

THE CONSERVATIVE PIC-NIC AT BELLEVILLE.

The papers have been full of this notable event. We do our share towards noticing it by printing a whole page of views representing the principal arches erected on the occasion. It is allowed on all hands that the reception of Sir John A. Macdonald was of the most enthusiastic character, and that nearly 20,000 people from Belleville and the surrounding country, for miles, took part in it. Of the six arches which we reproduce we may instance first the Protection Arch, erected by Messrs. Thomas and J. Willson. In the centre is a large hoghead of yellow refined sugar, with the inscription "Scotch Refined Sugar." On top of this is a sugar barrel bearing these words, "White Sugar from Boston." At each side of the hoghead are piles of tea chests and cases of cotton, with the words "Our Importers gone to New York," and "Cottons made in the States." In another picture Mr. Willson has also placed at his fence above, which their heads appear, a number of brooms, bearing the names of the constituencies which the Conservatives have "swept" from their opponents since the election of 1874. The names were North Victoria, East Toronto, Two Mountains, South Norfolk, Bellechasse, South Ontario, Charlevoix, Chambly, South Huron. A fine arch upon Front street, looking South, bore these mottoes: "Our Guests, Sir John and his Friends;" "Welcome to Quinte's Ablest Son;" "Welcome to Our Conservative Friends." The arch erected upon Main street, opposite the Consolidated Bank, looking North, had these words: "The Conservative Party at Home and Abroad." At the Agricultural Hall, there was an arch with, "For the Party, with the Party, for the Country." The arch on the Bridge, looking West, was magnificent as will be seen in the engraving. It bore the motto, "Belleville Welcomes Sir John."

THE "FRIGORIFIQUE."

In connection with the vital subject of the transportation of cattle from Canada to England which, we are glad to know, is increasing through legitimate encouragement, we call attention to the following account, accompanying sketches on another page, of the scientific steps the French are taking in a similar direction. A specially constructed vessel, appropriately named the *Frigorifique*, has been lately launched at Rouen, with the object of transporting cattle to France from the banks of the La Plata. A gentleman, called Tellier, has imagined the whole process. His principal agent for the production of cold is methylic ether. This is contained in a receptacle, termed *frigorifere*, where, through its own tension, it is vaporized and flows into a compression pump. The pump forces the methylic vapors into a condenser, and the ether, becoming liquid again, flows back into the *frigorifere* where it once more evaporates. In passing from the liquid to the vaporous state, the methylic ether absorbs caloric and lowers the ambient atmosphere. The cold thus produced is the one utilized by the inventor. A ventilator drives air into the *frigorifere*, and this air, after having traversed a stratum of chloride of calcium which absorbs its moisture, penetrates into the hold where the meat is stored. In this hold the temperature is maintained at zero. Hence the men, who are obliged to go in and out of it, are required to wear special clothing to guard against the change, and they carry lanterns to prevent explosion from ether. The *Frigorifique* measures about 500 tons, with engine of 100 horse power, and its speed is estimated at 8 knots. Its length is 200 feet by 25 feet in breadth; it is constructed of iron with coatings of cork to retain the cold as much as possible. Mr. Tellier expects to be away three months, and to return with 1000 head of cattle which he hopes to be able to sell at 50 per cent below present prices.

CAPPING VERSES.

Capping verses is an old scholastic amusement in German, Spanish, and English universities and first-rate schools. It consists in two or more scholars exercising their memory and ingenuity and inventiveness thus. A starts off with a Latin verse, such as

Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopola;

and B, who follows, caps it by taking the last letter of the verse and quoting another beginning with that letter. In this case we have a hard one—*a*—but

Aquam memento rebus in arduis.

will do. Then C, the next player, takes *s*, the letter the last verse ended with, and cites another—

Servare mentem, non secus in bonis.

A has to begin again with *s*, and so on. Now for some examples in English. A begins—*I stood in Venice on the Bridge of sighs,* from Byron; B follows with Longfellow's *Still achieving, still pursuing;*

and C continues from Pope—*Get place and wealth, if possible with grace; If not, by any means get wealth and place.*

Here C gives A a rather difficult letter to begin with. K. K. can now go and "cap verses" with her young lady friends. Some we hear of take up the last word and begin a verse with it; but this is obviously the more difficult way. Clever undergraduates cheat by making up a verse when not recollecting one; this is not always discovered, and is sometimes provocative of much fun and wrangling.

SHORTNESS OF MONEY.

YOUNG LADIES, as a rule (writes a contemporary), suffer a good deal from the want of pocket-money. Young men send in their bills to their fathers, and have generally a sum wholly independent of necessary expense to spend as they please, while their sisters have usually only an allowance for dress. In ordinary cases, and particularly where there are many girls of one family, this allowance is not one calculated to show any margin when the milliner's bill is paid. A distinguished lady novelist lately spoke with regret of the ignorant young women who dabble in literature merely for the chance of earning a little money. She perhaps for a moment forgot of how much importance that little money may be to a person who finds it almost impossible to make her income cover her inevitable expenses. Girls are often subjected to painful humiliations when staying at friend's houses merely on account of this dearth of pocket-money. They are perhaps forced to allow gentlemen with whom they are only slightly acquainted to pay their little incidental expenses, such as an admission to a picture-gallery or a flower-show. They cannot make the usual presents to servants. They lose, moreover, that nice sensitiveness in money matters which ought to be most carefully nurtured, and which of late seems to have gone out of fashion.

It is cruel and wicked of parents to permit their children to be placed in circumstances where they are tempted to put themselves under obligations to people from whom they have no right to receive them. A girl, out of ignorance and impecuniosity, may sometimes find herself placed in an equivocal position from which she does not feel able to get free; and cruel embarrassment may be caused because she had not a little money in her purse when she absolutely wanted it.

As a rule, a married woman is not much better off than her unmarried sister in the matter of pocket-money, if she has not brought her husband any fortune, and if she is unhappily burdened with a conscience. She finds herself in possession of house-money and dress-money, and, being probably inexperienced in management, she finds it hard enough to keep within her allowances. She never feels as if she could call any money her own, and is thus deprived of many small pleasures, and even necessities, which her husband would never dream of refusing to himself.

HINTS ON DRESS.

Ladies are asking for new and pretty styles for autumn dresses. The Alexandra tunic, or over-skirt, is quite novel, and much more tasteful in style than the aprons so long worn. The front is cut with two points and crossed, being finished with three bows; one side of the back has a deep point, and the other is rounded. It would be necessary therefore to have the pattern of the whole tunic, as both sides are not alike. It is very stylish for silk, and answers well for homespun, or serge, trimmed with bands of the material about three inches deep, or military braid and ball fringe. To make a complete outdoor costume, the Alexandra jacket is often used, and has a good effect, whether in the same material as the tunic, or in matelasse, trimmed with braid and fringe. The jacket is short at the back, with long square ends in front; it is worn with large square sleeves, or coat ones. For young ladies the Ulster polonaise will be a great attraction this autumn, as it is both a stylish and useful garment. It can be worn either as a dress or over one. It is double-breasted, is straight round the bottom of the skirt, and is slightly caught at the back with straps and buttons. It has a waist-band, large pockets, and coat-sleeve with cuff, and is very fashionable in blue serge, trimmed with broad braid and large white pearl buttons. It makes a warm, comfortable, stylish garment, suitable for young ladies from four to sixteen years of age. The new Persian paletot will be much patronised this season. It is long, semi-fitting, and has large coat-sleeves, cuffs, and square pockets at the side. It can be made in matelasse velvet, or cloth, a trimming of feather or fur rendering them very handsome.

DON'T.

"You are serious this evening," said Mrs. Landell to her husband. "I hope nothing has gone wrong during the day." Mr. Landell who had been sitting, with his eyes upon the floor, silent and abstracted, for some minutes, roused himself at these words, and looking up at his wife, smiled, as he answered, "Oh, no. Nothing has gone wrong." "Don't you feel well?" The voice of Mrs. Landell was just shaded with concern. "Well enough in body; but not so comfortable in mind as I desire." "Then something has gone wrong," said the wife. Her manner was slightly troubled. "Nothing more than usual," Mr. Landell replied. The forced smile had faded away from his countenance. Mrs. Landell sighed. "Than usual?" she repeated his words, regarding him with earnest inquiry. Then she added, tenderly, "Bring home your trouble, dear. Don't hide anything. Let me share with you all the good and ill of life. Hearts draw nearer in suffering than they do in joy." "Bless your kind heart, Alice!" said Mr.

Landell, a broad smile sweeping over his features, as he caught her round cheeks between his hands, and kissed her. "There isn't anything in the case so serious as all that comes to. I'm not going to fail in business—haven't lost anything worth speaking about. Haven't cheated anybody, and don't intend doing so. It's only this hasty, impulsive temper of mine that is all the while leading me to do or say something that leaves a sting."

The cloud passed from the face of Mrs. Landell.

"You will overcome that in time, Edward," said she, encouragingly.

"I can't see that I make any progress. Yesterday I spoke sharply to one of my assistants, when a mild reproof would have been juster, and of more salutary effect. He is sensitive, and my words hurt him severely. The shadow that remained on his brow all day was my perpetual rebuke, and I felt it long after the sun went down. My punishment was greater than his. This morning I was again betrayed into captious language, that wounded the same young man, and threw him so much off his guard, that he answered me back with some feeling. This I regarded as impertinence, and threatened to dismiss him from my service if he dared venture a repetition of his language. When feeling subdued, and thought became clear again, I saw that I had been wrong, and done wrong. And I have felt unhappy about it ever since. I wish that I had more self-control. That I could bridle my tongue when feeling is suddenly spurred. But temperament, and long-indulged habits, are both against me."

Mrs. Landell encouraged and soothed her husband, and so won his mind away from its brooding self-reproaches.

On the next morning, as Mr. Landell was about leaving for his warehouse, his wife looked up at him, and with a meaning smile, said, "Don't."

There was just the slightest perceptible warning in her tone.

"Don't what?" Mr. Landell seemed a little puzzled.

"Don't forget yourself."

"Oh!" Light broke in upon his mind. "Thank you, I will not."

And he went forth to meet the trials of the day.

Almost the first thing that fell under the notice of Mr. Landell was an important letter, which, after writing, he had given to the clerk to copy and post.

Instead of being where it should have been, it lay upon his desk. Neglect like that he felt to be unpardonable.

"John!" He called sharply to a young man at the further end of the warehouse.

"Don't!" It seemed like the voice of his wife in his ears. "Don't forget yourself!"

This mental warning came just in season. The clerk came quickly towards him. By the time he reached the desk of Mr. Landell, the latter was under self-control.

"Why was not this letter posted, John?" The tone was neither imperative nor captious, but kind, and the question asked in a way that said, "Of course there is a good reason for the omission." And so there was.

"I think, sir," answered John, "that there is a mistake, and I thought it best not to put the letter in the post."

"A mistake? How?" And Mr. Landell opened the letter.

"It reads," said the clerk, "three hundred cases of calicoes."

"Oh, no—thirty cases," replied Mr. Landell. But, as he said *thirty*, his eyes rested on *three hundred*. "So it is! How could I have made such an error! You were right, John, in not sending the letter away."

The clerk went back to his place; and the merchant said to himself, "How glad I am that I am able to control myself! If I had spoken to that young man as I felt, I would have wronged and alienated him, and made trouble for myself all day."

Not long after this, a case of goods fell through one of the hatchways, crashing down upon the landing with a noise that caused Mr. Landell, whose temperament was exceedingly nervous, to spring to his feet.

To blame some one was his first impulse.

"What careless fellow has done this?" was on his tongue.

"Don't!" The inward monitor spoke in time.

Mr. Landell shut his lips tightly and kept silent until he could command himself.

He then calmly inquired into the cause of the accident, and found that special blame attached to no one.

On opening the case of goods, the damage was seen to be trifling.

"Another conquest," said Mr. Landell, as he went back to his desk. "Self-control is easy enough, if the trial be made in earnest."

A dozen times that day was the torch applied to Mr. Landell's quick temper, and as often was he in danger of blazing out.

But he had begun right, and he kept right until the sun went down. And then he turned his step homeward, feeling more comfortable in mind than he had felt for many weeks.

There was no shadow on his countenance, when he met his wife, but smiling good humor.

"You said 'Don't' when I left you this morning."

"Well?"

"And I didn't!"

"You are a hero!" said Mrs. Landell, laughing.

"Not much of a one. The conquest was easy enough when I drew the sword in earnest."

"And you feel better?"

"Oh, a thousand times! What a curse of one's life this quick temper is! I am ashamed of myself half a dozen times a day on an average. But I have made a good beginning, and mean to keep on right until the end."

"Don't!" said Mrs. Landell to her husband, as she parted with him at the front door next morning.

"I won't!" was the hearty answer.

And he didn't, as the pleasant evening he passed with his wife at its close most clearly testified.

Reader, if you are quick-tempered—*Don't!*

HUMOROUS.

TWEED said to the officer, "Blamed Vigo."

Lord Palmerston once said, speaking of the Turks, "What energy can be expected of a people with no heels to their shoes?"

Remarkably careful is that Danbury coal dealer who stands on the scale himself to see that there is no fooling with the weight of a load.

"WHAT kind of a carpet shall we get for the parson's study?" asked a church-committee man of his colleague. "Axminster," was the comprehensive reply.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared a lawyer at an exasperating witness. "I am paying as little as I can," was the calm reply.

THE terribly hard times have caused the failure of a base ball club at New Haven. And now the members of that club are deprived of a good excuse for neglecting to support their families.

A MAN in Cincinnati recently cut his throat, because he lived next door to an amateur trombone player. The coroner held an inquest, and returned a verdict of "Justifiable homicide."

Man's inhumanity to man is too familiar to require any explanation, but man's inhumanity to woman is perhaps best illustrated by the care he exercises in forming a circle around a dog fight so that a passing female must climb a lamp-post to get a view of the proceedings.

IN an article on the habits of the fly the New York *Tribune* ably says: "Great care has to be taken in eating huckleberries, because nothing pleases a fly so much as to be mistaken for one; and if he can be baked in a cake and pass himself off on the unwary as a currant he dies without a regret."

The other day, a house in New Orleans, in which there was a sick negro, was struck by lightning, and some of the neighbours going in to see what had become of him, he peered out from under the bed clothes, covered with splinters of wood and broken pieces of plaster, and coolly remarked, "Is da gain' to be anudder shower, honies?"

THE justly-celebrated Lessing was frequently very absent-minded. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who had taken it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on his table. "Of course you counted it?" queried one of his friends. "Counted it!" repeated Lessing, rather embarrassed. "Well, no, I forgot that."

"THE stately step of a piper" is a proverb in Scotland which reminds one of an anecdote of a certain noble lord when in attendance upon the Queen at Balmoral a few years ago. Having been commissioned by a friend to procure a performer on the piper, he applied to her Majesty's piper, a fine, stalwart Highlandman; and, on being asked what kind of performer was required, his lordship said, in reply, "Just such another as yourself." The consequential Celt readily exclaimed "There are plenty o' lords like yourself, but very few sic pipers as me."

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solution of Problem No. 87, received. Correct. Shall be glad to have the promised problems.

H. A. C. F. Montreal.—Solution of Problem, No. 87, received. Correct.

O. T. Montreal.—Letter received. Will send answer by post.

J. H. Hamilton.—Letter and game received. Many thanks.

The Tourney of the Dominion Chess Association began at Hamilton, Ont., on Tuesday last, Sept. 19th. There were eight entries for competition. We have not received an account of the mode adopted for carrying on the match, but hope to be able to give full particulars next week. Through the kindness of a friend we have received the score of one game of this Tourney which we insert in our Column to-day.

The Tourney at the Centennial, Philadelphia, is exciting much interest among chess players. Only nine entered the lists, although the prizes are of a tempting nature. The game between Messrs. Bird and Mason, at the opening of the Tourney, attracted much attention, especially as it was remarkably brilliant, and lasted more than a whole day. It was extended to more than ninety moves. We should like to insert it in our column, but we are afraid it is too long for our limited space.

The first prize in this match is to be a silver goblet presented by the Governor of Arkansas, and \$500.

The celebrated Indian Problem, which has attracted the best players about thirty years ago, is again attracting attention in the chess world. The *Huddersfield College Magazine* (Eng.) has a good letter from one of its correspondents on this intricate position.

Just before closing our notices to correspondents we are glad to be able to give the results of the above mentioned Tourneys. They have been sent to us by our Chess friends.

In the Canadian Chess Association Match the first prize was won by E. Sanderson of Quebec, the second by W. H. Judd of Hamilton, and the third by J. Henderson of Montreal. At the closing meeting the President of the Association announced the termination of the Canadian Chess Association's Correspondence Tourney in which there were forty entries. J. Henderson of Montreal and A. Wood of Brussels Ont., are the winners, both having won an equal number of games, viz: six and a draw each out of eight played.

It was also stated that the next Tourney of the Canadian Association is to be held in Quebec in 1877.

The result of the Centennial Tourney at Philadelphia was as follows: Mason secured the first prize, Judd the second, Bird the third, and Roberts the sixth. A tie between Elson and Davidson leaves the fourth and fifth prizes undecided.