THE THREAD OF LIFE;

OR,

SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

CHAPTER I.—BOHEMIA.

Whoever knows Bohemian London, knows the smoking room of the Cheyne Row Club. No more comfortable or congenial divan exists anywhere between Regent Circus and Hyde Park Corner than that chosen paradise of unrecognized geniuses. The Cheyne Row Club is not large, indeed, but it prides itself upon being extremely select—too select to admit upon its list of members peers, politicians, country gentlemen, or inhabitants of eligible family residences in Mayfair or Belgravia. Two qualifications are understood to be indispensable in candidates for membership: they must be truly great, and they must be unsuccessful. Possession of a commodious suburban villa excludes, *ipso facto*.

The Cheyne Row Club is emphatically the headquarters of the great Bohemian clan: the gathering-place of unhung artists, unread novelists, unpaid poets, and unheeded social and political reformers generally. Hither flock all the choicest spirits of the age during that probationary period when society in its slow and lumbering fashion is spending twenty years in discovering for itself the bare fact of their distinguished existence. Here Maudle displays his latest designs to Postlethwaite's critical and admiring eye; here Postlethwaite pours his recondite sonnets into Maudle's receptive and sympathetic tympanum. Everybody who is anybody has once been a member of the 'dear old Cheyne Row!' Royal Academicians and Cabinet Ministers and Society Journalists and successful poets still speak with lingering pride and affection of the days when they lunched there, yet undiscovered, on a single chop and a glass of draught claret by no means of the daintiest. Not that the Club can number any of them now on its existing roll call: the Cheyne Row is for prospective celebrity only; accomplished facts transfer themselves at once to a statelier site in Pall Mall near the Duke of York's Column. Rising merit frequents the Tavern, as scoffers profanely term it: risen greatness basks rather on the lordly stuffed couches of Waterloo Place.

No man, it has been acutely observed, remains a Bohemian when he has daughters to marry. The pure and blameless ratepayer avoids Prague. As soon as Smith becomes Chancellor of the Exchequer, as soon as Brown takes silk, as soon as Robinson is elected an Associate, as soon as Tompkins publishes his popular novel, they all incontinently with one accord desert the lesser institution in the Piccadilly byway, and pass on their names, their honours, their hats, and their subscriptions to the dignified repose of the Athenæum. For them, the favourite haunt of judge and bishop: for the young, the active, the struggling, and the incipient, the chop and claret of the less distinguished but more lively caravansera by the Green Park purlieus.

In the smoking-room of this truly great and unsuccessful Bohemian society, at the tag-end of a London season, one warm evening in a hot July, Hugh Massinger, of the Utter Bar, sat lazily by the big bow window, turning over the pages of the last number of the *Charing Cross Review*. That he was truly great, nobody could deny. He was in very fact a divine bard, or, to be more strictly accurate, the author of a pleasing and melodious volume of minor poetry. Even away from the Cheyne Row Club, none but the most remote of country cousins—say from the wilder parts of Cornwall or the crofter-clad recesses of the Isle of Syke—could have doubted for a moment the patent fact that Hugh Massinger was a distinguished (though unknown) poet of the modern school, so admirably did he fit his part in life as to features, dress, and general appearance. Indeed, malicious persons were wont at times unkindly to insinuate that Hugh was a poet, not because he found in himself any special aptitude for stringing verses or building the lofty rhyme, but because his face and bearing imperatively compelled him to adopt the thankless profession of bard in self-defence. This was ill-natured, and it was also untrue; for Hugh Massinger had lisped in numbers—at least in penny ones—ever since he was able to lisp in print at all. He had taken to poetry almost from his very cradle; and had astonished his father at sixteen by a rhymed version of an ode of Horace, worth the inspiration of the great Dr. Watts himself, and not, perhaps, far below the poetic standard of Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper. At Oxford he had perpetrated a capital Newdigate; and two years after gaining his fellowship at Oriel, he had published anonymously, in parchment covers, *Echoes from Callimachus, and other Poems*, which had fairly succeeded by careful nursing in sustaining the dignity of a second edition under his own name. So that Massinger's claim to the sodality of the craft whose workman vestment I'm a journeyman by trade—a merry journeyman journalist; the gurthing penny-a-liner of a futile and demoralised London press. But I have a soul within me above penny-a-lining; I aspire ultimately to a pound a word. I don't mean to live and die in Grub Street. My soul looks forward to immortality, and a footman in livery."

Relf smiled distinctly, and knocked the ashes off his cigar into the Japanese tray that stood by his side. "Then you look upon poetry merely as an ultimate means of making money?" he suggested, with a depreciatory look.

"Money! Not money only, my dear fellow, but position, reputation, recognition, honour. Does any man work for anything else? Any man, I mean, but cobblers and enthusiasts?"

"Well, I don't know. I may be an enthusiast myself," Relf answered slowly; "but I certainly do work at art to a great extent for art's sake, because I really love and admire and delight in it. Of course I should like to make money too, within reasonable limits—enough to keep myself and my people in a modest sort of way, without the footman or the eligible family residence. Not that I want to be successful, either; from what I've seen of successful men, I incline to believe that success as a rule has a very degenerating effect upon character. Literature, science, and art thrive best in a breezy, bracing air. I never aim at being a successful painter myself; and if I go on as I'm doing now, I shall no doubt succeed in not succeeding. But apart from the money and the livelihood altogether, I love my work as an occupation. I like doing it; and I like to see myself growing stronger and freer at it every day."

"That's all very well for you," Massinger replied with another expansive wave of his graceful hand. "You're doing work you care for, as I play lawn-tennis, for a personal amusement. I can sympathise with you there.—Let's quit the subject. It turns me always into a gloomy pessimist.—What are you going to do with yourself this summer?"

"Me? Oh, just the usual thing, I suppose. Going down in my tub to paint sweet mudbanks off the coast of Suffolk."

"Suffolk to wit! I see the finger of fate in that! Why, that's just where I'm going, too. I mean to take six or eight weeks' holiday, if a poor drudge of a journalist can ever be said to indulge in holidays at all—with books for review, and proofs for correction, and editorial communications for consideration always weighing like a ton of lead upon his unhappy back. Where do you pose to bury myself alive up to the chin in some obscure, out-of-the-way Suffolk village they call Whitestrand.—Have you ever heard of it?"

"Oh, I know it well," Relf answered with a smile of delightful reminiscence. "It's grand for sketching. I go there painting again and again. You'd call it the funniest little stranded old-world village you ever came across anywhere in England. Nothing could be uglier, quainter, or more perfectly charming. It lies at the mouth of a dear little muddy creek, with a funny old mill for pumping the water off the sunken meadows; and all around, for miles and miles, is one great flat of sedge and wapping, alive with water-birds, and intersected with dikes, where the herons fish all day long, poised on one leg in the middle of the stream as still as mice, exactly as if they were sitting to Maclaris for their portraits."

"Ah, delightful for a painter, I've no doubt," Hugh Massinger replied, half yawning to himself, "especially for a painter to whom mudand herons are bread and butter, and brackish water is Bass and Allsopp; but scarcely, you'll admit, an attractive picture to the inartistic public, among whom I take the liberty, for this occasion only, humbly to rank myself. I go there, in fact, as a martyr to principle. I live for others. A member of my family—not to put too fine a point upon it, a lady—abides for the present moment at Whitestrand, and believes herself to be siezed or possessed by prescriptive right of a lien or claim to a certain fixed aliquot portion of my time and attention. I've never admitted the claim myself (being a legally-minded soul); but just out of the natural sweetness of my disposition, I go down occasionally (without prejudice) to whatever part of England she may chance to be inhabiting for the sake of not disappointing her foregone expectations, however ill-founded, and be the same more or less.—You change, I speak with the charming precision of the English statute-book."

"But how do you mean to get to Whitestrand?" Relf asked suddenly after a short pause. "It's a difficult place to reach, you know. There's no station nearer than ten miles off, and that a country one, so that when you arrive there, you can get no conveyance to take you over."

"So my kind cousin gave me to understand. She was kind enough to provide me with minute instructions for her bookless wilds. I believe I'm to hire a costermonger's cart or something of the sort to convey my portmanteau; and I'm to get across myself by the aid of the natural means of locomotion with which a generous providence or survival of the fittest has been good enough to endow me by hereditary transmission. At least, so my cousin Elsie instructs me."

"Why not come round with me in the tub?" Relf suggested good humouredly.

"What? your yacht? Hatherley was telling me you were the proud possessor of a ship—Are you going round that way any time shortly?"

"Well, she's not exactly what you call a yacht," Relf replied, with an apologetic tinge in his tone of voice. "She's only a tub, you know, an open boat almost, with a covered well and just room for three to sleep and feed in. She's a perfect treasure to a marine painter in the mud-and-buoy business. But I won't for a moment pretend to say she's comfortable for a landsman. If you come with me, in fact, you'll have to rough it."

"I love roughing it.—How long will it take us to cruise round to Whitestrand?"

"Oh, the voyage depends entirely upon the wind and tide. Sailing boats take their own time. The *Mud-Turtle*—that's what I call her—doesn't hurry. She's lying now off the Pool at the Tower, taking care of herself in the absence of all her regular crew; and Potts, my mate, he's away in the north, intending to meet me next week at Lowestoft, where my mother and sister are stopping in lodgings. We can start on our cruise whenever you like—say, if you choose, to-morrow morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Turkey.

"*Si requiris monumentum circumspice.*" We are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses. Every land that has embraced Islam has been smitten with decay. Look at Turkey. The learned Prof. Paparrigopoulos of Athens has concentrated in a sentence the withering effect of Musulman domination in what is now the Ottoman Empire. In the beginning of the thirteenth century the annual revenue of the Byzantine Empire was £130,000,000. Yet at that time not only was the Eastern Empire greatly impoverished by the ravages of the Crusades, but the chief part of Asia Minor, with its flourishing cities, had been wrested from her by Islam. The revenue of the Turkish Empire to-day is less than £18,000,000, and it is steadily declining. To what are we to attribute this portentous fact? Not to soil or climate or lack of natural resources. Turkey possesses all the conditions favorable to agricultural and commercial prosperity in a degree surpassing that of any other country in the world—climate, geographical position, fertility of soil, convenient channels of exportation. Possessing the climates it yields the fruits and products of all the zones. Astride on Europe and Asia, it owns the richest territories on both continents, and is still sovereign over the fertile valley of the Nile. The country abounds in lakes, is indented by numerous bays and gulfs and washed by six seas, all of which offer it rare advantages for maritime commerce. It is, in addition, intersected by broad and deep rivers ready to bear its produce to the sea. In no country of the world have the gifts of God been lavished in richer profusion. In none have they been so grossly and systematically abused by the folly of man. The silence of desolation now broods over vast regions which were once thickly peopled, well cultivated, abounding in flourishing cities and rejoicing in an advanced civilization. Territories which formerly supported the capitals of ancient kingdoms—Pergamos, Sardis, Cyzica, Prusium, Troy, Nicomedia, and many more—have been reduced by Islam to cheerless solitudes, broken at intervals by the tents of nomad Kurds or man-stealing Turkomans. According to Ubicini, a cultivated Roumanian who spent 20 years in the civil administration of the Porte and wrote after the Crimean war in defense of the Turkish Empire, the annual produce of corn in Asia Minor was then estimated at 25,000,000 Turkish kilos, representing in value about £3,000,000. He thinks that this amount might easily be increased tenfold "if the great productiveness of the soil were turned to account." "The same remark," he adds, "applies to all other productions which serve for local consumption or for exportation." But, instead of increase, during the last 40 years there has been an accelerating decrease. The decay of every kind of manufacture has kept pace with the decline of agriculture. Diarbekir and Broussa, once so famous for their velvets, satins, and silk stuffs, have been ruined. So have Aleppo and Bagdad."

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and every evening will find something done.—[Goethe.

Method is like packing things into a box; a good packer will get in half as much more as a bad one.

The desire of more and more rises up by a natural graduation to most, and after that to all.—[L'Estrange.

The proper way to check slander is to despise it; attempt to overtake and refute it, and it will outrun you.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be what a heaven this world would be.—[Luther Norris.

When death, the greater reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.—[George Eliot.

As riches and favor forsake a man we discover him to be a fool; but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.—[La Bruyere.

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment, and I have known a man to come in high spirits from a funeral merely because he had the management of it.—Bishop Horne.

I venerate old age, and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding.—[Longfellow.

The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or at nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—[Franklin.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

It is reported that General Booth of the Salvation Army sold seven thousand tickets of admission to the wedding of his daughter the other day in London at $5 each. Probably the story is a hoax, but it suggests the immense financial possibilities that there may be in the possession of seven or eight daughters when the owner of them happens to be a celebrity.

The Boston *Post* has made a discovery which has somewhat disconcerted the U. S. fishermen who have so loudly clamoured for protection against Canadian aggression. It publishes a list of over twenty masters of fishing vessels sailing from Gloucester to the Banks, and states that all of them came from Nova Scotia, while in many cases the crews were also Nova Scotians. It will now be in order to protest that the native-born American fishermen are being robbed of their trade, and to call upon the Government to set in motion the law forbidding the employment of alien labour under contract.

One would think that New York should be a healthier city to live in than London, but a report of the health department of the former city for the year 1886 proves the contrary. In 1886 the mortality of London was only 20 per 1,000 of the population, whereas in New York it was 26 per 1,000. It seems that New York is really more overcrowded than London, notwithstanding the five millions of people in the world's metropolis. The report states that the average number of persons to a dwelling in New York is 16·37 as compared with 7.8 in London. The excessive mortality in New York is ascribed to diseases contracted or aggravated by overcrowding, such as diphtheria, croup and diarrhœa.

The encroachments of the fair sex upon domains which were once held to belong exclusively to men are gradually increasing. In the United States women are employed as shorthand writers, typewriters, cashiers, bookkeepers, compositors and photographic retouchers, and have been allowed to enter the profession of medicine. In England, their services are utilized as telegraph operators. In a town in Kansas the mayor and the councillors are women. In the city of Philadelphia over five thousand women have obtained employment during the past few years in branches previously filled by men alone. In process of time it may be expected that the ladies will monopolize all the genteel occupations.

A Brooklyn, N. Y., journal is now championing the English spavrow, and protests against the measures being taken for its extirpation. "The much abused sparrow," it says, "has done a great deal for Brooklyn, as he has for other places. When the inch worm or measure worm had possession of the city, dropping from the trees on pedestrians and so torturing the nervous system that life was robbed of every charm, this pug nacious little bird made short work of the nuisance. He was brought from England with this one object in view, and when he had done his work quickly and effectively his praises were sung in every home. The birdhouses which one sees in the trees throughout the city are tributes to the sparrow of grateful appreciation."

Byron and Burns.

The explanation of the carelessness of Byron's centenary is plain. The fact is its own interpreter. It is his personality which accounts for the indifference. We do not mean his noble life. Burns was as loose a liver, but no famous personality is English literature is so beloved as Burns. Nelson was as immoral, but England bore him upon her breast to St. Paul's, and with his name she conjures English valor still. But Byron personally kindles no emotion save one of half contempt. He had every opportunity, every splendid advantage, every gift that men desire, but the personal life that they all helped to achieve was simply pitiful. His genius asserted itself in passionate and powerful poetry. That was in despite of himself. But all that belongs to character, to pure, generous, ennobling and helpful life, all that depended upon himself, was wantonly squandered. Nor did he apparently even care or try to do differently, except at the last, when he went to Greece.

Of Burns' remorse, regret, and earnest stumbling endeavor to stand upright, amid pinching poverty and hostile circumstance of every kind, of that profound and penetrating pathos of consciousness of baffled will and of lost life, which appeals to the heart of the world, like a sick child to the mother, there is no trace in Byron. But it is the personality, large, generous, humane, aspiring, longing, lamenting—the pearl in the mire, but still a pearl—which gives Burns the love of his fellow-men, and makes his name as dear as his song, and amid all the shame and sorrow and hopelessness of his life still whispers,

"Then let charity be thine to me, despairing
Than aught in the world beside."

W. D. Howells, in April Harper's.

Stay on the Farm.

In all ages attempts have been made to check the tendency of people to forsake farms and resort to cities. Joaquin Miller, the poet of the Sierras, who has a bit of land under his feet near Oakland, Cal., deprecates the singular action of the daily press toward all who live remote from the great towns. He objects to the flippant sneers about "rustics" and "hayseeds," and he asks: "Who was the father of the poetic genius who writes all these things of the farmer, the country editor, and all, indeed, who dwell not at the Capital? Why, the bright and brassy young man who writes these things was himself born among the cows. And, indeed, no man yet of any great account was ever either born in a city or reared in a city. The great men of earth have ever been born and reared on the grass, close to the bosom of our mother. The strong men of the city press are not guilty of the offenses charged by Mr. Miller. They know the temptations, the follies and the disappointments of the metropolis, and they would rather build up country life than to sew in its ranks the seeds of discontent. He who has developed broad views never forgets his early impressions, if he was born and reared on a farm, nor is he ashamed of the past. In Canada agriculture is one of the great sources of wealth, and no sensible man would think for a moment of trying to crush it with a sneer. He who has won all the triumphs which can be won in a city is seldom satisfied. His crowning ambition is to buy a farm, stock it with horses, cattle or sheep, and to try his skill in molding type. The glitter of the city is poor recompense for the peace, independence and solid comforts of the country.

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It is not surprising that some members of the Dominion Parliament are impatient and even indignant at the apparently slow progress of British diplomacy in putting a stop to the seizure and confiscation of Canadian fishing vessels in Behring's Sea. The pretension that the nation which has just insisted upon and secured the right of fishing in Canadian Bays exceeding ten miles in width at the mouth may justly exercise territorial rights over a great open sea, and that too in virtue of the ownership of but one of its coasts, seems too preposterous to become a matter of serious international correspondence. To even the coolest heads the seizure of inoffensive fishing vessels with their cargoes and crews, at the distance of ninety or one hundred miles from the mainland, has more the appearance of privateering than of legitimate protection of rights by a civilized and Christian nation.

How He Expressed His Love.

"James, do you love your sister?"

"Yes, pa."

"Well, show me how you love her."

The boy stood still, not knowing what to do.

"James, how do I express my love for your mother?"

"Oh, you now and then give her some money, but I ain't got any."

Woman as a Martyr.

History records the sufferings of countless martyrs, and we read of them with wonder and sympathy. But there are living to-day in our midst thousands of other martyrs who have far stronger claims upon our consideration—women who are sufferers from those ailments peculiar to their sex, our wives, daughters and sisters, perhaps, whose lives are an unremitting round of suffering. "Is there no relief?" they cry. Yes, there is; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will remove that "dragging down" feeling, will banish that backache, will restore every function to its normal condition. To all sufferers from female complaints—and their name is Legion—we say: get the "Prescription" at once; it will be worth far more than its weight in gold to you.

The Czar has expressed a strong antipathy to Gen. Boulanger.

Symptoms of Catarrh.

A profuse and many times excessively offensive discharge, with "stopping up" of the nose at times, impairment of the sense of smell and taste, watering or weak eyes, impaired hearing, irregular appetite, occasional nausea, pressure and pain over the eyes, and at times in the back of the head, occasional chilly sensations, cold feet, and a feeling of lassitude and debility, are symptoms which are common to catarrh, yet all of them are not present in every case. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures catarrh in its worst forms and stages. It is pleasant to use, and contains no poisonous or caustic drugs. Of druggists, for 50 cents.

The first samples of gold coin bearing Emperor Frederick's effigy have been issued.

A Voluntary Statement.

The writer of this paragraph once had an elder and only brother. Brought up together, we were almost inseparable, hopeful and ambitious. Exposure planted the seeds of consumption in the elder, and in a few weeks, in the month of May, "good store of flowers were stuck round about his winding sheet." Every attention and every remedy that love could give or obtain were unavailing. Since that sad day, I have learned, through the most trustworthy authority and from experience in its use, that a real remedy now exists, that of Dr. Pierce, called the "Golden Medical Discovery." A thousand pities that it was not discovered ages ago, but how thankful the present generation should be that it can now avail itself of so potent a remedy.

Burglars broke into a jewellery store in Munich on Sunday night and carried away goods worth £25,000.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul stomachs, tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters—the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Gen. Boulanger has written a letter protesting against the warlike views which have been attributed to him.

HOP: COUGH CURE cures in one minute.

A resolution has been introduced in the French Chamber of Deputies in favour of international arbitration.

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Why is a mosquito like a musician who plays for money? Because, after the serenade is over he sends in his bill.

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Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of.—[Franklin.

$ Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

The North-West rebellion cost Canada about six million dollars, or, to be exact, $5,897,256, and all because "somebody had blundered."

A Cure for Drunkenness.

The opium habit, dipsomania, the morphine habit, nervous prostration caused by the use of tobacco, wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain, etc., premature old age, loss of vitality caused by over-exertion of the brain, and loss of natural strength, from any cause whatever. Men—young, old or middle-aged—who are broken down from any of the above causes, or any cause not mentioned above, send your address and 10 cents in stamps for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, of *Diseases of Man*. Books sent sealed and secure from observation. Address M. V LUBON 47 Wellington street East, Toronto Ont.

Countryman—Say mister, I want some of this here new tea. Grocer—(doing) Young Hyson, Old Hyson, Japan—any of these? "No, you hain't mentioned it yit. My gal's been down to New York, and she says it's all the go there. You see, a lot of women git together in the afternoon and drank it." "Oh, you mean at a five o'clock tea?" "You've rung the bell, young man. Give me a pound of five o'nieck tea."

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To Policy-holders on surrender of Policies	36,422 62
To Policy-holders for Cash Profits (including those allocated and being paid)	98,656 00
To holders of Annuity Bonds	432,544 02
Loaned to Policy-holders on Security of their Policies	16,967 84
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	$1,306,174 47

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