

THE SPEAKING JAW.

The earliest men of whom we have any certain knowledge, the palæolithic men, as they are styled, are distinguished by scientific investigators, as is well known, into two distinct races, belonging to widely different epochs. Prof. Boyd Dawkins styles the earlier race the "river-drift men," and the later the "cave-men." The river-drift men were, in his view, hunters and savages of the lowest grade. In his opinion, this race is now "as completely extinct as the woolly rhinoceros or the cave-bear." We have, he considers, no clew to its ethnology; and its relation to the race that succeeded it is doubtful. The cave-men were of much higher order, and were especially remarkable for their artistic talents. Prof. de Quatrefages distinguishes the types of the two races as the "man of Canstadt" and the "man of Cro-Magnon,"—terms derived from places where crania belonging to these races have been found. Prof. A. de Mortillet knows the earlier race as the "Chellean man" or the "man of Neanderthal," and the later as the "Magdalenian man,"—designations also derived from localities where their remains or their implements have been discovered. An under-jaw of an individual of this race, the celebrated "jawbone of La Naulette," affords what Prof. de Mortillet considers decisive evidence that its possessor had not the faculty of speech. This evidence is thus stated by him: "In the middle of the inner curve of the jaw, in place of a little excrescence called the 'genial tubercle' there is a hollow, as with monkeys. Speech or articulate language," he continues, "is produced by movements of the tongue in certain ways. These movements are effected mainly by the action of the muscle inserted in the genial tubercle. The existence of this tubercle is therefore essential to the possession of language. Animals which have not the power of speech do not possess the genial tubercle. If, then, this tubercle is lacking in the Naulette jawbone, it is because the man of Neanderthal, the 'Chellean man,' was incapable of articulate speech."

—Horatio Hale.

SUNDAY IN THE COUNTRY IN NOVA SCOTIA.

A fresh soft wind the meadows blowing over,
Brings tidings from the distant village bells;
And where the road leads through the purple clover,
The people follow as the summons swells.

The rural people from quaint homesteads lonely,
And from the hamlets by the river side;
Simple of heart and life, and eager only
For comfort, which the shallow codes deride.

The bright-haired children, and the old man hoary,
The matron mark'd by care and household toil,
And ardent youth, just learning Life's sweet story,
With sunny eyes that fear not Time's despoil.

And of the harvest hither comes the sower,
Who watches, as he walks, the summer skies;
Foretells the wind, and prophesies the shower,
And dreads the hungry crow that past him flies.

Not theirs the cavil, or weak speculation,
Which is not thought, although it tramples faith
Beneath the godless dust of drear Formation.
And claims for Nature what she nowhere saith.

Wiser these hearts which, in a world of sorrow,
Their joys and blessings humbly count and scan;
Trusting their hopes to that unknown to-morrow,
Where each a part shall fill in one vast plan.

The story of the Cross is still unshaken,
Because its fullness satisfies their need;
Rather would they with Jesus be mistaken,
Were Fate so dark, than own the scoffer's creed.

Around their quiet homes the orchards flower,
The scented thorn o'erhangs the swinging gate;
And, all unconscious of his joyful dower,
Sweet-throated robin cheers his happy mate.

And in the twilight peace the neighbours cluster
Around some open hospitable door;
A weekly respite is the evening muster,
A fellowship that soothes care's daily store.

Down from the green hill-pastures in the gloaming,
The small streams hasten musical and fleet,
(Unheard through busy day their voices roaming)
And over all the Sabbath rest falls sweet:

Montreal.

A. C. JENNINGS.



Christine Nilsson has recently paid \$10,000 in Paris for a painting of the Madonna.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, the organ virtuoso, has sailed for Europe, and will give a series of recitals in Paris.

At the *bal des artistes* at the opera house in Paris, Sarah Bernhardt appeared as the conductor of an orchestra of 120 musicians.

Hanslick, the great critic, declares Brahms's third violin Sonata, in D minor, to be the best and most beautiful work yet produced by the master in the line of chamber music.

Mrs. Ole Bull has had a fine music room constructed in her new house in Boston. The room is lined with teak and its acoustic properties are said to be something extraordinary.

Arthur Friedheim, the world famous pianist, orchestral conductor and Liszt interpreter, has been engaged by Manager Wolfsohn for a tour in the United States and Canada, beginning next autumn.

Hans von Bulow recently arrived in Germany and expressed himself as highly pleased with the American public, who received him with such open arms, and lavishly gave him so much of their money.

Adolf Ruthardt, the composer and pianist, has recently written a symphony and a piano concerto, besides a septette, which has been played in Berlin with excellent success. Ruthardt is one of the best modern German composers.

Baron Alberto Franchetti, who composes operas, expends immense sums on their production. His work "Asrael" was rehearsed for a month previous to its performance in Florence, 700 people being engaged. The *mise en scène* was estimated as costing \$400,000.

Mr. David Laurie, of Glasgow, has refused \$10,000 for the famous "Alard" Stradivarius violin, but \$12,500 has now been offered on behalf of an American, and the matter is under consideration. The "Alard" formerly belonged to J. B. Vuillaume, the expert, who gave it to his son-in-law, M. Delphin Alard, violin professor at the Paris conservatoire, who sold it to Mr. Laurie. It is dated 1715, and the only alteration since made is a slight lengthening of the neck.

Arthur Friedheim, the famous pianist, was recently thrown into prison for four days by the Russian authorities, on attempting to leave Russia for Germany, and having no permit from the Russian Government to leave the country. In vain Friedheim implored them to let him go, said he was Friedheim, the pianist, and that his passport was delayed and he was obliged to go on; but they would hear nothing or take no explanation, and consequently Friedheim was cast into prison. Finally he persuaded them to allow him to play, and accordingly was marched through the streets, guarded by two soldiers, for a distance of two miles, to play before the head officials, and after playing part of a Liszt rhapsodie, as only he can play it, was given permission to go on his journey, much to his delight, yet declaring he will never return to the country again.

Mrs. Hautry Godard, who left St. John some time ago to study for the stage in New York, has returned to the city, and is one of the Lansdowne Theatre company, under Mr. McDowell's management. *Progress* learns from those who should know that she has made good use of the time spent in New York, and will do credit to the company. It is said that it was the intention of the manager to give Mrs. Godard considerable prominence in her native city, but the Micawber Club objected strenuously. The person or persons who compose that unique organization had not not seen Mrs. Godard on the stage, and judging her present performances from her past amateur trials in St. John, were not sufficiently prepossessed in her favour to allow her to be "starred." In consequence the notices in the press, inspired or compiled by the Micawber Club, have not given Mrs. Godard any prominence. She does not even appear on the house bill under her own name. It is asserted by one daily that Miss Mary Hampton is the St. John lady, by another that Miss Alice Greames is the St. John amateur. Then the special organ of the club denies that Miss Mary Hampton is a St. John lady, but that she has been on the regular stage for several seasons. All of which is very mysterious and quite amusing. Manager McDowell will find before he is very far along in his season that the less the Micawber club has to say about his part of the show, the greater will his chances of success be.—*St. John, N.B., Progress.*

The Chinese servant wished to draw a distinction between the servant and the friend. He had a Chinese present for his mistress, but he did not propose that it should be tendered in any impolite way. It was dinner time, and they had gone into the dining-room. The Chinaman was not there. They called him, but there was no sign. Just then the door-bell rang and one of the family had to go to the door. When the door was opened there stood the Chinaman with a package, which he handed with a polite bow. "For misses; a molly Christmas!" Then he disappeared, and before they could quite understand the affair he had gone through the garden and was in the dining-room ready to wait at table.

From *The Canada Gazette*, 22nd June, 1889:
"Public Notice is hereby given that under 'The Companies Act,' letters patent have been issued under the Great Seal of Canada, bearing date the 27th May, 1889, incorporating Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., Hon. George A. Drummond, Senator, Andrew Robertson, Chairman Montreal Harbour Commissioners, Richard B. Angus, director Canadian Pacific Railway, Hugh McLennan, forwarder, Andrew Allan, shipowner, Adam Skaife, merchant, Edward W. Parker, clerk, Dame Lucy Anne Bossé, wife of George E. Desbarats, George Edward Desbarats, A.B., L.L.B., publisher, and William A. Desbarats, publisher, all of the city of Montreal and Province of Quebec; Gustavus W. Wicksteed, Queen's Counsel, and Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Civil Engineer, of the city of Ottawa and Province of Ontario, and J. H. Brownlee, Dominion Land Surveyor, of the city of Brandon and Province of Manitoba, for the purpose of carrying on the business of engraving, printing and publishing in all the branches of the said several businesses and including publication of a newspaper and other periodical publications, by the name of 'The Dominion Illustrated Publishing Company (Limited),' with a total capital stock of fifty thousand dollars divided into 500 shares of one hundred dollars.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 21st day of June, 1889.

J. A. CHAPLEAU,
Secretary of State."

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED.

At a meeting of the directors of this Company, held at the offices of the Company, 73 St. James street, Montreal, on Tuesday, 9th July, the following officers were elected:

Sir Donald A. Smith, K.C.M.G., M.P., President.
George E. Desbarats, Managing-Director.
William A. Desbarats, Secretary-Treasurer.

HUMOUROUS.

"Did you bring a field-glass with you?" "Never thought of that; but we can drink out of the flask."

Mr. Jonathan Trump: "What's the matter with young Darlington? He's going into the conservatory with Dolly Flicker, as pale as a ghost." Miss Penelope Peachblow: "Going into a decline, I take it, from what I know of Dolly."

"Tommy," said his mother, "do you think you'll get a prize at the school for being good?" "No, 'n," said Tommy. "Why not, sir?" asked his father, sternly, laying down his paper. "Because they don't give any," answered Tommy, meekly.

First boy: "Barnum has secured a wonderful freak."
Second boy: "What is it?" "It is a man who can address a Sunday-school without beginning his speech, 'When I was a little boy.'" "I don't believe there is such a man. He is a fraud."

Mrs. Culture: "Well, my dear, did you meet Mr. Greathead, the eminent scientist and philosopher, whose vast stores of knowledge and mental acumen are the wonder of even this mighty age?" Daughter: "Yes, ma." "Oh, I'm so glad. Sit right down and tell me all he said." "All he said was, 'It's a very wet day.'"

Government clerk (to friend): "I'm in a frightful hole. I went to see two doctors yesterday and got a medical certificate from each. One was a certificate of health for a life insurance company, and the other was a certificate of illness to send to the chief with my petition for a week's leave of absence." Friend: "I've done that myself. What's the matter?" G. C.: "Matter? Great Scott! I mixed the certificates in mailing them. The insurance company has my certificate of ill-health and the chief has my certificate of good health."

"An amusing story," writes a London correspondent of the Leeds (England) *Mercury*, "is going about as to how a very young gentleman received by mistake an invitation to a royal dinner party. He was astonished at the 'command,' but did not jump to the conclusion that it might have been intended for his more mature and more sporting namesake. On reaching the house the royal host, while not in the least recognizing his beardless guest, received him on the strength of his name with the utmost urbanity, and it was only when, after waiting a while for the real 'Simon pure,' that his Royal Highness guessed what had occurred, and that the card of invitation had been left by his equerry at the wrong address. He was, consequently, all the more careful not to allow his young guest to arrive at a similar solution, and, therefore, paid him every attention, and allowed him to leave without once hinting at the mistake which had been made."