

comfortably in for third prize several lengths behind Wallace Ross, whose victory over the other competitors was as complete and easy as Hanlan's over him. McKen continued to follow Luther to the end, both keeping up good pace and finishing fourth and fifth respectively, the Pittsburger coming in for hearty encouragement towards the end, he and McKen having rowed a plucky race from beginning to end. Elliott was sixth, Plaisted, Morris and Coulter easing up and not being placed. The time given officially is 28.12.

### THE LONDON SEASON.

May, June, and July now form the London Season, which appears to be getting stricter and more limited as time goes on. Probably economy has something to do with it, for within the last twenty years habits of extravagance have so much increased that the cost of one ball is that of a half a dozen a quarter of a century since.

It is not, however, that the fashion eats and drinks more than it did. On the contrary, the "grand world," as it is sometimes called, has made it correct behaviour to eat as little as possible, and to drink less.

Indeed, it frequently happens at a ball in society that the bottles of wine consumed are easily counted. But it is the luxury of the eyes which has made the London Season so very expensive. No lady thinks of wearing one dress twice in the same society.

Granted that a duchess gives three balls in a season, any guest attending all three must show each time in a different toilette.

Then, again, the mere item of cut flowers is far more costly than was the supper itself a score years since, while wax lights became quite a serious question.

It is, however, in the Park, Rotten Row, the Ladies' Mile—call it what you will—that the essence of the London Season is to be found, and, above all upon the last two Saturdays in June, and the last Wednesday in the months of May, June, and July.

Droll, indeed, it is that where the very perfection of those representing the London Season are to be found, there also may be discovered the poorest of the poor.

The duchess is in the drive, smiling here, avoiding a doubtful acquaintance there, by pretending not to see, and cutting an acquaintance no longer doubtful with a deliberate stare.

Lady Edith, the duchess's daughter, is on the Mile, telling her half-bred horse to "Come up, lazy bones."

And Lord Adolphus, the duchess's son, in the Guards, is leaning over the iron rail, so true to fashion, that he has given up riding in the Row, like most other very young men of fashion, exactly as these same very young men have given up dancing.

Meanwhile, there away in the shadow, is honest Jack Brown, the huge Guardsman, making love to unconscious Mrs. Smith's nursemaid, whose young charges have fraternized with a street Arab, and are drenching themselves with dirt pies, to the huge delight of that same gutterling.

And there, far away in the open, lying on his chest or back, as the case may be, sleeps and swelters in the sun the real British rough who, as he turns over an eye, may see a prince gallop past, exactly as the prince may see him, and wonder what kind of an animal it perchance may be.

Hyde Park is only perfect, weather apart, when every chair is taken, when the Prince is coming down the ride—not showing too perfectly in the saddle, it must be admitted—and the most popular woman in England, the Princess of Wales, is seen, quite unaccompanied, driving that couple of ponies in a low carriage, all of which have become historical, and will become more so.

A year or two since the Park was not complete without the "Duchess." But it must be admitted that the appearance of the Russian princess, in a high carriage, with policemen by way of outriders, and policemen behind, never created a very favourable effect.

The Park now fills with the fashion twice a day in the London Season—before lunch and before dinner.

The first resort to the Row is quite as modern as it is a sensible invention, for the fashion, like ordinary people, are all the better for turning out early in the day.

Some imperious lady of fashion has stopped the line of carriages in order to speak to a young grandee leaning on the rail, or a high mettled steed has reared, become unmanageable for the moment, and has brought all the fashion upon wheels to a standstill.

And so it is that the two eligible men you see tall and well-formed, as are six out of seven of the best men who frequent the Park, have a chance of even going the length of leaning on the panels of a carriage they know, and talk to the fair two of its occupants; while the third lady, "the mater," after a most gracious greeting, leans back, and allows the young people to have their confidences. A clever mother watching over daughters is one thing—spying upon them another. Here is one who has learnt the lesson.

So they drive, walk, or ride along the line of fashion, with what of the rest of London which chooses to come, taking the air, on both sides of "the Mile."

Good, indifferent, bad, very bad, the great procession moves along. Our rulers and governors that are to be, that are, and that have been;

good women and bad; peeresses, calm, shapely, and not too good-looking, riding imperiously in open carriages; while in the close little broughams which fashion prescribes for them come beautiful women, with a lurking something in the face which says that, despite their apparent prosperity, they are not happy.

So the season passes, with its changes. June Saturdays were the great days, but now the last Wednesdays in the month are the great times of fashion, for it is then that the Four-in-Hand Club rendezvous in the Park, and go forth in solemn procession, sometimes this way, sometimes that, but generally to Richmond, and recently, once every season, to the Alexandra Palace, the roads to which are broad, straight, and in admirable order.

The Prince does not coach a four-in-hand. When he appears with the club he is generally on the left of the Duke of Beaufort, who is one of the great whips of the age.

The Prince has not this year shown on the box of a four-in-hand. His absence has been due, in the first place, to his presence in Paris, where his duties as chairman of the English Commission in connection with the Paris exhibition have compelled the Prince to remain a considerable time. Then the death of the late King of Hanover has interrupted the outdoor projects of the Heir Apparent. It is to be hoped, however, that before the close of the season the Prince will be seen with the four-in-hand, for his face is certainly one of the most popular met during the London season.

Never can we observe better specimens of an Englishman than on a four-in-hand day in Hyde Park. No better show of what England in the shape of the English remains to us is seen than the display in the Park on these occasions.

For it is something to tackle four horses at one and the same time—to keep cool, and not get the steeds all over the place.

If you doubt this, observe a Frenchman, a German, or even an American, with two horses. No; England is not played out while some of her best and pluckiest men can tackle a four-in-hand in the blaze of a London season.

As even-time approaches, the fashion fades from the Park, and leaves the lungs of London to the million. First come the thousand bathers, then the citizens to walk in the cool of the evening; while, when nightfall has arrived, every public seat, every corner has its couple of lovers, who find very little to say, and yet say it rapturously.

Meanwhile, far in the distance, and joining the Park, twinkle the lights within the houses where live those who make the London Season.

A few weeks, and most of those houses will be dark and drear when the night comes. Then will the London Season be over, and for nine months the Park will chiefly be frequented by Londoners, who know nothing of the London Season, and contentedly divide the year into spring, summer, autumn, and London winter.

### HEARTH AND HOME.

**EQUANIMITY.**—We must patiently suffer the laws of our condition; we are born to grow old, to grow weak, to be sick, in spite of all physic. 'Tis the first lesson the Mexicans teach their children. So soon as they are born they thus salute them, "Behold, thou art come into the world to endure, suffer, and say nothing." 'Tis injustice to lament that that has befallen any one which may befall everyone.

**TRUE RELIGION.**—The idea that religion is a kind of slavery to which none can submit without sacrificing the natural enjoyments of life has ever been the greatest hindrance to its advancement among mankind. How much wiser and better should we be if we could carry along with us, from infancy to old age, the full conviction that happiness is the substantial cultivation and exercise of the Christian virtues.

**GOOD ADVICE.**—Accustom a child as soon as he can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents, his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within. Anxious to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to the objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his observation, and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of the thoughtful character.

**SIMILE.**—The torrent and the blast can mar the loveliest scenes in nature. War, with his ruthless hand, may rival the elements in their work of destruction; but it is passion alone that can lay waste the human heart; the whirlwind and the flood have during their existence, bounds for their fury, the earth recovers from the devastation of the conflict, with a fertility that seems enriched by the blood of its victim; but there are feelings that no human agency can limit, and mental wounds which are beyond the art of a man to heal.

**NEVER NEGLECTED.**—It is useless to deny the power of beauty. In the drawing-room or ball-room the really pretty girl is never a wall-flower. Everybody gives her, at least, a chance, and everybody wants to dance with a girl with whom everybody is dancing. Prestige is soon acquired in a ball-room, and nothing gives it so quickly as a pretty face. The old stagers and the shrewder hands, perhaps, find her out, and avoid her, as a Dead-Sea apple; but there is always a fresh supply of young fellows to be attracted by that settled bloom and that eternal simper.

**A MOSAIC.**—Happiness is composed of many small joys. Trample not under foot, then, the little pleasures which are scattered in the daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook. Why should we always keep our eyes fixed on the bright, distant horizon, while there are so many lovely roses in the garden in which we are permitted to walk? The very ardour of our chase after happiness, may be the reason that she so often eludes our grasp. We pantingly strain after her when she has been graciously brought unto us.

**BODY, MIND AND WILL.**—The question is sometimes asked, why it is that in health a man can will to use his muscles, and why they will obey him with great regularity, whereas, if he commands his mind to act in any particular way—as, for instance, if he commands it to think anything, or remember anything—it may or it may not do it. The answer to this is that the muscles are under the control of the will, and, if in health, obey its mandates very easily. On the other hand, the power to think, write, &c., being a mental power, is not so completely under the will; hence men, so to say, have to cudgel their brains to bring them up to the working-point.

**TEASING.**—There are many bad habits which, though they cannot be called by so severe a name as vices, are nevertheless grave faults, regrettable on all accounts, and working a great deal of mischief when indulged in. One of them is the habit of teasing. Always a tendency to be checked in oneself, as dangerous to the comfort of others, and sure to weaken friendship and create enmities, teasing is an infirmity which we must bear with patience, if we would not be ridiculous, and in being ridiculous lay ourselves open to renewed attacks. The only thing to do is to bear the rub heroically, and never show that it chafed—unless indeed nature has gifted us with ready wits and a power of quick return, when we can give as much as we are obliged to receive, and silence our would-be persecutor by becoming in our turn the assailant.

**ANSWER THE LITTLE ONES.**—Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should certainly be taught not to interrupt conversation in company; but, this resolution made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who either have learned to solve these mysteries or have become indifferent as to an explanation are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to these "troublesome questions" a child's truest education may be carried on. Have a little patience then, and think how welcome to you would be a translator if you were suddenly dropped into some foreign country where the language was for the most part unintelligible to you, and you were bursting with curiosity about every strange object.

**HOW TO SUCCEED.**—The first requisite to success is not to undertake an unwise and impracticable thing. For this reason the advice often inculcated by wise and great men has been to give much time and reflection to the formation of plans. Be slow to decide; but, having resolved, be prompt to act. It is not sufficient, by any means, to be prompt in beginning to act. That is easy to every one. It is the continued, persevering, unflagging activity which alone accomplishes great results. The temptations which beset a man's steps at every stage to divert his attention from the main pursuit he has fixed on are almost innumerable, and, if he is irresolute and weak, they are found irresistible. This accounts for numerous failures. If a man has not attained what he started for, it will almost be found that he has been attending to something else. The song of the bird by the wayside fell upon his ear and charmed his senses, or the bright flower caught his eye and he lingered, when his pace should have been onward and firm.

### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Twenty francs will be charged for a quarter of an hour's ascent in the monster captive balloon.

Sir Richard Wallace has been elected a corresponding member of the Académie des Beaux Arts.

A pretty new fan is of solid silver, wrought in a delicate tracery of ferns and ivy leaves, with a monogram set in pearls on one of the outer sticks.

The colour for autumn and winter will be Bordeaux, and it will be exactly the hue of the well-known wine from which it takes its name. Pale blue is to be the contrasting colour.

Two branches of trade are brisk just now at Paris—fans at four sous each, and muzzles to prevent dogs going mad, or to make them so, according to some people.

"CHAWLES" is in Paris. Mr. J. L. Toole has come over to see the World's Fair in the Champ de Mars, and take a breath of air on the Boulevards.

VISITORS to the Exhibition are initiated into all the mysteries of Paris; thus, for the three months ending last June, 184 more horses, mules, and asses were consumed as compared with the same period last year.

The new electric light, called after the inventor, Jablochkoff, is often now used at fashionable balls in France. It is certainly trying for the complexion, but more so for the dresses, for a costume must be exquisite in freshness, or the defects are easily seen.

The extreme of fashion this year in Paris is to wear natural flowers in straw hats. A little glass tube, like that worn by men in their button-hole, is fixed on the hat, and keeps the bouquet fresh. The flowers are chosen to harmonize with the dress worn. Roses, however, with plenty of foliage, are now in vogue.

The total number of "recompenses" of all sorts to be accorded to the exhibitors in the Paris Exhibition is definitely fixed at 29,500. They will comprise 2,600 gold medals, 6,400 silver, 10,000 bronze, 10,500 honourable mentions. The number of exhibitors is 53,005.

SCOTTISH Clan tartan dresses are the fashion as walking costumes in Paris. At the races and Exhibition several of these tartan costumes with round short skirts, to represent the kilt, were seen. The material of these tartans is fine thin wool, but a few very pretty ones in thin silk have been exhibited. Legs are of importance in this style.

The American oarsmen, who lately covered themselves with such honour at the Henley Regatta, will soon be in Paris, and are to take part on the Seine in an international regatta with French and English crews. The detailed conditions of the encounter have not yet been made public, but it is to be hoped that the affair will prove of proper importance, and not such a hollow farce as the International Regatta in 1867 was allowed to be. The American boys have proved that they can hold their own against the best crews in the world; and, perhaps, on French water we may see them victorious.

The Jardin d'Acclimatation in the Bois de Boulogne received in May a collection of pug dogs from Dresden. The beauty of the lot was a black pug dog which an inhabitant of Dresden had sold a few weeks before. The black dog somehow or another made his escape the day after the collection reached Paris and no clue to him could be found. A few weeks ago the manager of the garden received a letter from the dog dealer, inclosing a post-office order for the money paid for the dog, and stating that the poor dog had returned to his old master's house in Dresden and that nothing could induce the master to part with him again. The poor dog had run 600 miles without stopping to rest until he found his old home again.

The exhibits of maps on the part of France is bad—especially those of a commercial and scholastic nature. The military and marine maps are special. The first, of France, is enormous and well coloured, but no country can produce anything superior to the little map of Java—the only production of the kind the Dutch show. Ordinary French maps are behind the age; modern discoveries are not to be found in them, the purchasers being limited, editors cannot bring out frequent editions. The best maps are either too condensed or too voluminous—the handy and reliable atlas is unknown. The geographical maps of Sweden are well executed, and a Captain President shows 400 maps of Italian mountain ranges, taken to ascertain their altitude by photography.

On the 7th of September next, a Grand International Trotting Meeting will take place at the Maisons-Lafitte race-course, near Paris. The affair has been skilfully organized by a special commission, and great inducements are held out to American, Russian and English trotters, so it is confidently hoped that a number of foreign horses will compete, in which case the meeting would present much interest, especially if the drivers appear in their national costume, and the vehicles used are also those employed at home. The Russian *troiska*, drawn by a sleek, silky, long-tailed Orloff, would pull up by the side of the American skeleton buggy, with a seat just wide enough for one of the natty-looking Yankee drivers to patch himself upon it, and the more heavy French frames would also figure. Normandy and several other parts of France produce a breed of good, natural trotters, and if properly developed and encouraged, trotting might, in time, become an important institution in France. The international meeting at Maisons-Lafitte will certainly go some way towards bringing about this result.

### NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.