

ment; and though as yet he is impatient of restraint, I am in hopes that we shall make a good soldier of him, and, in the course of a few years, that he will obtain his commission. Any interest of mine, you may be sure, he will not want. —Believe me, my dear Mrs. Hamilton, most faithfully yours, Edward Le Gendre Cotherstone.

That was the letter he wrote and sent. Three days passed, during which he received no reply—a fact which worried him somewhat. On the fourth day, however, he received a note, by hand, from Mrs. Hamilton, asking him to call and see her at the Black Swan Hotel.

He happened to be just going out when the note reached him, so he thrust it into his pocket—not without a certain feeling of tenderness at the sight of the dainty delicate characters—and took his way into the town. He did not go very quickly, though; he called at the florist's half-way, and bought a flower for his button-hole—a white rosebud it was. He met some people that he knew and stayed to chat with them.

But dawdle as he would, he came to the hotel at last. Every one who has been in York knows that it is not very far from the cavalry barracks to the Black Swan. Colonel Cotherstone went into the hall and asked for Mrs. Hamilton. "Was Mrs. Hamilton at home?" "Certainly. Would the gentleman step this way?"

And so they led him up-stairs and ushered him into a room, where, seated by the fire, was a lady—a lady with wavy golden hair, with soft blue eyes, and two little white hands outstretched to greet him—his old love, Mary Stewart.

"How am I to thank you?" she cried. "I have tried for all these five months to find out what my boy was doing. I couldn't persuade him to come home, and I have been so unhappy about him."

"Has he never written to you?" "O yes; every week regularly. But I did not know that he was in York. His letters came from London; and the only address was a London post-office. He said he was not in prison, but he couldn't tell me any more."

"No, he has not been in prison," Colonel Cotherstone answered, smiling, as he thought of the near shaves he had had in that respect.

"I didn't quite understand your letter," said Mrs. Hamilton presently. "Why should he be ashamed of the profession he has taken up—too much ashamed even to tell me what it was? Why should he have any restraint placed upon him? Have the other officers so much restraint?"

"My dear Mrs. Hamilton, your son has enlisted," said the Colonel kindly, wondering at her ignorance.

"How enlisted?" "He is not in my regiment as an officer," he said.

"What! My boy a common soldier?" "A private," corrected Colonel Cotherstone gently. "Yes, that is what he is."

"My boy," cried the little woman brokenly, "my boy, Hamilton of Glenbarry, a soldier! Does he have to groom a horse, pray?"

"Certainly." "And to do stable work?" "Yes."

"Does he have to salute you?" "Of course." In spite of himself a smile broke over his face. "I hope that is not very hard for him."

"Not to you," she said impatiently. "No one would mind saluting you, of course; but the others! You don't mean to say he is obliged to put his hand up so—with a ludicrous imitation of a salute—to all the young subs, to the riding-master even?"

"He certainly has to do so," answered the Colonel.

"Hamilton of Glenbarry salute, touch his hat to a riding-master!" ejaculated Mrs. Hamilton. "I tell you it is absurd, utterly absurd!"

"Whilst he remains in the ranks it must be done," said the Colonel, smiling still at her vehemence.

"Then he shall not remain in the ranks!" she cried. "How soon can I have him released?"

"Will you take my advice?" he asked, "and leave him for a few months, or until I advise you to buy him off?"

"You would do what is best for me?" the widow faltered.

"You know I would," touching her hand for a moment. That was a great advance for Colonel Cotherstone; but the old influences were strongly at work in him.

"I don't know why you should be so good to me," she said rather forlornly. "I behaved very badly to you, and yet—"

"Yet what?" drawing nearer and taking her hand.

"I was so unhappy," she said simply.

They were both standing on the rug; he, a large, fine, upright figure in gray tweed; she, a dainty thing in purple velvet, looking absurdly young to be the mother of Private Jones.

"Why were you unhappy, and when?" he asked, possessing himself of the other hand.

"When you went away; and—because—"

"Well?" he asked eagerly. "Because you—"

"Because I loved you so," she said, hiding her face upon his breast.

If Colonel Cotherstone's dream of love was rudely interrupted one-and-twenty years before, when, on that June morning, Hamilton of Glenbarry turned up so inopportunistly, he made up

for it when he found his little love in the hotel with the sign of the Black Swan at York. It would be hard to say who was the most surprised at the event which followed, or rather at the announcement of it. I doubt whether the officers, when, the next evening after dinner, their chief announced that he was going to be married, were as thoroughly surprised as was Ned Hamilton, when, a free man again, he entered his mother's room at the Black Swan: and I am perfectly certain that his astonishment did not equal his mother's, when she found how faithfully Edward Cotherstone had loved her all those years. Perhaps the most thoroughly amazed of them all was Colonel Cotherstone himself.

To the intense amusement of the whole regiment, his wife calls him "Eddie." The young ones say that he grew tired of having no heart, so managed to get his brains exchanged for one; but if one of them goes a little wrong in duty or any other respect, he very quickly finds out that the chief's brain is as keen as ever it was in the days when he was popularly believed to be altogether deficient in certain internal arrangements, of which a heart was one.

THE LOBSTER AT HOME.

In the spring, the lobster, who has passed the winter months in deep water, returns again inshore. He has found the deep water both tranquil and warm, while the shallower exposures near land have been troubled to the bottom by furious gales and chilled by the drifting ice. Thirty fathoms is a very fair depth for his winter home, while in summer the trap in which he is generally captured gathers in a goodly number if sunk in a depth of five fathoms, or even less. A few lobsters burrow in the mud and in a manner hibernate, but the ordinary aspect of those taken in winter shows that their habits at this time differ from what they are at any other. The migratory impulse seizes upon all about the same moment, and they come in in regular columns, the stronger members in the front, the weaker in the rear; and though there is hardly a more quarrelsome animal, whether at large or in a state of captivity than the lobster, they postpone, for a time, the manifestation of their habitual temper. A straight line of sea coast furnishes but a limited area of feeding-ground for the lobster, even should it contain the desirable kind of food. The bottom in such a coast gradually shelves for a moderate distance, but presently drops off into deep soundings. An indented coast is much more advantageous. So great a stretch of shoals and shallows as exists along the north-east of New England, from Yarmouth in Maine to Cape Sable, the lower point of Nova Scotia, will hardly be found elsewhere. It presents an endless series of promontories which have barely escaped being islands, and islands which have barely escaped being promontories. With the innumerable resulting bays, coves, sounds, estuaries, and straits, hardly does the water deepen from one shore before it shoals again to another. As a consequence, the Maine coast has become the best lobster-fishing ground in the world, and the industry of taking and introducing the lobster into commerce has extended to great proportions. The awkward crustacean, when snared, is either sent fresh to market in snags containing wells, or he is boiled at some central establishment, and sent in open crates, or, finally, he is put up in hermetically sealed cans. The first two processes continue all the year round, but a law of the State of Maine prohibits the canning of lobsters except between the first of March and the first of August. There are various theories about their unsuitableness for this purpose after August first. It does not seem to be quite clear whether the law is for the protection of the purchaser, to whom the flesh is said to be at times poisonous, or of the lobster, to prevent its too rapid destruction by indefatigable pursuit. *Scribner's Monthly*.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It has been proposed to have waggons of water at various parts of the city, naturally with taps and cups; equally naturally, perhaps, with chained-up cups. The idea is a very good one.

It is said that an entire edition of a London newspaper had to be destroyed in consequence of its being discovered, just as the papers were published, that, by some accident, for the portrait of Le Roy, the printers had substituted that of an earnest Radical politician. Not a bad idea.

SOME time ago the Postmaster-General intended as an experiment to employ a number of deaf and dumb persons as sorters in the General Post Office. The experiment has been successful, and the desirability of extending it is under the consideration of Mr. Fawcett.

A CURIOSITY, but seemingly a well authenticated report, is to the effect that Mr. Gladstone's Government has come to an understanding with the Vatican, by which the Pope will send an envoy to our Court, and the latter is to return the compliment.

THERE is little doubt foreign singers well understand that the combination of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson means the annihilation of competition for song, and, as a consequence, that the prices artists ask for their articles must, in future, be moderated, that is, within the bounds of fairness.

THE death of Lord Hatherley leaves Lord Cairns the only ex-Lord Chancellor in receipt of a pension, a state of things which is almost unprecedented in recent times, and which presents a remarkable contrast to the condition of the House of Lords in the year 1873, when no fewer than five such pensions were payable.

THEY overdress upon the stage. It is all dress—dress—dress, and the worst of it is that society takes sometimes its fashion from the stage. Even when they underdress there. The newest material for summer ball dresses is a transparent white silk gauze striped with flat strips of silver tinsel, very effective, of course transparent almost visionary, but it is stuff you can only wear once, and you must not wear it too long then, in fact very short.

IT is said that Lord Derby intends very shortly to publish all the correspondence which Lord Beaconsfield had with himself and his father, and that the work may be looked for in the autumn. Some of the letters date back to the earliest days of Disraeli's political career, and must throw immense light, not only on the doings of those days, but "many things" that, to use the earl's famous phrase, "have happened since then." There cannot be a doubt that Lord Derby will be discreet and also tender to the fame of his great father and dear friend. Should a doubt cross his mind he will know that his duty is to let the doubt prevail.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"Mr. Gladstone never seems to trouble his tailor to take back misfits. I met him in Parliament street recently going down to the House in a wonderfully light butterfly suit, which hung upon him like a sack. The tailors, in fact, always seem to treat Mr. Gladstone badly. If there is one coat which fits him worse than another it is his black 'claw hammer,' which sits about as gracefully upon his shoulders as a horse-collar. To add to the grotesqueness of the Premier's get-up lately, he carried a huge umbrella, which, if delightfully cool, was certainly not elegant."

AMERICA has bought the famous Franklin collection of books and manuscripts which was to have been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. The lot was withdrawn from the sale, and inquiry revealed the fact that the United States Government has given £7,000 for it—the upset price. But the Franklin collection was only a portion of the famous Stevens collection, which has been recently sold. The very catalogue is almost in itself a history of America, and the prices being given for small tracts is enormous. When the Americans do determine to spend money they are not particular to a £5 note; and they are evidently in the mind to get as much as they can of the present collection.

THE father of the late Lord Chancellor Hatherley began life when a boy of eleven as one of the small hands in the factory of his father, the serge manufacturer at Tiverton, in Devonshire. Apprenticed at fourteen to a chemist and druggist of Exeter named Newton, he was engaged for a while at the end of his seven years' probation as a traveller in the drug trade. Coming up to London he there established himself, first of all as a chemist, and afterwards as a hop merchant. Acquiring a considerable fortune he rose to be successively Alderman, Sheriff, and Lord Mayor of London. Twice, indeed, he occupied the civic chair as Chief Magistrate.

THE latest American discovery is a new hat for ladies. It is called the "obelisk." Apparently if the portrait of this hat is at all like the original, the streets of the American cities must presently appear full of Machebian witches, for the obelisk, it seems, is exactly like the weird and sinister headgear worn by those crones who sing evil songs upon the blasted heath. It may be characterized as a peaked sugar loaf. The height varies. Sometimes it reaches no higher than six inches. But this appears the minimum. It is hardly a hat to encourage. It might suit an organ-grinder.

THE strangest sign of the times visible in the London parks is the re-appearance, after many years of eclipse, of white duck trousers. Some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, when summers were not composed of three hot days and a thunder-storm, such articles of attire were common enough, and many pictures and caricatures represent leading men of the day so attired. Of late such things have never been seen in Rotten Row or along the drive. This year they are evidently the distinguishing mark of the very best dressed men, and must have caused their wearers infinite thought and anxiety.

ON the Princess of Wales and her children reaching the seal pond at the Brighton Aquarium on Thursday, they stayed several minutes to see them fed, and one of the older seals, a well-trained brute named Charley, was induced to come forward and offer one of its flappers for the Princess to shake. This the Princess did, but the honour seemed to be too great for the usually very docile brute to bear with calmness, for after the royal party had quitted the conservatory where the seal pond is a great splashing was heard, and Charley was found sprawling in the corridor, making great efforts to follow the

Princess and the children in their walk through the building. It was speedily secured and placed in the pond.

THE most blood-thirsty sentiments were expressed at the Revolutionary Congress which has been sitting in London this week. Mlle. Louise Michel, the French Communist, and a Russian Nihilist, have been among the speakers. The meeting resolved, among other things, that the time had passed for agitation by speaking or writing; agitation by violence was the motto for the future. Mlle. Michel looked forward to the storm which would destroy the last throne and the last altar, and a certain Mr. Kitts predicted that in sixteen months (why sixteen?) the aristocracy of England would have to beg the mercy of the working men. The Socialist and Revolutionary Congress is also sitting in London, but "in secrecy."

THE police arrangements for the reception of Mr. Bradlaugh have already been described in general. There is one item, however, which has not been noticed. Among the picked force of the A division of police who have charge of the precincts of Westminster is a man who, when some years younger, was a renowned wrestler in Cumberland. He will be on special duty on the 3rd of August, or on whatever day Mr. Bradlaugh decides to appear. Mr. Bradlaugh is a big, heavy man, and really means business. When on former occasions he appeared in the House, and was assailed by the Sergeant-at-Arms and half a dozen attendants, he dragged them about up and down the floor of the House as easily as the comet drags its tail through the heavens. It will be interesting to observe the representative of the people in the grip of the Cumberland wrestler.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. BOUCHICHAULT has obtained a divorce from her husband with an allowance of \$3,000 a year.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI has been singing Faust in Bolto's "Mefistofele," in London, with his usual success.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is expected to sail from England for this country at an early date, and return to the operatic stage the coming season.

ARRANGEMENTS are now pending between Mr. Carr Rosa and the lessees of Covent Garden Theatre for a three months' season of English opera.

MR. IRVING'S lease of the Lyceum will soon expire, and the *Critic* understands that it is his intention to buy up the freehold of the theatre.

MR. SIMS is turning out his theatrical work with more rapidity than Mr. H. J. Byron in his busiest day. Another new piece from his pen, entitled *Flats*, is in active rehearsal at the Criterion.

A POPULAR Opera is to be established in Paris, with a subvention of \$50,000. The company which will consist of not less than thirty artists, sixty musicians, and sixty supernumeraries, will be required to perform every day for 42 weeks of the year.

THE touching tribute sent by the Queen to the tomb of Madame la Baronne de Caters-Lablache brings back memories of great opera times, when Grisi, Mario, Alboni, Lablache, &c., reigned supreme. Signor Lablache, father of Madame de Caters, whose death was so recently lamented, was Her Majesty's instructor in Italian singing.

MISS ARMA HARKNESS, of Boston, has this year won the first prize for violin playing at the Paris Conservatoire. Her father is a well-known paper-carrier at the South End, Boston, and in very moderate circumstances. His devotion to his daughter's education has absorbed his entire earnings for the last twelve years.

THE agent of Mme. Adelina Patti has arrived in New York to make arrangements for her appearance in this country during the fall and winter. Mme. Patti will sail from England in October and will be heard here in some thirty concerts during a visit of four months. She will be accompanied by the inevitable Nicolini, though his attractions as a tenor are on the wane. Mme. Patti comes as her own manager, and not with any impresario.

THE WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

ADVICES from all quarters assure us that a successful warfare against lung and throat disease is being waged with Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. By this renovant of strength and pulmonary health, premature lung decay is arrested, asthmatic breathing is rendered clear and deep, bronchial irritation is subdued and the blood enriched and freed from a scrofulous taint. Rarely have the people had more reason to congratulate themselves on the development of a remedy for that class of diseases which in a rigorous climate are peculiarly rife, and never has a medicine more clearly vindicated its claims to be considered a genuine specific than this sterling preparation. To escape imposition purchasers should be careful to notice that the wrappers and glass of the bottles bear the firm's name. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.