

dame," and the loudly dressed cockney. Loud in dress alone, for only quiet tones are heard, and the tired voices of the croupiers as they monotonously repeat: "Faites votre jeu, messieurs!" "Le jeu est fait!" "Rien ne va plus!" From "Roulette," with its minor stakes, we pass on to "Trente et quarante," where nothing but gold is received, and where the inexorable bank slowly but surely absorbs all the winnings. One man has left £200,000 with them in the last ten years, and it is said that a young English nobleman, recently married, has lost £50,000 this season. Only in the eyes and fingers can one see the greed of gain and hatred of loss, unless it be among a few silly women who have staked their all and left it there. In spite of ventilation, lofty ceilings and huge windows, the air is fearfully vitiated, and we are glad to escape into the beautiful corridor where the many coloured marbles of the pillars are reflected in the soft tints of the inlaid floors, and

repeated in the exquisite frescoes of the ceilings. In the concert hall are gathered many who come only for music, unequalled on the continent, and where ravishing strains lull one into forgetfulness of the surroundings,—though even here the air is so heavy that one sees many a nodding head. A whisper from behind tells us that we have just time for our afternoon tea before our train departs, and we steal softly out, find our way to the Café de Paris, and are served with the piping hot beverage and a sandwich (which is not that of the railway counter.) We linger on the beautiful terrace to drink in afresh the lovely view and the delicious air, and saunter slowly down the low, broad steps, which have been taken in safety by Mr. Gordon Bennett's four-in-hand. Home in the setting sun, and at Golfe Juan a surprise in the sight of the whole French fleet at anchor on the placid bosom of the harbour.

E. E. L.

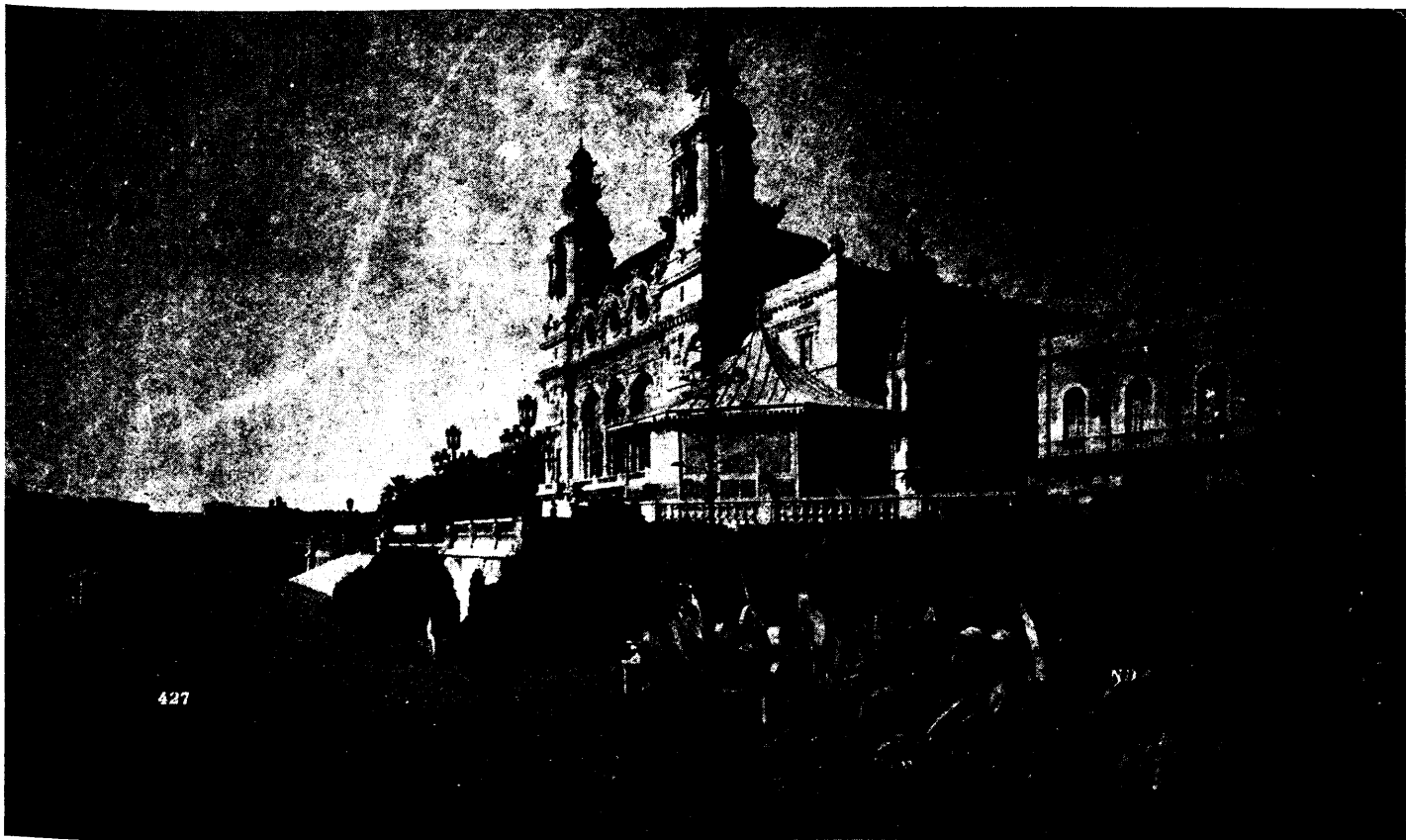
### Salmon in Lake Ontario.

"One day last week on the east pier, John Lavis, with a fly-hook caught a salmon weighing  $8\frac{3}{4}$  pounds. Mr. Adams of Port Hope purchased the fish—paying 20c a pound for it."

The above is from the *Colbourn World*, and a correspondent adds that when residing in Port Hope many years ago, he frequently caught the genuine salmon in Lake Ontario.

### Heavy Shipment from Charlottetown.

The most valuable cargo of canned lobsters ever sent from Charlottetown was shipped a few days ago by Mr. James E. Grant, per SS. "William," for New York. It consisted of 7,300 cases, valued at \$60,000.



THE THEATRE AT MONTE CARLO.



### TRANSACTIONS OF THE ASTRONOMICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY OF TORONTO.

The title of this pamphlet well denotes its contents. The Society—the only one of its sort in the Dominion—reports an unusual degree of substantial support in its large and representative membership, in its well attended meetings, and in the valuable donations to its library. Twenty-four meetings have been held during the year, and a large number of most interesting and instructive papers were read on subjects connected with astronomical and physical research; several of these are largely quoted from, thus rendering the work one essential to those interested in these subjects. Toronto: Brough and Caswell.

### FOURTH ANNUAL ARCHAEOLOGICAL REPORT OF THE CANADIAN INSTITUTE.

This work, edited by Mr. David Boyle—the indefatigable student of the archaeology of Ontario—is devoted to descriptions of the existing Indian remains in that province, and as such is full of interest to the Canadian student. The earthworks, villages, pipes, tools and other relics of the aborigines that have been recently brought to light are fully described; the illustrations of same are profuse and on a

sufficiently large scale to give every necessary detail—which cannot always be said of similar publications. Mr. A. F. Chamberlain has added to the collection a paper (Part 3) on "Contributions towards a Bibliography of the Archaeology of the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland," which with the Parts 1 and 2 form an excellent bibliography of this very important subject. We note that the work is published by the Ontario Government; would that more such valuable books were issued under authority of our local governments. Toronto: The Canadian Institute.

### LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending 20th and 27th June are exceptionally good ones; the former being unusually interesting to Canadians from the presence of an excellent article from the Quarterly entitled "Canada and the United States; their past and present relations." It is well worthy the close study of everyone wishing to learn how Canada and Canadian interests have suffered in past years at the hands of our neighbours south of line 45; it is written in a calm and scholarly manner, free from bias, and is attracting much attention in England. "Philip Henry Gosse" is a sketch of one who has done a great deal for the natural history of Canada. "English War Songs" covers a subject of interest to most of our readers, while the review of Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" (from the *Church Quarterly*) is the best we have yet seen. "An Indian Ring" is a capital story of Anglo-Indian life. Boston: Littell & Co.

### Little Boy Blue.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,  
But steady and staunch he stands;  
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,  
And his musket moulds in his hands.  
Time was when the little toy dog was new  
And the soldier was passing fair,  
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue  
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,  
"And don't you make any noise."  
So toddling off to his cosy bed  
He dreamt of the pretty toys.  
And as he was dreaming an angel's song  
Awakened our Little Boy Blue;  
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,  
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,  
Each in the same old place,  
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,  
The smile of a little face;  
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,  
In the dust of that little chair,  
What has become of our Little Boy Blue  
Since he kissed them and put them there.