

bers of society instead of irresponsible idlers. We are, in short, about to give up scampering round the paddock and to learn the sober jog-trot along the high road which befits double harness.

These are good reasons, and still—still—somehow a rejection will not lacerate our feelings very cruelly. Domestic felicity is a thing to be regretted, of course, and a beautiful girl would have been a pleasant object to have in the house with one, and a large dowry is not a to be given up lightly, and a married man is of more account in the economy of the universe than a single one, and children are surely enviable possessions, and altogether we shall have missed a great blessing.

But then there are other considerations which may enable us to bear the loss with equanimity. Domestic felicity in the abstract is very nice, but it isn't always attainable. We have certainly heard of ill-tempered wives, whose tea-cups and candle-sticks and other light garniture of the table were sometimes, in moments of irritation, put to uses other than those for which they were originally intended; of extravagant wives, whose ideas of money were vague, and whose seal-skins and jewels and little games of cards have caused their husbands' names to appear in a certain corner of the "legal intelligence;" of delicate wives, whose doctors' fees were things to dream of, and whose nerves and coughs and aches were unremitting enough to prevent one dreaming of that or anything else. If the lady of our choice be beautiful, we shall have more to console us for failing to win her than the stereotyped platitudes about perishable charms—written to soothe rejected lovers in the days when there were no probable fashions of golden curls and ivory teeth, no possible deceptions in the matter of pearly skins and graceful figures; when a beautiful wife to a certain extent belonged to her husband, and did not consider his claims subordinate to those of a score of friends and a million of photographers; before jealousy had become an extinct emotion, and marriage settlements were framed with a view to possible future exigencies resultant from the mediation of Sir James Hannen.

After all, most men do not indulge in such elaborate reflections as these. The whole question is compressed into a much smaller compass. "It is probable that she won't have me, that if she did have me she wouldn't stay with me long, and that if she did stay with me I should soon be tired of her."

Is it likely that a man whose views of matrimony are of this sort will feel any of the nervous tremors which are supposed to befit an expectant suitor? Even when one does like a woman, and would feel glad to be accepted by her, there are so many things to console one for a rejection. We have the sympathy, the condolences—that are scarcely valued congratulations—of all the jolly fellows, from whose friendship matrimony would isolate us. Our importance in the eyes of the mothers and ball givers remains undiminished. The many little indulgences, endeared by long habit, which we had been teaching ourselves to give up, gain a zest from past abstinence. We can lack a horse or a colour without conscience suggesting that this may be robbing a potential daughter of her marriage portion; we can join again in the nightly—or *matutinal*—libations to Bacchus and Venus, that the flesh loveth but the spirit had deemed unfitting an intending Benedict.

But about popping the question!

Well, that is a thing that no one can write about but a man who has tried it, and which one who has tried it generally prefers not to write about. Few men have done the thing more than once or twice, and how can one gather experience! This is the age of progress and newspapers correspondents, however, and we shall live in the hope that those pioneers of the press who have faced "peril in the imminent deadly breach" may, in the absence of a miniature war in Africa or a baby rebellion nearer home, devote their energies to the acquisition of this sort of knowledge. To them we relinquish the glory and the attendant danger in an equally risky "reach."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE subjects of our illustrations this week will need only to be briefly touched upon. The war in Egypt has been followed so clearly through its various stages that we need only really recapitulate the engravings which we reproduce in the main from the English papers. Among them will be found the arrival at Alexandria of the Scots Guards whose departure from Southampton we pictured last week, a Council of war on board H. M. S. *Helicon*, the vessel in which the Duke of Connaught sailed, and a spirited sketch of the reconnaissance of the 5th of last month, wherein the marines behaved so well.

The picture of the Australian cricketers will be welcome to many in the event of their possible visit to this continent. Their successes in England have shown that the colonies can profit by their early education, and that the pupil has here outstripped the master. We wonder whether Lord Kimberly would tell the Australians to mind their own business if they ventured on a word of advice to the M. C. C.

We have, on several occasions recently, spoken of the work of Richard Wagner, and this week we give a fine portrait of the *maestro*. We hope at a better date to speak somewhat fully of his last achievement, the *Parsifal*.

ANNUAL PIC-NIC OF THE BANK NOTE AND BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANIES.

The second annual pic-nic of the employees of the British American Bank Note Company and the Burland Lithographic Company took place at Cushing's Grove, on the 2nd inst., and passed off with the general good feeling, spirit and success that characterized their first gathering last year.

The steamer *Dagmar* was specially chartered for the occasion, and the "Harmonie Band" furnished the music. As the respective families reached the boat they were cordially received by the members of the committee, who were indefatigable in their endeavors to give every aid to ensure the comfort of all on board.

Shortly before 9 o'clock the start was made, and dancing was at once commenced, which was kept up until the arrival at the Grove, when the ropes, stakes and distances were quickly placed in position.

The list of games excited keen competition, and were well contested. The tug of war was won by the Bank Note Company team. While these were in progress, many indulged in dancing, singing and quiet flirtation. Throughout the whole the arrangements including the refreshments provided, reflected great credit on the special committees in charge.

About 5 p.m. the homeward move began, and when finally safe on board, the distribution of the prizes was made by Mr. G. B. Burland, with personal congratulations on the individual success achieved. The interest displayed was great and the lucky ones were loudly cheered by their friends.

The wharf was reached about 9 o'clock, and the happy crowd dispersed to their respective homes, with the most pleasurable recollections of a delightful and pleasantly spent day.

The following is a list of those who generously contributed prizes for the various games, races &c.:

Mrs. G. B. Burland.
Mrs. Gillelan.
Mr. J. H. Burland.
G. Lafricain.
C. Garth.
W. McLaren.
R. Thompson.
M. E. Field.
R. Reinhold.
C. Robert.
F. X. Beauchamp.
Jas. Cunningham.
E. Morgan.
Thos. Waddell.
Messrs. R. D. Miller, Son & Co.
McFarlane, Austin & Robertson.
Ewing & Cunningham.
McArthur, Cornille & Co.
Wulff & Co.
J. Rattray & Co.
Morton, Phillips & Bulmer.
Cuthbert & Son.
Loche & Co.
Dawson Bros.
Canada Paper Co.
Dominion Type Foundry Co.

MEDICAL MYSTERIES.

Not so long ago a case of a peculiarly painful and suggestive kind was tried at Lewes before the Lord Chief Justice. Two well-educated men, a surgeon and a chemist, of Brighton had been resorted to by an unhappy woman to save her from the natural effects of her own sin and folly. The desired result was attained, but the patient died. A few years ago a man who had been convicted a second time for a similar offense was condemned and executed. It is noticeable that his crime, according to Sir Fitzjames Stephens's system of codification, would not be punishable by death; but no one found fault with the infliction of the full penalty, nor yet with the heavy sentences of penal servitude which were passed on the above-mentioned case. But the disagreeable reflection arises that, if this case was detected, how many are there which escape detection! And, if they are common in one class of society, is there any reason to suspect their frequency in other classes! We hear a great deal at the present day of the confessional and its secrets. Doubtless the confessional has its secrets and its mysteries. But the consulting room of a physician in large practice is also a true confessional. With a decorous garb, bland manners, and measured accents, a physician often carries with him a weight of mystery and responsibility. There is reason to believe that there prevails throughout the country a diminished sense of the sacredness of human life. The thought of infanticide no longer gives any serious concern to women of a low type, and the lawyers have long ago abandoned the pretence of treating it as murder. There is often a disagreeable scent of murder in the air. An eminent toxicologist who was examined at Palmer's trial made the statement in the witness-box that there were many vegetable poisons which left no trace. He was asked to name them; he refused to do so, and the judge approved his silence. This eminent professor has since stated that he received hundreds of letters asking for information respecting these untraceable poisons, but, after assigning a certain percentage to enlightened, scientific curiosity, he confesses that the majority of cases left a very painful impression on his mind. It must be said in fairness that many people appear to be

as reckless of their own lives as of the lives of others. We are making a distinct approximation to the institution of "the happy dispatch." Some years ago a medical student was convicted and sentenced for elaborately explaining to a correspondent how she might most easily lay aside the burden of life. The simple means suggested was the somewhat popular plan of cumulative doses of the hydrate of chloral. The nature of this drug is well known, and it is to be feared, is sometimes turned to practical account. It is not easily disengaged from the system; for a succession of nights a large dose may be taken with impunity, but at the last dose the cup overflows, the body is drenched with poison, and death ensues. There is often to be heard in clubs the line of conversation of the Stoics, who considered that life might be laid down at pleasure, and discussed the most satisfactory means of doing so. As a matter of courtesy to surviving relatives, juries returned the stereotyped verdict of "temporary insanity," but often enough no previous act of insanity can be alleged, and, according to a formulated philosophy, self-destruction may be the highest act of sanity.

The subject of euthanasia is one that is clearly discussed, both in medical and other circles. When prolonged life means prolonged torture, patients have speculated whether they may not take the anodyne which will make a speedy *quibus* to all their troubles. Some doctors have expressed a decided assent to the theory, and we have known of others who have admitted that they have done something like it in their practice. Any such act in a legal point of view would be murder, but some Acts of Parliament are elastic, and others are state-born.

CLARENCE MURPHY.

A freckle-faced girl stopped at the Post Office and yelled out:

"Anything for the Murphys?"
"No, there is not."
"Anything for Jane Murphy?"
"Nothing."
"Anything for Ann Murphy?"
"No."
"Anything for Tom Murphy?"
"No."
"Anything for Rob Murphy?"
"No; not a bit."
"Anything for Terry Murphy?"
"No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Denis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any Murphy—dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disenfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No; there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said:

"Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived that he may perceive our advice is given not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

He that does not fill a place at home cannot abroad. He goes there only to hide his insignificance in a larger crowd. You do not think you will find anything there which you have not seen at home! The stuff of all countries is the same. What is true anywhere is true everywhere. And, let a man go where he will, he can find only so much beauty or worth as he carries.

So long as dress does not violate the principles of beauty or the laws of health, so long as it is made conformable to position, use and circumstances, so long is it to be encouraged, not only as a source of enjoyment, but as the fulfilment of a serious duty—for the love of dress, which is to the body what language is to thought, is as true an instinct as is the love of what is beautiful or good.

No trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

DR. JOHN HUNTER, the eminent surgeon, adopted a rule, which may be commended to all. When a friend asked him how he had been able to accomplish so much in the way of study and discovery in his busy life, he answered, "My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the work is practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and, having begun, I never stop until the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success."

THE KITCHEN.—No lady of the highest talent or accomplishments need feel that she demeans herself by giving her most earnest attention to the beauty and comfort of her home, and the

most careful ordering of everything connected with the kitchen department. Low down as foolish ideas of gentility have been accustomed to place that department, it has much more to do with the comfort or discomfort, the peace and happiness or the discord and evil temper of the whole family than can be gained from elegant or fashionable parties and all that etiquette demands in fashionable life.

ABOUT SENSATIONS AND EMOTIONS.—Sensations and emotions are valuable servants, but ruinous masters. To ignore or despise them is to slight a large and important part of our nature; but to dwell contentedly under their sway, to be satisfied with them as a finality, is fatal to a good and useful life. All our sensations point to some good object beyond themselves to be attained. If we discover what this is and pursue it, they will have fulfilled their mission to us, and we may safely enjoy the incidental pleasures they bring with them; but, when we pander to them for their own sake, we frustrate their value, we waste their enjoyment, and we foster the long train of evils which ever follows sensationalism in all its forms.

COMMON RESPONSIBILITY.—It is the people themselves who are constantly deciding upon the quality of the art which is to prevail in the country by the selection they make and the patronage they give. Each one of us bears a share in this responsibility. Whether we buy a chromo or fill a picture-gallery, whether we select a simple ornament or decorate a mansion, whether we read a novel or help to stock a library, whether we listen to a lecture or establish a whole course, whether we frequent the concert-room or the theatre once or twice a winter or once or twice a week, we are in every case, by the choices we make, doing our part to elevate art or to degrade it, to purify or to corrupt it, to make it a handmaid of morality and religion or to make it minister to the vices and follies of humanity.

A RUDE AT A RESTAURANT.

It is an awkward thing to be absent-minded. The story is told of a certain Philadelphia gentleman who discovered this at his cost. It so happened the other day that the dining-room of the club which he frequents was quite full, when a man who chanced to know his particular failing came in very hungry. The waiter told the newcomer there was no room at present. Spying our absent-minded friend comfortably seated and reading the newspaper, a brilliant idea struck the hungry man. "Has Mr. A. dined yet?" he questioned. "No, sir," replied the waiter. "Well, never mind, take him his bill and tell him he has had his dinner." The waiter hesitated a moment, and then appreciating the situation, went over to Mr. A. and handed him his bill. "What is this for?" quoth the poor fellow. "For your dinner, sir." "My dinner—ah! Have I really had it?" "Yes, sir," rejoined the waiter in all innocence. "Dear me, I had an idea I was waiting for it. What a curious mistake." And with a contemplative smile Mr. A. sauntered out of the room, leaving his table for the use of the genius who had profited by his absent-mindedness.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Bedouin Chief Aben Hassen has collected 6,000 men and joined Arabi.

THE Sultan's proclamation declaring Arabi a rebel was issued this week.

PREPARATIONS are being secretly made for the Czar's visit to Moscow.

A LONDON cable announces the death of the Dowager Countess of Rosebury.

OVER 600,000 shares of the Panama Canal Company have been applied for.

ARABI has received 40 more guns from Cairo for the fortifications at Tel-el-Kebir.

INFORMATION obtained from most reliable sources estimates Arabi's army at 93,000 men.

SIR GARNET has notified the War Office that the formation of a third army corps is unnecessary.

TWO French officers of high rank were arrested while making sketches during the military manoeuvres at Breslau.

SEVENTY-SEVEN persons were injured during the riots in Dublin on Saturday and Sunday. One woman has since died.

MR. MONTAGUE BERNARD, one of the High Commissioners for signing the Treaty of Washington in 1871, is dead.

DE LESSERS declares Sir Garnet Wolseley said to him that England accepted the responsibility for damage and obstruction to the Suez Canal.

AN unsuspecting member of the Indian contingent built a fire in the camp at Kassassin over an unexploded shell, and was blown sky high for his ignorance.

THE British troops in Egypt are suffering to an alarming extent from the effects of the heat. The medical staff is said to be taxed to the utmost.

THE Ministry has proposed to the foreign Consuls the appointment of a Commission to settle claims of Alexandria inhabitants for indemnification for loss by the burning and pillaging of that city.