

THE RIGOROUS RULE OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE beard was at one time considered as the symbol of what was uncivilized and barbarous, and so convinced was Peter the Great that this was the case, that he was relentless in forbidding public officials to be unshaven. The rule gradually became relaxed in practice, but it was not until the year 1815 that a decree was issued permitting the officers and soldiers of the army, except the Imperial Guard, to wear their beards when on service. I transfer the following circumstantial and therefore interesting account of this act of the great ruler of Russia, from an article in *Scribner's* of 1880: Decrees were issued that all Russians, the clergy excepted, should shave, but those who preferred to keep their beards were allowed to do so on condition of paying a yearly tax, fixed at a kopek (one penny, for the peasantry, and varying from thirty to a hundred rubles, from £12 to £42, a ruble being worth at that time about 8s. 4d.) for the other classes, the merchants, as being the richest and most conservative, paying the highest sum. On the payment of this duty they received a bronze token, which they were obliged to wear about their necks, and to renew yearly. Many were willing to pay this very high tax in order to keep their beards, but most of them conformed to the Tsar's wishes, some through policy, some through terror of having their beards (in a merry humour) pulled out by the roots, or taken so roughly off that some of the skin went with them. The Tsar would allow no one to be near him who did not shave. Perry writes: "About this time the Tsar came down to Veronezh, where I was then on service, and a great many of my men who had worn their beards all their lives were now obliged to part with them, amongst whom one of the first I met with, just coming from the hands of the barber, was an old Russ carpenter that had been with me at Camisbinka, who was a very good workman with his hatchet, and whom I always had a friendship for. I jested a little with him on this occasion, telling him that he was becoming a young man, and asked him what he had done with his beard. Upon which he put his hand in his bosom and pulled it out and showed it to me; further telling me that when he came home, he would lay it up to have it put in his coffin and buried along with him, that he might be able to give an account of it to St. Nicholas when he came to the other world, and that all his other brothers (meaning his fellow-workmen who had been shaved that day) had taken the same care."

CHILD MARRIAGE IN INDIA.

THE child-marriage question still continues to hold a prominent place in the public eye in India. Writing upon the subject recently, Ragoonath, the late Minister of the Maharajah Holkar, makes the following statements: "A man aged 47 years, who was lately defendant before the court of a magistrate, charged with having ill-treated a child-wife, eight or nine years of age, wanted to go away from the locality, and applied to the British police for a guard to enable him to leave the place and to take the minor with him without fear of interference from her parents. The British people's representatives in India escorted a closed carriage, in which were seated this man and the girl minor, prevented the parents from approaching their child, and kept them off till the man had carried her away from her parents to a place about 1,000 miles away from the scene. I appeal to the people of Great Britain to say whether such conduct on the part of their agents in India meets their approval. Not content with countenancing slavery, they afford material and powerful help to the rich and influential owner of the slave, and enable him, under the rules of law and morality now in force in India, to deport a child from the proper guardianship of her father and mother. Such acts as these are, in the opinion of Sir J. Gorst, efforts to correct the evils of infant marriage. If this child had been the offspring of an Englishman and the scene London, would the British people have tolerated such conduct on the part of the British police?"—*Colonies and India*.

THE LADY DOCTORS OF INDIA.

IN India lady doctors are now familiar to us, and although at first they may have been somewhat ridiculed by those who could not appreciate their value, they are fast making their presence felt for good in almost every corner of the land. So far as the native women of this country are concerned, it is gratifying to note that their success in all branches of college education is progressing to the entire satisfaction of their professors. Not only have they proved themselves to be generally well fitted for the arduous duties attendant on medical studies, but they have, in some cases, succeeded beyond all ordinary expectation. Bombay, Madras, the North-West Provinces, and the Punjab, all return flattering reports on the subject, and when we say that a class of female students can average over 700 marks out of 1,000 in a surgical examination, as we hear has recently been the case, little can be said against their power of skill or aptitude for gaining knowledge in one of the most important branches of the medical profession. Indeed, it appears not unlikely that women in India may prove themselves by no means inferior to men in most branches of the practice of medicine if the progress made by native females in hospital work may be taken as a criterion. In many cases they have proved themselves superior to male students in college examinations, and in no way behind them in application, power of

reasoning, and resource. The fact that much of their success is due to the great interest taken in their studies by their lecturers and professors is not without a certain special significance.—*Overland Mail*.

THE TRANSFORMATION.

WHEN Love was young it asked for wings,  
That it might still be roaming;  
And away it sped, by fancy led,  
Through dawn, and noon, and gloaming.  
Each daintiness that blooms and blows  
It wooed in honeyed meter,  
And when it won the sweetest sweet,  
It flew off to a sweeter;  
When Love was young.

When Love was old, it craved for rest,  
For home, for hearth, and heaven;  
For quiet talks round sheltered walks,  
And long lawns smoothly shaven.  
And what Love sought, at last it found,  
A roof, a porch, a garden,  
And from a fond unquestioning heart  
Peace, sympathy and pardon;  
When Love was old.

—Austin Dobson.

DANCING WITH THE UNITED KINGDOM.

DR. SHARK is a gentleman who believes in the rational treatment of patients in his private lunatic asylum. He gives them picnics in summer, and balls in winter, and plenty of amusement all the year round. Taking one consideration with another I should imagine that lunacy, under these conditions, is rather a pleasant thing. I always look forward to the dances he gives, for after considerable experience I have come to the conclusion that idiotic partners are rather less idiotic than the commonplace misses one meets with at ordinary balls. She was sitting in a corner of the ballroom toying with a fan—a large and massive woman whom one would no more have suspected of being insane than of being consumptive. I asked the doctor to introduce me, for I admire fine women. He did so, and I sat down beside her. We spoke about the weather, as new acquaintances will. She was perfectly rational on that point, at any rate. She thought it was appalling. I mentioned casually that I had been to Torquay for a brief holiday. "Do you know it?" I asked. "Oh yes—there it is," she replied. I looked in the direction in which she pointed, and saw a rather extensive foot incased in a dancing-shoe. "That is Land's End," she said, reflectively, indicating the place where the little toe of her right foot might be supposed to lie, "and that is the Lizard there. I am the United Kingdom, you know," she added with a quiet dignity that seemed to presume I knew it. I bowed in silence. It was a colossal idea, and not to be comprehended all at once. "That is the North Foreland over there," she went on, tapping her left foot. "I have had some trouble with it lately; and oh," and her voice became plaintive, "I was so afraid they were going to take Ireland from me," and she glanced affectionately at her left arm. I thought it better that we should join in the dance, for these geographical confidences threatened to become embarrassing. So I put my arm round the top of Lincolnshire and the base of Yorkshire, and as far into Lancashire as I could get (for her waist was more than eighteen inches), and we danced. "My ear is burning so; I am afraid there must be a storm somewhere on the coast of Aberdeen," were the last words I heard her say as I led her to a seat.—*London Figaro*.

LET the newspaper writers for one day omit the list of crimes, and devote their undoubted energy to gathering occurrences creditable to human nature. The result might show that we of this generation are not so destitute of the homely virtues of the fathers as we are made to appear.—*The Congregationalist*.

THIRTY years after being painted, Millet's famous work, "The Angelus," sold lately in Paris, as the cable informs us, at the opening of the great Secretan picture sale for \$110,600, the highest price ever paid for a modern painting, and over \$50,000 more than was ever paid for a modern work at auction. And yet, so strange is fate to men of genius, the painter, who died but fourteen years ago, after a life in which the struggle against poverty was almost continuous, bound himself the year after he produced this masterpiece to give up all his work for three years for an allowance of \$2,400 a year. During Millet's lifetime when "The Angelus," for which he had received but \$500, sold for \$10,000, he modestly spoke of the price as a sensational one and disclaimed all responsibility for the transaction. And now, when his widow is unable to keep over head the roof of the Barbizon cottage that was his, the government of his country buy his most famous work after a spirited competition with Americans for far more than he ever earned in his sad lifetime.—*New York Herald*.

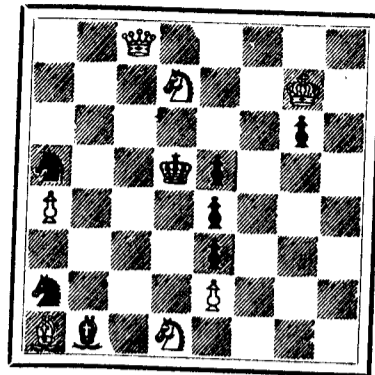
THE Macassa and Modjeska, the new first-class iron steamers, placed in the route between Toronto and Hamilton, afford pleasure-seekers fine opportunities to woo the cool breezes of Lake Ontario. Four trips are made each way every lawful day, and the management spare no efforts likely to conduce to the comfort and convenience of passengers.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 373.

From The Field.

BLACK.

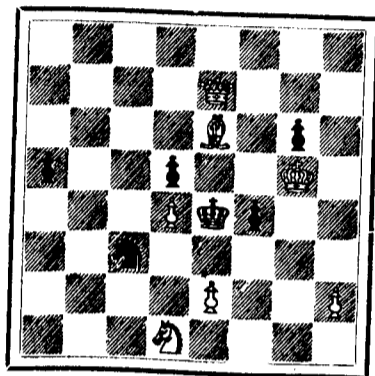


WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 374.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 367.  
B-R 1

No. 368.

- |                 |                        |
|-----------------|------------------------|
| White.          | Black.                 |
| 1. Kt-Q 4       | K x Kt at Q 5          |
| 2. Q-Q B 2      | moves                  |
| 3. B mates.     |                        |
| 2. B-R 5        | If 1. P x Kt           |
| 3. Kt-B 6 mate. | P-Q 6                  |
|                 | With other variations. |

GAME PLAYED IN THE TOURNAMENT OF THE SIXTH AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS, BETWEEN MESSRS. TAUBENHAUSE AND LIPSCHUTZ.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
MR. TAUBENHAUSE.	MR. LIPSCHUTZ.	MR. TAUBENHAUSE.	MR. LIPSCHUTZ.
1. P-K 4	P-K 4	17. Kt-Kt 2	Kt-Q 2
2. Kt-Q B 3	Kt-Q B 3	18. Kt-Kt 5	Kt-Kt 3
3. P-B 4	P x P	19. B-Q 3	B-Q 2
4. Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	20. Kt x B P	R-Q B 1
5. P-K R 4	P-Kt 5	21. P-K 5 +	B-B 4
6. Kt-Kt 5	P-K R 3	22. Kt-K 6	Kt x Q P
7. Kt x B P	K x Kt	23. R-K 1	Kt-Kt 5
8. P-Q 4	P-B 6	24. B x B +	Kt x B
9. P x P	B-K 2	25. P-Q B 3	Q-K 1
10. B-B 4 +	K-Kt 2	26. P x Kt	B x R P
11. B-K 3	P-Q 3	27. Kt-Kt 5 +	K-R 3
12. P-K B 4	P-K R 4	28. Q-Q 3	Q-B 3 +
13. P-Q 5	Kt-Kt 1	29. K-Kt 1	Q-K 3 +
14. Castles	Kt-K R 3	30. K-R 1	Q-B 3 +
15. B-Q 4 +	K-R 2	31. K-Kt 1	Q-Kt 3 +
16. B x R	Q x B		Drawn.

MACKEREL are remarkably scarce this summer in the North Atlantic waters. The catch of the last three or four years has been very small, and the present season bids fair to maintain the discouraging record. Though fishing has been in progress less than a month the ocean has been very widely prospected, and unfavourable reports come from the whole stretch of the coast from Chesapeake Bay to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. When it is considered that the falling off came about suddenly, and has now extended through several seasons, the matter must attract even more attention. In 1883 the New England fleet landed 226,685 barrels of salt mackerel; in 1884, 478,076; in 1885, 229,943; in 1886, 79,998; in 1887, 88,382; and in 1888, only 48,205.—*Bradstreet's*.

THE death of Edward Quinn, a foreman in the dynamo rooms of Brush Station, on Elizabeth Street, throws a painful light upon the question of inflicting the death penalty by electricity. Perfectly capable, and absolutely trustworthy, Foreman Quinn became the victim of a shock powerful enough to have killed a dozen men. Yet his death was not instantaneous, though the full force of the shock was exerted upon his brain. It was ten minutes before his heart stopped beating. His cheek where the wire had touched it was burnt to the bone, and his whole face was as if it had been exposed to fire. This accident makes still more serious the doubt whether the infliction of the death penalty by means of electricity is as yet either scientific or painless.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.