

### General Luard on His Muscles.

(From the London Advertiser.)

In the matter of Col. Campbell, of the 27th Battalion, and the treatment received by him at the hands of Major-General Luard on the day of brigade inspection, the officers and men of the battalion, as well as the Colonel himself, felt the matter keenly. No better-hearted, better principled, truer or more gentlemanly exists in the camp, and as for soldier-like qualities it is the universal opinion that he would stand to be cut to pieces rather than flinch from his duty. Last Thursday, when Major-General Luard arrived, he found the Colonel at the head of his regiment with his horse facing his men.

"That's no position for a Colonel to be in. Face around, sir!" said the Major-General in a very peremptory tone. "That's not your place. Come here, sir; turn your back to your regiment."

The Colonel promptly and meekly obeyed the order.

The Major-General then made inquiries as to the absence of water bottles and haversacks, which he noticed in many cases in the battalion. He was informed the officers had applied for such several times, but had failed in getting a supply.

The Major-General then turned on the Colonel again, and asked in a very harsh manner:

"How is it you officers haven't got scarlet tunics; don't you know it is not regulations for them to wear blue?"

The Colonel replied that each officer had a right to choose his own uniform, that some were made in one city, some in another, and that they were obliged to procure all their own clothes at their own expense, and some of the officers found it very expensive to supply suitable clothing.

The Major-General said: "That's nonsense, sir. How is it that there are not two officers in your battalion with swords alike? And just look at some of their uniforms!"

The Colonel felt very keenly the manner in which his officers and men were spoken of, and was about replying to the Major-General when he turned on him, and in a loud and insulting tone of voice, right in the presence of the officers and men of the battalion, said: "Look at your own dress, sir. Is that any uniform for a Colonel to appear in? Look at your saddle-cloth—the like of which I never saw!"

Col. Campbell, a short time before coming to London, had a piece of scarlet let in under the numeral of his cap, and the Major-General pointed at the figures and said, in a sneering manner:

"That's a nice thing for a Colonel of a battalion to wear on his head."

If Major-General Luard had taken the Colonel to one side and reprimanded him as he should have done, in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, the old veteran would have taken it all in good part, but to be bullied and insulted right in front of his men was certainly, to say the least, a very injudicious course of action adopted by the Major-General. The Colonel felt indignant and highly incensed at the unwarranted insult, and said:

"I have served my Queen and country all my lifetime and I never was insulted in such a manner before, and that, too, at my time of life."

The Major-General—"Order your battalion, sir, to deploy the left."

The Colonel obeyed and gave the order "Deploy"—but before he could utter another word the Major-General turned on him in a ferocious manner, and said:

"What are you doing now, sir?"

The blood in the Colonel's veins now fairly boiled over, and he said: "I can stand this no longer. If you want the battalion take charge of it yourself," and sprang out of the saddle as nimble as a young man of 21 could do it, exclaiming: "Major-General Luard, I cannot stand to be insulted in this manner right before my own men."

Major-General Luard—"Do I understand you, sir, you want to give up your battalion?"

"I do not want to give up my battalion, but I will not stand to have my officers and men insulted in this manner."

The Major-General now, in rather a milder tone of voice, said: "Come here, Colonel, we will have a talk." The Colonel led the horse off by the bridle, and after some talk the Major-General and staff rode off to some other part of the field.

### Proposed Scotch Tour of Her Majesty.

When the Queen visits Edinburgh in August it is fully expected that the stay at Holyrood will be of longer duration than on most previous occasions. The exact length of the Royal residence has not yet been definitely settled, but the information the authorities have just given is that the authorities have just given the expectation stated. Apart from the Volunteer movement, there will be a good many calls on Her Majesty's time while the Court remains at Holyrood, and negotiations are at present in contemplation in the hope of securing the presence of the Queen in connection with two or three important local events. Then, it is fully expected the Queen will visit the Buccleuch estate, Dalmeny, and Barnbougle Castle, which has recently been restored, and Hopetoun. When in Edinburgh several years ago the Queen had arranged to visit Broomhall, the residence of the Elgin family, and Dunfermline, where, in the old abbey, is the burial place of Scottish kings, elegant monuments mark the graves of Lady Stanley, for whom Her Majesty entertained the warmest friendship, and other members of the Elgin family who were personally known to Court and who served their Queen and country with untiring devotion. Circumstances arose which made the visit to Fife at that time impossible; but there is a probability that the Queen may be in a position this autumn to drive to and make a short stay at a fine old town interesting to all students of history, but having a peculiar and special interest for members of the Royal Family. Should the Queen be in a position to visit Fife in the autumn, the expectation is that a day will be selected subsequent to the military display in Queen's Park. For the Volunteer review the arrangements are progressing satisfactorily and indications are abundant that there will not only be a large muster of citizen soldiers, but that Edinburgh will also be invaded with strangers from all parts of the Kingdom. A proposal has been mooted that while the Queen is at Holyrood, and the city is filled with Scotch people from all quarters of the Queen's northern dominions, a great national gathering, something after the style of the Braemar fête, should be held.

### PLAYING WITH MATCHES.

**A Baby's Terrible Suffering and Death Through a Brother's Carelessness.**

A despatch from New York of yesterday's date says: "The Eighth precinct police reported to Superintendent Walling to-day the particulars of a peculiar and fatal accident that occurred at No. 46 Thompson street, in the burning of an 8-month-old child, Caroline Motz by name. The father of the child is a German wood turner, and lives on the top floor of the tall tenement. He was at work on Monday afternoon, and his wife had gone to do some washing, leaving the baby in the cradle in the front room with its two brothers, one yet too young to talk, and the other less than 6 years old. The older sister, who usually minds the children, was at school. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, a German by the name of Ernst Dorr, who lives on the floor below, came home and heard the Motz children crying. He ran up with his wife to see what was the matter and found the room on fire. The cradle was ablaze with the baby's clothes. The two frightened boys were huddling in a corner crying. Mr. Dorr snatched the burning child and dashed the cradle out of the window. The flames were soon put out, but the baby was so badly burned that it died this morning. The explanation of the oldest of the two boys was that he had been playing with matches. Crawling under the cradle from which mosquito-netting hung down to the floor, he struck off one with a childish curiosity to see if the netting would burn. It did burn, and in an instant the cradle was in flames. The story was circulated that the child had purposely set fire to the child, but this the boy's tender years proved to be impossible. A reporter who called at the house found the infant's body packed on ice in a wash-tub and the family in tears over it. The boy who was the cause of it all was playing in the street."

### The Spider as a Balloonist.

(Rochester Democrat.)

In speaking of the intelligence displayed by birds and beasts, Seth Green argued strongly in favor of the reasoning power of insects especially, and related from his own experience the manner in which a spider constructs a balloon. If you anchor a pole in a body of water, leaving the pole above the surface, and put a spider upon it, he will exhibit marvellous intelligence by his plans to escape. At first, he will spin a web several inches long, and hang to one end while he allows the other to float off in the wind, in the hope that it will strike some object. Of course this plan proves a failure, but the spider is not discouraged. He waits until the wind changes, and then sends another silken bridge floating off in another direction. Another failure is followed by several other similar attempts, until all the points of the compass have been tried. But neither the resources nor the reasoning powers of the spider are exhausted. He climbs to the top of the pole and energetically goes to work to construct a silken balloon. He has no hot air with which to inflate it, but he has the power of making it buoyant. When he gets his balloon finished he does not go off upon the mere supposition that it will carry him, as men often do, but he fastens to it a guy-rope, the other end of which he attaches to the island pole upon which he is a prisoner. He then gets into his aerial vehicle, while it is made fast, and tests it to see whether its dimensions are capable of the work of bearing him away. He often finds that he has made it too small, in which case he hauls it down, takes it all apart and constructs it on a larger and better plain. A spider has been seen to make three different balloons before he became satisfied with his experiment. Then he will get in, snap the guy-rope and sail away to land as gracefully and as supremely independent of his surroundings as could well be imagined. Mr. Green stated that he had repeatedly witnessed such actions by spiders, and that he feels convinced that it is reason, with which the Creator of all things endowed the animals, that enabled them to free themselves from their prison.

### Conferring of Degrees.

As the L.L. D. question has been under discussion in Ottawa—the insinuation being made that they were cheap honors, too frequently bestowed—the *Citizen* has pointed out that since its incorporation by royal charter in the year 1841, the University of Queen's College, Kingston, has not been very lavish in the distribution of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The list comprises fifteen names, as follows: The Marquis of Lorne; Hon. Oliver Mowat; Toronto; Rev. George Bell, Walkerton; Edward J. Chapman, Toronto; Rev. John Cook, Morin College, Quebec, the first Chancellor of the University; Lewis Frechette, Quebec; Rev. Alexander F. Kemp, President of Ottawa Ladies' College, Ottawa; Peter McLaren (deceased); Rev. George Romanes (deceased); Wm. Tassie, late Principal of the Collegiate Institute, Galt; John Thorburn, Ottawa; Alpheus Todd, Ottawa; Michael Willis (deceased); Sir William Young, late Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

### A Hen Captures an Owl.

Frank Davis has, in a cage at his drug store in the village of South Rutler, a fine specimen of the large cat-owl, which was captured in this way: At the barnyard of the Douglass farm, half a mile south of the village, a hen and chickens were housed, with one edge of the coop propped up with a corn-cob standing under it. They were discovered by the owl in its nocturnal pursuit of a supper. Of course he entered the coop, with the view of taking one of the young birds, and of course found himself immediately in conflict with the old hen, and in the melée the chickens all escaped, and she then made her exit, taking away the cob that propped up the coop, and leaving Mr. Owl in solitary confinement.—*Rochester Democrat.*

The only hope of bald heads—Carboline a deodorized extract of petroleum. Every objection removed by recent improvement. It is now faultless. The only cure for baldness and the most delicate hair dressing known.

Mr. George Stephen, of the Syndicate, is about to erect a mansion upon Drummond street, Montreal, of cut stone, in the Italian style.

### SPORTING NOTES.

**ATHLETICS—SCOTTISH CHAMPIONS.**

Donald Dinnie and George Davidson, the champion Scotch athletes, have forwarded a challenge to Richard K. Fox, of the *Police Gazette*, in which they announce their readiness to compete against E. W. Johnson, Duncan C. Ross, or any athlete in America, in all the round series of Caledonian games for \$1,000 to \$2,500 a side. Dinnie and Davidson agree to allow ten points in one hundred, or will make a match that they will beat the best record ever made at throwing the sixteen-pound hammer (twenty feet) and in putting the shot (five feet); also open to contest against any man at wrestling, each man to wrestle in his own way. Both will visit America in July or August if their challenge is accepted. L. E. Meyers, the winner of the 440 yards race in England on Saturday, is, as most Torontonians know, a prominent member of the Manhattan Athletic Club, of New York, and the champion amateur runner in America. He is a native of Virginia. Meyers has made the best time on record in this country or Europe in races of 100, 220, 440 and 880 yards, and also holds the best record for a one-mile run, having covered that distance in the remarkable time of 4.29. His time in the 440 yards race on Saturday is greater by three-fifths of a second than his best time, which is 0.49 1-5, made in this country. Eugene M. Merrill, who defeated the Englishman in the two-mile walk, is a wealthy jeweller of Boston, and an active member of the Boston Athletic Club. He stands on the records as the champion one-mile walker in the world, having made that distance in 6.39.

### SWIMMING.

On Saturday, June the 11th, a sixteen-mile swimming race for \$1,500 a side took place at the Royal Aquarium, London, between the famous Capt. Webb and Wm. Beckwith. The race was one of speed against endurance, Beckwith, the fastest swimmer in England, giving Capt. Webb four laps or rounds to the mile, the fastest of course being rather small. This of course told heavily against the fast swimmer, Beckwith, and although he started off gamely and swam at first at the rate of eight laps to Webb's seven, he was unable to keep it up, and Webb eventually won by about three-quarters of a mile. Webb made his fourteen miles in 9 hours 23 mins. 4 secs. Beckwith gave up early in the 16th mile, seeing that he could not complete the distance in his opponent's time.

### Don't Drown.

A correspondent of the *London Times*, in giving an account of the better way for one to sustain himself in the water, says: "When I first went to sea, at the age of 12½ years, I fell overboard in the Bay of Biscay when the ship was going ten knots with studding sails set. A heavy sea was running, and the captain wrote that he 'had never known any one saved under such circumstances.' I had been taught to swim at Eton, where I had gained some proficiency in diving for chalk eggs. This practice gives a boy the two qualifications to which, under Providence, I owe my life—first, that of not being afraid when under water—being in the habit of swimming about under water looking for the eggs which had been scattered; and, secondly, that of treading water, for we used to come up with eight or ten eggs, two or three being stowed under one's arm-pits, and we had to retain them all and put them into a punt or they did not count. My first sensation on being forced myself in the customary way to the surface, and then, seeing the ship sailing away, and the life-boat apparently close to, to try the 'good straightforward breast-stroke' recommended by the honorable secretary of the Swimming Association. Less than a minute convinced me of my error. My cloth uniform was very heavy, as it was midwinter; I was losing all my strength, and filling my nose and mouth with 'spoon drift.' I at once gave it up, turned round, and trod the water as long as I could, and when I could no longer do that turned on my back and floated, in which position I was picked up by one of two cutters sent to search for me, and they had lost sight of me from the ship. I will not take up your space by praising the smartness of the ships or speaking of the officer, still living, or the crew who manned that boat. My only object in writing is to add my testimony to that in your issue of to-day that the 'art of sinking,' added to that of quietly waiting—treading water and floating—till assistance can reach you, will be found far more efficacious than wasting power by swimming."

### Dr. Punshon and Methodist Foreign Mission.

It is well known that the late Rev. Dr. Morley Punshon, the distinguished Wesleyan preacher and lecturer, desired sometime before his death to make an effort to associate the young men of Wesleyan Methodism more fully with foreign mission work, and had it not been for the inauguration of the thanksgiving fund would have carried his purpose into effect. Since his death many suggestions have been made as to the best memorial which could be adopted. Recently a proposal was made, which is now being carried into effect, to secure annual subscriptions of half a guinea and upwards the proceeds to be applied to the removal of the existing debt of £20,000 on the Wesleyan Missionary Society, and the further increase of the general work in such a manner as will prevent the accumulation of debt in the future. An influential committee, consisting of the sons of the leading Wesleyan laymen, has been formed, and an appeal has been printed for special circulation throughout British Methodism. Local committees are to be formed for the promotion of the fund, and the carrying out of the movement is to be undertaken by the younger laymen of Wesleyan Methodism. The scheme has the warm approval of the President of the Wesleyan Conference. The fund is to remain open until the end of March, 1882.

The following too brief notice indicates the first beginning of a parish school in Dundonald, Scotland: 1605, June 9.—"Qhilk day we ye Sessioun ordained the minister publictly to warn for ye puppet all sic as wald half year bairnis teicht, to convene on tuesday next ten hors to advyrs yrvpoun."

### THE MILLENNIUM AT HOME.

**Prof. David Swing Takes an Optimistic View of the Modern Household.**

(From the Chicago Alliance.)

Thanks to the fickleness of fashion, a time has come when beauty may be inexpensive. It has been known for many generations that fashion was liable to changes, that it was the modern Proteus, the sea-god of infinite shapes, but no modern imagination could have conjectured that the time would ever come when a pine book-case could be elegant and yet cost only \$5, or that a wall could be made highly attractive with a twenty-five-cent paper. But into such a millennium has the world come, and at last a cottage can be as truly attractive as a palace. Indeed, many housekeepers have reversed the style of conversation, and instead of letting it be known that such an article cost a large sum, the tendency is to point to some table or chair, or book-rack, and remark with delight that it cost only \$3. The age is rich and much money is lavished in all directions, but what is peculiar is that cheap things are also beautiful and fashionable.

The Japanese fans and parasols have made furniture and tapestry come down to modest prices, for when a bureau is to be surrounded with paper concerns that cost only a few dimes a dozen it is not desirable that the bureau should be very elaborate. The eternal fitness of things has brought all the details of the bed-chamber down to the Japanese standard. We must thank the Orientalist for thus enabling the young housekeepers to dispense with lace curtains and heavy tapestries, and be neat and fashionable by means of all sorts of paper work having upon it all sorts of figures and emblems.

The customs of the warm climates which invite all housekeepers to remove even from the sight woollen things and dusty things have been seen by the traveller and have also been heard of in letters, and the bare floor of all sunny lands has come northward, and, as a result, if a couple of human beings wish to set up housekeeping and have no big pile of money they need not carpet a floor, for all will be admired and be stylish if the bride and groom shall paint the pine floor, and then throw down a small rug in the middle of the whole affair. Indeed, it is just the thing for the lady to paint her own floor, for woman's hand in decoration is now about as nice as her hand in marriage. In these days almost all the young men in marrying a girl marry an artist. The modern bride is a fresco-artist and a paper-hanger and a painter and gilder and a parer as a carver. In one evening of the honeymoon she can cut out a pattern of a Greek or Eastlake border and can paint a margin on a parlor floor by the time the other party can hang a picture or tack up a Chinese parasol with propriety.

For a few years it looked as though house-keeping would have to be left to the Vanderbilts and the Bennetts and the Rothschilds and to railroad mortgagors, and that all the remainder of the human race would need to take cheap lodgings, but with a single movement of her little finger fashion has ushered in an area in which a cottage is as fashionable as a palace. A few hundred dollars—about six hundred—will equip two souls for keeping house, because the modern bride is an artist and can make \$10 go a long way toward decorating the home; and the styles given to the cabinet-maker are amazing for simplicity, with the reduction of cost in furniture, and with the young wife as a good decorator, keeping house at once becomes possible, and "love in a cottage" is suddenly the height of fashion. Nor is this a fashion that will suddenly change. Beauty and simplicity have been many centuries in finding each other, but they have met not to part. Common sense has issued a decree to the effect that a small house is as honorable as a large one, and that a neat wooden floor is just as awfully sweet as ever was an Axminster. The same taste and common sense mingled have turned gold and silver table ware into glass, and all the poor young folks smile with delight at the reform. The common money purse can hope for glass or colored china. For a few dollars a table can be made an object of perfect beauty. Even the cester has disappeared. Should any one present a bride with a silver-plated revolver for holding pepper and mustard she would laugh him to scorn, for she well knows that that old centre-piece has been banished to make room for a bunch of flowers or a basket of fruit. Glass, with plenty of linen to shine up the tumblers and the bottles, is now the way of the world in the dining-room.

The age is an extravagant one, but it is also economical. Its plan of the present is so elastic that it permits all people of good taste to belong to the high order of society. The age about "feeling" and "culture" has not been wholly absurd! It has brought to pass that an humble, cheap home, pervaded all through by the good taste of husband and wife, is now a part of refined society. There is no one left any more to snub the little frame house. A few vines and flowers, a few bits of stained glass, a few rugs, not any great quantity of carpet, some artistic wall paper, will combine and make up a residence toward which a King or a President in passing would look with envy. What better times can the youth of the world be awaiting? Find her, if she exists; ask her, if any courage remains in the world; if her answer is satisfactory begin this housekeeping. This paradise of an affair need not cost more than \$1,000. The same figure applied annually will keep up this sentimental institution for an indefinite period.

"In these days of general retrenchment I wonder," says Edmund Yates in the *London World*, "that no one in England has thought of reviving the fashion of decorative wedding rings. The simple hoop of gold was universally adopted in the last century in order that some check might be put upon the *lure* of these signs of sweet bondage. But an Italian lady, of sweet bondage, showed me her wedding ring, which consisted of a row of fine cat's-eyes and diamonds—a very refined combination—and I began to wonder at the moderation of all the beautiful matrons who have been too long content to put up with this one, this last simplicity. It should not be. That the jewelled badge will not be quite so distinguishing is true; but I am told that the unmarried must not wear rings on the wedding finger at all. Anything placed there means marriage or betrothal."

In a lecture on "Unappreciated Insects," delivered before the Chester Society of National Science, the Rev. J. G. Wood said that with regard to the title of "Unappreciated Insects," it was a very wide one, because he did not believe any insect was really appreciated. Appreciation depended almost entirely upon knowledge. Take, for example, the case of the silkworm. A savage who wears no clothes does not appreciate the silkworm at all, but looks upon it rather as a noxious insect, because it destroys the mulberry-tree, the fruit of which he wants for himself. Insects were put into this world clearly for the purpose of preserving it and making it fit for creatures higher than themselves; and this they did by eating. It was clearly not likely that clothes moths were created for the purpose of destroying young ladies' jackets. What was it, then, they were created for? It must be remembered that the clothes-moth existed in countries where the ladies did not wear any clothes at all, and existed on the earth long before there were any young ladies at all. It must be created for something, and keeping in view the object of insect life, he found a clue to one reason for the existence of the clothes-moth. The caterpillar of the clothes-moth fed on wool, which is hair; and hair, by the ordinary agencies of nature, is imperishable. In the Egyptian room of the British Museum might be seen a wig—a lady's wig—which is as brilliant and as fresh as when it came from the hands of its maker 3,000 years ago. Wool is hair, and hair is wool. The clothes-moth never touches cloth garments while they are in use, and never while the wool was on the back of the sheep that furnished the cloth. Every sheep sheds its wool once a year, scratching it against trees. If the wool were not removed from the trees it would kill the trees, for they would not be able to breathe. The clothes-moth and its insect allies set to work when the wool was done with, and enabled the trees to shoot and grow. It was a curious but a positive fact that if it were not for the clothes-moth and its allies there would not be a tree on the earth, and no human creature could exist on it. So the insect was intended to render the world better for beings higher than itself.

### Three Hundred Years Hence.

In a book with the above title an English author has undertaken to depict the condition of things on earth in the year 2180. He describes the rise of socialism and predicts that the Land League agitation will involve Great Britain in a civil war, which will destroy her commerce and pave the way for her downfall. Upon the ruins of crumbling empires will be founded a worldwide republic. A Yankee will invent an annihilating machine which will make wars impossible. The disappearance of armies and forts will make the universal republic stronger. The new force is discovered. By means of this, man walks on the floor of the ocean and forces his way through the bowels of the earth. Great caverns are discovered at enormous depths, and as the surface of the earth becomes crowded, colonies are planted in these, and mighty domes, shaped like diving bells, built upon the bed of the ocean, and running up above the level of the water, afford temporary and permanent abodes to thousands. They cultivate seaweeds and vegetables and fibrous submarine plants for textile fabrics and dyes. Later the internal fires of the globe are made available for heating purposes. With their aid the frozen regions around the poles are rendered of tropical warmth. The vine and banana flourish there and the Arctic night is made brilliant with electric lights. In time the population of the globe becomes so dense that the ecumenical council, the head-centre of government for the state of humanity, decides that the four or five millions of acres covered by the habitations of men must be brought under cultivation. The population of the globe betakes itself to cities built upon piles in the seas, houses are demolished and every inch of the earth's surface is cultivated for food. The capitol wherein laws are made for the world is located at Terrapolis, a city of 10,000,000 inhabitants, built in the South Pacific Sea. It is ornamented with a few of the most remarkable buildings of the ancient world, including the Cathedral of Cologne, the Tower of London, the Vatican and the great pyramid.

The pension system has very little to commend it in any department of the public service. The men who rely upon it are seldom provident in their habits. They live up to the last dollar of their salary—too often mortgaging the future. If death comes unexpectedly, their families are left destitute; if they live to old age to cultivate the art of parsimony. We would pay public servants decent salaries, and put an end to the pension system altogether.—*Toronto World.*

A writer, presumably youthful, in a *London paper* says: "Gummed envelopes are comparatively modern inventions. Chesterfield, on receiving a letter enclosed in one of these practical contrivances, could not contain his indignation. He flung the gummed envelope with its contents across the room, and exclaimed, 'What! does the fellow send me his spittle?' Unfortunately for the story, adhesive envelopes only came into existence some 70 years after Lord Chesterfield's death, assuming the Lord Chesterfield to be meant. They came into general use about 1847-8."

A USE FOR THE SKUNK.—The skunk has hitherto been regarded as the most objectionable of animals—a mere circulator of unpleasant aromas in fact. But a legislator from the interior of New York has resolved to befriend the much-despised animal. He demands that he be protected in his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the reason being that he destroys grubs that otherwise would destroy hop vines.

At Genoa there has just died a dog which during the Crimean war was present at one of the battles and made three Russian soldiers prisoners. He attained a wonderful longevity, but of late years was a mere wreck, though cared for in a Government hospital.

Nows comes from Chili that the people are fleeing from Arequipa, Peru, on the approach of the Chilians.

Scarlet fever is decimating the horses in Paris.