

CANADA TO ENGLAND.

England, my mother, my brave-hearted mother,
I'll not desert you when danger is nigh
Shoulder to shoulder I'll fight with you ever—
Shoulder to shoulder we'll fight or we'll die!

England, my mother, my brave-hearted mother,
Ever you've striven for truth and for right,
And though the world in its might may assail you,
With you and for you I'll join in the fight!

England, my mother, my brave-hearted mother,
When they are needed my men will arise,
And at my summons will sound up my war-cry,
Blending with thine to the echoing skies!

England, my mother, my brave-hearted mother,
I'll not desert you when danger is nigh!
Shoulder to shoulder I'll fight with you ever—
Shoulder to shoulder we'll fight or we'll die!

Stayner. Ont.

C. E. JAKWAY, M. D.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

At a West-end church, the patronage of which is vested in the Duke of Westminster, a gentleman put a note into the offertory bag promising to give two guineas to every London hospital except the Grosvenor Hospital, which, he considered, should be wholly supported by the members of the Grosvenor family.

A LEADER of fashion has inaugurated a new coiffure for men. He wears his hair close cropped at the back and at the sides, but long locks are brought from the back and are curled, and lie in a wavy mass on the forehead, giving the wearer a strangely womanish aspect seen from the front, and a perfectly ludicrous aspect seen from the side.

It is generally asserted that the two vacant Garters are being reserved for the British representatives at Berlin on their return to this country. This will be altogether in accordance with precedent, as Lord Castlereagh obtained his ribbon at the close of the Congress of Vienna, Lord Russell after that of London, and Lord Clarendon after the Treaty of Paris.

THE Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial left Chislehurst on Wednesday for Ems, where the Empress will take the waters, and the Prince, accompanied by M. Pietri, goes on to Copenhagen. His Imperial Highness will stay in the Danish capital for four days, and then start for Sweden, where he will be the guest of the King, and make a tour in Sweden and Norway. On the 15th of August the Empress and the Prince will meet at Arenenberg, where they will stay for nearly two months, returning to England in October.

AMONG the miscellaneous, artistic, scientific, and economic treasures and curiosities in the grand reception hall of Stafford House, is a coffin which the Duke of Sutherland brought back with him from Egypt. It is shaped something like those iron casquets of which some company, undertaking to reform our funeral arrangements, puts up pictures in our railway stations. It is painted in cheerful colours on the outside, and there is nothing repulsive in its appearance. Concerning this precious relic of antiquity, however, there is a good story going round. When the coffin arrived, the Egyptologists were asked to decipher the hieroglyphics painted on the sides. Of course, translations were brought describing minutely the antecedents of the enclosed mummy which was declared to be that of a certain priest, the son of another, and the coffin was opened wide, and the wrapping stripped off the body. It was found to be in a remarkably good state of preservation, and the mummy of a woman!

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A WIT in Paris recently defined a masked ball as "a merciful institution for plain women."

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot for a museum of decorative art in Paris, and Sir R. Wallace has subscribed 10,000*fr.* to it.

A TROUPE of forty male and female gypsies (singers) from Moscow has obtained considerable success at the concert of the Orangerie in the Tuileries Gardens.

QUEEN Isabella's diamonds and jewels, now in course of sale at the Auction Mart, produce less than was expected. The two first days only brought £20,000, half the valuation.

THE Shah, who brought thirty-six caskets of gold, takes back only eleven. He has spent in France three millions of francs. His expenses at the Grand Hotel were 3,400 francs a day.

THREE more congresses at the Trocadéro have just been authorized. Land surveyors are to assemble on the 18th instant, homœopaths on the 12th of August, and friends of the blind on the 3rd of September.

THE Duchess of Galliera has resolved to bequeath to the municipality of Paris her collection of paintings and sculptures, together with a site for a museum and square between the Rue Morny and the Avenue Trocadéro.

A LARGE design has been ordered by the French Government of M. E. Hédouin, in commemoration of the inauguration of the Universal

Exhibition. An etching is to be executed from it of the same size as the original drawing.

It is understood that the delivery of the new flag to the active and territorial army will be made an imposing spectacle, to be held in the Bois de Boulogne by the Marshal at about the same date as the presentation of the Exhibition prizes.

THERE was discovered 14 years ago on a hill at Montpensier Rion, a gold ring believed to have belonged to the Black Prince. It weighs 13 grammes, is set with a ruby, is inscribed *Sigillum secretum*, and has a Latin device round the circle. A woman, a rag collector, discovered it, and alleged that the Mayor gave her 40*fr.* on account, promising to divide the proceeds between her and the Commune. The Mayor having sold it in 1876 for 8,600*fr.* to Baron Jerome Pichon, she claimed half the price, but the tribunal has just nonsuited her, holding that she sold the ring for the 40*fr.*

PARIS is pre-eminently the city of Bonnets, and, therefore, it is not surprising that those marvellous articles of costume—equally dear to the feminine heart and purse—should play a conspicuous part in the great Exhibition. One of them is marked 250*fr.*, and another 350*fr.* The cheaper Exhibition bonnet is adorned with a small piece of gold lace—real gold. The more costly one has a piece of imitation lace, made of mother-of-pearl, and the waste of the fragile material in cutting out the pattern cost the additional 100*fr.* A 500*fr.* bonnet, trimmed with real jewellery, is also an attraction.

M. de Villemessant of the Paris *Figaro* has addressed a note to the editors of the London newspapers, the replies to which (if he gets any) will probably astonish him. He states that he has detailed two of his *rédauteurs* to prepare a daily review in the *Figaro* of the foreign press, and he proposes to precede this with a comprehensive account of the more important journals throughout the world. For this purpose he has prepared a form which foreign editors are asked to fill up, and which would certainly, supposing it to be filled up, embody a fair amount of information. In the first place, the full title, subtitle, and address of the journal reporting on itself are asked, then the date of its establishment, a summary of its history and its politics. But even this is not enough; the editor is to write of himself "a laconic biography," and finally to state (approximately) the number of copies printed. As he has no party interest to serve in the matter, M. de Villemessant promises that the particulars sent shall be published without alterations; and he is so confident of obtaining them that he offers his thanks in advance, together with his "sentiments of affectionate fraternity."

DINNER-TABLE HYGIENE.

The question of dinner-table hygiene practically divides itself into two. First, how are we to secure that each day's dinner, whether taken at home or abroad, shall do us no injury? and, secondly, how are we to derive from each dinner the greatest possible amount of good? The ideal dinner is not that which simply supplies a man's tissue-waste, but that which places him altogether in a happier and better frame of mind. Regarded in this light a dinner may be made the means not only of bodily but of mental edification. To this end the body of the diner must be placed under such conditions that the function of digestion can be carried on with the least possible strain on the general nervous force, while his whole environment must be such as to conduce to a cheerful and contented frame of mind. Much might be written as to the preparations and antecedents necessary to a healthy meal, but it will suffice here to say that all forms of appetite-coaxers, such as alcohol in its various forms and bitters, are likely to do more harm than good, and should be rigidly eschewed by the philosophical diner. The two most important preparations are a moderately long fast, and a period of complete mental and bodily rest before dinner. Afternoon tea is utterly antagonistic to a successful meal, and any worry of mind or fluster of body is equally to be avoided for at least half an hour before the dinner hour.

The fixing of this dinner hour is, perhaps, one of the most important points in the whole question. The desideratum is a sufficient interval after it for perfect digestion. The great fault of modern dinners is that they are too late. The diners go to bed, as a rule, with their stomachs half full of undigested food, and as a consequence they derive the full benefit neither of their meal nor of their sleep, but rise after a rest with a headache and a feeling of weariness, which do not wear off until the next day is half over. In other cases this error has been known to give rise to nocturnal flatulence and acidity, and even to obstinate diarrhoea. These troubles are easily remedied when once the cause is found, but in the opposite event the tissues may in the end suffer most serious damage. To be on the safe side, one should interpose an interval of four hours between the end of dinner and the commencement of sleep, and any arrangement which only allows for an interval of less than three hours stands self-condemned. The hour fixed, the next thing to be considered is the food. Here the first requisite is that every article of diet should be perfectly good. It is economi-

cal in the end to provide the best of everything. Next in importance to purity comes good cookery, which is, perhaps, the most difficult to obtain of all the requisites of a healthy dinner. Variety is the next important matter. We think that, on the whole, the appetite should be satisfied on one article of food, the preference being given to a cut from a joint, plainly cooked. But this should be partaken of only in moderation, and the adjuncts to it in the way of vegetable should be strictly limited both in number and quantity. It is better, if possible, to make separate courses of the different kinds of vegetables, so that the stomach is filled gradually; and it is as well, for the same reason, to interpose a short interval between each course. Of *entrées*, the cautious diner will take only one, choosing that which is most simply prepared. Soup and fish should be taken only in moderation. As to wine, the most important point is, as every one knows, to adhere to one kind throughout dinner. Claret or hock is, for most people, the safest drink, and the quantity taken at dinner should never exceed a pint. Wine, even in its lightest forms, should never be used undiluted, simply to quench thirst; for this purpose it should be mixed with water, no pure wine being taken till the edge of thirst is dulled.

In conclusion we must add a few words on the general surroundings of a dinner. What is required is to secure that the main supply of nerve-force shall be concentrated on the digestive organs, while, at the same time, the mind is pleasantly stimulated. The dining-room should be kept cool and well-ventilated; otherwise the blood is drawn away from the stomach to the surface-capillaries, while an extra strain is put upon the lungs by the respiration of vitiated air. The light should not be so brilliant as to over-excite the nervous system. A subdued light of a reddish shade is, perhaps, the most pleasant to dine in, red being believed to have the most enlivening effect on the sensorium. Flowers and scents, and even the splash of water, or the sound of distant music, are important accessories to the ideal dinner, but are not absolutely necessary to a healthy meal. Lastly, pleasant converse is, perhaps, the most important condition for securing the requisite mental altitude. We would venture to say that no solitary dinner can be a perfectly healthy one, but even that is, perhaps, better than forced and ungenial conversation. Many an indigestion, we fancy, has owed its origin to an unresponsive neighbour. Hence the importance of carefully sorting dinner-guests, and of avoiding the general monotony of home-dinners by a frequent addition of external elements. When we think of how many factors are necessary to make up a successful dinner, we must almost despair of ever being able to obtain them all together. In this, as in other matters, man is the slave of circumstances; but by thought and care he may approach near to the ideal, and all who have succeeded in doing this will admit that the result has been worth all the trouble spent upon it.

THE ORIGINAL VERSION OF "THANATOPSIS."

We reprint below "Thanatopsis,"—as it originally appeared in "The North American Review," of September, 1817,—for the convenience of those who may wish to compare the earliest with the latest, most familiar and greatly improved form of the poem. Four rhymed stanzas, of inferior merit, preceded the blank verse, when first printed; but this, according to Mr. Bryant, was owing to a mistake of another:

"Yet a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements.
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send its roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.—The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn declarations all
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing in the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—-and the Borean desert piece—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil the Oregon, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone—
So shalt thou rest—-and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure?—Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The tittering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favourite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!"

Conceit causes more conversation than wit. If you want a first-class fitting shirt, send for samples and cards for self-measurement to **Treble's**, 8, King street East, Hamilton. Six open back Shirts for \$9.00; open front, collar attached, six for \$10.00.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

HAVEN'T heard of an Enoch Arden case in a whole year. The missing husbands seem to have a good thing of it staying away.

AN unsuccessful lover was asked by what means he lost his divinity. "Alas!" cried he, "I flattered her until she got too proud to speak to me."

SAM KEARNEY of Illinois killed his wife because he could not make her sit down in a chair. He didn't begin right. If he had told her to stand up she would have sat down.

A SCIENTIST says angling worms do not suffer when put on the hook. They wriggle around out of pure joy, we suppose, the same as a man does when a good-looking woman steps on his corns.

THERE has been a remarkable case of constancy in England. A man who separated from his wife thirty-five years ago has just returned and offered to "kiss and make up." A few days prior to the offer the wife had inherited a large estate.

AN Englishman began as a vegetarian and married, living on bean stew, potato stew, meal pudding, carrots and turnips, with a breakfast of porridge and bread. He began on an income of \$2.50 per week; his present income is \$90,000 a year. No cards.

AN old bachelor was rather taken back, a day or two ago, as follows: Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman: "Before I would ever kneel to a woman, I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young woman he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?" "It would, undoubtedly, be the best for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

HUMOROUS.

A PIC-NIC without a shower of rain is a dry affair.

WHAT the milkman never treats you to—A nice cream.

A HORSE, unlike a horse, is always prepared to meet an out.

THE sweat of a man's brow comes easier than his daily bread.

RICHES will never take wings and fly away if you sprinkle economy on its tail.

LYING about a politician never hurts the man lied about; it is having the truth told that kills him.

IN the last case where an editor was sued for libel, the jury was out a good deal more than the editor was.

IT takes a mighty old man to know more than the stripping who swaggers along with his hat on the side of his head thinks he knows.

"ARE you the mate of this ship?" said a new-arrived passenger to the cook. "No, sir, I am the man that cooks the mate," said the Hibernian.

"DEATH is death, after all," says the London *World*. That is the bother of it. Now if it was something else—however, it isn't.

IT is a singular coincidence that whenever there is a pigeon-shoot or a horse-race in the vicinity, the notices on the doors indicate that all the lawyers are out of town trying cases, or else in the superior-court library.

"So, there's another rupture on Mount Vociferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put down the paper and put up her specs; "the papers tell about the bursting lather running down the mountains, but it don't tell how it got afire."

THIS is the time of year when the nominee of "the party" thanks his fellow-citizens for this "unexpected honour" (which he has been hungering and thirsting and pining and sweating after for three months.)

EVERY once in a while we hear of a California woman killing a bear. This is all right. But we challenge the world to ransack the pages of history and show us where a woman has ever got away with a mouse.

THE latest sensational agony in songs is a ballad beginning:

"Who will come above me sighing,
When the grass grows above me?"

We can't say positively who, but if the cemetery fence is in the usual repair it will probably be the cow.

AN eloquent preacher was discoursing in a tent. His discourse was so extremely pathetic that the audience, with the exception of a single person, was moved to tears. The stolid individual, on being asked how he could listen to the discourse unmoved, made answer, "Oh, I dimma belong to this parish."

THE enthusiasm with which a man dashes into the road to stop a runaway horse, is only equalled by the wonderful celerity with which he dashes to the sidewalk again, when the animal with all four feet waving in the air, waltzes down upon him like a three-story avalanche with a French roof.

A LITTLE three-year-old volunteered to say grace at the table, and did so as follows:—"Oh, Lord, bless the things we eat; bless mamma and pappa and gamma and gampa"—and here, casting her eyes to her grandpa in the next seat, she discovered that he was smiling, the little one closed her prayer by saying: "Behave yourself, gampa—for Christ's sake, amen."

THERE is nothing like being a bloated auto-crat of the sanctum, while next door one hears the poor labouring man toiling at nine-pins in a bowling alley. The editor toils not, and neither does he spin, and yet Mrs. Jenks in all her glory is not arroyed like one of these. While all humanity is sweetening and swearing—and wondering where they can hang up the barkeeper for a glass of beer—the editor has nothing to do. Two or three columns of editorials to write, and no pitch hot; many botes to bowser, letters to answer, manuscripts to read till one cannot tell English from Sanscrit—this is mere bagatelle, when the thermometer is on the ragged edge of the nineties. As we said before, the editor heartily despises a man who works for a living, and listens with sardonic satisfaction to the sound from the bowling alley next door, where the poor man slaves and sweats. It makes such a contrast to his luxurious idleness.