

## LILLIE LONSDALE.

In presenting the portrait of this estimable and gifted lady we do a pleasure to her numerous friends, not only in this city, where she resided for some years, but throughout the whole of Canada where she was well known. Her last place of residence was Hamilton where her worthy husband is engaged in professional business, and where she expired on the 9th January, after suffering for a long time from an internal disease of a most painful character which the best medical skill was unable to combat. The deceased lady was the eldest daughter of the late Sir Thomas Littleton Holt, of Warwickshire, England, and much against the wishes of her family she took to the stage in early life. In that profession she won a distinguished position and her name has long been familiar to the lovers of the drama. Eleven years ago she came to Canada with her husband, Mr. Thos. Wavell, well and favourably known in business circles of this city, and since that period she did not follow the stage as a profession, but retained all her old love for it, and at the call of every deserving charity her dramatic services were always freely bestowed, and they were greatly appreciated. Her cultured intelligence and warm-hearted sympathies gained for her a very large circle of friends in Montreal, Hamilton and wherever she resided, and many of the poor will deeply deplore her loss, for she had almost a passion for acts of charity and kindness. It was not merely that she gave from her purse to relieve distress, but wherever it came to her notice she went to it and cheered the sufferer with her sympathy and assistance. She was a warm friend and a devoted wife, and the great esteem in which she was held was manifested at her funeral, one of the most imposing ever seen in Hamilton. Besides her husband the chief mourners were the Hon. Isaac Buchanan, Messrs. Thomas E. Brown, A. Peene, and John Townsend (formerly M.P. for Greenwich.) It is safe to say that not one of the ladies of her family could have left the world more honoured and amid the more sincere regret of her friends than Mrs. Wavell. She was very fond of literature and culture generally, and contributed many papers on social topics of an interesting character.

It is stated that Sir F. Roberts, in recognition of his services in Afghanistan, will receive a peerage.

AMONG the heroes of the Cabul war must be ranked the drummer boy of the 92nd High-



THE LATE LILLIE LONSDALE.

landers, who refused to fall out on the march to Cabul. As he was plodding wearily through the sand of the Loger Valley an officer advised him to fall out, but the reply came back prompt and stout, "Nae, nae, I'll nae fa' oot till I've washed my hands i' the Caspian!" The laddie's geography, it may be, was rather at fault, but his heart was right enough.

THE LANGUAGE OF GLOVES.—"Yes" is said by letting one glove fall; the gloves are rolled in the right hand to say "No." If you would have it understood that you have become indifferent, partly unglue your left hand. To indicate that you desire to be followed, strike your left shoulder with your glove. "I do not love you any more" is pronounced by striking the gloves several times against the chin. For "I hate you" turn the gloves inside out. "I should wish to be beside you" is said by smoothing the gloves gently. To ask if you are loved, the left hand is gloved, leaving the thumb uncovered. If you wish to make the charming confession, "I love you," both gloves are let fall at once. To give a warning, "Be attentive—we are observed," the gloves are turned round the fingers. If you would show that you are displeased, strike the back of your hands against your gloves; "furious," you take them away.

A CURIOUS MATCH.—Mlle Lebreton, the fiancée of Henri Regnault, the painter of "Salomé," and so many other famous works, and who died so heroically fighting against the Prussians in 1870, is about to marry Mr. Vaudoyer. The despair of Mlle Lebreton, and her faithfulness to the memory of the great painter, have rendered her quite a heroine. She had in her house a chamber draped in black, in which she had collected all the objects that she could find which had belonged to her fiancée, and in this chamber she used to pass long hours in meditation. She also occupied herself in gathering into a volume the remarkable letters which the young painter wrote to his family and to his friend, the painter Clairin. Mr. Vaudoyer is the well-known architect. He also is a widower, and curiously enough, the bust of his dearly-beloved first wife will be finished and sent to his house almost at the same time that his new wife arrives. Will Mlle Lebreton bring with her the souvenirs of her first fiancée? The home of the bereaved spouses, each bringing with them their funeral urns, will perhaps be lacking a little in gaiety. It reminds us of a legend of Gavarni, where a widow remarried, saying kindly to her new spouse. "Ah! Théodore, tu serais bien *ingrat*: si tu ne m'aimais pas, j'ai tant aimé mon premier."



THE IRISH DISTRESS.—PEAT GATHERERS ON THE MOORS.