

THE CALICO BALL AT OTTAWA.

In this issue we give an illustration of the scene at the Calico Ball which took place in Ottawa on the 25th ult. Speaking of the affair the *Citizen* of the following day says:

"The beauty and fashion of the capital assembled in the Rink Music Hall last night, on the occasion of the Calico Ball, given under the auspices of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. The hall was decorated with great taste by Mr. St. Hill. The bare walls were festooned their whole length with flags arranged in handsome drapings. Large mirrors decorated either side of the hall, and the more exposed points were draped with calico, emblematical of the occasion. Gowan's Band, which justly is considered the first quadrille band in Canada, inspired the feet of one of the happiest assemblies when dancing began. The stage at the upper end of the hall was conspicuously decorated with the green banners of St. Patrick, for in this land it is no uncommon thing to see Irishmen of all denominations ranging themselves under the flag of the Saint when charity is the cause that appeals to them. The attendance was large, and numbered the first in the capital among those who honoured the occasion. The ladies adhered to the calico dress in every instance, and we must say, that we never saw them, even in the gorgeousness of silk, lace and satin, more lovely or attractive than in the garb of charitable calico. Many of the dresses appeared by the tasteful arrangement of the fair wearers, to as great advantage as if made of more costly material. Gentlemen appeared in the usual evening costume; a calico tie being the only concession they made to the genius of the event. At midnight a supper was served by Mr. Alfred Laurin.

"Dancing, resumed after supper, was kept up with spirit to an early hour. Altogether it was a most successful affair and reflects great credit upon the Society and their committee, whose energetic efforts to make it such, are deserving of all praise. It is hoped the event will have the good effect of increasing the funds of the Society and thereby enlarge its sphere of usefulness."

ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMSHIP "ST. PATRICK."

On Saturday last a somewhat singular accident occurred in the port of Montreal to the "St. Patrick," a steamship of the Allan line. It appears that in the afternoon, when the vessel was about two-thirds loaded, and nearly ready for sea, as it was intended that she should sail on the following morning, the officers thought that there was something wrong with the rudder. Deeming it wise to ascertain positively before they left, they began to feel with boat hooks to find out whether the rudder bands were all right. After they had done so for some time, Captain Barclay thought that it would be better to see the rudder itself, and make sure. In order to do this, he ordered that a portion of the cargo should be put into the bows, in order to depress that part of the vessel, and elevate the stern. This was done, but about eight o'clock, in consequence of a sudden puff of wind, the vessel keeled over. As she did so, a quantity of wheat in bulk went over to leeward. Fortunately no one was hurt, as all on board were able to get safely on shore. On Sunday the work of righting her was carried on, and about ten o'clock it was finished. On Monday she was pumped out by the Corporation steam fire engine and her own pumps, and it is expected that she will very soon be ready for sea. The vessel herself has sustained no damage, but part of the cargo is injured.

THE TOWN OF HOPE, B. C.

The Town of Hope, of which we give an illustration to-day, is very prettily situated on the left bank of Fraser River about 90 miles above New Westminster, and occupies one of the finest sites for a city to be found west of Cascade Range. In the early days of mining on the bars of the Fraser, Hope was a very lively business town, being considered as at the head of steamboat navigation. The migration of the greater portion of the mining population to the interior richer fields after the easier worked river bars had been comparatively exhausted, together with the fact that the Fraser had been found navigable to Yale, 15 miles above, have since shorn Hope of much of its former life and population, but under the influences of the recently discovered rich silver mines in its vicinity, the town is now beginning to look up again, and owners of property are anticipating that it will soon assume considerable importance. The principal buildings are a handsome Episcopal Church, a Court House and Post Office, a large warehouse of the Hudson's Bay Co., and several hotels and several retail stores.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

This little picture tells its own story. A youth and his little sister are paying a visit to the tomb of their father—a hero belike, some knight whose deeds in court and camp have won him honour and emolument, but whose valour and wealth were alike powerless to oppose the advance of the last great foe. It is the first anniversary of their parent's death, and the little maiden, hardly recovered from her grief, kneels with close-clasped hands beside the tomb, murmuring low prayers for the welfare of the soul of him who was once so dear, while the youth, whose grief was perhaps deeper-seated though not so apparent, gazes in silence upon the marble face, sadly musing upon the deeds of the dead, and vowing that he, when he shall reach man's estate, will render himself worthy of his sire's fame and name.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

This picture might almost be considered a fellow to that published a couple of weeks ago in these pages, and entitled "A Happy Fireside." The idea set forth in each—the comforts of home on a stormy winter night—is the same, though the two are very different in style and origin. Though the country baron—for the scene is laid in Germany—seems to be very comfortable in company with his young wife, with the solace of pipe and bottle, we prefer the happiness of the rude labouring-man, whose return to his cottage has been eagerly looked for since the sun began to sink, and who now forgets the toil of the day amidst the curly-headed group of children who eagerly surround him, and struggle for the first kiss.

VARIETIES.

James Russell Lowell has invented a new beatitude "Blessed are they who have nothing to say and cannot be persuaded to say it."

An Eastern exchange has this erratum: "In our paragraph yesterday concerning thirteen ministers who had been spanked in infancy, for *spanked* read *sprinkled*."

A wedding took place at La Crosse, Wis., a day or two ago, at which, according to the *Democrat*, "the bride was given away by the city, and the city was mighty glad to get rid of her."

A California obituary: "The deceased was a talented man of romantic nature. He placed the butt of his gun in the fire while he looked down the muzzle and departed hence spontaneously."

The *Christian Secretary* quotes a remark made by a Connecticut Sheriff: "If any man seriously doubts the Bible doctrine of human depravity, I only ask that he be sheriff of this county for one year."

A Missouri legislator clinched an argument against dogs the other day, by swearing that the money expended in supporting 21,000,000 dogs in the United States would buy 1,344,000,000 whiskey cocktails every year.

The Princess Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte advertises in the London papers that she is able to supply millinery in the latest style to the nobility and gentry of that city. She is showing herself a sensible woman by advertising largely.

A Western New York miss unguardedly made the remark in the family circle recently that "when gentlemen eat warm maple sugar it gets into their moustaches and makes them scratchy." Her father is curious to know how she found it out.

The Washington *Capital* asserts that the sexton of a fashionable church there caught several couples dancing the Boston in the vestibule of the church on a recent Sunday morning, to the tune of "Come, ye disconsolate," which was being sung by the choir.

A Radical gentleman is an opponent of school boards from "principle." He goes "agin education," not because of its unconstitutionality, but because it's unnatural. Ignorance is "natur," he says. We are born ignorant, and ought to be kept so.

Nadier, the author, called upon a banker one morning, and said, "You'll think me very bold, perhaps, but I want to borrow three thousand francs." "Yes, I do," replied the banker, "but you will admit I am bolder than you, for I intend to lend them to you."

Among many curious advertisements here is one in the London *Times*:—Quarter-Day.—Cruelty to Cats.—The persons who left a cat behind in the house they vacated, in Halliford Street, Islington, at the last Christmas quarter, will be gratified to learn that the poor creature has died of starvation.

A paper gives the following directions for using its new patent hen pills: "From one to ten boxes of pills is a dose for young fowls. The best way to give the remedy is to tickle the chicken under the wings until it laughs, when the medicine can be shot down its throat with a musket or horse-pistol."

The Janesville *Gazette* says that the sad result of hasty, youthful marriages, has just been demonstrated by a West Side couple, of some seventy or eighty summers. Ere the honeymoon is ended they have separated. That's most always the case when boys and girls marry without their parents' consent.

There was a thoroughness about practical joking in the Middle Ages. When Pope Adrian died in 1523, the Roman people, who hated and despised him, determined to testify their pleasure at the event. They, therefore, adorned the door of his physician's house with garlands, adding this inscription—"To the deliverer of his country."

It is said that whenever an applicant for a situation as brakeman appears at the office of the Michigan Central Railroad, an official shouts up through the speaking tube and makes the inquiry, "Any switchman killed lately?" It has a strange effect. The applicant suddenly concludes that he is not entirely fitted for the situation, and silently retires.

The fundamental study of beer is a peculiarity of the Germans. We read the following announcement in the French papers, and it seems thereby that the Germans wish to win their victims over to their taste:—"School of Brewing at Augsburg.—Practical and Theoretical Study of the Art of Brewing.—The Course of Study will commence on the 15th May."

The Albany correspondent of the Brooklyn *Union* tells the following anecdote, apropos of the passage of the New York Charter in the Assembly. Two Assemblymen were walking down State street after the passage of the bill. "I feel," said one of them, "as if I deserved to be kicked for voting for that charter." His friend replied, "That's just the way I feel myself; let's go up this alley and kick each other."

At the close of one of Mrs. Swishelm's orations, she asked if any male citizen was present who was opposed to woman suffrage; if so, she would like to have him stand up and give his reason. To the surprise of nearly every one present, the serious-minded chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary rose. Some one hinted to Mrs. Swishelm his calling and position, when Mrs. Swishelm inquired if he had any women in the Penitentiary. "Yes," responded the chaplain, "we have 12, and they make more trouble than the whole 900 men."

A French comic paper, the *Eclipse*, recently contributed a very clever caricature. It is Paris and Thiers as Romeo and Juliet in the balcony scene. Juliet, wearing a cap of Liberty, is leaning forward to hug her lover as he descends from a window of the Elysee by a ladder of ropes. Though we are only shown the back of Romeo, it is impossible not to recognize in his peculiarly built figure the President of the French Republic. A full moon shining on the lovers as they are terminating their stolen interview, produces some striking effects. In answer to Juliet's "Parting is such sweet sorrow," Romeo says, "I hear the whistle of the railway engine." "It

is," cries the ardent young lady, "but the shriek of the dismal owl!" "But the clock marks the hour of midnight, and were I to miss the last train, think what the Permanents would say—they would chastise your Romeo." "What care we for them, love? Be permanent yourself, and quit not Juliet." "Adieu, sweet love."

The English Anti-Tobacco Society, wanting evidences of the evil effects of the weed, took into their service Professor Newman. He had never used the stuff in any form; and the arrangement was that he should take a good smoke, get sick, and then describe his horrible sensations in a course of lectures. The Professor got his pipe and smoked about half an hour, but singularly enough he did not get sick at all; and, so far from being utterly disgusted, he just keeps on smoking, and the Society folks are a little discouraged.

After long years of persistent persecution, the editor of the Indianapolis *Evening Journal* thus gives vent to his pent-up feeling: "Nothing so infuriates an editor—we speak from experience—as to have a great, loose-jointed galoot stride noiselessly into his sanctum, pick up a newspaper, rustle it for a moment, and then slam it down, creating an atmospheric concussion which scatters two hundred and seventy of his small clippings—the gleanings from seven hundred and forty exchanges—into the spittoon or waste-basket. The editor who can keep his brows from corrugating, and repress the convulsive contraction of his biceps, at such a time, is a spiritless milksop, whom it were base flattery to call a sheep."

An Ohio journalist read in another paper a statement to the effect that "Miss Kellogg has a larger repertoire than any other living prima donna," and he considered it his duty as a champion of truth to sit down and write an article on the subject, in which he said: "We do not, of course, know how Miss Kellogg was dressed in other cities, but upon the occasion of her last performance here we are positively certain that her repertoire did not seem to extend out so far as either Nilsson or Patti's. It must have been that her over-skirts were cut too narrow to permit of being gathered into such a large lump behind, or it may have been that they had been crushed down accidentally."

AN ARGUMENT.—A gentleman of the north of the northwest part of Scotland met another gentleman of the same locality in Edinburgh. From fondness they deteriorated to savageness over the healthy glass of toddy. The least quarrelsome addressed his friend—"Ye bleary-eyed blockhead, ye ken naething ava. I wager a pound ye canna even say the Lord's Prayer." "Done wi' you," said the other, "that I say it better than you. Stake the siller." The notes were tabled. No. 1 began glibly—

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie!"

"Hae," said No. 2, tossing his note across the table, "that's dae; ye internal hypocrite, ye kent it a' the time better than me!"

"It's no use talking about smoking's shortening life," said a gentleman in reply to a clerical enthusiast against smoke. "Why, my grandfather smoked since he was a boy, and he's seventy-five years old." "That may be, my dear friend," replied the clerical party, "but if he hadn't smoked he might have been ninety." The Japanese clergy are not opposed to smoke; they pause every five minutes in their discourse, and say to their congregation, "Let us have a smoke." Cape also gives the clergy a hint how to fill their churches. He says:—"At the last siege of Antwerp, a priest could not induce the soldiers to come early to church. Sometimes he had to begin when there was no one in the church but himself. He took a very effectual means of remedying the evil. He distributed cigars among the soldiers. They now not merely came early, but came in crowds, especially as they were allowed to smoke during the service."

The French have a way all their own of heaping contumely on the enemies of their country. This is how the *Patrie*, which is what Parisians call "un journal sérieux," describes the visit of Prince Frederick Charles to Malta:—"Letters from Malta state that Prince Frederick landed there on Good Friday and spent a few hours, just time enough to dine. The Catholics of the island had hoisted the Papal colours to vex him. The Prince gave a shilling to be divided among nine waiters at the hotel where he dined. A French tourist who happened to be there bought this shilling, and has caused an inscription to be engraved on it, commemorative of this act of generosity." The same *Patrie* alludes triumphantly to the mortification of the *Norde Allgemeine Zeitung* at the recent refusal of the Swedish Rigsdag to vote money for the appointment of a military attaché at Berlin, and this while the military attachéship at Paris was maintained. The *Patrie* evidently infers from this that the Swedes consider the French army better worth studying at present than the German. Happy the nation whose good opinion of itself remains unshaken by adversity!

ECONOMICAL COOKING IN OREGON.—There is a place in Oregon, says an exchange, called the Smoky Valley, where the people have a very curious way of cooking. They do not have the trouble of making a fire every morning when they wish to get breakfast. They just walk out with their kettles, coffee-pots, and whatever else they need, and cook at the boiling spring. The water seems a great deal better than common boiling water, and all they need to do is to have their kettles in it for a short time, and their food is nicely cooked. They are able even to bake in it. The bread is put into a tight saucepan and lowered into the boiling flood for an hour or two, and then drawn up most exquisitely baked, with but a thin rim on the crust over it. Meat is cooked here, and beans, which are the miner's great luxury. It takes but a minute to cook eggs, or to make a pot of coffee or tea; but if there should chance to be a "slip between the cup and the lip," the food would be gone beyond recovery.

A Frenchman named Wilboux has taken out a patent to use an elastic type for printing on glass, with fluor spar rendered adhesive by some such material as printing ink. Sulphuric acid of suitable temperature is then allowed to act on that portion of the glass. The hydrofluoric acid generated in this way would etch the glass on the places printed on. When completed the whole is washed off with warm water or lye.