

# TORONTO

*Light Literature*

JOSEPH S. KNOWLES, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

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## "The Two Orphans."

The excellent portraits of Mademoiselle Liza Tailleure and Signora Hanna Digges, the two world-renowned Tragediennes, does credit to the skill of our artist, Mr. C. H. Flewwelling.

Early in life they showed a fondness for the stage, (the Quaco stage passed their beautiful villa on the romantic shores of Loch Lomond every day), with a decided talent for tragedy, taking juvenile parts in such thrilling dramas as "The Bloody Ox Bow, or the Gum Merchant's Revenge," and "The Birch Broom Mystery, or Murder Will Out," and after years of patient study under the Rev. Mr. Francis, they made their debut in a piece called "The Barrel of Flour, or the Forged Order," achieving great success.

About four years ago, Miss Tailleure played "Dolly Varden" in St. John for a public benefit, attracting a larger audience than has ever been seen inside of any theatre on the continent.



THE TWO ORPHANS.

Hearing of Kate Claxton's success in "The Two Orphans," Miss Tailleure determined to study this part, and the rapturous applause with which she has been greeted is the best evidence of her success. She and her friend Hanna have been invited to play before the crowned (and dead) heads of Europe, under the management of Dyin' Poor-sick colt, and we know our readers unite with us in wishing them a successful career.

Miss Tailleure is a beautiful blonde (not bleached): age, sweet sixty-eeen; voluptuous form, and a foot which for size is the envy of her own sex and the admiration of the gentlemen. Signora Digges is a brunette, and bears, as some think, a strong resemblance to Mrs. Scott-Siddons.

P. S.—As good looking people often pay the proprietors of illustrated papers for publishing their portraits with laudatory biographies, we feel it due to "The Two Orphans" to state that no such vain ambitious motives prompted them to do so. They gave them, free gratis foh nuffin pro bono quoram jam.

## THE OLD DAYS.

The old days are dead, said she,  
And the old days are dead, said he,—  
Though they die as the stars die out in the sky,  
What does it matter, said she,  
And what does it matter, said he!

Your love is forgotten, said she,  
And your love was a myth, said he:—  
It comes back at times in my musings and  
rhymes,

But what does it matter, said he,  
And what does it matter, said she.

MAURICE O'QUILL.

THE DOMINION Parliament—or rather "Donnybrook Fair,"—has commenced in good earnest. The government and opposition members have devoted this week to abusing each other in the liveliest style. Business will be begun when our playful representatives get tired of this amusement.

MUSCLE.—The exhibition of athletes at the Institute on Tuesday evening, was patronized by a large and appreciative audience. The music was the mus-sickest we have heard for some time. The dancing and club swinging were very good, but the great "hit" of the evening was the "set-to" between Dooney Harris and Jim McKay. Dooney is a well-known celebrity in the P. R., and "our Jim" is, as we heard a short haired chap remark, "no slouch." They had several "rounds," each getting in, at times, "rib ticklers," "eye bungers," and "nose busters," but the manly art critics, at the close, were divided in opinion as to which was the champion sparrer. Our fighting head "litter" thinks, "for ducats," that Jim is the "boss." But then you know great men differ.

Since last Saturday, when our "Art Union" scheme was announced, the subscription list has been considerably increased.

THE British fleet has entered the Dardanelles, but the dogs of war are still unloosed. Her Majesty says she sends her fleet with pacific objects.

MILLER, the alleged forger, who was committed for trial for Extradition by Judge WATERS—has, on motion of Mr. PALMER, been discharged from Custody by Judge WELDON.

JOHN BULL is about to "take a hand" in the War game which is being played in the East. He says, if no other Power wishes to be his partner, he will "go it alone," and as he holds the "joker" and both "bowers," he don't expect to be "euchred."

Puzzles.—In our next we shall commence a puzzle department under the heading of "Puzler's Knots." In the meantime any person wishing to contribute will please send to "Ellsworth," P. O. Box 3, 421, Boston, Mass.