

LACHINE.

Why is it that Lachine is considered the most aristocratic of our suburban watering places? Echo won't answer, so we must try to puzzle it out. Should we ask some of the denizens of the fashionable resorts farther up the river, they would doubtless assure us that the "Lachine people were not one whit better than other people," but then they would know the statement to be quite unworthy of George Washington, not to mention his little hatchet. To be sure there are some really nice people at St. Anne's and some equally charming at Vaudreuil, but taken as a whole the Lachine people are really the most aristocratic, if we may use a term not strictly applicable to any Canadian place or people. We do not like to classify them in the usual way as "very select" since that depends altogether on one's point of view in making the selection. While spending the summer at one of these river resorts a lady, when trying to induce us to attend the Club bonnet-hop, declared that it would be "very select, very select, indeed;" we timidly enquired how they made the selection, knowing that not an individual in the village, including the lady herself, had ever been heard of in Montreal society. Like Paddy she gave us some evasive answer, and departed. Still musing on the meaning of "very select" we wended our way to the back kitchen, where we found the charwoman making ready to leave much earlier than usual, but she explained that she was obliged to go, as her nephew, who was a member of that club, was going to the "hop," and she had to do up his shirt, which she had washed before leaving in the morning. Then we decided that "very select" must mean a man who had at least one white shirt and a good old aunt to wash it for him. After all, nothing is vulgar but the vulgarity of pretence. Had the lady said, "we are all sociable and you will find everybody polite and well-mannered," would not that have been all that one could desire in any strange company? However, we are wandering far from Lachine where, so far as we know, they do not pretend to be "very select." So far as we can see Lachine has grown to be aristocratic by a process of natural selection, the survival of the fittest, and all that sort of thing. Having originally some good families of its own, when nice city people came they found themselves at home and came again, while those not so nice found the atmosphere too chilly, or something of that sort, for they came no more.

Anyway, however it may happen, Lachine is always filled with nice people, who thoroughly enjoy the season and return year after year. The one thing lacking is a large hotel and this will be added by the building of a large addition to the old Lake View House; which has gained so wide a popularity under the capable direction of Mrs. Hanna. We notice that an ungallant contemporary refers to Mrs. Hanna as the old lady. We can only say, would that all old ladies were as young and active. The Lake View House was formerly the family residence of the Hardists, Hudson Bay people. The pretty brick villa further up, now occupied by Mr. James Stewart of the Times, was built by young Mr. Hardisty, father of the young man lately killed in the Riel rebellion, who was also a nephew of Mrs. Donald A. Smith. It is scarcely necessary to enumerate the names of the summer residents of Lachine, since they are pretty much the same year after year—Capt. Howard, the Messrs. Strathy, Phillips, Robertson, Pinsonneault, Auldje, Whitney, Ayer (after a three years absence has returned), Stewart, Dinning (two families), Rawlings, Davidson, Stewart, Routh, Rintoul, Ducharme, Meeker, Chante loup, Drinkwater, and the Madames Orr, Amos, Fallon and Brock. Farther up at Dorval are the beautiful summer residences of the Messrs Brown, Murray and Hartland MacDougall, and the cottages occupied by Mr. Hilton Green, who lately married a daughter of Bishop Lewis of Ottawa, Mrs. Fry and Mr. Brandon. There are still some pretty cottages to let at Dorval, and several at Lachine,—one very pretty brick cottage opposite the Dawes Brewery and several down in the village. Board may be had at several private houses.

The following are the arrivals at the Lorne House, Murray Bay, from Montreal: Miss Tait, Miss C. Tait, Master H. Tait and maid, E. W. Riley, J. J. Pangman, John Tasker, Mrs. Tasker, P. J. Ronayne, Alfred E. Roe, Mrs. Roe, Miss Roe, Mrs. John Fraser and family. From Quebec: Miss Rowand, W. C. Gibsons, Mrs. Gibsons, Willie Gibsons, Geo. Gibsons, Miss A. Gibsons, Miss L. Gibsons, Miss J. Gibsons, Miss C. Gibsons, Miss L. Gibsons. Also the following: Mrs. John Ritchie, Mrs. Bates, Master Allan Ritchie, Miss J. Ritchie, Miss M. Ritchie, from the Island of Orleans; E. T. Hankey, London, England; R. Jackson, Boston, Mass.; D. G. Elliott, Mrs. Elliott, Miss Elliott, New York; Col. Oliver, Mrs. Oliver and maid, from Kingston, Ont.; and J. R. Judson, Mrs. Judson, Percy Judson, E. C. Woodworth, Mrs. Woodworth, from Arlington, Vt.

At Georgetown, about a mile below the Campdown House, there is a new, cosy farm-house, where a couple of families may find good board and clean, airy rooms. Address Mrs. Bailey, Lake View Farm.

(WRITTEN FOR "GOSSIP.") Then and Now.

When we parted years ago, Thou and I, the ruddy glow Linger'd on my love-lit cheek; Ah! that melancholy week! Shall we e'er forget its pain Even if we meet again? Swift the hot blood surged along, Carrying the old love-song; Through each passion-laden vein; Now, as summer heat by rain, Youth's first fire has somewhat cooled; Thus was young love ever schooled. Thy love too hath calmer grown, Doubt and fear have thickly sown Seeds of sad heart-burning pain, That we may not meet again; Yet through all I plainly see One love lives for you and me. And through all I plainly know, That our first love's ruddy glow Cannot quite be dimmed by fate, Until we through Death's dark gate Pass into the land unknown, Where sits Silence on her throne.

ROYALTY IN RETIREMENT.

It is very evident that the Queen of England and her family have no love of purple and fine linen when "off duty." "Our royal family has always been dowdy," said a loyal English woman at Aix-les-Bains, as she returned from presenting some flowers to the Princess Beatrice on her birthday. "Well," said an outsider, "what did the Princess wear? I desire to know what clothes princesses wear when they are at home in the morning." "An old checked black-and-white silk dress which I should have given to my maid," answered the loyal English woman; "but she was very lovely and courteous, and blushed and stammered and was frightened when we offered her the flowers, just like any other girl. I could not help loving her for it." On another occasion the Queen sent for the doctors of Aix and their wives, who, being French women, were of course beautifully dressed. On being asked what the Queen wore, one of the ladies said, a very plain short black cashmere dress, rather the worse for wear, with no ornament excepting the picture of Prince Albert at her neck. "And how were her manners?" asked her interlocutor. "Very simple, unostentatious, kindly and dignified. She speaks French perfectly, without an accent, and talked to the doctor of the scenery, the history of Savoy, the treatment, baths, etc. I did not feel that she was the Queen until she rose, which was her signal to us that the interview was at an end. Then a certain dignity, a certain habit of command, clothed her short stout figure as with a royal mantle, and she looked the Queen."

In her drives about Aix-les-Bains the Queen often drew on her gloves in a carriage—a sign of unusual *laissez-aller*—and wore what would have been called in America a very travel-stained black bonnet and veil. Lady Ely, her dearest friend, constant attendant, and lady-in-waiting, took the sort of care of her which a mother would take of a delicate child. For instance, if the Queen was to make an expedition to the Chambottes, a high mountain overlooking the beautiful lake of Bourget, and which necessitated the use of a *chaie à porteur* for the last half mile, Lady Ely would make the ascent the day before, and have herself carried up in the *chaie à porteur* to see if it were comfortable for the Queen. The next day, all being smoothed for her, the Empress of India would go to the Chambottes, but in nine cases out of ten would alter the whole programme, and generally refuse to be carried up.

For she is very capricious and obstinate, this royal lady, although a good woman and a wise Queen. It is no light work to be a lady-in-waiting to her. Often the whole suite, Sir Henry Ponsonby, Lady Ely, Lady Churchill, Dr. Reid, and the doctors, Mayo and Common Council of Aix, would be notified to be ready for an expedition, and would stand about for an hour or two, to then have the orders countermanded, and the whole programme of the day changed entirely. "I am very glad I am not a lady-in-waiting," said one of these officials. Sir Henry Ponsonby, her old and tried servant, lives and breathes for the Queen. As she drove up to the station at Aix he stood with his gray head uncovered in the bright burning sun to receive her as her carriage arrived, and then followed her as she advanced alone, with her really stately step (it seems impossible that so short a woman can be so stately), down a covered and scarlet-carpeted passage to the train. On this occasion the platform was strictly guarded, and no one but invited guests was privileged to see the royal party depart. One officious lady strove to offer a bouquet. "You must offer it to the Princess, not to her Majesty," whispered the ever-ready Sir Henry Ponsonby. The baffled lady shrank back, but Lady Ely gracefully covered her retreat, and the bouquet was handed to the young French woman in attendance upon the Princess. The Queen looked about her for her favorite doctor, and summoned him and his wife to her side, wishing them farewell, and thanking them for the courtesies which they had delicately offered to her. Not until the train disappeared did Sir Henry Ponsonby resume his hat.

Never do the ladies-in-waiting sit down in the royal presence unless ordered to do so by her Majesty. Few can long stand the fatigue of being "in waiting." The Princess Beatrice, a very pretty girl, with a blonde effect, and a nose "tip-tilted like a flower"—the real *nez Watteau*, not a turn-up nose, but slightly *retroussé*—made troops of friends at Aix by her gracious manners. To the landlord of the Chambottes, the little mountain inn, she sent her portrait, making him a happy man for life. For all the attentions showered upon her on her birthday she showed a blushing and a bashful pleasure which was exceedingly ingenious and charming. Being the youngest of the royal family, perhaps such demonstrations were somewhat new to her.

A flower painter of some celebrity, Madame Haig, of Nice, appeared at Aix with some of her pictures, which she desired to show to her Majesty and the Princess. She had the advantage of being known to Mademoiselle Noirelle, the young French woman who has been in attendance on the Princess for many years, and as the Princess herself is a good flower painter, Madame Haig's work

found a ready appreciation and purchaser. The Queen and the Princess bought many of her sketches, and ordered some of the beautiful wild flowers for which Aix is famous to be painted. Branches of the "pomme sauvage" (wild crab-apple), which is particularly beautiful at Aix, were amongst these orders to be forwarded to Windsor Castle.

One of the characters of Aix is a certain fire-looking peasant woman named Charlotte, who is the most distinguished of the *massises*, or women rubbers. Charlotte had the great good fortune to be selected to rub the Princess Beatrice when she was at Aix-les-Bains, three years ago, for the poor little royal girl has the rheumatism like those "born in the purple." She liked Charlotte so much that two or three times the *massise* has been sent for to come to Windsor to rub the Queen. Charlotte is also a great favorite with Lady Ely, who employs her for her own case. So when the royal party arrived at Aix, Charlotte, in her cleanest cap and apron, with long ribbon streamers hanging down her back, her handsome brown eyes shining with excitement, was seen walking quickly to the Villa Motter, where the Queen lived, in the grounds of the Hôtel de l'Europe. She had no end of stories to tell of the graciousness of the Queen and Princess, who gave her presents of a baby's cloak for her little grandchild and a watch for herself, besides writing her some letters. She showed one from Lady Ely with great pride, in which she had called her "my dear friend." People laughed a little at Aix that Charlotte, while at Windsor Castle, used to send telegrams to her friends and family, even having the courage to send one to the doctor, dated "Windsor Castle," and signed "Charlotte," as if she too were a royal personage. But perhaps wiser heads have been turned by contact with royalty. Certainly to all such persons the Queen and the Princess are very kind. All the royal family are exceedingly conscientious in their treatment of servants and poor people.

Always preceding the Queen's carriage rode a pad-groom, in boots and tall hat, waving violently, with many gesticulations; to all carriages to stop, and everybody to get out of the Queen's way. But for this queer little man, who looked like a monkey on horseback, the Queen's landau with its two men in quiet livery, with four very plainly dressed people inside, would have often passed unnoticed. It was not much finer than the habitual fire carriage of the hotels, except that the royal arms were painted on the doors. But the pad-groom on horseback waving his whip preceded her Majesty everywhere. It was etiquette for every carriage to stop, for gentlemen to take off their hats, for ladies to bow to the Queen on the high-road. Very romantic was it in some of the sweet sequestered enchanting lanes about this most lovely watering-place to turn from a vision of the Dauphiné Alps, to the exciting business of an interview, all impersonal though it was, with England's Queen. It was interesting to look furtively from the mountains to that little dumpy red-faced woman who has held England's welfare in her small hands so wisely and so well for over forty years! Loyal English women would stand up and bow as the coroneted equipage drove past. Even a Savoyard coachman, not easily impressed, generally knew enough to stop his horses as the pad-groom waved his little jockey whip. When the Queen departed, as she disappeared in the shades of the depot, he looked around despairingly. Some one (perhaps Sir Henry Ponsonby) had forgotten to tell him what to do next. Finally he turned his horse's head, his occupation gone, but rode back to his stables waving his whip from very force of habit.

Six of the royal carriages were sent from Windsor, with the attendant servants, for the use of the Queen and her suite while at Aix. Dr. Reid, her attendant physician, was with her, a very handsome and accomplished man, a Scotchman educated at Vienna; he never leaves the royal party. He described her Majesty as very much better for this quiet rural visit to Aix, where, as he said, "she had escaped many little worries." The great worries royalty can never escape. One day the Indian mail came in; another day despatches covered with snow, as the horses at the pad-groom were making their perilous essay of a visit, and at all hours telegrams were arriving from England, Germany and Australia. The busy pens of Lady Ely and Lady Churchill were going from morning until night, and the face of the Queen, always flushed—forn she suffers from a perpetual eczema—looked worn and fatigued as she started for her afternoon drive. Only on one occasion was the royal punctuality at fault. Her Majesty has the great virtue—that "courtesy of kings"—she is punctual. When she says she will be at a place, she is generally there. She miscalculated the length of a drive one evening; she had gone up the historical Mont du Chat, over whose cleft rocks Hannibal came from Spain to Italy, and was a half hour late for an appointment with Madame B— and a young Savoyarde, who were to present her with some flowers, the gift of the city. As they sat waiting for her in the soft twilight of a lovely Aix afternoon, she entered, holding out both hands, and asking to be excused for having kept them waiting, but she was most courteous in not keeping other people.

On leaving Aix diamond rings and autograph pictures of herself and the Princess were rained down on her entertainers; gifts to the hospitals and to the poor testified to her humanity. They named an avenue for Victoria. It was a great thing for the enchanted valley, this visit of royalty, and in no respect could any one be hurt to observe that the woman whose every door was guarded by sentries, guard of honor, and such strict etiquette was herself simple in manner and plain in her dress.

A Golden Wedding in St. John, N. B.

Fifty years ago last evening, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McAvity, of St. John, N. B., were joined in wedlock, and in commemoration of the happy event their children and grandchildren determined to celebrate the anniversary with a golden wedding, which, we presume, came off last evening, according to arrangement. Strange to say, not only Mr. and Mrs. McAvity are alive and hearty, but the groomsmen and bridesmaid who stood up with them (Geo. Thomas, Esq., and Mrs. Dan Hatfield) would both be present; and out of eleven children and fifty-six grandchildren, there has only been one death. It is said the presents were numerous and costly. Mr. George McAvity, one of the sons, who had been in Montreal and Toronto on business, left here on Monday evening to get home in time for the joyous event. We congratulate all concerned on the anniversary, and hope they may be spared many more years as an unbroken family circle.

Mr. Thomas McAvity was for several years mayor of St. John, and the hardware firm of Thomas McAvity & Sons are noted for their enterprise, both as merchants and manufacturers. They have extensive trade relations with the Upper Provinces.

OUR MAIL BAG.

MR. EDITOR.—I am pleased to find in my favorite Gossip something sharp and sound on the unfair treatment to which we are subjected in the matter of salary. Why, indeed, should I not get the same salary as the young man at another counter doing almost precisely the same work, but I knowing better how to meet the taste of the ladies I serve? Mr. Carlsley is a reformer and sound on the half-holiday question. Will he not also give this matter his serious attention, and tell us why this inferiority to men and boys in the matter of salary? A GIRL IN CARLSLEY'S.

DEAR GOSSIP.—Say a good word for a worthy pair of public servants—Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan, in charge of the Protestant House of Industry. Mr. Clendinning at the Governor's visit the other day, attributed a large proportion of the success that the House has had to Mr. and Mrs. Macmillan's services, and my personal knowledge of the lady and gentleman enables me to say the same. I enclose my card. BURY.

FRIEND GOSSIP.—Don't join in the outcry against the cheap theatres. They are cheap by comparison only, and because the public are calling for something less expensive than they had been in the habit of patronizing. Tell your readers the plays are first-class,—the Companies of Actors and Actresses are excellent,—the order maintained; all that could be required,—and the audiences intelligent and respectable. It is useless for any ecclesiastical or newspaper authority to attempt to talk down or write down such well conducted places of amusement. A LADY.

EDITOR GOSSIP.—If the scheme to turn the English Public Schools into religious institutions be successful, it will break up those schools and lead to private schools being more generally patronized. People are tired of this kind of interference with the education of their children, and will not submit to it. TRISTRAM.

DEAR GOSSIP.—Say something on the subject which several of your correspondents treated last week, *namely*, the disparity in the salaries and wages of male and female employes. It is a crying shame. What answer can be made to the proposition: "If a man and a woman do precisely the same kind of work, in the same hours and with equal efficiency, why should they not receive equal remuneration?" The question is a *poor*. CLARA.

"Justice" writes: "I hope the Chinaman arrested on a charge of murder here will get a fair trial. He has borne a good character and is in good standing. Those who know him do not believe him guilty. Kindly keep your eye on this case, and it will be appreciated by many citizens."

(WRITTEN FOR "GOSSIP.") Extremes.

"Give me a love that will never die, A love that will never tire;" I gazed in his eyes and saw the light Of a strange, unknown desire. "Fierce was the glamour of love that shone From his eyes as I gazed therein; And I thought, 'Is the love that I can give The love he wishes to win?' I looked on the sun and its burning blaze, Relentless and cruel it seemed; I looked on the sea, and the fierce sun's light On each wave rippled and beamed. I heard the sigh of the wind, whose strength Could snap the tall mountain trees; Yet I saw that their leaves were toyed about By the gentle, passing breeze. Then I knew that his love, though hot as fire, And strong as the tempest's rage, Might find its rest in my woman's heart, That would be its vassalage."

United States Summer Resorts.

LONG BEACH. Song Beach is distant from New York twenty-five miles, and is reached by the Long Island Railroad (James Slip and Thirty-fourth street ferry to Long Island City) in one hour. Trains run to and fro from early morning till ten at night; fare for the round trip, eighty-five cents. Long Beach is a strip of sand five miles long, lying between the Atlantic Ocean and Hempstead Bay. The sand is nearer white than any sand we ever saw; the beach is hard, making either walking or driving on it a pleasure, and the surf bathing which it affords is both clean and safe. There are no deep holes in the sand, such as occasionally surprise bathers in Atlantic City, and, on the other hand, there is vastly more life and dash in the breakers than you find in Newport, where the surf is always tame, owing to the peculiar formation of the coast there. There is no bold and beautiful bluff, to be sure, as there is at Long Branch; the beach is flat, affording an easy and gradual descent into the water. Bathing at Long Beach has the pleasant features which mark the bathing ground at Narragansett Pier; and the beach for width and for its fine hard quality somewhat resembles the long and wide beach at Cape May.

THE LAND OF THE SKY. ASHEVILLE, N. C., July 10.—Imagine a land where in midsummer nights one finds two blankets more comfortable than one, where a grate fire is really desirable in the morning, where one may wear the same clothing in July that he wore in New York last November! and just imagine such an Eden in the South. Strange as it may seem, it is none the less true that for forty-eight hours, here in Asheville, North Carolina, it has been cool and pleasant as one could wish. Of course it is owing to the altitude of the place; we are up among the clouds; twenty-two hundred and fifty feet above Wall Street. Here in this little mountain city one may see as elegant turn-outs as in Central Park, handsome carriages and horses, with sable drivers and footmen in livery. Captain Cooke's splendid taly-ho coach-and-four have arrived, and when the genial captain himself comes there will be daily trips over the mountains, and the horn will awaken the echoes in cave and glen. Senator Vance is to be seen on the streets, as well as General Clingman, both men with national reputations. People are coming by every train to this pleasant resort in order to escape the heat of the low country and the crowded cities. MANHATTAN.

It is rumored that Prince Albert Victor has fallen in love with his second cousin the Princess Victoria of Teck. The young lady is eighteen, a rather pretty blonde, who fully returns the affection of the future king, much to the disgust of his papa and mamma, more especially of his grandmamma. It is said that the Tecks have returned to London to "push" the attachment, and attended the state ball where the *mourner* for the Red Prince danced memorial figures in white and violet,—a mourning dance being the latest brilliant idea of royalty.

Sainte Rose.

STE. ROSE, P. Q., July 16. As usual, the summer has brought numerous city residents to this pleasant suburban retreat, including the following:—

Mr. James Black and family; Mr. James Grant and family; Mr. J. P. Grant; Mr. D. H. Lowrie and family; Mr. H. R. Richards and family; Mr. John Palmer and family; Mr. R. Scott and family; Mr. E. Von Rappaid and family; Mr. Thos. Fortin and family; Mr. Frank Weir and family; Mr. W. Somerville; Mr. A. Lamontagne; Dr. Filiatrault; Mr. F. X. Lanthier and family; Mr. H. P. Labelle and family; Mr. John Livingston and family; Mr. D. Hatton and family; Mr. H. W. Garth and family; Mr. McGill and family; Mr. H. S. Dickinson and wife; Mr. J. M. Watt.

There is good hotel accommodation, Mr. Bellair's being the most largely patronized by English visitors. Mr. Connolly, at the railway station, supplies boats, as also do the hotels of Mr. Bellair and Mr. Des Roche. There must be twenty or thirty row-boats, and one or two sail boats, owned in the village, and the residents take the full benefit of them. The river, with its numerous islands, is one of the prettiest in Canada. Arrangements are being made by the Ste. Rose boat club to get up a regatta, particulars of which will be made known in a week or two. There is good fishing in many parts of the river—black bass, rock bass, *doree*, pike, etc.

—Mr. F. A. Carter is also at Gaspé. —Miss Mary Hood, Cote St. Antoine, is visiting friends at Metis.

—CHEAP COMFORT.—Ligget and Hamilton's, \$1.40 Hammocks.

—The family of Mr. J. S. Hall are at the Lorne House, Murray Bay.

—The Hon. Judge Papineau and family left for Murray Bay last night.

—The family of Mr. John Fraser, 1132 Dorchester Street, are at Murray Bay.

—Mrs. Jos. Hutchins and the Misses Hutchins are at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Warrington and family are at the Iroquois House, St. Hilaire.

—Mrs. Hollis, 1205 Dorchester Street, will leave for a trip to the Lower Provinces next week.

—Dr. Godfrey and family are down at Gaspé, where they have a beautiful summer residence.

—Mr. and Mrs. Kirkhouse, (nee Macdonald,) have returned from Calgary and taken a residence on Dorchester Street West.

—His Lordship, Bishop Bond and Rev. J. A. Norton, Rector of Christ Church Cathedral, and family are now at Murray Bay.

—Mr. Ross Mackenzie, the Toronto Lacrosse player, has taken one of Mr. Weir's new villas on Dorchester Street West, Cote St. Antoine.

—Miss Amelia Macdonald, daughter of Mr. Duncan Macdonald, left last week for Port Arthur to visit her sister, Mrs. D. Frzser Macdonald, at Port Arthur.

—Mr. and Mrs. George H. Bishop and their only surviving child, a pretty little girl of six years, will leave to-day for the Lower Provinces by the *Buena Vista*.

—The family of Mr. Patterson, 148 Drummond Street, are now at their summer residence, Metis. Mrs. John Wilson, 150 Drummond Street, is visiting Mrs. Patterson.

—Mrs. John Warrington, who is staying at the Windsor, left on Wednesday to visit relatives in the States. Mr. and Mrs. Warrington will probably spend the winter at the Windsor.

—"Cousin Joe" tells us that the only Montrealers at Tadoussac so far this year are the Ven. Archdeacon Evans and family, Mrs. Herbert Smith and family, Dr. Whurer and family, and Mr. J. Browne and family.

—Mrs. Glassford, of Shuter Street, who has just returned from Chateaugay Chasms, says, that it is a really delightful spot, and the hotel is very comfortable; a large, clean, airy house with good table and charming host and hostess, and last not least, most reasonable prices.

—Large rooms to let at Cote St. Antoine. A lady who has no young children, would rent her drawing room flat with extension dining room, or the first chamber flat with bath-room; city water, furnace, and hot water pipes; house thoroughly renovated this summer.—Apply 1991 St. Catherine Street.

—The Montrealers now at the Grand Hotel, Calcedonia Springs, are Mrs. and Miss Monk, Mrs. and Miss Dow and maid, Mr. and Mrs. Craigie Hamilton and the Misses Hamilton, Mrs. and Miss Routh, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stephen, family and maids, Mr. and Miss Benny and maid, Mrs. Ogilvie, and the Messrs. Mitchell, Robertson, Hodgson, Valade and Croil. Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. James, of Cote St. Antoine, have engaged rooms at the Grand Hotel for the season.

—M. Louis Hammondi, the Worth of Boston, has come to Montreal, and has been engaged by Messrs. S. Carlsley & Co., at it is said, a salary of four thousand dollars. M. Hammondi is a remarkable artist in dress-making, and his advent in Montreal will be regarded with great interest by the fair sex.

—Mr. Joseph S. Knowles, of St. John, N. B., has arrived in Montreal to open an office for the *Grip* Publishing Company, at 124 St. James street. Mr. Knowles is himself quite a humorist, and it is expected that through his business tact and push quite a boom will start for the *Grip* Company's publications, the cheerful *Grip* and the enterprising *Illustrated War Notes*.

—Lt. Col. Macshane, Brigade Major for Nova Scotia, has been in Montreal and Ottawa for some days. He returned to Montreal from the Capital on Tuesday. The Colonel is an affable gentleman, with a multitude of friends.