

"humans." It is sometimes perhaps a little trying, but an ounce of good nature goes farther in these cases than a hundred weight of vituperation, and a polite request to stand out the light is far more effective than an energetic "get away you little brutes", which, alas! human nature, is the more natural result under similar circumstances.

In "A Blast on the Boulevards" our artist has illustrated a not impossible scene in the upper part of Manhattan Island. In these lately deserted parts in which daily are growing up rows of houses, the passage of carriages and pedestrians is frequently arrested by the red flag and the noisy voice of the signalman, while a blast is in progress for the foundation it may be of some stately villa that is to be built according to the direction of the parable.

DR. EDWARD SULLIVAN.

The consecration of the Rev. Edward Sullivan, D.D., D.C.L., as Missionary Bishop of Algoma took place at St. George's Church 29th ult., the festival of St. Peter, Apostle and Martyr. The ceremony was preceded by a service of morning prayer conducted by Rev. Dr. Warren, of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, Rev. Canon Cowan and the Rev. J. G. Baylis, B.D. The edifice, although full to overflowing, was not, owing to the admirable management, uncomfortably crowded. The assemblage consisted not only of the leading members of the congregation of St. George's Church, but of a large number of personal friends and admirers of the Bishop-Elect, together with a large representation from other communions. The visiting clergy from the Diocese of Ontario were Rev. H. Pollard, St. John's, Ottawa; Rev. E. P. Crawford, Trinity Church, Brockville; Rev. W. P. Carey, St. Paul's, Kingston; Rev. F. Prime, Moulinette; Rev. A. F. Ecklin, Shannonville; Ven. Archdeacon Bedford-Jones; Rev. J. A. Morris, Carrying Place.

The procession entered the Church at 12 o'clock, as the choir sang the 100th Psalm, and passed down the centre aisle in the following order:—

- Divinity Students.
- Deacons.
- Priests.
- The Bishop elect walking alone.
- Bishop of Western New York and Chaplain, Rev. Dr. Warren, of the Diocese Pennsylvania.
- Bishop of Huron and Chaplain, Rev. Cannon Innes.
- Bishop of Toronto and Chaplain, Rev. John Pierson.
- Bishop of Quebec and Chaplain.
- Bishop of Montreal and Chaplain, Ven. Archdeacon Evans.
- Bishop of Ontario and Chaplain, Ven. Archdeacon Bedford Jones.
- Chaplains of the Bishop elect, Rev. Canon DuMoulin, Rev. Canon Curran and Rev. J. F. Renaud.

As the procession reached the centre of the Church they opened column, allowing the Bishops to pass through, and the clergy followed in the order of seniority. The Bishops took their places within the Communion rail, the Bishop elect being seated without the Communion rail. The Bishops, Chaplains and the clergy generally took seats reserved for them in the body of the Church.

- The order of the service was as follows:—
- Ante-Communion.—Service.
- Sermon by the Bishop of Werter, New York.
- Presentation of the Bishop-Elect by the Bishops of Quebec and Huron.
- Record of Election.—Read by the Rev. Canon Norman.
- Administration of Oath of Canonical Obedience to the Metropolitan.
- Litany.

The Bishop elect having retired and put on the rest of the Episcopal Habit, and returned accompanied by the presenting Bishops, the choir sang the "Veni Creator Spiritus."

After the Benediction, the "Nunc Dimittis" was sung, and the procession returned in reverse order to the school house.

We must not forget to mention the excellence of the music due to the efforts of the organist Mr. R. Stevenson.

PERSONAL.

W. D. HOWELLS, the Boston novelist, will sail from Quebec in the *Parisian*, on the 22nd July, in company of Hon. Mr. Chapleau, Hon. Mr. Garneau and others.

POOR Rine, the temperance lecturer, who made such a stir in Canada two or three years ago, is another victim of morbid overwork. He has just died in a Michigan lunatic asylum of acute mania.

It is a matter of regret that Hon. J. C. Pope has been obliged, through persistent ill-health, to retire altogether from public life. He will sit no more in the Commons, and his portfolio of Marine and Fisheries has been handed over to Hon. Mr. McClellan.

MR. CHAPLEAU's health is still far from good. He has discharged himself of the care of the railway department, and has taken a trip to Niagara and back. He will not resume active official work until his return from Europe three or four months hence.

MR. HEMMING, of Drummondville, threw a nutshell into the Protestant Teachers' Convention at Sherbrooke, the other day, by charging that the tendency of modern education was to turn out infidels, even McGill College not being excepted. Dr. Kelley and Dr. Dawson very properly protested.

ARABY BEY has the dash and bravado of the Bedouin, with something of the diplomacy and shrewdness of the old Osmanlis. He has a very large head, flat nose, and thick lips, but these Ethiopic features are relieved by a massive forehead. He is the greatest Egyptian since Mehemet Ali.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD has a commodious little villa at Riviere du Loup. Thither he has gone with Lady Macdonald and her brother, Col. Barnard, to spend the hot months. After the arduous labors of the session, and the wear and tear of the electoral campaign, the veteran Premier is entitled to his holidays, which he will enjoy all the more, that fortune is now smiling full upon him.

THE sudden death of General Skobelev is a great blow to the old Russian party. Skobelev was a paladin—brave as a lion, handsome as a woman, and a thorough man of the world. His education, as well as his tastes, was wholly Parisian. His French tutor, who was with him for 30 years, followed him even to the battlefield. He was a fatalist and fanatic. In the midst of the *feu d'enfer* at Plevna he rode through the storm of shot and shell on a drip white horse.

DR. SCHULTZ, who has just been re-elected for Lisgar, is a magnificent specimen of a man, of herculean build and fine features. His health, however, is going fast, and he has almost entirely lost his voice. He stood up nearly single-handed against Riel. During those dark days he walked on snow-shoes all the way from Fort Garry to Thunder Bay, a feat which must have endeared him to the heart of poor old Nick Hughes.

It is to be hoped that John C. Freund, the able and popular editor of *Music and the Drama*, will publish, in book form, the interesting papers on different musical and theatrical topics which he has been putting forth weekly in his journal. It is just such popular writings that tend most to educate the tastes of the people, and remove a number of illusions that cling to the platform and the stage.

FOR a poet, James Russell Lowell is decidedly plucky. Some people are finding fault with his mode of discharging his duties as American Ambassador to the Court of St. James, and trying to induce him to retire. This he refuses to do. He will not resign of his own accord, and if his Government insist upon his removal, he will know the reason why. Thus is Mr. Lowell doubly a credit to literature.

IL CAVALLIERE FALARDEAU, the Canadian-Florentine artist, who has just disposed of his fine collection of copies of the old masters, is naturally not enthusiastic over the taste of his countrymen. His gallery was appreciated by only a few, and when the paintings went under the hammer, the prices offered were ridiculously low. The Cavaliere is a tall, well-preserved man of about sixty, wearing spectacles and faultlessly dressed. He is married to la Contessa di Benincasa and his studio is in a palace.

POOR George Moffat! Everybody knew him and everybody loved him. The tall, lean form, with the Scotch cap, was a familiar figure. He went to Swetsburg, some three weeks ago, to recruit, but consumption had too firm a hold of him and he succumbed on the 4th of July. George was a great walker, and every Sunday must have his tramp over the Mountain. He made his last trip up there last Thursday, never to return. George was an old Vic, and no one could sing the battalion song, "Balm of Gilead," like him.

THE Governor-General and the Princess have definitely started on their grand fishing tour. They strike for the salmon streams of the Metapedia and the Restigouche. There will be no roughing it, however. The passage thither was made in an intercolonial car of royal magnificence, and the abode in the bush is not a cabin or a tent, but a commodious dwelling specially fitted up for the distinguished guests. Two years ago, when Prince Leopold was here, Her Royal Highness was very successful in her salmon catch, and sent an imperial specimen to Her Majesty's table at Windsor Castle. We wish her the same good luck this year.

SHE WAS EXCITED ON THE HORSE QUESTION.

"George," said Mrs. Simms, "did I hear you say just now to Walter, that you bought a horse?"

"Yes, darling, I bought a horse to-day for—"

"No matter what you bought it for, you had no right to indulge in such extravagance. You know we cannot afford to keep a horse on your salary, and it was unjust to your family to purchase one anyhow without consulting me, for you know that I am constantly going without things that I actually need in order to make both ends meet and—"

"But, darling," said Mr. Simms, "you don't understand that it—"

"I gave up the idea of getting a sealskin saccque for the sake of economy. Harry wants a

new coat this very minute, and Jennie is hardly fit to go to church in that old bonnet; and yet while we are denying ourselves you, utterly indifferent to the feelings of your family, go out and waste money recklessly buying fast horses."

"It is not so very fast, dearest, because it—"

"Fast or slow, it will consume our means too rapidly. You know you can't keep a horse at a livery stable for less than five dollars a week, and I should like to know where the money is going to come from unless we discharge the servant girl, and then all the work will come upon me. I should think you would enjoy riding out behind a fast horse very little when your wife is at home toiling like a galley-slave among the pots, kettles and pans."

"If you will permit me to explain, Emma, you will see that you are—"

"Explain! explain! I wish you could explain how our bills are going to be met while that horse is eating his head off in a livery stable, and the coal in the cellar is still unpaid for, and the gas bill comes in on Thursday, and the sitting-room carpet is nearly in rags. You need never ask me to ride out with you! Never! I will not give my countenance to such folly by having anything to do with that miserable beast. I will walk if it kills me—yes, if it kills me. And sometimes I half believe you wish it would kill me!"

"Just listen to me for a moment, Emma, and I will remove—"

"It seems too hard that our love should be interfered with by a horse! I never thought when I married you that a vile horse would win your affections from me, and I should have to suffer the bitter shame of having my husband prefer a miserable creature on four legs to me. But that is what it is coming to, and I don't see that there is anything for me to do but to pack up my things and go back with a broken heart to poor mother's where—"

"Emma!"

"What?"

"Stop for a moment!"

"Well?"

"Do you know what kind of a horse it was that I bought?"

"No, but I know—"

"Wait, wait!"

"Well, what kind of a horse was it?"

"Emma, it was a clothes-horse!"

THE BEST THE CHEAPEST.

In a fit of desperation, says a correspondent, I went the other day down to Chinatown, which is another name for the lower one of Mott street, in search of a servant. I went into one of the groceries, and a grave and reverend Chinaman, who looked as if he had the wisdom of the centuries and the concentrated cunning of a thousand foxes twisted up in his pigtail, eyed me from behind his round goggles, and asked me my errand.

"I want a servant."

"You want China boy?"

"Yes."

"You want China boy for do cookee?"

"Yes, and anything else he's asked to do."

"How much you give?"

"Whatever is right."

That phrase seemed to please him. His eyes twinkled, and he continued:

"I get you China boy—you pay him \$30 month."

"Too much."

"You pay him thirty dollars month? Why not? You pay Melican girl fifteen. One China boy worth two Melican girl. Melican girl put hair in pie. China boy no put hair in pie. Melican girl she make man come into your house. China boy he no make man come into your house. You pay Melican girl fifteen dollar month, she eat twenty dollar month; you pay you pay China boy thirty dollar month, he eat four dollar month. You pay Melican girl fifteen dollar month—and Melican girl boss. You pay China boy thirty dollar month and you boss. You all glad pay China boy thirty dollar month by and by. China boy ask forty dollar then."

"Old man," I said sadly, "you are right. It is worth \$15 a month to be boss in your own house, but I can't afford the luxury," and I turned away. As I lifted the latch of the door the animated old idol said oracularly:

"You come again sometime, sure.—When all dishes broke you come back for China boy. China boy cheap for thirty dollar month."—*Detroit Free Press.*

HOW HE STRUCK A BONANZA.

We had been roughing it around for a couple of months when we found ourselves one evening camped outside of Monterey. Our finances were very low. There was only a few dollars in the whole crowd, and we felt rather blue. We had been for several days discussing what was best to do. We knew little of the language of the country, there was no work that suited us or that we were capable of doing, and the stages in that part of the country wouldn't pay the wear and tear of robbing them.

We were sitting around the camp fire in a very despondent frame of mind when McInnes came in from town. "Hello, boys," he shouted; "I've found it—struck a bonanza. We are well fixed; cheer up; we are all right, now, and don't you forget it."

"What is it?" we asked.

"You never mind," he replied; "just you follow me and I'll show you."

We filed after him into town. He led us through the main street, across the plaza, and down into the poorest part of the town. Stopping in front of a small adobe store, he marched us all in. McInnis stood looking from one to the other as if waiting for applause.

We could see no sign of the bonanza, and in chorus we impatiently demanded that he should explain.

"How much money have we in the crowd?" inquired McInnis.

"Seven dollars and fifty cents, all told," replied our treasurer.

"Well, didn't I say we were all rich?"

"Yes, but we can't see how we can be rich on seven dollars and fifty cents."

"You can't, eh?" said McInnis. "Can't you read?" and he pointed proudly to a card hanging on the wall above the counter, on which was printed the legend:

"Four drinks for a quarter."

INTENSE LOVE WITHIN LIMITS.

"Pull up your pants, papa." Aristides McGuire heard these words as they came from the ruby-red lips of Gwendolen Mahaffy and floated to his ears on the softly sighing and sensuous breeze of a June evening. He looked and saw the pretty feet and shapely ankles of Gwendolen as she picked her way carefully along the muddy crosswalk. He noted the tenderly solicitous tone in which she addressed her father, and the tone thrilled his very blood.

Weiss beer would also have done it, but Aristides was not so fly as he might have been.

Scarcely knowing why he did so, the young man followed the girl and her father, until finally they turned up Ogden avenue, and, as Gwendolen headed south-west and stood for an instant with her polonaise fluttering in the wind, she turned to her companion and said: "Ours is next to the last house on the street, isn't it, papa?"

"Yes, my darling," replied the old man.

"How long is this street?" asked Aristides of a policeman.

"Five miles."

The young man entered a neighboring saloon and sat down with a thud. "I love her madly," he said, "but, Heaven help me, I am not Charles Rowell."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A PLOT has been discovered to assassinate Cardinal McCabe.

THE Egyptian Ministry will oppose armed intervention by Turkey.

THE famous Russian General Skobelev died suddenly at Moscow.

SOUTH American despatches say the revolution in Ecuador is progressing.

LAYCOCK beat Boyd on the Tees yesterday for £200 a side, 3½ miles, by 12 lengths.

BRITISH trade returns for June show a large increase in both imports and exports.

£20,000 reward is offered for the discovery of the murderers of Cavendish and Burke.

THE practice of the Canadian Wimbledon team is being seriously interfered with by rain.

It is expected that the reserves will be called out in England before the end of this week.

MINISTER LOWELL has resigned, and, it is said, will be succeeded by Bancroft Davis.

SIX hundred marines have been ordered to embark on the troop-ship *Orontes* for the Mediterranean.

PARNELL and Dillon are to receive the freedom of the city of Dublin on the 15th of August.

THE strike of New York freight handlers still remains unsettled. The new hands are giving satisfaction.

THE authorities at St. Petersburg are dreading an explosion beneath the fortress and Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul.

THREE thousand Egyptian troops, under Gen. Yussuf, have been defeated by the False Prophet, who, with 7,000 men, is marching on Sennar.

A BOMBAY despatch says orders have been given to prepare a force of 1,800 English and 5,000 native troops, including three batteries of artillery, for Egypt.

A LARGE quantity of copies of a revolutionary proclamation, signed by a cousin of the Czar, have been discovered in one of the Government departments.

THERE were only four dissentient votes to the passage of the Repression Bill in the House of Commons. The bill passed its first reading in the House of Lords.

LOWNES, of Oxford University, won the Diamond Sculls at Henley regatta, beating Lien, the French champion. Exeter College crew, Oxford, won the grand challenge cup.

A TERRIBLE warning to brain workers is found in the life of Darwin. It was his daily habit to drink wine, to smoke two cigarettes and to take snuff *ad libitum*. Had he abstained from these frivolities he might in time have attained respectable eminence in the literary and scientific world, and might also have lived to a green old age, instead of being cut off in his youth before completing his seventy-fourth year.—*Retailer.*