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TO A SEPTUARY OF BEAUTY.

Of seven great wonders, scatter'd o'er the world;
 And I have long'd to start, with sails unfurl'd,
 To view those relics of a bygone day;—
 Once, too, I read, though where I cannot say,
 Of seven fair ladies, fam'd in loveliness
 Above all women;—let me, too, confess
 The constant wish that such a sweet array
 I might have seen. These dreams are now dispell'd;
 For I have met the seven loveliest girls
 Mine eyes could rest on:—seven peerless pearls—
 Seven wonders greater than the past can show;—
 And so my sails are furl'd, where'er the tide may flow.

AMARANTH.

WOMEN AND MEN.

BREAKING AND BENDING.

It is not many years since there prevailed in some parts of this country a method of discipline which would now be generally held barbarous, even among the most conscientious parents. It was held to be an essential part of a child's training that as soon as its will was developed up to a certain point it should be as definitely and distinctly broken as you would break a plant upon its stalk. Instead of avoiding or postponing such a necessity, the parent fearlessly met the occasion, and was—for even the most rigorous parents were human—glad when it was over. The child must definitely be taught submission on some specific occasion, or submission's sake, and this without reference to its state of health, to its nervous condition, or to the possibility of obtaining the same result without such a direct contest. In fact, the direct contest was considered an advantage in itself; even if the way was clear to bending the will, that was not desirable—it must be broken.

Many persons now past middle age will recall such contests as this. Generally the ordeal came from the father; oftener the mother would have chosen milder ways. Sometimes it came, however, from the mother, in which case the process was more formidable still; a stern woman being generally a sterner being than a man who shares the same attribute. What was the result? Often, no doubt, to create a strong and conscientious character, the will not being really broken, but only subordinated. Often it tended only to create the faults of a slave—evasion, insincerity, cowardice—in place of manly self-assertion. Very often it left a barrier of ice between parent and child. A woman of forty, the daughter of an educated lawyer in a country town, once told me that she never knew until she was nearly

twenty years old how to tell time by the clock, the reason being that her father had undertaken to explain to her the method when she was but a child, and she had failed to comprehend it. She had been afraid to tell him that she did not understand, and equally afraid to ask light from any one else, lest he should hear of it, and blame her; so she said nothing about it for years. Yet that man, so crushing in his domestic authority, had never laid his hand on one of his children in punishment; his word and look were a sufficient rod. It is no wonder that when he died (respected and trusted by the whole community) his daughter wrote to me, "His heart was pure—and terrible; I think there was not another like it on earth." She was wrong; for there were, in the older and sterner times, a good many like it, though none more heroic, more single-minded, or more tenacious.

The modern theory is—and I confess it seems to me the wiser one—that the will itself is a part of the sacredness of our nature, and should no more be broken than the main shaft of a steam-engine. You shudder when your boy cries, "I will!" in the adjoining room, in that defiant tone which is a storm-signal to the parent's ear. The fault is not, however, in the words; spoken in the right place and right tone, they represent the highest moral condition of which man is capable: since resignation itself is not a virtue so noble as is a concentrated and heroic purpose. How superbly does Tennyson state the dignity of those words, when he paints the marriage in the "Gardener's Daughter"!

"Autumn brought an hour
 For Eustace, when I heard his deep *I will!*
 Breathed, like the covenant of a God, to hold
 From thence through all the worlds."

There is one thing that I dread more for my little maiden than to hear her say "I will," namely, that she should lose the power of saying it. A broken, impaired, will-less nature—a life filled with memory's grave-stones, where noble aspirations have perished unfulfilled for want of vigor of will to embody them in action—this seems to me more disastrous than even an overweening self-assertion.

It is not necessary to say, on the other hand, as some persons hold, that all moral error is but disease, and never needs direct contest, but only soothing medicines. Yet I believe more and more, as I grow older, that a large part of our contests with children are wasted, and that patience and tact would commonly accomplish

the same end without the crossing of bayonets. There is no doubt that much of what seems violence or stubbornness in children is merely a phase of physical development, and will be outgrown as unconsciously as a boy outgrows the habit of treading his boot-heels sideways. I know several grown persons whose temper was a terror in childhood, and who have long since passed, by mere natural development, and without especial struggle, into a self-controlled, and perhaps commonplace maturity. The wisest and most successful parents seem to me those who take this into account; who reduce direct contests to a minimum, bend the twig instead of breaking it, divert the course of the torrent instead of trying to dam it up. We recognize this with all domestic animals. While half a dozen men are collected around a balky horse in the street, beating, hauling, swearing, and all in vain, a single expert will sometimes come along, and by some very simple device—perhaps a change in the harness, or a chestnut burr inserted under the head-stall—will so alter the current of the creature's dim thoughts that he will trot away bewildered, trying to conjecture what has happened. Thus it is that wise mothers do;—a little bit of ingenuity, a sudden change of theme will often clear away all clouds in a minute. This is not indulgence; it is common-sense and tact. It may not always answer, but for that very reason let us use it when we can; avert the direct collisions when possible, instead of welcoming them all the time. Even the most Spartan or Puritanic mother—like one I know, who herself put her little girl's finger to the red-hot stove, that she might learn thenceforth to avoid it—will admit that a sick child must be managed through tact and skill as well as through authority; and it is my experience that much the same is true of the healthiest and the strongest.—*Harpers Bazar.*

SHAMROCKS VERSUS MONTREALERS.

When a man bites he lowers himself to the level of a brute, at the same time we must not stigmatise a whole club of respectable young men for the offence of one, and if we may judge by the results it would appear that there was rough play on both sides last Saturday. Regarding the adverse criticism of the Shamrocks, a veteran Lacrosse player declares that some papers are always down on the club that does not win.

READING BETWEEN THE LINES.

Speaking of the reported spread of small-pox the *Herald* says:—"Alderman Gray wishes to correct a wrong impression in regard to the small-pox. There has been only one case of small-pox in the Reformatory on Mignonne Street, and that was sent to the Civic Hospital and died there. How such alarming reports get into other papers he cannot imagine. They certainly do not come from the Health Office. With regard to the reported cases in the Reformatory, he thinks they arose out of a paragraph in the *Gazette*, copied in the *Star*, and so circulated." From this it would appear that the *Gazette* has the imagination, while the *Star* has the circulation.

It is said that our popular Master of the Hunt will shortly join the ranks of the benedicts, the bride being a niece of one of our most charming society women, a fair, sweet young girl.

The Hon. Donald A. Smith leaves for England this week. His palatial residence progresses rapidly, and will be probably the finest house in the city. The family meantime occupy the residence of the late Henry Judah.

It is said that the father of a recent bride will shortly re-enter the holy estate, the fair lady being his daughter's sister-in-law. This may complicate the family connections, still the match will be quite suitable, the bride expectant being, though young, of a sweetly sedate disposition, while the gentleman is still a young and handsome man, his married daughter being the eldest of the family and very young even for a bride.

Our Cote St. Antoine young men and maidens, bachelors and widowers, still continue to marry and be given in marriage, two or three fashionable weddings being now on the *tapis*. Probably it is the good example of so much wedded happiness around which leads them to see that it is not good for man to be alone.

•City girls who are verging on the "sere and yellow leaf" should move out this way. Bachelors also. We have already a number of eligible widowers, and one very eligible bachelor.

Many will regret the closing of Lincoln College, but as Mr. Lyall is to become principal of St. Francis College, Richmond, the Lincoln boys will doubtless follow him there. We believe with Emerson that it is not the school nor the studies that influence a boy's life, it is the teacher.

Mr. Lyall is himself a perfect gentleman and treats his pupils as young gentlemen, consequently they grow up courteous and with good principles. Good morals and good manners have more to do with success in life than great learning, and that may accompany them.

We fear Mrs. Annie L. Jack will not thank us for allowing our Pic-nic correspondent to tell about her silver wedding, but if she will be so good to people they can't help telling about it.

Mr. Harry Hutchinson, of Cote St. Antoine, has taken a summer residence at Chateauguay, so that the boys may enjoy the fine boating and bathing.

Vaudreuil is every year becoming more popular as a summer resort for our leading families. The following gentlemen with their families are occupying their own houses:—Chief Justice, Sir A. A. Dorion, C. A. Geoffrion, Q. C., Hon. H. F. Rainville, Alderman Rainville, F. X. Archambault, Q. C., Dr. J. Leduc, the Messrs. Tooke, Rice, Steele, Kinsella, Mrs. A. Prevost, Thos. Allan, and L. Z. Mallette. The Harwood and other cottages have been rented by the Messrs. Baillie, B. Jamieson, Geo. Sadler, H. Hamilton, A. Holden, W. Wright, J. B. Hutchison, N. E. Hamilton and J. Thompson.

Mr. H. Riendeau has just built a fine new house, on one of the prettiest points. There are also a number of eligible bachelors scattered about, ready to become a prey to any designing young woman on matrimony intent, who may visit this rural retreat during the witching days of summer. Among them we find Dr. Berthelet, C. D. Papineau, F. C. DeWitt, A. E. Lalonde and Mr. James Ewan, but the latter is protected by a charming sister, who makes his home so delightful that we fear he has become a confirmed bachelor, beyond hope of married happiness.

Mrs. Peter Christie has taken rooms for herself and family at the Dawson Retreat, Pointe Claire.

The family of Thos. Montgomery, Cote St. Antoine will leave for Peak's Island next week.

The family of Mr. A. F. Gault left for Caccouna to-day. Rokeby, their town residence, is undergoing repairs after the fire and will be ready for occupation by the autumn.

The family of Mr. L. O. David left for their country residence at St. Vincent this week.

Miss Perreault, sister of the Vice-Consul of France, has returned from a visit to Terrebonne.

Miss Noonan, niece of Mrs. Carroll, has just returned from a trip to Europe with some New York relatives.

The annual picnic of the American Presbyterian Church took place June 13th at the Nun's Island, Chateauguay Basin, a lovely spot where the waters of the St. Lawrence and Chateauguay meet, but do not mingle. The steamer Filgate was ample and commodious, but was late reaching the landing-place, though many enjoyed the trip up the picturesque river, that really deserves to be better known. All were determined to make the best of their short stay, and after lunch some indulged in games, and in hunting for floral treasures, while others went to fish on the river that seems a safe and pleasant ground for the purpose. "Barring the mosquitoes that welcomed us with unstinted music, (and as became a church picnic party, said a murmuring grace before indulging their cannibalistic propensity) everything was very enjoyable.

A number of friends went further up the river to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. R. Jack, who celebrated their silver wedding that day. Mrs. Jack needs no introduction, nor does her husband, who is one of our foremost horticulturists. On the downward trip Rev. Mr. Wells and others excited our envy by telling of their pleasant afternoon at Hillside, where a refreshing cup of tea with ice cream and cake had been dispensed with hospitable intent, in a beautiful grove of maple and elm trees that Mr. Jack had planted to beautify and adorn his home many years before. Chateauguay Basin seems a land flowing with all good things, fertile fields, and fine orchards, and fruit gardens, and we only hoped that when they were ripe we might be there to taste the fruits in their season.

The distribution of prizes at the McTavish School, Sherbrooke Street, corner of Guy, took place on Wednesday and the boys were much pleased by the liberal gifts of fine books awarded by the Head Master, Mr. Boodle, who is a great favorite with his pupils, whom he treats as young friends and comrades, thus gaining their love and respect in a measure impossible to the domineering arbitrary teacher.

We give the list of boys to whom prizes were awarded:

First prizes in 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Forms were taken by the Masters Dobbin, minor, Wainwright, minor, and Fairman, equal Wand, Birch, and Russel.

Second prizes, the Masters Hamilton, Dobbin, major, Redpath, major, and Buchanan, major.

Mrs. Arthur Graham has opened a Kindergarten for young children, at Cote St. Antoine. Mrs. Graham's residence is a large, airy house with grounds corner of Metcalfe and Western Avenues, and the spacious drawing-rooms are given up to the little ones. This will be a rare opportunity for residents of the West End who intend remaining in town, and may wish to have their children kept out of the hot sun during the warmest part of the day. The Kindergarten system amuses while it instructs and Mrs. Graham understands it as only an educated lady can.

Mr. MacMaster, Q. C., M. P., returned from Ottawa yesterday. Mr. Blake paid Mr. MacMaster's ancestors quite a compliment when he said that "the worst thing that could be said of them was that they had produced Mr. MacMaster."

Most Canadians, doubtless including Mr. Blake himself, consider Mr. MacMaster quite a creditable production.

Mr. Thos. MacDuff is spending the summer at Georgeville on Lake Memphremagog.

The Rev. J. A. Norton and family will leave for their summer residence at Murray Bay next week.

Pointe Claire is not filling up so rapidly this year, and there are still several cottages to let.

The family of Mr. Hartland MacDougall are now occupying their lovely summer residence at Dorval.

Mr. Lonsdale and family are residing in one of the pretty cottages near the lower depot at Lachine.

The only daughter of Commodore Kitson, who is a great heiress, is now making a tour through Canada, accompanied by Miss Fuhrer, of 650 Palace Street, who is her companion and friend. Miss Kitson is only eighteen and a very pretty and highly accomplished young lady. Miss Fuhrer also is quite an artist, having studied under the best masters in Germany for two years. The young ladies expect to commemorate their Canadian tour by making many sketches of our lovely lake scenery.

The Cathedral congregation have no fault to find in Mr. Harriss, whose brilliancy as an organist cannot be denied, but owing to some misunderstanding as to management of the choir Mr. Harriss has decided to leave. The Rev. Mr. Norton personally has had no hand in the matter, and Mr. Harriss leaves with the best wishes of the Rector, Church Wardens and Congregation, who unanimously speak of him in terms of the highest praise.

Major Thos. Evans of Montreal was married last Thursday to Mrs. Blades, a charming young Englishwoman, who came to Canada some years ago to visit the Major's Aunt. Major and Mrs. Evans are spending their honeymoon at Black Lake, where Major Evans is manager of the Martin Mine.

Prof. Couture has just received from the Church Wardens his appointment as Organist and Choir Master of Christ Church Cathedral. Prof. Couture will enter upon his duties about the 1st of September, and has already in training a number of our leading young singers.

We understand young Mr. Harriss has already had several offers from leading churches in the Dominion, and only hesitated about resigning because he did not wish to leave Montreal. It is said that a fashionable Montreal church would like to engage Mr. Harriss should their present organist decide to leave.

FROM "THE MAIL."

Convocation Hall of Toronto University was packed to the doors yesterday afternoon on the occasion of the Annual Commencement for the conferring of degrees, &c. There was a very large attendance of the fair sex, which may probably be accounted for from the fact that amongst the graduating class were five ladies. In the absence of Hon. Edward Blake, Chancellor of the University, Vice-Chancellor Mulock, M.P., occupied the chair, and among those present were Revs. Dr. Burwash, Dr. Dewart, Dr. King, (Winnipeg), Mr. Gardiner (Ingersoll), Prof. Clark, Dr. McVicar, Principal Sheraton, Dr. Bryce (Winnipeg), Manly Benson, Father Teefy, Father Laurent; Hon. G. W. Ross, Colonel Gzowski, Principal Woods, Ottawa Ladies' College; Principal Buchan; Drs. Oldright, Richardson, Fulton, Bryce, and Watson; Profs. Young, Galbraith, and Loudon; Messrs. C. Moss, Q.C., Alan Macdougall, C.E., R. G.

Kingsford, W.G. Falconbridge, D. A. O'Sullivan, A. Baker, F. Wylie, G. Mercer Adam, W. H. Kerr (Cobourg), W. Houston, W. H. Vandersmissen, and others. As usual, the students were in full force, but they were not so boisterous as in previous years. Mr. Mulock officiated in the presentation of prizes and conferring of degrees, a full list of which has already been given in *The Mail*.

SUCCESSFUL LADY STUDENTS.

The five lady Bachelors of Arts are Miss May B. Bald, Miss C. E. Brown, Miss M. N. Brown, Miss Ella Gardiner, and Miss M. Langley. When they presented themselves on the platform they were received with loud cheering again and again renewed. A similar demonstration took place when Miss M. N. Brown again came forward to receive the gold medal for proficiency in modern languages. In presenting her to the vice-chancellor, Dr. Wilson said that four years ago the university decided to admit ladies to a perfect equality with gentlemen in the arts course, and that change had his hearty sympathy at the time. To-day they had the results of that change, five ladies presenting themselves for their degrees in this university. (Applause). They realized the change all the more because in the successful winner of the gold medal in modern languages, Miss Brown, they recognized the daughter of one who for a long time was a senator of the university, and intimately connected with the institution, and one of the most zealous and faithful advocates of a non-denominational provincial and national basis, on which Toronto University was founded and on which he trusted it would ever remain. (Cheers). In that institution it was now recognized that there was no distinction of sex, and that they had seen that day indicated that before long the higher education of the fair sex would exercise an important influence on politics and social life. (Applause).

Mr. Mulock, in presenting the medal to Miss Brown, expressed his regret at the absence of Hon. Edward Blake, who would have been delighted to have preformed the duty which had fallen to his (Mr. Mulock's) lot. That was the first occasion on which any lady had ever knelt at his feet—laughter—and he felt somewhat embarrassed by it. He had, however, the greatest pleasure in handing the medal to Miss Brown, and congratulated her on her success.

Another of the lady graduates, Miss Gardiner, of Ingersoll, has a highly creditable record, having taken three first-class honours in moderns out of five subjects.

A third-year lady student in arts, Miss Balmer, winner of the Landsdowne gold medal, was warmly congratulated on her success, this being the third year in succession that she has carried off a valuable prize.

Mrs. T. Charles Watson gave her promised entertainment in aid of the Volunteers' fund at the Grand on Friday night before a moderately large audience, including the Lieutenant Governor and suite, Mr. GRIP'S Reporter and other distinguished personages. Mrs. Watson is a

very pretty woman, and lost nothing in charm by the tasteful stage-fittings with which she surrounded herself. Her programme was divided into three dresses by Worth, in accordance with announcement duly made in the daily papers. The material of the recitations was very handsome, and her delivery was marked by the most dainty silver brocade. Her voice is well modulated and is a perfect fit. In the Shakespearean scenes she brought out the beauties of the moss-green velvet train to perfection. Her humorous selections were also capitally rendered, and her bewitching smiles at some happy god in the gallery between the numbers were heavenly. NIBBS.

[NOTE BY EDITOR.—We suspect that Mr. Nibbs was as usual under the influence, as he has evidently got the elocution mixed with the millinery in the above brief effusion. We feel it our duty to add that Mrs. Watson's talents are of a high order, and that her entertainment in its purely literary aspect was much enjoyed. She announced her attention of returning in the autumn, when we trust Toronto will give her a worthy reception.]—Grip.

WHICH?

It has been gravely proposed to conceal all information in regard to the spread of loathsome diseases in this city—small-pox, for instance!

One would think we were living in the tenth or twelfth century to listen to the suggestions of some of our wiseacres, and that Montreal was a community different essentially from all other communities.

"Why conceal all knowledge of small-pox?" the reader may ask.

Because two or three hotel-keepers say that they are not having as many guests as usual at this time in the year!!

This reason is seriously urged.

Most persons will laugh at it, but some, doubtless, will grow indignant.

Publicity is the great safeguard against most diseases, but especially of small-pox.

It is proposed to let the disease work in secret—to give no warning of its location—and to refuse to place neighbors or visitors on their guard!!

If it is wrong to give publicity to such matters through the press, it is equally improper to warn people through the school-room, as is done when children in whose families there is contagious disease are not allowed to attend school. Were we to reverse this rule, and encourage the attendance at school of the children of such families, and thus, in order to accommodate the hotel-keepers, send death, disease, disfigurement, etc., among the multitudes of our citizens.

Really, the reason is so brazen that we are surprised to hear it mentioned.

It is the last thing our citizens will consent to,—this suppression of the most vital information, this encouragement to disease to do its deadly work, in order to put money in the pockets of hotel keepers.

We trust the daily press of Montreal, which so well fulfils its mission, will not be deterred by what aldermen and hotel clerks may say from performing their whole duty to the citizens in this connexion, and there are 200,000 people on the island of Montreal having rights which must be respected. There are 200,000 lives to set off against the dollars and dimes of a few hotel proprietors. Which of these interests should receive the largest amount of consideration?

RECENT WEDDINGS.

Swan and Parsons.—Thompson and Parsons. Jane Parsons, fourth daughter of George M. Parsons, of Columbus, Ohio, to James A. Swan, and Anna Parsons, youngest daughter of George M. Parsons, to James Thompson, of Paris, France, Thursday morning, June 4, at the house of the parents of the two brides, in Columbus, by the Rev. Charles H. Babcock, rector of Trinity Church, Columbus. Invitations were issued only to relatives of the family, Mrs. Anna E. Dennison, god-mother of the younger bride, being the only exception. Mrs. James Espy, of Cincinnati, and Mrs. William Breese, of New York, were the only friends from a distance present. After the wedding breakfast the wedded couples took a train for the North. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson go to Saratoga, and Mr. and Mrs. Swan to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson will sail for Paris June 27. After a short wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Swan will return to Columbus. The brides are the last of five daughters of George M. Parsons, one of the wealthiest citizens of central Ohio. Mrs. Parsons and her daughters have spent much of their time in Europe. Her daughters are all exceedingly attractive ladies, and all made somewhat notable matches. Miss Elizabeth, the eldest, married Mr. Milner Gibson, whose father was a member of the British Cabinet. She resides with her husband at Theberton, in Suffolk, England. Marie, another daughter, a very beautiful woman, is the Princess Delynas, the wife of Prince Delynas, of Prussia, who was in the diplomatic service of his sovereign at Paris for some years. They have a country seat at Linderman, near Dresden. Mary is the wife of Mr. James L. Breese, of this city. Mrs. Thompson, the younger of the two present brides, has been considered one of the very beautiful young ladies of Columbus. She is only eighteen. Her husband was born on the Hudson, and is related to the Livingstones. Since his early youth he has resided in Paris. His country seat is at St. Germaine, his winter residence in Paris, and he owns a magnificent villa at Nice. His bride has been a prominent belle during several seasons in New York and Newport. Mr. Thompson is a widower, his first wife having been a sister of Mr. Parnell, the Irish leader. Mr. Swan, the husband of the elder of the two brides, belongs to an old Columbus family. His father, lately deceased, was once Chief Justice of the Ohio Supreme Court, and one of the first citizens of the State. He is a cousin of his bride.

Domestic Department.

IN AND ABOUT THE HOUSE.

By ANNIE L. JACK.

It seems pleasanter "about" than "in" the house these warm days of June; and, as the roses bloom in their first shy beauty and then in their rich profusion I think the world was never lovelier in any tropical country than in this fair Canada, though the season is short and often changeable. But June is indeed the perfect month, and wandering among the flowers I think of a little poem written by one of America's fair singers.

"Ring all thy lily bells, thy royal colors fly,
Sweet June, and die,
The burden of her flowery state she bore,
Till heart could bear no more,
The revelry of golden throats, perfumes
Of all the dear dead Junes,
The phantom rose-leaves drifting faint and wan,
Slow fading in the sun."

Yes! sweet June will die, as in other years, and truly we "spend our years as a tale that is told."

But in the house the cares of the wife and mother should be lighter, as the summer days appear. Let health be the first consideration, and let comfort go hand in hand with it. The children can get out of doors into the blessed sunshine, give them plain garments to wear, and good wholesome food. Let fruit take the place of pie, and now and then give them a meal out of doors—up on the mountain if you can—or in some quiet nook—if it be only the shaded yard, if the air is pure. It is a freedom that is health-giving to all child life, and may be made a source of pleasant amusement.

If it is a sickly season it does no good to worry and fret about it. Keep the system in a pure and clean condition, and trust to a kind over-ruling Providence. But I would not tolerate a garbage heap or barrel, if there was power to have it removed, and it is a duty to take a peep into your neighbor's back yard, as well as your own, and see that they are not inviting disease by neglecting to clear away rubbish and accumulations of refuse. One of the mistakes many housekeepers make is in too much worship of the cooking range in hot weather. It is a god they profess to despise, yet how they bow before it! Your husband does not require it I am sure. Get fresh milk and cream—fruit of the best in its season, and less meat for the members of your household. Most people like curds and whey and the prepared rennet can be procured at the druggist's. It contains many needed elements, and is especially valuable in summer complaints, as are also black raspberry, and the old fashioned blackberry. Let the tucks and frills go—so that the little ones are healthful—let them play, and keep them happy, if you would have them well. Nothing spoils a child so much as a vague uncertain appetite, that needs pampering, and a great deal of this result is caused by injudicious feeding in its early life. With "simple tastes and mind content" the half of our

household cares would vanish, and we should find time for the higher aims and larger sphere that we all long for, but so seldom succeed in gaining.

Mrs. James McShane, and her sister, Mrs. Warrington, who is spending the summer at the Windsor, will return from a visit to their mother, Madame Lalonde of Plattsburg, to-night.

Mr. Ames and family of Belmont Park have returned from an extended tour through Europe.

Mr. MacFarlane of Cote St. Antoine has just returned from a trip to England.

Dr. F. W. Campbell and Mr. Hubert Ives will return from their fishing tour at Cascapedia, next week.

The marriage of Mr. A. Cusson, of the firm of Cusson Fils, Montreal, to Miss Vega, the beautiful daughter of a Spanish millionaire, now of New York, was one of the most brilliant fashionable weddings of the gotham season.

Miss Vega was educated at the Convent of Ville Marie, and there formed a strong attachment to the young sister of Mr. Cusson, afterwards spending part of her vacation at their home, St. Hubert Street, where the present love match was lighted.

A New Cause for Divorce will be added to the list of authorized reasons for separation of husband and wife, if the claim of a husband in a suit now on trial here is recognized. He asserts that the wife was completely ignorant of cooking, "Why," he says, "she would boil the beefsteak and shake up the coffee." We may laugh at this plea, but there is a very serious side to the case. The wife's ignorance of the art of cooking has probably brought more misery into the household than has any other mischief-breeding agent, active or passive. A close observer of men and things has declared that such misdoings as boiling a beefsteak or shaking up coffee have sent thousands of dissatisfied husbands in every stratum of society to bar-rooms, their first visits being to seek relief from the pangs of dyspepsia; and the habit of drinking, thus formed, is not easily broken, as everybody must admit. There is something to think over in that verse of the homely ballad, which runs—

"Can she make a cherry pie,
Billy boy, Billy boy,
Can she make a cherry pie,
Charming Billy?"

JUST HOW IT HAPPENED.

"I have a wife and six children in Australia, and I never saw one of them," said one gentleman to another. "Were you ever blind?" "Oh, no!" replied the other. There was a brief lapse of time, and then the interrogator resumed the subject. "Did I understand you to say that you had a wife and six children living in Australia, and that you had never seen one of them?" "Yes, such is the fact." A still longer pause in the conversation followed, when the interrogator, fairly puzzled, said—"how can it be that you never saw one of them?"—"Why," was the answer, "one of them was born after I left."

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NOTICE.

Subscribers who do not receive their papers punctually would oblige by dropping us a line at once.

We shall shortly offer inducements to those getting up clubs. Our circulation is now increasing so rapidly that we shall be able to add many new and interesting features to the paper.

PRIZE HISTORY QUESTIONS.

We have in course of preparation a series of Questions on Canadian History, which will be very interesting.

The competition will be open only to subscribers.

AGENTS WANTED.

Terms to Agents will be given on application.

Contributions received later than Wednesday cannot be certain of insertion.

Subscribers would oblige by remitting punctually to save us the expense of collectors.

TORONTO SOCIETY NOTES.

The marriage of Mr. Charles Vincent Ketchuno of Cobourg, to Miss Carrie Wood, second daughter of the Hon. S. C. Wood, late Minister of Agriculture, took place last Wednesday in the Church of the Ascension, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. H. Baldwin, rector, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Godwin of Lindsay. The bride was attired in a dress of ivory satin handsomely trimmed with lace, her sisters who acted as bridesmaids wearing dresses of pink and white muslin, with large bouquets of white flowers. After the *dejeuner*, Mr. and Mrs. Ketchuno left for Winnipeg which will be their future home.

The Upper Canada College Annual "At Home" took place last Saturday, Mr. Martland the veteran president of the club receiving the guests, who, through his efforts, had every opportunity of witnessing one of the finest matches ever played on the time honored ground. The match being won by the Trinity

boys by two wickets. After the game was concluded the guests repaired to the College, where dancing was kept up until nearly eight o'clock.

The Hon. Stephen Richards, Mrs. Richards, Miss Richards and Miss Chaffee, are staying at the Rossin House.

The course of lectures given by Dr. Grant to the Ladies Emergency Corps, were concluded last week, when the Dr. was presented with a handsome gold-headed ebony cane as a mark of appreciation and esteem by his class.

The many friends in Canada of Mr. Frederick Lysons will hear with deep regret of his terribly sudden death in England, while walking on the Strand, from heart disease. Mr. Lysons who was only twenty-two years of age is the son of General Sir Daniel Lysons, and has been living in Toronto for the past two years. Mr. Lysons had gone home to rejoin his regiment.

Hanlan is to be made the recipient of a reception dinner on Wednesday evening at the Queen's Hotel.

Judge Finkle of Woodstock is in town.

Mrs. F. P. Whitney, of Buffalo, has completed and published a piece of music entitled "Otter's Grand March." The rebellion in the North-West has brought to light the talents of many musicians and poets hitherto "to fame unknown."

The Garden party given by the Toronto Lacrosse Club, took place on the 12th of June, about 400 visitors being present. His Honor, the Lieut.-Governor arrived from the baseball match, of which he is still an enthusiastic admirer, as he was once an unrivalled player, about five o'clock, when the final tie for the four-handed tennis match was competed for, the prizes, two handsome silver mounted rackets, being won by Mr. Gordon Mackenzie and Mr. A. C. Galt of the Toronto Tennis Club.

The pupils of Miss Ruthven gave a musical matinee on Saturday before a large and fashionable audience, the programme consisting of selections from Mozart and Beethoven.

Col. and Mrs. C. D. Swain of Chicago are visiting in town.

The "At Home" at the Argonaut Club House, took place on Saturday, the usual large number of guests being present. As the building stands on the water's edge, and the ball-room receives all the breezes of Lake Ontario, the dancing occupied considerably more of the attention of the youth of Toronto than the races. From the crews who competed will be picked the junior four to represent the Argonauts in the Annual Regatta in the United States. The prizes, four silver cups were presented by the president, Mr. O'Brien.

The Bishop of Toronto has taken a house for the summer on the Island.

Mme. Judic has announced her intention to retire from the stage next year; but before she closes her professional career she will appear for a season in New York.

REGINA FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT WITH THE M. G. A.

REGINA, JUNE 6TH.

We had a splendid review yesterday, and marched down town, and—so we learned—were much admired by the Reginans. The band on two evenings has played in the square. Some are anxious to get home, as there is no chance of fighting, but many like the North-West. The sky is clear, the air crisp, the prairie like the sea, and Regina is a far more advanced town than one would think.

There is a lady here from Montreal who keeps an hotel, and many of our fellows dine there two or three times a week.

On Thursday there was a dinner at Government House given by the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Dewdney to Col. Oswald—at least he was the guest of the evening. Among the other guests were Mrs. Forget, Major Laurie, Major Atkinson, and Nicholas Flood Davin, all of whom are known in Montreal. There were also Captain Deane, of the Mounted Police, and Mrs. Deane. There are several pretty women here, but they are few compared with the number of men, especially now.

On Saturday night, Col. Oswald, Dr. Cameron and Mr. James Bourn—formerly of Montreal,—acting clerk of Council, were returning from the Police Barracks, where they had been spending a pleasant evening with Dr. Jukes, when they were stopped by a picket and a bayonet turned on them. They were asked for the countersign, and not being able to give it, were marched to the guard-room, where they learned the pass-word, which turned out to be "Davin," and so were able to proceed to their quarters.

A most laughable thing occurred here on Tuesday last. In the morning we were to have had a review for Pie-a-Pot's delectation, but it rained—no review came off. Notwithstanding, in the *Leader* which came out that evening there was a description of the review, and of the impressions it made on Pie-a-Pot and his head men.

The next day the review came off, and Pie-a-Pot and Col. Oswald exchanged head-dresses, Pie-a-Pot giving our Colonel an Indian Chief's cap, and the Colonel giving Pie-a-Pot a forage cap. Pie-a-Pot was much struck with our manoeuvres, but by the drum more than anything else. He felt the drum, and said "Um! Um!" "The next thing he will do," said some one who was present, "will be to say Governor Dewdney promised him a drum."

Once upon a time, so the story goes, a donkey who had been turned into a field crowded with haycocks, starved to death through sheer inability to make up his mind which one to begin his breakfast upon. A parallel case has just come to our notice. A man being taken suddenly ill, rushed up Beaver Hall Hill to consult a doctor, but before he could decide which one to call upon he had breathed his last.

AT EVENTIDE.

When the sun goes down and peace is on the earth
The soul is lost in thoughts of mystic birth;
The heart then feels its happiest, holiest calm,
And sorrow finds a strangely soothing balm—
At eventide! At eventide!
When sweetest fancies longest bide;
When thought can wander far and wide—
At eventide!

When the twilight falls and hides the ling'ring glow
I travel back to scenes of long ago;
I think of thee and of our happy love,
And wonder if thou see'st me from above—
At eventide! At eventide!
When saddest mem'ries longest bide;
When fancy wanders far and wide—
At eventide!

AMARANTH.

BOLTED.

One of the prettiest sights in the world, and certainly the most charming in London, is that of Hyde Park during the height of the season. The Park itself is distinctly a city park, a park in the middle of a densely populated neighborhood, and thus it differs widely from our Central Park, which has been laid out, by designers who could not foresee the growth of New York, rather as a bit of landscape gardening in some country district, to which the dwellers in the town could resort. The Central Park, with its winding roads and paths and its undulations of ground, is undoubtedly more picturesque than anything in the English metropolis, but its very picturesqueness renders it less spectacular than the conventional and stiff plan of Hyde Park. Our rides are lovely, but with rural loveliness; one forgets in them that a city is within a stone's-throw. The London ride is, on the other hand, a parade-ground where all the wealth and beauty and rank of the most populous of cities assemble to see and to be seen. The rider in Hyde Park, it may almost be said, is assisting at a solemn function and taking part in a social duty, and under these circumstances never forgets that the public are not uninterested spectators. In fact, if the curious stranger wishes to see all the celebrities of London, he must go to see the Park. Everything is arranged for his convenience there are chairs on which he can sit, or rails over which he can lean, while he examines the throng which passes before him. The throng may be mixed, but it is splendid and representative. Bishops on steady cobs, ministers of state, popular actors, the lions of the season, ladies of the court and ladies of the stage, hardworking journalists, capitalists who have never been out of sound of Bow Bells, and bronzed pro-consuls who have ruled provinces more populous than many kingdoms, pass and repass before the visitor. Nowhere else in the world are seen together so many good horses or so many good riders. A good Park horse is a species apart; he is not a race-horse, or a hunter, or even a roadster, but he is a thing of beauty. Like his rider, he knows he is on exhibition, and, as Mrs. Gamp says, "behaves as sich." A runaway is comparatively rare, if we consider the number of equestrians of various degrees of skill who may be seen in an afternoon, and accidents are still rarer. The mounted police are numerous,

well mounted, and watchful, and have learned by experience just how to overtake and rescue ladies in the unfortunate position illustrated in our engraving "Bolted." Tife Queen used to be a common cause of accidents to riders, for all had, of course, to give way to her carriages, and she always went at a rattling pace. There is a good deal of riding in the Park at other times than that of the fashionable *promenade à cheval*. Then you see the little ones on their little dears of ponies, fresh young girlish forms not yet in society, staid parents who hate a crowd, and the elderly diners out who find horseback exercise a potent digester.—*Harpers' Bazar*.

Now that we have so many fine horsewomen in Montreal it would be well if riding and driving over our lovely Mountain Park could be made more fashionable, for after all the chief charm about riding, as in everything else, lies in being seen. How many would care to ride in Hyde Park if it were not fashionable; and to be fashionable we must have not only the favored few who ride brave steeds or flash by in brilliant equipages, but also the great many who look on with envious, or admiring eyes from the attitude of shank's mare or a park seat; therefore to make our Park fashionable, we must have some cheaper mode of access than that furnished by a private turn-out or even the ten cent bus, somehow people do not care to be carried up by the bus, but they would walk if there were an elevator to escape the steps. We hope this will soon be established, as a visit to our Mountain Park would be a most healthful amusement, even should we go with no better object than to see our rich townfolk ride by. Let us go with what object we may, it seems to us impossible than any should look down from our beautiful mountain over the great throbbing city, the broad lovely river, the fair expanse of earth and sky without feeling the heart stirred by higher, nobler, purer thoughts, the soul expand to that Great Giver of these inestimable gifts of nature. Do not these narrow city streets contract our souls and cramp our aspirations, till we can think of nothing but the struggle for money, and the luxuries which money can buy, our beautiful mountain points us to heaven, while sheltering our dear ones in the city of the dead. How few can ascend that mountain path without the sigh for "a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

THE PRESIDENT'S SISTER ON TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

MISS CLEVELAND'S IMPASSIONED REJOINER TO REV. DR. HOWARD CROSBY.

"I do not wonder that excellent women, whose husbands or sons have become sots, should advocate total abstinence for every one. We have heard a good woman, whose boy had cut his finger nearly off with a knife, wish that there were no knives in the world; and, if she could have her way, she would have them all destroyed forthwith. It is natural, and a

woman's cry on such an occasion excites our tenderest sympathy. But who will count that an argument?"

The above paragraph from "A Calm View of Dr. Nelson," by Rev. Howard Crosby, D. D., in the Evangelist of March 17, has most pertinaciously haunted me ever since the perusal of the article last evening. That this, above any other paragraph, should most impress itself upon the impressible mind of one emotional woman in particular, or of woman as an emotional creature in general, will surprise no man. It is, as the doctor says, natural; and I am certain that multitudes of women besides myself are to-day smarting under these "calm" words, against the imputation of which every fibre of the woman nature rises up in revolt.

The male animal is very fierce; the female of all genera is very, comparatively and in general, uncombative. But the same science which tells us this tells us also that the mother, among all beasts, in defence of her young, is the fiercest of living creatures. The lioness, under ordinary circumstances, is quite easy of conquest; but the lioness robbed of her whelps, no man or beast cares to encounter. Both these phases of the female nature are undoubtedly "natural." They belong, as Bishop Butler said of certain so-called supernatural phenomena, to the natural, of which there are "two courses," the one ordinary, the other not supernatural, still less superhuman, but extraordinary.

You see, Mrs. Foster, that this "mad dog" you talk about it to be put, by a calm view of the thing as it is, into the same category with cutlery. You have no more real right to "cry" about this unloosed beast, because it may meet your children on their way to school, and may bite one or two of them, than you have to cry out against the manufacture and sale of knives, because your boy cut himself once. The perfectly clear thing is—if you only had head enough to see it—that the manufacture (by fermentation, not distillation) of the mad dog (not very mad, but only some mad) ought to go on, and that one mad dog (of this good kind) for every one thousand people ought to be protected by law from the bullets of hydrophobia haters.

This calm view of "the evil" which—because of some, in fact several, cases of hydrophobia among us—has come to be called by unthinking people "a mad dog," is proven by concurrent testimony of experience, science, scholarship, sound philosophy, and, above all, rightly read scripture, to be a good creature of God. The calmly Christian thing for you to do "on such an occasion" is not to go up and down "crying," but to stay at home and teach your little boys and big boys how a little mad dog's bite is good for them, but a big mad dog's bite is very bad for them.

You ought—if you would only do the thing you ought, instead of the thing you like, to mix up a little wine and water for your little boys at dinner, so that they may early learn the difference between true temperance and this mis-

erable parody on true temperance called "total abstinence," and may be prepared to make a manly protest against drunkenness when they shall be grown up. It is simply silly—yes, while we feel the tenderest sympathy for your sorrow we must say it—it is silly for you to refuse to see that knives and mad dogs are equally dangerous. It is as ridiculous for you to demand that all alcohol shall be banished from the beverages of mankind because this fiery liquor is burning out the manhood (in more ways than by its consumption) of the world, as it would be for you to demand that all the wells should be dried up because men lose their lives by drowning! Alcohol and water are so exactly analogous, if you could but see it, you foolish woman! Your cry is no argument; it were better you should stop your crying.

Dr. Crosby, we cannot, try we never so hard, we cannot defy or deny Nature. God has made us a crying genius. We cannot understand how knives and mad dogs are just alike; we cannot understand why a mad dog should not be killed. We cannot help crying if only one to every thousand human beings is let loose in our streets. These things are too high for us; we cannot find them out. It is not our blame, it is our nature.

And we dare to say that through the pure and unsophisticated nature of the human mother, God's argument against any use of alcohol, except as a medicine, is given to the world to-day.

When the young queen of Austria, pressed on every side by the ruthless oppression of the great Prussian king, fled trembling into Hungary, and with her infant in her arms, her royal crown upon her head, appealed for the protection of her kingdom to her loyal subjects there, those stalwart Hungarian nobles rose in a mass, and, laying their right hands upon the swords at their sides, swore, in a shout whose heroic ring echoes down the years, "Moriatur pro rege nostro, Maria Theresa!" And how they did die all the world knows.

It is not for rhetorical effect, still less for the excitation of the "tenderest sympathy," that I revert to this well-known historical incident. It is that I may call attention to the argument in the cry of those men—for I suppose a man's "cry" may be counted as an "argument." I wish to beg you to notice these words, *rege nostro*. That expression of those Hungarian nobles, our king, Maria Theresa, instead of our queen, Maria Theresa—has been interpreted to represent an idea in their minds to suit the mind of their interpreter. "Woman's Rights" speakers have made them an acknowledgment on the part of those most masculine men, that here was a woman who was more man than any one of them, or all together; i. e., more able to command them, by having more than was kingly in her. Hence *pro rege nostro*, rather than *pro regina nostra*; Chivalrous knights-errant of our day make this expression to indicate the most refined and splendid chivalry in those Hungarian nobles; as if they had said to this threatened and trembling mother, clasping the

future king in her arms, "Never mind now! You shall be just as much sovereign as if you were a king yourself. We will die to make it so; *pro rege nostro!*"

Now, I make this expression to mean neither of these things. I believe that these strong and straightforward warriors roared out these words as the simplest usage to express their most instant and impulsive expression for all that men, as patriots, should die for. I believe that this crowned mother stood to them as the representative of their nationality, their rights, their honor, summing up in her person, as did the ruling sovereign of those days, their country and their country's cause. They formulated in their expression, *rege nostro*, the sentiment which Louis XIV. taught in the words *L'etat c'est moi!* They proved this, for they did fight, and many of them did die; and men do not deliberately die for a beautiful weeping woman—though they love to swear to that effect sometimes—unless there be some worthier object to be gained by their self-devotion. But whether my idea of this be fanciful or not, whether it be calm and logical, whether it be good criticism, I dare not affirm; Dr. Crosby will know. But I dare affirm that the American mother who, to-day, being pressed on every side by the aggression of King Alcohol, confronts American men, the infant in her arms her only sceptre, the motherhood on her brow her only crown, and cries to them for protection of her kingdom, the home, carries in her cry an argument. And I dare affirm—for, thank God! it is a spectacle all may witness—that stalwart warriors, pulling from their scabbards trusty swords, admit that cry to be an argument by their answering shout, "We will fight for our king!"

For we all have a king—even doctors. There is a majesty of right, a royalty of truth, which, in manifold forms, claims our allegiance and argues its claim. God sees in the tearful cry of the bruised and baffled mother, sister, wife, his own argument for the utter extinction of intoxicating beverages, the suppression, root and branch, of the liquor traffic. And in that cry he makes his argument to men.

A chancellor's philosophy, grasping in its mighty sapience cults and sciences which we poor women cannot even name, has as yet failed to apprehend that chemistry of Heaven which distills from a Christian mother's tear the first drop of that mighty gathering storm whose full and final outbreak shall sweep away forever all refuges of lies which, sincere or insincere, bulwark the liquor traffic.

"And the children of Israel sighed by reason of bondage, and their cry came up unto God; and God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant; and God looked upon the children of Israel and had respect unto them."

ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

Whatever may be said about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN SCOTLAND.

WASHINGTON, May 28, 1885.

Editors *Woman's Journal*:

An interesting account of the annual meeting of the Edinburgh Association for the University Education of Women has just reached me. The meeting was held on April 22, and the chair was occupied by the Right Hon. the Countess of Aberdeen, president of the Association. Prior to the commencement of the session, the Edinburgh University Certificate in Arts was presented to the successful candidates.

The presiding officer, in her address, which was most heartily applauded from point to point, spoke of the usefulness of the Association, which is now in its seventeenth year, and "hoped that she should be excused in feeling a pardonable pride when considering the life and growth of the Association, and all that has been accomplished by its means." The Countess remarked that "many of the young men students of the University might feel jealous if they heard the opinions passed by the professors on the equality of the work which they meet with at the ladies' classes." This Association has always laid claim to the right of women to be admitted by the universities to the same classes and the same degrees on the same level as men, and has been unremitting in its efforts, along with other kindred societies, in pushing through the Universities Bill, which will enable the Scottish Universities to deal with the graduation of women. Should this bill become a law, the higher education of women would be recognized by the outward badge of a degree being conferred.

The Countess of Aberdeen refers to the terror which some persons still feel when the subject of the university education of women is mooted, and she says that "it is incumbent in every educated woman to show that her education does not merely mean that she has gained so much knowledge herself, or possibly the power of imparting it to others, or that she is henceforth to devote herself to the main idea of bringing out some literary or scientific work. It may mean all this, but let it also mean that it has so enlarged and developed her mind and reasoning powers as to enable her to be more and more the bright, intelligent companion of father, husband, or brother; to be the mother who not only will know how to draw out the dawning powers of her infant children, but who will realize that her education has conferred no greater boon than the power of keeping abreast of and in touch with her children as they grow up, instead of being left hopelessly behind." She remarks "how strange it is to see mothers whose care of their children is most solicitous, but who seem to forget that there is another time in their lives, when they are passing from boyhood and girlhood into men and women, on which much of their future depends, and when she can only retain influence by being able to enter into and be in sym-

pathy with their studies and pursuits. Are our educated women going to realize that a new power for good on future generations has been entrusted to them in this respect?"

In speaking of philanthropic and religious work, the lady remarks that many such organizations have failed because the head was not cultivated as well as the heart, so that the lack of executive ability was everywhere apparent. The mention of this field of labor shows the need women have of the highest education. The Countess of Aberdeen brings out many fine points in favor of the higher education of women, but a word which she quotes from the Prime Minister will suffice as a close to the statements made. "Education was not meant to raise men and women out of labor, but to enable them to raise labor."

One of the professors present said that he had had the honor himself of teaching in this Association 1,700 lady students. There were 197 students in the various classes, to 305 in the previous year. This falling off was accounted for, however, by the fact that the science teacher had been obliged to give up all instruction on account of illness, so that only the literary classes were kept on.

The Glasgow Association for the higher education of women has, it is stated, every reason to be proud of the work accomplished in its seven years of existence.

GRAHAM.

KEEP THEM CLOSE.

What if a tiny new brother or sister has crept into little two or three-year-old's place, claiming the right to be baby for a while itself, is that any reason that he should be put aside and ignored in all the plays and amusements with which we seek to beguile the new comer? Yet how often have we heard the little child rebuked as he rushed delightedly to join in the frolic with baby sister: "You go 'way Harry, you're not a baby," although he was so little one needed telling to know that he was not. If baby's chin is tickled, Harry laughs joyously with her, shouting 'do it to me too,' but how few there are who will heed his entreaties, and 'do it to him,' though the laughter that would ripple forth as the result of this little effort would be sweeter than music to any lover of children, and provoke in the doer in spite of himself, a feeling of mirth that would be well worth twice the effort. But the majority do not think of that, "Harry mustn't be a baby," that seems to be the chief concern. And if the little fellow is tired and sleepy, and must wait till baby is asleep, before he can be put to bed, he must not cry or fret, or lean his head on mama's shoulder to rest it and feel her comforting love or even lie down on the lounge; that is all too much like a baby. He must sit up "like a little man" and crowd it all down. And if some day he presumes to try the plan of sitting on mama's lap or the arm of her chair, while she holds baby, the little princess will very soon learn to wave him off. If he refuses to obey,

she will resort to her one weapon, of wailing. Then "Harry is a naughty boy to make his little sister cry," and he must go away. At first, baby as he is, he consoles himself with the thought that little sister will be asleep by and bye, and then mama can "coze" him, but he soon finds that mama has so much to do in 'the between times' that he has no chance for a petting in the whole twenty-four hours. About this time the treatment begins to take effect, which differs materially, according to the temperament of the child. One class will develop into jealous, envious churls while yet in infancy, who feel that every one else is loved better than they, and who consider their younger brothers and sisters, and, in time, all others with whom they associate, in the light of usurpers of their rights. The others, whether they be boys or girls, will feel that the love they are longing to lavish on papa and mama is not appreciated, and from very sensitiveness they begin to repress their feelings, that they may avoid the hurts these slights occasion. And they will probably continue in this course until they have developed into what the world calls cold and heartless men and women.

Sad results indeed to ensue from parents' thoughtlessness or selfishness, for with a little care this all might be avoided and justice done to both children from which no harm could possibly result. Why shouldn't Harry join in your little play with baby? Probably she would notice him sooner and understand his way of playing sooner than yours, which would flatter Harry very much, and develop his love for his sister as nothing else could do.

And why not tickle Harry's chin? Isn't it as dear to you as the other? There is no doubt of it, yet you don't act like it. And yet from prattling infancy you teach your boy continually that to repress his feelings and put on indifferent airs, is 'manly,' how can you wonder that as he develops into big boyhood, he should have become enough "like a man" to hide all his feeling for you? It is only in the line of natural development.

Now if it isn't like your ideal 'man' to be a stoic, why do you tell him it is? Again, why isn't baby just as happy when brother is near her mama? Because she is 'just human' enough to want to monopolize her herself. If this course resulted in no injustice to Harry, what kind of a spirit is this to develop in baby? But it does do Harry harm; it robs him of his rightful share of his mama's time that would cost her nothing to give, and in doing this submits him to an injustice that he can not but feel.

Oh, do keep the other children as well as the baby close to your heart. Just as long as possible make them feel that mother is waiting to share every pleasure with them. That she is able to help them over hard places, and is their refuge in any childish trouble. And it is quite possible to so impress this upon the hearts of the children that they can never outgrow it. And when their locks are silvering with age to match your own, mother's loving smile will still be

potent to charm away pain and to soothe the furrows of care from her children's brow.

STEP-MOTHERS.

Of all classes of people on this green earth, the step-mothers seem to have the fewest friends.

People are to be found in plenty who are ready to wail out their sympathy for poor motherless children who are doomed to a "step-mother's cruelty" but no thought is ever taken for the poor woman who is to work and worry for these children as if they were her own—yes far more than if they were hers, for it would never do for a step-mother to deal with the children she marries as we all do with our own. She would be denounced as the most heartless among women, if she dared lay down the rules for the government of her charges that the writer of this little plea in her behalf feels fully justified in doing for her own children. It is for these reasons that we were struck by a paragraph in *The Christian Home*, which stated that the only mother Abraham Lincoln ever knew was a step-mother. And when he had grown to manhood he said of her "All I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel (step) mother." This fact may be familiar to many, but it was new to me, and it occasioned a throb of genuine gratification to discover so noble a tribute to one of this much berated class; for it is no mean honor to step-mothers, that to one of their number belongs the credit of moulding such a character as Abraham Lincoln's. And if one could do such great things, why may we not expect something of other step-mothers. And grant, at least, the same charity in judging their treatment of other people's children that we would if they were their own, for even this is hard judgement unless we assume that natural affection is nothing, and that love has no power to lighten labor.

BOB BURDETTE'S ADVICE.

In his humorous way Bob Burdette continues to give the young men plenty of good solid advice. In a recent lecture he advised every young man to be himself, and not to depend too much upon his family, the dead part. Live men are what the world wants; it has no use for dead ones. Hard work never kills a man. It is fun, relaxation, recreation, holidays that kill. A young man must not be afraid of pounding persistently in one direction. Don't be afraid to be called a crank. It takes a smart man to be a crank. Don't go into professional life without the certainty of rising high. The world is crying for good men who can wheel a trunk, handle a spade, and do similar things. Don't imagine that the world owes a man a living. The world was here a long time before the man of to-day. It did not want him, but it will give him a living if he will work for it. Such advice does not seem to have much fun in it, but Burdette puts it in a mirth provoking shape, makes people laugh, and yet succeeds in leaving a deep impression.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

IF.

If we had known, my darling, what our lives were going to be!
If we'd only known that *parting* was all for you and me.
If I'd only known in parting that thy face I n'er would see;
That these eyes so full of love-light would never more rest on thee.

That the hand I then held closely would be cold in mine some day;
That the lips that were mine at that moment might then be turned away,
That the voice that was love's own music might bring to my heart dismay.
That light from my life would be taken, of sunshine left, not one ray!

Not even a smile from my darling, but only the dream of one.
Only sad memories ever, and forever till life be done!
If I *had* known, my sweetheart, I would never had let you go,
I would have treasured and kept you safely, through weal and through woe.

I cannot say yet, that 'twas better that all this came about,
We are so blind—we mortals—so troubled by cares and by doubts!
And though I have prayed for patience, 'tis a lesson hard to learn,
And I wait and long for our meeting and for my love's return.

But I know that as years roll onwards, no voice, dear love, but thine,
Can wake in my heart sweet echoes, can cause these sad eyes to shine.
And I know that from now till death, dear, there never once can be,
A love more tender, more faithful, than my love was for thee.

M. D. S.

EDUCATION:

INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS OF MOST WORTH?

To tens of thousands that are killed add hundreds of thousands that survive with feeble constitutions, and millions that grow up with constitutions not so strong as they should be, and you will have some idea of the curse inflicted on their offspring by parents ignorant of the laws of life. Do but consider for a moment that the regimen to which children are subject is hourly telling upon them to their lifelong injury or benefit, and that there are twenty ways of going wrong to one way of going right, and you will get some idea of the enormous mischief that is almost everywhere inflicted by the thoughtless, haphazard system in common use. Is it decided that a boy shall be clothed in some flimsy short dress, and be allowed to go playing about with limbs reddened by cold? The decision will tell on his whole future existence—either in illnesses or in stunted growth, or in deficient energy, or in a maturity less vigorous than it ought to have been, and consequent hindrances to success and happiness. Are children doomed to a monotonous dietary, or a dietary that is deficient in nutritiveness? Their ultimate physical power, and their efficiency as men and women will inevitably be more or less diminished by it. Are they forbidden vociferous play, or (being too

ill-clothed to bear exposure) are they kept indoors in cold weather? They are certain to fall below that measure of health and strength to which they would else have attained. When sons and daughters grow up sickly and feeble parents commonly regard the event as a misfortune—as a visitation of Providence. Thinking after the prevalent chaotic fashion, they assume that these evils come without causes, or that the causes are supernatural. Nothing of the kind. In some cases the causes are doubtless inherited, but in most cases foolish regulations are the causes. Very generally parents themselves are responsible for all this pain, this debility, this depression, this misery. They have undertaken to control the lives of their offspring from hour to hour; with cruel carelessness they have neglected to learn anything about these vital processes which they are unceasingly affecting by their commands and prohibitions; in utter ignorance of the simplest physiologic laws, they have been year by year undermining the constitutions of their children, and have so inflicted disease and premature death, not only on them but on their descendants.

Equally great are the ignorance, and the consequent injury, when we turn from physical training to moral training. Consider the young mother and her nursery legislation. But a few years ago she was at school, where her memory was crammed with words and names and dates, and her reflective faculties scarcely in the slightest degree exercised—where not one idea was given her respecting the methods of dealing with the opening mind of childhood, and where her discipline did not in the least fit her for thinking out methods of her own. The intervening years have been passed in practising music, in fancy-work, in novel-reading, and party-going, no thoughts having yet been given to the grave responsibilities of maternity, and scarcely any of that solid intellectual culture obtained which would be some preparation for such responsibilities. And now see her with an unfolding human character committed to her charge—see her profoundly ignorant of the phenomena with which she has to deal, undertaking to do that which can be done but imperfectly even with the aid of the profoundest knowledge. She knows nothing about the nature of the emotions, their order of evolution, their functions, or where use ends and abuse begins. She is under the impression that some of the feelings are wholly bad, which is not true of any one of them; and that others are good, however far they may be carried, which is also not true of any one of them. And then, ignorant as she is of that with which she has to deal, she is equally ignorant of the effects that will be produced on it by this or that treatment. What can be more inevitable than the disastrous results we see hourly arising? Lacking knowledge of mental phenomena, with their causes and consequences, her interference is frequently more mischievous than absolute passivity would have been. This and that kind of action, which are quite normal, and beneficial, she perpetually thwarts, and so

diminishes the child's happiness and profit, injures its temper and her own, and produces estrangement. Deeds which she thinks it desirable to encourage she gets performed by threats and bribes, or by exciting a desire for applause, considering little what the inward motive may be so long as the outward conduct conforms, and thus cultivating hypocrisy and fear and selfishness, in place of good feeling. While insisting on truthfulness, she constantly sets an example of untruth by threatening penalties which she does not inflict. While inculcating self-control, she hourly visits on her little ones angry scoldings for acts that do not call for them. She has not the remotest idea that in the nursery, as in the world, that alone is the truly salutary discipline which visits on all conduct, good and bad, the natural consequences—the consequences, pleasurable or painful, which in the nature of things such conduct tends to bring. Being thus without theoretic guidance, and quite incapable of guiding herself by tracing the mental processes going on in her children, her rule is impulsive, inconsistent, mischievous, often in the highest degree; and would, indeed, be generally ruinous, were it not that the overwhelming tendency of the growing mind to assume the moral type of the race usually subordinates all minor influences.

And then the culture of the intellect—is not this, too, mismanaged in a similar manner? Grant that the phenomena of intelligence conform to laws; grant that the evolution of intelligence in a child also conforms to laws, and it follows inevitably that education can be rightly guided only by a knowledge of these laws. To suppose that you can properly regulate this process of forming and accumulating ideas without understanding the nature of the process is absurd. How widely, then, must teaching as it is differ from teaching as it should be; when hardly any parents, and but few teachers know anything about psychology. As might be expected, the system is grievously at fault, alike in matter and in manner. While the right class of facts is withheld, the wrong class is forcibly administered in the wrong way and in the wrong order. With that common, limited idea of education which confines it to knowledge gained from books, parents thrust primers into the hands of their little ones years too soon, to their great injury. Not recognizing the truth that the function of books is supplementary—that they form an indirect means to knowledge when direct means fail—a means of seeing through other men what you cannot see for yourself; they are eager to give second-hand facts in place of first-hand facts. Not perceiving the enormous value of that spontaneous education which goes on in early years—not perceiving that a child's restless observation instead of being ignored or checked, should be diligently administered to, and made as accurate and complete as possible, they insist on occupying its eyes and thoughts with things that are, for the time being, incomprehensible and repugnant. Possessed by a

superstition which worships the symbols of apprenticeship is needful. Is it, then, that the knowledge instead of the knowledge itself, they do not see that only when his acquaintance with the objects and processes of the household, the streets and the fields is becoming tolerably exhaustive—only then should a child be introduced to the new sources of information which books supply: and this, not only because immediate cognition is of far greater value than mediate cognition, but also because the words contained in books can be rightly interpreted into ideas only in proportion to the antecedent experience of things. Observe next, that this formal instruction, far too soon commenced, is carried on with but little reference to the laws of mental development. Intellectual progress is of necessity from the concrete to the abstract. But, regardless of this, highly abstract subjects, such as grammar, which should come quite late, are begun quite early. Political geography, dead and uninteresting to a child, and which should be an appendage of sociological studies, is commenced betimes, while physical geography, comprehensible and comparatively attractive to a child, is in great part passed over. Nearly every subject dealt with is arranged in abnormal order: definitions and rules and principles being put first, instead of being disclosed as they are in the order of nature, through the study of cases. And then, pervading the whole is the vicious system of rote learning—a system of sacrificing the spirit to the letter. See the results. What with perceptions unnaturally dulled by early thwarting, and a coerced attention to books; what with the mental confusion produced by teaching subjects before they can be understood, and in each of them giving generalizations before the facts of which these are the generalizations; what with making the pupil a mere passive recipient of others' ideas, and not in the least leading him to be an active inquirer or self-instructor; and what with taxing the faculties to excess, there are very few minds that become as efficient as they might be. Examinations being once passed, books are laid aside; the greater part of what has been acquired, being unorganized, soon drops out of recollection; what remains is mostly inert—the art of applying knowledge not having been cultivated—and there is but little power either of accurate observation or independent thinking. To all which add, that while much of the information gained is of relatively small value, an immense mass of information of transcendent value is entirely passed over.

Thus we find the facts to be such as might have been inferred *a priori*. The training of children—physical, moral and intellectual—is dreadfully defective. And in great measure it is so because parents are devoid of that knowledge by which this training can alone be rightly guided. What is to be expected when one of the most intricate of problems is undertaken by those who have given scarcely a thought to the principles on which its solution depends? For shoe-making or house-building, for the management of a ship or a locomotive-engine a long

preparation whatever? If not—if the process is with one exception more complex than any in nature, and the task of administering to it one of surpassing difficulty—is it not madness to make no provision for such a task? Better sacrifice accomplishments than omit this all-essential instruction. When a father, acting on false dogmas adopted without examination, has alienated his sons, driven them into rebellion by his harsh treatment, ruined them, and made himself miserable, he might reflect that the study of Ethology would have been worth pursuing, even at the cost of knowing nothing about Æschylus. When a mother is mourning over a first-born that has sunk under the sequelæ of scarlet fever—when perhaps a candid medical man has confirmed her suspicion that her child would have recovered had not its system been enfeebled by over-study—when she is prostrate under the pangs of combined grief and remorse, it is but a small consolation that she can read Dante in the original.

Thus we see that for regulating the third great division of human activities a knowledge of the laws of life is the one thing needful. Some acquaintance with the first principles of physiology and the elementary truths of psychology is indispensable for the right bringing up of children. We doubt not that this assertion will by many be read with a smile. That parents in general should be expected to acquire a knowledge of subjects so abstruse will seem to them an absurdity. And if we proposed that an exhaustive knowledge of these subjects should be obtained by all fathers and mothers, the absurdity would indeed be glaring enough. But we do not. General principles only, accompanied by such detailed illustrations as may be needed to make them understood, would suffice. And these might be readily taught—if not rationally, then dogmatically. Be this as it may, however, here are the indisputable facts: that the development of children in mind and body rigorously obeys certain laws; that unless these laws are in some degree conformed to by parents death is inevitable; that unless they are in a great degree conformed to there must result serious physical and mental defects; and that only when they are completely conformed to can a perfect maturity be reached. Judge, then, whether all who may one day be parents should not strive with some anxiety to learn what these laws are.

To be Continued.

Florence Marryat has a new lecture on "What Shall We Do with the Men?" Leave them alone, Florence; that's the way. Let all the women go to heaven, where they belong, and leave the earth entirely to the men, who want it all to themselves.

Three Georgia weekly newspapers are edited by women.

"THOS."

CHAPTER XVIII.

It is Christmas morning, calm and clear, the beautiful fresh-fallen snow covers the ground like the pure mantle of charity, which should this morning envelope our hearts.

The house resounds with the happy voices of children, for Santa Claus has brought many wonderful treasures.

"Oh, yes; a merry Christmas surely, when we are all spared to see it," said Grandmamma, after we had exchanged greetings, and taken our places at the breakfast table.

"What a pity Tom could not get away," said I.

"Yes, we should be jollier if he were here," said Len.

"I think my 'man swallowing the goose' is nicer than Tommy's soldiers," remarked Charlie.

"No, me sholders am nicer," cried Tommy.

"No, they nar not," replied Charlie.

"Yes, I say *dey am nicer*," shouted Tommy, who still inclined to assert himself.

"You are surely not going to quarrel on Christmas, children," said I.

"Who can that be ringing the bell so early?" exclaimed Len, and then the dining-room door opened.

"Why, Thos!"—"Uncle Tom!"—"Onkey Tom!"—"Merry Christmas!"—"So glad you've come!"

"There, have I kissed everybody? Hallo! has the baby been promoted to the breakfast table?"

"Only for to-day, Tom. How long can you stay?"

"Can't say just yet," replied Tom, "I guess I have some things in my trunk for you boys. I met an old gentleman on the cars named Santa Claus."

"Why he has been here!" cried Charlie.

"Dess, tumbled down timney, binged lots of sings," added Tommy.

"You don't say so. He got here before me after all. Well, he sent some things by me also."

"We are to have a little dinner to-night, Tom," said I. "You will see some friends."

"Yes, who's coming?"

"Say 'who are' coming," said Len. "We shall have more than one, although you may be interested in one only."

"Don't be so smart," said Tom flushing, but looking very happy.

"You have had Miss Latour in Toronto again, I believe," said I.

"Yes, she was up for a month. Florrie had them over to dinner very often, and as Mrs. Moir was away part of the time, I had the pleasure of escorting them to evening entertainments. But there was another conceited ass of a fellow—"

"Another one!" exclaimed Len.

"Oh, bother, I didn't mean that. This fellow was awfully conceited, but I took him down once. He is a little bit of a fellow, very rich,

and, like all small men, very pompous. He is always smoking, and generally has a cigar almost as big as himself. Gerrie made fun of him, but Mrs. Moir took his part because he was rich. She always sent him with Gerrie, and appropriated me to herself. Of course I did not like that very well, and one night when he was boasting about how much money he spent, and that his cigars alone cost him over a dollar a day, even Mrs. Moir was disgusted, and exclaimed,—

"Oh, you wretched man! How can you waste money like that? Might I ask at what age you began to smoke?"

"Oh, I wasn't more than fourteen!" he replied.

"That is probably the reason that you did not grow any more," said I.

"Oh, Thos! how could you say it?" I asked, laughing heartily.

"Well, don't you think he deserved it?" said Tom, "and you know smoking when young will stop a boy's growth."

"Yes, but what did he say?"

"What could he say? He talked about something else, but Mrs. Moir gave him up after that. She was ashamed to encourage such a conceited little fool; so I had both Gerrie and her to escort afterwards."

"Then Mrs. Moir has given you her blessing, I suppose," said Len.

"No, indeed; she was all the time talking about people who were foolish enough to marry on small salaries; and saying that a girl ought to marry a man much older than herself. Gerrie very coolly told her one day that she would not marry a man older than Mr. Graham."

"That looks well for you, Thos," said Len.

"Oh, no; she only said it to tease her aunt."

"I saw her yesterday," said I, "and she did not know you were coming down."

"No, I did not know myself until last week."

Then turning to Mama, he said quietly.

"I had a letter from Uncle Thomas the other day."

"It isn't possible!" cried Mama. "I sent your address last summer, but he never answered my letter."

"He writes very kindly," said Tom. "His wife is dead, and both her daughters are married,—one of them to an English nobleman, the other to a French count. I guess Aunt played her cards well with Uncle's money. Took the girls to Dublin every winter, and all the fashionable watering places in summer."

"But has he given them the property and all?" I asked anxiously.

"No," replied Tom. "He says he did not give them anything except costly wedding presents. He let them spend as much as they pleased flying about, and took them to Paris himself; where he says they very much resembled the 'Dodd Family Abroad,' and finally the two girls, who were really very handsome, married last summer; and their mother, as though she thought her mission in life accomplished, laid her down and died."

"Then perhaps Uncle will leave you his money after all, now that that wretched woman is dead," I exclaimed.

"Hush, Georgia!" cried Tom. "Don't say a word against the poor woman. Uncle tells me she felt very bad about the way she had treated me, and soon after I left told him all about it, and begged that I might be brought back; but Uncle thought it might do me good to be left to my own resources for a while, and so time passed on; and of late years his wife being delicate all his thoughts were given to her. He says she was really a fine, good-hearted woman, although she confessed she had married him in hopes of getting all his wealth for her children; but she had soon grown really to care for him, and, seeing how badly he felt when I left, she had become ashamed of her mercenary designs, and relinquished them entirely. Her frank acknowledgment of her faults only made Uncle think more of her, and they lived very happily together. Uncle says that he never changed his will, and that we might have known that he would keep the promises he made when I was sent to him, no matter what he had said when angry."

"I wish you joy, old fellow!" exclaimed Len, but a lump of something—it must have been happiness—rose up in my throat, and prevented me from saying anything.

Mama sat quietly crying tears of pure joy. After all, her unselfish sacrifice in parting with Tom was to be repaid, and the dear mother's heart was filled with gratitude.

"Come, don't be lachrymose, Mama," said Tom. "Shall I take you home with me?"

Mama was kissing Tom, and before she had time to answer, Charlie cried,—

"I'll go, Uncle Tom! take me!"

"Me too, me do wif'ou, Onkey!" shouted Tommy.

"Not much! I think I see myself travelling with a couple of imps like you. Come till we see what Santa Claus has sent."

"Bless me, what a lot of luggage!" I cried, finding the hall crowded with trunks.

"Don't be frightened, Georgia, I am not going back at all. I've cut the letter trade. Uncle sent me a cheque for five hundred pounds, and of course I shall go home next summer."

"Will you take any one with you, Tom?" asked Len, slyly.

"Yes, if she'll come," replied Tom, in a soft, wistful tone.

I kissed Tom lovingly, whispering, "I know she will," then added aloud—

"You will come to church with us, and return thanks for your good fortune."

"Oh, yes; if you don't take the children with you."

"No, indeed; I don't believe in church nurseries. It would be cruel to make children of their age sit still, and if they don't they must distract other people."

As we walked home from church I said to Tom—"I am glad the sun shines, I always think it is a good omen."

But Tom smiled as though he thought that, whatever the sun might do, Gerrie would be sure to smile upon him.

After the children's dinner, Tom went off to his wooing: Len and I called "good luck," after him from the door, and the boys taking up the chorus, shouted—"good luck!" "good luck!" till he was out of sight.

To be Continued.

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION.—Must it be deferred to, as heralding a permanent innovation, or should it be resisted as the froth of a temporary craze? The innovation is predestined. It will come, and it will remain; for it is a great social want which is clamoring for it so lustily,—a want out of the heart of the power which created and sustains the schools themselves. You cannot argue it away,—you cannot ridicule it away. Even were it a something utterly inconsistent with the recognized purpose of a school, it would not avert the consummation. It is pleasant to believe that no such inconsistency prevails.—*Supt. H. B. Harrington, New Bedford, Mass.*

Dorothy Dene is the name of a new London beauty who promises to become a rival of Mary Anderson and Mrs. Langtry. She is said to be very beautiful, though still quite young.

Helen Taylor is making an unexpectedly strong canvass in Camberwell, Eng., where she is running for Parliament, and the prospect of another awkward election case is very good.

Princess Beatrice has received from the Isle of Wight Bee-keepers' Association, of which she is the President, a wedding present in the form of a silver bee, whose back and wings are studded with diamonds.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of Iowa, a lady still young and of attractive presence, is among the delegates of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections, at Washington. She is the head of the law firm of Foster & Foster, of Dubuque, the "& Foster" being her husband.

At the private view in the Grosvenor Gallery this year Mrs. Langtry was the observed of all observers. She enjoyed the distinction of being mobbed. It has been remarked with satisfaction that her dress was ahead of the fashions, and that her bonnet was adorned with a brilliant Chartreuse velvet bow.

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