faith-breaker," "white-washed," "right-destroyer," "dictator," &c., are fine examples of *harmonic* English. Grip bespeaks immense success for the academy.

One of our city's greatest musical favorites, Mlle. Marie Litta, will be heard here on the 25th-26th, supported by a new company, said to be much stronger and more attractive than

any that have travelled with the *prima donna* heretofore. Litta delighted every one of her hearers when she sang here last, and her popularity will be sure to attract a fine audience from our many music lovers. The company includes Signor Ernesto Baldanza, the great Italian tenor, late with her Majesty's Opera and the Strakosch Grand Italian Opera Troupe; Miss Annie E. Beere, the favorite New York contralto, late with the Thursby Concert Company and the Arbuckle Concert Troupe; Julius Bereghy, the great Hungarian *basso profundo*; Louis Blumenberg, the wonderful violoncellist, and Joseph Harrison, pianist and accompanist. This makes the Litta Company one of the finest musical attractions in the field, and their concerts on the 25th and 26th will, doubtless, be a rare artistic treat. This is Litta's last American concert tour, as next year she returns to Europe.

A MYSTERY OF THE DEEP.

IN THREE SCENES.

SCENE 1.

Adown by the sounding sea where the summer breezlets play,
And the wavelets to the zephyrllets are murmuring all the day,
In the glad some summer season, in the monthlet of July,
Two lovers sat on the sad sea-shore. How swift the moments fly,
When eye to eye is speaking,
When heart to heart is throbbing,
And against the vest on the lover's breast,
Goes bobbity bob-bob-bobbing.

The lover's twain were as dainty a pair as ever felt the passion,
And each was dressed in the very best and quite the latest fashion,
A soup-plate hat, and a brief, brief coat, and tight, tight pants had he,
A weird, limp dress, and a poodle dog, and a Gainsboro' hat had she,
How swift the moment flew.
As they gazed in each other's eye,
And each discerned in the other's that burned.
The joy of a glad surprise.

And there on a rock these lovers sat, away from the city's din,
And they took no heed of the silent tide as it came accreeping in.
As it crept, and crept, and crept, till the rock was all surrounded,
And they little thought of the danger near, or how soon they might be drowned!
For unnoticed the moments speed,
When heart to heart is bumping,
For, like a pup from tether freed,
The souls go jump, jump, jumping.

SCENE 2.

On the deck of a gallant man-of-war the Captain strode abate,
And as he paced his quarter-deck, the middies larked and laughed,
And the bo'sun swept the horizon of the Oceanic blue
With his spy-glass, for it is the way that all good bo'suns do.
When sailing the raging main,
And scouring along the deep,
When the billows break in the vessel's wake
Like a flock of snow-white sheep.

"A sail, a sail!" the bo'sun cried, "away on the starb'd bow,
But, shiver my timbers, I never see so strange a craft till now.
She's never a stick nor spar, she's never a rope nor sail,
And she makes no way, but lies along and very much like a whale."
And he shivered his limbs and eyes,
And he swore till all was blue,
'Tis a way with sailors of expressing surprise,
And all good bo'suns do.
The captain he took his telescope, and gazed from the taffrail aft,
And he looked, and looked, but never a thing could he make of the curious craft.
The second "luff" took a long, long look as he off to leeward spat,
"It looks to me," at length, said he, "like a monitor squashed out flat."
And they nearer, and nearer, drew
To the gruesome mystere,
Which heaved, and pitched like a thing bewitched!
On the undulating sea.

SCENE 3.

"Oh! Chawlie, Chawlie, woe is me, how fearfully, awfully too,
The tide's come in, and we shall drown, oh! Chawlie, dear, boo-hoo.
And the maiden wept, and Chawlie looked round and saw the seething wave
Had crept all round the little rock, and he quailed tho' stout and brave.
"Oh! Cynthia dear," he said,
"One thing remains, that's flat,
Let's go afloat in that thing on your head,
That fashionable Gainsboro' hat."
"We must, we must, indeed we must," cried the weeping maiden fair,
As off she took her cherished hat, and a lot of her dainty hair,
And down in the water put the hat which made them a boatie brave,
"Hurrah!" cried Chawlie, "cheer up, hurrah! for a life on the ocean wave,
And the lovers got on board,
On board of the Gainsboro' hat,
And away they went as the billows roared,
Now this way, and now that—

Till afar on the boundless deep they floated, the veriest speck,
Till they were seen by the captain bold, as he paced on his quarter-deck,
And as we've said before, were seen by the gallant bo'sun too.
And the captain ordered the course of his ship to be changed a point or two,
Till at length they came close up
To where the lovers sat,
Upon the brim, with the poodle pup,
All safe in the Gainsboro' hat.

FINALE.

And now, you girls, who affect these hats when you go to the Theatral,
Pray keep them till you visit the sea, like Chawlie and Cynthia;
For there beneath their welcome shade, as on the shore you lie,
You'll find how quick and sweetly fast, the precious moments fly,
When eye to eye is speaking,
When heart to heart is throbbing,
And 'gainst the vest on your lover's breast,
Goes bobbity, bob, bob, bobbing. —SWIZ.

WHAT'S SAVED IS GAINED.

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"IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?"

(G—N S—H—Too late! Too late!!
Here I am again with the Bystander just in time to see Gordon Brown step down and out!
O, cruel fate! What is there now left for Bystander to live for!