Absolved.

Who have worshipped beauty long,
Beheld a woman's face to-night
That thrilled my being into song
And touched my soul with sudden light;
And yet, perchance, had you been there
You scarcely would have called it fair.

Gray eyes that held a subtle shade
Of sadness that was half expressed,
Lips that for laughter were not made—
Perhaps by pain's white finger pressed
To patient silence. All of art
Sank down abashed within my heart.

Ah, life has one high lesson yet
That I have learned of womanhood—
'Tis when we lose and we forget
The beautiful within the good.
'Tis when the senses swoon to see
The soul's surpassing mystery.

Like moonlight comes a calm content
With larger hope and purer love,
A memory of the form that bent
Through nights of fevered pain above
The cot of childhood. Better so
For this brief vision I may go.

Once more into the world like him
Who has been pardoned. Lo! he kneels
And murmurs in the cloister dim,
"My Father, I have sinned!" He feels
The craving of the spirit cease,
Soothed by the answer, "Go in peace!"

MONICA:

THE AUTHOR OF "PHYLLIS," "MOLLY BAWN," AND OTHER POPULAR NOVELS.

"What about the lamb?" says Madam, whose ears are young as ever.

"I was only conjecturing as to whether your cousin Mary had a little lamb," says Mr. Kelly genially. "The old Mary had, you know. A dear little animal with its

'Fleece as white as snow;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.'

You recollect, don't you? What does Miss Browne do with hers? Has she got it upstairs in her room, now? After all—though the idea is sweetly pretty—I think there might be certain places into which it would be awkward to have even the whitest lamb trotting after one. Eh?"

"I suppose Miss Browne is rich enough to indulge in any vagaries that may occur to her," says Bella Fitzgerald.

"There's nothing like money," says Olga, with a sigh; at which Lord Rossmoyne looks hopeful, and young Ronayne despondent.

"Like leather, you mean," says Owen Kelly: "that's the real thing to get hold of."

"Some people would do anything for money," says Miss Fitzgerald, with a spiteful glance at Olga's direction. "They would sell themselves for it." Here she turns her cold eyes upon Ronayne, who is standing erect, handsome, but unmistakably miserable.

"They could hardly sell themselves for a more profitable article," says Olga, with a fine shrug of her soft shoulders.

"So they think. Crœsus, we know, was, and is, all powerful."

"Oh, no," says Olga, with a little silvery laugh; "you forget, my dear Bella. Read it up again, and you will see that Crœsus, was once conquered by Cyrus. What became of his power then?"

Her lashes covers her eyes for a moment, and when she lifts them again they are fixed on Ronayne. By some coquettish art she gives him to understand in this single glance that he is Cyrus, Lord Rossmoyne Crœsus. He can conquer this rich lord if he will.

"How idle you are, Mr. Ronayne!" she says, aloud. "Come here direcily and help me. You know I cannot do without your help." There is the most delicate emphasis possible upon the pronoun. Obedient to her command, he comes, as Rossmoyne, armed with the cups, crosses the hall to Hermia and Miss Fitzgerald.

"Did your eyes speak true just now?" he asks, bending over her under pretext of helping her with the cups.

"What is truth?" asks she, in turn, with a swift upward glance. "Who knows aught of her? She lies buried in a deep well, does she not? Who shall drag her forth?"

She smiles, yet in a somewhat constrained fashion, that assorts ill with the inborn self-possession that as a rule characterizes her. She glances at him hurriedly. How young and handsome and earnest he looks! How full of tenderest entreaty! There is, too, a touch of melancholy in his dark eyes that never came to the birth (she is fain to acknowledge to herself with a pang of remorse) until that day when first they looked on her.

He loves her—that she knows; but Rossmoyne loves her too; and though Ronayne's rent-roll is by no means to be despised, still it counts but as a small one besides that of Rossmoyne's.

And Hermia is right? a title is of use in the world; and nothing is so lasting or so satisfactory as a respectable book at one's banker's. A good match (Hermia again) is the one thing to be desired; it covers all sins. Advice such as this coming from Mrs. Herrick, is thoroughly disinterested, as the late lamented Mr. Herrick, having behaved to her like a brute during their mercifully short married life, had died in the odor of sanctity, leaving her complete mistress of all his enormous wealth, and quite free to make a second marriage of her own choosing.

With her (Olga), however, the case is widely different; she is indeed without encumbrances so far as children may so be termed, and she has sufficient means to enable her to get her gowns and things from Paris, but there her independence ends.

As she runs over all this hurriedly in her mind, the desire for riches grows upon her. Yes, there is certainly a great deal of good in Rossmoyne, besides his income; and perhaps a solid sternness is perferable to an airy gayety of manner (this with an irrepressible leaning towards the "airy gayety"); and—and—what a pity it is that Rossmoyne is not Ulic!——

"I will," says Ronayne, alluding to her last remark, in a low but determined tone. "Olga, tell me I am more to you than Rossmoyne."

"The boy you are!" says Olga, with an adorable smile that reaches him through the flickering flashes of the firelight.. "The baby!" He is bending over her, and with a light caressing touch she brushes back the hair from his temples. "In a year, nay, in a month, once we are separated, you will see some other face, newer, more desirable, and forget you ever cared for mine."

"If I could believe that, I might find peace. Yet, for all that peace could give me, I would not so believe it. I am yours forever, boy though you deem me; and yet, is one ever a boy again when one has once truly loved?"

"How often have you truly loved?" with an attempt at lightness that is down-trodden by the intensity of her regard.

"As often as I have seen you. Nay, more than that, every moment since I first saw you; because night and day, whether absent or present, I have been yours in heart and soul."

"You have fatigued yourself!—A long two months!" laughingly.

"A short two months."

"There has been no time for fickleness."

"There never will be, so far as I am concerned. So sure am I of that, that I do not mind praying that Cupid's curse may light upon me if ever I prove unfaithful. You know it?"

"I have but small acquaintance with cursing of any sort."

"Then learn this one:

'They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse'

Will you repeat that after me?"

"Wait until I finish my tea; and—unkind as you are—you will give me a little bit of cake, won't you?"

"I would give you everything I possess, if I could."

"You don't possess this cake, you know; it is Madam O'Connor's."

"Oh, Olga, why will you always press me backwards? Am I never to be nearer to you than I am now?"

"I don't see how you could conveniently be very much nearer," says Mrs. Bohun, with a soft laugh.

"After all, I suppose I come under the head of either madman or fool," says Ronayne, sadly. "You are everything to me; I am less than nothing to you."

"Is Lord Rossmoyne to come under the head of 'nothing'? How rude!" says Olga.

"I never thought of him. I was thinking only of how hopelessly I love you."

"Love! How should such a baby as you grasp even the meaning of that word?" says Olga, letting her white lids droop until their long lashes lie upon her cheeks like shadows, while she raises her cup with indolent care to her lips. "Do you really think you know what it means?"

"'The dreadful joy, always that flit so verne,
All this mene I by Love,'"

quotes he, very gently; after which he turns away, and going over to the fireplace again, flings himself down dejectedly at Monica's feet.

"Are you tired, Mr. Ronayne?" says Monica, very gently. Something in his beautiful face tells her that matters are not going well with him.

"Tired? No," lifting his eyes to hers with a smile that belies his words. "It is good of you to ask, though. I wish," earnestly, "you would not call me 'Mr. Ronayne.' I can't bear it from any one I like. Desmond, tell her to call me Ulic."

It strikes both Monica and Brian as peculiar that he should appeal to the latter as to one possessed of a certain influence over the former. It strikes Miss Fitzgerald in the same light, too, who has been listening to his impetuous entreaty.

Seeing there is something wrong with him, something that might be termed excitement in his manner, Desmond whispers to Monica to do as he desires.

"He is unhappy about something; let him feel you are his friend," he says in a low tone.

"Come a little farther from the fire, Ulic—a little nearer to me," says Monica in a tone of shy friendliness, "and I think you will be more comfortable."

He is more than grateful, I think, though he says nothing, only he moves a good deal closer to her and lays his head against her knee in brotherly fashion—need I say unrebuked?

Something in this little scene sends the blood rushing with impatient fervor through Olga's veins. But that she knows Monica well and that the girl is dear to her, she could have hated her heartily at this moment without waiting to analyze the motive for her dislike. As it is, she gives the reins to her angry spirit and lets it drive her where it will. She laughs quite merrily and says some pretty playful things to Lord Rossmoyne that all the world can hear—and Ronayne, be assured, the first of all.

Desmond, with a subdued touch of surprise in his eyes, turns to look at her. But the night has darkened with sullen haste—tired, perhaps, of the day's ill-temper—and, standing as he does within the magic circle of the firelight, he finds a difficulty in conquering the gloom beyond. This makes his gaze in her direction the more concentrated, and, indeed, when he has separated her features from the mist of the falling night, he still finds it impossible to pierce the impenetrable veil of indifference that covers her every feature.

His gaze, thus necessarily prolonged, is distasteful to her.

"Brian, don't keep staring at the teapot in that mean fashion," she says playfully, yet with a latent sense of impatience in her tone. "It is unworthy of you. Go up to Madam O'Connor nobly, cap in hand, and, I dare say—if you ask her prettily—she will grant me permission to give you a cup of tea."

Desmond, recovering from his reverie with a start, accepts the situation literally.

"Will you, Madam?" he says meekly. "Do." His tone is of the most abject. There is a perceptible trembling about his knee-joints. "Is this the 'air noble?'" he says to Olga in an undertone. "Have I caught it?"

"You'll catch it in a minute in real earnest, if you don't mend your manners," says Madam with a laugh. "Give him his tea, Olga, my dear, though he doesn't deserve it."

"Sugar?" says Olga laconically.

"Yes, please," mendaciously.

"Then you shan't have even one lump, if only to punish you for your misconduct."

"I thought as much," says Brian taking his cup thankfully. "Fact is, I can't bear sugar, but I knew you would drop it in in an unlimited degree if I said the other thing. Not that I have the vaguest notion as to how I have misconducted myself. If I knew, I might set a watch upon my lips."

"Set it on your eyes," says Olga, with meaning.

At this moment a light footfall is heard and somebody comes slowly across the hall. A merry tongue of flame shooting upwards, declares it to be the plain Miss Browne.

Mrs. O'Connor has just passed into an adjoining room. Olga is busy with her tray and with her thoughts. Mrs. Herrick, partly turned aside and oblivious of the approaching guest, is conversing in low tones with Lord Rossmoyne.

No one, therefore, is ready to give the stranger welcome and put her through the ceremony of introduction. Awkwardness is impending, when Monica comes to the rescue. Her innate sense of kindly courtesy conquering her shyness, she rises from her seat, and going up to Miss Browne, who has come to a standstill, lays her hand softly upon hers.

"Come over here and sit by me," she says nervously, yet with such a gracious sweetness that the stranger's heart goes out to her on the spot, and Brian Desmond, if it be possible, falls more in love with her than ever.

"Thank you," says Miss Browne, pressing gratefully the little hand that lies on hers; and then every one wakes into life and says something civil to her.

Five minutes later the dressing-bell rings and the scene is at an end.

CHAPTER XXI.

Dinner has come to an end. The men are still dallying with their wine. The women are assembled in the drawing room.

Olga, having drawn back the curtains from the central window, is standing in its embrasure looking out silently upon the glories of the night. For the storm has died away, the wind is gone to sleep, the rain has sobbed itself to death, and now a lovely moon is rising slowly—slowly—from behind a rippled mass of grayest cloud. From out the dark spaces in the vault above a few stars are shining—the more brilliantly because of the blackness that surrounds them. The air is sultry almost to oppressiveness, and the breath of the roses that have twined themselves around the railings of the balcony renders the calm night full of sweetest fragrance.

Even as she gazes, spell-bound, the clouds roll backward and stars grow and multiply exceedingly, until all

The floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.

Madam O'Connor is talking to Miss Browne of certain family matters interesting to both. Miss Fitzgerald has gone upstairs, either to put on another coating of powder or else to scold her long-suffering maid. Her mother has fallen into a gentle, somewhat noisy snooze.

A sudden similar thought striking both Monica and Mrs. Herrick at the same time they rise and make a step towards the window where Olga is standing all alone.

Hermia, laying her hand on Monica's arm, entreats her by a gesture to change her purpose, whereon Monica falls back again, and Hermia, going on, parts the curtains, and, stepping in to where Olga is, joins her uninvited.

"Dreaming?" she says lightly.

"Who would not dream on such a night as this, the more beautiful because of the miserable day to which it is a glorious termination? See, Hermia, how those planets gleam and glitter as though in mockery of us poor foolish mortals down below."

"I don't feel a bit more foolish than I did this morning," says Hermia. "Do you, dear? You were giving yourself a great deal of credit for your common sense then."

"'Common sense'—worldly wisdom—how I hate the sound of all that jargon!" says Olga petulantly. "Let us forget we must be wise, if only for one night. The beauty of that silent world of flowers beyond has somehow entered into me. Let me enjoy it. 'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon that bank' down there! Watch it. Can you see how the roses quiver beneath its touch, as though stirred by some happy dream?'

"It is, indeed, a perfect night," says Hermia looking at her in some surprise. There is a suspicion of excitement in Olga's manner—arising, as it were, from the desire to hide one emotion by the betrayal of another—that strikes her listener as strange.

"How softly the air beats upon one's face!" says Mrs. Bohun, leaning a little forward. "The night is, as you say, perfect. Yet, I don't know what is the matter with me; the more I feel the loveliness of all around, the sadder my heart seems to grow."

"What!" says Hermia lifting her brows, "am I to learn now that you, the gayest of all mortals, have at last succumbed to the insufferable dreariness of this merry world?"

"You run too fast. I am a little perplexed, perhaps, but I have not succumbed to anything."

"Or any one, I hope, unless it be to your advantage. You are playing a silly game Olga."

"The world would be lost unless it had a fool to sport with now and then."

"But why should you be the one to pander to its pleasures?"

"Who more fitting? I am tired of hearing you apply that word 'silly' to me, morning, noon and night."

"It is too late to believe it possible that you and I should quarrel," says Mrs. Herrick, in a perfectly even tone, "so don't try to get up an imaginary grievance. You know you are dearer to me than anything on earth, after the children."

"Well, don't scold me any more," says Olga coaxingly.

"I never scold, I only reason."

"Oh, but that is so much worse," says Olga. "It means the scolding and a lot more besides. Do anything but reason with me, my dear Hermia."

"I will say that I think you are throwing yourself away."

"Where? Over the balcony?" wilfully. "I assure you, you misjudge me; I am far too great a coward."

"You are not too great a coward to contemplate the committing of a much more serious *bettise*. To-night his attentions were specially marked and you allowed them."

"I can't think what you mean."

"Will you deny that Mr. Ronayne paid you very marked attention to-night?"

"Marked? Where did he make his impression, then? He didn't pinch me, if you mean that."

"Of course, you can follow your own wishes, dearest, and I shall neither gain nor lose; but it does seem a pity, when you might be a countess and have the world at your feet. I know few so altogether fitted to fill the position, and still you reject it. You are pretty, clever, charming—everything of the most desirable."

"Am I?" She steps into the drawing-room and brings herself by a swift step or two opposite a huge mirror let into one of the walls. Standing before it, she surveys herself from head to foot, and then she smiles.

"I don't know about the 'clever,'" she says, "but I am sure I am pretty. In town last season—do you remember?—my hair created quite a furore, it is so peculiarly light. Ever so many people wanted to paint me. Yes, it was all very pleasant."

"Do you think it will be as pleasant to live here all your days and find no higher ambition than the hope that your ponies may be prettier than Mrs. So-and-so's?"

"Do you remember that fancy ball and how the Prince asked who I was, and all the rest of it? He said one or two very pretty things to me. He, like you, said I was charming. Do you know," naively, "I have never got over the feeling of being obliged to any one who pays me a compliment? I am obliged to you now."

"And to the Prince then. But you won't see many princes if you stay in Ireland, I fancy; they don't hanker after the soil."

"Poor Ireland!" says Mrs. Bohun.

"And compliments, I should say, will be almost as scarce."

"Ah, now, there you are wrong; they fly beneath these murky skies. We absolutely revel in them. What true Irishman but has one tripping freely from his mouth on the very smallest chance? And then, my dear Hermia, consider; are we not the proud possessors of the blarney-stone?"

"I wish, dearest, you would bring yourself to think seriously of Rossmoyne."

"I do think seriously of him. It would be impossible to think of him in any other way, he is so dull and pompous."

"He would make an excellent husband."

"I have had enough of husbands. They are very unsatisfactory people. And besides——"

"Well?"

"Rossmoyne has a temper."

"And forty thousand a year."

"Not good enough."

"If you are waiting for an angel, you will wait forever. All men are——"

"Oh, Hermia, really I can't listen to such naughty words, you know. I really wonder at you!"

"I wasn't going to say anything of the kind," says Hermia with great haste, not seeing the laughter lurking in Olga's dark eyes. "I merely meant that——"

"Don't explain—don't!" says Olga, "I couldn't endure any more of it." And she laughs aloud.

"Rossmoyne is very devoted to you. Is there anything against him, except his temper?"

"Yes, his beard. Nothing would induce me to marry a man with hair all over his face. It isn't clean."

"Give him five minutes and a razor and he might do away with it."

"Give him five minutes and a razor and he might do away with himself, too," says Olga provokingly. "Really, I think one thing would please me just as much as the other."

"Oh, then, you are bent on refusing him," says Olga calmly. With very few people does she ever lose her temper, with Olga—never.

"I am not so sure of that, at all," says Olga airily. "It is quite within the possibilities that I may marry him some time or other—sooner or later. There is a delightful vagueness about those two dates that gives me the warmest encouragement."

"It is a pity you cannot be serious sometimes," says Mrs. Herrick mildly.

A little hand upon her gown saves further expostulation. A little face looking up with a certainty of welcome into hers brings again that wonderful softness into Hermia's eyes.

"Is it you, my sweetest?" she says fondly. "And where have you been? I have watched in vain for you for the last half-hour, my Fay."

"I was in the dining-room. But nurse called me, and now I have come to say good-night," says the child.

"Good-night, then, and God bless you, my chick. But where is my Georgie?"

"I'm here," says Georgie gleefully, springing upon her in a violent fashion, that one would have believed hateful to the calm Hermia, yet is evidently most grateful to her. She embraces the boy warmly and lets her eyes follow him until he is out of sight. Then she turns again to the little maiden at her side.

"I must go with Georgie," says the child.

"So you shall. But first tell me, what have you got in your hand?"

"Something to go to bed with. See, mammy! It is a pretty red plum," opening her delicate pink fist for her mother's admiration."

"Where did you get it, darling?"

"In the dining-room."

"From Lord Rossmoyne?"

"No; from Mr. Kelly. I would not have the one Lord Rossmoyne gave me."

Olga laughs mischievously and Mrs. Herrick colors.

"Why?" she asks.

"Because I like Mr. Kelly best."

"And what did you give him?"

"Nothing."

"Not even a kiss?" says Olga.

"No," somewhat shamefacedly.

"Her mother's own daughter!" says Olga caressing the child tenderly, but laughing still. "A chilly mortal."

"Good-night, my own," says Hermia, and the child, having kissed them both again, runs away.

Olga follows her with wistful eyes.

"I almost wish I had had a baby!" she says.

"You? Why, you can't take care of yourself! You are the least fitted to have a child of any woman I know. Leave all such charges to staid people like me. Why, you are a baby at heart, yourself, this moment."

"That would be no drawback. It would only have created sympathy between me and my baby. I would have understood all her bad moods and condoned all her crimes."

"If you had been a mother, you would have had a very naughty child."

"I should have had a very happy child, at least." Then she laughs. "Fancy me with a dear little baby!" she says, "a thing all my own, that would rub its soft cheek against mine and love me better than anything!"

"And rumple all your choicest Parisian gowns and pull your hair to pieces. I couldn't fancy it at all."

Here the door opens to admit the men, the celestial half-hour after dinner having come to an end. With one consent they all converge towards the window, where Olga and Hermia are standing with Monica, who had joined them to say good-night to little Fay. Miss Fitzgerald, who has returned to the drawing-room freshly-powdered, seeing how the tide runs, crosses the room, too, and mingles with the group in the window.

"How long you have been! We feared you dead and buried," she says to Kelly with elephantine playfulness.

"We have, indeed. I thought the other men would never stir. Why did you not give me the chance of leaving them? The faintest suggestion that you wanted me would have brought me here hours ago."

"If I had been sure of that, I should have sent you a message; it would have saved me a lecture," says Olga, flashing a smile at Hermia.

"I should disdain to send a message," says the proud Bella. "I would not compel any man's presence. 'Come, if you will; stay away, if you won't,' is my motto, and I cannot help thinking I am right."

"You are, indeed, quite right. Coercion is of small avail in some cases," says Olga, regarding her with the calm dignity of one who plainly considers the person addressed of very inferior quality, indeed.

"A woman can scarcely be too jealous of her rights nowadays," says Miss Fitzgerald. "If she has a proper knowledge of her position she ought to guard it carefully."

"A fine idea finely expressed!" says Kelly as though smitten into reverence by the grandeur of her manner.

"I wonder what is a man's proper position?" says Olga lazily.

"He will always find it at a woman's feet," says Miss Fitzgerald grandly, elated by Kelly's apparent subjection.

That young man looks blankly around him. Under tables and chairs and lounges his eyes penetrate, but without the desired result.

"So sorry I can't see a footstool anywhere!" he says, lifting his regretful eyes to Miss Fitzgerald, "but for that I should be at your feet from this until you bid me rise."

(To be continued)

A Breach of Promise Suit Probable.

He had thrown himself into an easy chair in the club and lay there with one hand on his forehead and an open letter in the other.

"What's the matter—sick?"

"Yes."

"Come and take a drink."

"No, thank you; had enough. Say, stick a pin into me, won't you?"

"What for?"

"Just to see if I'm awake."

"You're all right."

"Read this."

And he handed over the letter, which read:

MY DARLING JACK,—Mamma told me she met you this morning. I am so glad you're back from Passadena. Why, why did you not write me a line? Come up just as soon as you can. I am longing to embrace you.—Your own, JANE.

"That's very pleasant."

"Yes, but who is it?"

"Don's you know? I don't."

"I met Mrs. —— to-day—by Jove, it's her daughter! I say, what can this be? Come to think of it, I met the old man, too, and both of them were effusive and said they expected me up to-night. Hush, here's her cousin."

And the cousin came up.

"Hullo, Jack. Back again? You left Mrs. ——'s reception that night two weeks ago so suddenly I did not have time to speak to you. Jennie told us the news when she got home, and I assure you we're all glad. You're going up to-night, aren't you? She's been wild for two weeks because you never wrote a line."

"Yes, yes. I'll be there to-night. They're all well?"

Then he rushed off and covered himself over with a newspaper, and it gradually came to him that in a burst of champagne enthusiasm he had proposed to Jennie in the corner of a secluded drawing-room at that reception, and there is no way out of it until he can get an excuse to quarrel with her and break it off.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

They Met on Common Ground.

A well known member of Congress called upon the President Saturday for the purpose of presenting him to a newly married couple, constituents of his, who were anxious to see Mr. Cleveland. The member of Congress placed a marked emphasis in the introduction to the fact that the people he was presenting were newly-married. He added with a flourish: "I commend them to your attention."

The President said to the groom, as he gazed upon the bride, "I congratulate you, sir," shaking him warmly by the hand as he spoke.

The bridegroom blushed, and for a moment did not know what to say. Then he blurted out, "I hope the American people will soon have an opportunity to offer similar congratulations to you."

It was the President's turn to blush. The bride laughed outright, and then the President laughed. This hilarity continued for a few seconds, and then the President seemed to realize that he was committing himself, and a look of annoyance came upon his face. The interview came to an abrupt close.—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

THE *British Medical Journal* of this week announces that "the investigation which is being conducted under the direction of the British Hydrophobia Commission has so far as it has yet gone afforded confirmation of the truth of certain points of great importance maintained by M. Pasteur. Little doubt now remains that the virus used by him in his experiments is the true virus of rabies."

FIRST ON RECORD.

Some Interesting Notes on the Early History of the Dominion.

The name of America first occurs in an edition of Ptolemy's geography, on a map by Hylacomylus.

The name of Canada first occurs in the "Bref Recit, etc.," of Jacques Cartier, printed at Paris in 1545.

The first settler in Canada was Louis Hebert, who came out in 1617 with his family to settle, and who maintained himself and family by tilling the soil.

The first governor of Canada was Samuel de Champlain, whose term of office continued from October 15th, 1612, to December 25th, 1635.

The first earthquake in Canada occurred in 1638.

The first mention of lacrosse is made in Sagard's *Voyages au pays des Hurons*, Paris, 1632.

The first newspaper published in Canada was the Quebec *Gazette*, which appeared on June 21st, 1764.

The first steamship from Canada to cross the ocean was the Royal William, which sailed from Quebec on the 5th August, 1832, captained by John McDougall.

The first coin issued in Canada was in the year 1858.

The first bank note issued was from the Canada bank in 1792. This bank never amounted to anything more than a project; notes were issued by the Bank of Montreal on October 1st, 1817.

The first military organization in Canada was the military fraternity of "La Tres-Saint Vierge," composed of sixty-three men; the date of its organization is 1658.

The first to suggest confederation was Mr. Uniacke in 1808: after him came Chief Justice Sewell in 1814.

The first railway company in Canada was "The Company of Proprietors of the Champlain and St. Lawrence Railroad;" a charter was obtained 25th February, 1832. The line was from Laprairie to St. Johns, and work was begun in 1835; first opened for traffic August, 1836, being run with horse-power, but in 1837 the horses were replaced by engines.

The first discovery of gold was made in a stream flowing into the Chaudiere in 1823 by a woman named Gilbert. In *Silliman's Journal* in 1834 a Canadian nugget is described by Lieut. Braddeley, R.E.

The first game of lacrosse between white players only occurred at Montreal in 1859. The clubs were the Montreal Club and the Hochelaga Club.

The first mention of Niagara is found in Lalemant's Relation of 1641.

The first sale of land on the island of Montreal was about forty acres where the St. Ann's market now stands. The sale was made by Maisonneuve to one Gadays, date 4th January, 1648, and the consideration was one quarter sou per acre yearly.

The first oil wells were dug in 1854. In August, 1860, L. A. Vaughn sank an oil well, and in November struck oil at a depth of 85 feet. This was the beginning of the town of Petrolia, Ont.

The first Protestant church was built at Berthier by the Seigneur Cuthbert in 1786.

The first vessel to ascend the St. Mary's current was the Hercules in 1824, in charge of Capt. Brush, lately deceased. Previous to the Hercules no vessel had come up the current without the aid of oxen.

The first steamer to come down the Lachine Rapids was the Ontario, Capt. Hilliard. The name was afterwards changed to Lord Sydenham. The date of her descent was 1842 (?)

Coal was first shipped from Canada late in the seventeenth century, and was sent to the West Indies to the sugar refineries there.

The first incorporated town in Ontario was Hamilton, date 1833, February 13th. Toronto was incorporated as a city, March 6th, 1834.

The oldest town in the Dominion is Quebec and not Annapolis as some authorities claim. This latter town was the first founded, but is not in existence on its original site. Quebec was founded by Champlain on 3rd July, 1608, and the present Annapolis (previously Port Royal), by Charnisay, between 1632 and 1645. The ruins of the old fort are still to be seen.

The first smelting of iron took place at the St. Maurice forges on October 15th, 1737. These forges were established near large beds of bog ore; have not been worked for some years.

The first temperance meeting in Canada was held in January, 1828, in the county of Picton.

The old fort at Chambly (the present ruin) was built in 1709-11, from plans of De Lery.

The first clock factory was established at Whitby, Ont., in 1871. The first paper mill was erected at St. Andrews, Que., in 1803. The first distillery was Drummond's, at Quebec, which was in operation in 1776.

The first Sunday school, in one sense of the term, was the free school opened by Prince Edward at Quebec on September 4th, 1793. It was a secular school, open on Sundays. The first Sunday school in the present meaning of the word was opened by Miss Hedge, in 1816, and in connection with the Church, March 9th, 1823. (Dr. Miles is authority for the above, but there is some doubt as to its correctness.)

The first newspaper in Upper Canada was the *Upper Canada Gazette*, the first number of which appeared April 18th, 1793, at Newark.

The first capture of Quebec was effected by L. and T. Kertk in 1629. It was given up by the English King in 1632 to secure the payment of a certain sum of money. The cession was made by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye.

The first printing press in Canada was set up by Berger & Mesplet in 1775.

The first stone of the locks of the Rideau Canal was laid by Sir John Franklin, Aug. 16th, 1827.

Montreal was first lighted with oil lamps in November, 1815.

The first settlers at Ottawa were two persons named Berry and Firth. Ottawa was called at first Bytown, after Col. By, who came out from England to superintend the construction of the Rideau Canal.

The first vessel to come up the St. Lawrence to the foot of St. Mary's current was the Emerillon, of Jacques Cartier, in 1555; the latter gives the date 29th September.

Montreal was founded May 17th, 1642. Paul de Chomedy, sieur de Maisonneuve, was the first Governor of the island.

The Montreal Curling Club was organized in January, 1807, "by some natives of North Britain." This is believed to be the first regular club in Canada.

The first name of the present site of Kingston was Cataracony, afterwards it was called Fort Frontenac.

The first mention of a copper mine in Canada occurs in the 28th chapter of Lescarbot, where he says, "the 16th August we arrived at Isle Percee, where we found Sieur Prevert, of St. Malo, who was coming from the mine. The place where the mine is situated lies in 45 degrees and several minutes."

The first mention of smoking in Canada occurs in Cartier's second voyage and is very amusing.

Musical Notes.

Dr. Davies will retire from the position of organist of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, about the beginning of July. He will be succeeded by Mr. John Carter, jun., and Mr. W. E. Haslam will become choir master.

Messrs. Monroe H. Rosenfeld, of New York City, and Kenneth Lee, an English playwriter, have written for Miss Adah Richmond a topical burlesque, entitled "Through Fire and Flash," which she will star in next season. It contains several new songs by Mr. Rosenfeld, who is the author of "Climbing up the Golden Stairs" and "Hush, Little Baby, Don't You Cry."

A RIVAL OF THE TELEPHONE.

Remarkable Discovery Made by Prof. Bell and His Cousin.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell and his cousin, Dr. Chichester Bell, have recently made a very remarkable discovery, which they think is quite as important as the transmission of the tones of the human voice through the telephone. They have discovered that a falling jet of water or a flame of gas burning in a room reproduces every word spoken and every sound uttered within a given distance. When two people join in conversation in a room in the evening the gas which burns above their heads repeats every word they say and sounds uttered in the vicinity of flowing water produce vibrations.

To a reporter of a local paper Prof. Bell showed a glass disk, upon which appeared a spiral streak composed of tiny little shade lines, placed together or farther apart to make up the variation of intensity. The surface was one of depression and elevation. This, Prof. Bell said, represented sound waves. When the plate was revolved upon a pivot and the depressions and elevations conveyed to the ear by a microphone, there was a repetition of the conversation there recorded as distinct as when it was delivered. The undulate surface representing sound waves was produced by photography. Prof. Bell says that if any one will go to a water pipe and turn on the faucet so that the water will fall in a stream to the ground, that water can be made to report the conversation taking place in its presence and a stream register every sound within hearing of it.

Prof. Bell considers this discovery quite as important as that of the telephone, and his cousin, Chichester Bell, has gone to Europe for the purpose of bringing it before scientific men in England and on the Continent. Patents have already been obtained in all the principal countries of both continents. The great object of the inventors was to record by photography or otherwise the vibrations in the jet of water which correspond to sound waves a the result of words spoken in the vicinity; to keep the voice on record, bottled up as it were, for any length of time, and then, when called upon, to let the record speak. This, Mr. Bell says, has been accomplished. The water, or liquid of whatever kind it may be, is colored with bichromate of potash. If it were perfectly clear it would not answer, because the light used in photographing would pass through without resistance and no record would be made on the tablet. The water is colored for photographing, and the jet is made to fall obliquely on a glass plate. The water spreads itself out on the glass plate and runs off. It is the water so spread out that is to be photographed as it passes. Words spoken cause the jet of water to vibrate, the vibrations in the jet cause corresponding vibrations in the film of water as it breaks and spreads on the glass plate and runs off. A ray of light is passed through that film and through the glass plate to a sensitive tablet behind. The sensitive tablet receives the impression of every vibration while the speaking continues, the jet keeps running, the film keeps passing over the plate, the recording tablet keeps moving and the light passing through the film to the tablet makes a record of the speech far more accurate than any verbatim report. These scientists do not consider their invention perfect, but they are at work improving it.—*Washington Special.*

Fresh Fashion Notes.

Many round waists are worn, but pointed and postilion basques are equally favored.

Ribbons are worn in profusion, and nothing is prettier than ribbon tastefully managed. The fashionable ribbons of the season are striped gauze and satin, or faille with a pearl edging like lace.

Sleeves are of medium length, fitted less tightly than has been the custom, and more trimmed at the wrists, where they are sufficiently large to permit of the gloves being drawn smoothly under them.

Light wraps of cloth are very popular, and some styles are braided or embroidered around the neck and sleeves and across the ends of the fronts, and need no other trimming save ribbons to tie at the throat.

Vests of white or fancy linen or duck are worn with stylish tailor-made dresses. With these the plain linen collar and cuffs are arbitrary, and a tie of silk or satin, not unlike those worn by gentlemen, is worn with this very mannish costume.

Red is continuing to be adopted for whole costumes, although it is a trying color for most people, and has the disadvantage in the daylight of being exceedingly conspicuous, a thing a woman of taste will always avoid. Scarlet dresses are only admissible in the day when covered in black spotted tulle or lace.

French women are likening themselves more and more to the gentle savages of the Pacific Ocean. Beads everywhere—beads on everything is the order of the day. Beads of every color, hue and form pervade the female clothing to such an extent that some ladies nowadays, if placed in the centre of a field with the sun full upon them, would make capital *miroirs a alouettes*, they dazzle so completely.

The variety in hats is greater that ever; some are very high, with a thin brim; others, on the contrary, have a very broad brim, turned up on one side. The Muller hat, worn by the actress of that name in the last new play, is a great success. It is of lichen-colored straw, with moderately high crown, and the brim drooping quite low on the right side and turned straight up on the left, lined with moss velvet; it is fastened with an aigrette of loops of moss-green ribbon, an enormous cluster of pink moss-roses is placed in front.

In *lingerie* there are a number of pretty new models of plastrons in embroidered tulle or crape, trimmed with lace and bows of gauze or faille, or moire ribbon. There are also very dainty blouse-chemisettes of fine cream-colored étamine, trimmed with insertion and borders of colored embroidery; these are meant to wear either over the high bodice of a dress or under an open jacket; cuffs to wear over the long sleeves of the dress are made to correspond. Collars of gauged tulle or crape, trimmed with rows of colored beads, and fastened at the side with a bow of ribbon, are fashionable to wear over high dresses.

The sash ribbons which are to be so extensively worn this summer are of all widths, and are worn in different ways. A bunch of ribbon about two inches wide, with long loops and ends extending almost to the bottom of the skirt, placed under the back of the left side, is one of the favorite arrangements of these pretty accessories to the summer toilet. Ribbons are always charming in connection with a thin gown.

Altogether too Safe.

Some justices of the County of Huron distinguished themselves the other day at Bayfield by a very remarkable conviction. They convicted the accused of an assault and fined him $10, but (perhaps to make the fees quite safe) they ordered the complainant to pay the costs, and in default of payment of fine and costs they directed that both the defendant and the complainant should go to jail. This conviction will probably be quashed.

For the Babies

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men and women should remember that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only safe, sure and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature, N. C. Polson & Co., appears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous imitations.

—To the henpecked husband life is a owl existence.

TEARING DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

The Proudest Achievement of the Panama—A Contractor's Huge Task.

Buhio Soldado is the proudest achievement of the Panama Canal Company, and is indeed a great work. The hill is of solid rock, alternating at places in huge cobble bowlders. We are saluted with a following volley of 200 gun-cotton explosions to show how rapidly such work can be manipulated. On the smoke clearing off a really grand engineering feat meets the eye. Ledge upon ledge of sloping rock terrace tower up to the highest point, about 280 feet. On several of the ledges stand rows of wagons, which were it not a holiday would be busily at work. We are at the bottom and it is necessary to ascend, which we contrive by means of winding paths. M. De Lesseps on a sure-footed mule, for the heat is intense. The contractor for the raising of this large mass is a Swiss of the name of Sonderegger, whose face is as sanguine and cheerful picture, as if the impediments were nothing. Contrary to the policy of many of his colleagues, he is open and straightforward. The contract has been for the removal of a little short of 2,000,000 cubic meters, he says, as if enjoying the idea; 1,200,000 of this has been done and only 800,000 remains. The rocky section is 500 meters long, about 80 feet broad at the bottom, sloping up to about 120 feet at the top, and the contractor further takes the swarthy ground as far as kilometer 33. Mr. Sonderegger answered me plainly that he had no doubt of completing his task by the end of next year. His mode of excavating is very ingenious. He first pierced a tunnel right through the mountain leading to the flat ground on either side. Above this tunnel large holes about three meters broad are made, four in all, at various points above the tunnel, the top being made funnel-shaped. The rocks are then blasted and rolled into these apertures, whose standing sides embrace a large circuit. Below a train of waggons is in waiting to receive the huge bowlders as they dash through. In this way four traffic cars are filled at once, and in a very short time the whole train moves away with its heavy load. Such is the practical and swift means which this enterprising contractor takes to diminish his huge task. No wonder the company are proud of him; and were there many of his practical nature, who could show such good solid work, the canal would gain many friends.—*Panama Cor. Chicago Times.*

Late Northwest Affairs.

Mr. Conklin (Oppositions) has a motion on the order paper that this Legislature regards with unmingled satisfaction the noble efforts of Mr. Gladstone to peacefully solve Home Rule without disintegrating the Empire, and that the Speaker cable the same to Mr. Gladstone.

In the House to-day Mr. Martin, in order to get a slap at the Royal Commissioner and his report on the Norquay charges, moved a vote of want of confidence in the Government. He charged Judge Wallbridge with political partiality and unfair find