

**WANTED:  
A WIFE**

**KING ALEXANDER** of Servia is looking for a matrimonial partner. All applicants must have money—state amount, with full particulars, in first letter. Enclose stamps for reply. In exchange the successful candidate will receive the title of Queen of Servia and a royal hand that has been spurned by princesses of nearly every court in Europe. In addition to this she will be the wife of one of the most repulsive and offensive young men from the Golden Horn to Behring Sea and back again. King "Sasha," as he is nicknamed, does not pose as a beauty, having a low forehead, beetling brows, sensual eyes, squat nose and bestial jaws. But his manners are coarse and brutal, and his opinions in regard to women are those discarded by King Lobengula. It is true that all of His Majesty's qualities have not been enumerated—space will not permit—but those mentioned leave nothing to be desired. When the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet went to the mountain. Rumor goes that Queen Natalie and ex-King Milan, accompanied by their son Alexander, will visit America during this promising month of May, in search of an heiress with bullion enough to purchase a throne equal to that used on any stage, and as Queen of Servia to assist the King in the general work of reigning.

**SEVEN GREAT  
CELEBRITIES  
HERE**

The concert and theatrical season has closed. The various forms of summer recreation and amusement have now full sway. In Canada, as on the rest of this continent, the past season has been rather unsatisfactory financially. A great many enterprises have lost heavily. Many of them deserved to lose. They were potential for nothing admirable. But all the higher class of attractions, both musical and dramatic, have made money. This fact shows which way the taste of the Canadian people is tending. It is so plain a hint that the wayfaring

manager, though a fool, should make no mistake about it when preparing his plans for next season.

So far as opportunities for entertainment are concerned, the two leading cities of Quebec and Ontario have been very desirable places of residence for lovers of literary and other artistic treats. No metropolis this winter has listened to people more distinguished than have Montreal and Toronto. At the Windsor Hall and Massey Music Hall we have heard the world's greatest pianist, Paderewski; the greatest singers, Albani and Melba; at the Queen's Theatre and Grand Opera House the greatest actors and actresses, Sir Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, John Hare and Sarah Bernhardt. London, Paris or New York has not listened to artists more worthy of the homage that genius never fails to command. Nor could they. The Canadian season has undoubtedly been brilliant,

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**A PHANTOM  
OF DELIGHT.**

The reign of the summer girl has begun. June is her coronation month. It is not a crown that makes her a queen, but a pretty cycling cap—and the way she wears it. The sweet creature has no need of sceptres—she rules with a smile. The summer girl—who is she—where is she? Everywhere—in shady nook, by babbling brook. Beware! There she is—passing you on the devil-strip, a vision of pink and white. Bewitching? Yes. But how can you keep a dream? The vision has wings hidden in those big sleeves. Soft glances, loving whispers, wings unfolded—she is gone. The summer girl—she who seems fashioned for flirting, rides a wheel, loves a canoe, worships ice cream, adores candy, revels in novels, swings in hammocks, makes engagements and—breaks them, hearts included. She didn't mean anything. Bless her little soul—and lips! She is full of health and life, enjoys existence. It's a pleasure to her. May she rule long and be happy!