

June 12th.... Gen. Middleton abandoned the pursuit of Big Bear.
 July 4th.... Surrender of Big Bear and close of the rebellion.
 July 7th.... Troops started for home.
 July 15th.... Toronto troops reached Winnipeg.
 July 23rd.... Toronto troops reached home.

SELECTED.

THE UNKNOWN WRECK.

ONE day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves.

There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea-weeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, are the crew? Their struggle has long been over. They have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest. Their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end.

What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside of home! How often has the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety, anxiety into dread, and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento shall ever return for love to cherish. All that shall ever be known is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more!"

The sight of the wreck, as usual gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage.

As we set round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

"As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs, which prevail in those parts, rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship.

"I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'A sail ahead!' It was scarcely uttered before we were upon her.

"She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside toward us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just

amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves. We passed over her, and were hurried on our course.

As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin. They just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all further hearing. I shall never forget that cry!

It was some time before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired several guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors. But all was silent; we never saw nor heard anything of them more."—*Washington Irving.*

DON'T.

In Dress and Personal Habits

DON'T neglect the morning bath; don't fail to be cleanly in all details.

Don't wear soiled linen. Be scrupulously particular on this point.

Don't be untidy in anything. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

Don't wear apparel with decided colors or with pronounced patterns. Don't—we address here the male reader, for whom this *brochure* is mainly designed—wear anything that is *pretty*. What have men to do with pretty things? Select quiet colors and unobtrusive patterns, and adopt no style of cutting that belittles the figure. It is right enough that men's apparel should be becoming, that it should be graceful, and that it should lend dignity to the figure; but it should never be ornamental, fanciful, grotesque, odd, capricious, nor pretty.

Don't wear fancy-colored shirts, or embroidered shirt-fronts. White, plain linen is always in the best taste.

Don't wear evening dress in the morning, or on any occasion before six o'clock dinner.

Don't wear black broadcloth in the morning; or, at least, don't wear black broadcloth trousers except for evening dress.

Don't wear your hat cocked over your eye, nor thrust back upon your head. One method is rowdyish, the other rustic.

Don't go with your boots unpolished; but don't have the polishing done in the public highways. A gentleman perched on a high curb-stone chair, within view of all passers-by, while he is having executed this finishing touch to his toilet, presents a picture more unique than dignified.

Don't wear trinkets, shirt-pins, finger-rings, or anything that is solely ornamental. One may wear shirt-studs, a scarf-pin, a watch-chain and a seal, because these articles are useful; but the plainer they are the better.

Don't wear dressing-gown and slippers anywhere out of your bedroom. To appear at table or in any company in this garb is the very soul of vulgarity. It is equally vulgar to sit at table or appear in company in one's shirt-sleeves.

Don't walk with a slouching, slovenly gait. Walk