

found this fac-simile of his greatest work—a present to a sweetheart, I suppose. They had told me she knew him, that he used to live opposite to her, so I called to see if I could glean anything about him, and there, hanging up on the wall, I saw that very wreath that had been haunting me for months!

"How did you persuade her to part with it?"

"Ah, Lady Grace, that was not very difficult—honest English gold. Her eyes glistened at the sight of it! Very pretty eyes they were too! She cried when I took it down, cried when I told her Hans was dead. But her husband comforted her. 'See, my wife,' he said, 'I will make for thee a wreath of these lovely roses of just the same size'—did I say they were artificial-flower makers?—and we will hang it up in its place, so that you will not miss the other. And as to him, poor fellow, life is difficult, and perhaps he is well out of it!"

"So madame dried her tears."

"Ah, that will be lovely," I heard her say, as I carried my treasure away; "and I like the colored ones best. And the money, you see, my friend, is far better; it will feed and clothe the children, whereas the wreath—we could only look at it!"

"You are interested in it now, are you not, Lady Grace? You will all come and have tea in my rooms to-morrow afternoon and see the wreath of roses. Poor fellow, what a sad pity it was that he died so young!"

PRINCE ALBERT SETTLEMENT.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORIES.

Our full sheet illustrations have been received from Prince Albert, North-West Territories, and as the place has of late been brought rather prominently before the Canadian public as a new and magnificent field for immigration, we feel sure that the page will prove of no little interest throughout the Dominion.

Some twelve years ago, a Presbyterian minister, Rev. Mr. Nesbit, founded on the banks of the North Saskatchewan an Indian mission, to which he gave the name of Prince Albert. The good man died in 1874, the Indians migrated from the locality, and nothing remains of the mission save a few wooden buildings, just now occupied by a small detachment of Mounted Police. However, if the Indians had left, the locality was not to remain desolate. Hardy Half-Breeds, who have been, and will ever continue to be, pioneers throughout the Territories, during the latter year began to straggle in, and at present the original handful of settlers has increased to 900 souls. After once viewing the settlement from the beautiful ridges which are to be found about the place, we cannot but admit that, besides a due regard to the fertility of the soil, an eye to the picturesque was had by the original occupiers. The settlers extend twenty odd miles beyond the river, scattered back to the south branch and contiguous to St. Laurent, containing an almost equal number of inhabitants, who divide their time between the plains for buffalo and farming, this again being joined by Duck Lake, a rapidly-increasing settlement, the headquarters of Messrs. Stobart, Eden & Co., the most extensive fur traders in the North-West—the two latter places, as regards their spiritual welfare, being looked after by the Revs. Pères Fourmond and André, of whom too much cannot be said in praise, in their endeavours to change the nomadic habits of a vast majority of their parishioners to those of settled tillers of the soil, besides having a most marked beneficial effect in a moral point of view.

Of course the chief industry carried on is agriculture, still there are some who are fairly large stock raisers, the abundance of splendid hay lands producing food containing wonderful fattening qualities, neither the swamp or the ridge or pea-vine hay being surpassed in the Territories.

The Hudson's Bay Company and several private traders do a fair business, which, however, is chiefly on the system of barter, as there is little cash in the country as yet, though it is to be hoped that the proposed bank agency will shortly be established, as it would obviate the necessity of merchants and others sending all the way to Winnipeg to make deposits and transact other financial matters, and necessarily keep in the country, for a more lengthened time at least, the moneys which otherwise find their way out as soon as possible, for security's sake, if for nothing more.

But had it not been for the venturesome and pioneering spirit displayed by Captain H. S. Moore, the prosperity which now reigns throughout the settlement would, in all probability, be less general, for it can safely be asserted that he has done more than anyone else for the advancement of the community by erecting a steam grist and saw mill, which is in successful operation, running both night and day in order to meet the demands upon it.

The religious wants of the people are ministered to by two Anglican churches and one Presbyterian. The Anglican parishes are: St. Catharine's, in charge of the Rev. Rural Dean Forneret; and St. Mary's, under the Rev. Ernest E. Woo. Each of these parishes has an elementary school attached to it, under the care of a native teacher. The old church erected by Mr. Nesbit is now used by the Presbyterian congregation, under the pastorate of the Rev. James Duncan. The Rev. D. C. Johnson conducts a good school in connection with this church.

The Dominion Government last fall opened a Lands Office, with Mr. George Duck as agent, and it is anticipated that ere long the threatened tide of immigration will render his position anything but a sinecure, for, besides its being the intention of several large merchants from Winnipeg to start branch establishments at this place, it is understood that a large colony intends settling in its immediate vicinity. There is room for one and all that choose to come, being abundance of good land awaiting settlement, with and without fine river frontages, no lack of water and a fair supply of wood.

Prince Albert, although 550 miles from Winnipeg, enjoys advantages over other settlements nearer to the civilized world, in that it is on the Saskatchewan river. This is sure, sooner or later, to be served by regular steamers, besides those now owned by the H. B. Co., while other settlements such as those on the "Little Saskatchewan" must be wholly dependent on railways not yet built. Professor Hind, in discussing the Hudson's Bay route as the future outlet of the North-West grain trade, prophesies that Prince Albert will become the Chicago of the Territories. The next generation may see this prophecy fulfilled.

One must not in this concise sketch of a place, which affords abundance for a more lengthened theme, forget to make mention of its mineral properties, as gold has been taken from the river sand bars, though not in sufficiently-paying quantities, owing to the primitive manner adopted in its collection, and the high rate of the necessities of life; and, but a short distance below the steam mill, a coal seam has been opened, which experienced ones assert to be of the best, but the abundance of firewood will no doubt prevent its being extensively worked for some time to come, except it be for transshipment to Winnipeg and elsewhere.

THE "PINAFORE" PLAGUE.

THE ALARMING EXPERIENCES OF ADMIRAL BINNACLE.

A New York paper tells of the second disappearance of the venerable retired sea-serpent, Admiral Horatio Binnacle. A few weeks ago he went away, stout, jolly, and bright-eyed. He came back emaciated, bent, dimmed.

"For weeks," he said, "I had attended the 'Pinafore.' I thought I should never tire of the fresh, bright music, and the delightful nonsense. Like all the rest of you, I heard it played and sung and whistled everywhere, and it was always grateful. But early one morning, as I was coming home from the lodge, I neared an ash cartman, who was going through Seventy-Seventh street. He emptied the barrels and boxes with a great noise, and slammed them down on the sidewalk with a bang that kept the neighbourhood awake. And as he tugged at the ash barrels he sang in a strange voice the song of Buttercup, just come aboard:

"Oim called little Buttercup, dayer little Buttercup. Though I could never tell why; But still I'm called Buttercup, poor little Buttercup. Sweet little Buttercup, I."

"It may have been the engrossing nature of the business at the lodge, perhaps the walk, or, possibly, the night air, that predisposed me, but the ash cartman's singing made me uncomfortable, and I was suddenly conscious that the 'Pinafore' had become distasteful to me. To use a marine figure, what had before seemed the swinging melody of summer seas seemed now the discordant surf of a lee shore. I wrestled with this uncomfortable oppression, but it grew worse. Then I fled, hoping to find some spot in which the 'Pinafore' had not cast anchor.

"Passing along a street, in Milwaukee, I saw a sign: 'New York Lager.' I ordered some of the genial German who manned the bar, but, as he turned to draw it, I heard, mingling with the gurgling of the beer, this floating up from the broad-backed demon:

"Man nennt mich Kleine Butterblume, liebe Kleine Butterblume. Obwohl ich nie gewusst warum. Doch nennt man Butterblume mich, arme Kleine Butterblume. Süsses Kleine Butterblume, ich. Ich hab schnupf-und Rauch Tabak, und—"

"I left him still bending over the spigot, and went to Omaha. There I engaged board with an exemplary French gentleman, whose family, like himself, could not speak a word of English. I thought I had found rest here, he seemed such an amiable man; but on the first morning, when I came down stairs, I heard that Frenchman at the piano, and singing softly to himself:

"On m'appelle Petite Beurtrasse, chère Petite Beurtrasse. Mais pourquoi je n'ai pas une idée. Mais néanmoins je m'appelle Beurtrasse, pauvre Mig-nonne Beurtrasse. Douce petite Beurtrasse, moi!"

"Then I began to lose flesh. I didn't stop till I had reached Ogden. On the first night, while I was sitting in front of the hotel, two Italian musicians came along. For an hour and three-quarters they played the anvil chorus. There have been times, gentlemen, in the last twenty or thirty years, when the anvil chorus seemed a little worn; but out here, after six months of 'Pinafore,' it was a blessed relief, and when the violinist stopped playing, and passed his hat, I put a dollar in it; but, while yet he was on his rounds, the harper struck up alone, and played and sang:

"Io sono chiamato piccolo Rannucolo, caro piccolo Rannucolo. Quantunque io non abbia mai potuto dirne il perché. Ma io sono sempre chiamato Rannucolo, povero piccolo Rannucolo. Sonore piccolo Rannucolo."

"I was getting desperate now. My only hope seemed to be a cattle ranch, but the first thing I heard there, above the lowing of the cattle and neighing of the horses, was the singing of a ranchero, whose song, in measure with the loping of his horse, was:

"Me llamo Copita de Mantequilla, pequeña Copita de Mantequilla. Sin saber nunca porque. Con todo soy Copita de Mantequilla, pobre Copita de Mantequilla. Carita Copita de Mantequilla, Yo. Tengo rapé y Tabaco, y—"

"I hoped to find peace in San Francisco. Striking off into the Chinese quarter, I asked of a washerman, who was placidly beating the buttons off of some clothes, the way to the inmost recesses of the settlement. 'Me no speakee Melican,' he said, but as I turned away I heard him singing:

"Mi call little Buttercup, dee little Buttercup. Allee same mi not never tell why; But still mi call Buttercup, poo little Buttercup. Sweet little Buttercup mi."

"Then I thought I might as well come back. Life had lost all charms for me. Upon my nephew at college my hopes centered. I noted with pride the proficiency he displayed under examination. And a new hope budded in my bosom when I saw the grave, grey-haired professor; but this last hope faded, for, as I turned away, I heard him humming, as he wiped his spectacles:

"Nomen mihi Rannucula, dilecta Rannucula. Nominis rationem hujus mehercule nescio. Attamen sum Rannucula, parvula Rannucula. Blandula Rannucula ego."

The old sea serpent writhed, and continued: "Now I am with you again, I ask but one favour in my declining days, which may be few, and that is, that I shall not hear 'Pinafore' in this house while I live."

The promise was given, and a compact signed, and it seemed probable that the Admiral would have a chance to recover his equilibrium. But, unhappily, it was forgotten to inform the servants of the new departure. Thus it fell out that on the following morning Matilda, the round and rosy chambermaid, whose voice to most men is pleasing, while passing along the hall upon which the Admiral's room opens, sang, as she flourished her feather duster:

"I'm called little Buttercup, dear little Buttercup. Though I could never tell why. But still I'm called Buttercup, poor little Buttercup. Sweet little Buttercup, I."

The Admiral reached under his pillow for his pistol. Some thoughtful friend had removed it the night before. Then he dressed himself, snatched his valise, and disappeared.

FASHION NOTES.

A SILK of a sea green hue, arranged with a pearl pink silk, has only the basque and train skirt in combination.

MOUNTAIN dresses for young girls have single skirts, plain in front and kilt plaited behind, and trimmed with three rows of white braid.

LACE goods are very cheap; they are sure to be wanted on almost every occasion while you are enjoying the charms of bon ton rustication.

A BEAUTIFUL ornament for a fireplace is a stuffed peacock, with its tail spread out. It should stand in the place made for the grate, and before the empty fireplace.

DEER apron overskirts remain in favour, notwithstanding the introduction of shorter aprons. Their style depends on their simple drapery, and in a measure on their plainness.

The latest fancy in silk for summer wear is found in foulard, which comes in fancy stripes and a printed brocade design of tiny brilliant blossoms scattered in wild confusion on pale grounds.

The most elegant style of dress seen at the recent races in Paris was the Parabire costume, recently introduced by two leading dressmakers of that city. It is of any material and has always three flounces in front and paniers at the back; sometimes these paniers are in one with the bodice, and sometimes they are fastened on the skirt.

AMONG the new French linen fashions are coloured tablecloths, to throw up in greater distinctness and relief the ornamental dishes and glasses, and vases which now adorn the dinner-table. Among these tablecloth patterns is one entirely floral, in water lilies, rushes and waving masses, inclining toward the centre of the cloth and drooping down; toward the border are roses, jasmines, violets, etc.

CHARMING deshabilles for the country or seaside are now made of toile d'Alsace, with floriated multi-colored patterns upon either a black or very dark ground. These consist of a skirt trimmed with ruffles à la ville, and of a jacket bodice with paniers of the same material, tight-fitting at the back, loose in front—in a word, extremely uncomfortable for morning wear, and yet sufficiently elegant for presiding at the breakfast table.

PRETTY and effective coverlets may be made of white sheeting, with corners of dark-blue satin sheeting, and an edge of wheat ears and oats in gold-coloured filloselle all around, with a small cluster here and there, and also at the upper points of the corners, of half-blown poppies and blue cornflowers. The wheat ears and oats are continued from the corners toward the centre, but only to the distance of about a quarter of a yard. They do not meet to the centre—that is left plain and unornamented.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

THE Earl of Caithness and Lord Lonsdale visited Toronto and Montreal last week.

THE crops of Prince Edward Island are injuriously affected by the late continuous cold weather.

It is stated that the 97th Regiment, now in garrison at Halifax, N. S., will shortly be relieved by the 46th Regiment from Bermuda.

SIXTY agriculturists, natives of Scotland, arrived at Quebec last week. They intend settling on land in the neighbourhood of Hamilton, Ont.

AN invitation has been received at Montreal, from Colonel Austin, of the 13th Regiment of Brooklyn, for two regiments to visit Brooklyn on Decoration Day, May 30th, 1880.

It is rumoured that the British Government contemplates the embodiment of one or perhaps two regiments in Canada for foreign service. The men can be obtained here.

THE Rev. Dr. McCaul and Professor Croft are about to vacate the chairs they have long filled in the University College, Toronto, and retire on an annual allowance equivalent to two-thirds of their present salaries.

CAPTAIN J. GRAHAM, of the Allan steamship "Moravian," is engaged compiling a memoranda and data to prove that if the Straits of Belle Isle were stopped up it would considerably change the climate of Canada.

ARTISTIC.

ABOUT thirty art exhibitions of various kinds are now open in London.

A RAPHAEL exhibition is to be held in Dresden in August and September.

M. FERRARI, the young artist who has obtained the first prize for sculpture at this year's Salon, has received the unusually large sum of 6,000 francs from the Municipal Council for his group representing "A Gladiator Playing with a Panther." The work will be cast in bronze and set up in one of the public places of Paris.

AMONG the recent discoveries at Olympia are many marbles of the Roman period. There is an excellently preserved head of the elder Faustina, wife of Antoninus Pius, whose neck exactly fits a female torso found in the exedra of Herodius Athoris; one of the river gods Cladeus, a headless draped female figure, and two nude male torsos.

THE death is announced from Munich of the landscape-painter Bernhard Fries. Born at Heidelberg in 1820, he studied in Carlsruhe, Düsseldorf and Munich. He then resided for some time in Italy, where he acquired the idealistic style that distinguishes his works. His most important paintings are a lot of forty landscapes from Italy and Sicily.

THE present Afghan war has naturally called attention to that other and disastrous one of 1842, and Miss Thompson vividly reminds us of that calamity by painting the solitary survivor of the large army, Dr. Brydon, faint and weary on his faltering horse plodding towards the walls of Jellalabad. This is in every respect better than "Listed for the Connaught Rangers," her other work.

THE sculptor Costa has carried off from fifty-four competitors the prize for the Victor Emmanuel monument at Turin. His design is said to be very fine. Four Doric columns, with symbolical figures, form the pedestal on which the King stands, bare-headed, on a carpet bearing the arms of Rome, the date 1870, and an inscription.

IN Rome a few weeks ago, while some workmen were excavating for the foundation of a building near the new Via Nazionale, they found an antique statue which is described as magnificent. The head was missing, but the drapery indicated it to be a representative of a Greek philosopher or orator. Old coins were found in the same place.

BRITON RIVIERE'S "In Manus Tuas, Domine," a knight who, from his youth and white armour, may be Sir Galahad, holding his sword-handle up for a crucifix as he rides down into a gloomy forest. The white charger shrinks from entering the haunted spot, whilst three bloodhounds slink in abject fear beneath his legs. Pleasantly conceived and admirably carried out, this is one of the best pictures in the Exhibition, and worthily upholds a distinguished name.

AGASSIZ.—The late Louis Agassiz had a wonderful power over animals. He would o up to the most obstinate of pigs, and after a few soft words and a movement of his stick over the bristles of the creature in the right direction the pig would lift its head erect, its small eyes would glisten with vague intelligence, it would remain motionless in a kind of pleased surprise almost and emit a grunt of comfort. The professor even carried serpents in his hat and in his pockets with a grand unconcern, and dropped them sometimes in his bedroom, so that his wife was frequently troubled by finding them coiled up in her boots. And whenever he entered a menagerie he was eagerly welcomed by lions, tigers, wolves, hyenas, and other beasts of prey. There is said to have been not a single instance of his having been injured by any serpent or beast.