



**THE EFFECT OF DRESS.**—"The more you dress a Frenchwoman the better she is, and the less you dress an Englishwoman the better she is" is an old saying (slightly altered); and well-built women will do well to remember this when they seek to cover themselves with ribbons, braids and gimps, that serve only to fritter away the figure, are absolute death to the clear, fair outlines that should be followed with the greatest exactitude.

**QUEEN VICTORIA** is a very hard worker. She breakfasts at 9 and then spends the morning dictating letters to her secretary. At 2 p.m. she takes luncheon, then holds a court ceremony and afterward indulges in a short drive. She does not dine until 9 p.m. As her mail is enormous, she really gets through a vast deal of work in a day. Once in a while questions of State of some importance require her attention. The fact is that she has no sinecure.

**BOB BURDETTE'S ADVICE.**—You say you demand a domestic, useful woman as your wife. If that is so, marry Nora Mulligan, your laundress' daughter. She wears cowhide shoes, is guiltless of corsets, never had a sick day in her life, takes in washing, goes out housecleaning and cooks for a family of seven children, her mother and three section men who board with her. I don't think she would marry you, because Con Reagan, the track-walker, is her style of man.

**SIMPLICITY IN DRESS.**—Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity—a costly simplicity if you will—but let every dress be one idea'd, and let no unnecessary or extraneous trifles be introduced in it. And after simplicity, or rather as a consequence of it, comes freshness, that most desirable quality which to a woman's clothes is much the same as a fair, healthy skin is to her face, so that to say of a woman "She always looks so fresh," is to pay the highest of all compliments to herself and her milliner.

**THE PRINCESS OF WALES' NEW BOOTS.**—The Princess of Wales has set the fashion for a new boot, which is intended for rough country walking, and is impervious to any amount of damp. It is very high, buttoning nearly up to the knee, of black leather, with an inner lining of stout waterproof tweed between the leather and the kid lining. The sole is about half an inch thick. It has already been introduced at Tuxedo, where it is found a great comfort in walking and tramping about in the snow surrounding the toboggan slide.

**O'RELL ON AMERICAN WOMEN.**—That which struck me most in America, from first to last, is the total absence of stupid-looking faces. All are not handsome, but all are intelligent and beaming with activity. In my opinion it is in this that American beauty chiefly consists. In the large cities of the East the first thing which caught my attention was the thinness of the men and the plumpness of the women. This seemed to hint that the former lived in a furnace of activity and the latter in cotton wool. This impression soon deepened into a conviction. It seemed to me that her lot was as near to being perfection as an earthly lot could be.

**EXPERIMENTING WITH THE BABY.**—That class of parents is unhappily large who appear to accept a child's strong constitution merely as a basis for experiments, remarks Harper's Bazaar. The child has a habit of dropping asleep as soon as he is laid in his crib? Then let him be taken from it any time to be exhibited. If he goes to sleep again so easily, the rousing him at all hours will do him no harm. He rarely catches cold? Then carry him out in all weathers, keep him out late in the evening and dress him in as thin clothing in winter as in summer. His digestion is excellent? Then by all means let him eat whatever he wants and whenever he feels like it.

## HERE AND THERE.

**GLADSTONE'S OMNISCIENCE.**—"The way we do it now" is thus described in rhyme by R. St. J. C. in the columns of the *St. James's Gazette*:

"I want advice. Forthwith I seek  
The lawyer, doctor, or I speak  
To Policeman X or Bow street,  
Or, maybe, fish up  
A bland archdeacon, curate meek,  
Or sound Archbishop.

"No matter what my want may be,  
I pleasant look and pay the fee."  
So spake I to my wife; but she,  
"I beg your pardon,  
"You're very wasteful, dear, I see;  
I write—to Hawarden."

The verses not only bear testimony to the encyclopaedic knowledge of Mr. Gladstone, but they also show the accepted pronunciation of the name of his castle, as to which many people are a little uncertain. They have now a safe guide.

**LEGAL TENDER.**—A banker in Lille, France, had the misfortune to wet eighteen bills of the Bank of France, and in order to dry them he placed them on a board at an open window. They dried more rapidly than was anticipated. A gust of wind carried them into the street, where, unfortunately, a goat picking up odds and ends at once captured the bank bills and swallowed them. The goat was purchased and the bills secured in a very dilapidated condition, but the Bank of France recognized its obligations and redeemed them.

**BLUE SHEEP.**—Mr. Gladstone's study of Homer has led him to form numerous ingenious theories. One is the belief that the Greeks were colour-blind. Otherwise it would be impossible, he contends, for Homer to have spoken of "a flock of purple sheep." He was stating this view one day, when a celebrated agriculturist who was present remarked,—"Ah! but I know that in certain parts of England there are flocks of 'purple sheep.'" Mr. Gladstone expressed surprise. Inquiries were made, and it was found that these sheep were only of the ordinary brown colour.

**A QUEER CZAR.**—Anton Rubinstein is in trouble. The Czar of Russia has commanded him to compose an oratorio on the recent railroad accident in which the autocrat and his wife nearly lost their lives. This is a subject to which only the late Richard Wagner, among all musicians, could have done justice. The shriek of the locomotive, the crash when the train left the track, the cries of the wounded and dying and the wail of the Czar's perishing dog would have offered to Wagner splendid themes for orchestration of a weird and peculiar kind. What Rubinstein will do with his task is an interesting problem.

**PHILLIPS' SHAKESPEARE COLLECTION.**—Mr. Halliwell Phillips leaves all his electric plates, wood blocks, etc., to the New York Shakespeare Society. His unrivalled collection of Shakesperian treasures he offers to the municipality of Birmingham for £7000. These he originally intended to leave to Stratford, but after his dispute with the Corporation there he decided to select, instead, the principal town in Shakespeare's country. The collection is rich in early quartos, but comprises very few portraits. Mr. Phillips was strongly of opinion that no portrait of Shakespeare is genuine except the Droeshut portrait, prefixed to the first folio of which he possessed a proof impression.

**PAS DE COMEDIE.**—It is well known that the Queen, as well as the Princess of Wales and Princess Beatrice, have vainly tried everything to persuade the Empress to take part in the court festivities at Windsor. The other day a little ruse was tried to divert her with such mild entertainments as are occasionally provided for the family circle at Windsor. After tea a curtain at one end of the drawingroom was drawn aside, the Princess Beatrice announced that a little French comedy, "Lolotte," would be performed. The Empress smiled and remained, but the desired effect was not obtained, and now, whenever she appears at Windsor to spend a social evening, she greets Princess Beatrice with the words, "Pas de comédie ce soir, n'est ce pas, ma chère?"

## A CAVE IN MANITOULIN.

A correspondent of the *Woodstock Sentinel Review*, writing from Mindemoya Lake, Manitoulin Island, gives the following particulars of an interesting discovery made by an Oxford man:

A very interesting discovery has just been made on the property of Mr. Martin Buck, ex-Reeve of Carnarvon Township, and situated on the western shore of Mindemoya Lake, Manitoulin Island. It is a large cave, some 80 feet in length, with a height varying from 6 to 12 feet, and a width quite equal, if not greater, with a smaller cave, some 50 feet in length, connected with the main grotto by a narrow aperture. This great natural curiosity was, so far as we are aware, first made known to the white settlers of this island—though long known to some of the Indians of West Bay—by Daniel Hagey, of Innerkip, Oxford County, Ont., who is now here on a missionary tour in connection with the United Mennonite Brethren Church, with which he stands identified. Mr. Hagey is not only an energetic Evangelist and "fisher of men," but also a most enthusiastic angler and sportsman. On September 21st, while in eager pursuit of a flock of wild ducks, he was arrested by a yawning gap in the limestone bluffs. On looking in, his horror may be imagined on seeing the entrance of this cave thickly strewn with whitened human bones, with several skulls in a good state of preservation, and all apparently of the genuine Indian type. A shout from friend Hagey soon brought up his Mennonite companions, Rev. Wm. Schroeder and John Evans, by whom the interiors of the cave were first explored by white men. A path was soon blazed to the scene of this natural curiosity, and it has been already much resorted to by the settlers for miles around.

How the Indian bones came to lie at the entrance of said cave must, we presume, ever remain veiled in mystery, and gives rise to conjectures of various kinds, some of which are certainly quite fanciful. But the two most tenable theories are either that a whole family of Indians were living there in the dim past, and perished from hunger, smallpox, or some similarly fatal epidemic, and were, from some unknown and unknowable cause, left unburied where they died, and their valuables subsequently removed; or they were cut off by some war party, and despoiled of all their weapons, pipes and ornaments, as the most diligent search has thus far failed to find anything of this nature, with the exception of a broken shell of large size, nicely polished, and notched in true Indian style, and also a small stone, just like an Indian flint arrow-head, with a broken-off shank, but of so soft material that some think its form is the work of nature and not that of the ancient Red Men. Mindemoya Lake has ever ranked as one of the most lovely of the many inland water-gems of this island; but the discovery of this most singular cave, with its two smooth domes in the limestone roof and its rich profusion of strange fantastic water-worn rocks, together with the mystery attached to the time-bleached remains of the "ancient braves," bid fair to make it an object of intense interest, not only to the settlers of this island, but to tourists and artists from all parts of the world.

## THE WANDERING KNIGHT.

Mr. Francis Thomson, in his striking articles on "Bunyan" in the current number of *Merry England*, alludes to the mediæval work from which Bunyan is supposed to have borrowed. Of this curiosity of literature, the following is a brief outline:—

"The hero, like Bunyan's Christian, sets off on a journey, and meets with adventures. He resolves, with the advice of his bosom friend, a daredevil named Folly, to go in search of happiness. Being fully equipped, armed and mounted on a runaway steed, he soon finds himself in presence of two parting ways, and hesitates in doubt as to which of these he shall choose for his own. At length he sees two ladies approach; the one mounted on a gentle natured steed, and