



A STAGE WHISPER.

MENIAL—"Madame, the Marquis is without and desires an audience."

STAR ACTRESS (surveying array of empty benches—aside)—"So do I!"

CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

PONSONBY—"What's matter, deah boy, what's matter? Hope you haven't howid gwip, or anything so Bohemian, don'tyeknow."

CHOLMONDELEY—"Naw. Fact is, deucedly upset, don'tyeknow—all-consuming fire of love and sympathy awowed—two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one, and that sort of thing—fevahwish—cawn't eat, cawn't sleep, cawn't even enjoy cigawettes."

P.—"Cawn't indulge in favowite dissipation? Why, deah me! tewible, tewible! What's matter, deah boy?"

C.—"Affecting tale, Ponsonby;—story in weekly peweeodical. Lucille, hewoine—angel girl, beautiful beyond compare—oh, wapture!—face divine, alabaster epidermis, eyes heavenly blue, wavy golden hair, teeth of pearl, coral lips, snowy bwow, and a figure—Ponsonby, a figure of chiselled mawble, altogether wavishingly beautiful, don'tyeknow. Such was Lucille—sweet angel—decoyed, as she was, from Coney Island in the height of the season, whither she had gone from Towonto, having purchased numerous *chiffon* bathing suits of assorted hues, for she had heard that fawtune favored the bwave, and she was cowageous, and desired to be fortunate and escape the overworked English of Toronto's pwetentious aristocwacy—decoyed, Ponsonby, to the summit of the cloud-enshowded, snow-capped Alps by a beastly fellow—man who works, don'tyeknow—despewate stwuggle—Lucille scweams—dull, sickening thud—tewible silence

—awful! Oh, Ponsonby, if you only knew the love and sympathy I bear that divine and beauteous cweature; how her every movement, every jot and tittle that affects her fortunes, seem to have cowesponding effect on my own, you would help me. How I long to fly and wescue her! Cannot, oh, cannot you, Ponsonby, conjecture what happened to deah Lucille after being dwopped over the Alps by—by—beastly fellow?"

P.—"Come, come, calm yourself, deah boy—cheer up, Cholmondeley. Wead—wead what follows—er—dull, sickening thud, and that sort of thing; wead, deah boy, wead!"

C.—"Aye, there's the wub. Cawn't, Ponsonby, cawn't; the stowy's to be continued on Monday—next week, Ponsonby, and this is only Tuesday—and sweet Lucille is suspended between heaven and earth until next Monday evening. Oh, Ponsonby, I shall be cwazy—a waving maniac, when I see you again; be careful when next we meet, Ponsonby, for I have no wish to do you harm, besides, you belong to our set, and are permitted to wear the same neckwear and use the same perfume without waising the wath of the culchawed. Surely you don't doubt my fwriendship, deah boy. Oh, Lucille, Lucille! oh, wapture, face divine!"

P.—"Doubt fwriendship, deah boy?—quite contwawy, I assure you. Come, I say, cheer up, old chappie, Lucille shall be saved—heowines always are, don'tyeknow. Yours is a sympathetic natchaw, Cholmondeley, but I say, you'll have to bwace up, don'tyeknow."

C.—"Oh, do you think Lucille will be saved, Ponsonby, 'pon honor? But no, I cawn't believe it—Lucille was dwopped over the Alps, deah boy. If it had been the mountain at Hamilton there would be hope; but the Alps, Ponsonby, the Alps! Alas! all hope is pewished with Lucille in that tewible abyss—she will have reached the ground—the wocks, Ponsonby, before next Monday night. Think of that, Ponsonby, think of that! Oh, Lucille!"

P.—"Ah! I have an idea."

C.—"Weally?"

P.—"Yaas. I've wead stowy—book form—somewhere. Chawming girl—fascinating, wewy, especially in *chiffon* bathing dwess. She wead somewhere chawming neck and shoulders ought not to be concealed. She couldn't find any excuse for appeawing in full dwess. Lucille was altogether chawming, and, like some of the culchawed, did not know where to dwaw the line, natchully the *chiffon* bathing dwess is a consequence, don'tyeknow, which will become fashionable, in time, at the seaside."

C.—"And Lucille, Lucille! what of her? Was she saved—oh, tell me!"

P.—"Well, cawn't say, don'tyeknow."

C.—"Oh, Lucille! Lucille!"

P.—"Ah, yes, now I come to think—Lucille scweams—dull, sickening thud—she elevated beastly fellow far above her snowy bwow and golden hair with her finely-chiselled arms, and, assuming a Delsarte posture, gently dwopped beastly fellow into the canon below."

C.—"Oh, let me embwace you, Ponsonby—you have saved my life, and with it my weason."

T. COCKBURN.

UNDENIABLE.

"I FAIL to see that the rule of Mercier in Quebec has been favorable to the interests of the Catholic Church."

"But you can't deny that the Pope has turned him to a-Count."