

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

SIR ALBERT J. SMITH.—On our front page we present the portrait of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, whom it has pleased Her Majesty to raise to the dignity of Knighthood, in connection with the successful termination of the Halifax Conference. The biography of Sir Albert will be found in a late number as that of the NEWS for March 21, 1877.

THE ASSASSINATION OF THE EARL OF LETERM.—We need not rehearse the full particulars of this tragedy, as given by the daily press. Our view represents the very spot where the nobleman was murdered, and we also give a portrait of the deceased Earl.

THE GRAND DUKE AND THE SULTAN.—This interchange of princely courtesies between the illustrious personages who were lately at war with each other, and whose hostile relations had been terminated, as all the world knows, by the preliminary Treaty of Peace agreed to at San Stefano on the 3rd ult., was deferred many days, through the difficulty of arranging some details with respect to the route by which the Grand Duke should approach the Sultan's residence. In order to avoid the excitement which might be caused by a large number of Russian officers riding through the streets of Stamboul and Pera, the Russians themselves proposed that the Grand Duke and his followers should go by water to the palace of Dolma Bagtche on board the Livadia steam-yacht belonging to the Empress of Russia, and that the Sultan should return the visit on board the Livadia, or in any other way that might be considered advisable. To this the Turks consented, but went beyond the Russian propositions in proposing to put the palace of Beglerbeg on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus at the disposition of the Grand Duke, in which to receive the return visit of the Sultan. The arrangement was finally agreed to, and was carried into effect on Tuesday, the 26th, without any inconvenience. The Grand Duke, with fifteen or twenty officers, went on board the Livadia, while the rest, to the number of about sixty, embarked on board the Constantine, and were seen steaming up to the mouth of the Bosphorus. They have to just off the Palace of Dolma Bagtche, and a large steam launch of the Sultan's came off and took the Grand Duke and several Generals ashore, the rest following party in the boats of the Livadia and Constantine, partly in a second launch of the Sultan. They landed at the marble steps of the palace and were instantly conducted to the reception-room, where the Sultan entered at the same moment.

The meeting between the Sultan and the Grand Duke was very cordial and friendly. They shook hands, inquired after each other's health, and the usual polite speeches were made. Only five or six Russian Generals were presented to the Sultan, the rest looking on. Coffee, sweets, and shikhs were served, and the Grand Duke had a long consultation with the Sultan, the dragoman of the Russian Embassy acting as interpreter, with only M. Nelidoff, Saivet Pasha, and Raouf Pasha present. The conversation lasted about three quarters of an hour. Then the Grand Duke withdrew, and went on board the Livadia, which steamed up the Bosphorus about three miles, and here to the other side, off the Palace of Beglerbeg. Here the Grand Duke awaited the visit of the Sultan, walking up and down the marble platform in front of the palace, chatting gaily with his officers. In about half an hour the Sultan arrived in a steam-launch, and was met at the steps by the Grand Duke, when they again shook hands. Another conversation of about half an hour followed, of which nobody but those engaged heard anything. Then the Sultan withdrew. On getting into the launch he proposed that the Grand Duke should accompany him back again to the Palace of Dolma Bagtche. The Grand Duke consented, and stepped into the launch, accompanied only by the dragoman to act as interpreter. He went back to Dolma Bagtche, thus paying a second visit to the Sultan, which lasted about half an hour. The Grand Duke and part of his suite paid a visit to Prince Reuss, and then went to the Russian Embassy. The two eagles over the gateway, which were tied up in oil cloth at the declaration of war, were uncovered amid the cheers of the crowd, as an outward sign and token that the war was at an end. Osman Pasha was present and shook hands with the Grand Duke in a very friendly way. He greeted Skobeleff warmly, almost affectionately. Neither the French, German, nor Austrian military attaches were present at the reception at either Palace, although invited. The Grand Duke next day again visited and dined with the Sultan at the Dolma Bagtche Palace. Several Russian Princes and Generals, and Vefik, Saivet, Namyk, Raouf, and Osman Pasha, were among the guests. The Sultan has bestowed costly presents and a decoration on the Grand Duke, who returned to his headquarters at San Stefano on Wednesday.

A BROKEN SAVINGS' BANK.—The scene depicted in our illustration is one which has become too frequent on this continent within the last few years. Savings banks were originally intended to afford the industrious poor a safe place of deposit for their scanty savings, by which they could lay up something for support in sickness or old age, or provide for their children. As a rule, no doubt, these institutions are honestly and prudently managed; but in too many instances the dishonesty or flagrant mismanagement of the officials has brought ruin upon a trusted bank, and caused great suffering and dis-

stress among thousands of poor and worthy depositors. In some cases old men and women have lost the savings of a life-time, and invalids unable to work have been deprived of their only means of support.

THE CONSPIRACY OF ANAGNI.—This represents one of the many episodes of ecclesiastical war and revolt, in Italy, during the middle ages. A band of conspirators, led by a *Condottiere* of repute, make an irruption into the aged Pontiff's palace at Anagni. His followers fly in dismay, but the Pope steps forward to meet his enemies, who, in their turn are so awestricken by his intrepidity, that they turn around and escape.

VARIETIES.

ONE WAY OF DOING IT.—The following incident took place in an American shipping office. The conversation was on betting, each person in the office relating in turn some one operation of the kind that he had been engaged in. Finally it came to a certain Captain Jack, who opened by saying he never made a bet of any consequence, or did not recollect one just now, but would bet any one in the room five dollars that he would poke "that hat"—pointing to one—through a ring which he had on his first finger, and not injure the hat. "That can't be did nohow!" said some one in the room. "Will you bet?" asked the captain. "I don't care if I do," said number two, his eyes glistening at the prospect of making five dollars on such a "sure thing," as he termed it. The money was deposited, and the company gathered round to see some one "done brown." Captain Jack slowly took off the ring and passed it round to show that all was fair. Every one was satisfied. Then he deliberately wiped and polished the inside, and announced he was ready. Number two advanced to the "pile" to be in readiness. The captain held the ring between his forefinger and thumb, and marched towards the hat, holding the ring an inch from it. He ran his small finger through the ring, the former striking the hat and winning him the bet, as he had "poked the hat through the ring."

PLAIN LIVING.—A letter to the editor of the *New York Sun* says:—This is what we need; that our wealthy people, whether enriched by inheritance, good fortune, or honorable industry and frugality, should make the not very difficult or self-denying sacrifice of living in the community in such a way as will commend itself to all for its simplicity, its economy, and at the same time its elegance and refinement; thus presenting the highest social station as a thing easy within the reach of all honorable and honest people. This would produce a healthy, hopeful striving for the station which is ever allied with genuine moral development and progress. Instead of this, our rich people, for the most, set an example, by their style of living, which posits upon the great body of the people, exciting a restless, despairing envy that finds consolation only in the hope of vying with it by means of some lucky hit, or in gloating with unhealthy selfishness over the daily-recurring instances of financial and moral wreck and downfall of some hitherto envied neighbor. These instances show that the so-called upper-class is so impregnated with the qualities of rascality and infamy that it is only a question of time, and that short, how soon the whole vicious thing will come down with such a crash and ruin, accompanied by such a blow on the great moral nerve of the land, as will render for ever hateful the very name of social station as now misapplied and absurd.

PIANOFORTE TUNERS.—Can any reasonable objection be advanced to the employment of women as pianoforte tuners? The present writer is totally ignorant of music, and therefore may have erroneous notions respecting the scientific acquirements necessary for the exercise of the tuner's art; but whatever those may be, is it proved that women cannot attain to them? Has the experiment ever been made? If the tuner needs only a true ear for harmony, mechanical facility in handling the implements of his craft, and a knowledge of the construction and capacities of the various instruments on which he may be required to exercise it, there can be no doubt that women are as well qualified by nature as men to be pianoforte tuners. The true ear for harmony is the best requirement, and as many women as men possess that. The occupation is not fatiguing, and it is one that, like the cleaning, repairing, and regulating of clocks and watches, might be secured to numbers of properly taught and qualified women, if the ladies who are interested in extending the area of employment for their own sex would combine to commence the movement in favour of it. It cannot be too emphatically repeated that in all these suggestions there is no thought of anything but self-supporting industry, that it is distinctly to recommend certain kinds of work which being fairly well done by women shall recommend themselves to that only true and lasting valuable patron, the public, these suggestions are offered, and that it is only the first "push" that is needed or asked. In former days, when ladies used to play the harp, and would indulge their friends by having the cumbersome but delightful instrument carried to their houses on festive occasions, the fair performers were their own tuners. In this case also the argument for pleasantness and suitability in the employment of women that has been used in the case of female hair-dressers would apply. The charge made for

"tuning" by the musical instrument makers is an important addition to the cost of the hire of pianos; if women were taught the art, they could afford to exercise it at much lower rates.

CIVILITY.—Civility is a beautiful word, coming from the old Latin *civilitas*, which means, relating to the community, or to the policy and government of the citizens and subjects of a State; thus reminding us in its root-idea of the fact, that we are members one of another, that mere individual care and selfishness is not civil, and that we are related to those around us in multitudes of ways. An uncivil man by his conduct says, "Your pleasure, your comfort of mind, is nothing to me. What care I whether you are happy or not?" But a civil man desires by his very conduct to see those around him in the enjoyment of the pleasant sense of satisfaction and good-will. Thus it happens that *civil* comes, in its secondary sense, to mean gentle, obliging, well-bred, affable, kind; and—let this be a satisfaction to citizens—it means, having the habits of a *civilis*. This surely is one of the greatest compliments that can be paid to those who have to endure a city's smoke and noise, that they are supposed to be especially civil. Certainly it is a sign of good breeding to be civil. It manifests that delicate and instinctive appreciation of the feelings of others which is the essence of true gentlemanliness. Manifestly there are dangers in this, as in every other aspect of life and duty. We can easily understand in physics how too much of sweets nauseates instead of pleasing the palate, and so in morals we can quite well understand that there is a danger lest courtesy should merge into a ridiculous and empty excess of mannerism. There are rocks on either hand here as elsewhere, but there are wide seas between in which we may safely steer our vessels; and if we are to be afflicted from one position because of its possible excesses, we had better confess at once our inability to steer between extremes. The danger of excess in this respect is not one-hundredth part so great as the danger of neglect. We are liable each day to be "put out" by so many things—to have the angry spirit, the grumbling spirit, the discontented spirit awakened in us—that it requires a marvellous amount of energy not to put this essence of unpleasantness into our mannerism towards others. Who has not felt it to be a great wrong that he should suffer Smith's supphishness, because in the morning Brown happened to be gross with Smith? It is difficult indeed to rid ourselves of the feelings of the hour; but if we *will* tried to be civil and courteous to each other, in court and camp and shop, in street, at home, and abroad, we should cure the evil at a stroke; and just in proportion as we personally cultivate a courteous spirit, do we diminish the discomfort of the world.

A PARISIAN BEAUTY'S REVENGE.—An English marchioness resident in the Legationist faubourg, and avoiding the Napoleonic as "low," gave grand parties. To one of these an English lady took, uninvited, a pretty French woman, a friend of the Empress. The pretty woman made herself conspicuous by her prettiness and dirtiness, but the marchioness found out who she was, and was disgusted. She said to her:

"I am so conscious of the honor you have done me in visiting me that I dare not expect a repetition of the unexpected compliment."

The pretty woman grew pale, but smiled, and ordered a cavalier to order her carriage. The pretty woman was clever, and guessed a revenge. She bribed the marchioness' *valet de chambre* to give her the list of guests invited for the next *souper*. Armed with this she prepared a circular note, which she despatched to each of the invited late in the afternoon of the appointed day:—"The marchioness presents her compliments to so and so, and regrets that a domestic calamity will prevent her," etc. She then went to a great "Mad Doctor," representing herself as the daughter of the marchioness, and acting with the consent of her ladyship's family; she represented that her mother, the marchioness, was afflicted with insanity, and her madness was in the delusion that she was always having grand parties. For instance, if monsieur the doctor would go to her ladyship's hotel that evening, he would find her dressed in great splendour, with the saloon illuminated, adorned with flowers, and buffets covered with refreshments.

The doctor went, on the understanding that he was to obtain the proper police authority to take the marchioness to Maison de Sante in the event of the representation made to him being confirmed in his own observation. He arrived at 10 in the evening; he was the first—the only guest; and though the marchioness did not remember his name, she took it for granted she had invited him, and was profusely civil. His manner puzzled, and his questions startled her, and as he grew adroit as his perception of her lunacy became more clear, she was at last offended, and rang for her servants. At the same time he made the proper intimation of his police authority; and the end of the story is, that she was taken off by the doctor in hysterics, and detained as a prisoner in his asylum until the whole truth came out. All Paris was in roars, and the pretty flirt was a heroine forever. Protected by her august friend, she escaped retaliation—a British marchioness is too grand for wit.

If you would be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing which you know and suspect is wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, always do everything in your power which you know is right.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A LESSON for wives: The best broiled steak in Washington is to be had at a gambling-house.

ARCHERY for ladies will be the rage during the coming season, and the beaux are in a quiver about it.

SOME scribbling wretch says: "It takes as much wit not to displease a woman as it takes little to please her." Put him out.

A DETROIT woman is being reduced to her last dress because silk is so high that she can't afford it, and calico is so cheap that she won't wear it.

THE simplicity of a rural courtship was never better illustrated than by the following anecdote: "I'm gann to be marrit, Peggy," said a hind to a servant-lass whom he had been in the habit of visiting. "Ay, are ye? And to whom, gin I may be allowed to speir?" "To yerself, Peggy." "Aye?" said Peggy; "I wish I had kenn'd sooner."

MISS SARAH H. LEGGET, a well-known and successful business woman of New York, is about starting a hotel for women, which will afford a plain, wholesome food, be furnished neatly and comfortably, but without any display, have a library, bath-room, &c., where respectable working girls can live at four dollars a week, and bring their sewing-machines, too.

MRS. DICKENS has become reconciled with her sister, Miss Hogarth, who, after the separation of the novelist from his wife, became his house-keeper, and of whom he said that she was "the best and truest friend man ever had." There was some scandal at one time about this relationship, but it has been entirely dispelled. Mrs. Dickens and Miss Hogarth live together.

OCCASIONS of trouble and adversity do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

THERE is no man so friendless but that he can find a friend sincere enough to tell him disagreeable truths.

As time passes, memory silently records your deeds, which conscience will impressively read to you in after life.

DON'T live a single hour in your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end.

ROUSSEAU used to say, "That to write a good love-letter, you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

As a general rule, men obtain less sympathy than those how are continually running about to beg for it; whilst it is often liberally proffered to those who are too proud to accept it.

HAVE courage to review your own conduct, to condemn it when you detect faults, to amend it to the best of your ability, to make good resolves for future guidance, and to keep them.

It is not worth while to think too much about being good. Doing the best we know minute by minute, and hour, we insensibly grow to goodness, as fruit grows to ripeness.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE fan alone of a Parisian actress in Dumas' new play cost 2,000 francs.

NUSSON was lately the recipient of a silver urn valued at \$5,000, given by her subscribers in St. Petersburg.

THEY say Albani is married; they also say she is engaged to Capoul, the tenor; and, furthermore, it is stated that she will never marry.

SELIKA WILLIAMS, a mulatto, born in Natal, in 1850, is spoken of in the West as "America's coloured Paul." Her voice is said to cover three octaves from lower E to high G.

A WELL-KNOWN dramatic author is dramatizing a story for Miss Maggie Mitchell, in which it is said her characterization of the leading part will surpass that of *Enoch* or *Little Bircfoot*. The play will not be produced until next fall.

MRS. BOYCEWATER (Agnes Robertson) has a boy eight years old who has conceived the plot of a play wherein the catastrophe is that of the foundering of a ship plied full of holes by a swordfish hired to perform this deed by a friend of the family who was not invited to tea.

A LEIPSIK paper records a number of superstitious of artists, some of which are very curious. Tiegens, for instance, believed that the person would speedily die that shook hands with her over the threshold at parting; Rachel and Mars thought they gained their greatest success immediately after meeting a "curran" (bellini) would not permit a work to go out if on the day announced he was first greeted by a man, and "La Sonnambula" was several times thus postponed; Meyerbeer regularly washed his hands before beginning an act, and a young noted tragedienne of Vienna never plays unless she has a white mouse in her bosom.

Interest blinds some and makes some see. Study your own interest and buy **Treble's Perfect Shirt**. The largest stock of **French Cambrie Shirts** in the Dominion. Samples and card for self-measurement sent free. **TREBLE'S**, 8 King Street East, Hamilton.

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