

ESPECIALLY FOR LADIES.

Royalty at the Opera.—A Famous Singer at Home.—Chit-Chat.

The Duchess of Albany.

Victoria's youngest son, Leopold, and his wife, a princess of Byrmond-Waldeck, show by their titles the Duke and Duchess of Albany, went to see "Henry VIII." at the opera in Paris, and a correspondent of London *Truth* writes:

"More interesting to me were the occupants of a box on the first tier, and near the stage. As I do not often go to England, I studied its five inmates with curiosity. They were the Duke and Duchess of Albany and the attendants. The Duchess of Albany retains those modest country graces which distinguished her when she arrived in England. She did not take the initiative of making an observation the whole evening. Her royal husband bent over toward her twice or thrice to say a few words. The lady in attendance had an easy carriage, and leaned back in her chair a little so as not to intercept her royal mistress's view of the stage. She did not once open her mouth or appear to notice anything; yet she contrived in acting the effaced part which etiquette demands, to look dignified and even independent. All through, no stock or stone could be more inanimate. Still there seemed an undercurrent of lively intellect. In looking forward the Duchess holds her head a little down. The contrast she presented to the *raoutieres* in the first tier, to native fashionable belles, opulent Jewesses, who go in for *chic* and *pechuti*, to *mondaines* whose names are in all the "high-life" journals, was very curious. They solicited attention and enjoyed being stared at. What their tongues could not utter their eyes declared. Their fans were handled with agility, and were used to express passing shades of feeling. The Duchess of Albany made an honest use of hers, only fanning herself when flushed with heat. There was an almost rustic naïvete in her deportment. Her ambition is clearly not to shine in the world of fashion, but to cultivate the public and private virtues. Many of the beauties arranged in the court of England style. Others had flowers stuck *en pèu à la diable* into the *coiffures*. The Duchess had a large pink feather at the side of her head, near the chignon, and about as low down. On the other side she had a diamond ornament of a radiating pattern. The hair over the forehead was *frisé*. Her dress was of a tussore yellow, with Pompadour bouquets woven into it. The corsage at the neck was square cut, and was garnished all round with small, cherry colored bows and little sprays of diamonds. A diamond ornament was suspended from a neck chain.

Jenny Lind at Home.

I had lately the pleasure (says a London correspondent) to enjoy an interview with the great singer at her residence, No. 1 Morton Gardens, Brompton Road, South Kensington. It is a great big house with a generous courtyard and a covered pathway leading through it from the street. There is a glass opened by machinery which communicates with the house, and on its face can be read all sorts of instructions, beginning with "Please ring," "Servants," "Don't knock unless answer required," "Visitors," and so on. These are shown on burnished brass plates that glisten like gold in the midday sun. In compliance with one of these brazen informers I rang the bell, and presently the door was opened by a blunty in all the glory of pink silk stockings and lavishly powdered wig. Being seated in a room that overlooks a well kept lawn, my relief was profound when I heard the "whish" of a silken dress and a husked female voice giving directions to the Swiss butler, and directly after the angular form of Jenny Lind half filled the doorway.

I should like to tell you about Jenny Lind and what she looks like, but you will have to be satisfied with a few general statements from the crown of her wigged head to the sole of her No. 6 shoe there is not one line of grace or beauty. Her form is angular, her face hard, and her eyes dull and passionless; features irregular and out of harmony, and it seemed to me that one ear was a little higher than the other; her hands are large and vulture shaped, her breast flat and painfully monotonous, and the stiffness of her knees was amply indicated beneath her meagre skirts. She had just been driving, and had thrown off her hat in the hall, and if she would look pretty at any time one would have thought it would have been under such circumstances. The air outside was fresh and crisp; the sky cloudless, and a warm spring sun in full splendor. However, atmospheric seemed to have no beneficial effect upon "madam," who, if possible, looked grayer, harsher, and more colorless by contrast with the beauty of nature outside. Now, I will not try to present Jenny Lind in any exaggerated form to my readers. It was a wild, unrestrained imagination which induced some recent writer to speak of her as beautiful. She must have sung to him as the sirens did to the sailors of the east, until their senses were charmed away, the one of hearing alone remaining to fill the offices blindly for all the rest. When he made the statement that she was beautiful I can readily imagine that he was still under the influence of his divine voice.

Chit-Chat.

Shop girl, to seedy-looking customer: "What do you wish?" "Two paper collars and a piece of rubber."
If a woman looses her voice driving out chickens, could she be called a blacksmith? She certainly would be a hoarse-shewer.
A Pittsburgh female physician says: "Women can understand women." All we've got to say is, if she can she's mighty smart.
A trade paper called *The Corset* is talked of. It will, no doubt, "come to stay."—Ezra-Come Tuesday? It might be delayed to Weddin(s)day.
"I was so mad at George last night," said a girl of her sweetheart. "Yes," said her ill-natured brother, "I noticed when I looked in the parlor you were up in arms."
"Mary must have a summer bonnet," remarked Mrs. Rattler to her husband this morning, "and I think I will have my old

straw pressed over for her." "A 'chip' off the old block, I suppose," rejoined R.

A wicked husband: "Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. P., with a toothache. "Why can't people be born without teeth?" "If you will reflect a moment, my dear," replied Mr. P., "you will be convinced that such is the fact."

"Say, Mrs. Hanson," said a little girl to a lady visitor, "do you belong to a brass band?" "No, my dear." "I thought you did." "Why did you, my child?" "Because mamma said you was always blowing your own horn."

The New York Sun says that every lady in the land should know how to swim. It might be just as well to have all the men learn how to swim first; then they could have the fun of teaching the women at the seashore, in summer.

A Tennessee landlord has just been forced to pay \$700 for kissing an Indiana woman who was a guest at his hotel. As it is only 10 cents to kiss the prettiest girl at a church fair, this man will never cease to kick himself for his financial folly.

At a wedding in Harlem, N. Y., where the bride was very dilatory in arriving at the church, a lady remarked concerning the affair: "Well, the idea of that woman being late in getting here when she has been waiting twenty-six years for just such a chance as this."

A piece of her mind: "I would like to see Mrs. Smith," said Mrs. Brownlee; "I'd give her a piece of my mind." "Quite generous of you," remarked her friend, "but perhaps she would never find any more use of it than you, Mrs. Brownlee."

Two young ladies in the country were standing by the side of a wide ditch, which they did not know how to cross. They appealed to a boy who was coming along the road for help, whereupon he pointed behind them with a startled air and yelled "Snakes!" The young ladies crossed the ditch at a single bound.

The latest anecdote about the old lady who thinks that she "knows everything" is about how she went to a Church social, and, as she entered the room, the young ladies said: "Good evening, auntie, we are glad you came; we are going to have tableaux this evening." "Yes, I know, I know," was the reply, "I smelt 'em when I first came in."

"Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come. I want to ask you how you like the new frieze we have in our drawing-room." George who has not been received very cordially of late: "It'll do. I hope it won't prove to be the same old freeze. I don't like decorations in cold blood." "Well, I prefer decorations a little less frigid than yours, myself." Where there is so much coolness there is little hope.

In regard to dosing: "Hullo, Charlie! Where have you been?" "Just down to the apothecary's for a bottle of medicine for my wife. What things these women are for dosing, aren't they?" Charley's friend coincides with this view of the matter, and at Charley's suggestion the two step into the nearest saloon for something to brace up their respective stomachs.

How the Bonny Brides of Old wore At-tired.

Chatting a few evenings since with a charming old lady of eighty years, and seated close beside her in a chimney corner whose capacious fireplace was aglow with a hickory blaze such as few of this generation have been fortunate enough to witness and enjoy, the current of social gossip and reminiscence flowed into the domain of fashion. With a minuteness of detail which exhibited a remarkable power of memory, we were favored with a clearly defined description of the manners, customs and prevalent modes of dress of the days "when she was young and to the manner born," three-score years ago. Excusing herself a moment, she returned bearing upon her arm a silk dress, once white, but now limp and yellow by the touch of time. The dress deserves description. It was narrowly gored on the front and side breadths, and quite short. In the back there was a large cluster of deep gathers. The waist line was relegated almost to the armpits, and the very short bodice was cut out square in the neck and edged with wide, old-fashioned lace.

The waist was laced up the back with a flat cord. The sleeves were long and close, and finished with trills of lace at the wrists. "This was my wedding dress," she said. "My father rode a distance of more than thirty miles on horseback to buy the silk of which it is made. Its cost represented my saving for more than four years in butter and cheese-making. I cut and made it with my own hands. My pattern was the bridal dress of our pastor's wife, who the year before had come to us a young bride from the shores of Massachusetts Bay." Holding up one of the sleeves, she said: "Here is a stain upon the silk. One of my bridesmaids, in adjusting my modest homeward bridal veil, pricked her finger with an intrusive pin, and from the tiny wound fell a single drop of blood, of which this blemish is the sign and token. To me it was but a trifle, to her it was a grievous mishap which clouded her evening's happiness."—Ez.

Newspaper Publishing in Japan.

The newspapers in the kingdom are now reported at 113 (besides 133 miscellaneous publications), and the newspaper circulation is said to have grown from 8,470,269 in 1874 to 33,449,529 in 1877. A list of the dozen leading journals is given, which issues from 2,900 to 19,000 copies daily; one has 19,000 circulation, one has 13,000, one has 9,000, one has 6,000, one has 5,000, and the other seven has less than 4,000 each; but if 300 publication days in the year are assumed, the aggregate circulation of these twelve is nearly 29,000,000. The journal of largest circulation, partly illustrated, strikes the lowest level of sensationalism, and borders on looseness of morals; the restrictive press laws take no trouble about indecencies, but apply only to expressions as to Governmental affairs. The code of 1878 does provide for a fine of 5 to 10 yen (the yen is equivalent to our trade dollar) for publication of anything offending against good morals and decency, but these terms are rather vaguely defined in Japan.

WHITE OR BLACK.

What is the Proper Color for Summer Clothing?—The Opinion of Captain Mayo Reid.

Captain Mayo Reid writes to the *London Daily News*:—In a recent article, the editor, after stating that a certain lecturer had declared white to be the best color for clothing, and adding that Dr. Richardson had recommended grey on identical grounds, goes on to say for himself, "Men will continue to wear black—the coldest color in the winter and the hottest in summer." Now, the belief in black being the

WARMEST COLOR FOR CLOTHING, and white the coolest, has, up to a late period, passed as an undisputed fact, which, if I mistake not, I was myself the first to challenge and pronounce erroneous—one of those lurking errors that from earliest times have escaped the detection of science. I did so in the *Live Stock Journal*, of date January 24, 1879; and as, in a hygienic point of view, the subject is one of no slight importance, perhaps you will allow me to repeat part of what I then and there said. The question came up in connection with some observation I had made on the snow-bleaching of certain birds and quadrupeds, with reference also to queries thereto by the Banffshire naturalist, Edwards. My remarks were in substance as follows:—"Why do polar hares and foxes, that are slate-blue in summer, turn snow-white in winter? Nature effect the change; but with what object and for what purpose? The usual mode of accounting for it, when speaking of the hare, is that this defenceless creature by becoming white is assimilated to the color of the snow, and so escapes the danger of being sighted by predatory animals. But the fox also assumes a white dress precisely at the same period of time; and, as he is one of those predatory animals, his altered hue enables him the more easily to approach this very prey! So that were that the design of the transformation, we should have nature making a fool of herself, which nature never does. . . . I am acquainted with the usual test of color temperature; the two pieces of cloth, white and black, spread upon snow. When this proverbial problem comes to be more thoroughly investigated, it will go the way of the flat earth and the sperical bullet. . . . While campaigning in a tropical country, under the hottest of suns, I became aware that

A BLACK COAT WAS COOLER than a white one, both being of the same weight, texture, and thickness—in short, *ceteris paribus*, save the color. The fact led me to reflection, to correlation of other facts and circumstances observed at the same time, as on other occasions. For one, I could see that my negro servant, did not suffer from the fervid rays of the sun half so much as I under my tripe-colored epidermis. What could this be but a provision of nature—merciful nature—made for him whose home was to be in the torrid zone? And the longer I remained within its limits the more could I acknowledge her kindness in tanning my cheeks, and so making them less sensitive to the scorching sun. From the coat upon my back and the color of my skin thought wandered back to the black bears of tropical countries—always coal-black—to the brown species of temperate climes, and on to the Arctic ice, where Ursula is robed in white. Then, there is night and day, shadow and sunlight, the dark, naked ground, and the same covered with snow—all in their opposed temperatures in conformity with my belief as above." Some ten months later the *Lancet*, possibly inspired by what I had said in the *Live Stock Journal*, thus made allusion to the same subject: "We have more than once asked attention for the undoubted effect of color on the radiating power of clothing. . . . Certainly light-colored substances approaching to white do not part with their heat so readily as dark. The bear of the polar regions is for this reason provided with white fur, while her brother of warmer climates has a dark-colored integument. It therefore seems desirable to prefer bright to sombre hues, and if this choice were made the result would be an air of additional cheerfulness in the public streets. . . . The matter may seem of small moment, but the life we live is made up of small considerations and little affairs." Now this matter may not be of such small moment, but one having serious consequences in a sanitary sense, and so deserving further investigation.

"Valenciennes" Lace.

It is a fact not commonly known even among lace dealers that very little of the article known as Valenciennes is made in that far-famed locality. It is difficult work requires a long apprenticeship, absorbs all the maker's time, and is so inadequately remunerated that labor seeks other fields. As it takes several months, and sometimes even a year, to make a coupon three yards in length, and as it is impossible for the operative to remain so long a time without compensation, it is customary to pay by bands, there being three bands in a yard, and twelve in a coupon—the result of this being that the material is furnished and almost the whole amount due the maker paid out a long time before the completion of the work. What is known as Valenciennes lace is, in fact, made extensively at Ypres, Courtray, Ghent, Bruges, and in almost all parts of the country; and in the production of one coupon of the fabric rarely less than 400 spindles and 1,500 pins are employed.

A splendid specimen of a royal sturgeon was forwarded from Edinburgh to the Prince of Wales as a present on the opening of the Fisheries Exhibition. It was a tremendous sample of its class, caught in the Tay. It measured no less than seven feet four inches in length and weighed exactly 150 pounds. Its escort was composed of twelve, New Haven fishwives. The quaint and highly colored costumes of these fishwives and their melodious "caller on" are familiar to every one who has visited the Scottish metropolis. It is stated that the Khedive has applied to the Governments of the North-western Presidency of India for the services of an experienced canal officer to take the place and position of the superintendent of the irrigation works in Egypt. The salary offered is \$10,000 a year.

A Cleveland paper says that John Smith, of that city, shot himself on the South Side. A man who can't come any nearer the center than that had better practice.

"Beauty Unadorned (with pimples) Dis-Adorned the Most."

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches, and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By Druggists.

The Brooklyn bridge has had a good deal of "pulling" in New York. "Do Likewise," Dr. E. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., writes five years ago: "I was a dreadful sufferer from skin troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription' and using the local treatment recommended in your 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' In three months I was perfectly cured. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them and inclosing stamped envelope for reply. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks stating that they had commenced the treatment and were much better already. Mrs. E. F. Morgan, New Castle, Me.

In the distinguished quartet of visitors to Florida, it was the president who played the bass. Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (beware of imitations) cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp. 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

Speaking of poetry, if there is any fittle account that winter ode to spring it must have been paid up long ago. A Wonderful Change.

Rev. W. E. Gifford, while pastor of M. E. Church, Bothwell, suffered from chronic dyspepsia so badly as to render his life almost a burden. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him. (27)

At this time of the year the beer-sellers hang out pictures of the festive goat. These are intended to attract the young kids. Copy of a letter received from Dr. R. Maitland Coffin, F.R.C.P., &c. To H. Sutherland Esq., Having taken Sutherland's "Rheumatism" myself, I can bear testimony that it will prove a great boon to persons who suffer from rheumatism. R. MAITLAND COFFIN, F.R.C.P., &c. Barton Court, S.W., May 17th 1882.

The individual who stood ready to pay his 1 cent at midnight on the Brooklyn bridge was the first man tolled to go across. Mental depression, headache and nervous debility, are speedily remedied by that excellent blood-purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters. The Editor of the Mitchell Record states, that he was cured of biliousness, liver derangement, and sick headache by the use of this medicine. (26)

Summer resorts—herry cobblers and mit juleps. Catarrh—A New Treatment whereby a Permanent Cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King-st. West, Toronto, Canada.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold. A Certain Remedy for Corns. This is the universal testimony and expressed by everyone who has used PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR. Thousands in Canada have used it with gratifying results, and if you will take the trouble to ask any druggist he will give you the names of many persons of your acquaintance who have been radically cured of the worst kind of corns. Sold everywhere. Safe, sure, painless, and vegetable in composition. Try it. It never fails. Take no substitute. Many of them are positively dangerous. Use Putnam's Corn Extractor.

The man who offers you counterfeit cop-pers shows bad cents. Diphtheria—that terrible scourge of the present day—attacks chiefly those whose vitality is low and blood impure. The timely use of Burdock Blood Bitters forestalls the evils of impure blood, and saves doctor's bills. Sample bottles 10 cents. (30)

"Proud of it?" he said. "Of course I am. He stopped four days at my house and was taken with the delirium tremens. Shows I'm a good entertainer, doesn't it?" Never Allow It.

Never allow the bowels to remain in a torpid condition, as it leads to serious results, and ill health is sure to follow. Burdock Blood Bitters is the most perfect regulator of the bowels, and the best blood purifier known. (29)

"Now, then, witness," said the cross-examining counsel sternly, "does the preceding witness enjoy your entire confidence?" "Great Scott, no! Why, that's my wife."

Highly Satisfactory. Impure blood and low vitality are the great sources of most diseases for which Burdock Blood Bitters is the specific. S. Perrin, Druggist, of Lindsey, writes that Burdock Blood Bitters give more general satisfaction than any blood purifier in the market. (25)

A terrible "frame" of mind incloses the "picture" of despair. A. P. 129

THE QUESTION is often asked, "Can they retain it?" We find by experience that all minerals, gums and resins, when in their crude state, are capable of retaining electricity. When held in solution by chemical means, as for example, steel, the strongest electric when held in chemical means, is capable of being charged and containing electricity. Some other electricities also find that rock sand and glass, also that pure animal grease is capable of being charged to any extent by electricity; but all mineral gums and oils, we believe, are capable of being charged and retaining electricity to some extent. Bones, blood, and sinews are not composed of rock and glass, but of mineral and vegetable substances, mysteriously combined, and them capable of being acted upon by electricity. The system of man, with its nature, is capable of receiving and retaining electricity. It is a part of the electric Oil contains no animal grease, sand or glass, and is highly charged with electricity, hence its great success in the treatment of diseases such as rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous diseases. It is able to act on the weak or dominating organs of our beings. It assists nature to cure disease. The want of proper action of the liver and kidneys is the cause of many of our troubles. It acts directly on the liver and urinary organs, destroying or acting this effect of the overflow of poisons from the vital organs above, which is dispersed through the system the medium of the life fluid, the blood. "Go away!" yelled the sportsman to a boy; "Go away! for once in my life caught a string of fish, and if anybody was talking to you, they'd swear I'm 'em of you."

A LETTER FROM GOLDMINE. In a private letter Wm. Goldmine, of Lingwood, Ont., writes: After trying every remedy I heard recommended, I was unable to get relief. I was cured of Chronic Catarrh of the bladder by one bottle of Hoffman's German Bitters. Price 50c. Sold by Chemists everywhere.

And even now things go wrong in Ottawa. Scene: An Irish cab. Pat is ill. He has just called. "Well, Pat, have you the box of pills I sent you?" "Yes, they are jabbors, I have, but I don't feel any better yet, maybe the lid hasn't been closed yet!"

Important. When you visit or leave New York City, take Baggage Express and Carriage Hire stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite the Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, furnished at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to 100 upwards per day. European plan. First-class Restaurant supplied with the best of cars, stages and elevated railroads to all parts. Families can live better for less at the Grand Union Hotel than at any first-class hotel in the city.

A colored porter in an Austin store says the proprietor for a day's leave of absence. "What's up now?" "Dar's a nigger, nigger got married and I oughter be present see him fur." "Who is this colored nigger whose wedding you have to be present 'ise de nigger, boss."

The Editor of the Grand River says: "We are usually sparing in our opinions towards patent medicines, but observation and enquiry has satisfied us of the preparation of Messrs. T. Miller & Co. styled 'Burdock Blood Bitters,' as a blood-purifying tonic is worthy of the high reputation it has established among the people."

Two dudes had finished their champagne at the Cafe Brunswick, New York, when one of them addressed the waiter: "Waiter, how much is aw the bill?" "Fifty cents, sir." "Yaws, yaws; but the amount don't you see, the amount in shillings!"

We would advise economical business men to visit the reliable house of Pettley & Pugh when in want of clothing for their boys. This firm is selling stylish summer suits in six different sizes from "one dollar" to \$10. This is without doubt a "gullible" opportunity for indulgent parents to dress their boys at a very moderate outlay.

BEAVERS S. S. LINE. WEEKLY BETWEEN QUEBEC, MONTREAL, AND LIVERPOOL. CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN AND BELFAST. For lowest rates and all particulars apply to Sam. Osborne & Co., 40 Young street, Toronto.

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SUTHERLAND'S RHEUMATISM. THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. And all complaints of a Rheumatic nature. PAINFUL SWELLINGS, STIFFNESS OF JOINTS, SCALDS, and all other bodily aches and pains. Sold by all Druggists. The Rheumatism Manufacturing Co., Niagara Falls, Ont. Northrop & Lyman, Wholesale Agents, Toronto.

THE SUPREME LODGE of the Grand Lodge of Ontario at Buffalo, reference to the place of holding the next meeting of the Executive Committee. Toronto, Ropeta, and San Francisco. International Typographical Union at Cincinnati has been requiring sub-lists to be sent to the Executive Committee by September 1. A. A. M. can be employed by a substitute office as a substitute as such. GENERAL Sir George Jessel's property worth \$2,000,000. and Lady Onslow and on a lengthened stay in the United States. The Liberian Government has the repeal of the transportation of free labor. The Government has made a treaty with the President of the United States to insure the free trade in goods. The Government has proposed to furnish the Russian seaboard with a fleet of iron-clad vessels. The Government has proposed to increase the number of the Channel Islands. The Government has proposed to increase the number of the Channel Islands. The Government has proposed to increase the number of the Channel Islands. The Government has proposed to increase the number of the Channel Islands.