

boots that are kicked off upon the floor overhead. Night after night until nature can bear no more, until the mispent hours bring their own reward, death comes at last, and the heart-broken wife lays to rest the poor weak hands that have been their own undoing, misses for the last time the clay cold lips that were the doorway of talents lavishly bestowed yet were powerless to say "No" to the tempting good fellowship of his so-called friends, draws over her white grief-stricken face, the deep crape veil and turns away from the new made grave that holds the long hope deferred of better things, to wait until the messenger comes for her. The best years of her life gone all the vim and energy of will expanded, the long overstrained nerves relaxed, too late to turn to other arms or heart, her one love and life work buried in the grave she leaves so sadly, what has she left to do but wait—

"Until the weary waiting o'er
The tired feet press the golden shore,
The lonely heart at last finds rest,
And memory forgets all but the best"

OTTAWA.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The study of a head on our front page is from the picture exhibited in the Graphic Gallery, and is from the pencil of the Chevalier Lévy. The beauty of the face may speak for itself, but the painting is in no wise unworthy of the type it represents.

THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.—One has become so accustomed to turn out on a foggy morning before breakfast to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race that it was hard to believe that, for once, the tide would serve at a reasonable hour. As a natural consequence of this pleasant return to the course of proceedings usual a few years back, and of the gloriously bright and bracing day, there was quite an old-fashioned exodus to the river-side on April 1st. The immense crowd congregated at favourable spots to witness the start was constantly augmented by fresh arrivals, the river was gay with craft of every description, and the Royal Standard, floating above the umpire's boat, denoted the presence of the Prince of Wales and his suite. At a few minutes before one o'clock the Cambridge crew, wearing their light blue jackets, paddled down to the starting-point, and the Oxonians followed them a few minutes later. We heard little or no betting, as even offers of £ to £1 failed to tempt the supporters of Cambridge. All being in readiness, Mr. Searle effected a very even start at exactly 1.1 p.m. Even thus early, the race was virtually over. The form exhibited by the Oxonians was undeniably good, and they shot Hammersmith Bridge in 7 min. 40 sec. from the start, exactly twelve seconds before their opponents passed under it. The rougher water in Corney Reach completely demoralized the Cantabs, who dropped further and further away, and Oxford passed the winning post in 20 min. 12 sec. from the start, having secured one of the hollowest of victories on record.

NATIONAL DRESS.—Last week we gave our ideas upon the so-called National dress of the National Health Society, and this week we are able to give an illustration of some of the best of the modes on view at the Hygienic Exhibition in Cavendish Square which will, we think, in the eyes of unprejudiced readers, fully bear out our remarks on the subject.

THE ABERCORN MYSTERY.—Considerable excitement has been aroused by the recent discovery near Abercorn of the dead body of an Englishman who was supposed to have been murdered, but of whom nothing has been yet discovered. The spot where the discovery was made is a very retired one, not likely to be often visited; those who selected it for disposal of the body, (if brought thither, and not killed there) must know this part of the country pretty well. The sister in Brighton has been written to from Sutton Flats. It takes at least a month to get an answer; more, if the sister cannot be easily found. Meantime public interest fires out, and circumstances are forgotten. Nothing can be done till the man's name is discovered, and the Police could find Miss or Mrs. Jackson best.

The book found in the pocket was a work on short-hand. The hat was fastened to the coat by a string with a little ivory appendage. This is an English rather than American custom. A medical friend of our correspondent saw the body and considers that the jaws indicates an age not far from 40, and the bones suggest something near 5 feet 10 or 11 inches. A few Canadian coins of small denomination were found in the brook below the body. Also two English stamps. When found, all but one leg was under water, (it was higher then probably than now,) this leg was bent up; the other, from which the foot was gone, lay straight. The brook is now very small: I stepped across on one or two stones; it may be larger in freshets. The man's head was entirely bare of flesh and scalp; the latter was found a little way below, with hair adhering to portions of it. I have found a small bit to-day; cannot tell precise color till it is washed. Skull fractured on left temple. Transverse fracture of lower jaw. The head would seem to have been fixed by stones under the ledge of rock in order that when the water is high enough to fall over, it might wash on to the face, and denude it more quickly. The children who discovered it were three boys, the

eldest about 12, sons of Leroy or King, who owns the farm on one side of the brook. The clothing was thin, suitable for Summer rather than Winter.

MOUNT WASHINGTON.—Mount Washington has been called "an arctic island in the temperate zone." Even in summer its elevated peak is rarely visited by sunshine, and is usually found by the traveller who climbs it to be the home of wind and rain clouds. It is now an easy task to reach the summit of this the tallest mountain in our Eastern States, and enjoy the view of the "epic landscape," which embraces a circumference of several hundred miles, in which can be detected scores of villages, and countless streams which unite to form the rivers of New England. In summer, a few days on the summit is pleasant. You can watch the sunset and the sunrise, the shadows of the clouds drifting over the earth below you, or the shadow of the mountain projected on the clouds; you may see storms form and burst far below, and watch the fluctuations of the barometer. Few of us, however, who in our holidays visit the White Mountains and amuse ourselves for a day or two on the summit of Mount Washington, ever think of the life that must be led by those whose duty it is to pass the winter on this storm-beaten peak. There is a small hutlet now there; there are the old hotels, with their low stone walls; there is the new hotel; and there, in a most exposed situation, toward the south of the cone, stands the small wooden observatory occupied by the Signal Service. In winter, the railroad by which these houses can be reached in summer is buried in snow and ice, and the mountain is swept by gales which render travel impossible. The wind has been registered as blowing at the rate of 100 miles per hour for forty-eight hours. In April, 1879, its velocity was 182 miles, and in the great January gale described so vividly in Drake's magnificent "Heart of the White Mountains," the wind gauge registered 186 miles per hour. "By nine in the evening"—the soldier on duty thus describes the scene—"the wind had increased to one hundred miles an hour with heavy sleet. The exposed thermometer registered 24° below. The uproar was deafening. The wind gathering up all the loose ice on the mountain, dashed it against the house in a continuous volley." In this terrible tornado the shed used as an engine house was destroyed, and the plank walk connecting the hotel and the signal station entirely swept away. Even if it had remained, no man could have crossed the short intervening space. In momentary expectation of being swept into eternity, the watchers prepared for the worst by wrapping themselves up in blankets, bound round by ropes to which were attached bars of iron, "so that if the house went by the board, they might have a chance of anchoring somewhere." Tempests of such violence are of course rare, but even in winds that blow only at the rate of sixty or eighty miles an hour the observatory rocks and trembles in the blast.

THE ELEPHANT JUMBO.—Last week we gave an illustration of Jumbo before his departure. His arrival in New York has produced little if any less sensation than his last days in London. Mr. Barnum has his elephantine prize safely housed at Madison Square Garden. As British protests could not, and British courts would not, prevent his removal from the London "Zoo," so the terrors of the sea could not delay his coming, and on Easter morning the steamer *Assarian Monarch*, to which the distinguished immigrant had been intrusted, came gayly into port, and the monster, being lightered to the shore, was transferred in due course to the quarters provided for him. The process of removing him from the vessel's hold was not an easy one. Jumbo was confined in a great wooden cage, six feet eight inches wide and thirteen feet high, inside measurement. It was made of seven-inch timbers of yellow pine, with double lining of three-inch oak planks. Heavy bands of three-quarter inch angle-iron, with five-inch flanges, passed around the cage in all directions, and the receptacle was as strong as stout timbers and iron could make it. It weighed six tons—within half a ton as much as Jumbo. This box, with its living freight, was, after some difficulty, lowered to the deck of the lighter, which at once proceeded to the Battery landing. Nearly two hours were spent in landing the cage and adjusting to it the low and broad wheel truck which was to be the means of conveying Jumbo through the streets to Madison Square Garden. A team of sixteen horses was in waiting, and these, after much delay, were finally harnessed to the cage, and it was started on its way to the Garden, where it arrived, without accident shortly after twelve o'clock, two of Barnum's elephants having given their assistance in propelling the truck when the strength of the horses proved unequal to the task of moving it.

JESSE JAMES, THE DESPERADO.—The recent killing of Jesse James, the notorious outlaw, at St. Joseph, Mo., is still the chief subject of interest in all that part of the country. Dramatic as were the circumstances of his death at the hands of a pretended friend and follower, the desperado's funeral was even more remarkable in its incidents and accessories. It occurred on April 6th, at Kearney, a town of about five hundred inhabitants, situated on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad, twenty-four miles from Kansas City, where Mrs. Samuels, the dead man's mother, lives. Long before noon the town was full of people. The services took place in the Baptist church, half a mile east of the town,

whither the body was escorted by a long procession, among the pall-bearers being the marshal, the sheriff and a deputy sheriff. The Rev. J. M. Martin preached the funeral sermon. He said: "On such occasions as this, when anything is said, it is customary to speak of the life and character of the dead. This is unnecessary here, for all I could say is only too well known already. I think my duty now is to speak to the living." During the service the women were all visibly affected. The mother moaned and groaned aloud.

DEFINITE INVITATIONS.

Writing letters of invitation, and answering letters of invitation, often occupy far longer time in the composition than the writers would care to confess. The difficulty does not lie in an invitation itself, or in accepting or refusing it, but rather in the form in which either should be couched, the words that should be chosen, and the expressions that should be used; one person is afraid of being too expressive, too gushing; another of being too formal or too stiff; one is fearful of saying too little, another of saying too much, and there are yet others who have not an idea what to say or how to commence a letter of this nature, and who are dissatisfied with each start they make, knowing that they have not said the right thing, and not exactly seeing their way to saying it. Time, temper, and paper are often sacrificed to these attempts. This is not only the case with regard to letters of invitation and acceptance, but it also applies to the many letters that are consequent upon an invitation being received and visits paid. Invitations which are conveyed through the medium of cards, "dinner cards," or an "at home" card, require no thought in the giving or receiving; the note of acceptance is as brief as is the printed card of invitation; and to the printed card requesting the pleasure of Mrs. Blank's company at dinner, the stereotyped answer is invariably "Mrs. Blank has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. Dash's kind invitation for Saturday, the twenty-first," or "Mrs. Blank regrets that a previous engagement prevents her having the pleasure of accepting Mrs. Dash's kind invitation for Saturday, the twenty-first."

Of all invitations given, perhaps the first of importance is the one that refers to a visit of some days' duration either for a long or short period. The initiated, or those who are accustomed to give this description of invitation, know exactly what to say and how to say it. The conventional civilities or affectionate cordialities, as the case may be, occur in their proper places; but one point is made clear in either case, namely, the length of the visit to be paid. There are people who are under the impression that to specify the exact length of a visit is in a degree inhospitable, and not sufficiently polite; and they therefore, as a sort of compromise, use the ambiguous terms "a few days" in lieu of distinctly defining the limit of the invitation. So far from vague invitations such as these being an advantage to invited guests, they not seldom place themselves at a disadvantage at more points than one. They are uncertain what day they are to take their departure; they do not wish by leaving a day earlier to disarrange any little plan that their hostess may have contemplated for their amusement. Neither do they wish to prolong their visit a day later, lest by doing so they should break in upon any engagements that she may have formed on her own account, independent of her visitors. It is also not a little awkward for guests to tell their hostesses that they think of leaving on Thursday by twenty minutes past twelve train. It might have suited the hostess very much better that her visitors should have left on the Wednesday, and in her own mind she had perhaps meant that the visit should end on that day; but having left the invitation open, more or less, by saying "a few days," there is nothing left for her but to sacrifice her own arrangements to the convenience of her guests; without discourtesy she could hardly suggest to them that they should leave a day earlier than the one they had named, and the visitors remain unconscious of having in any way trespassed upon the good nature of their hostess. A few days is also an unsatisfactory wording of an invitation to visitors themselves; as a rule it means three or four days, but there is always an uncertainty as to whether the fourth day should be taken or not. Those who interpret "a few days" to mean three days make their plans for departure accordingly; failing this, they are compelled to leave their plans open, and stay from three to five days, according as chance and circumstances may dictate. A lady will perhaps require a little addition to her wardrobe in the matter of a five days' visit over that of three days' stay; but this is a trifling detail, although it helps to swell the list of minor inconveniences which are the result of vague invitations. There are of course exceptions to every rule, and there are people who use this phrase of "Will you come to see us for a few days" in the bona fide sense of the word, and to whom it is immaterial whether their guests remain three days or six days; but such an elastic invitation as this is given to a relative, or to a very intimate friend, whose footing in the house is that of a relation, and with whom the hostess does not stand on ceremony, as far as her own engagements are concerned; and people on these friendly terms can talk over their departure with their hostess, and consult her about it without the faintest embarrassment.

The most welcome invitation is certainly the one that mentions the day of arrival and the day of departure. Thus, after the *raison d'être* of

the invitation has been stated, the why and the wherefore of its being given, follows the gist of the letter: "We hope you will come to us on Wednesday, the twenty-third, and remain until the twenty-sixth." It is, of course, open to a hostess to ask her visitors to prolong their stay beyond the date named if she sees reason for so doing; but this is the exception rather than the rule in the case of short visits, and guests take their departure as a matter of course on the day named in the invitation. Hostess and guests are perfectly at ease upon the subject, and guests do not feel on delicate ground with their hostess, or fear to outstay their welcome. When a visit has been paid it is polite, if not imperative, to write to the hostess and express the pleasure that has been derived from it. Oftener than not, some little matter arises which necessitates a note being written apart from this; but whether or not, good feeling and good taste would dictate that some such note should be written and, as it can always include little matters of general interest in connection with the past visit, it need neither be over ceremonious or coldly polite.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ANOTHER bailiff has been murdered in Ireland.

HER Majesty has returned home from Mentone.

AGRARIAN outrages during March in Ireland numbered 531.

THREATS have been made to blow up the wind-sor Barracks.

ITALIANS and other Europeans are being maltreated in Tripoli.

PASSAGE won the City and Suburban at Epsom spring meeting.

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for the emigration of 12,000 Jews to America.

AN extensive registered letter robbery from the Paris post office is reported.

THE Pacific mail steamer at San Francisco brought 150 Mormon converts from Australia.

THE London *Observer* says all the other suspects will be released when Parnell is freed.

THE Irish Church Synod has expressed sorrow and shame at the widespread lawlessness prevailing in Ireland.

FIFTY policemen have been sent to the Isle of Skye on account of trouble with tenants who refuse to pay rent.

A TERRIBLE explosion has occurred at a Sunderland colliery, by which thirty-five persons, it is feared, have lost their lives.

THE Lord Mayor of London is raising a fund to despatch a party of 200 families of the unemployed poor of London to Canada.

THE German Polar Commission intends fitting out a supplementary expedition to assist in observations on the Labrador coast.

FIVE hundred and thirteen Italian immigrants who landed in New York recently had an average of ten cents apiece in their purses.

THE trial of MacLean for attempted assassination of the Queen has resulted in a verdict of acquittal on the ground of insanity.

THE latest invention of the Nihilists is the presentation of a basket of eggs, dynamite having been substituted for the original contents of the eggs.

THE French Government has approved the scheme of DeLesseps for the cutting of a canal between the Gulf of Gabes and the Sahara. The cost of the work is estimated at 65,000,000 francs.

DR. LAMSON has been again reprieved till the 28th inst. No evidence has been thus far submitted to the Government to justify interference with the execution of the sentence.

HUMOROUS.

CABMAN: "Want a cab, sir?" Smart youth, glancing at horse: "No; I'm in a hurry."

A CONTRAST.—Men like to see themselves in print. Men are modest. Women like to see themselves in silk or velvet.

A MAN is twice a child, but, happily, during his first experiences of childhood he has no bank account to draw upon.

A MERCENARY woman measures her sweetheart's love not so much by the sighs of his heart as she does by the size of his bank account.

A DEAF man lately married was asked at the club about his bride: "Is she pretty?" "No," replied the deaf gentleman. "No, she is not, but she will be when her father dies."

"EVERY one must eat their peck of dirt before they die" said a meek writer in answer to a remonstrance about a dirty-eleged soup-plate. "Yes, you do," retorted the cus-omer, "but not on one plate."

A SLIP OF THE TONGUE.—She (encouragingly.) "Your step suits mine exactly. He (nervously.) So glad to hear you say so; I know I'm such a bad waiter."

"Do you ever use glasses?" politely asked an old lady of an elderly gentleman who was seated beside her in the railway car. "He never does," answers the phlegmatic Briton. "His always takes mine into a powder bag."

A YOUTH to fortune and fame unknown sends Dumas the manuscript of a new play, asking the great dramatist to become his collaborator. Dumas is for a moment petrifed, then seizes his pen and replies: "How dare you, sir, propose to yoke together a horse and an ass?" The author, by return of post: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" Dumas by next mail: "Send me your play, my young friend."