

The Sun

VOL. VIII.

FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1880.

NO. 22.

GENERAL.

THIS year's yield of tea in India is estimated at 70,000,000 pounds, nearly double that of 1878. Ten years ago it was under 14,000,000.

SEVERAL of the expelled French Jesuits have been invited by the Duke of Norfolk to stay at his castle of Arundel.

MR. POWERS, of the Seaman's Union, Chicago, in Hamilton and will visit Toronto, Port Hope, Kingston, and other ports.

HISTORICAL headresses, says the *Parisian*, are becoming more and more the rage. The well hair-dressers go to the Louvre to study their models.

It is claimed that a new Swedish gun (adopted by the Russian army) is even more deadly than the Gatling. It can be carried up into the main-top if necessary.

A MINE near Ancona, Italy, was last month exploded with so powerful a charge of powder that a small yacht two miles off was lifted out of the sea and capsized by the concussion.

THE House of Lords threw out the Deceased Wife's Sister bill by 101 to 90. Several Whigs—Lord Selborne, the Duke of Argyll, and Lord Coleridge, who spoke at length—opposed such marriages, while several Tories voted for them. The Prince of Wales and Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught voted in favour.

"LORD RIBTON," says the *London Truth*, "fancies himself a Roman Catholic; as a matter of fact he is an English Puritan, believing very strongly in certain truths of revealed religion, but trusting that he can only live up to his ideal of faith by strict submission to the laws of the old doctrinal code of Christendom."

In 1869 London had thirteen gas companies, employing an aggregate capital of £7,828,814. Now there are only four companies, but their capital is £12,651,818. The gas sold per cubic foot of coal carbonized was in 1870 8,428 cubic feet, but is now 9,431. Moreover, improved methods have also largely reduced the loss of gas.

The famous brigand, C. Giordano, has reappeared at the Hotel de la Marine, Calabria, which province he was formerly the terror. Twenty years ago Mr. Giordano emigrated to the United States, but not being favourably impressed with the advanced stage civilization in the new world, he returned to his first love in the Old. The royal carabinieri are after him.

MR. RALLI, lately returned as member for Wallingford, England, is son of an original member of the celebrated Greek house of Ralli, Brokers, which has interests and agents all over the world. His headquarters are in London, and it has important branches here, at Calcutta, Marsailles, and Smyrna. At one time it almost monopolized the grain trade of the Levant. Greeks make fortunes everywhere of their own country.

ACCORDING to the *Parisian* Lady Catherine, the mother of the Duke of Devonshire, author of "Fashion and Fashion," a beauty which attracted some notice on the other side of the Channel, has decided to reside in Paris, where she has taken possession of the famous Hotel Pozzo di Borgo, in the Rue de Valenciennes. Lady Catherine proposes to astonish the Parisians by the splendour of her fetes and by the brilliancy of her diamonds and jewels, some of which adorned the beauty of Mary Queen of Scots.

THE Ministry of Commerce has for the first time published statistics on the imports of cattle and swine from the United States, and applies to the first four months of the present year, and shows that during that period in all 57,653 head of horned cattle, 575,000 sheep and 95,000 pigs have been imported; that of these only 131 oxen, 1,405 sheep and 36 pigs were brought from America, and that the principal exporter of oxen to France is Italy, which sends nearly two-thirds of the total imported. Algeria sent not less than 63,000 sheep.

THE Parisians and especially the Parisiennes, have of late become very fond of Antiques, not because they resist temptation (far from it), but because they have the same companion as he had. Crosses are no longer fashionable, nor lockets neither; the trinket of the hour is the antique, a verger, with ruby eyes or eyes without rubies, a *petit cochon porte bonheur*, or, as some say, *porte veine*, for the Parisian of the present day hunters after chance rather than happiness, she seeks luck in the races, luck at the card table, luck in woman.

THE Italian Ministry of Public Instruction is actively engaged in rescuing from captivity those monuments of Rome which had become private property and turned to every use which speculation could suggest. Nearly one-half of the Baths of Titus will be opened to the public. The same will be done with that portion of the Forum of Augustus which extends from the Via Bonella and the Arco de Pantani to the Torre del Conti and the Forum Traianorum. The government expects, also, to buy the Vatican Museums, which are the most beautiful sections of the Baths of Caracalla. At the eleventh milestone of the Via Tiburtina, the pavement of the old road was discovered for some hundred feet. There are remains of a wall on each side of the highway, in one of which a bronze statuette was found, eighteen inches high.

THE Bennett family moved in the most fashionable society in Cincinnati ten years ago. After lunch Monday the Bennett man for several life insurance companies worth about a million dollars, and had a princely residence at Clifton, a suburb of the city. His wife was a brilliant beauty, and the entertainments over which she presided were the envy of the city. Her daughter, Blanche, carefully reared and educated, witty and pretty, was the light of the house. A son was the remaining member of the family. The first change in this household was a divorce. This was a blow to the Bennett family, and she died in disgrace. The son fell among bad associates, and finally went to prison for stealing. In St. Louis, a few days ago, a ragged, ruffian-like woman was arrested. This was Blanche Bennett, a heartbroken girl, having lost her fortune, is a clerk in a Western insurance agency.

"RECENTLY," says the *Paris Figaro*, "M. and Mme. Blondet gave, in their park of Mirouer, a little fete in the very teeth of the authorities, whom they had previously irritated. After lunch Mme. Blondet invited her guests of both sexes with a flourish and conducted them to the boundary of the park, where there is a lovely little lake, encircled by enormous trees, which are reflected in the limpid waters beneath. There for two hours they hunt the trout. The species of hunting is very amusing and affords recreation for two long hours of the afternoon. The manner of procedure is simple. The frog approaches and is tranquilized, the gentleman assisting the lady to take up the frog, and we need scarcely say that the list of frog hunters becomes daily larger. The results of the chase are also not inaptly sent to the gourmands and furnish an *honoris causa*—the only one perhaps—of gratifying the taste for frog."

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Yes or No.

You ask to request my daughter's hand, As you'd neglect a boy—
Do you know the weight of your demand On a mother's heart, my boy?
Or will you go to her with it, well, Will I ask to see her when she's old?
You'll bring the ring of the wedding bell, Resound its dying chime!

The heart you crave is a holy thing, So tender, trusting, true;
Can you to her devotion bring As warm as hers to you?
Will you love her through the changing years, As tenderly as now,
When I shall pale, and sorrow's tears Becloud her sunny brow?

When age shall bow her graceful form, Will you protect her through each storm
And shelter her from care? When time shall dim her sparkling eye,
And winter furrows show, Will you love her to the last day?
If not, I answer, No.

Remember that her future life Will every day be yours;
A loving woman who is wife, Has no existence of her own;
A part from him she loves; She lives henceforth for him alone,
And in his orbit moves.

She mounds her wishes to his will, Her ways to his desires;
He leads her by love's willing web Through life's refining fires;
She talks with him of things that he knows, And his life's rugged road,
And her idol adoration, Her guide and household god.

So if your love will live and burn, And bless her future years,
If you will give her in return The trust her life endears;
If you will guide her destiny, And shield her from distress,
Will I answer, Yes.

Why then, I answer, Yes.

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upon analyzing with some care the motives of his principal stories, we shall often find that the hero in them is merely a light by which the sterner features of character are to be irradiated, and that the marriage of the hero is as subordinate to the main bent of the story as Henry V's courtship of Katherine is to the battle of Agincourt. Nay, the fortunes of the person who is nominally the subject of the tale are more than a background on which grander figures are to be drawn, and deeper fates foreshadowed. The judgments between the faith and chivalry of Scotland at Drumclog, and Bothwell bridge, are not his interest, but the mind of a sensible reader, to whom the captain of the Popinjay is carried a prisoner to one battle, and returns a prisoner from the other; and Scott himself, while he watches the white sail that bears Queen Mary for the last time from her native land, very nearly forgets to finish his novel, or to tell us, with small success of any consolation, to be had out of that minor circumstance—that Roland and Catherine were united, in spite of their differing heresies, that he thought for an instant that the slight and sometimes scornful glance with which Scott passes over scenes which a novelist of our own day would have analyzed with the aims of a philosopher and painted with the curiosity of a gossip, indicate any absence in his heart of sympathy with the great and sacred elements of personal happiness. An era like ours, which has with diligence and ostentation swept its heart clear of all the passions once known as loyalty, patriotism, and piety, necessarily magnifies the apparent force of the one remaining sentiment which sighs through the barren chamber or clings inextricably round the chains of ruin; nor can it be surprised to see the uncomely spirit which still tempts or betrays the sagacities of selfishness into error or frenzy which is believed to be love.

Betting, Past and Present.

(From the London Field.)

It has never been satisfactorily settled at what time, in the long and splendid history of the British turf, the ring or community of bookmakers sprang into existence. Robert Burton, to whose learned pen we owe the *Anatomy of Melancholy*, tells us that "many of the best persons of the age, swept past, a puffy vision of millinery. "Why," was the reply, "she has indulged so much in fashionable dissipation that she has the 'delirium trimmings.'"

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Lord Byron's Daughter. Ada Byron was married to the Earl of Lovelace in March, 1835. The marriage was not an unhappy one. She was a woman of respectable talents and domestic habits, lord lieutenant of his county and high in social position, suitable in age, and possessed of large estates, regarded his wife with mingled feelings of affection and admiration. She was willing that she should be known publicly as an authoress, he, nevertheless, often that once gave permission that certain of her articles on various branches of science, about which she had written, might be published, and acknowledged as hers. Children were born to them; their tastes were no more dissimilar than was consistent with common, if not promotive of unusual, harmony; and their home was a place of peace and contentment, to remember the two, as they were, a happy contrast to that which her mother had abandoned twenty years before. But Lady Lovelace craved excitement. Neither town life nor country was sufficient to satisfy her insatiable desire for constant stimulus. Neither her studies nor her pen, the care of her children, nor the pleasures of society, her rank among the aristocracy, nor the admiration her beauty and gifts received wherever she appeared, were sufficient to her. She speculated in the funds, but at horse races bought and sold in the stock market, and finally, during the railway mania, that, under the lead of Hudson, was second only almost to the exclusion of all else.

THEIR English houseman, dark olive-complexioned and clad in drab flannels made the laziest mountain suits.

JAPANESE and Chinese designs are the new fashions in cotton silicene, a soft, glossy fabric much resembling silk.

LACE fraises and jabots are extremely popular for dressing the neck, and are worn almost to the exclusion of collars.

Paris trines (lucky trinkets) come in the form of little gold and silver pigs, suspended to a ring, bracelet, or necklace.

COLOURED ballet uses for edging the skirts of coloured dresses are very fashionable, and are much more durable than white.

GREEN leaves are hardly permitted to the flowers worn this year, but, strange to say, for the first time we see green flowers!

GREEK bands are worn in the hair. Grecian aprons are fashionable, and the Grecian style of hairdressing is adopted by the very few to whom it is becoming.

Waifs. KISSING by telephone is about as satisfactory as scratching your head with a sun-bon.

THE army worm got as far as Boston when a miss with eye-glasses called it by its real name. It immediately lay down and died.

"How does painting agree with my daughter?" asked an anxious parent. "It makes her too red in the face," replied the teacher.

"THOU,