

UBI MISER, IBI CHRISTUS.

It was the eve of Easter Day,
Her heart within was sad;
"They have taken away my Lord," she said,
"And how should I be glad?"

"I see the thorns, the cross, the grave,
The dead hands wounded sore;
But the risen form of the Crucified,
Is lost for evermore."

"Why say you so," the answer came,
"When you this very day
Have seen the Christ for whom you mourn,
And wiped His tears away?"

"He suffers with his people still;
Who binds the broken limb,
Or fills the aching heart with hope,
Has done it unto Him."

"A sign," she cried, "that this is so,"
"Thou hast it in thy breast;
The token is the peace of Christ—
Know this and be at rest."

RAT PORTAGE.

On a low, sandy point, in a small bay, or harbour, on the northern shore of the Lake of the Woods, in the District of Keewatin, and within less than a mile from the outlet of the lake, stands the bustling little town of Rat Portage. The selection of the site reflects the wisdom of its founders, whether viewed in regard to the navigation of the lake, or in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway, which passes immediately in rear of the town. A post of the Hudson Bay Company had been established near this spot some few years previously, but it was not until the spring of 1879 that the stranger came to invade the solitude of the "forest primeval," and lay the foundation of the future town where the wolf and the wild Indian had so recently roamed in quiet security. From the facilities afforded for the transportation of supplies, by utilizing the water stretches of the lakes in the vicinity of the C. P. R., the contractors for section B of that line, which commences here, made this their headquarters, and erected their stores, warehouses, offices, and other buildings at the southern extremity of the point, and thus formed the nucleus of the present town. Soon, individual enterprise manifested itself in the erection of numerous shops, boarding-houses and private dwellings, to which were added in due time law and land offices, public jail, photograph gallery, and other places for useful purposes and for amusement and pleasure. In short, we have here all the ingredients that go to make up the usual outfit of a modern frontier town, and what may be considered a true type of Western life and enterprise. Originally the town was laid off in four principal streets, running parallel to the western side of the point; these, again, were intersected by cross streets, at right angles. This regularity of outline, however, does not seem to have been closely observed by the first settlers, who, either from a culpable lack of knowledge of their own, or their neighbours' landmarks, or from an inexcusable disregard of the true line of harmony in their eager pursuit of worldly gain, placed their buildings at random, an error, however, which is now being corrected by the removal of the old buildings and the placing of the new ones in exact line with the streets. The recent discoveries of gold and silver on some of the islands of the lake, as also on the mainland in the immediate vicinity, may reasonably be expected to give fresh impetus to the business and growth of the place; and, indeed, already we hear of extensive preparations going on in view of the expected rush; but until such an event takes place, trade must depend chiefly upon the extensive works going on in connection with the construction of the C. P. R. This place has, also, many attractions for the tourist and pleasure-seeker, who might linger with satisfaction for days viewing the delightful scenery that abounds along the margin, and among the islands, of the Lake of the Woods. Just in front of the town, and away in the distance southward, may be seen a number of small, low islands, covered with a dense growth of birch and poplar, whose rich green foliage, reaching down to the wild grasses that fringe the margin of the lake, and touched here and there with the sombre hue of the evergreen, presents a rare picture of sylvan loveliness. We may also add to this, as a source of pleasure, the frequent glimpses of beautiful water-stretches to be seen from the islands, with numerous craft of almost every description, among which may be heard daily the plashing of the little side-wheel, and the fitful panting of the diminutive propeller, as they thread their way through the tortuous channel among the islands, seemingly impatient of their imprisonment, and eager to gain their freedom in the wider expansion of the lake. Those of a romantic turn of mind also can have their soul satisfied, by a visit to the Falls, on the outlet of the lake, a short distance to the west of the town, and a little way beyond the C. P. R. Here, the waters emerging from the tranquil waters of the lake, are gradually confined to a narrow channel between rocky banks, where the waters rush wildly down over an uneven bed, in a succession of falls, the distance of eighteen feet—perpendicular height—to the basin below. Our sketch shows the northern part of the town, with the Hudson Bay Company's buildings on the left, and numerous stores, boarding-houses and private dwellings in the centre. The contractors' warehouses and other buildings are not seen from this point. The land and canoes in the foreground are on the north-western side of the bay, in close proximity to the C. P. R.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

WHEN the telegram announcing Ayoub Khan's defeat, was read in the House of Lords, the cheers of the Bishops were among the loudest.

THE jockey who lately accompanied a peer into a club for the purpose of dining with him, and whose presence was objected to by the club, has been the cause of the passing of several by-laws in clubs frequented by sporting lords, to the effect that in future jockeys are not to accompany their employers into the clubs to which they belong for the purpose of eating and drinking.

THERE was an entertainment given one evening not long since which was voted "splendid" with "heaps of fun," "delightful time," "exquisite," &c., and it seems the principal amusement was repeating very fast the following:—

As I went in the garden I saw five brave maids,
Sitting on five broad beds, braiding broad braids,
I said to these five brave maids, sitting on five broad beds,
Braiding broad braids; braid broad braids, brave maids.

THE abandonment of the visit of the Prince of Wales to Australia, during the Melbourne Exhibition is caused by a wise prudence on the part of His Royal Highness. Having visited both Canada and India, as Her Apparent and representative of Her Majesty, it would be impossible to proceed to Australia with less prestige than exhibited on those occasions. The present state of the public finances and the uncertainty of the future precluded all idea of asking Parliament to bear the cost of the Royal visit, but in the face of an unavoidably increased income tax, and the Prince of Wales is, therefore, compelled to postpone the State visit he would have loved to make until a more prosperous time.

THE House of Commons has invented a new mode of suppressing bores. One night, recently, while an Irish member was prosing on at great length, to the great discomfort of the House, an honourable member who had fallen asleep began to snore. For that hint honourable members, hitherto painfully awake, were evidently grateful. As the Irish member proceeded, snored from the most opposite quarters of the House accompanied him in a kind of spontaneous symphony, while peals of laughter followed every fresh outbreak of the somnolent epidemic. The speaker did not make much headway against this happy combination of slumber and hilarity, and was compelled to bring his remarks to a speedy conclusion.

THE new hat for ladies, the "Makart," is of black felt, worn without either feather, or tassel, or flower. It is flat and round, the brim wide enough to shade the eyes, and becoming to every face, while the blonde complexion with blue eyes grows absolutely irresistible beneath its shadow. The Princess of Wales, when called upon to choose the autumn hats for the young Princesses, rejected at once the Tam O'Shanter in favour of the "Makart." The shape has been adopted from Makart's picture of himself, as seen riding in front of the band of painters forming part of the procession of the trades organized at Antwerp in commemoration of the entry of Charles V. into the city, and was immediately seized upon as a novelty from its very semblance of antiquity.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT found himself in an exceedingly unpleasant position lately. He came into the House in a jaunty manner about nine o'clock and found the House engaged in considering the amendment of Mr. Fowler. Sir William immediately jumped to his feet and proceeded to demolish the member for Wolverhampton with a display of that learning for which "Historicus" is famous, and which Mr. Gladstone so happily described as "portentous erudition." But the moment he sat down Mr. Beresford-Hope jumped up and proceeded to denounce him for attacking an amendment which had been already accepted by Mr. Osborne Morgan. Vainly then did Sir William explain that he criticized only in his capacity as member and not officially as secretary; vainly did he try to be jocular in saying that he was not aware that the amendment had been accepted by the Judge-Advocate-General. "Perhaps I ought to have known it, but I did not." All was useless. He had made a blunder and had to suffer for it. Lord Hartington rose and calmly threw the luckless Home Secretary completely overboard, and assured the House that while Sir William had a perfect right to express his own opinion on the amendment, the amendment was certainly accepted by the Government. Sir William was completely sat upon, and no one seemed very sorry, and it is said that Mr. Osborne Morgan was not exactly broken-hearted at the discomfiture of his honourable colleague, who made desperate efforts to look as if he rather liked being snubbed than otherwise.

THERE are many marvels and mysteries about Lord Beaconsfield, but surely not the least is his miraculous retention of the historical curl. Mr. Gladstone, three years younger, is bald save for a few straggling conglomerations of straight hair that thinly cover his crown. Lord Granville, many years his junior, has a bald

pate. Yet Lord Beaconsfield, old even among the long lived members of the House of Lords, has not diminished his stock of hair by a single thread, but rather on great occasions, and gradually as the years advance, he increases it. This is the prime mystery of the phenomenon. Of course more or less hair on the head is a matter not entirely dependable on age. Sir Charles Dilke, the youngest of Her Majesty's principal Ministers, is growing grievously bald. Mr. Edward Jenkins, whose rapid advance towards the premiership has been suddenly cut short, is so aggressively bald that he might, like the man in Illinois, put on his hat with a shoe horn. On the other hand, two of the oldest men in the House have really tremendous crops of hair. Nobody knows how old the O'Gorman Mahon is. His natal day is lost in the obscurity of the early ages. It is known that he was in Parliament before the Reform Bill. There are records of his being Admiral of the Chillian Fleet and generalissimo of the armies of Peru, two events which must have followed each other at considerable intervals of time. His age has been guessed at eighty-four, but say he is only eighty, and the marvel remains that he should have such a luxuriant crop of hair. As for Sir Robert Carden, he blushing admits to be seventy-nine, and yet he boasts, the most tremendous crop of hair in the High Court of Parliament. It is, as Lord Randolph Churchill says, like a mop in hysterics, and endows the benevolent alderman with a chronic look of pained surprise, suggestive of his just having heard that a fresh election petition has been filed at Barnstaple. All this is remarkable, yet explicable, but how are we to account for the unquestioned fact that Lord Beaconsfield's hair varies in quantity, being specially abundant on those occasions when he prominently appears in public? He certainly does not wear a wig. Is there any art known to hair-dressers by which hair can in more or less bountiful quantity be attached to the human pate?

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Marquis of Anglessea has returned to Paris with his bride, and is said to be in treaty for the purchase of the splendid Hotel Alberti, the finest mansion in the Champs Elysees. The great beauty and splendid toilette of the Marchioness have become the sensation of the Bois. The occupants of the carriages, as well as the pedestrians, wait for the passage of the brilliant turn-out of the Marquis, and follow slowly in its wake as the two magnificent grays proceed *en pas* round the Lac.

A VERY curious scene occurred some evenings since at the Châtelet Theatre where the *Pitules du Diable*, is still being played. A gentleman was so much amused by the fun of the piece that he laughed until his jaw came actually out of joint. The alarm of his wife at this sudden check to his cachinnations may be easily imagined, but the medical officer attached to the building soon restored the laughter's maxillary equilibrium, and the couple returned to their seats, not to lose the end of the play. The gentleman was seen to smile later on, but with evident caution, and as though he feared that merely to open his mouth would place him in the same predicament as before.

THE pick is about to be applied to the walls of the old Hotel de la Providence, where Charlotte Corday alighted on the 11th July, 1793, and whence she started on the 13th to go and murder Marat. The hotel stands at the corner of the rue d'Argout and the Rue Sully, and is included among the blocks to be demolished to make way for the new General Post Office. Strange to say, the same architect who demolished Marat's house has now been called upon to bring to the ground the one wherein Charlotte Corday lived for two days previous to the murder. Her room was in the first story, and the street window was an iron balcony, which has been purchased by M. Jules Claretie, the Paris journalist.

THE fashion of the new hat adopted by the Parisian belles is called *la Clarisse Harlowe*. It is modelled exactly upon the one seen in the engravings to the first edition of Richardson's novel. The brim is very broad, and yet does not conceal the face; the crown is low, and is almost encircled with ostrich feathers of various length, and of many colours. The brim is flexible, and sometimes adorned at the extreme edge with a full-blown rose. A large pale fichu of fine muslin crossed over the bosom, and tied in a huge knot at the waist behind, is worn with the *Clarisse Harlowe* as indispensable "*pour sauver les proportions*."

THE *corsage académique* promises to be the reigning fashion for the coming winter, and may be called a caprice of fashion more novel than becoming. Whatever the colour of the dress, whatever the material—silk, satin or surah—the broad cuffs and narrow collars must be of scarlet cloth, the latter made to stand up, and both of them embroidered in a wreath of gold acorns, or of dark green cloth worked in lighter green. From the collar to the waist a band of gold or green embroidery terminates the *corsage*, and is to give to our youthful belles as near a resemblance as possible to the *corps saye*, who sit on the benches of the Académie.

THE French word "menu" indicates the care that should be taken and the attention demanded for the smallest detail in the ordering of a dinner. It is almost as much an art to compose a good menu as to cook a good dinner. Of course, the one is nothing without the other, and the best menu would be a failure in the hands of a *gargotier*, just as no art or skill in the preparation of the dishes could make up for a senseless menu. The truth is that simplicity is the main secret of a good menu. The taste and age of one's guest, the time of the year, the climate—we should like to say the weather—all have to be consulted; otherwise a menu degenerates into a *carte de restaurant*. The gastronomic code of Brillat-Savarin, the writings of Alexandre Dumas père, of Carême, Fraucantelli, and many others, are standard works and very profitable reading.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

A BEGGAR, at the street corner, holds out his hand to a passer-by, who, after fumbling in his pocket, says:

"I have no coppers."
The beggar, very humbly:
"I would not refuse silver."

SOME of these children's sayings are terrible. The following is the latest French example:
A little girl inquired of her mother whether it was true that she intended to marry again.
The mother confessed.
"Then," said the child, "you will no longer bear papa's name!"

AT the head of a leading business street:
"Hello! where do you come from, old fellow?"

"From one of my creditors. And, would you believe it, I had the greatest trouble in the world to make him accept a little money?"
"How was that?"
"Why, because he wanted much."

IN a restaurant:
"Waiter, have you any cold veal?"
"Yes, sir, it's on the fire."

HOW I found out that Forbes did not own a watch and never took a bath:
One day a friend asked him why he did not go in to bathe.

"Why I? Because I am always afraid to forget my watch in the bath house."
Then the friend discovered that he did not have a watch, and asked him the reason.
"Because, if I had one, I should always be afraid to forget it in the bath house."

A SILK MERCHANT, of rather uncertain age, but noted for the elegance of his attire and his gallantry to the sex—especially the young—was in attendance at a large party, not a hundred miles from Montreal. As usual, he was very attentive to the young ladies, and one young fellow, standing apart, inquired of another:

"Who is the ancient party?"
"They call him Moiré."
"Rather a fine old specimen."
"Just so. A specimen of moiré antique."

I HAVE just picked up an anecdote of Siraudin, the celebrated Vaudevilleist.

He was dining on the terrace of Marguery, when suddenly he spied in his broth a magnificent red hair.

"Waiter!"
"Yes!"
"What is this?"
"That, sir, is a hair."
"Well!"

"No doubt it fell from Monsieur's head."
Siraudin took off his hat.
Stupefaction of waiter at sight of a billiard ball.

ON hearing somebody relate Sir John's latest joke about the sea-serpent in British Columbia, a disgusted Liberal remarked:
"He needn't go so far in search of the monster. Old Macdonald himself is the biggest of sea-serpents."

RHYMES have frequently a strange fascination and one catches himself weaving them for hours unconsciously. Last night, having been suddenly awakened, I counted sleep by finding quaint rhymes. Among the curious discoveries I made was this: *October* has no other rhyme except *sobor*. At least I found none, and have not had time to look up Walker's Rhyming Dictionary. And yet *October* is not a *sobor* month by any means, considering the amount of beer that is made, if not drunk.

AMONG the curiosities of English phrase is an expression which allows of a truth and an untruth being uttered in the same breath. For instance, yesterday I heard a friend of mine scold a poor poltroon, reproaching him with the fact that he was afraid of everything and everybody.

"I am afraid of nothing," was the clever and witty reply. LACLEDÉ.

IT is announced that Salvini, the Italian tragedian, has signed a contract whereby he engages to play five months in the United States, beginning November 25. He will be supported by an American company.