

THE DRAMA.

to be at The Victoria

for two nights at
and 20.

and drama "Yon
at The Victoria

led Nellie McHenry
us." She will be
singing Sept. 12.

Smith Russell has
On the night of
a revised edition of
"Peaceful Valley"

Victoria Theatre on
it, will be inaugu-
and Willie Collier,
comedians, and
the funniest of all
s and Hoss," of
isco News Letter,
hat's in a name,
Charlie Reed's new
s," would create a
on its first perform-
the California, the
died as natural a
alls for no criticism;
make it. "Hoss and
original ingenuity
whatever its merits
it are undeniably
he wildly offerves-
of William Collier's
simplicity and ir-
ness of Charlie Reed
or the obvious im-
and hoss they are
Arthur Moulton—
ful and *debonair* as
the singing, aside
ocalists. The dance
er, May Jordan and
e of the prettiest
ance, besides being
ed, is a feature of
ch appears to have
Lightfoot Brigade."
Collier) naturally
prize in this line, in
ce, but her pretty
e after her, if not
ly May Jordan, the
ue dancer. Charlie
of his own original
nd rendering, even
le" song having re-
Collier's ditties are
ic, and James B.
with a tie between
full of the prevailing
the house. Arthur
aker made a hit in
York Beau Brum-
of course, Charlie
r Hoss rather a bur-
cter of either farce
es it so well as to
lain comedian," "in

AND THE BAND PLAYED.

Twas at a hall they met one night;
She seemed as sweetly fair
As poet's wildest, fondest dream;
Her lovely sun-kissed hair
Curled artlessly in dainty waves
Her sweet blue eyes above,
And while he gazed in ecstasy
The band played "Woman's Love."

And when he ventured to request
The favor of a dance,
She acquiesced so charmingly,
With such a well-pleased glance,
His heart beat faster than before,
No longer did he mope;
And while he "autographed" her card
The band played "Wait and Hope."

The dance being over they sat down
To have a little chat,
And every topic they discussed
She seemed to have down "pat."
His brain just whirled with delight,
So charming did she seem,
And while he sat enraptured, thrilled,
The band played "Love's Young Dream."

The time flew by; he took no note
Of how the hours went;
He only felt a sense of joy,
Of peace and great content;
He then and there made up his mind
To make her his forever,
And while she smiled her sweetest smile
The band played "Now or Never."

They strolled together, arm in arm,
Far from the ball-room's glare,
And found a corner in the cool
Conservatory, where,
Mid flowering plant and rustling leaves,
His form with fear vibrating,
He told her how he loved her, and
The band played softly—"Waiting."

He said, "Oh will you be my own
Dear, loving little wife?
And shall we drift, dear, hand in hand,
Adown the stream of life!"
She smiled again the same sweet smile
At all his language flowery,
Then said "I'll be a sister"—and
The band played "Annie Laurie."

DYING WORDS OF NOTED MEN AND WOMEN.

It is well.—Washington.
I must sleep now.—Byron.
Thy will be done.—Donne.
Is this your fidelity?—Nero.
Then I am safe.—Cromwell.
Let the light enter.—Goethe.
And is this death?—George IV.
Independence forever.—Adams.
God's will be done.—Bishop Kerr.
God will save my soul.—Burghley.
Lord, take my spirit.—Edward VI.
Lord, make haste.—H. Hammond.
Lord, receive my spirit.—Cranmer.
The artery ceases to beat.—Haller.
Don't give up the ship.—Lawrence.
It is the last of earth.—J. Q. Adams.
God preserve the Emperor.—Haydn.
I am about to die.—Samuel Johnson.
Give Dayrolles a chair.—Cheslerfield.
I shall be happy.—Archbishop Sharp.
Don't let poor Nellie starve.—Charles II.
I have endeavored to do my duty.—Taylor.
I thank God I have done my duty.—Nelson.
I feel as if I were myself again.—Walter Scott.
An Emperor should die standing.—Vespasian.

The best of all is, God is with us.—John Wesley.

Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die.—Alfieri.

It matters little how the dead lieth.—Raleigh.

I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying.—Thurlow.

I loved God, my Father, and liberty.—De Stael.

A dying man can do nothing easy.—Franklin.

My country! O, I love my country.—William Pitt, the younger.

Remorse! remorse! Write it! Write it! Larger! Larger!—John Randolph.

This is the last flickering of a lamp that has long been burning.—Gen. Wool.

We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company.—Gainsborough.

I have seen all things, and all things are of little value.—Alexander Severus.

I want nothing, and I am looking for nothing but heaven.—Phil. Melancthon.

Gentlemen of the jury you will now consider your verdict.—Lord Tenterden.

I thank God that I was brought up in the church of England.—Bishop Gunning.

O Liberty, Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name.—Mme. Roland.

Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.—Stonewall Jackson.

I am dying out of charity to the undertaker who wishes to urn a lively Hood!—Hood.

I am going the way of all flesh. I am satisfied with the Lords will.—John Newton.

Crito, we owe a cock to Esculapius, pay it soon, I pray you, and neglect it not.—Socrates.

Throw up the window that I may once more see the magnificent scene of nature.—Rousseau.

Soul, thou hast served Christ these 70 years, and art thou afraid to die! Go out, go out!—Hilary.

If I had strength enough to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die.—William Hunter.

I pray you see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself.—Sir Thomas Moore on the scaffold.

My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly possessions to my relatives.—Michael Angelo.

When you wish to know what to do ask yourself what Christ would have done in the same circumstances.—Horace Mann.

I had provided for everything in my life, except death, and now, alas! I am to die, though entirely unprepared.—Caesar Borgia.

It will not be long before God takes me, for no mortal man can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.—Toplady.

Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my King, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs.—Cardinal Wolsley.

Lord, enlighten and soften the hearts of my executioners. Adieu, forever my dear children, I go to join your father.—Marie Antoinette.

Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall this day light such a candle in England

as, by God's grace, shall never be put out.—Latimer to Ridley.

Do not weep for me, nor waste your time in fruitless prayers for my recovery, but pray rather for the salvation of my soul.—Isabella Aragon.

I have lived long enough, and I am thankful I have enjoyed a happy life; but, after all, look on this life as nothing better than vanity.—John Locke.

What is the matter with my dear children? Have I alarmed you? Oh, do not cry. Be good children, and we will all meet in heaven.—Andrew Jackson.

I am perfectly resigned. I am surrounded by my family. I have served my country. I have reliance upon God, and I am not afraid of the devil.—Grattan.

Thank God, I can lay my hand upon my heart and say, that since I came to man's estate, I have never intentionally done wrong to anyone.—Francis Marion.

Here is a book (the Bible) worth more than all others ever printed; yet it is my misfortune never to have found time to read it. I trust in the mercy of God. It is now too late.—Patrick Henry.

Not one foot will I flee so long as breath bides within my breast, for He who shaped both sea and land this day shall end my battles, or my life. I will die King of England.—Richard III.

Father in heaven, though this body is breaking away from me, and I am departing this life, yet I know that I shall forever be with Thee, for no one can pluck me from Thy hand.—Martin Luther.

I shall die regretting; I have always desired the happiness of France. I did all in my power to contribute to it. I can say with truth that the first wife of Napoleon never caused a tear to flow.—Josephine.

Lockhart, I may have but a moment to speak with you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.—Walter Scott.

Thy creatures, O Lord! have been my books, but The Holy Scriptures much more. I have sought Thee in the courts, fields and gardens, but I found Thee, O, God! in Thy sanctuary—Thy temple.—Lord Bacon.

I have meditated upon the state of the church, the spouse of Christ. I have fought against spiritual wickedness in high places, and I have prevailed; I have tasted of the heavenly joy, where presently I shall be. Now, for the last time, I committ soul, body and spirit into His hands. Now it has come.—John Knox

A correspondent gives an account of how the Russian imperial family spend their evenings when sojourning, during the summer, in their beautiful residence on the shores of the Baltic. After dinner, the Czar and the Czarina, accompanied by the Grand Duchess Xenia and Olga and the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch, drive to the large palace of Peterhof, where tea is served on the terrace overlooking the gardens. The band of the mounted guards plays on the beach, where all the monde elegant who are spending the summer at Peterhof are walking about. When the last piece has been played, there is a moment's silence; then a soldier steps forward, says the evening prayers under the century-old trees, and the imperial family drive off.