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THE RT.-HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

THE FALL OF GLADSTONE.

The event of the week has been the fall of the Gladstone Ministry, brought about by an adverse vote of the Commons on the imposition of new taxes on beer and spirits, whereas the majority of the House appeared to be of opinion that the war taxes should have been raised on tea. The Government did not go down in its Soudan policy, its weak Russian policy, or any question in which foreign interests or the national honor were involved. The difficulty was purely local, and simply a home question, and one so "common-place" and unesthetic as a question of taxing "the poor man's beer and whiskey." Now, was the triumph over the Government the result of a straight party division. Many Liberals abstained from voting altogether, and some voted with the opposition on this question only; so that a new Government, a Conservative Government, is coming into power without a majority of Conservatives at

its back. This means an early dissolution of the Commons and a general election, the Conservatives hoping to carry a majority of the electors with them in support of a policy yet to be made known.

Few public men have occupied so large a space in the public eye as Mr. Gladstone. Few have shown the possession of such magnificent talents or displayed all the important traits of a grand and noble character. Few have rendered the world such services, whether in the world of ordinary politics, the higher political life, the field of social reform, or in the region of religion or letters. It may be said of Mr. Gladstone that he is one of the best read men that ever lived. He has one of the finest minds that England ever knew. Deeply versed in finance, he made the greatest Chancellor of the Exchequer that England could ever boast of. As an orator he has no superior, while his influence as a public man is even greater in opposition

than when leading a Government. While we do not sympathize to any great extent with Mr. Gladstone's dealings with foreign nations, we cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that "peace with honor" was as truly his desire as it was that of his great rival, Earl Beaconsfield, however far short of this result England may have come. We believe the world recognizes the fact that for a spirited and energetic foreign policy England must look to its Conservative statesmen, while home reforms receive most attention from her public men of the Liberal school. Mr. Gladstone has just given the people of England a large extension of the electoral Franchise; it now remains for a Conservative Government to adopt an attitude towards Russia which will go further to satisfy the pride of England than was the case under Mr. Gladstone's administration. There are many in England, as here, who while regretting the fall of the latter, will yet hail any improvement in England's foreign policy that will make the country more respected abroad.

MAJOR-GENERAL LAURIE.

Halifax, June 7.—Major General Laurie, who is now at Moose Jaw, N.W.T., has made arrangements to reside there throughout at least the best part of the remainder of the year. He has written to his family living on his farm at Oakfield to proceed to Moose Jaw. The supposition is the General is to be placed in command of one of the divisions of the new force now being organized in the North-West.

THE REMONSTRANCE OF WEALTH AND FASHION.

The two memorials to the New York Legislature against woman suffrage, signed by women prominent in the fashionable society and wealth of the city, were thought by the signers and by others as concluding the question by the showing that the women of wealth and fashion do not desire the elective franchise, and do not think it would be good for their sex. The argument is as powerful as that the women of wealth and fashion should protest against the admission of women into any but household employments, because the women of wealth and fashion do not need to work. This remonstrance of wealth and fashion is as intelligent as the remark of the duchess that she did not see why the poor had not enough to eat when so large a cake could be bought for a sixpence.

FASHIONABLE WEDDINGS.

Probably the prettiest wedding of the season was that of Miss May Francis Strathy and Mr. J. R. Stirling, which took place at the Church of St. James the Apostle, on Wednesday the 3rd of June. The sweet young bride is a daughter of Mr. Strathy of 1136 Sherbrooke Street, and "the Pines" London Ont; and sister of the Messrs. Gordon and Alex. Strathy, brokers of this city. The Strathys are of a good old English family, and have always ranked among the leading people of Canada, and Mr. Stirling also belongs to our highest circles. The bride was charmingly attired in lustrous snowy satin embroidered, with pearls, and richly draped with costly lace. Her sister, Miss Strathy, as first bridesmaid, was also most becomingly dressed in white, and shared the admiration of the large assembly of friends who crowded the church, while the three tiny maids, daughters of Mr. Gordon Strathy, were "too sweet for anything," as all the ladies present declared.

It is no wonder that child bridesmaids are becoming so popular since they are so pretty a feature in a wedding party. The little maids wore lovely white Kate Greenaway costumes, and carried large bouquets of sweet flowers. The wedding *dejeuner* was at the family residence, Sherbrooke Street. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Robertson, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, Mr. and Mrs. Paton, the Bishop of Montreal, and the Rev. Canon Ellegood.

Last Saturday morning, Miss Fannie D. Chaffee was married to Mr. T. M. Nelson, Harbor Engineer, at Christ Church Cathedral, by the Rev. Canon Ellegood, assisted by the Rector, the Rev. J. G. Norton. The hour being so early, eight o'clock, the bride wore her travelling dress, a very rich and becoming costume of silk and velvet, with hat to match. The bride's father, Mr. A. B. Chaffee, being manager of the South Eastern Railroad, provided a special drawing-room car in which the whole bridal party accompanied the young couple as far as Newport, where a *recherche dejeuner* awaited them at the Memphremagog House. Quite a novel and pleasing innovation on the usual wedding breakfast. The guests returned to the city in the evening by the same private car, having enjoyed a most delightful trip.

About thirty years ago Canon Ellegood married the bride's father and mother, who are among our most wealthy and highly respected citizens.

The marriage of Miss Matilda Joseph and Mr. H. B. Moor was a very quiet one indeed. The ceremony took place at the residence of the Rev. A. J. Barnes, 112 Union Avenue, and was witnessed by only a few of the nearest friends of the young couple, who drove direct to the depot taking the six o'clock train for Boston.

Lieut. Doherty of the 65th, son of Judge Doherty, is now in command of a detachment guarding Fort Saskatchewan.

Mrs. Annie L. Jack of Chateaugay, who is one of our most brilliant contributors, and widely known as a writer in the best American magazines, was in town on Monday, and accompanied her daughter to the Mendelssohn Concert. Miss Jack, who is a pupil of Professor Bohrer, bids fair to become a brilliant musician, and already excels most girls of her years. Mrs. Jack's second daughter has already become quite famous as an artist, her paintings of Canadian forest bloom being awarded a high position in the Boston Art Museum.

The last meeting of the season of the W. C. T. U. was held on Monday afternoon. There was present Mesdames Corse, Cass, Walker, Baxall, Ohling, Gault, Cowan and Murphy, and the Misses Lunn and Renaud. The society appears to be in a flourishing state, and growing rapidly in influence and good works. The prosperity of the W. C. T. U. means the blessing of Canada.

The funeral of the late Mr. Wm. Moodie, of Cote St. Antoine, was attended by all the most prominent merchants of the city. Mr. Moodie leaves about \$150,000, which is bequeathed to his brother, three nephews and niece.

Mr. Jack Gilmour, our brilliant fellow townsman is drawing crowded houses at the Royal. It seems a pity that Mr. Gilmour should not have the management of a first-class up-town theatre, as he could certainly make it the greatest success in that line that we have ever had in Montreal. Mr. Gilmour has been reared and educated among our best people, and knows their tastes and wants. With him as manager we need have no dread of vulgar, demoralizing plays, such as too often disgrace our city theatres at present.

Miss Edmondson's pretty Opera House continues as fashionable and popular as ever. She is a thoroughly good, pretty and charming young lady, and deserves her success.

The Marquis of Queensberry, who arrived last Monday by the Gallia, and is now at the Brevoort House, intends to remain five or six days in this city, and to spend six months in the country. He will travel across the continent to Vancouver's Island and visit his son, who is an officer on the flagship "Tramp" stationed at that place, spending some time on the Wyoming cattle ranch of his friend, Moreton Frewen, who arrived with him. The Marquis of Queensberry rules in boxing derive their name from his lordship, who in his earlier days was an amateur of the pugilistic art. The marquis is a small man, unpretentious in appearance.—*Home Journal*.

AN EXAMPLE OF GENEROUS UNSELFISHNESS FOR YOUNG MEN.

In these days, when the papers teem with accounts of the misdeeds of young business men and boys, it is pleasant to be able to chronicle some act worthy of approval and imitation. On Saturday the late Mr. John Hendrie being obliged to work in the evening, merely left his office for a short time at six o'clock, soon after his employer, Mr. Bulmer, met him rushing along St. James Street with a box under his arm, during the evening Mr. Bulmer jokingly enquired "Where were you going in such a hurry when I met you, Jack?" to which Mr. Hendrie replied that he was sending off a box by express.

Since then Mr. Bulmer has learned that it was a box of fruit which poor Jack was sending to an invalid friend in the country, where fruit cannot be had at this season.

The relatives of this suffering young man write to say that hardly a week has passed without bringing some kindness from Jack, and after reading the sad news of his death on Monday they felt deeply affected by the arrival of the box on Tuesday morning.

THE FUNERAL OF THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN DROWNED AT LACHINE.

On Wednesday the funeral service over the remains of the late Messrs. John C. Hendrie and John E. Fallon was held at St. Paul's, Dorchester Street. The church was filled with sorrowing relatives and friends, even the aisles, doorways and vestibules being crowded, while the streets in the vicinity of the church were thronged with sympathizing citizens.

The solemn services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Barclay and the Rev. Mr. McKay, and the greatest reverence prevailed. The beautiful rosewood cases were heaped with the lovely floral offerings of friends, the last tokens of love and honor. The chief mourners were the Messrs. Hendrie, father and brother, Mr. Robt. Carmichael, uncle, the Messrs. Monk and McNaughton, cousins of the deceased. The large cortege was made up of our leading business and professional men, many of them being neighbors from Lachine and Cote St. Antoine, where the young gentlemen have resided, and have been held in the highest estimation of all.

We were pleased to see so many fine young men, members of the M. A. A. Association and Lachine Snow Shoe Club, whose sad faces and solemn demeanor proved the tenderness of their manly young hearts.

Of young Mr. Fallon we have not said so much because we have not known so much of him, but those who do know are unanimous in his praise. Indeed with such mothers the young men could hardly fail to be good and true. Mrs. Hendrie and Mrs. Fallon are sisters, and have always been known as good, christian loving mothers. We can accord them no higher praise than to say they were worthy of such sons, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

DACRYMÆ.

Deep in the sea lie drifts of priceless ore,
And rich, rare jewels heap;
Cold break the waves upon the cheerless shore,
And we must weep.

Deep in the wood bloom flowers of elfin store,
Ring lays that lull to sleep;
Drear is the highway weary feet trudge o'er,
And we must weep.

Deep in the heart reign forms our lives adore,
And all that love can reap;
Sad are the words that from our wan lips pour,
And we must weep.

LIANDE.

TORONTO SOCIETY NOTES.

Captain and Mrs. St. Leger, who have been staying in Toronto during the winter months, will sail for England on the 20th.

Miss Mary Brown and Miss Edith Brown, daughters of the late Hon. George Brown, both took the degree of B. A. at the recent University examinations. Miss Brown also taking the gold medal for modern languages.

Mrs. John Beverly Robinson's pleasant afternoon receptions at Government House are to be continued during the summer months.

Mr. Harry Graham, a graduate of the Toronto University, who has just received his degree from the Ann Arbor University, has been appointed Professor of Surgery to the American College at Tarsus, in Asia Minor. The young gentleman who is only 23 years of age, is a brother-in-law of Mr. B. C. Fraser, of the Northern Railway.

Mr. George Hague, Manager of the Merchants Bank, Montreal, is staying at the Queens.

The houses on the Island are beginning to fill up, though the more prudent will retain their town houses until the weather becomes milder.

It is rumored that the name of Niagara, our old well-known watering place, is to be changed back to Newark, the name it held about a hundred years ago.

Hector Cameron, M. P., of Ottawa, is visiting in Toronto.

Madame Cora Giese, and the members of the Boston Quartette Club are in town.

Miss Annie Lippincott, who has been studying with the same master as Miss Arthurs, has also made a successful debut in Italy. Miss Lippincott is the daughter of "Gran Greenwood" of literary fame.

The funeral of Col. Durie, late D. A. G. of Militia, and formerly of Her Majesty's 94th regiment took place here last Friday. Col. Durie, was one of the oldest Militia officers in Canada.

One of the finest lacrosse matches of the season was held in the Rosedale grounds on Saturday afternoon. There were about six thousand people present. The next match will be held in Montreal.

The popular drawing-room waltzes at present, are called the "North-West Mounted Police" and are composed by Mr. S. B. Crozier, father of Major Crozier.

Hon. H. D. Rohan is staying in town. The society of St. John the Divine have sent out a corps of young lady nurses to the front, most of whom are graduates of the New York hospital.

Several fashionable weddings will take place this month.

Mrs. Watson whose readings at the Grand Opera House, the proceeds of which are to go in aid of the volunteer fund, is the wife of Captain Charles Watson, an English officer now seeing active service in the North-West. Mrs. Watson is well-known as a Canadian beauty.

DOMESTIC LIFE.

Speaking of domestic life, how rarely one takes into consideration the whole complex nature of it, judging that it is an affair of pots and kettles, of eating and drinking, of lying down and rising, sweeping and dusting; and though, to be sure, these are the frame-work upon which it hangs, so to speak, they are not its essence. A domestic life is not necessarily one of drudgery, a perpetual devotion to the fire-god, a continual opening of oven doors and watching of boiling pots. It is rather, a life of unity, in which each part is subservient to the whole, of which no part is mean and insignificant, since the whole being the science of living, and life a gift from God, it follows that no fraction of it is beneath our attention. It is the old story of the convertibility of things.

"The flowers of the meadow, little Isabel, to-day are blue flowers, and to-morrow will be honey." The labor of the present insures a future holiday; so the graceful amenities of the household—duties fitly performed—make up the sweetness of life; and how can those duties become graceful that are done in a spirit of protest? Let us believe that whatever our hands find to do is our own appointed work, selected from the beginning, be it homely scrubbing, or calculating eclipses and the orbits of planets, and then we shall forget to reproach circumstances and to work with the finger-tips. One-half the shabby housekeeping in the land results from the feeling that we were made for better things. If we were, life would show it. Circumstances never defy God's purposes. He is in the circumstance; and in all His worlds what better, what grander thing could He appoint us to do than to resolve the discords of domestic life into perfect harmony? To be sure, housekeeping reminds us somewhat of Aladdin's wonderful lamp, since for every wish granted one must rub—for so much work, so much reward; so many trials and reverses, so much experience funded for future use. Nothing is lost, since it is an affair which converts its own waste into profit, and fashions its failures into successes.

"I thought it was such a fine thing," said Laurette the other day, "to be married and have a house of one's own; but, oh dear! it is nothing but care, care, care. The servants are cross and incompetent; the children fret; the roast

is overdone; the vegetables are underdone; the ironing drags; the whole thing is topsyturvy. What fools girls are to get married!" "And Laurette?" I mildly suggested.

"I could not endure so much for any one else; that is all."

And here lies the gist; love lightens the most difficult labors. What we would not, perhaps could not, do for ourselves we gladly do for another. That is no drudgery which helps to make the world agreeable to the beloved; and thus domestic life exists for the education of bodies for time and souls for eternity. It is no merely transient business, which we may perform in a slipshod manner, or even leave undone, and hear no more about. It is like the web in the weaver's loom, and bears witness to every inattention, to every shade of carelessness or indifference; or else it shows a pattern as sublime and splendid as the stars in their courses.

"It is very well to preach," says Laurette at my elbow; "but when Laurette is waiting for his breakfast, and must catch the train, and the fire won't burn, and the coffee refuses to boil, and the servants give warning, and baby bumps his head, where does the splendor come in? How can you resolve such chaos into harmony?" Well, I shall suppose that Laurette lends a helping hand; that because things are twisted he doesn't mean to make them worse by sulks and sarcasms on the incapacity of women; that every thing does not depend upon his catching this particular train; that he knows how to put up with discomfort for a season; how, even, to make a jest of it to serve at more successful repasts; in short, that domestic life is not simply the agonies and mistakes of one poor little body, but a partnership of interests and a sympathetic interchange of helpfulness and forbearance.

All the virtues, all the excellences, are the natural efflorescence of domestic life. There the elements of greatness combine and act—for one may be great in small issues, as all the world knows; there temperament moulds temperament, will meets will, and clashes or submits. It is the school of the world, from which we all graduate with more or less of honor, with more or less of high mindedness and submission to high ideals, according as the school has been well governed, according as its practice and precepts have been noble, as it has furnished us models of pure benevolence, of sincere endeavor, of patient unselfishness.

There are some homes which seem pervaded with an atmosphere of repose; where domestic life is like a melody, worn old, perhaps, but associated with sweetest reminiscences. It may not be a wealthy home, it may merely afford "a genteel sufficiency," or even a shabby gentility; but the tune never loses tone or descends to discords. And there are other homes where it is one hurry and skurry from morning till night; where the china drops into fragments at a touch; where the bread is sour, the cake heavy, and everything at loose ends; where

plenty masquerades in the garb of poverty; where there is waste instead of economy; because their domestic life is a thing of low aims and petty ambitions, does not move equably toward order and happiness, and is unrelated to the suggestion that this life is but the human phase of the heavenly condition, where we shall form one harmonious family, moved by one aspiration, informed with never-failing love.

The Rothschilds deserve well of the Parisians. They spend their money royally. There is not, says a correspondent of the *San Francisco Argonaut*, a more hospitable house in the city than that of the Baron Alphonse in the Rue St. Florentin. The Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild—a daughter of the London branch of the family—is a charming woman and a perfect hostess, and, although a grandmama, has retained a fair amount of good looks. Baron and Baronne Adolphe de Rothschild give dinners of a dozen covers a week throughout the season, in the handsome dining-room on the first floor, which is opposite the picture-gallery, now and then also a more splendid entertainment (to which a large number of guests are invited) in the grand hall downstairs, and the mansion in the Parc Monceaux is often still ablaze with light hours after the gardens have been plunged in darkness. Authors, pressmen, artists and musicians are often bidden to these feasts. The Baroness Nathaniel is also a good friend and patron of literature and art, besides being an artist of no mean order herself. Her cousin, the Baroness Solomon, is a widow, and for many seasons past her house has only been open to a few private friends; but this year she sent out invitations for a grand ball, covered in part of her garden, installed an orchestra in the gallery of the great hall and opened up a series of crimson and white drawing-rooms worthy of a palace. Mlle. Helena de Rothschild is sole daughter of her house and home, and as such somewhat despotic. These festivities were given in her honor, and are, so they say, to be repeated in a week or so. The heiress is not after the usual pattern of young ladyism here. She has a suit of apartments of her own, eight horses for her separate use, is passionately fond of riding and driving, is in the habit of running down to Frascati's every now and then (under the chaperonage of a governess) and when in town entertains her girl friends quite independently of the baronne in her private dining-room, or in the salle d'armes—a room hung around with trophies of arms—which she particularly affects. *Home Journal*.

The Princess Lidi Dolgorouki, the daughter of the late Czar'smorganatic wife, has created a sensation in Berlin society by appearing in public as a violinist. A special to the *Mail* says, upon being reproached for disgracing herself, she replied that she did not consider it a disgrace, and that she had a royal relative in England who played on the fiddle.

Trafalgar Square and Hyde Park are the two great places of meeting for the London populace, when any political or social problem has excited them to assert the peculiarly British privilege of public speech. The latest exhibition of this character occurred the other day, when many thousands of men assembled to make a demonstration against the increased duties on spirits and beer, proposed by the chancellor of the exchequer. In a mob of this character there are three classes of citizens; the smallest is that having any interest in the proceedings; another is composed of a noisy element of rowdies and roughs, who want to have some fun and make it a little hot for the police; whilst the third and largest is the crowd, who merely go to see what is going on. The police are always in such small numbers as to be practically useless.

In the course of his recent Budget Speech the English Chancellor of the Exchequer told the House of Commons that he had received several hundred of proposals to tax cats, soda-water, photographs, bicycles, advertisements and even christian names. The last proposal is deliciously simple; it would embrace everybody without distinction, and each would contribute at baptism a share towards the defrayal of his country's expenses. But what would be the rate. A baby with the small name of John could not be charged as much as another named Jonathan. A penny per letter used in the name might answer, and it should apply to the Royal Family, who have more christian names each than would suffice the full members of an ordinary family. After all, taxation may be the right answer to Shakespeare's conundrum, "What's in a name?"

The Japanese government seem to be a very moral assembly; they would not permit a lottery of the unsold articles at the closing of the National Exhibition. Some of the first-class western powers might do well to analyze the reasons which prompted the Mongolian mind to such a course of morality. Taxes may be state robberies, but lotteries are state swindles and open theft is far preferable to Greek trickery.

The injury done in many a school-room by coarse, ill-natured sarcasms is incalculable. It is a cowardly, we had almost said brutal, thing for a grown man,—the gentler sex we may hope are not often guilty in this respect,—to take advantage of his superiority in knowledge or position, by indulging in ungenerous taunts and heartless sneers. Yet which of us has not often heard the thing done? Which of us has not to blush at the recollection of having ourselves sometime been guilty of the meanness?—*Canada School Journal*.

This is a meanness which flourishes in some of our Montreal schools. When a teacher ridicules the ignorance of a pupil he only proves his own ignorance of the first principles of his profession.

THE MISTRESS OF THE WHITE HOUSE TO GIRLS.

The following is an extract from an article by Miss Elizabeth Cleveland; "I wish some strong, bright angel stood before you just now, while you read, girls, to flash before you, as no words of mine can, the power you possess to help or to hinder the cause of temperance; to make you feel your responsibility, because you are girls, in this matter; to shudder at its weight, and to never cease trying to fulfil it. Doubtless you have heard a great deal about the value of your smiles; but do you know the value of your frowns? I wish I could make you feel the value of your frowns and the importance of knowing just what to frown upon. What a man must do by a blow a woman can do by a frown. When the time comes that the young man who now shares his time in your society and the saloons; who jokes about temperance in your presence, and takes a glass, socially, now and then, is made to feel that these things cannot be if you are to be his companion at party, ride or church; that good society cannot tolerate these things in its members; in short, that this kind of man is unfashionable and unpopular, then alcohol will tremble on its throne, and the liquor-traffic will hide its cancerous face."—*Portland Herald*.

A VERY FOOLISH BEAST.

Once upon a time a donkey fell into a deep hole, and after nearly starving, caught sight of a passing fox, and implored the stranger to help him out.

"I am too small to aid you," said the fox, "but I will give you some good advice. Only a few yards away is a big strong elephant. Call to him and he will get you out in a jiffy."

After the fox had gone the donkey thus reasoned: "I am very weak for want of nourishment. Every move I make is just so much additional loss of strength. If I raise my voice to call the elephant I shall be weaker yet. No, I will not waste my substance that way. It is the duty of the elephant to come without calling."

So the donkey settled himself back and eventually starved to death.

Long afterwards the fox, on passing the hole, saw within it a whitened skeleton, and remarked: "If it be that the souls of animals are transmigrated into men, that donkey will become one of those merchants who can never afford to advertise."

A BLUNDER.

"Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who was preaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night—torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of twenty-four years." "Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

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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.

The Week, when it chooses can write as well against as for a question; but the happy trick of writing well does not constitute argument. To say that Herat is not in any way the key of India is to directly insult the best intelligence of ancient and modern authorities on Central Asian politics. Sir Henry Rodes Green, K.C.S.I., is the only authority the *Week* mentions in support of its historically untrue assertion; but the glorious fact of being a Major-General does not entitle Sir H. R. Green to demolish such men as Lord Houghton, Sir H. Rawlinson, and Vambéry, all of whom are thoroughly convinced of the great importance of Herat as the key of India. The *Week* has no reasons, outside the general statement of Sir H. R. Green, to adduce in support of its untenable assertion. From economic, ethnical and military grounds Herat is the most important position in Afghanistan from an Indian outlook. It has a population of over one million. It has been the great centralizing point of Indian invaders in the past, and a

constant source of trouble to the Afghan Ameer in modern times. Russian travellers and military commanders have justly estimated Herat to be the most important position in Central Asia, and Russian diplomats are doing all in their power to gain its possession. Such a loss to Afghanistan would place in jeopardy the Indian North-West, but the *Week* does not believe it on account of a fanciful Jingo ring in the assertion.

The Week, in attempting to play the middle man between Lord Melgund and Colonel Otter is like the unfortunate party between two stools. The astute writer wishes to show that the Indians, although they had committed depredations, had not gone upon the war path against us on their own account. They had merely joined the half-breeds, and therefore should not be regarded as belligerents. They had massacred a few people, and taken away white women to a fate yet doubtful enough to excite our greatest anxieties; yet to engage in hostilities with them would be absurd. There is nonsense, and nonsense only in this style of writing. If the *Week* means to sympathize with Poundmaker and his horde of ignorant and irresponsible savages, let it declare its policy at once. It cannot play Indian and Canadian at the same time.

In answer to the *Week's* usual raving against Imperial Federation, we would ask whether any practical plan has ever been evolved from the womb of political thought which was not preceded by a vague idea of its desirability? Is not necessity the mother of invention? It is something gained if the *Week* endorses the *Scottish Review's* opinion that with the vague idea of the necessity of Imperial Federation, the plan of practicability will come in due time. *Festina lente*. It will be better for not being hatched too soon. The *Week's* opposition is a sure sign that it is dreaded in the political minority which delights in belittling the British Empire and insulting its monarch.

The Week is not exactly correct in its opinion "that the scientific spirit as it gains ground will extend its influence to the political sphere and bring the irrational violence more under the control of reason." The scientific debate is not of so pacific a nature as the *Week* wishes to suggest. Darwin had to submit to the most indelicate ridicule at the hands of many of his opponents. I have heard the most heated discussions at London scientific societies occasion the use of personalities between theorists, which might have occurred in the political arena of verbose vulgarity. Party is as much represented among scientists as among politicians and unless a man can sink his own individuality and that of his opponents, he will as certainly become vituperative over an anthropological theory as a political question. Human nature is much the same everywhere.

The Week is again in error when it tries to undervalue the power of the London press in English affairs. The leading London dailies are scattered all over England during the same

day, and are the recognized voice of the nation in foreign lands. The Northern and Western papers, which have a certain influence, with the inhabitants of certain sections through the record of local items of interest, have no more to do with the moulding of public opinion at large than has the *Scottish American* with the voters at Canadian Elections. Jingoism is asserted by the *Week* to be the special product of the London Clubs and Music Halls. How little the erudite writer knows of his subject. Jingoism is the patriotic sentiment of an angered nation, and its resolutions are recorded in every large city and town in England, and taken into the villages by the rustic visitors on their return. The *Week* should confine itself to matters which it understands and not meddle with subjects which ignorance cannot turn to an adverse use even by the most ingenious argument.

America is to be visited by the 13 year and 17 year locusts this summer. It has been ascertained that these insects remain for the period which gives them their respective names underground in a state of larvæ, and has a very gradual development. A record of their devastating performances has been kept since 1715; but no means has been yet discovered to exterminate the voracious visitors.

The Queen of Germany has acted nobly in the interests of humanity by offering a prize of \$1,000 and a gold medal for the best model of a moveable ambulance barracks, suitable for the battle field or for epidemics. The regulations for the competition are well drawn up and the models sent in will be shown at the Antwerp Exhibition, September 10-20, 1885.

It may be interesting to our cricketers and baseball players to know that a ball struck at an angle of twenty three degrees is projected the greatest distance, the projecting power being the same at all angles. This might be also useful to prize-fighters and wife-beaters.

The agriculture of Japan affords a curious piece of instruction. Owing to the volcanic formation of the islands, the entire arable land is estimated at only 11,215,000 acres and this feeds 37,000,000 people. Rice is a leading cereal; but wheat, barley, beans, potatoes, etc., are raised in good quantity. The implements used are primitive; but steam plows are finding their way with other modern improvements. The irrigation is in most instances artificial, owing to the nature of the land.

Now that Canada has the Indian question again forced upon her by a rebellion, it would be well if her Statesmen would practically solve the problem. The Indians who have left their reserves to join the Metis should not be allowed to re-occupy them. Their land should be confiscated and their rights and privileges

abrogated. A strong cordon of police should be drawn and a series of forts erected on a line to be fixed north of the Saskatchewan; beyond which the savage should not be allowed to step. It is necessary that some such energetic action should be taken, or Canadian History will tell of a series of Indian revolts. Left to themselves they would gradually die out, and sentiment should not overreach common sense, which, in an age of progress, must look upon the Indian's extinction as a simple matter of evolution.

BANK CLERKS.

The absconding of the former cash book keeper in the Bank of Montreal, very forcibly shows that Canadian Bank Clerks occupy a false position in society. They are elevated by the mistaken kindness of leading families into a sphere for which their salaries are totally inadequate. They are brought into associations which they are not justified in maintaining. Introduced into the fashionable society of a large city, they become ambitious to keep pace with the possessors of fortunes, and often become seriously involved. They give themselves airs, which would suit them better if they could depend upon a private income instead of a miserable salary. To see these young swells lording it about town one might mistake them for a new Canadian aristocracy; to hear them talk they might be regarded as the owners of unlimited wealth.

Now there is no doubt of the utter hollowness of this pretentious folly. It is a phase of snobbery, a fraud, a sham! The young fools who consent to occupy a place for which their real worldly status does not fit them are not so much to blame as the stupidity that characterizes our society in permitting such an anomaly. Let these clerical gentlemen be relegated to their proper position; if any are clever, they will or should be recognized; but if their only pretention to the company of the wealthy is their commercial position as bank clerks, let them be kept in their places, as are dry goods or grocery clerks, for there is little distinction. Society is responsible for the inducements it offers to young men to plunge into debt.

A recent cable states that there is an ill feeling in Austrian official circles against England. It will matter little to the latter power whether the report be true or not. England may rest certain that the Magyar element in Austria, who are bitterly opposed to German officialism at Vienna, are warm friends of the tight little island. Andrassy and Gladstone were not very good friends; the former had too high an opinion of the Disraelian theory of politics to suit the present premier. But the chief reason why Austria is harmless is in the divers peoples and parties composing its nominal unity. Racial and religious differences are greatly against any real amalgamation of its members, and Hungary is not apparently altogether despairing of a separate existence.

Russia seems to be creating trouble in Kashgar. Of course, it is represented as a Turkistan revolt against Chinese authority. It is always Russia's way to prepare a rebellion by secret agencies in an adjoining territory and then step in herself and annex it in the name of civilization. There is evidently a deeply rooted desire in Russia to spread over the Asian continent. It was the dream of Peter the Great, and the famous will was merely a forged repetition of the monarch's well-known sentiments on political and military matters. Should Russia be able to carry out her design, which is traditionary, Russian Asia will become Asian Russia and then perhaps her greed for land will be satisfied. The British government would do well to cultivate relations with Peking and endeavor to restrain Russia's designs upon her extreme East.

If it be true that the Khan of Burdukshan has concluded a secret treaty with Russia, the Ameer of Afghanistan will lose the support of over 60,000 people. Burdukshan is a tributary province of Afghanistan; the Khan of this district preferring to pay tribute to the Ameer rather than to be subjected in 1859, after he had conquered Balkh, Kuhl and Kunduz. Little is known of the province beyond the evidence of Ferrier, Wood, Burnes, and Vambury, from whose accounts it is a territory of considerable fertility and resource. It is more than likely Russia is endeavoring to alienate these tributary dependencies of the Ameer in the hope of creating internal disorders, facilitating her own designs on Afghanistan.

The report of the vandalic acts at the Royal Academy Exhibition in London, whereby sixty pictures and some statuary have been defaced, speaks little for the guiding wisdom of the famous forty. Surely it should not be a difficult matter to prevent visitors from touching the objects of art in the galleries. A railing at a few feet distance and a custodian at each corner of the room would secure the necessary immunity from danger. It is a matter of regret that the labor of months should be allowed to be ruined by want of the most simple precautions. If artists have to risk their works in such a manner, the Royal Academy will not have many pictures to refuse.

Mr. Lowell has probably been the most popular minister sent to England by the United States. His position in contemporary literature has doubtless made him so, and that the English people place him high amongst poets has been constantly shown by the numerous times they have asked him to unveil the busts and statues of England's own minstrels. His last public act was the unveiling of the poet Gray's bust at Cambridge, when he made his farewell speech. After the duties he has so long and ably performed, it is to be hoped Mr. Lowell will find time to add to the beautiful poems he has already written.

The French Government evidently regard the Parisian populace as likely to go mad at the sight of the red flag, as the bull does at the red cloak of the matador. There is, no doubt, a strong communistic spirit among the lower classes of Paris. Poverty is great, labor is scarce, and it is some time since any civil fighting has been done in the gay capital. If the Deputies imagine that the police ordinance against the public display of the red flag will conquer communism they show a very shallow knowledge of their fickle countrymen.

The German authorities have forbidden the proposed performances of Mme. Bernhardt in Metz and Strasburg in June. The divine Sarah is too thoroughly French for the Alsatian authorities' taste. She would perform in her native tongue and produce French plays, some perhaps of a character not wholly suited to the political status of the conquered province. She is also afflicted with Teutonophobia to a great extent, and has already been the direct cause of small unpleasantness between the French and German officials on several occasions.

A TESTIMONIAL TO BIG BEAR.

A great throb of joyous relief has passed through the hearts of Canadian women on reading of the escape of Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock, and their statement that all the women prisoners had been treated with respect and kindness.

Were the punishment of Big Bear left to us it would likely take the form of a testimonial for the humanity he has displayed. Certainly, Peter, John Pritchard, and others, who protected the ladies should receive some testimonial from the women of Canada.

AMERICAN INDIAN ATROCITIES.

When we read the shocking stories of the Indian atrocities across the frontier, we can only thank God that Canada has been spared such heart-sickening sorrow. Yet we grieve for our dear neighbors as deeply as though they were our own country folk. The prayers of both countries should never cease to ascend until Heaven inspires our legislators with wisdom to guide and restrain these dreaded savages of our western lands.

Our Indians have certainly proved themselves less savage than those across the border, which certainly seems to imply that they have been better treated, and have less grievances to redress.

Perhaps if we gave more to Indian missions we should not be obliged to spend so much on Indian rebellions.

The words of Mrs. Gowanlock seem to us a sermon in a sentence. She says "the Indians were restrained from ill-treating the women by being told that the whites never did so." The power of good example, the power of kindness, the power of love for humanity—these are the levers that most easily move the world.

ODE TO No. SEVENTEEN.

Aline!
I ween
Of my heart she is the queen,
Not a moment quite serene
Have I passed since her I've seen,
I ween,
Aline.

And why?
That eye,
Is it not the cause? I sigh
In vain its weird charm to fly,
Yes, I think I may reply,
That eye,
Is why.

But stay
I say?
May it not have been the way
That the wind, in wanton play,
Blew that wicked bang astray,
I say?
Yes, stay,

Who knows?
Suppose
That those teeth in pearly rows
Were the cause of all my woes!
Or the lips that o'er them close!
Suppose!
Who knows?

A mind
Refined!
Perhaps for this I am inclined
To follow in worship blind
This paragon of her mind,
Refined!
Her mind.

'Tis clear
She's dear,
But I'm much inclined to fear
To her heart I'm not as near
As she to mine—excuse a tear?
She's dear
'Tis clear?

Aline!
I ween
That with maidens just sixteen
I before in love have been,
Still my heart for you is green,
I ween
Aline!

COUSIN JOE.

RECENT WEDDINGS.

RAMSAY AND GARRISON.—Miss Estelle Garrison, daughter of the late William R. Garrison, to the Hon. Charles Maule Ramsay, of England, son of the late Rear-Admiral, the Earl of Dalhousie, and only brother of the present and thirteenth Earl of Dalhousie, Thursday, May 28, at "Re-Tellach," the cottage of the bride's mother, Elberon, N. J., at mid-day, by the Rev. Dr. Benjamin Franklin, of Shrewsbury, N. J. The bride was given away by her little brother, William R. Garrison. Best man; Alan Johnstone. Ushers: Thomas Maitland, P. Granfell, Gould Hoyt, William Benninger, George Pollock and Perry Belmont. The ushers were followed in the bridal procession by three little girls, "Baby" Garrison, eight years old; Ethel Hurst and Edith Dana Jones, who were dressed in white silk and lace and carried daisies, white carnations and lilies-of-the-valley, and were decorated with diamond thistles, the wedding favors given by the bridegroom. The ceremony took place in an alcove at the extremity of the wide entrance hall, before which an altar was erected, beneath a floral bell. The fire-places

and arches of the hall were profusely adorned with flowers. Bridal costume, cream-white satin and velvet in stripes two inches wide; corsage décolleté, without sleeves; skirt covered with point lace, which in front hung in a single flounce from beneath slight hip-drapery of silk, and fell in the back from a full drapery down upon the train, which was very long and wide; veil of the same lace, attached by a cluster of orange blossoms; bouquet of orange blossoms tied with wide satin ribbon. After the ceremony a wedding dinner was served. The bride's cake was cut with appropriate ceremonies, after her health had been drunk in champagne from the private vineyards of the Marquis Chandon de Brialles, her brother-in-law. Two Scotch pipers, clad in the Dalhousie plaids, marched three times around the table playing Scottish airs, and subsequently played appropriate airs, to which the younger portion of those present danced contra dances. Souvenirs were received from the Marchioness of Lansdowne, Lady Melgund, and the Countess de Brialles of France. The bride and groom left by special train at four o'clock on their wedding tour.

Among the guests were Horace Hellyer, of the British Legation; Mrs. Dana-Jones, Mrs. Craig, the Misses Estitt, John Jay, Mrs. William Astor, Mr. and Mrs. A. Belmont, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Northcote, Mr. and Mrs. Delancey Kane, Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Rives, Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan Winthrop, Mr. and Mrs. George Cavendish Bentinck, Colonel and Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Warren, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Howland, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Travers, Sir Roderick Cameron, Miss Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Bonaparte, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Woolsey, Mr. and Mrs. Heckscher, Miss Heckscher, Miss May Bird, Miss Benninger, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo Fritsch, General Hancock, Miss Adele Grant, Mrs. Grant, General and Mrs. McClellan, Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Remsen, J. V. Parker, the Marquis of Queensberry, Miss Don Cameron, the Misses Estill, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dana-Jones, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. Frank White, Miss West, daughter of Minister West.

A GOOD MOTHER.

"One good mother," says George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstone to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example, the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy.

A DAY IN MULL.

"The night had been rainy, but fair was the morning,
Bright shone the sun, comely nature adorning,
Sweet bloomed the daisy yon bonnie summer morning,
And fragrant the green dewy plain,"

When we steamed out of the lovely bay of Oban. From the deck of the "Clansman" we looked back on the bonnie town so hallowed to us by dear and tender ties; again on the moss-grown ruin of Dunolly Castle which had long been an object of interest to us. Away by the island of Kerrara we came into full view of the mountains of Mull. Benmore towering above all others, and over the merry waves we swept in and out among "Beautiful bens with their roots in the sea," that in their loneliness suggested to our minds the dwelling-place of fairies, pixies, or any other hobgoblin that the mind of man has invented to disturb the otherwise careless, happy heart of youth. A fairy-land it seemed as we went forward under skies that for artistic beauty cannot be surpassed in any clime, a slight breeze was blowing. The ruffled waves danced merrily, flushed with the golden sunlight. Approaching Craigmore, the ferryboat ran out to meet us—a huge row-boat painted red, manned by two sturdy Highlanders, and as it shot rapidly over the waters towards us the "Clansman's" passengers leaned eagerly forward to scan this novel, and interesting sight. At one end stood a handsome youth in full Highland dress, some half dozen sheep occupying the other, while in the middle were piled boxes and hampers of game. A few moments were occupied in an exchange of cargoes. As we continued our journey we had ample time and opportunity for studying the physical features of these Western Highlands and Islands, and with the "Tales of a Grandfather," fresh on our minds, viewed with deep interest the noble ruins that here and there grace the landscape. We were again met by a ferryboat whose cargo varied a little from the former, consisting of young ladies and cattle, and after taking all on board very soon came in sight of the pier at which we intended disembarking. In the beautiful pure atmosphere of these parts we imagined the run across to be about a mile and a half, but were informed there were eight miles between us and our destination. Every moment was passed in watching the receding hills and glens on either side, and only the stopping of the steamer roused us from the delightful reveries we had been indulging in, while peopling in imagination the grey old ruins with warrior chiefs and their as-warlike retainers. We were soon in the car, which in charge of old Donald had been waiting our arrival, and were wheeled briskly along towards the village which is only a short distance from the pier. A pretty gothic inn stands at the corner, opposite that a quaint looking church, and for a short distance the sides of the road are dotted by cottages, whose roofs are thatched with heather, or with straw deepened into richer tints by the weather. In front of the windows and as high as the eaves grow fuschias, something one hardly expects to see

in this Northern latitude. The road into which we had turned, and which constitutes the Main Street of the village, runs between the hills and the sea, yellow furze bushes, primroses and wild hyacinths lined the road-sides. A magnificent cock pheasant darted over the road and hid himself among the tangled whins and hazel, and farther on a huge Irish hare scampered along the road sending us almost into convulsions of laughter at his grotesque appearance, which so much resembled that of an overgrown boy hopping on his hands and feet. Basking in the sunshine still farther on stood a herd of saucy-looking and pretty little Highland cattle, and when we had thoroughly admired them, old Donald, with great pride, told us that some time before, the famous animal-painter, Rosa Bonheur had come here to select a pair, which she did from a herd of forty, the bright little lady going fearlessly from one to another till satisfied in her object. The car had now stopped at a gate by which we entered, and crossing a park came into full view of the grand old hills that lie around Ben Talla, with his two spires, between which on the summit lies a lake, stood majestic and sublime. Away to the North towers Benmore, one of the highest mountains in Scotland, and at the foot of which the Duke of Argyle has a shooting lodge. We now approached another gate, and entering, passed through a small pretty wood to the door of the old house which nestled at the foot of the hills, its walls covered with ivy and the beautiful scarlet tropiolum. Here we received a real Highland welcome. After partaking of lunch we again sought the glorious air to gaze on the charming scene that lay before our view—Morven, reflected in the glassy sea, with Funery, the birth-place of the distinguished Dr. Norman MacLeod. Here he wrote his "Farewell to Funery" when a mere lad, and on the eve of departure for college, and as we look on this Morven picture we are reminded of the words of the popular West Highland song.

"With pensive steps I've often strolled,
Where Fingall's castles stood of old,
And listened while the shepherds told,
The legend tales of Funery.

I've often paused at close of day,
Where Ossian sang his martial lay,
And grieved the sun's departing ray,
Wandering o'er Dun Funery.

A thousand thousand tender ties,
Accept this day my plaintive sighs,
My heart within me almost dies,
At thought of leaving Funery."

Noble youth, what wonder though it did. What fascination in those hills, that sea, this air that we breathe, the mist crowning the hills, the corrie that leaping and roaring down the mountain side sparkles and flashes in the sun, the rainbows that fitfully arch themselves over sea, or corrie, or burn, and the mountains grand and venerable that take such fast hold of our affections and memories as time cannot efface. With the intention of shewing us a little of the island we were again requested to take our seats in the car, and about a quarter of a mile down the road by which we had come, arrived

at a church now a ruin. Entering it, we were surprised at its size, not being larger than an ordinary bedroom. Nothing remained of its interior excepting two perpendicular stones, supposed to have been brought from the Cathedral at Iona, one of these being a representation of the Virgin and child, on the earthen floor were two or three grave stones of peculiar design, a pair of scissors covering one of these from end to end, and within the church-yard were several more quite as unique. We were told the society of Antiquarians had found this place very interesting. Continuing our drive, with the sea on one side and the hills on the other, the solitariness broken only by the appearance of some lonely shieling or the flight of startled deer, we at length arrived at the pretty house of—whose mistress, a gentlewoman by birth, and a woman of refinement, could not speak English, and whose pastime, like that of other Mull ladies, was "the rock and the reel." Here we received a hearty welcome, and such kindness as we shall not soon forget. And here too, we met some people on whom we looked with considerable interest for the reason that they were the descendants of that MacLean, who when poor hunted Prince Charlie was hiding in the Ardnamurchan hills invited him to come to Mull, or as the Jacobite song goes—

"Come o'er the stream Charlie, dear Charlie, brave
Charlie,
Come o'er the stream Charlie and dine wi' MacLean"
the stream being the sound of Mull.

The third person was one of considerable interest to the present generation now living in Mull, being no less a person than Dr.—a man of great intelligence, an authority in traditional lore as well as in the genealogy of the most renowned families of the North. Reluctantly we bade adieu to these delightful people, and took the same road back by which we had come. The brilliant sunset was now followed by the gloamin' that "witching hour" and as we returned by the old church the moon just rising threw a shimmering sheet of silver upon the bosom of the sea. The effect was fairy-like and we thought of Burn's exquisite simile.

"As in the bosom of the stream
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,
So, trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast of bonnie Jean."

And while the enchantment of the scene still lingered in our thoughts the car drew up at the gate of—once more. The children, three as pretty sprites as ever graced a London drawing-room, with their brother a fine type of the young Highlander, came out to welcome us, and offering their assistance till assured we were thoroughly comfortable. The evening was spent very pleasantly, each of the children singing a pretty gaelic air, then followed English and Scotch songs, when we retired for the night. As morning dawned a very pertinacious cuckoo perched himself near our window and we found it impossible, from his constant reiterations, to longer play the sluggard. So with pleasant recollections of what we had already enjoyed

brightening us for the day, we resolved to lose not a moment of the time which still remained. We found the children already gambling on the springy heather that covered the braes, their little hands grasping as huge bouquets of primroses as they could manage to hold, which we were begged to accept, along with a sheep and a lamb which each possessed, and which they said were their "fery, own." Ascending the hill a short distance we turned to look at the view that lay before us, and met the glorious mountain breeze; saw again the land of Ossian with the tranquil sea at its foot; heard ascending from the small wood that encircled the house such sounds as can only be heard in this land, where all nature seems poetic. We listened, unwilling to lose one melodious note, and when all was silent realized with inexpressible delight we—

"Had heard the Mavis singing,
His love song to the morn."

Nor shall we soon forget the ecstasy of the moment. Through the dewy grass we strolled down to the shore, quaffing huge draughts of the life-giving air, that like laughing gas made us merry in spite of ourselves. A lark rising from his humble couch soared upwards carolling his *matin* song, carrying his glorious melody straight to Heaven's gate. What rapture in his song! what gratitude to his Creator. In a very selfish spirit we looked on the beautiful solitary beach that promised such quiet enjoyment and freedom from restraint, when the conventionalities of society have become irksome. Wave after wave flowed in rippling and murmuring and broke with petulance at our feet, until we felt it was some living thing, and reproved it for its audacity. To satisfy the children we carried away a wealth of glistening shells pebbles and sea-weed, which I am afraid never left the island. We bade adieu to our kind friends to whom we felt very grateful for the great pleasure they had given us, and took the steamer back again, promising ourselves some more sight-seeing on this pretty island.

In thocht I see thy bonnie streams,
Thy mist-crowned mountains rainbowed o'er,
While mirrored deep in Mullach's sound,
All silent lies fair Morben's shore.

Where ever-changing rapturous scenes,
Fill eye and heart with revel gay,
And deepest awe the soul inspires,
As sun and storm their sceptres sway.

Where birds with poet-heart and eye,
And voice enchanting seek a home,
Tune their wild notes in ecstasy,
For thou fair land, sweet Nature's throne.

Sing not to me of Southern skies,
So cloudless blue yet so estranged,
The clouds that kiss the mountain-tops
I love—nor ever wish them changed.

The land whose swelling bosom holds,
Heaven's trailing curtains as they fall,
Must be than other lands more blest,
Must yet be dearer than them all.

Though Uttawa's tide run wide and deep,
And skies expand their fairest blue,
Nature in rarest hues should deck,
Still, still to thee I'll e'er be true.

H. C.

TORONTO, May, 1885.

THE AWAKENING OF SPRING.

With sudden impulse Nature wakes from sleep,
 And throws aside her coverlet of white,
 The morning air is fragrant, fair and bright,
 As from her couch she laughing doth upleap;
 The robe she now unfastens that did keep
 Secure her growing beauty from the sight
 Of her lord-lover in the silent night,
 Who yet lies buried in a slumber deep;
 A lightsome drapery of verdant hue
 She now throws o'er her, as she trips along,
 Humming the burden of an old love-song;
 Where'er she steps all things she doth endue
 With cheerful grace, and as she moves about
 The whole world welcomes her with one glad shout.

AMARANTH.

EDUCATION:

INTELLECTUAL, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL.

BY HERBERT SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT KNOWLEDGE IS OF MOST WORTH?

Still more numerous are the bearings of chemistry on those activities by which men obtain means of living. The bleacher, the dyer, the calico-printer, are severally occupied in processes that are well or ill done according as they do or do not conform to chemical laws. The economical reduction from their ores of copper, tin, zinc, lead, silver, iron, are in a great measure questions of chemistry. Sugar-refining, gas-making, soap-boiling, gunpowder manufacture, are operations all partly chemical; as are also those by which are produced glass and porcelain. Whether the distiller's wort stops at the alcoholic fermentation or passes into the acetous is a chemical question on which hangs his profit or loss; and the brewer, if his business is sufficiently large, finds it pay to keep a chemist on his premises. Glance through a work on technology, and it becomes at once apparent that there is now scarcely any process in the arts or manufactures over some part of which chemistry does not preside. And then, lastly, we come to the fact that in these times, agriculture, to be profitably carried on, must have like guidance. The analysis of manures and soils; their adaptations to each other; the use of gypsum or other substance for fixing ammonia; the utilization of coprolites; the production of artificial manures—all these are boons of chemistry which it behooves the farmer to acquaint himself with. Be it in the lucifer match, or in disinfected sewage, or in photographs; in bread made without fermentation, or perfumes extracted from refuse, we may perceive that chemistry affects all our industries, and that, by consequence, knowledge of it concerns every one who is directly or indirectly connected with our industries.

And then the science of life—biology: does not this, too, bear fundamentally upon these processes of indirect self-preservation? With what we ordinarily call manufactures, it has, indeed, little connection; but with the all-essential manufacture—that of food—it is inseparably connected. As agriculture must conform its methods to the phenomena of vegetable and animal life, it follows necessarily

that the science of these phenomena is the rational basis of agriculture. Various biological truths have indeed been empirically established and acted upon by farmers while yet there has been no conception of them as science: such as that particular manures are suited to particular plants; that crops of certain kinds unfit the soil for other crops; that horses cannot do good work on poor food; that such and such diseases of cattle and sheep are caused by such and such conditions. These, and the every-day knowledge which the agriculturist gains by experience respecting the right management of plants and animals, constitute his stock of biological facts, on the largeness of which greatly depends his success. And as these biological facts, scanty, indefinite, rudimentary though they are, aid him so essentially, judge what must be the value to him of such facts when they become positive, definite, and exhaustive. Indeed, even now we may see the benefits that rational biology is conferring on him. The truth that the production of animal heat implies waste of substance, and that, therefore, preventing loss of heat prevents the need for extra food—a purely theoretical conclusion—now guides the fattening of cattle: it is found that by keeping cattle warm fodder is saved. Similarly with respect to variety of food. The experiments of physiologists have shown that not only is change of diet beneficial, but that digestion is facilitated by a mixture of ingredients in each meal: both which truths are now influencing cattle-feeding. The discovery that a disorder known as "the staggers," of which many thousands of sheep have died annually, is caused by an entozoon which presses on the brain, and that if the creature is extracted through the softened place in the skull which marks its position the sheep usually recovers, is another debt which agriculture owes to biology. When we observe the marked contrast between our farming and farming on the Continent, and remember that this contrast is mainly due to the far greater influence science has had upon farming here than there; and when we see how, daily, competition is making the adoption of scientific methods more general and necessary; we shall rightly infer, that very soon agricultural success in England will be impossible without a competent knowledge of animal and vegetable physiology.

Yet one more science have we to note as bearing directly on industrial success—the Science of Society. Without knowing it, men who daily look at the state of the moneymarket, glance over prices current, discuss the probable crops of corn, cotton, sugar, wool, silk, weigh the chances of war, and from all those data decide on their mercantile operations, are students of social science: empirical and blundering students it may be, but still students who gain the prizes or are plucked of their profits according as they do or do not reach the right conclusion. Not only the manufacturer and the merchant must guide their transactions by calculations of supply and demand, based on numerous facts, and tacitly recognizing sundry general

principles of social action, but even the retailer must do the like: his prosperity very greatly depending upon the correctness of his judgments respecting the future wholesale prices and the future rates of consumption. Manifestly all who take part in the entangled commercial activities of a community are vitally interested in, understanding the laws according to which those activities vary.

Thus, to all such as are occupied in the production, exchange, or distribution of commodities, acquaintance with science in some of its departments is of fundamental importance. Whoever is immediately or remotely implicated in any form of industry (and few are not) has a direct interest in understanding something of the mathematical, physical, and chemical properties of things; perhaps, also, has a direct interest in biology; and certainly has in sociology. Whether he does or does not succeed well in that indirect self-preservation which we call getting a good livelihood depends in a great degree on his knowledge of one or more of these sciences: not, it may be, a rational knowledge, but still a knowledge, though empirical. For what we call learning a business really implies learning the science involved in it, though not perhaps under the name of science. And hence a grounding in science is of great importance, both because it prepares for all this, and because rational knowledge has an immense superiority over empirical knowledge. Moreover not only is it that scientific culture is requisite for each, that he may understand the *how* and the *why* of the things and processes with which he is concerned as maker or distributor, but it is often of much moment that he should understand the *how* and the *why* of various other things and processes. In this age of joint stock undertakings, nearly every man above the laborer is interested as capitalist in some other occupation than his own; and, as thus interested his profit or loss depends on his knowledge of the sciences bearing on this other occupation. Here is a mine, in the sinking of which many shareholders ruined themselves, from not knowing that a certain fossil belonged to the old red sandstone, below which no coal is found. Not many years ago 20,000*l* was lost in the prosecution of a scheme for collecting the alcohol that distils from bread in baking, all which would have been saved to the subscribers had they known that less than a hundredth part by weight of the flour is changed in fermentation. Numerous attempts have been made to construct electro-magnetic engines, in the hope of superseding steam; but had those who supplied the money understood the general law of the correlation and equivalence of forces they might have had better balances at their bankers. Daily are men induced to aid in carrying out inventions which a mere tyro in science could show to be futile. Scarcely a locality but has its history of fortunes thrown away over some impossible project.

And if already the loss from want of science is so frequent and so great, still greater and more frequent will it be to those who hereafter

lack science. Just as fast as productive processes become more scientific, which competition will inevitably make them do, and just as fast as joint-stock undertakings spread, which they certainly will, so fast will scientific knowledge grow necessary to every one.

That which our school courses leave almost entirely out, we thus find to be that which most nearly concerns the business of life. All our industries would cease were it not for that information which men begin to acquire as they best may after their education is said to be finished. And were it not for this information, that has been from age to age accumulated and spread by unofficial means, these industries would never have existed. Had there been no teaching but such as is given in our public schools, England would now be what it was in feudal times. That increasing acquaintance with the laws of phenomena which has through successive ages enabled us to subjugate nature to our needs, and in these days gives the common laborer comforts which a few centuries ago kings could not purchase, is scarcely in any degree owed to the appointed means of instructing our youth. The vital knowledge—that by which we have grown as a nation to what we are, and which now underlies our whole existence—is a knowledge that has got itself taught in nooks and corners, while the ordained agencies for teaching have been mumbling little else but dead formulas.

We come now to the third great division of human activities—a division for which no preparation whatever is made. If by some strange chance not a vestige of us descended to the remote future save a pile of our school-books or some college examination papers, we may imagine how puzzled an antiquary of the period would be on finding in them no indication that the learners were ever likely to be parents. "This must have been the *curriculum* for their celibates," we may fancy him concluding. "I perceive here an elaborate preparation for many things, especially for reading the books of extinct nations and co-existing nations (from which indeed it seems clear that these people had very little worth reading in their own tongue); but I find no reference whatever to the bringing up of children. They could not have been so absurd as to omit all training for this gravest of responsibilities. Evidently then this was the school course of one of their monastic orders."

Seriously, is it not an astonishing fact, that though on the treatment of offspring depend their lives or deaths, and their moral welfare or ruin, yet not one word of instruction on the treatment of offspring is ever given to those who will hereafter be parents? Is it not monstrous that the fate of a new generation should be left to the chances of unreasoning custom, impulse, fancy, joined with the suggestions of ignorant nurses and the prejudiced counsel of grandmothers? If a merchant commenced business without any knowledge of arithmetic and book-keeping, we should exclaim at his

folly and look for disastrous consequences. Or if, before studying anatomy, a man set up as a surgical operator, we should wonder at his audacity and pity his patients. But that parents should begin the difficult task of rearing children without ever having given a thought to the principles—physical, moral, or intellectual—which ought to guide them, excites neither surprise at the actors nor pity for their victims.

To be Continued.

"THOS."

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Baker's large, cool room is delightful after our dusty drive, and some of us splash the cool water recklessly over our faces, forgetting our front frizzles, till the ripple is quite taken out of them, and we are obliged to assume a more demure style. Some of us who are wise have dainty laces folded up in our pockets, to replace our dusty collars, and one young lady, on removing her hat, reveals a neat little clump of crimping pins, from which she unrolls bright golden tresses, and with a few waves of the brush she is transformed into what some one poetically describes as a "golden cloud-capped goddess," and somebody else not to be outdone says she is a "wavy winning witch;" but when a third attempt at alliteration is made by calling her a "crimped calla-lily" we all cry—"Hold! enough!" while Golden-hair herself declares that she is a "frizzled, freckled fright," and we all troop laughingly down stairs, to find the gentlemen have been awaiting us for some time, and are already making jokes about "feminine devotion to toilet-glasses," and some one retorts that it is not so bad as "masculine devotion to other glasses not toilet," and then Mrs. Baker appears, calling us to tea.

This time it is a high tea *par excellence*, and daintily served with many pretty American decorative devices. Our drive is discussed, and Mrs. Moir expresses great admiration of the stately homes of our wealthy people.

"But," she adds, "is it not strange that we saw so few ladies and children in the grounds or on the verandas?"

"Some may not yet have returned from the country," said Captain Baker, "but I have always noticed in Montreal that there is a great absence of life about your finest homes. It seems almost as though the people did not enjoy them themselves, but merely keep them for show. Now in Boston you will find groups of ladies on every veranda, and troops of gaily-dressed children playing in the grounds."

"Yes, and in Toronto," cried Mrs. Moir, "and how much pleasanter it seems. Whenever I see beautiful grounds and lovely flowers I long to see some one enjoying them. We are all sympathetic by nature, and love to see happiness far more than we enjoy cold, lifeless beauty."

"And I think it does good to see happiness," added Mr. Latour, who is a deep thinker. "When I say happiness I don't mean the selfish

pursuit of pleasure, but the pure home happiness that loves its own fireside in winter, and its own doorstep in summer,—the happiness that makes home gay and charming to the young ones as they grow up, that loves its own home circle best, yet is enhanced by being shared with neighbors—exchanging firesides and doorsteps occasionally, exchanging ideas and opinions too, which are apt to become narrow and dogmatic if always looked at from our own point of view."

As we pass into the front room after tea I pick up a book, exclaiming—

"Oh, you have 'The Bastonnais'! Captain Baker, and you are a Bastonnais yourself. How do you like reading how your countrymen were worsted one hundred years ago?"

"Oh, I don't mind; the story is so cleverly told, and the book so free from prejudice or bigotry, that none can take offence."

"You are discussing 'The Bastonnais,'" said Mr. Latour, coming up at this moment. "It is truly a charming story, and a credit to our Canadian literature."

"They used to tell me in Boston that you had no Canadian literature," said Captain Baker. "I was agreeably surprised when I picked up this."

"But you need not expect to find a number of others equally good," I exclaimed, "for it is the first and only good Canadian story I have ever read."

"Oh, then, you do not read the French books," said Mr. Latour. "We have some very good French Canadian works, and it seems strange that what you allow to be the best English Canadian novel is written by a Frenchman!"

"Oh, was 'The Bastonnais' written by a Frenchman?" cried Mrs. Moir. "I was so interested in the story that I did not look to see by whom; but I am so glad, for they are always twitting me in Toronto about our 'ignorant French Canadians.'"

"Nevertheless the French Canadians of Quebec have given more proofs of their culture than the whole population of the Dominion," said Mr. Latour.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "you are forgetting our English Scientists—Dr. Dawson, Professor Sterry Hunt, and others."

"No, I am not. I acknowledge their superiority, but I do say we can show a greater quantity of French works, and on the average of a better quality, than your English ones."

But while we older people have been discussing literature, the younger ones have been putting their heads together to get up some sort of entertainment for us. The folding doors have been closed, and Miss Willis, who is very clever at getting up tableaux, etc., has disappeared: soon followed by Miss St. John and Gerrie, then Tom and Alec are called out, and, after a good deal of suppressed laughing and talking, Mrs. Baker asks us to excuse the gas, the Captain turns it very low, and the doors are opened, displaying the white drapery, which foretells a pantomime shadow scene.

Miss Willis, being a good elocutionist, begins the reading. It tells of a young lady who has two lovers, one poor and beloved by her, the other rich and favored by her father. So far as I can judge by the shadow profiles, Gerrie is the young lady. Thos the poor young man, and Alec the rich one; but the stern parent I cannot guess at, for he has a nose that was never human. After a great deal of gesticulation—during which Gerrie weeps "great weeps" of big dark tears—the poor young man becomes rich, the stern parent gives his blessing, and Tom folds Gerrie in his arms, with, I fear, more fervor than is required by a stage embrace, for that young lady displays unseemly haste in leaving the lover she has made so much fuss about.

Two or three laughable scenes follow this, in which Mrs. Baker's little daughters take a part very cleverly, and then we have some music and refreshments, and our pleasant evening is over.

As we walk home through the clear moonlit streets we find Thos is not in good spirits, and presently it all comes out. Gerrie had seemed annoyed by his ardent manner of clasping her in his arms, and when he several times sought an opportunity of apologizing, he had always found Alec in close attendance on her.

"I know he intends to propose to her, if he has not already done so," said Thos, "and if I get an opportunity to-morrow I'll speak plainly myself."

"Oh, I fear that will be foolish," said I, "better wait."

But Tom was determined to put his fortune to the touch, and win or lose it all. However when we reached home he found a telegram awaiting him, "Come back at once, Brown is sick," and poor Tom was obliged to leave by the morning train.

Gentle reader, if ever you have been torn from your loved one under such circumstances, you will understand Tom's feelings better than I could portray them.

To be Continued.

There is a ray of hope in the revolt of sensible people in all our communities against the skating rink, round-dances, masquerades, and the like, that seem to have been claiming the best part of the vitality of Young America during the past season. In a certain prosperous town, the teachers in the public schools complain that the attendance has almost been demoralized by the fast and furious life that has raged around the skating rink. Away down on the edge of the everglades, in Florida, this new form of national insanity has swallowed up church, school, and rational society, and put every sober family on the anxious-seat for the moral safety of its young daughters and sons. Possibly the past generations of our people, in some portions of the land, have dwelt too much in the earnest and even sombre side of life. But nothing so surely portends the disintegration even of a gifted manhood or womanhood, as the restless craze for violent amusement and perpetual

excitement that drives so many of our youth like a leaf before the wind. A generation reared on the stimulant of such indulgencies will be a poor bulwark for republican institutions in the perilous days to come.—*Journal of Education.*

No greater work is committed to mortals than the training up of a child for usefulness and happiness in a long life here, and an eternity of usefulness and happiness hereafter. Success can only be obtained by getting your own mind in sympathy with the mind of the child. You must know his wishes, desires, likes and dislikes, his aspirations and his weaknesses. You can then put yourself in a position to mould his mind, guide his will, and arouse a true and earnest aspiration for the best and the highest. The possibilities of his life are beyond our power to estimate. It was a beautiful baptismal benediction, that of the Arab priest: "My child, as you came into the world weeping, while all around you smiled, may you so live that you may leave the world smiling, while all around you weep."—*Journal of Education.*

It is well that our teachers should be brought to consider these things as the educational journals of to-day are so earnestly striving that they should; but it would be far better if the mothers and fathers would take such counsel to heart. We fear that there are, in proportion, more earnest, conscientious teachers than parents

The memorial presented by the British Association for the Advancement of Science, in regard to the promotion of tidal observations in Canadian waters, should receive careful attention at the hands of the government. The Bayfield Survey of the St. Lawrence Gulf, on which ordinary charts are based, took place over half a century ago, and the scientific means of observation then in use have been simply revolutionized since. The wreckage list would be reduced and many deaths prevented annually; but the great gain to trade would be the chief benefit that followed a correct edition of Canadian tide-table and a new chart of Canadian soundings and currents. When such men as Sir Lyon Playfair, Sir William Thomson, Professor J. Couch Adams, and Professor G. H. Darwin advise such a course, we should advise the government to take the necessary steps to remedy an evil as soon as possible.

Tennessee has acted wisely in making polygamy and the teaching of polygamous doctrines penal offences. It seems an absurdity that, whilst Congress is endeavoring to suppress the vile practice in Utah, Mormon missionaries should be able to preach their pernicious theories amongst the uneducated populace of many of the States. These propagandists, who are widely spread over the world, will undo by their sporadic teaching all that the Edwards Bill is calculated to effect. It is to be hoped that every local government will prohibit, under heavy penalties, the dissemination of polygamous doctrines by these trained procurers.

In spite of the Kharkoff cablegram the other day which stated that the Nihilists had resolved to fight with the Russian government against a common enemy, it is highly improbable that such an opportunity for striking another blow for freedom would be lost by the revolutionary party of whom Vera Zassulic and Sophia Perwoskaia were heroines. At any rate the autocracy can only hope to prevent this by the wholesale mobilization of her military resources, and so prevent revolution. Such an expensive proceeding, which has already commenced, will be a very heavy tax upon the agricultural classes, who form the numerical strength of Russia and the people, in a state of national bankruptcy, are not likely to endure many more abuses at the hands of their tyrannical "little father"—should war with England occur, and it seems still inevitable, and the result be disastrous to Russia, then there will not unlikely follow internal disorders more likely to upset the Russian bureaucracy than any foreign war.

No better motto could be selected by the government of Russia in relation to their treatment of the people, which has engendered Nihilism with its terrible results, than the following:—

"We but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."—*Macbeth.*

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of President Cleveland, returned last Wednesday to New York, after a brief visit to the family homestead in Holland Patent. Holland Patent is a picturesque country village of about five hundred inhabitants, situated on the Utica and Black River Road, twelve miles north of Utica. The Cleveland homestead is a rambling wooden structure two and a half stories high, with wings attached, erected when timber was more plenty than at present. The grounds surrounding are set with evergreens, ornamental shrubs and beds of flowers. A long row of majestic elms on the east side overshadow the homestead and grounds and maples on the south add to the shade. Miss Cleveland attends the Presbyterian Church on the village green. It was the pastorate of this church that her father was called to in 1853, and it was from here that his funeral was held a few months later. In this church Miss Cleveland, her mother, brothers and sisters regularly attended divine service for over twenty years. Then the family scattered, but their pew on the south side of the church near the front is still reserved for the children whenever they are present.—*Home Journal.*

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