

drove in the last 'bus, just in time to see the "City of Ottawa" balloon come down from above and safely bring back with it the now celebrated *Witness* reporter. Thence to their homes to give a "parting look at the looking-glass," like their sisters so often do, after which they fall in at McGill College Gate and march off to their host's house. The reception they met with there will long be remembered. At the door they are greeted with a cheery "Come in boys" and are shown into the drawing-room where a welcome is extended to them by Major Redpath's lady, who kindly shakes hands with each man as he advances, recognizing old faces, greeting new ones and vying with the Major in making the evening an enjoyable one to all present. The drawing-room soon presents an animated appearance and volunteers forget their griefs against an ungrateful Corporation. The prizes are distributed amongst cheers and laughter at the appropriate and not unfrequently humorous remarks which accompany the prize and the fortunate winner of the "cross guns" is doubly honoured in having them sewn on his sleeve by the lady of the house. The night is spent in various ways; for those who have artistic tastes, there are valuable photographs of the old masters upon which the eyes can feast; literarily-inclined young men discover interesting books; musical and vocal talent displays itself, and various are the tunes sang from operatic snatches down to the well-known "Grandfather's Clock;" two or three dances follow and the "Vies" execute several *pas-de-deux* like my Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury; of course among the "boys" are some old fogies (not very old) and they get into a corner and play that game of games, whist; there are others of multifarious and Bohemian tastes, who go through all this in succession. Supper comes, and the "Vies" sit down to table and eat, drink and are merry. The usual loyal toasts, the health of Major Redpath, that of his lady and of Lieut. Anderson, not forgetting their late Captain Homer-Taylor are enthusiastically drunk. Auld Lang Syne is sung, then God Save the Queen and it is getting near midnight so 'tis time to take leave. Once more do the men of No. 5 Company shake hands with their kind hosts heartily thanking them for the more than enjoyable evening that they have spent.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE BALLOON ASCENSION.—At 2.30, on Saturday, His Excellency arrived upon the Shamrock Lacrosse Grounds, of this city, to attend the picnic and games of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. He was accompanied in the same carriage by M. H. Gault, Esq., M. P., and Captain Hamilton, and in an accompanying carriage by Captain Ward and Messrs. Douglas, of England, and Kidd, of Ottawa. His Excellency was received by the committee, though no formal reception was given. His Excellency immediately descended and began a tour of inspection of what the ground contained. The principal attraction was the great balloon "City of Ottawa," which was being inflated with gas from the street pipe, under the superintendence of Prof. Grimley. Much attention was paid by the Governor-General to the air ship and to the preparations made for its ascent. Prof. Grimley was called upon to answer a large number of questions as to the size and make of the balloon, and his experience as a balloonist. His balloon is made of Irish linen oiled so as to make it air tight, and contains when inflated 14,000 feet of gas. The inflation occupied about seven hours and a half. The crowd becoming also interested in the balloon began to encroach upon the grounds, and when the "tug of war" and the dancing began, the small boys, and a great many larger boys, who would have been expected to have more sense, rushed under the ropes, until it was found impossible to proceed with the sports, simply for want of room. On this account, many of the most interesting competitions did not come off. Only one "tug of war" was "tugged"—that between the members of St. Patrick's Society and the members of the St. Joseph Society. It was a most exciting contest, and in the heat of the fight class distinctions were overridden entirely. Young swells and city aldermen and volunteer officers mixed promiscuously with tradesmen and laborers, and even His Excellency himself was unpleasantly crowded, while the shoutings were like Babel gone crazy. The competitors "tugged" their very best, and the contest lasted for about four minutes each time—the competition was two out of three points—but fortune went with the Irishmen in each case. About half-past four it was noticed by the crowd that the "City of Ottawa" had become almost completely inflated, and from that moment interest centred upon the point where preparations for the air-flight were in progress. Shortly after, everything was announced as ready, and the two intending voyagers, Prof. Grimley, and Mr. Hiram A. Moulton, reporter of the *Witness*, entered the basket, which was just large enough to hold them comfortably. The monster air-ship was then transported to the front of the grand stand, surrounded by an exciting crowd, and then the word "let go" was given, and the balloon rose slowly and majestically in the air. A shout arose as she left the earth, and hats and handkerchiefs innumerable were waved to the occupants of the basket. As they rose they threw out handfuls of small printed circulars, which fluttered down like flocks of tiny birds. The balloon first took a north-easterly direction, rising as she advanced, watched with intense attentiveness by all those

upon the grounds. The sun went down behind the mountain, but for a long time after it could be seen brightly shining on the air ship in its lofty flight. About half-past five His Excellency the Governor-General re-entered his carriage and left the grounds, and shortly after the band of the 5th Fusiliers, who had played some excellent music during the afternoon, pealed forth the strains of the National Anthem, and the spectators dispersed. The balloon safely descended near Wellington bridge after a most successful voyage.

THE COLLISION ON THE THAMES.—The *Princess Alice* was a paddle-steamer belonging to the London Steamboat Company. She was built of iron, and was of 158 tons net tonnage. The *Bywell Castle* is an iron screw-steamer. After a day's excursion trip for pleasure, the *Princess Alice* was on her return up the river from Sheerness and Gravesend. It was at twenty minutes to eight in the evening, with full moonlight, that she was met and run down by the *Bywell Castle* off Tripcock Point, or Margaret Ness, a mile below Woolwich Arsenal, and opposite to the Beckton Gasworks on the north shore. The fragile saloon steamer was actually cut in two, and she sank within five minutes. Of the multitude of men, women, and children left struggling for life in the water, about one hundred escaped by swimming or clinging to the ropes and floating articles thrown out from the *Bywell Castle*, or were immediately picked up by the boats of that vessel and others. There was a strong ebb tide, which carried many away down the river. Six hundred lives and more have been lost.

TORONTO SKETCHES.—We publish in this issue two sketches from Toronto and its environs—the old Mill on the Humber, well known to the inhabitants of the Ontario metropolis as a rendezvous for picnics, and a wreck on the beach at Port Credit—"After the Storm." A large amount of shipping was destroyed during the late gale and floods. A number of vessels were torn from their moorings and driven out into the lake. Port Credit suffered more apparently than any other harbour on Lake Ontario.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

So popular has the Prince of Wales made England in France, that whenever "God Save the Queen" is played, the audience arise, uncover their heads, and cheer. This has been noticed in the provinces as much as in Paris.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU'S *Jour de Noce* is now being put on the stage at the Opéra Comique. It will be remembered that this piece was ready when the *Petit Duc* was brought out, but certain similarities of plot and situation caused the representation to be adjourned. The authors have now made important alterations. Madame Gallimarié will create the principal rôle.

MRS. MACKAY, the wife of an owner of silver mines in Nevada, is a great purchaser in the jewellery court of the French Exhibition. She has bought from Boucheron a parure of diamonds, consisting of a diadem, brooch and pendants, bracelets, ring, and earrings. The parure is ornamented profusely with blue sapphires, and terminated with a handsome pearl. The centre sapphire is valued at 200,000fr., and the entire parure at 850,000fr. Also a necklace of brilliants terminating in a briolet drop valued at 125,000fr.

We hear that Paris is about to be enriched with another theatre which will be situated in the garden of the Tuileries. The actors will be of wood, and the theatre will be specially designed for the delectation of children, that is to say, the stage will be peopled by those pupazzi which used to be a great source of delight to Georges Sand and Charles Nodier. In the old days these marionettes, which originally came from Italy, were popular with grown up people. Although they were known in the time of Henry IV. they did not become popular until the reign of Louis XIV., through the genius of the famous Brioché. There was then a celebrated marionette theatre at the foot of the Pont Neuf, of which the decadent glories of Guignol in the modern Champs-Élysées give but a poor idea.

At the Paris Exhibition is exhibited by Messrs. Merryweather and Sons, of London, the most powerful land steam engine in the world; it is capable of raising steam from cold water to the working of 100lbs. on the square inch, within ten minutes of lighting the fire. It is easily drawn by a pair of horses, and is capable of discharging 1,500 gallons per minute to a height of 250 feet. At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 this firm exhibited an engine upon the same principle and design; it pumped 1,200 gallons per minute and topped the Lighthouse lantern which was 212½ feet. The engine was purchased by the British Admiralty for Chatham Dockyard.

A GOOD story from the *Reichsbote*, a Berlin paper, is worth repeating. The other day a native of Cologne arrived at Paris on a visit to the Exhibition. At the station he put himself under the guidance of a party who was looking out for visitors. He was soon installed in private lodgings in the "Rue de—." As soon as his luggage was brought up he wrote a letter to his wife informing her of his safe arrival and giving her

his address. The wife had scarcely read the letter when a telegram was handed to her from her husband asking her to send his address in the French capital, as he had lost himself and had no recollection of where his lodgings were—not even the street.

ENGLISH girls will learn with interest that the value of a French girl's nose has just been judicially appraised at £200. Some time ago a Paris omnibus horse became frisky; there was a collision, a window was smashed, and a passenger, a young demoiselle, received some of the broken glass in her face. It was at first thought that the hurts were trifling, and her parents declined the proffered services of the omnibus company's doctor. But the scratches did not heal as they were expected to do, and the girl's father brought a suit against the company, alleging that her nose had been permanently marred, and that this seriously diminished her prospects of establishment in life—in other words, of getting a husband. He obtained £40 on the first trial and £200 on the second.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE new premises of the London Art Union in the Strand—a very handsome structure—are progressing towards completion with great rapidity.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL, who has returned to England, intends to devote himself to the working of the public school at Kensington. This school, founded by Monsignor Capel some five years ago, has secured a freehold site of about six acres and a half of land in the Warwick-road.

THE *Princess Alice* is the steamer that was selected in 1873 to convey the Shah of Persia and his suite down the river to Greenwich Hospital, on which occasion she was painted white and superbly decorated, and after was known as "The Shah's Boat," bearing on her paddle-boxes the Persian Lion and Sun.

WE hear nothing more of the new batch of peers which was talked of at the end of the session, although the rumour has been repeated again within the last few days with positive circumstantiality. The four M. P.'s named for promotion were Mr. Chaplin, Mr. B. Cochrane, Mr. B. Hope (who at once put in a disclaimer), and Mr. Walter. The constituents of two of these gentlemen, Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Walter, have sufficient faith in the rumours to be preparing for an election.

MR. JOHNSON, the money taker on board one of the London Steamboat Company's boats, the *Duke of Cambridge*, called the other day on Mr. Hodson, the Southend ticket collector, and asked him if he believed in dreams, and then told him that he had had a very peculiar dream on the night before the accident happened to the *Princess Alice*. He said he dreamt he saw the *Princess Alice* run into and cut in halves, and between 400 and 500 people sank to rise no more. In consequence of the dream Mr. Johnson declined returning from Southend in the *Princess Alice*, and went by the next steamer and thus saved his life.

HUMOURS OF THE ELECTIONS.

Kingston has Gunn over to the Liberal party. And it came to pass on that day that Hagar went out into the wilderness.

The Conservatives have a Bannerman in South Renfrew.

There was a Little victory in South Simcoe. The electors of Centre Toronto are determined to make Hay while the sun shineth. That was a great display of Bunting in Welland.

North Wellington Drew well. York has lost its Dymond.

That was a Strange victory in North York. The Tories couldn't Skinner in South Oxford. I Trow it was a close shave in South Perth. They are fond of Currie in West Middlesex. South Grenville is Wiser after the election. The Mills of Bothwell are still grinding.

Blake defeated in South Bruce. O Shaw! In Cardwell it was White mate in three moves.

The Chandlers of Brome don't care for any Fostering influence.

A holy party. Two Popes in it. Mother Joliette comes up smiling with her Baby.

The motto of Champlain: *Montplaisir*. *Les Rouges ont fait Tremblay à Charlevoix*. Lafamme still flickers in Jacques Cartier. It was A. Wright royal victory in Ottawa County.

The Conservatives beat the Liberals in Richelieu with a Massue (club).

They have given up horse-flesh (Cheval) in Rouville and taken to leg of mutton (Gigault). A big Gill of comfort for the Tories in Yamaska.

Queen's County (N.S.) has sent up a big Bill to Parliament.

King's County (P.E.I.) Muttart deep damnation against the Government. Sherbrooke Brookes no opposition. Niagara is out of Plum.

The "White Boy," as he was called on a

late visit to the home of his ancestry, in Ireland, has turned up all right in Cardwell.

By a strange reversal of things, after the elections all those who felt Blue were very happy, and all those who were Rouge or ruddy felt most consumedly sick.

In the new Parliament there are two Whites and one Brown. No Blacks. No Greens either, nominally, whatever there may be *de facto*. There is a Baker also and a Currier.

Lennox has distinguished itself by a change of tradesmen. The Cartwright is replaced by the Hooper.

North Simcoe has dismissed its Cook.

The vote in Ottawa City was massive (Tassé). There is La-rue in Belle-chasse, and while the Olivier and the Laurier still bloom near the Grandbois, Desaulniers is blossoming in Desjardins.

LACLEDE.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI presented a necklace valued at two thousand dollars to Madame Albani on the occasion of her marriage.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF is engaged in preparing several young ladies for the stage. Among her present pupils are Miss Helen Ames, a soprano of promise, who will make her *début* next winter; Miss Annie Norton, of Cincinnati, who will continue her studies for two years; Miss Kate Esty, of St. Joseph, and Mrs. Dexter, who is engaged for the Worcester festival.

"BRIGNOLI and his Deer" is familiar to managers and expressmen. It is a stuffed deer's head with the huge antlers. He carries it about with him boxed up to insure his success. If he were to go from here to Newark to sing for one evening the deer's head must go too. On one occasion when he went over to Brooklyn to sing he did not encumber himself with the deer. The papers the next morning pronounced the voice of Brignoli to be on the decline, husky, and losing its richness. "There, did I not tell you that I should fall because my deer did not go with me," he said to his agent. Ask any of the expressmen about this deer which Brignoli wishes to pay for by weight and not size, or the operatic managers who make, because forced to do so, an arrangement as to this talisman of Brignoli. They all know it.

HUMOROUS.

ANY American in Paris may well say:—"I was a stranger, and they took me in."

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy," and we do our lying for ourselves when we get older.

MOST of the shadows that cross our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

A MULE must behave himself eleven years and six months just to get one off-hand snort at a middle shirt stud.

THOUSANDS of boys would go dirty all summer, if it were not wicked and dangerous to bathe in the river.

BOSTON school-house doors swing both ways, and teachers have an awful advantage over a bad boy.

THE worst thing about a mosquito is its long soliloquy as to when and where it had better settle down and bite.

SOME men keep savage dogs around their houses so that the hungry poor who stop "to get a bite" may get it outside the door.

If a man is on his way to the woods to commit suicide and a bull suddenly gives chase, the chances are that he will run for his life.

THE boy who is having the first tooth pulled doesn't care anything about the present, and futurity is as blank as a last year's water-melon.

YOU can get a very good idea of "natural selection," in its practical workings, by viewing a celery glass after it has been once around the table.

THE man who can hum a hymn while jointing a stove-pipe is good enough to walk right into full membership of any church without probation.

ELI PERKINS gives an account of the conversation between a male and female idiot. Eli does not mention the name of the woman he was talking to.

WHO would be a candidate for the governorship and fardels bear (whatever fardels are) when a base ball catcher is the hero of the men and darling of the ladies, with \$7,000 a year?

THE Indianapolis *Herald* has discovered that the number of tools is to the number of wise men as the number of times one gets nothing for something is to the number of times one gets something for nothing.

A GRADUATE of one of our leading American colleges is acting as cook at one of the summer resort hotels, and the hash is served up in seven languages—just six more than the average guest can wrestle with.

SOME recently-discovered inscriptions on burned bricks bring to light the astounding revelation that King Ahasuerus hanged Haman because he invented the accordion and put the price down to \$1.75 so that every young man might have one.

If you are inquisitive, like Paul Dombey, and want to hear what the wild waves are saying, get behind a tow-boat in a leaky skiff with a broken oar. The probabilities are that you will get on your knees and ask for a change of conversation.

THE cool, bracing air of autumn, weighed down with subtle perfume of languishing flowers, is very nice and cheerful in its way, but, at the same time, it isn't a circumstance to the zephyr which meanders from the culinary department to one's bed-room just before breakfast.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.