

Were it not for the awful heat it would be very jolly. This is my third summer in the plains, and although I stand it as all Canadians stand everything, the climate must tell on the strongest and most determined at last. * * I am satisfied there are no race of men that can stand all countries and climates better than Canadians. I have faced the music to the last, and seen all of the first lot out of the regiment. The last went home in November, '79, for discharge. I saw them at the railway station at Muritsur, and as the train moved out the cheers that were given me, and the blessings and prayers for my safe return from this trying land—as they left me standing alone on the platform—for a little time deprived me of utterance. You can imagine the feeling, after a service of twenty-one years with men who have all that time shared your fortunes in many countries and under all difficulties, giving you a farewell cheer, knowing the chances were against our ever meeting again in life. Humble as is the position of a private soldier, there is a great bond of union between them and their officers in the British army—more especially if they have been well and fairly treated. Well, I am 'the last of the Mohicans,' and so far deserve well of my country. I forgot to tell you, but must before closing, that my youngest son Fred. has just entered the army as a surgeon, having passed out of the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin, and the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh."

The Irish Hussar.

A BALLAD.

(By Tyrone Power, Esq., 1841.)

"Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still;
Is human love the growth of human will?"
—BYRON.

IN times not very old
There lived a baron bold,
Who kept a lovely maiden under bolt and bar;
He was naturally mild
Till he found his only child
Had been bothered and beguiled
By an Irish hussar.

His castle wall was steep,
And the fosse both wide and deep,
And the lady's tower was lofty, as most ladies' towers are;
But what fosse or rampart stout
E'er yet held young love out?
Or ever put to rout
An Irish hussar!

On one wild and stormy night,
In that tower shone a light,
'Twas love's own beacon light high o'er the elemental war,
Each sentry sought his box,
Trusting all to wall and locks,
Little dreaming what a fox
Was an Irish hussar.

To that turret light so true
A pebble lightly flew,
When the wakeful maiden knew that her lover was not far;
Back o'er the rampart wall
She flung a silken ball,
Knowing well that it must fall
Near her Irish hussar.

Soon, according to her hope,
She drew back a stair of rope,
Which her own fair hands soon fasten'd to her window bar!
Whilst she heard a voice below
Whisper, "No, good Shamroy! no!
Till she comes, there off I go
Like an Irish hussar."

Though the turret rose so high,
The true lover soon drew nigh,
When the maiden gave a sigh, sir, to see the ground so far.
"Now, my love, come down with me!"
"But," says she, "love, where's your key?"
"Hanging by my side," cries he,
Like an Irish hussar.

This light laugh sooth'd her fears,
Soon she dried her maiden tears,
Knowing well that a faint heart would now her future mar.
Soon beneath the tower they stood,
Where he found his charger good
That would face both fire and flood
With an Irish hussar.

"Now mount, dear girl, with me,"
"O, la; sweet love," cries she,
"I look'd, at least, to see a coach or jaunting car,"
"Up! ma colleen gra," he cried,
"Your sweet self must learn to ride,
If you look to be the bride
Of an Irish hussar."

The maiden made no more ado,
But en coupe full lightly flew,
"And now, good steed, be true in love as you have been in war,
Your soft arms round me throw,
My own girl," he cried; "just so;
Now, one kiss * * * and off you go—whoa!
Like an Irish hussar."

The publishers of the *Illustrated London News* have made a decided hit with their Christmas number (12th week's). In addition to a mass of seasonable illustrations and holiday reading matter, four handsome coloured pictures go with the number, which is worth much more than the price asked, only fifty cents. There is no extra charge to regular subscribers, to whom the American Edition is sent for \$4.00 per annum, the retail price being only 10 cents a number.

Charming Actresses.

The Lily Gives Place to the Rose—Stage Trials and Triumphs.

THERE may have been a time, perhaps, when the pallid lily was the type of female beauty. It is not so to-day.

On the stage the most charming actresses are women of robust health. Mrs. Langtry is the best matinee attraction on the stage so managers say, because she is attractive to women as well as to men. She is a famous walker and an accomplished athlete.

Two generations have raged over the beauty of Rose Coghlan. She is not pretty, but she has the vigor of rude health.

Fanny Davenport was always fascinating, and is still a great favorite. As *Lady Gay Spanker* she would catch her *Dolly* in a rapturous embrace and swing him three times around her, his feet never touching the floor.

Great surprise is often expressed that actresses are able to preserve their health and beauty in view of the terrible strain of their exacting duties upon physical and mental force.

Jennie Kimball, the mother of charming "Little Corinne," who has delighted lovers of comic opera for many years, says, under date May 28th, 1887: "I was exhausted with my severe work and the doctors told me to give up the stage. Warner's safe cure restored me. I have never had better health in my life, and whenever bad feeling returns I immediately resort to that remedy."

Grace Hawthorne, the American actress, now playing *Theodora* with great success in London, Eng., in a recent interview said: "I know how to remain in perfect health, notwithstanding the nervous strain I have nightly to endure while playing. I use Warner's safe cure, and it controls life and health as nothing else will."

The really great actresses in emotional parts are those who utterly abandon their own personality in the assumption of the character portrayed. The strain they undergo is one that few, outside of the profession, can understand.

Maude Granger was obliged to abandon the stage temporarily by reason of it. She says: "The suffering I then endured, and the terrible condition I was in, can only be appreciated by those women who have undergone the same experience. It was while still suffering that I learned of Warner's safe cure and began its use. I have taken it faithfully, and am happy to state that I am now completely restored to health and my usual vigor."

Many break down under the strain and, like Sara Jewett, totally give out. Physicians prescribe opiates which, perhaps, give temporary relief only to make the final collapse more certain and complete. Others are more fortunate and find in that great remedy an influence which "controls life and health;" and, they are thus enabled to succeed in their highest ambitions.

Montreal Rifle Association.

STATEMENT SHOWING WINNERS AT MONTHLY COMPETITIONS FOR 1887, WITH THEIR SCORES, ALSO AGGREGATE PRIZE WINNERS.

THE first response to the request made last week, for statements of the season's work of the leading rifle associations, similar to that of the Ottawa Rifle Club, then published, has come from Mr. H. A. Brocklesby, Secretary of the Montreal Rifle Association, who has sent the scores of the winners at each of the five monthly matches. The association—a formidable one, as a glance at the array of big scores will show—dates back to 1867, and during the twenty years of its existence has always been a live institution. A sudden impetus in its growth, however, made its membership during the past season fifty per cent. higher than in any previous year, and it is now double that of four years ago. The want of a range longer than 600 yards has of late years hindered long range shooting amongst the members of the association, but should the efforts of those now engaged in locating a new range be successful, a marked improvement may be expected in this branch of shooting next season.

The prizes at the monthly competitions were: 1st, silver ladel; 2nd, table spoon; 3rd, dessert spoon; 4th, tea spoon.

NAMES.	SNIDER.			MARTINI.			AGGREGATES.					
	May.		June.		Sept.		July.		August.		Three best scores in five matches.	
	Order.	Score.	Order.	Score.	Order.	Score.	Order.	Score.	Order.	Score.	Order.	Points.
Brocklesby, H. A., Vics.	3	85	1	81	1	87	3	85	3	244	O.R.A. medal.	
Brown, W., Scots	2	86	4	71	2	86	2	86	2	244		
Cooke, G., Scots	4	71	3	81	3	83	4	71	4	244		
Dalrymple, T., Scots	1	79	2	81	4	71	1	79	1	244		
Kambury, J., Scots	3	83	1	81	3	83	3	83	3	244		
Keogh, R., P.W.R.	4	78	4	78	2	81	4	78	4	244		
Macfarlane, N., Vics.	1	79	3	81	1	87	1	79	1	247	N.R.A. medal.	
Marks, J. W., 6th Fus.	3	79	2	81	1	87	2	85	2	247		
Mathews, K., Vics.	2	80	1	81	2	85	2	85	2	247		
McCrae, D., 1st P.W.R.	2	80	3	74	3	73	3	74	3	247		
Riddle, J., 6th Fus.	1	82	2	74	1	87	1	82	1	247		
Ross, A., 1st P.W.R.	3	79	4	71	4	71	4	71	4	247		
Shaw, A., Vics.	1	82	3	74	2	85	2	85	2	247		
Smith, D., Scots	1	82	2	81	3	74	3	74	3	247		
Vaughan, F., Scots	4	84	1	87	1	87	4	84	4	240	P.O.R.A. badge	
Wynne, J. R., Scots	3	79	4	71	4	71	3	79	3	245	D.R.A. medal	

Besides the aggregate prizes shown in the table, there was a special prize offered for the best score in the five monthly matches and the open match. This, a silver cup, was won by J. W. Marks, 6th Fusiliers, with 486 points. Mr. Marks also won a silver cup offered as a prize for the best aggregate scores at 600 yards with the Martini rifle.

Colonel Sir Francis De Winton, whose appointment as colonel on the staff of the West African Settlements is gazetted, has been serving there for the past two years as administrator of the Congo Free State. His last official appointment was as military secretary to the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, and he had previously done duty as an additional military attaché to the Embassy at Constantinople in 1877-78, while he was employed as representative of the Prince of Wales at the funeral of Queen Mercedes of Spain in July, 1878. He is far too valuable an officer to be allowed to run out on the score of non-employment, and so has very wisely been brought on the staff.—*Broad Arrow.*