

THE LATE APOSTOLIC DELEGATE.

The news of the death of Bishop Conroy, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, which occurred at St. John's, Nfld., on Sunday, the 4th inst., was received by all classes in this country with mingled surprise and regret. His Excellency left Quebec for Newfoundland nearly six weeks ago. A month ago he was taken ill with violent inflammation of the lungs, but though he rallied, and was at one time thought to have shaken off the attack, it suddenly took another turn and brought on a sudden termination. Bishop Conroy was born at Dundalk, in January, 1833, studied in Ireland and Rome, and was accounted one of the most accomplished of the Irish priesthood. He was ordained in Rome by Cardinal Patrizzi in 1857, and returned to Dublin, where he worked hard work at missions, and as the secretary of Cardinal Cullen, whose nephew he was. In 1871 he was consecrated Bishop of Ardagh. On the 10th April, 1877, he was appointed by the late Pontiff Apostolic Delegate to Canada. His mission here was attended with great success, and it is understood that the present Pope had continued his mission, extending it to the United States. His time in Canada was chiefly spent in Quebec, where his mission chiefly lay, although he twice visited Ontario, on one occasion officiating at the dedication of the new St. Patrick's Church, Hamilton. It is stated that his remains will be sent back to his Cathedral at Ardagh.

A MODERN CLEOPATRA.—A London paper says of Clara Morris: The word Egypt is written all over her form. Look at her low, square forehead, her shield-shaped face pointed at the chin. Notice her magnificent eyes, set slightly oblique, and which she uses with marvellous power, sometimes with the lids open, sometimes almost closed with the languor of the tropics. See the high, square shoulders which carry the head a little forward of the perpendicular. Mark well how her lithe, willowy form tapers downward with all the delicate lines of beauty that we find in the Etruscan vase. All this is Egypt. This is the painting, this is the statue, that all the artists for eighteen centuries have called Cleopatra, and surrounded by the rushes, and floated on the silent waters of the Nile.

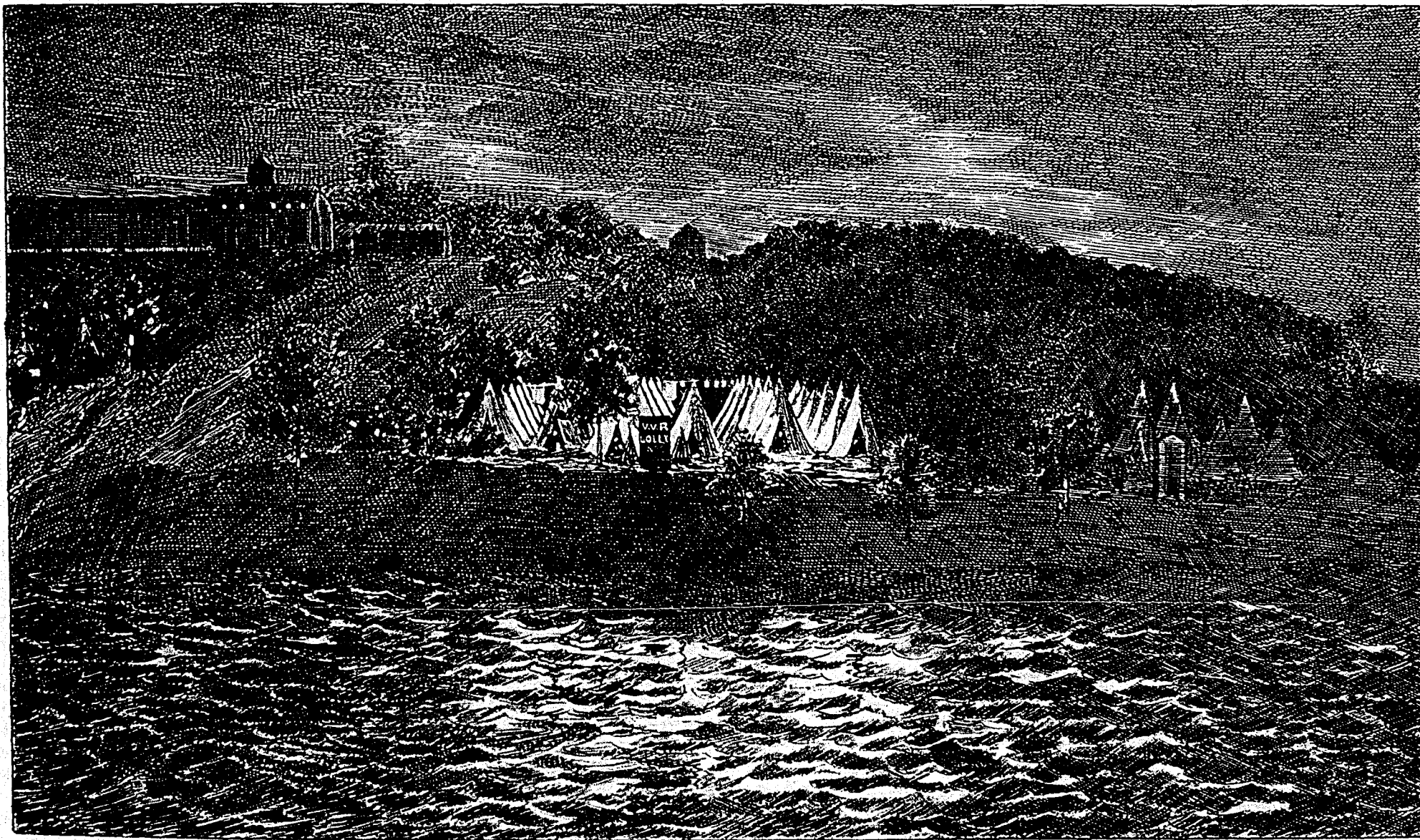


THE LATE DR. CONROY, APOSTOLIC DELEGATE TO CANADA.

YOUTH.—Bestow thy youth so that thou mayest have comfort to remember it when it hath forsaken thee, and not sigh and grieve at the account thereof. While thou art young thou wilt think it will never have an end; but behold, the longest day hath its evening, and thou shalt occupy it but once; it never returns again; use it, therefore, as the spring-time, which soon departeth, and wherein thou oughtest to plant and sow all provisions for a long and happy life.

HOW A LORD LIVES.—Lord Beaconsfield, when departing from Berlin, left \$250 to be distributed among the servants of the Kaiserhof, the hotel where he stopped. This hotel reaped quite a harvest from the Congress. The staff of the English Embassy, who inhabited nearly all the front rooms on the first floor, had to pay altogether about \$10,000, or about \$250 per day. Including the officials and servants attached to Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, numbering about fifty, sixty-three had been taken by the British delegates at the Kaiserhof. The Premier, occupying some really magnificent apartments, was charged \$7,000. His lordship, whose table was always furnished with the delicacies of the season, was very well satisfied with the catering of the manager, whom he specially thanked on leaving the hotel.

MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON, the author of innumerable "sensation" novels, now forty-one, is portrayed as stout, blowsy, and prosaic-looking as any ale-wife in England. Romantic though her stories be, she is the incarnation of the unromantic in face and figure, and would never be suspected of the remotest connection with literature. Her conversation is said, however, to contradict her looks, for she talks very brightly, and has a pleasant, well-modulated voice, as so many of her countrywomen have. She made various juvenile ventures in prose and verse, but gained no special reputation until she produced, in her twenty-sixth year, "Lady Audley's Secret." Since then her novels have been in active demand, and she is reputed to have rendered herself handsomely independent by the proceeds of her pen. "Lady Audley's Secret," "Eleanor's Victory," "Aurora Floyd," and "Henry Dunbar" have sold by tens of thousands. She edits *Belgravia*, in which many of her stories appear; is mentioned as kind-hearted and charitable, and ever ready to assist the needy of her own sex.



MONTREAL.—ILLUMINATION OF THE CAMP OF THE VICTORIA RIFLES, ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 3RD.