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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1881.

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THE LONDON DISASTER.—A FATHER'S DARLING.—(SEE PAGE 371.)

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury St., Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARRIS & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

June 5th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 73°	53°	63°	Mon.. 67°	51°	59°
Tue.. 74°	54°	64°	Tue.. 71°	51°	61°
Wed.. 68°	48°	58°	Wed.. 66°	61°	63.5°
Thur.. 74°	48°	71°	Thur.. 64°	56°	60°
Fri.. 74°	48°	61°	Fri.. 69°	58°	62°
Sat.. 73°	53°	63°	Sat.. 68°	58°	63°
Sun.. 71°	50°	60.5°	Sun.. 70°	53°	61.5°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 11th, 1881.

THE WEEK

THE inauguration of the DE SALABERRY statue will have taken place before this is read, and promises to be highly successful in all its details. Much disappointment is felt in this city over the loss of the statue to Montreal, and a scheme has been mooted for procuring a replica for our city, to which, however, we are not prepared to give in our allegiance at present at all events. Replicas are at best unsatisfactory things for many reasons, and the time for Montrealers to lay claim to the statue has past. Meanwhile we can unite to do homage to the gallant soldier whose memorial will be honoured in our hearts wherever else his effigy may find a resting place.

A CERTAIN preacher of the Episcopal Methodist church, who shall be nameless, has lately entertained his congregation with an account of a remarkable document entitled "Acts Pilate" (sic) which purports to be an official report of the crucifixion, made by Pilate to Tiberius-Cæsar; the genuineness of which "is proved by the published testimony of the Apostolic Fathers and early defenders of Christianity." If we are to take the newspaper report of the address in question as correct, the enthusiasm of the preacher over this remarkable and novel discovery was unbounded. So ready ever are the blind to lead, the blind with but little variation on the original result of the performance. It will probably be news to the reverend gentleman that the "Acta Pilati" hitherto discovered are myriad. Every scholar knows the tendency to literary forgery which prevailed in the early ages of the Church, and the countless spurious documents to which it gave rise. Among these naturally Pilate's report offered an excellent subject for the not over scrupulous scribes of either party to exercise their wits upon. Such a document probably existed, at any rate it ought to have existed if it did not, and the obvious course in those days was to manufacture anything of testimony which might be wanting and thought desirable. This course was not confined to either party, and while the Pagan experts put into Pilate's mouth various anti-Christian and otherwise reprehensible sentiments, the Christian party, on the principle of the end justifying the means, concocted several very pretty specimens of composition in which the Governor was made to speak as he ought to have done, if he didn't, and supplemented their account of his literary labours by tradition as to his life;

converted him to Christianity, and brought him after a most exemplary life of piety and penitence to a truly edifying end. Some even allowed him the crown of martyrdom, in memory of which the Albanian Church retains his name in the calendar as one of the saints whom she delights to honour. So much for traditional "Acts" of Pilate. The one in question bears the most undoubted marks of its spurious origin even in the lines quoted in the report, and all that have been discovered so far have been unanimously condemned by the authority of our best scholars. This apart, there is something amusing in the complacency with which a minister can take for his subject a document of the history and traditions of which he knows nothing beyond what he finds in the notes accompanying the text, and pronounce with all the authority of his position upon testimony unknown to him until yesterday, but which has been in the hands of scholars for upwards of twenty years, and has not received hitherto, to say the least of it, that credit which he would accord to it of his own lack of inquiry. It is gratifying to learn that the preacher declared in conclusion that he did not personally need this testimony to confirm him in his belief in the authenticity of the Scriptures. It would fare ill, we imagine, with any one who did. Verily a little learning is a dangerous thing.

FOR the first time the English Blue Ribbon of the turf has been carried away by an American horse, and our neighbours on the other side are jubilant thereat. Six American horses have up to this time been entered for the Derby, but Mr. LORILLARD'S colt is the first that has ever been placed. Curiously enough in spite of the good form the colt had shewn, and the fact of his having the proverbially lucky jockey, FRED ARCHER, on his back, "Iroquois" found little real support outside his own stable, but his friends are reported to have netted an enormous stake, though less than would have passed to this side of the water had his compatriot "Barrett" held his place. As it is the Americans have reason to be congratulated on their success. In connection with which remark it is instructive to notice the difference in the tone in which the English and American papers speak of the event. While the utterances of the press on this side are filled with vain glorious boasting and ill-natured comparisons, the London sporting papers frankly acknowledge that the best horse has won, and with the same generosity with which they behaved on the occasion of HANLAN'S victory, honestly congratulate their successful rivals. Indeed all who see the chief argument for horse-racing in the improvement of the breed of horses will acknowledge the actual gain of such a defeat. "Iroquois" is, though bred in this country, of English thoroughbred stock, and the successful breeding from that stock in all parts of the world is to England's credit and her direct advantage.

WE are glad to see that the suggestions thrown out by Sir HUGH ALLAN, at the recent banquet given to him and his brother, as to the propriety of some acknowledgment of the services of the late Hon. JOHN YOUNG in the cause of ocean navigation, has not fallen upon idle ears. The matter has been warmly taken up and upwards of twelve hundred dollars have been already subscribed for the erection of a monument to his memory. There is scarcely any name to which we can point in the commercial history of Montreal, more deserving of the proposed memorial than that of the Hon. JOHN YOUNG, and we trust that Montreal will shew her sense of gratitude to one who has done so much for her, by endeavouring to make this tribute to his memory in every way worthy as well of one of her most honoured citizens, as of the city whose prosperity he had so much at heart throughout his life.

THIS is an age of societies, and the but recently emancipated fair have taken kindly to this custom among men from the first. A "Rational Dress Society" is the last effort of the ladies of London in this direction. It is not quite clear what special objects the society will devote itself to. It is to be composed of ladies who cannot dress rationally without its aid, or is it intended as a measure of coercion to those Philistines outside its ranks who persist in irrationality, society or no society? Moreover what is a rational costume and who is to be the judge of it? Probably at no period of history has the latitude in costume been so wide as far as ladies are concerned as it is to-day, and every fair can array herself in such wise as to her seems reasonable. The clever ones can, as it is, "in their attire show their wit," while with those who have no such wit to show, the *dicto* of a society like the present will have presumably but little weight. To be sure there are hundreds who like Mr. Potts' in Pickwick will not "stand the tunic," and object to their wives displaying too freely the charms which nature has bestowed upon them, and it is possibly against these that the new society intends to fulminate. Meanwhile we trust that to dress "more rationally" is not synonymous with "to dress like men." We have too much billycock and too much ulster as it is. The costume of the men of to-day is not so satisfying to the male soul that it will bear imitation for its intrinsic worth. Even the "aesthetic" movement has failed to help our sex further than to permit us to put a tulip in the buttonhole of that evening coat we still must wear, and even this privilege implies a martyrdom which few care to undergo. And the "absurd black chimney pot" which has no foundation in reason or art still holds its ground with many other like fashions under which we groan. If ladies must dress like men it is to be hoped that we in our turn may have the privilege granted us to array us in such guise as we in our turn may deem "rational." But the time is not yet come, nor the man.

A HEARTRENDING appeal by a popular clergyman to his friends in the columns of a London journal will find an echo in many a heart. The friends in question are requested to return to him certain volumes which they have borrowed and the exact locality of which he is presumably unable to fix. The ill-fate of those who lend their books has become proverbial. The recognized laws of *meum* and *tuum* do not seem to have any application in the eyes of most men to their friends' literary property. When we were at school we can remember writing "stolen from" before our name on the fly leaf of many treasured volume, but volume and inscription alike often proved fleeting in spite of precautions. Many a book must, if it be in the land of the living, still of its own authority brand the possessor as an "appropriator of other men's goods." It is not only that books when lent are thus looked upon as "returnable at pleasure" not of the owner, but the borrower; but a persistent ill luck seems to follow them when away from their owner's shelves.

Tel est le triste sort de tout livre piété
Souvent il est perdu, toujours il est gâté.

Elijah saved the credit of the young prophet who had come to grief over his borrowed axe-head, but there are none of his ilk now-a-days to repair the ill-doing of those who borrow and lose, or borrow and spoil, to replace the books which the children tear up, or the housemaid takes to light the fire. Books, especially in modern bindings, are frail and delicate, and yet it is the borrower we see reading close to an open fire, or cutting the pages with his fore finger.

For those borrowers who borrow to read there is at least some excuse; for those who return after reading and without being asked—well we never met one. But the most inexcusable as well as the most common case is that of the klepto-

manic, for he is little else, who cannot see a new book on a friend's table without wishing to borrow it, and who for months after has never even opened its pages. The idea of reading the book occurs to him only less seldom than the idea of returning it to its owner.

There is more to say but little space to say it in the compass of a newspaper article. Bad, horribly bad are they who, like Coleridge, make notes in the books they borrow. Bad, though perhaps excusable, those who like Professor Mammesen, after borrowing MSS. of great value, allow their houses to catch fire and throw the original owners into transports of grief at the loss of their treasures. There is a warning in these things as in most in life. Do not lend your books save upon occasion and with due distinctions, but above all,—and, if the second rule were universally followed, there would be no need of the first—do not borrow, less a worse fate befall you than the present editorial cure.

ENGLISH WOMEN'S COLLEGES.

GIRTON AND NEWNHAM.

By a Cambridge M.A.

Cambridge has been recently the scene of considerable excitement, occasioned our lady readers may be interested to learn, by the claims of their own sex. For some time the idea of female education has been very visibly before the eyes of the University, presenting itself in the form of two additional colleges, and more than a hundred young ladies; and now a proposal to admit these students formally to the honour examinations of the University has been adopted by the overwhelming majority of three hundred and ninety-eight to thirty-two.

Now that this new position has been officially conceded to Girton and Newnham, it may be interesting to our readers to have some sketch of these colleges. The elder of the two is Girton, which was opened in 1869. The buildings, either from economical reasons, or perhaps from feminine timidity on the part of its founders, were erected nearly two miles from Cambridge, on the Huntingdon Road, or *Via Devana*. Many virtues may possibly be implanted in the mind by the contemplation of the relics of old Rome, and directness and business-like habits may perhaps be unconsciously promoted, but the feeling of beauty, we imagine, is not much stimulated in the students by the flat straight line of telegraph poles, skirting a cemetery and threatening one of the most squalid suburbs of Cambridge. The site of the college is also dreary enough, a bare field having been pitched upon by the side of the road, and ten years has added hardly anything in point of picturesque-ness; the trees and shrubs are not happy in their soil, and even the ivy does not appear to be vigorous. The buildings themselves are well designed, and are in the French chateau style, in dark red brick. These form two sides of a square, in which the hall and chief rooms face the road at some little distance; a wing, which approaches it, having been added subsequently. The size of the building can be gathered from the number of the inmates; these exceed fifty, each of whom have two rooms about equal to the average rooms occupied by the undergraduates at Cambridge. The hall, library, and lecture-rooms are in fair proportion. The students are rarely received before the age of eighteen; before entering an examination has to be passed, and it is expected of each that real interest shall be taken in the studies of the University. The course, as in the case of undergraduates, takes about three years, half of which time, in terms of about eight weeks each, is spent at the college. Many of the university and college lectures are open to the students, and besides female lecturers resident at Girton, there is quite an array of lecturers from Cambridge who give instruction in the college. For some time the results of all this work have been tested informally and voluntarily by the University examiners, the same papers being set to the students as to the undergraduate candidates. These results have been very encouraging. During the first ten years about forty-one Girton students have passed the standard for the B.A. degree, and thirty-one have passed in honours; eleven in classics, nine in mathematics, seven in natural sciences, three in moral sciences, and one in history.

Some of our readers may remember the sensation caused by the extraordinary success of one of these students, who last year was pronounced equal to the eight in the first class in mathematics.

Newnham, the young sister, a rival of Girton, dates from 1875, in which year a rather plain, but business-like building, in the Queen Anne style, was erected by an association formed to promote the higher education of women. In this case the error was avoided of placing the college at an inconvenient distance from Cambridge, and a pretty site was chosen close to the long avenue west of the college, which is one of the most beautiful features of the place. The object of the founders was rather to provide re-

sidences, supervision and instruction for female students, than to prescribe, as at Girton, a course of studies identical with those of undergraduates. Selected candidates were, at the same time, encouraged to compete in the honour examinations with results as satisfactory as at Girton. In the first six years twenty-two honours were gained in the various examinations; three in mathematics, four in classics, five in moral sciences, four in natural sciences, and six in history. Encouraged by these results, and by the demand made upon them by candidates for admission, the association have now erected a second building, so that together about seventy students are housed. The arrangements seem to be on a more economical scale than at Girton, and single rooms are the rule. The charge for board and instruction is also less; that at Newnham being seventy-five guineas a year. In both colleges many advantages are offered to deserving students in the form of scholarships, and of other pecuniary assistance when required.

The social life of the students is not very different from that of undergraduates. There are the regular lectures in or outside the college, the recreation and meals in common, with considerable freedom allowed in the employment of their leisure. Too much praise cannot be given to those ladies directly responsible for the supervision of the students, and the success of this very novel institution in a place like Cambridge is mainly due to the tact and good sense of these managers. Considerable prejudice existed at first against the experiment, and failure was freely prophesied. If the chief characteristics of the students had been other than what they have been seen to be—steady and unobtrusive work—and if the *tragedy* which might have been unduly developed by the novelty of the situation had not been judiciously kept in hand, we may be sure that the two colleges would not have received so readily the recognition of their merits from such a conservative body as the University of Cambridge. The students have strictly maintained among themselves a wholesome public opinion—they have had the *esprit de corps* of pioneers—many, probably the majority, looked forward to educational careers, to which success at the University would readily lead; none, at any rate, were there, like so many young fellows at Oxford and Cambridge, almost avowedly idling some of the best years of their lives away. Whatever dangers may befall Girton and Newnham in the future, if success should bring with it its attendant evils—if, especially it should ever become as fashionable for young ladies to go to college as it now is for young men—there can at least be no doubt that all dangers have been successfully avoided hitherto. Mrs. Grundy, who is as powerful at Cambridge as elsewhere, has even acquiesced in the *fait accompli*.

That the course of training is healthy is attested by the evidence of one of the chief physicians in Cambridge, who stated in a recent public discussion on the subject that he knew of no instance of harm to brain or body having occurred to any student who had distinguished herself in the University examinations, and that the chief evils caused to girls by the strain of mental work at home, when combined with social requirements, were in his opinion avoided by residence at the University. As far as can be observed within so short a time the subsequent careers of students, who have passed through Girton and Newnham, have been impressed for good by the training there received. Some of them are usefully employed in the education of others; some are busied quietly at home; many of them have married happily. All speak with affection of their college days, and are conscious of having derived from them wider sympathies and interests and a more extended knowledge than would otherwise have been open to them. This testimony is very valuable, as there must be many girls to whom Girton and Newnham may prove of equal service, and who may have the opportunity of availing themselves of the advantages they offer. Many of course have duties elsewhere, and especially at home; but there are others on whom no such imperative call is made, and to these residence at one of the colleges may well be recommended. The old prejudices against female education are now fast disappearing; girls are not turned into blue stockings of the old offensive type any more than boys necessarily become prigs and pedants after similar studies at the University. Neither need the true sphere of woman be interfered with at all. People who expect to find specimens of the "emancipated female" to be common at Cambridge, must look elsewhere for their ideal. Had it been otherwise, failure on the part of Girton and Newnham would be a very different verdict pronounced upon their work than that just delivered by the University.

—Court Journal.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LONDON DISASTER.—Last week we published full particulars of this terrible occurrence with such illustrations as we were enabled to procure in the short time which elapsed between the accident itself and our going to press. These we now supplement by further drawings sent from the scene of the disaster. On the front page our artist has illustrated a scene which has been commented upon in so many of the daily papers, the recovery of his darling child by an almost heart-broken father and his refusal to surrender his dead to the ordinary methods of conveyance, bearing her away clasped in his

arms. On another page are some scenes of the gloomy morrow on which the undertakers were taxed beyond their power to provide coffins for the dead. These incidents are from sketches by Mr. W. L. Judson of London. Yet another page gives the portraits of the crew of the *Victoria*, and some landscape sketches by the same artist of the scenery about Spring bank, whence the ill-fated voyagers were bound homeward when the accident happened. On Thursday the people paid the last sad rite of love for the dead. The streets were filled with a vast funeral procession. The Mayor's proclamation asking the citizens to hold the day sacred to the sorrowful duties which devolve upon them has had the effect of closing the places of business almost without exception. The morning trains were met at the station by numbers of citizens to meet those coming to take part in the obsequies of some dead relative or friend. The crowds on the streets grew larger and larger as the hours grew later, just as on other days, except that the absence of the hurry and bustle of the beginning of an ordinary business day, would impress even a casual stranger with the belief that this was an extraordinary occasion. Here and there, on different streets, were to be seen small collections of vehicles standing in front of houses marked with the insignia of the destroyer. The gloom of the disaster of the 24th is over everything. The terrible nature of the calamity is told in brief but fearfully suggestive words, in the middle of the long account of the loss given by one of the morning papers, where a paragraph says: "A car load of coffins arrived per G. W. R. yesterday." Could words say more. Notwithstanding that so many hearses came in from different parts of the adjoining country the idea of procuring one is in many cases not to be thought of, and all sorts of vehicles were pressed into the service of bearing the remains to the various cemeteries. Vehicles of any kind were absolutely unobtainable at any price, and even at nine o'clock some of the hack horses looked worn out, having been driving since early morning. All morning funerals were starting from different parts of the city. Services proceeded in many cases simultaneously at different graves in different parts of the same burial ground. Where so many were called upon to mourn their own dead the number attending each funeral, except in one or two cases was necessarily small, but nothing could be more solemn or impressive than the manner in which the last rites are observed.

OUR illustrations represent the mournful procession which filed through almost every street in the town throughout Thursday afternoon. Another sketch taken on the previous day gives the delivery of the coffins as they arrived and were carted off to their destinations.

MAY FLOWERS.—The pretty little child, in M. Chaplin's pleasing picture, has got as much as she can well carry of floral treasures. Her apron, or the skirt of her frock, and the bosom, with both arms holding masses of blossomy branches, or sprays of every flowering tree, shrub, and creeping plant in season, and the basket-like hat which hangs by its ribbons from her lifted elbow, are filled with the lovely produce of genial spring. It is a rich booty that this fair and innocent deprecator among the hedgerows and thickets has gathered, and is now bringing home in triumph—as declared by the light in her eyes and the gentle pride of her countenance and gesture—to decorate the bower where a gladsome birthday festival, happily falling in the sweet month of May, will be celebrated with a party of her youthful friends. But, the other day, in a suburban field half-defaced with bricks and mortar for house-building, half remaining in a grassy state, and no longer used for pasture or fenced against idle intruders, we saw a ragged and dirty child of the London streets, picking a small heap of buttercups and daisies. And that was quite as good to little Mary Ann, and it did us good to see that she was so easily made happy.

On the next page we illustrate the Thanksgiving Service held in the Boer camp immediately upon the arrival of the news of the signing of the treaty of peace. The ceremony was most impressive, the effect of the candle-light, by which the service was conducted, rendering the solemnity of the scene more marked, and offering a chance to the special artist of the *Illustrated London News* which he was not slow to avail himself of.

The illustration on the same page shows the manner in which Mr. Walter Burke, an Irish landlord was reduced to taking the law into his own hands. Finding that no process server would undertake to serve the writs which he had obtained for the ejection of refractory tenants, he determined to take the risk of serving them himself. Armed with a revolver, and accompanied by a single trusty servant he made the round of his property, and entering the houses of those who were to be served, presented the writs in silence, accompanied by a significant presentation of the revolver he carried in his other hand. So good an argument for their acceptance of the proffered document did not fail of persuasion, and Mr. Burke was successful in every case in effecting service, reaching home in safety. One man endeavoured to escape him, suspecting his errand, but Mr. Burke dismounted and pursued the fugitive up stairs and from room to room till he ran him to ground at last in the garret and presented him with the Queen's message, unaccompanied by any comment of his own.

THE WESTERN BOUND EMIGRANTS.—The picture of an emigrant train going west is familiar to most of our readers, and presents a picturesque though not altogether inviting appearance. We all of us can recognize Mr. McCutcheon's characteristic sketches. We all of us know the uncomfortable seats, the despairing efforts at placing oneself in a position for sleep, and the imminent risk of dislocating one's neck when sleep does ultimately come. We all know the privileged passengers who alone is allowed the monopoly of the seats without a word of remonstrance; we all know the man who has lost his ticket, and the conductor who insists upon it being found. In these things emigrants are but like the rest of the traveling world though they have generally to fare farther and worse than their companions. But the occupants of this train are unmistakably of that cosmopolitan aspect which newly arrived emigrants ever wear and we can allow our imagination full play as to the sunny drives (or other wise) they have left and the country to which they are going, intent upon making a home for themselves which shall remind them of some loved spot in the old country.

ŒDIPUS AT HARVARD.

A dramatic event of unique importance was the performance on the 19th ult., at Sander's Theatre, Cambridge, Mass., of the "Œdipus Tyrannus," of Sophocles, in the original Greek, by Harvard students. Elaborate preparations had been made to produce the play with as close an attention to classic details and as nearly in the spirit of antique art as the conditions of the modern stage would permit, and the success of the effort has been very generally described as beyond all expectation. Œdipus, the leading part, was taken by George Riddle, of the class of '73, and professor of elocution at Harvard. The remainder of the cast was as follows:

- Jocasta.....L. E. Opdycke, '80.
- Creon, her brother.....H. Norman, '81.
- Tiresias, a blind seer.....C. Guild, '81.
- Priest of Zeus.....W. H. Manning, '82.
- Messengers.....Messrs. Roberts, '81, and Wister, '82.
- Leader of chorus.....L. B. McCagg, '74.
- Servant of Laius.....G. McLane, '81.

The chiton of Œdipus was of deep red surah silk. It was fastened at the shoulders with jeweled clasps, and by a girdle of metal about the waist, falling in graceful folds to his feet. A broad gold band ran around the bottom. The himation, or outer garment, was of satin, purple in color, and with a pas-ementerie border, having patterns traced upon it with gold cord. This was thrown over the right shoulder and left the arms free and bare. The model of his golden crown was dug up by Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae. Sandals of white buckskin, fastened with golden thongs, completed his attire. His two attendants wore close-fitting tunics of lavender, with gold embroidered borders and plain sandals. Jocasta's chiton was of flesh-colour'd silk, showing only what corresponds to the skirt of a modern dress, the waist being concealed by a diploidion, or wrapper, of gauzy texture, fastened at the shoulder with those sharp "brooch pins" with which Œdipus destroys his eyes. The outer garment, or himation, thrown over the shoulder, was a lightly woven silk stuff, of a golden color, and traversed with threads of gold, and having little balls depending from the corners. The hair was drawn tightly back and gathered in a simple knot at the top of the head. Her two attendants wore ornamented blue diploidia, with gold fillets about their black locks trained low across the forehead. Together with their royal mistress, as they stand at the doorway of the royal house, they form a picture truly superb in richness of color and classic in grace and suggestiveness. The chorus are attired in draperies of softly harmonious tints, subordinate, yet adding much to the rich general effect, and the pure white garment of the old priest and of the blind seer are not the least effective. To Mr. Frank D. Millet, the artist, was intrusted the costuming of the actors, and his work is a great credit to him.

At the close of the first performance Mr. Riddle was called out and presented with a wreath of laurel. The audience also called out Professor Paige, who wrote the music for the choruses; Professors Goldwin and White were complimented in like manner for their important share in the preparatory work. A reception was afterwards held at the residence of President Elliott, which was attended by those who had taken part in the play and by many men of eminence in letters and art who had witnessed it; among whom were included, besides Emerson, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, the distinguished professor of the Harvard faculty, the Governor of the State, Judges Gray, Putnam and Lowell, Mr. Winthrop, Archbishop Williams, Mr. Howells and other local notables, President Robinson and Professors Harkness and Lincoln, of Brown University; Professors William S. Tyler and Mather, of Amherst College; President Gilman and Professor Gildersleve, of Johns Hopkins University; Professor Drisler, of Columbia College; President Porter and Professors Whitney and Packard, of Yale; ex-President Hill, of Portland; President Chase, of Haverford College; President William B. Rogers, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Professor H. M. Tyler, of Smith College; Professor Fernald, of Williams College; President Warren and Professor Back, of Boston University; Rev. H. W. Bellows and Mr. George William Curtis, of New York; Rev. W. H. Furness, of Pennsylvania, and other eminent citizens and scholars.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—On Thursday last the Philharmonic Society gave their second concert of the season to a crowded house. On the occasion of the last concert I felt compelled to speak somewhat severely of the shortcomings of orchestra and chorus, and it is the greater pleasure to be able to record so decided an improvement in all respects in the present case. The performance consisted of Gounod's "Gallia," a *molt* for soprano solo and chorus, Massenet's "Narcisse," and Sir Michael Costa's *serenata* "The Dream." In addition to these the Symphony Society, with Mr. F. Boucher, played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. The light music of the present performance was incalculably better suited to the capabilities of the Society than Judas Macabbeus, which formed the staple of their last concert, and the result was shown in the greatly improved style in which the music was sung. The orchestra, too, were far better than before, and with the exception of a want of precision amongst the brass, always the least musicianly part of a band, did well, though I noticed a tendency to over-accompaniment, which told against the somewhat light voices of some of the soloists. There were Messrs. Norris and Tibbs, and Misses Lushen, Perrault and Maltby, all of them too well known to need much comment. Miss Perrault has a taking dramatic style, though a little exaggerated at times, but her voice is light. Miss Lusher sang remarkably well, but lacked power in the latter part of her number in the Narcisse.

Of the violin concerto, which was to musicians the treat of the evening, I will only say that Mr. Boucher played like an artist, and though the accompaniment dragged a little, especially in the last movement, which was altogether too slow, yet the *tout ensemble* was very remarkably good, and the performances should be a feather in the cap of the *Société des Symphonistes*. For the rest, Mr. Couture is to be heartily congratulated on the highly satisfactory result of his labours during the past few months. —Musical.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

- THE Emperor of Germany is ill.
- MOUNT Vesuvius is in a state of eruption.
- A MINISTERIAL crisis impending in France.
- NEW YORK steamers arriving at Vera Cruz are quarantined on account of cholera.
- BISMARCK will introduce a bill in the Reichstag to prevent the manufacture of dynamite.
- AN Arab rising has occurred in Southern Algeria, during which the French lost a number of men.
- A PROMINENT Washington divine has challenged Col. Ingersoll to a theological discussion on paper.
- A DESPATCH to the New York *World* speaks of a contemplated reorganization of the English Cabinet.
- THE recent census taken in London makes the population of that city nearly seven million.
- SOUTH AFRICAN despatches say the Boers are seizing cattle and plundering the property of the British.
- CONKLING's friends have decided to run him for re-election, and Platt will also offer himself as a candidate.
- TIMOTHY HARRINGTON, proprietor of the *Kerry Sentinel*, and chief organizer of the Land League, has been arrested.
- TWENTY-FOUR persons, mostly high officials, have been arrested in connection with the frauds on the Greek treasury.
- A ST. JOHN, N.B., despatch says a New York company, with \$2,000,000 capital, is going into gold mining on the River du Loup.

THE Glasgow authorities have ordered the slaughter of the cattle cargo of the steamship *Phœnician*, nearly 300 head, from Boston, on account of foot and mouth disease amongst them.

A SERIOUS conflict occurred between the Socialists and police in Copenhagen on Monday, during a Socialist demonstration against the refusal of the King to pardon the negroes implicated in the West Indies insurrection.

A HARTFORD woman, one night last week, in response to a tramp peddler's insolent "You're alone, ain't yer?" responded by presenting her husband's revolver at his head, with the additional answer of "No; I'm not." The peddler did not stop to display his wares.

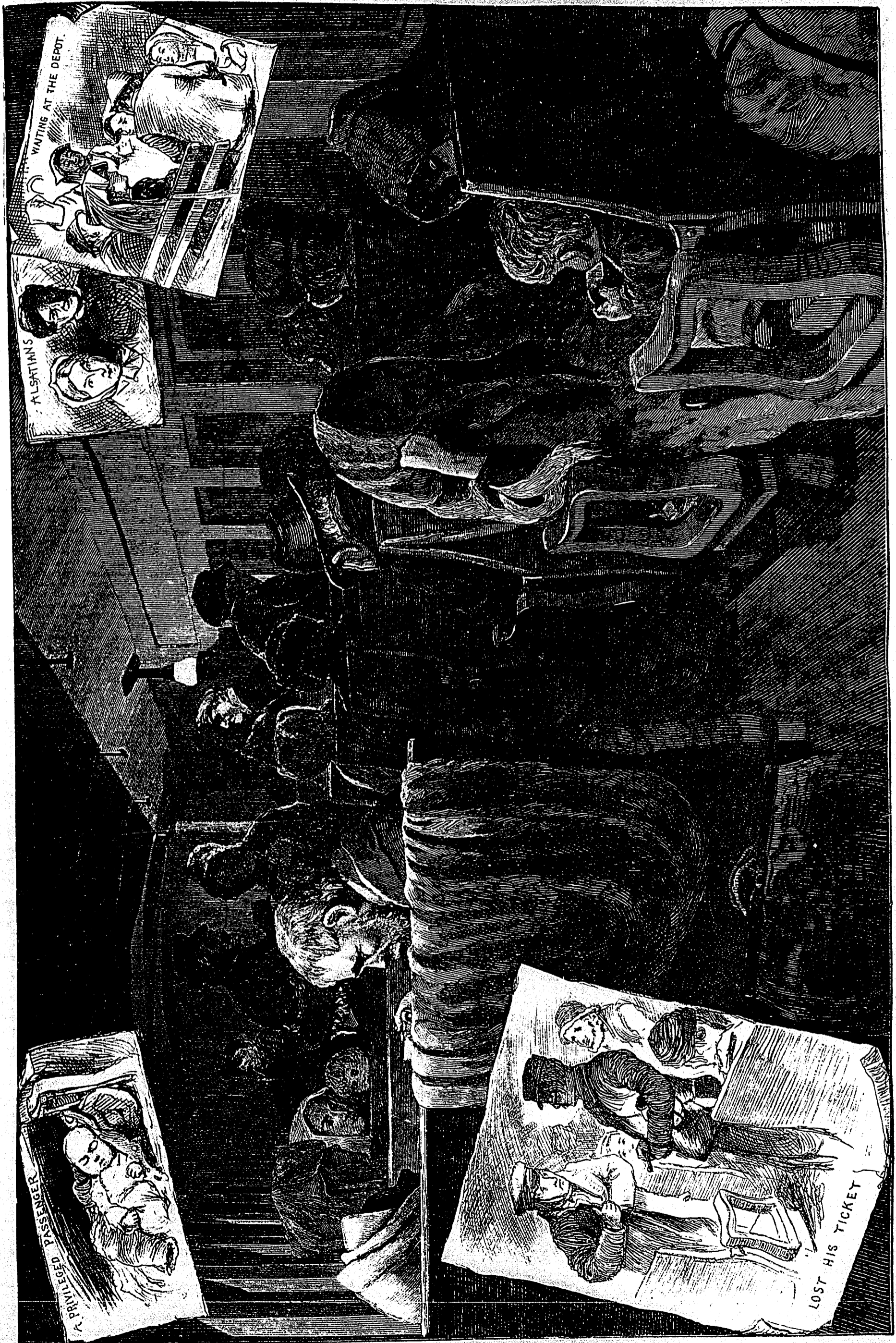
ACCORDING to Josh Billings, pashence is a good thing for a man to have; but when he has got so much of it that he can fish all day over the side of a boat without any bait on his hook azyness is what's the matter with him.

TO RECOVER THE ELASTICITY OF RUBBER.

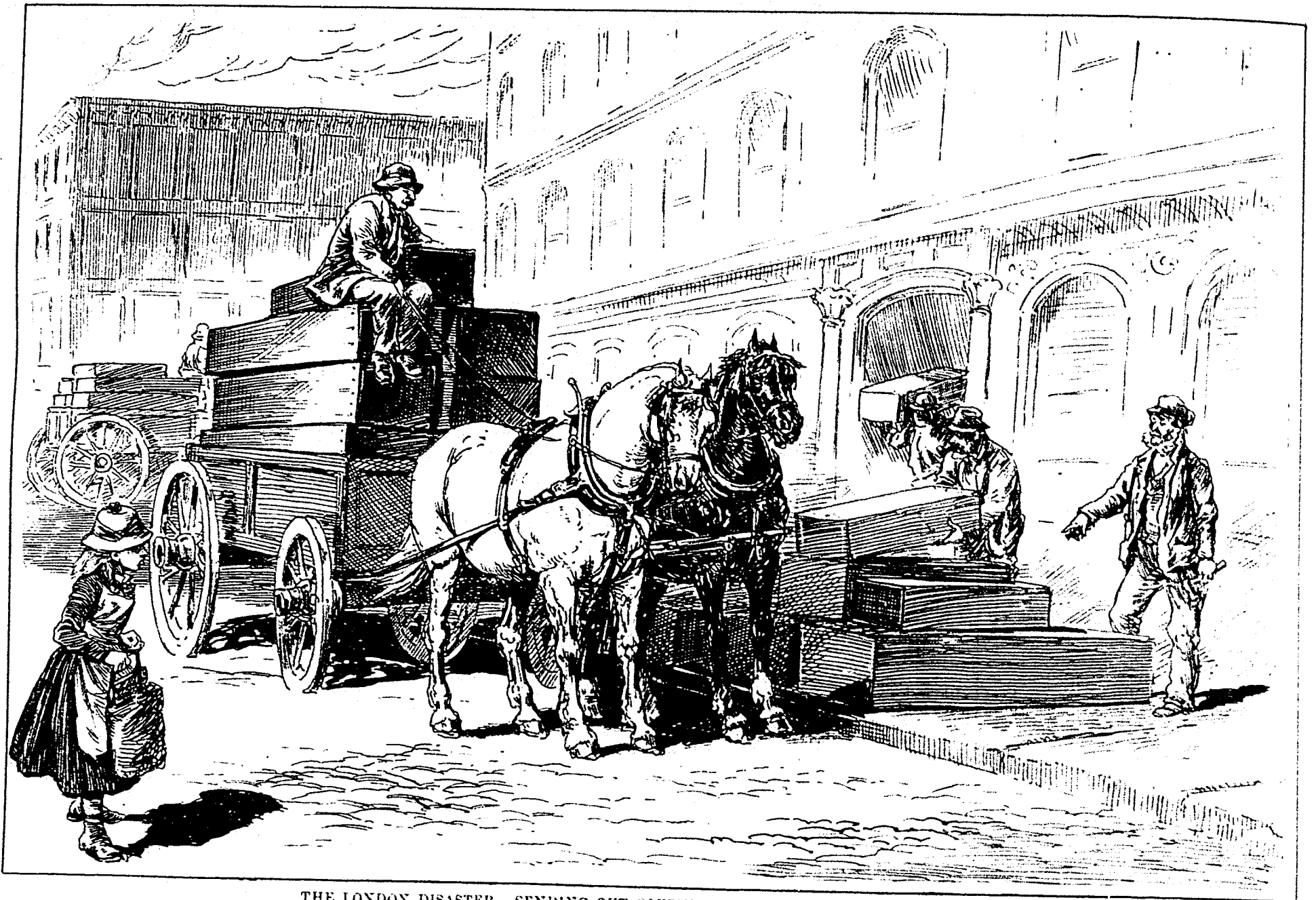
For articles of rubber, says a writer, which have become hard and brittle, Dr. Pol recommends the following treatment: Immerse the article in a mixture of water of ammonia one part, and water two parts, for a time varying from a few minutes to an hour, according to the circumstances of the case. When the mixture has acted enough on the rubber it will be found to have recovered all its elasticity, smoothness, and softness.



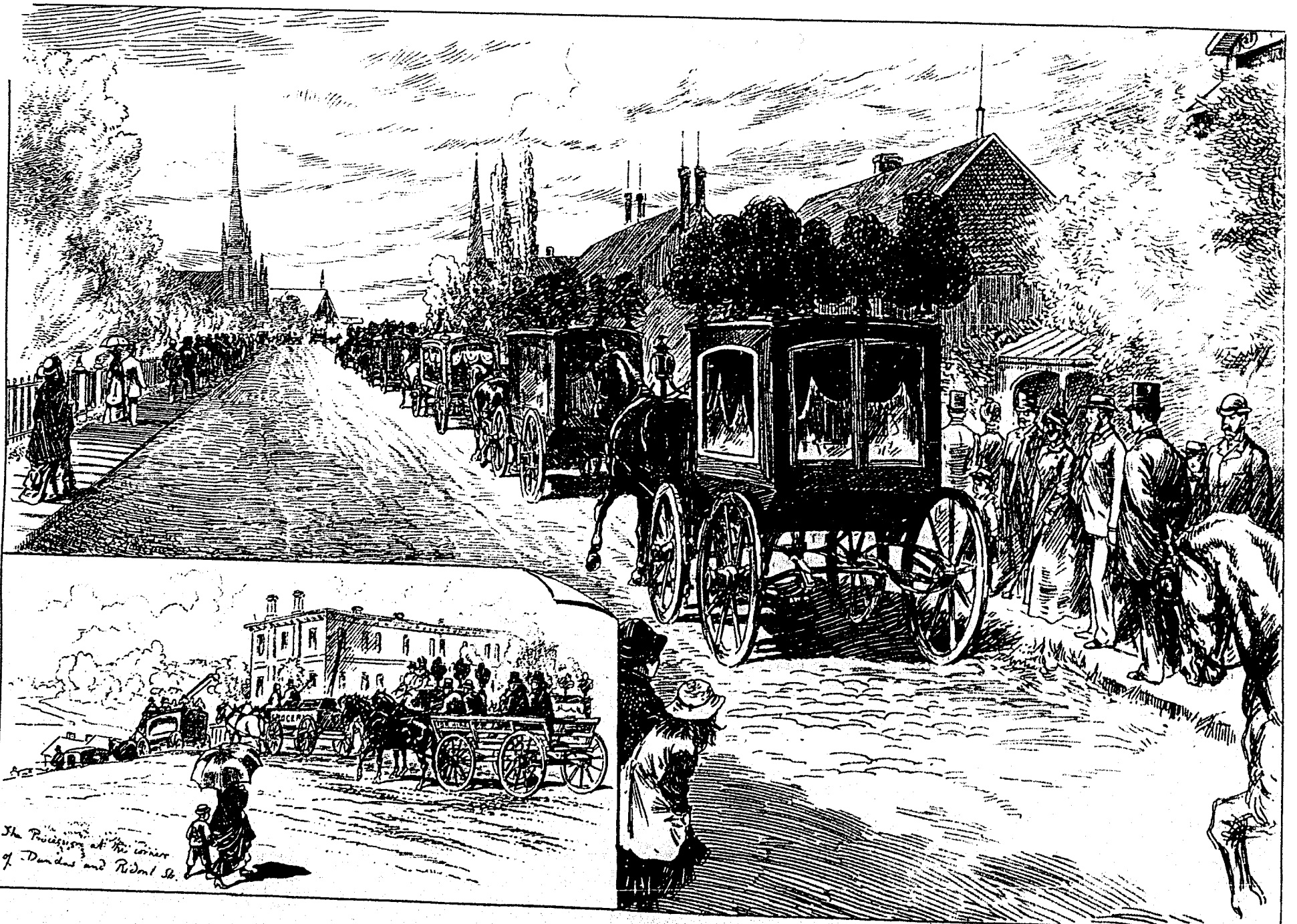
MAY FLOWERS.—FROM THE PICTURE BY M. CHAPLIN.



ON AN EMIGRANT TRAIN, GOING WEST.—DRAWN BY McCUTCHEON.

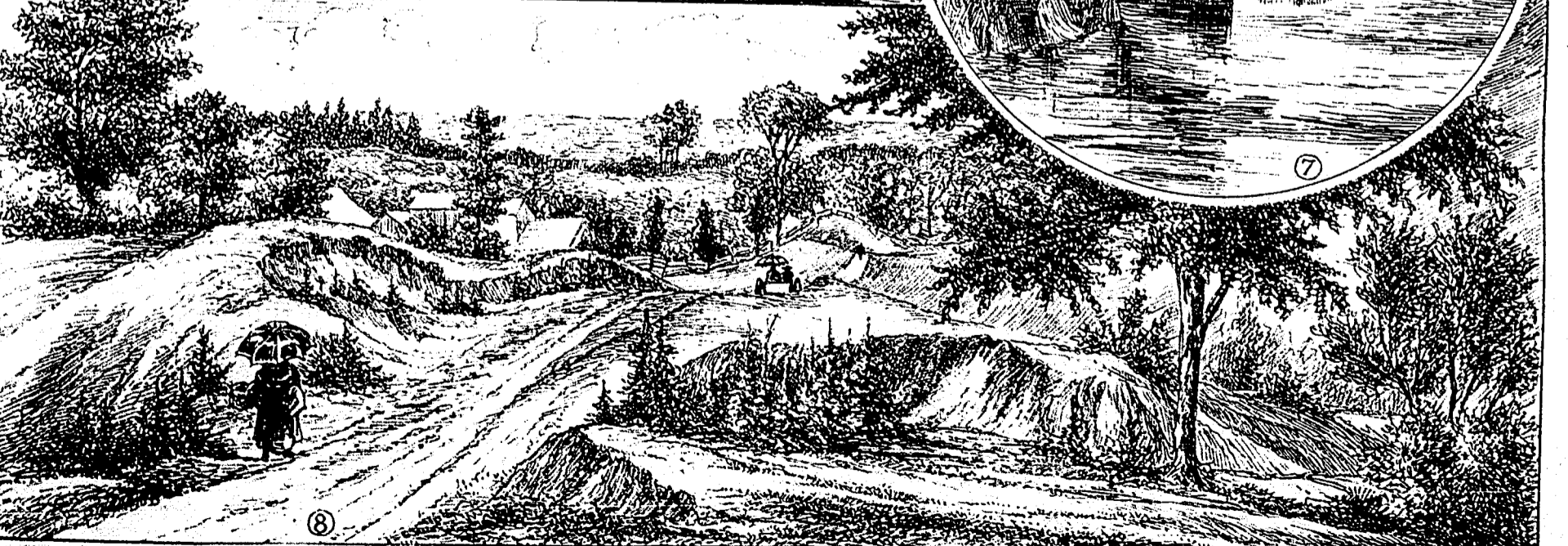


THE LONDON DISASTER.—SENDING OUT COFFINS THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK.



THE LONDON DISASTER.—THE FUNERAL TRAIN ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE 26th.

The Procession at the corner of Dundas and Richmond St.



1. Capt. Rankin, Captain of the *Victoria*.—2. Roberts, Engineer of the *Victoria*.—3. Nick Forkey, Deck hand.—4. Alf Wastie, Picket-taker, drowned.—5. The View looking towards the City from Springbank.—6. Springbank below the dam.—7. The dam at Springbank.—8. Hungerford Hill.

THE LONDON DISASTER.—PORTRAITS OF THE *VICTORIA'S* CREW AND VIEWS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF THE ACCIDENT.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY COOPER AND SKETCHES BY W. L. JUDSON.

THE FRENCH DRAMA.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

France, the country which is now more prolific in dramatic authors than any other, which now supplies the theatres of all other countries with at least the ground-work and the substance of the greater number of the plays performed in them, and which alone cultivates the art of Roscius to such a degree as to produce a school of highly trained actors, is the only civilized country, Russia perhaps excepted,—if Russia as a country may be called civilized,—which has no national drama. Among the people who have produced Corneille, Racine, and the greater Molière, Talma and Rachel, the drama is an exotic. French tragedy is Greek; French comedy, Spanish. Whatever is not Spanish in French comedy is not dramatic, although it may be comic; whatever is not Greek in French tragedy is neither tragic nor dramatic. Other civilized peoples, notably the English, have a drama which is strongly marked with national traits, which has been developed by the hands of genius from rude, indigenous germs, and which although modified externally in its perfected strength, or in its decay by the influence of other schools, still retains its national form and spirit. But France, under the pernicious influence of its Academy, and of that suckling Academy the Hôtel Rambouillet, cast aside as barbarous the crude, chaotic plays of original and elemental substance which she, like other nations, once possessed, and which yet had within them the germs of a new and characteristic dramatic literature, and deliberately assumed the position of an imitator.

The French drama is not a spontaneous growth; it is an artificial manufacture. The Hôtel Rambouillet and the Academy said, "Go to! let us make to ourselves the drama. In comedy we will form it upon the intrigues of the Spanish stage; in tragedy we will emulate the severe simplicity of the Greeks. It shall be very correct and proper according to the rules of art and *convenance*, if not very decent morally; certain words shall be allowed to the comic writers, and certain others to the tragic, and it shall be literary felony for either to use the other's language; and let us beware that the duties are rigidly observed." And they did so: and thus it is that in the French Drama what is essential is foreign, and what is national is adventitious.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

HE CALLED RATHER EARLY.

A party of Sioux Indians were guests at a leading Milwaukee hotel, and the ladies had a great deal of amusement with them studying their customs. That is, they all did except one lady. The ladies called upon the Indians, and the savages returned the calls almost before the ladies got to their rooms. One lady called upon the chief and then went to her room and retired, and pretty soon after there was a knock at the door, and she found it was the chief. She told him to come in the morning. The lady unlocks her door in the morning so the porter can come in and build a fire before she gets up. She heard a knock in the morning, and, supposing it was porter, she said, "Come in." The door opened and in walked Mr. Indian. She took one look at him and pulled the bed-clothes over her head. He sat down on the side of the bed, and said, "How?" Well, she was so scared that she didn't know "How" from Adam. She said to him in the best Sioux that she could command: "Please, good Mr. Indian, go away until I get up," but he didn't seem to be in a hurry.—He picked up pieces of her wearing apparel from the floor, different articles that he didn't seem to know anything about where they were worn, and made comments on them in the Sioux tongue. The stockings seem to paralyze his untutored mind the most. They were those long 90 degrees in the shade stockings, and they were too much for his feeble intellect. He held them up by the toes and said, "Ugh!" The lady trembled and wished he would go away. He seemed to take great delight in examining the hair on the bureau, and looked at the lady as much as to say, "Poor girl! some hostile tribe has made war on the pale face and taken many scalps." Finally she happened to think of the bell, and she rang it as though the house was on fire, and pretty soon the porter came and invited the Indian to go down-stairs to take a drink. The lady locked that door too quick, and she will never leave it open again when there are Indians in town. She says her hair—on the bureau—fairly turned gray from fright.

AN OLD NORWEGIAN TOWN.

Stavanger is one of the most ancient towns in Norway. It looks as if it were one of the most ancient in the world; its very brightness, with its faded red houses, open windows, and rugged pavements, being like the color and smile one sees sometimes on a cheerful, wrinkled old face. The houses are packed close together, going uphill as hard as they can; roofs red tiled; gable ends red tiled also, which gives a droll eyebrow effect to the ends of the houses, and helps wonderfully to show off pretty faces just beneath them, looking out of windows. All the windows open in the middle, outwards, like shutters; and it would not be much risk to say that there is not a window-sill in all Stavanger without flowers. Certainly we did not see one in a three-hours' ramble. From an old watch-tower, which stands on the top of the first sharp hill above

the harbor is a sweeping outlook, seaward and coastward, to north and south: long promontories, green and curving, with low red roofs here and there, shot up into relief by the sharp contrast of color; bays of blue water breaking in between; distant ranges of mountains glittering white; thousands of islands in sight at once. Stavanger's approach strikes Norway's key-note with a bold hand, and old Norway and new Norway meet in Stavanger's market-place. An old cathedral, the oldest but one in the country, looks down a little inner harbor, where lie sloops loaded with gay pottery of shapes and colors copied from the latest patterns out in Staffordshire. These are made by peasants many miles away, on the shores of the fjords: bowls, jars, flower-pots, jugs, and plates, brown, cream-colored, red, and white; painted with flowers, and decorated with Grecian and Etruscan patterns in simple lines. The sloop decks are piled high with them,—a gay show, and an odd enough freight to be at sea in a storm. The sailors' heads bob up and down among the pots and pans, and the salesman sits flat on the deck, lost from view, until a purchaser appears. Miraculously cheap this pottery is, as well as fantastic of shape and color; one could fit out his table, off one of these crockery sloops, for next to nothing. Along the wharves were market-stands of all sorts: old women selling fuschias, myrtles, carrots and cabbages, and blueberries, all together; piles of wooden shoes, too,—clumsy things, hollowed out of a single chunk of wood, shaped like a Chinese junk keel, and coarsely daubed with black paint on the outside; no heel to hold them on, and but little toe. The racket made by shuffling along on pavements in them is amazing, and "down at the heel" becomes a phrase of new significance, after one has heard the thing done in Norway.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

EVEN BURGLARS ARE RUSHED.

"Why," he replied to a cop, "I never saw so much push and rush in Detroit since the war, and I presume it is so all over the country. The boom even extends to my profession, which you are aware is that of burglary. I haven't been so rushed in ten years. I have advertised in a dozen papers for a pal, but can't get one at any price. Third class men, only fit to put up ladders, hold lighted candles, pound with a sledge and swear an alibi, are getting their own prices this year. The two I had struck for seven dollars a day apiece, and I had to pay it or let my business go to ruin. You have no idea of the number of chances we have had for jobs this year, and the season is promising all that any burglar could ask for. I am so puzzled that I hardly know which way to turn first."

"Anything very big on hand?"
"Oh, a dozen of 'em. I ought to go up Woodward avenue to-night and rob a house where two back windows have been left up for a whole week, but I may not get around to it because one of my pals is dead drunk in his room upstairs. Then there's a splendid show down Fort street. Two of the back doors won't lock, some of the chamber windows are unfastened, and there's half a cord of silverware piled up in one room. Duty tells me that I ought to take it in right away, but something may prevent. Dear me, but I wish I could hire at least three first-class burglars for the next six weeks. I've got a special lay for them!"

"Anything startling?"
"Well, no. There's a bank in Toledo we could get at very handy, a jeweller over in Chicago who aches to be robbed, and I know of a farmer out here a few miles who has \$3,000 in gold in the house. If I had two good men I could gather in at least \$50,000 within the next ten days, but this boom has taken me all aback. I need two full sets of burglars' tools right off, but my blacksmith is rushed with other work, and must delay me. I went yesterday to see about wigs and whiskers, but found a dozen orders ahead of me."

"It's unfortunate."
"Well, I should say so! It just makes my heart ache to know that scores of back doors are unlocked, hundreds of windows left open, heaps of silver and jewellery left kicking around, and here I am so fixed that I can't half push business. I'm nervous and uneasy, but I can't mend matters as I see. If you happen to come across a first-class hall thief and a pair of professional cracksmen, I wish you'd send 'em to me. I'll guarantee the very highest wages and steady employment for the season."—*M. Quad*.

"MEASURING THE BABY."

Don't measure the baby! There is an old superstition that if you do it will die before the year is out, and it's always best to be on the safe side. Do you see that name written in lead pencil on the door casing? Well, that's where we measured the baby. If you get down on your knees you will be able to read, "Jim; just so high." It wasn't a year ago that we all came out here, father, mother and the girls and got down on the grass and stood him up there. He was a sight to look at—all pink and white, with the softest rings of hair and eyes like violets in the spring, and he'd laugh and tumble down and we'd all laugh and cheer him up again, and Jenny laid the pencil on his head, and notched the wall, and then we wrote that to mark the spot, but I've wished many a time since I'd never had it done. You see we had been reading some pretty verses about that very thing,

and it just fitted to our baby exactly in the beginning:

"We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall,
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall."

That was so like our baby that I cut that verse out, and pasted it in the blank leaf of the big Bible. Then Jenny said there were more verses that suited him, but after getting the full drift of the poetry, I most wished we hadn't seen it, but I took two more verses and let them go with the other; here they are:

"His eyes were wide as blue bells,
(That's little Jim exactly!)
His mouth like a flower unblown;
(That's him again)
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown."

"And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
That yet had a touch of pain,
When Jube rolls round with her roses
We'll measure the boy again."

Now, if it had stopped there, as I expected it would, I'd have nothing to say, and there'd be another mark on the door-casing "so much higher," but—but—well, what's the use of beating about the bush in this way, You see there's no mark there and it wasn't any superstition after all. I went to-day into the room where he lay, all white and peaceful like, and so still that it was a sin to cry and disturb his sleep, and I added the rest of the poetry, that Jennie had kept without knowing why, to the old Bible.

"We measured the sleeping baby
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below."

"And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan;
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown."

That tells the story of little Jim better than I could tell it; that is why there's a hush over all the house, and the sun is too bright, and the birds have stopped singing, and we can never again measure the baby, for he has gone "so high" that we can only reach him by the golden ladder of death.

HEARTH AND HOME.

BE NEAT AND TRIM.—A woman can render herself attractive in many ways; but no woman can win admiration who does not study personal neatness. Fine clothes will not conceal the slattern. A young woman with her hair always in disorder, and her clothes tumbling about her as if thrown at her with a pitchfork, is always repulsive. Slattern is written on her person from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet, and if she wins a husband he will turn out, in all probability, either an idle fool or a drunkard.

A STITCH IN TIME.—In all the affairs of life it is the stitch in time that saves us trouble. Some of us seem to find it impossible to take it; we are delayed about repairing the roof, for want of material, till the dampness cracks the plaster, and peels off the wall paper, and gives us bronchitis; we would take such pleasure in settling our bills before the interest doubles them as only he who owes them knows; we realize the necessity of a stitch in time in our own affairs, but have no thread and needle, so to speak; or we fancy that we will attend to them to-morrow, or next week, or after we have gotten through with the work in hand, and then they are beyond mending. Sometimes it is our friendships that show a break, when a word spoken in season, how good it is! What tears and regrets it saves us! Many a heartache could be spared us by a reasonable adjustment of difficulties.

THE MAN TO LOVE.—"I could not," writes a lady, "love a man a little my superior. I should detest my equal—I should despise my superior; although I conceive an assemblage of qualities in a man of no great strength of mind that could win my regard; and, perhaps, if I were called upon to cherish and protect him I might cultivate a certain for him—a kind of motherly sentiment. I have thought it all over a hundred times. But the man for me to love is one vastly my superior, not so much in accomplishments, nor even in intellect, but in irresistible force of character; a man who will compel my spirit to bend its knee to his; who will command my soul to stand still, and shine on him as Joshua commanded the sun; who can trample my will to the dust beneath the tread of his irresistible and indomitable energy and fixity and courage. I require he should make me worship and fear him; and that instead of guiding and protecting me, should master me. I want that he should conquer the domain of my soul, add it to his own, and then generously divide the sovereignty between us."

THE JAPANESE AND THEIR FOOD.—Miss Bird, the authoress of the interesting new book, "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," remarks—"The fact is that unless one can live on rice, tea and eggs, food must be taken, as the fishy and vegetable abominations known as 'Japanese Food' can only be swallowed and digested by a few, and that after long practice. After several months' travelling in some of the roughest parts in the interior I should advise a person in average health—and none others should travel in Japan—not to encumber himself with tinned meats, soups, claret, or other eatables or drinkables except Liebig's Extract of Meat."—*Morning Post*.

FOOT NOTES.

At a recent *soirée* in the Paris Observatory, M. Trouvé showed a live fish with its body lit up from within by his polyscope, a minute form of which, with conducting wires passing to the hands of the operator, the animal had been boused to swallow (comfortably, let us hope). The whole body became transparent in the dark, so that the vertebrae could be counted, and all details examined.

MARKING SALMON.—The Fish Commissioners of Maine have adopted the plan of marking salmon to obtain data with regard to the development and migrations of these fish. Several hundred salmon lately set free in the Penobscot River have been labelled with light metal tags, the number on each being recorded. The Commissioners ask that whoever catches a labelled salmon in any waters of the State will forward to them the fish, for which they will pay an extra price, or else forward the label and whatever they know about the fish that wore it.

THE London (Ont.) disaster, recall in the name of the wrecked steamer *Victoria*, the ill-luck that has followed so many vessels called after members of the Royal Family, especially the disaster on the English Thames, when the *Princess Alice* was run down by the *Bywell Castle*, and six hundred people were ushered, without much ceremony, into eternity. Does an almost equally horrible fate hang over the names of the Royal Family that is said to cling about the name *Jasper*? No ship, it is said, that carried the name of Jasper, ever made a second voyage.

PAT'S VERSION OF A FIGHT.—It was an Irishman of quaint humour and a power of vivid description whom a party of gentlemen met on a steamer last summer. "When ye went to the beach did ye see Mac?" he asked. "Shure Mac is a rare quiet, decent man, but he's not the kind of man ye'd like to have thrubble with. Sure he was building a house, and he had a dispute with the owner; and the owner wint and got a kind of prize-fighter—what was his name? the Cornish pet, or something loike that—and sint him to lick Mac. And when Mac saw him a coming he jist tould him that he wouldn't be after spaking a word to him—that he wouldn't have no thrubble with him at all, at all. Well, sur, the Cornish Pet he hit Mac once, and that was all. Shure, when Mac had finished with that prize-fighter they had to take a door off the hinges, and carry home the pieces of him."

A good deal of chaff about "spring poets" is current in the newspapers. And not without reason, for that there is a subtle connection between spring and poetry, no one will be rash enough to deny. Were Mr. Buckle in existence, he might possibly be able to explain the matter. The poetry that is accepted for *Scraper's Monthly* is kept to a long drawer in a safe. Each poem is placed in an envelope, with date of receipt, and address of the writer. The envelopes are then placed in the long drawer, which is, perhaps, three feet long, and arranged according to subjects. First come the poems that admit of illustration. These take up about two inches. Then there is an inch of "Winter;" then four inches of "Love;" then some miscellaneous subjects, taking up half an inch to two inches of space; and, finally,—packed close,—there is about a foot and a half of "Spring!"

MR. EDWARD WHYMPER, in his recent paper before the Royal Geographical Society, gave an interesting correction of a very popular error concerning American geography. In all textbooks of geography, it will be found given as a geographical common-place, that the Andes consist of two parallel Cordilleras or ranges, running north and south, an eastern and a western, with a well-marked depression between. Mr. Whympfer has done what no one else has,—scaled several of the highest Andean peaks: he is a thoroughly trustworthy and competent observer; he took every advantage of his exceptional position to discover the fact with regard to the two cordilleras, and comes to the deliberate conclusion that, besides the low heights near the coast, there is really only one Andean range. The old doctrine, however, is based on too many data to be so easily overthrown; its two accepted ranges, for one thing, are admittedly quite different in geological complexion the eastern being almost entirely volcanic, and the western non-volcanic and fossiliferous.

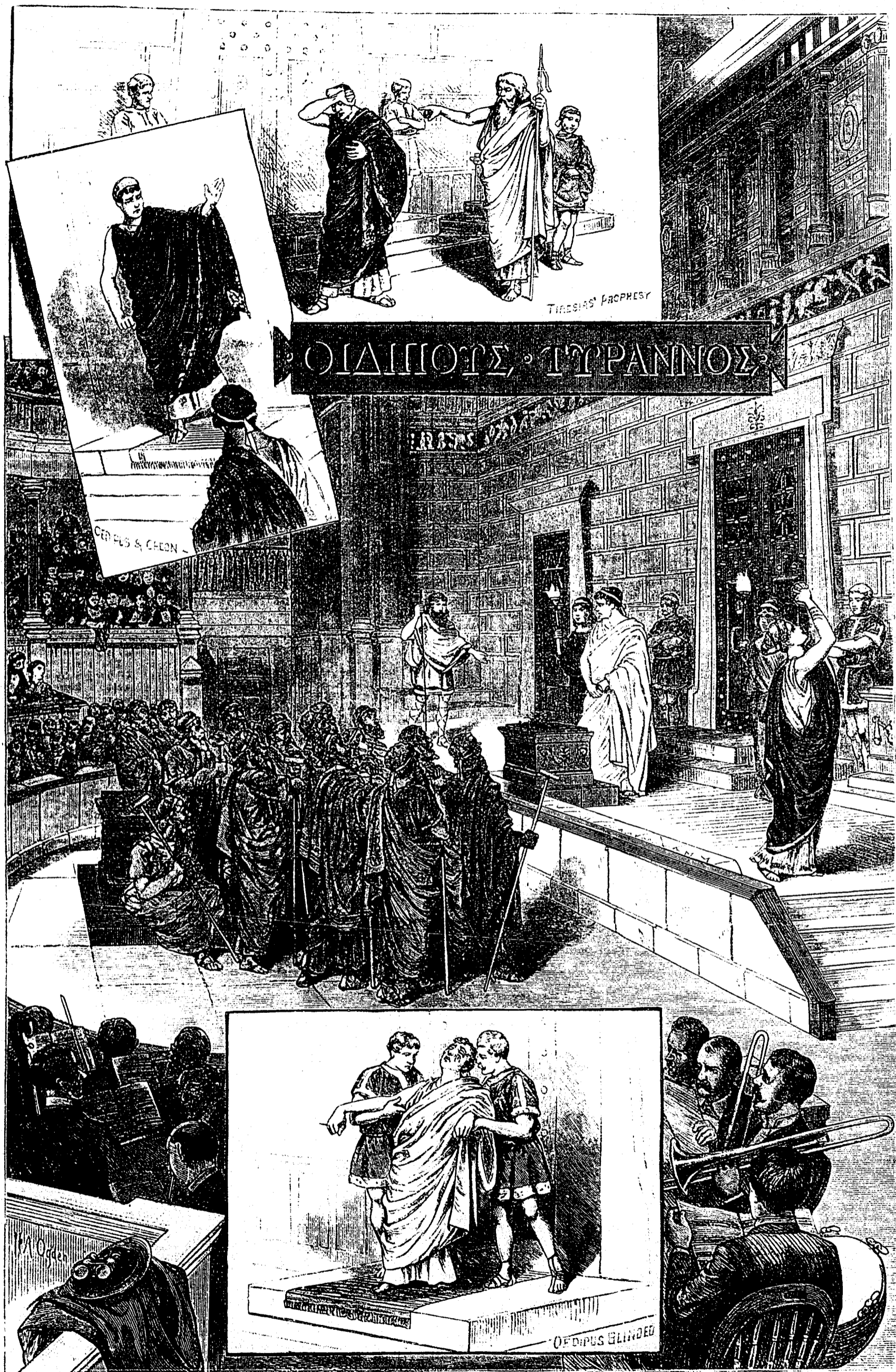
THE efforts of distinguished public speakers and performers are often impaired by hoarseness. No specific for throat and lung affections has been found the remedy this trouble with such certainty and promptitude as THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. This inexpensive but sterling remedy used inwardly and outwardly, often-times in a few hours entirely overcomes sore throat or a cold, and may be depended upon to produce the best effects in incipient bronchitis, asthma, croup, catarrh, quinsy and other affections of the breathing organs. It is also a sovereign remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney disorders, piles, excoriation of the nipples, bruises, scalds and hurts of all kinds. It is also used in some of the leading trotting stables of the country for equine disorders and injuries. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.



THE TROUBLES IN IRELAND.—MR. WALTER BURKE SERVING HIS OWN WRITS OF EJECTMENT.



IN THE TRANSVAAL.—THANKSGIVING SERVICE IN THE BOER'S CAMP ON THE DECLARATION OF PEACE.



THE REPRESENTATION OF SOPHOCLES' TRAGEDY OF "OEDIPUS TYRANNUS" IN THE ORIGINAL GREEK, AT HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

THE BIRTH OF DAY.

BY CHARLES H. BARSTOW.

Author of "Wildings from the Field of Song."

I.

Hushed, in their far-off caves, the night-winds sleep; A solemn stillness holds the sleeping world;

II.

All Nature, with one impulse, springs to life; The shadows flee from off the earth, away,

TOMMIE'S UNCLE.

BY BELLE CAMPBELL.

The school in which Miss Alma Greyton was assistant teacher had overflowed, as it is the custom of schools in populous districts to do,

The girl had a large share of the romantic in her nature, and her new class-room was a source of great pleasure to her.

Her indignation was speedily replaced by amusement, however, when little Tommie Grant, one of her brightest and most winning pupils,

"Miss Greyton, this is my Uncle Bob! He's just come home, I des'nt!"

"I must beg you to excuse my unceremonious entrance, Miss Greyton. I knocked once or twice, but as I failed to make myself heard,

"It is a marvel how you can keep the little shavers as quiet as they are!" Tommie's uncle remarked, in a tone of admiration.

"Oh, I must not boast of my order, since your little nephew has just broken it so flagrantly," she laughed.

"Tommie and I are great friends," said Tommie's uncle. "I have just returned after a year's absence, and as I leave home again very soon I have been sent to ask you to excuse him for the rest of the day."

"Of course!" exclaimed Tommie, who had been impatiently tugging at his uncle's hand; "of course I can do home! Miss Greyton is the dooziest and bestest teacher in the world, Uncle Bob, and she always lets little boys do home with their uncles;" and the sly little roguish smiled insinuatingly in the young lady's face.

Alma looked rather aghast at this audacious statement, the case being quite unprecedented, but she only said, as she encountered an amused twinkle in the young man's eye,

"Tommie has already learnt the art of gaining his desires by flattery. After such a compliment I can hardly refuse to let him go with you. I trust, however, that you will not consider his rather eccentric speech as a specimen of my good teaching."

Tommie's uncle laughed, shook his head, and,

taking Tommie's little hand in his, bowed good-morning, and carried the child off.

Miss Greyton assumed her duties with renewed energy, but, strive as she would, she could not regain her usual interest in them;

"Cathie," said Mr. Robert Langley to his sister one day, "do you know Miss Greyton?"

"That being the case," says Mrs. Grant, with a laugh. "I'll invite her to my party on Friday."

And so Alma Greyton became a frequent visitor at Mrs. Grant's house, and her old school-mate became so fond of her that her brother's evident attentions to her friend afforded her the greatest pleasure and satisfaction.

That Robert Langley was very much in love with the little schoolmistress was easily seen, but his sister, anxious match-maker that she was, could not understand his tardiness in speaking.

At the close of a dark and rainy day—a day in which Alma Greyton had felt an unaccountable melancholy and dread take possession of her—she stood upon the doorstep trying to lock the door; the wood-work was stiff on account of the rain, and after making two or three vain attempts she was about to give up in despair,

"Oh, thank you!" she said. "What a fortunate accident that you should have been passing! Without your assistance I fear I should have been forced to leave my school-room, with all it contains, an easy prize to burglars."

"It is never accident that brings me where you are, Miss Greyton," he said. Alma coloured and became very much interested in the little fur muff which she carried;

"Alma, may I walk home with you?" the young man asked abruptly. "Yes," if you wish," she answered, noticing with a thrill that in his earnestness he had spoken her Christian name for the first time.

Alma and her companion walked for some little time in silence—a silence which she strove in vain to break; she could not utter a word, although she longed to remove the spell by any common-place remark.

At last Robert spoke. "Miss Greyton—Alma—I want your advice; I am in trouble—will you help me?"

"Tommie and I are great friends," said Tommie's uncle. "I have just returned after a year's absence, and as I leave home again very soon I have been sent to ask you to excuse him for the rest of the day."

"Of course!" exclaimed Tommie, who had been impatiently tugging at his uncle's hand; "of course I can do home! Miss Greyton is the dooziest and bestest teacher in the world, Uncle Bob, and she always lets little boys do home with their uncles;" and the sly little roguish smiled insinuatingly in the young lady's face.

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"Tommie has already learnt the art of gaining his desires by flattery. After such a compliment I can hardly refuse to let him go with you. I trust, however, that you will not consider his rather eccentric speech as a specimen of my good teaching."

I can help you, be sure I will! You say you love me but must not—oh, Robert, what can you mean?"

"Oh, my darling, do not weep! Sweet as it is to know your heart is mine, I cannot bear that you, too, should suffer!"

"Forget you!" he cried, and before she was aware of it he had caught her to his breast and was raining passionate kisses on her face. She struggled to be free.

"You forget yourself!" she gasped, the flush that had dyed her forehead fading away and leaving her whiter than before.

"I shall never be happy away from you!" he said, almost harshly; You know it is but mockery to wish it!

"I will pray for your happiness and for her's," she said, gently. "Oh, Alma, do not leave me so coldly! Say at least that you forgive me!"

Alma Greyton had known sorrow, and spent many an anxious day and night, but never in her life had she suffered as she did when Robert Langley left her standing in the chill dusk of that fall evening.

In the morning she arose, weary and apathetic and dressed mechanically for school. Gradually she awoke to a sense of her duties there, and hastened her movements with a slight feeling of relief in the anticipation of something to do.

Alma turned and led the way; when she had closed the door, she turned her white face with its darkly-circled eyes, towards her visitor. "What is it?" she asked.

"My dear little friend," cried Cathie Grant, excitedly, "Robert has told me all! I do not know why he kept his engagement a secret from me so long—men are so strange! But why do I waste time! Alma, darling, see—this solves the difficulty, and, sad as it is, it brings us relief."

Alma took the paper from her hand and read it. It was a telegraphic despatch, directed to Mr. Langley, and bore these words: "My daughter died suddenly to-day of diptheria. Come at once."

"Signed, RALPH GORDON."

The words swam before her eyes, and with one gasping moan she fell upon the floor in a dead faint.

When she recovered she was lying on her little sofa with Cathie bathing her face with eau-de-cologne, and softly kissing her cheek.

"Are you better, love?" said that kind little woman, cheerfully. At the sound of her voice the girl burst into tears.

"Oh, it is so sad," she sobbed, "and yet—oh, it is wicked, horrible that I should feel this joy! I hate myself, but oh, Cathie, the black-

ness of death is lifted from my heart! Ah, poor girl! Poor, poor little Ruth Gordon!"

"It is perfectly natural that we should feel as we do, dear," said Mrs. Grant. "Ruth Gordon—poor girl, she was sweet and good, judging from what Robert told me—was a stranger to us both, known but as an obstacle. How could we feel otherwise! Come, dear, I want you to come home with me. You cannot teach to-day, and we must beg for a short sick-leave for you. We will go as soon as you feel rested. Robert left by the early train this morning; he was greatly shocked and troubled, poor fellow, but he sent me to you, Alma. Will you come, dear?"

"My love!" he said, softly, and folded her to his heart. "You are mine now, Alma! Nothing can part us now, dear one! Tell me you love me—that you will be my wife!"

"Oh, yes," she murmured. But, Robert, your friend her father—how does he bear his terrible trouble?"

He is quite broken-hearted," the young man answered sadly. "He does not expect to survive her long, and he has made me his heir. Of course I told him all—how I would have been loyal to Ruth, but would now marry you if I could win you. He was generous and kind, and sent you his blessing. It is strange how fond the old man is of me! He has no relations."

"I do not think it strange," she whispered, smiling through her tears.

AS TO WIVES.

It is only when a woman becomes a wife that you see her true character. Before this epoch she is so cramped in conventionalities that her very soul is kept covered up, and her heart has no room for healthy action. But the bonds are broken on her wedding-day, when, from a chrysalis condition, she comes out a butterfly, or a bee, or perchance a wasp.

If this sensible conclusion be quickly come to, all may yet be well; and should he bear the yoke gracefully, his wife will be easy with him, will let him have his own way in little things, and look as docile as a dove when company is present. But in case the unlucky husband clings to the ancient superstition of his own authority, then there will be war to the knife, and none can tell what will happen, save the certain ending that, at some time or other, the wife will succeed in having her own way.

Women are not generally humourists; but they cannot help feeling the fun of the thing when they so successfully manage their husbands, who all the while think they are managing them. This artful appearance of innocence and obedience is, indeed, the surest sign that a wife is having her own way. She is not so foolish as to care for the semblance of power. He may seem to be the master, and really act as the figure-head of the vessel; but the wife rules the rudder, and steers the ship whithersoever she may chance to wish. Every wise married man knows this to be so, and bows to the inevitable. But, then, few husbands are wise; and they, therefore, only too often, expose themselves to the ridicule of the philosophic few, who see things as they are, and smile serenely at the spectacle of these cold lions being driven, each in single harness, in the chariot of home. They are but poor company, these married men; being either tamed out of all knowledge, or else restless and chafing under the bit and reins. Their wives are far more sociable and amusing, because they are women of the world, who have shown the strength of their character by choosing men for husbands, and then having everything their own way.—Time.

LETTER paper of a different colour for every day in the week is now all the rage in Paris, the colours most in vogue being pale green for Monday, red for Tuesday, dark grey for Wednesday, blue for Thursday, white for Friday, straw colour for Saturday, and a delicate mauve for Sunday.



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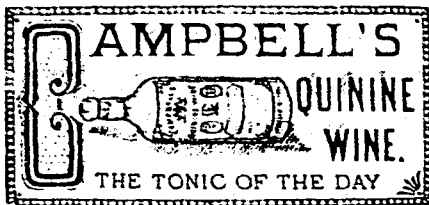
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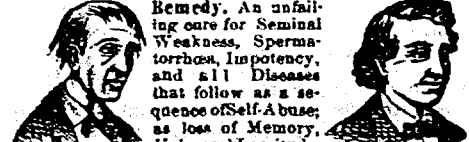
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