

vault of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa, where the archives are kept, a sunny memory, and will give all American visitors an exalted idea of the excellence of the Canadian civil service, which they will long to have that of their own country strive to emulate.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

"THE TURNS OF THE TIDE."—A fisherman's young wife, who has come out of the humble cottage home delineated in a subordinate compartment, appears in this picture, one by Mr. Davidson Knowles, standing upon the rocky sea shore, and eagerly watching for the return of her husband's boat. It is, we may suppose, at early morning dawn, when the in-coming tide is likely to bring back those out all night at their toil in the wide and deep waters of the distant offing. This is a subject which artists have often before treated, but which has a perpetual interest, as it may be deemed a typical example of the pathetic truth, so plaintively expressed in Kingley's well-known ballad, "The Harbour Bar," and in a not less touching Scottish ditty, "Call'er Herrin'." It is well to remind us that the common industry of some classes of the poor, as here along the British coasts, is attended with frequent peril to life, and that our sympathy is due to their wives and families upon many sad occasions of disaster at sea. There are not wanting, in the course of each year's season, opportunities for the exercise of active compassion in particular cases of this nature, as well as for rendering assistance to such excellent public institutions as the "Royal National Life-boat."

PIGEON SHOOTING.—The twenty-third Annual Convention of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game began at Coney Island on the 26th of June and continued nine days. It was the most important convention, in respect of attendance, the number and quality of the prizes, and variety of contests, held by the society since its organization. The value of the prizes was a little more than \$12,000. The pigeon tournament, of which we give sketches on page 44, was held on the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds. It was largely attended; but the details of the several contests have been so fully reported by the dailies that they need not be recited here. Those whose knowledge of this association is limited to the reports of its annual conventions are likely to form an erroneous impression of its character and purposes. It has an important function, and one which it has exercised greatly to the benefit of the community—the enforcement of the laws for the protection of fish and game in N.Y. State, without which the rivers, streams, fields and forests would cease in a short time to be sources of food supply. Clubs and individual members of the association have been active in the enforcement of existing laws as well as in the efforts to secure more stringent regulations, by which fish and game of all kinds shall be protected against destruction, and the proper methods and seasons of killing be rigidly prescribed. For its earnest efforts to carry out the present laws, and to introduce needed reforms, the association is fairly entitled to the thanks and support of the community.

THE OLD ENGLISH FAIR.—This picturesque and quaint exhibition of antiquarian curiosities, held in the Royal Albert Hall during four days of last month, produced not less than £7,540, of which £4,300 was from the charges for admission, while £3,240 was the proceeds of the sale of fancy articles to the profit of the Chelsea Hospital for Women. The "Old English Fair," with the attractiveness of the ladies' old-fashioned costumes, thus proved a great success at Kensington; and it was afterwards removed to the grounds of the Bolingbroke House Pay Hospital, on Wandsworth Common, where it was kept up three days, from Wednesday to the following Saturday inclusive, for the benefit of that institution. The patronesses were Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Countess of Egmont, Elgin and Southesk, and other ladies of rank. A page of incidental sketches, presented in this number, sets before the reader such figures as that of the showman, busily inviting spectators to see "the fun of the fair"; the two ministering priestesses of fortune at her oracular wheel; the *James du comptoir* dealing in tea and cakes and other light refreshment; the purchasers of toys, floral bouquets, and other trifles, which some of them are hardly able to carry away; and the scene at the back of the mimic market-place houses, where many people were fain to stay a long time for want of room. It was, on the whole, an entertainment cleverly arranged, and managed with entire success. The committee of the Chelsea Hospital for women hope when all liabilities are discharged to add a sum of nearly £6,000 to the building fund for their new hospital. Among the special attractions of Saturday may be mentioned a short scene from Shakespeare's "King John," by Miss Ellen Terry and Captain Claremont, when the little temporary theatre was crowded with visitors. Several ladies and gentlemen who had not previously shared in the labours of the "Old English Fair" now volunteered their services, and the last hour presented an unusually busy scene through the energy of numerous amateur auctioneers, who did their best to dispose of the remaining articles at the various stalls.

THE VICTORIA RIFLES IN CAMP.—Our artist has this week given another batch of sketches,

taken in the camp of the Victoria Rifles, including portraits of a number of the officers. He feels keenly that his pencil has fallen far short of doing justice to the good looks of so many handsome gentlemen, but then it is always difficult to portray the highest types of human beauty. When it is easy enough to transcribe the features of Mr. Bill Sykes, it takes all the skill of the most cunning pencil to delineate those of the Apollo Belvedere, in Col. Whitehead. The central picture is our artist, group represents the officers' quarters, with the genial and amiable figure of the paymaster sextant in the foreground. Certainly no spot outside of a mahomedan paradise could exceed this in loveliness. The sloping lawn, the deep shady glades on all sides save one, and that one open to a sweeping view of the broad waters of the St. Lawrence, and the beautiful city of Montreal. Another sketch gives a general view of St. Helens Island as seen from Montreal. A third is a picture of that arsenal of vital force, without which heroes become as useless as cannon without ammunition, we mean the Cook House, when constables are compounded to *blow-out*, instead of combustibles to *blow-up*. In the right of the picture is Hardy an officer, to the left a private, and in one niche is a sketch of officers, taken at one of the most interesting moments of camp life. At that moment when Diana was most interesting. Why when preparing for the bath. As this moment gentleman of the Victoria Rifles might have been seen in the most elegant dishabille, from the Doric night-robe, to the comfortable fatigue jacket and underdrawers, marching, limping, writhing down to the shore to lave their martial bodies in the waters of the great river. Alas! the tents are now scattered and the Vics have returned to the habits of civil life. We must avow, to our great regret, for the camp was certainly a most enjoyable place to visit, and added another charm to the lovely Island of St. Helens'.

DUELING OF THE LAST CENTURY.

A man of the present age, not thoroughly conversant with the state of Europe during the eighteenth century, would hardly be willing to believe the truth of the matter. We speak particularly of the Duel. Really, much of the adventure on the so-called field of honour of that time is entirely unfit for publication, and, if published, would be believed but by few. When reading of the duel in Ireland, the impression rests in our mind that the Emerald Isle must take the palm in the way of horrors and abominations of personal combat. But anon we visit England, then France, then Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain—in short, wherever fashion had introduced the sword and pistol as social arbiters, go where you please, and read of the doing there, and you will feel that each in turn was the most bloody of the lot. In those times men fought just for the fun of the thing. These thoughts have been suggested by the following curious story:

During the reign of George I., two military officers of London—Major Walsh and Captain Hudon—having heard repeated accounts of the success of two Irish gentlemen in affairs of honour, determined to go over and test their much boasted skill. To Dublin they came, where Mr. Fitz-Allen and Colonel Callahan were pointed out to them as the heroes whom they sought. Walsh embraced the first opportunity at a public ball, and brushed rudely against Mr. Fitz-Allen. The latter turned, and saw a stranger; and thinking the affair must have been only an accident, he went his way without further notice.

On the following day Major Walsh, in a public room where many gentlemen were assembled, told of the circumstance—declared that he had purposely insulted Fitz-Allen, who had not dared to respond.

Colonel Callahan chanced to be present. He advanced to the Englishman, and politely informed him that he was Fitz-Allen's friend; that he would take it upon himself to declare that his friend had slighted the insult, believing it to have been an unavoidable accident; and, further, in behalf of his friend, he would extend a challenge, the fight to take place at once.

The Major accepted, and the other went in search of his friend, who was quickly found and brought upon the scene.

Fitz-Allen came in smiling. No words were wasted. The company repaired to an adjacent riding-yard, where the preliminaries were arranged and the combatants placed in position, sword in hand.

"Upon my soul," said Callahan, addressing Captain Hudon—the two acting seconds to their friends respectively, "I think we may as well take a hand in the pastime. It is a pity to lose such an opportunity."

Nothing at that moment could have pleased the English Captain better. He consented immediately, and the twain drew their swords.

And then commenced the double duel—a duel brought about upon the merest whim—to test the truth of flying rumour. Callahan and Hudon being seconds, and feeling that they ought to be ready to attend their principals, went at it with the quickest and most energetic movements. Very soon the Englishman was surprised. He had fancied himself an expert at sword-play; but here was a man who bewilder him. The Irishman's blade flashed through the air like a line of light leaving behind it a network of flame that seemed to create a dazzling veil of blinding rays. So for a little time, till the Englishman had been wounded in

three places, and then Callahan gave the *coup de grace*, passing his point through between the ribs and out at the back. As he removed his sword, he turned to his principal and said, "I'll attend to you now, Fitz. My man is laid away!"

"Oh! Then, egad! I'll finish mine!" And gathering himself for a feint—a twirl—and a pass that had never yet failed him, he spitted his opponent through from side to side.

The two Englishmen were taken in hand by the best surgeons and faithfully nursed. For a time their lives were despaired of, both; but they finally recovered, and lived to become warm and ardent friends of the men who had given them so severe a lesson in duelling.

A SEASIDE REMINISCENCE.

About this time of the year a good many people will be at the seaside, and visitors to Folkestone may probably be amused by the following seldom-quoted anecdote of Queen Bess's visit to that place.

The "Virgin Monarch" was wont to be exceeding smart in her replies to those of her subjects who showed any signs of inflicting a long address upon her, and on this occasion was no less ready than usual.

On arriving at the centre of the town, Elizabeth found the "Right Worshipful the Mayor" attended by the principal inhabitants all drawn up in line, and in their best clothes, to welcome her.

As it happened, his worship was a very small man, and better, perhaps, to give dignity to his office he was accommodated with a stool. Upon this he stood, and as soon as the State *cortège* drew up he commenced to let off the orthodox flourish to royalty, then as now, apparently, incumbent upon municipal big-wigs.

The little man, whose belief in the largeness of his office was palpably as great as his own person was insignificant, pompously began:—

"Most gracious Queens,
Welcome to Folkestone."

But this was enough. Queen Bess cared much more for her dinner than she did for a fathom or two of foolish and fulsome flattery.

As soon as the Mayor arrived at the end of the second line, Elizabeth promptly and incisively said:—

"Most gracious fool
Get off that stool."

whereat the Mayor "got him off quickly."

Poor little man! He deserved a kinder greeting; but then Elizabeth had to listen to so many addresses that small wonder her temper sometimes failed her.

ARCHIBALD MCNEILL.

TENNYSON'S ERASURES.

The Poet Laureate has a peculiar habit of retouching his work.

Hardly any of his earlier poems, and very few of his later works, stand exactly as they did when they left his hand in the first instance.

In "Morte d'Arthur," for example, the poet wrote—

"The day
Was slowly westering to its bower."

This is finely poetical. The phrase used is a strong one, an almost new one, and as felicitous as could be wished. When Tennyson, however, altered it he made it as commonplace as could be wished, and more the expression of an ordinary reflective mind than the happy coinage of the poet's brain. The amended lines read—

"The day
Was sloping toward his western bower."

There is about as much difference between the last quotation and the former as between a polished gem and a street pebble.

In "Sea Dreams," too, the poet has hacked about his couplets in a most unfortunate manner; at least, so the critical ones say. The couplet referred to runs, in its first draught, something like this—

"It is not true that second thoughts are best;
But first, and third, which are a ripper first."

When Mr. Tennyson, after an interval of years, took this couplet in hand, he quite spoiled the swing of the lines, and totally altered the sense, by saying—

"Is it so true that second thoughts are best?
Not first, and third, which are a ripper first?"

It would be amusing to learn, were it possible, what had made the Poet Laureate alter his mind about "second thoughts." The old proverb declared, from time immemorial, that second thoughts are best. Mr. Tennyson, to commence with, doubts this. In fact, he sets a lance against it valiantly. He will not believe it, apparently, on any account.

A few years pass, and once more, in revising his poems, the Laureate thoroughly effaces himself, by turning his first assertion into a very doubting question—

"Is it so true that second thoughts are best?"

ANOTHER comet is said to have been discovered, about 30 degrees above the horizon north-west by north.

Out of a batch of recruits for the North-West Mounted Police, which left Ontario some time since, no less than twenty-three deserted while passing through American territory. This is certainly a cheap method of emigration.

HUMOURS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY CATALOGUE.

A good deal of amusement has been caused this year by the amusing series of mistakes made in the compilation of the Royal Academy Catalogue. The "famous forty" appear to have wilfully determined that what Shakespeare and Tennyson wrote needed a little correction, and the result is a laughable muddle of misquotations. For instance, in Gallery VII., Solomon Hart's picture of "The Hoarder" (514) is solemnly set forth as the original of Shylock's speech—

"Safe bind, safe find;
A proverb well in store in thrifty mind."

This may be all very well as it stands, only the Shaksperian Shylock never said anything of the kind. What that old gentleman did remark was—

"Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind."

Almost as funny in its way is the manner in which the Academy Catalogue, picture 523, appears to represent "A Shipwrecked Sailor Waiting for a Sail," and "deposited on his election as an academician."

A shipwrecked-sailor-academician, waiting for a sail, and meantime depositing a picture somewhere on being elected among the magnates of Burlington House, would be a novelty even in these days of marvels.

But the Catalogue compiler is at his best when he handles Tennyson. Milton's "Lycidas" is splendidly mangled (1,229); the new Tennyson, however, surpasses it entirely. The Poet Laureate sang—

"O rare pale Margaret!
Who lent you love, your mortal dower!"

The bard of the Academy Catalogue is on much less familiar terms with Margaret, and he refuses to so fondly apostrophize the lady, contenting himself with saying—

"O rare pale Margaret!
Who lent you love, your mortal dower!"

This question is left unanswered—probably from the fact that Margaret had never borrowed any "love" at all. The last slip of the pen is remarkable for the difference that the omission of a comma makes.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE President is getting along very satisfactorily.

MR. Gladstone has refused to introduce the Oaths bill this session.

NEGOTIATIONS between St. Petersburg and the Vatican have been broken off.

THE Queen will review over fifty thousand volunteers in the Park at Windsor to-morrow.

THE rumoured drowning of Prince Victor Albert turns out to have been a stock jobbing hoax.

TWELVE hundred pounds sterling were sent from America to the Irish Land League last week.

FOUR members of the Dublin University Rowing Club have offered to row the Cornell crew on any water in England or Ireland.

A TERRIBLE fire has occurred in Cincinnati, four of the largest manufactories of the city being totally consumed. The loss will reach half a million.

Arrangements have been made for the presentation of Wagner's trilogy in London next May.

A DISASTROUS avalanche is reported from Switzerland, 1,300 sheep with their shepherds having perished.

TREASURER Egan is accused of grossly mismanaging the funds of the Land League, and there is also much talk of treachery.

GAMBETTA and Leon Say have accepted the Presidency of the Committee at Paris for relief to the sufferers by the Quebec fire.

A LARGE number of Canadian cattle and sheep were thrown overboard recently from the British steamer *Ashbourne*. She was ashore on the Banks of Newfoundland.

THE weather in Europe has been terribly hot. In Paris the thermometer indicated 93°. Four soldiers died from sunstroke during a sham fight at Aldershot on Monday.

THE Governor of the Colony of Victoria has refused to dissolve the Colonial Parliament, which he was asked to do by the defeated Ministry.

ELECTRICITY IS NOW RECOGNIZED as a remedial agent of prime importance, and medicinal articles in which this principle is developed by contact, are among those most highly esteemed. Physicians and others who have observed or experienced the action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, testify to the thoroughness and promptitude with which it affects curative results. Losing no strength by evaporation, like other oils, pure in its constituents and efficacious inwardly and outwardly, this supreme remedy is, moreover, sold at a price which enables all to avail themselves of it. It is a prime remedy for affections of the throat, chest and lungs; conquers rheumatism and neuralgia; subdues inflammation, eradicates piles and remedies all manner of outward hurts. Colic, sweeney, garget, harness and collar galls, and other maladies and injuries of the brute creation, are completely cured by it. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared only by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.