

afford expensive accessories of dress had departed, and only those who were compelled to dress naturally remained. If this remark were well founded, it supplies encouragement to those ladies who may attempt, by the help of this author or otherwise, to dress on a small fixed allowance. A few fashions have been invented to display female charms, and many to disguise the want of them. The difficulty under which the author of this manual labours is that she can only advise as to the material and shape of dress, while the harmonious arrangement of colours cannot be taught by the unaided pen. Lectures are now given to ladies on cookery, and perhaps they would be equally useful as regards dress. You cannot go to any public place without seeing women who have no taste in dress themselves, and want either willingness or power to obtain guidance from those who have. With such women the more money they spend in dress the worse it looks. They buy several things because they are separately handsome, or at least expensive, and put them all on together. It were to be wished that women devoid of taste could be brought to adopt the opinion of this author, that 'the essence of comfort is to slip through life in an unobjectionable black silk.' The author warns ladies who are obliged to dress on £15 a year that they must not make it a matter of conscience to rush into mourning on the slightest provocation. We think, however, that a period of general mourning has something of the charm which was ascribed to the siege of Paris, and in this point of view even Republicans of taste must admit the advantage of a well-developed royal family. The problems of dress would perhaps become easier if ladies could settle whether their object is to spite one another or to please men. The latter object is not perhaps easier than the former, but it is likely to be attained, if at all, at much less cost."

## News of the Week.

**THE DOMINION.**—Prince Edward was admitted into the Union on Dominion Day. The occasion was celebrated with great demonstrations of joy at Charlottetown. Judge Johnston has declined the Lieut.-Governorship of Nova Scotia, and it is now said that the Hon. Mr. Archibald will be appointed to the position. The Hon. Hugh Macdonald, Minister of Militia, has been re-elected by acclamation for Antigonish. The Hants (N.S.) election has resulted in the return of Mr. Gouge, with a clear majority of 113 over Capt. Armstrong, the Government candidate. The meeting of the Huntington Investigation Committee has been adjourned until the 13th prox. The subscriptions to the Drummond Colliery Relief Fund amount up to date to \$11,539. The Inman steamship "City of Washington" went ashore last Saturday in a dense fog on the Nova Scotian coast, seventy miles east of Sambro. Passengers and baggage saved. A despatch from Fort Garry, dated the 2nd inst., states that a few French half-breeds attacked the Mennonite delegation near White Horse Plains, swearing that no more Canadians should come into the Province. The Mennonites took refuge in a hotel. Intelligence was sent to Fort Garry, and on demand of the civil authorities, Colonel Osborne Smith proceeded with a detachment to preserve order. Notwithstanding the rough treatment they experienced, the Mennonites are so well pleased with the Province that they intend on their return to Europe sending out one thousand families to settle therein.

**UNITED STATES.**—Young Walworth, the paroled, has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for life. The "Junia," despatched in search of the "Polaris," arrived at St. John's, Nfld., early last week. The 4th was celebrated as usual throughout the country. Cholera is still raging in Tennessee.

**UNITED KINGDOM.**—The Bank of England forgers have been fully committed. The trial will take place next month at the Old Bailey. The Wimbledon camp opened on Monday. The case for the prosecution in the Tichborne trial closed on Wednesday, and the Court adjourned for two days. The Shah left England on Saturday. Before leaving London he made many presents, including \$8,000 to the servants of Buckingham Palace, and \$12,000 to the policemen who were stationed there. A banquet was given last week at the Trinity House, London, to the Czarewitch, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Edinburgh. The American residents in London celebrated the anniversary of the independence of the United States by a dinner at the Langham Hotel.

**FRANCE.**—The Shah arrived at Cherbourg on Saturday afternoon, and entered Paris on Sunday morning. M. Dufaure's bill for the consideration of the constitutional bills proposed by President Thiers before his resignation has been rejected by the Assembly. The Assembly adjourned until Friday in honour of the visit of the Shah of Persia. The duel between M. Kane and M. de Cassagnac took place on Monday morning on Luxembourg territory. De Cassagnac was seriously wounded.

**GERMANY.**—The Berlin weavers have struck for an increase of 33 per cent. on their wages. The Emperor is at Ems. Thence he will go to Gastein, and will visit Vienna about the end of August.

**RUSSIA.**—The Khan of Khiva and his Ministers, who had taken flight, have returned and submitted to General Kaufmann. Since the fall of Khiva the Russian Government renewed its assurances that its troops will retire from the country when the Khan has been sufficiently punished for his treatment of Russian subjects.

**AUSTRIA.**—The Deak party at Pesth has coalesced with the Left Centre and formed a Liberal party of overwhelming parliamentary power. The Emperor will visit the Czar at St. Petersburg in December next.

**ITALY.**—The crisis in the Ministry still continues. Minghetti having failed to form a Cabinet, the King summoned Count de Cambry Digny (sic) to undertake the task. But he also was unsuccessful, and so the matter stands. The Shah of Persia has accepted an invitation to visit Italy.

**SPAIN.**—The draft of the new constitution has been submitted to the Cortes by the committee which was appointed to draw up the measure. It provides that the President of the Republic must have been born on Spanish territory, and be 25 years of age. He shall hold office for four years, and shall not be eligible for a second term. The country is divided into cantons like the Swiss Republic. The Assembly of each canton is to elect four senators and the deputies are to be chosen by universal suffrage. Cuba and Porto Rico are to be assimilated with the cantons of Spain. The central power is authorized to suspend constitutional guarantees and order the levies of troops without consulting the authorities of the cantons. In consequence of the passage of the bill abolishing constitutional guarantees, the irreconcilable deputies have withdrawn from the Cortes, which action served to restore quiet in Madrid. The Minister of the Colonies has sent a cable despatch to the Captain-Generals of Cuba and Porto Rico, in which he declares that the Government is determined to preserve the integrity of the territory, and appeals to the Cuban insurgents to desist from an aimless and inglorious war.

**SWITZERLAND.**—The session of the Federal Assembly opened at Berne on Monday.

**TURKEY.**—The Sultan intends paying a visit to the Khedive of Egypt.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## The Fatal Draught.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL STORY.

BY C. W. A. DEDRICKSON.

"I wish I were dead!"

I was in my study, surrounded with my familiar books, and my table was littered with papers and pamphlets, but the books had lost their charms, and the white sheets of paper appealed to me in vain to be covered with those calligraphic strokes which the printers swear at and the profane liken to spider's legs. I was thoroughly low-spirited.

I loved Alice Watson with all the intensity of a young man's love. For her I had strived, for her I had abandoned boon companions and made myself old with toil that I might make more money and furnish a home for her when she became my wife. And now all my fondest hopes were blasted and my love a bitter-sweet dream never to be fulfilled; and on the first agony of my experience of her perfidy I wished I was dead.

Alice and I had been invited to a masquerade ball, but owing to an engagement, I had to decline; and Alice, declaring that the ball would have no attractions without me, also refused. My business drew me to a westerly portion of the city, and in returning to my bachelor apartments, by making a slight detour, I could pass her residence. I don't know what mad thought made me do it, except the infatuation of an early love that finds a pleasure in passing near, although unseen, the object of its adorations. It was late when I passed, and I was surprised to see the parlour lighted up, and more surprised to see a carriage waiting opposite the door. A thought struck me that she was going to the ball after all, and the next moment I was mad with myself for harbouring the thought; still it grew on me, and waiting there in the cold, I determined to put my suspicions to the test. I approached the driver of the carriage, and enquired where he was going to take his fare.

"To the ball, sure," he replied, in an accent that was decidedly Hibernian, "and a cowl'd night it is for the poor animals, and I've been waitin' over half an hour, an' it's cowl'd and thirsty I am, too, yer honour."

I took the hint, and having given the man the price of a drink, withdrew to the other side of the street. I had hardly done so before the door opened and Alice came out with a strange young man and entered the carriage, which immediately drove off. I could not see her face, but I recognized her figure, and could swear to the pale blue opera cloak, trimmed with swansdown. I felt very sick at heart as I retraced my way home.

Next morning I was too busy with some literary work that was already behind hand to call on her, but I dropped a hurried note, hoping, with a slight touch of satire, that she had enjoyed herself at the ball last night.

She wrote back a little pink perfumed letter, such as I have hundreds of times carried to my lips, saying she had not gone, and wondering with marked simplicity, at my hinting at her having been at the masquerade without me. Curse her duplicity! This was the girl that I had trusted, that I would have trusted with my heart's blood, and with the occasion came the bitterness of the reflection that my bachelor uncle was right when he said, "They are all alike. Trust no woman out of your sight. They'd flirt with the devil at heaven's gate and then pass St. Peter with an air of injured innocence." Yes, my uncle was right. Alice had deceived me. Only in a small matter, it was true, but the first holy trust was

broken, the full unquestioning confidence could never more be hers! I was very sad, and with head bowed on hands, and my elbows on the table, I once more gave utterance to the exclamation: "I wish I were dead!"

A strange sensation came over me. I felt that there was some one else in the room with me. I knew it was absurd, for the door was locked; still that feeling of a presence was so strong that I became uneasy. I seemed compelled to look up, and there, sure enough, was an old college chum sitting opposite me. He looked me straight in the eyes, and with a strange mesmeric power prevented my rising or even uttering an exclamation of surprise.

It was Walter Delorme. I had not seen him for some years, but when I last knew him he was studying medicine, and took a special delight in German mysticism. We always regarded him as strange. He was a believer in mesmerism and clairvoyance, and what then seemed to us the crowning absurdity of all, spiritualism. He was well acquainted with the human anatomy, and often he has remained locked up in his own room with his dead subject all night, trying all manner of experiments with electricity and galvanism. After a pause, which seemed to me hours in duration, he said, in a voice that sounded far away, as though it did not belong to him:

"So you wish you were dead?"  
I grew afraid of the man sitting opposite me, holding me with his glittering eye, and I faltered out some faint denial—that it was merely an exclamation of weariness, that I had been writing too hard of late, but that I clung as eagerly as the rest of mankind to life, which was very dear to all.

"Yes, the fools!" he said; "they love life, and what is their reward? One round of toil and sorrow, grasping after fortunes which they never attain, panting after honours which they never enjoy, for rosy lips which are bitterness, and a heart that is deceit. Fools love life; wise men are enamoured of death. I, like you, wish that I were dead."

I suggested that I had never looked at it so philosophically; but, I inquired, if he were so fond of death, how was it I still found him alive?

"Because I have discovered a secret. You think when the vital functions cease you are dead, and that the soul is at rest; but you are mistaken. I have watched with the eye of the clairvoyant hundreds of people die, and after the heart has ceased to beat, and the flesh turned cold, I have perceived the soul still attached to the brain by a vital cord, and quiver and tremble with agony as though the body still lived. I have followed the corpse to the grave, and seen it lowered down and covered with earth, and still the soul hovers and quivers above the resting place of the body. This has made me cling to life; but I have made a discovery—I think I can kill the soul, and I want a subject to experiment upon. You are weary of life. I will try on you. I will watch your slowly ebbing life. I will chronicle every lessening pulse throb, and then if your soul dies with your body, I will publish my secret to mankind, and seek death myself."

I felt that I was in the presence of a monomaniac on this mysterious subject, and that my position was one of danger. I clung to life with two-fold tenacity in the presence of the slightest chance of losing it. I assured Delorme that I was only jesting, that I had no desire to die.

"Coward!" he exclaimed, "Would you too hesitate when I offer you peace—one long eternal sleep? Would you shrink from being a martyr to the most glorious theory that science ever dreamed of? It is madness; but you shall not escape!"

I made an effort to rise; but was powerless. He appeared to breathe into my brain and paralyze it, and I closed my eyes to escape his fiery stare.

"Now you are mine," he said very softly. "Drink this."

Though my eyes were shut I could see every object in the room with a strange mysterious power of vision I never possessed before. I appeared to see with my brains and my hands, and every pore of my body seemed open to admit a sense of surrounding objects. Still I did not see them clearly; but surrounded with a faint bluish light. He poured out a tumbler of water and producing a small phial from his pocket measured out a few drops with the greatest exactness.

"Ten drops," he said, "for lethargy and sleep with dreams far surpassing the visions of the opium-eaters. Such a state I have enjoyed myself often. Ten drops more for the death of the body. I have tried that too. Children and women in the hospital have died quietly and peacefully and none ever suspected me; but I did not kill their souls! Ten drops more and the last vital spark must succumb. Now is my opportunity. Drink this!" and he passed over the tumbler of water.

I felt there was death in the draught, still I had no power to resist. His brain was stronger than mine and compelled me to raise the glass to my lips and drain it to the last drop. How eagerly he watched me with his finger on my pulse counting out the slowly ebbing life. I gradually became unconscious to all surrounding circumstances. A delicious

feeling of quiet stole through my veins and wrapped up my weary brains in peaceful repose. I seemed to wander amidst scenes familiar to childhood; a trickling rivulet flowed at my feet and the calm air was heavy with odours. Then came a profounder quiet, and I again became unconscious.

When I next recovered I perceived Delorme again standing by my side, with his finger on my pulse. "Two stages passed," he said. "The stage of sleep and the stage of death. Now for the next result, will the soul die?" A long pause and he again resumed. "Strange, strange. Thus far success always attends me; but can I advance one step more? The pulse has ceased, the extremities are growing cold; but still the brain vibrates and the soul is still held in its earthly frame! Can science do nothing to solve this difficulty? Is the soul indeed too ethereal to be affected with drugs as some maintain? Yet that cannot be. I can order the soul of the clairvoyant to leave the body and visit distant places but it returns! Oh, for the keen-edged knife to sever the last link; for the powerful drug to extinguish the last spark!"

He left my side and paced my study to and fro; with his head bent and stealthy cat-like tread that made no noise. When away from me I recovered greater consciousness. "Would no one come? I thought, and deliver me from this man? I could not be yet dead; but was only entranced; but he would kill me if left undisturbed. What agony, to be alone with a scientific murderer, who was killing me by inches in pursuit of some wild chimera! Life seemed so dear to me, hanging on the confines of the unknown, perhaps, as he said, dead already; dead all save the soul which could suffer on—how long?"

He approached me again. A quiet smile played about his features, which bore that he had made some new discovery and I was to be made the victim of further experiment. "Yes," he whispered, and I felt his voice pervade every part of my frame. "Soul must cope with soul. Mine must destroy his. I will free him; but who will free me? Must I live on and suffer, while my science gives him release? Yes, I will be true to him, my friend shall die." He took both my hands in his and said in a measured voice that shook me like a galvanic shock: "Soul, go forth to the regions of the frozen north, and mingle with the elements of that arctic region and return no more."

He continued speaking; but his words grew fainter and fainter and a palpable darkness wrapped up my faculties. When I recovered I was wandering among icebergs; which glittered blue and cold in the electric lights; great grizzly bears regarded me with their luminous eyes and strange animals that I did not recognize came out of crevices and crannies of the rocks and stared at me and hurried on. Fields of snow spread out as far as the eye could reach and still I was hurried on with a power I could not control towards one iceberg longer than all the rest. There I paused and saw at its base a broken boat half covered with snow and the bleached skeletons of men and dogs lying round in profusion. "Surely this is death," I thought, "I have now passed away," and then with the thought came a pang and all my hopeless love for Alice seemed to tear me with one fiery grip. The next moment it was all over and I was floating once more through darkness and became conscious of Delorme's voice. "Baill'd," he said, "footsteps are hurrying up the stairs and I must not be found alone with the corpse. Victim to science," he turned and addressed me, "I have killed the body; but the soul is too strong for me. I cannot kill that!"

I heard his retreating footsteps, then presently others hurrying up and the door opened and my landlady entered.

"Good God, what's the matter?" she exclaimed, then coming over and placing a hand upon my forehead she said, softly, "Poor fellow, he's dead." She went to the door and called Mary. The maid of all work quickly appeared, and the landlady said,

"Mary, here is bad business. Our poor literary gent is dead—dead all of a sudden like, and I don't know his people to send 'em word." "See here's a letter, Mum," said the smart little slavey. "See who it's from and write to them."

I saw the landlady take up Alice's letter, and spell out the name and address slowly. Then taking a pen she wrote a few lines, enclosed them and giving the letter to Mary told her to hurry off with it and send the first policeman she met on the way.

What an agony I suffered in fancying the rude shock the landlady's letter would give my darling Alice. I realized what the sufferings of people in trances must be, who see the preparations for their burial going on all around them, and they knowing that they are not dead; but here their case was different from mine. I was dead. Walter Delorme had killed me; but only my body, and he himself had told me that I should suffer thus if he failed to kill my soul. It was strange that while my brain seemed to throb as if it would burst I could not move a feature, could not raise my eyelids, for I still perceived not by my eyes, but with the mysterious power that had been mine from the time I took the fatal draught.

Presently I heard more footsteps. A man—