



POT BOILERS.

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Pot Boilers is a popular picture now first published in a Canadian journal, by special permission of the proprietors. It is by Miss Maud Earl, authoress of that other well-known picture—What We Have We Hold. The size of the original engraving is 20x12 inches. The dogs in the picture are the celebrated Scottish terriers—Champion Valiant—best and truest—late Hon. Mr. Haggis. Miss Earl, it is scarcely necessary to say, is looked upon as the leading animal painter of the day.

THE SHIPS THAT SAIL AWAY.

UNDER a glow of reddened bar,
That gilds with light each trembling spar,
Watted by winds from far off West,
Like gulls that float on ocean's breast,
The ships come sailing in,
But never ship on dark'ning bay,
As fair as ship that sails away.

Oh, white the pearls, and red the gold,
Down in the darksome, hidden hold,
With freight of treasure, richest, best,
From rosy East, from radiant West,
The ships come sailing in,
But filled with hopes of early day,
Are fairy ships that sail away.

Fair ships of dreams, of air, of light,
Ghost like you glide through unknown night;
And still we watch, and still we pray,
For our bound ships that sail away.

ELLA WALTON

A STORY OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

THE following incident is said to have occurred when the Duke of York, then Prince George, was stationed at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in command of the gunboat Thrush. One night he was present at a ball, given by the officers of the regiment in garrison there. Now, throughout his stay in Canada, Prince George made himself extremely popular by his bonhomie and evident desire to be treated as an ordinary mortal, but the hostess of the evening—the colonel's wife—would not conform to this, and during the evening she "Royal Highnessed," and generally gushed over the Prince, till he was evidently sick of it. When supper was announced, Prince George took in his hostess, who redoubled her attentions. Fancying that the Prince would like some oysters, she called out to a young subaltern, who was busily engaged in looking after his own partner: "Mr. H., fetch His Royal Highness some oysters, and look sharp!" "Mr. H.," a quiet, collected youth—poor fellow, he was one of the first to fall in the Tirah campaign—turned to a waiter, who was passing, and said, with a slight emphasis in his voice, "Waiter, will you kindly take some oysters to His Royal Highness as quickly as possible!" No one enjoyed the rebuke more than our future King.