

## ECHOES FROM LONDON.

The collection of lace belonging to the Princess Beatrice can hardly be equalled. It contains a part of that Alençon which was found in a lumber-room some years ago at St. James's Palace, and which is reputed to be worth about 20,000*l*. It dates from the time of Henry VIII.

THE public laugh at Zadkiel, and Zadkiel laughs at the public. They get obscure prophecies which sometimes do come true—Zadkiel prophesied the Isandula disaster for January 22 by predicting troubles at the Cape—and people fill Zadkiel's pockets. He has sold more than 150,000 copies of his almanac this year, and it is still in brisk demand.

THERE is a report that a new political pamphlet will be published, entitled, "Whom to follow—Gladstone (Constitutionalist) or Beaconsfield (Imperialist)?" The name of the writer is kept a secret, but he is high in position, and behind the scenes. The pamphlet is to be used during the coming general election, and is already "bespoke" by more than one local Liberal Committee.

THE Duke of Connaught, who commands the first battalion of the Rifle Brigade, volunteered for Zululand. He went down to the Queen and pleaded hard to be allowed to temporarily delay the worship of Venus in favour of that of Mars, and he succeeded in persuading the Queen to let him go out, provided the high personages on the other side of the marriage contract would consent. The Red Prince, it is said, was anxious to permit the young Duke to go, but the lady would not hear of it at all. Venus triumphed over Mars.

IT is stated that Her Majesty recently received the Prince Imperial with touching kindness, thanking him for his gallant interest in this country and her army. Before taking leave the Queen placed upon his finger a ring which she had removed from her finger, and bade him wear it as a mark of Her Majesty's grateful regard. Prince Louis was visibly affected at this further proof of that friendship which the Queen has on so many occasions evinced towards himself and his mother.

UNWELANTARA, the cousin of King Cetywayo, not uncle, as the name suggests, excited so much attention in passing through the city of London that the Radical members of Parliament in charge of him were glad to take refuge in a tailor's establishment in Cheapside. The head of the firm, noticing how thinly the lad was clad, kindly presented him with a substantial suit of clothes. The friends of Unkwel were hopeful that the like attention would be bestowed on them, but it was not. Some roughs seemed to be inclined to take a different view of the Zooloo "uncle."

THE prospectus has been issued of a Limited Liability Company to give an impulse to the art of what is called "Poikilography," a formidable-looking word, but meaning no more than the copying of pictures from their natural colours. The object of the Company is, in fact, to manufacture copies of paintings, and to enable poor people to adorn their parlours and kitchens with fac-similes of the works of the great masters. The industrious photographer has already distinguished himself in this line of business, but the Poikilographer evidently belongs to a higher order of art, who engages to give us copies almost undistinguishable from the originals.

THE Duke of Connaught's marriage is the seventh of the Queen's children, previous Royal weddings having been as follows: The Princess Royal, January 25, 1858, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's; Princess Alice, July 1, 1862, at Osborne; the Prince of Wales, March 10, 1863, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor; Princess Helena, July 5, 1866, also at Windsor; Princess Louise, March 21, 1871, at Windsor; and the Duke of Edinburgh, January 23, 1874, in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

"DRAWING-ROOM meetings" are quite the fashion now-a-days. The method is this—cards are sent out announcing that on a given day, at a given hour, a discussion will take place in the drawing-room on such and such a "burning question." Some accommodating and bland M.P., or Q.C., or perchance a live peer, takes the chair, and the question is well hammered out. Ladies and gentlemen alike take part in the debate, and the blue-stockings have a good time of it. When all have had their say, a division is taken—sometimes with the startling result of revealing the most radical propensities in members of the aristocracy.

THE Duke and Duchess of Connaught are expected to return from Claremont to Windsor next Wednesday before they leave this country. Claremont is remembered by the tenancy of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne and of King Leopold I. and the Princess Charlotte. It is by a Statute of 1866 Her Majesty's private property during her life. The neighbourhood is of great beauty and of equal historical and romantic interest. Cardinal Wolsey lived for some time on part of the lands. Clive built a house here, and many poets have sung of the "soft wind-

ings of the devious mole" round the grounds in their addresses to Polham. The present house is of classical architecture—according to the classicism of the eighteenth century.

SEVERAL new versions of last year's popular street songs have appeared. One commences:

"We don't want to fight, but by Jingo when we do,  
We'll be more wide awake than when we met the bad Zulu."

A Radical version is:—

"We did want to fight, but by Jingo at Zulu,  
We lost our men, we lost our guns, and we lost our money, too."

The song for the avenging army is:

"We're eager for the fight, but by Jingo when we do,  
We'll kill, for every white man slain, a hundred black Zulu."

A CURIOUS experiment has just been made under the direction of several medical men of eminence, and the results they have obtained will shortly be published in an official form. Their object was to see the effect of drink of all kinds, not necessarily stimulating and intoxicating, but even water, on the frame, and a good subject was selected in the person of a man free from disease of any kind. After a little while it was found that the patient scarcely required any liquor at all, and at the end of the trial was in capital health, and all the better for abstinence from liquors of all sorts. It is proposed to try an experiment on a healthy man to see how little food he can live on. The admirers of free trade think that the punacea against the distress caused by the want of trade will thus be found, and that we shall yet be able to carry on the glorious struggle and beat the foreigner, for it is clear that a workman and employer requiring scarcely any food or drink will want little wages or profits.

## BRELOQUES POUR DAMES

How to get rid of an importunate lover—make him a good husband.

WOMEN may become lawyers, but women cannot sit on juries. They could never agree.

THE most useful pedestrian is the man who walks the floor nights with the baby.

If a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to a dressmaker.

THE mother's heart swells with pride when her baby begins to pedestrianize at the age of nine months.

VERY kind gent: "Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day of the year?" Lady: "Very true! But your presence makes me forget it."

SUPPOSE that baby-carts do injure the baby's health. Doesn't the baby have his revenge when night comes and the pargorie is downstairs?

THE child in its mother's arms, or cradled in her care, is a pupil in the highest educational institution he will ever know, either in this life or in any life to come.

THE pedestrian fever has been extended to the most secluded precincts of the family circle. We hear of several young ladies of highly respectable parents in this city who are training to walk, and nearly all of them are under two years of age.

MANY of the weddings of the Easter holidays will be conducted in the English style, and consequently eligible best men are in great demand, while milliners are exercising wonderful ingenuity in manufacturing dainty bonnets for the bridesmaids.

GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA says that if clever girls were taught to paint on porcelain, to model in clay and wax, to carve and to draw on wood, they would be a hundred times better employed than in "spanking a piano." To which a clever girl responds: "Oh, G. A. S.!"

"BUT you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbour's son, "you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture."  
"So do I, my dear—so do I; and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture."

JUST to see how she would act he uttered a big, big oath in her presence, and she immediately handed him his hat, and he knew by the look of her eyes that it was too late to repeal the test oath, and he departed wishing that he had held back his profanity till after the wedding day.

THIS is the week when the languid lady who finds the Sunday morning promenade to church, two blocks away, excessively fatiguing, takes in on an average ten "spring openings" every day, ascends and descends probably three miles of staircase, and walks around several thousand counters and show-cases without exhausting herself in the least.

"DEAREST, let us in this café refresh ourselves for a brief period," said a swell young man to a spirituelle creature dressed in the height of fashion. "What'll you have?" said the waiter, handing the lady the bill of fare. "Oh, never mind the bill of fare," she replied.

"Give me a plate of codfish cakes, with plenty of butter." The young man fainted.

"HUSBAND, do call at the doctor's on your way down town, and tell him to come up here as soon as he can. Johnny has hurt his toe so badly that he cannot go to school; George has sprained his ankle; this morning I found that William's both legs were dreadfully swelled, and little Tom has his feet blistered. It's too bad for anything. I wish this walking fever was over."

## VARIETIES.

CARLYLE.—Carlyle's age has compelled him to give up his midnight saunterings in Cheyne row. A lover of his friends, he dislikes strangers, especially Americans and Frenchmen. *Truth* tell us how he once replied to a German who criticised "Faust." "Did you ever hear of the man who complained of the sun because he could not light his cigar with it?" In early life he would have become despondent but for a friend's suggestion that he study German literature. He is happy in his marriage; his only little "vice" is smoking; at a great dinner of Sir William Hamilton's he refused everything but a potato; he never reads newspapers; he once bought a neighbouring house to get rid of the crowing of a cock, and the neighbour on the other side immediately bought a cock; he has an income of \$4,000 a year from his books and he refuses a title.

SEARCHING FOR PAPA.—A lady in the street met a little girl between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. The lady took the baby's hand and asked where she was going.

"Down to find papa," was the sobbing reply. "What is your papa's name?" asked the lady.

"His name is papa."  
"But what is his other name? What does your mamma call him?"

"She calls him papa," persisted the little creature.

The lady then tried to lead her along, saying, "You had better come with me. I guess you came this way?"

"Yes, but I don't want to go back. I want to find my papa," replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

"What do you want of your papa?" asked the lady.

"I want to kiss him."

Just at that time a sister of the child, who had been searching for her, came along and took possession of the little runaway. From inquiry it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly seeking, had recently died, and she, tired of waiting for him to come home, had gone out to find him.

CHARLES LAMB.—Several new anecdotes of Charles Lamb are told in *Macmillan's Magazine*. One day an unpopular head of a department in the India house came to him and asked: "Pray, Mr. Lamb, what are you about?" "Forty, next birthday," said Lamb. "I don't like your answer," said his chief. "Nor I your question," replied Lamb. Lamb never carried a watch. One day a friend, observing this, presented him with a new one of gold. He accepted and carried it for one day. Soon afterward a companion asked him where was his watch. "Pawned," said Lamb. Finding it an incumbrance he had pawned it. One day a friend asked him to go to a public dinner. Lamb consented on condition that the friend would see him safely home. The dinner over, Lamb reminded the friend of the agreement. "But where do you live?" he was asked. "That's your affair," said Lamb; "you undertook to see me home, and I hold you to the bargain." The friend had a vague notion that Lamb lived at Islington; he took a hackney coach and started, trusting to inquiry to find the house. Some hours were spent in the search, but it succeeded at last. Lamb all the time persistently and dryly refused to give him the slightest clue.

## BURLESQUE.

WHAT HE WAS GOING TO SAY.—Young Mr. Goldsmith, who is a clerk in one of our dry goods stores upon a fair salary, and who has for some time been paying attention to a young lady of the south-end, whose father is worth forty thousand dollars, made up his mind last week that he would finally settle the question of her regard for him. Thursday evening he arrayed himself in his most prepossessing garments, and omitting his supper from reason of sudden and total loss of appetite, he repaired to the barber shop, for the purpose of acquiring that smoothness of face so much admired by his young lady.

"Now," said young Mr. Goldsmith to himself, "it will be an excellent opportunity to think up something to say, while I'm being shaved," and he took his seat in the chair, elevated his heels, closed his eyes, and put his thoughts into reflective order. He said to himself:

"I want to begin with—"  
"Shave!" enquired the knight of the razor.

"Of course," said young Mr. Goldsmith, somewhat tartly, opening his eyes, "you don't suppose I came in to get a tooth pulled, do you?"

The barber smiled in a soft tone, and proceeded with his work, while young Mr. Goldsmith closed his eyes again, and resumed his musings.

"I'll begin by saying that she cannot be insensible to the fact that her—"

"Razor pull!" broke in the artist, as he gave an upward stroke under the chin.

"No!" replied young Mr. Goldsmith, crossly.

"—That her charms have won for her a place in my affections that no amount of—"

"Pimples!" enquired the barber, as young Mr. Goldsmith winced under the razor; "did I nip a pimple?"

"Go ahead!" said the young man shortly, and relapsed into: "—That no amount of adversity can ever eradicate. I have longed to sit and drink—"

"Bay rum!"

Young Mr. Goldsmith shook his head, with a wrathful feeling in his breast that boded the farmer no good, and continued: "—And drink in the love that I am certain she bears for me. Then I will kind of lead on until I have my—"

"Hair cut?" interrupted the barber, unconscious of the mischief he was doing. A malevolent glare from his customer answered the question in the negative.

"Until I have my points well stated," continued young Mr. Goldsmith, to himself, "and then I will conclude by saying—and now, dearest Mary, will you have—"

"Any oil?" said the barber, pausing with the bottle in hand.

And then the other customers were horrified at seeing a young man shoot out of the chair and scream in a passion-torn voice:

"You miserable apology for a photograph, I don't want any oil, any shampoo, any pomatum, any cosmetic, any cigars—any—any—any—any—any—"

And young Mr. Goldsmith, grabbing his coat and hat, tore out of the door and up the street, gritting his teeth so hard that he started two gold fillings. He didn't propose that evening.

HOW TO GET A DISHER.—A gentleman who had travelled about pretty extensively was greatly perplexed to understand how it was that other persons were waited upon promptly and well served at the hotels, while he was almost entirely ignored and hardly able to get a square meal—complain to or swear at the waiter as he might. At last his eyes are opened to the dodge of seeing the waiter liberally, and being of an ingenious turn of mind he determined to improve on the plan.

The next hotel he dined at he took his seat very pompously at the table, and took out a well-filled pocket-book, extracting therefrom a ten dollar bill, which he laid on the white cloth beside his plate, and placed his goblet upon it. In an instant almost he was surrounded by waiters, who seemed to vie with each other in attentions. Every wish was anticipated, and all the delicacies of the kitchen and pantry were placed before him in tempting array.

Having dined as sumptuously as a prince (to the envy of many of the guests), he took up the greenback, and beckoning to the nearest waiter, was immediately besieged by half a dozen or so. Holding the bill in one hand, he pointed to it with the other, and inquired of the crowd:

"Do you see that bill?"

"Oh, yes, sir," they all exclaimed in chorus.

"Then take a good look at it," he replied, "for you will never see it again." Saying which he departed, leaving the waiters agast.

## THROUGH THE DOMINION.

It is said that at least two of H. M.'s war vessels will spend the summer in the port of Quebec.

The Montreal City Council has passed a by-law to prevent immoral and indecent exhibitions in the theatres.

Much difficulty is experienced in procuring teachers for the schools in the remote townships in Hastings and the adjoining counties.

The Feigel gold mine in Marmora is said to be producing about \$400 per week, which leaves a considerable profit after paying expenses.

The trade of Halifax with Cuba has exhibited much animation during the past few weeks, and it is understood that prices realized have been satisfactory.

The sum of \$14,000 was received in payment for tickets and freight at the Grand Trunk Railway Office at Ottawa, from the party who recently left that city for Manitoba.

The Manitoba Legislature will not meet on the 8th prox., but will be further adjourned owing to the Manitoba delegation not having concluded their mission at Ottawa in time.

The Montreal Chief of Police wants twenty-five men added to the force for the protection of the outskirts of the city. In proportion to its population Montreal is poorly supplied with constabulary.

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, he will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full direction for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunk Flannel Shirt, send for sample and card for self-measurement, to TRIBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.