

## DAISY.

It is years and years ago now, when I was little more than a lad, but I have never forgotten it, and I never will. I was, at that time, a student in the University of Edinburgh and on the staff of Dr. B—— in the Royal Infirmary. I had entire charge of several of the female wards and as may be imagined, had a large variety of patients and cases during my two years appointment. From the lady in reduced circumstances to the poor abandoned outcast; I had them all, in one case, I took especial interest, and of it I am about to tell you. It was early, one July, I was told by the nurse that a new patient had just arrived from the country, and was desirous of consulting B—— at once. As he was not expected that day at the Infirmary I went at once myself to see the patient. She was a young woman, I had almost said girl, of about 18 years of age, and, without exception, the loveliest creature I had ever seen. Her long black hair hung in perfect masses on her shoulders, and her eyes were as bright as the stars. She had an infant in her arms, a sweet little girl, whose light blue eyes and golden hair contrasted strangely with the mother's.

On my entering the room she rose at once, very quietly, very modestly, looking timid as a startled fawn with her great eyes speaking volumes of gratitude. Our interview was soon over. The poor thing had but recently been confined, and since that time had been troubled by a hard swelling in the breast which gave her so much pain that she was forced at last to come for advice regarding it. Reluctantly but truthfully, I broke it to her that the swelling was a cancer, and that to cure her, immediate operation would be necessary. After some hesitation she consented to submit to this, and promised to return to the hospital next day, having got my promise first that her babe should be allowed to remain with her.

Next day, sure enough, as I passed by the entrance gate, there was my little friend waiting for me. One little bundle of spare linen was all she brought, and though more simply dressed than on the previous day, she looked, if possible, more lovely than ever. When asked for her name to hang over her bed, on the customary ticket, all she said was "Daisy," and this in so sad a tone, that it was evident she wished us to know no more. She was not asked again, and the many wondered at it, all the card said was "Daisy." In the hospital she was quiet, gentle, uncomplaining, ever ready to oblige a fellow sufferer, ever ready to do a kind act, to smooth some pillow or moisten some fevered brow, yet never uttering a murmur or complaint herself; she was soon beloved by all who knew her, and the very children running convalescent through the house would come to play with pretty Daisy.

At length the day for the operation came. I had sat late the night before with my little patient and tried to quiet her mind and prepare her somewhat for the coming trial. But she needed no soothing, she seemed quite resigned. I asked her if she would not give me the address of some friends to whom I might write and report the progress of her case. But hardly had I spoken the words when she sobbed out with a low moan, "Friends! I have no friends but God and you. I am alone, alone!"

Poor Daisy! there was evidently some great sorrow gnawing at her heart and she would not disclose it. I saw I would only increase her agitation to further talk, so promising her an early visit in the morning I left and retired to rest. Next day, the theatre was full—full of the students eagerly watching the various operations performed by the various surgeons. Silent as death was that large boyish audience, and no wonder, for was not death for ever hovering round that room? But the moment I appeared with Daisy, a murmur of admiration went round which was unmistakable to her and me.

Pale as death, and trembling much, but with a steady step she walked to the table, and having thanked the Doctors for the trouble they were taking, she lay down, and took the offered chloroform gently and the operation was begun.

I need not dwell upon such unnecessary details, suffice it to say that the cancer was removed, and Daisy, pale and cold, and still unconscious was taken back to her bed—to her bed from which we hoped soon to see her rise and leave us cured.

For a time all went well, and she seemed to be making a rapid recovery, but paler and thinner and weaker, she got, and tho' not a sign of pain escaped her lips, tho' she was still the gentle, uncomplaining creature she had ever been, it was plain to practised eyes she had not long to live.

I had been sitting, one evening, reading to her, as was my custom, when suddenly, she laid her hand upon my arm and said, "Doctor, do you think I shall die?" "Daisy," I exclaimed, "my child, why do you ask me this? You are weak and ill just now I grant you, but with God's help, we will turn you out hale and strong yet." "Ah, no," she answered, "no—you say so to me, and I thank you for your delicacy and your kindness, but I know my state too well. Before that crooked moon is full I shall no longer be here to trouble you. You have all been so good to me—especially you, and yet I am not sorry, I long to die!"

Slowly, blushing, but truthfully she told me her story that night, and sad enough it was, God knows.

Her father was a man of good position in the town of S——, and moved in good society. Daisy, his daughter, had been taken by him

once to a parade at the Castle, and had seen there an officer so young, so handsome, that the poor young heart beat for the first time with pure, unselfish golden love. He, too, had been struck with Daisy, and had managed to obtain a speedy introduction to her.

Need I go on? It was the old, old story, blind, unsuspecting love on her side, villainy and deceit on his. And when she implored him to keep his promised word, his oath for her sake, he turned from her coldly, and left her to the tender mercy of the world. Poor thing what could she do?

Brave exposure under her Father's roof? Death sooner? Fly? Yes, fly, but whither? To the house of an old and faithful nurse she went, and remained there until her child was born, and then she wandered forth an outcast, but still pure and true to him she loved. Was he not father of her babe, and was her babe not hers? Ah! Daisy, weep, poor erring child. More there are like thee, and more to come who can tell the same sad tale. Shame that it should be so, but so it will till Time shall roll his wheel no more.

One night, she looked so ill, so wasted, that I begged her to let me send for some of her relations. This she steadily refused, saying, "I might do so when she was gone but not till then." "But," she added, "if he would only come." I said I would send for him at once, and accordingly telegraphed to him directly, and at some length, to hasten if would see her alive.

Next morning, came his answer. "Does she really want me?" and when I showed it her she sobbed as if her heart would break. "Do I really want you? Oh, my darling, how much, how much—come to me only for an hour, a moment—but come, come, come!"

Away sped a second message, "She does, come quickly."

That night, my ward was strangely quiet for Daisy, bright, gentle Daisy was dying. There was not a dry eye in the room, though no one spoke. Our hearts were all too full for that. We were to lose her, was not that enough? Suddenly the door opened, and a strong, handsome man entered the room. He looked round as if to recognize some form, but long ere his eyes had wandered round the beds she had seen him, and with a cry of "Walter, darling come at last!" held her hands towards him, and in a moment more was in the arms of him she loved so well. Oh! what a sight! The young girl smiling, dying, happy, and the strong man raising hot tears and kisses on her lips, whilst his frame shook with the sobs he could not smother.

Why prolong the scene? She had erred and had atoned—he had sinned and had repented bitterly.

There, on her little bed we laid her down, with the setting sun shedding all his light upon her, making her radiantly glorious even in death. "Whom the Gods love, die young," and so with her. In a lonely grave we laid her, he and I. No other mourners stood round. No one but he who once had loved her, and I who loved her still. In the churchyard still stands a cross of spotless marble, and on it is carved the single word "Daisy."

Ay years have come and gone since then, but has been ever and ever will be fresh in my memory. There are big tears in my eyes even now whilst I write of it. May God forgive you, darling Daisy, and grant that you and I may meet some day upon a pure and happy shore where the sun is ever shining.

Toronto.

MEMO.

## THE GLEANER.

A LAW has been passed in Germany forbidding the construction of school-rooms with windows on both sides, as they are injurious to the eyes.

Edward A. Freeman was proposed for Parliament by the students of Glasgow University, but the historian was obliged to decline the honor because too poor to pay the election expenses.

TWENTY years ago, the Clydesdale horse was almost exclusively identified with the district in the West of Scotland from which he takes his name—now he is known in all the civilized countries of the world.

According to news from Périgord truffles will be scarce this winter, the dry weather during the summer having been unfavourable to their production. On the other hand, the quality will be exceptionally good.

WHEN any one is run over in St. Petersburg the carriage causing the accident is confiscated, the horses are taken to the fire brigade for public use, and the driver is imprisoned and flogged. Hence fewer accidents than anywhere else.

GRONINGEN, a city of 40,000 inhabitants in Holland, has made, by its annual public sale of sewage, a million and a half of francs in ten years. It has been calculated that London wastes as much food element as if ten million quatern leaves floated down the Thames daily into the sea.

A STRANGE story is told of a horseman on a white charger, who, in the thick of a battle between the Turks and Servians, rode in front of a Servian regiment, and shouted to them to retire, as the Turks were in the rear. The apparition was not seen again, and proved to have been a Turk who had risked his life in the ruse.

Mr. T. J. Arnold writes an interesting letter to the London Academy on the question whether there were cats in the ancient Greece, in which he concludes that while the marten was domesticated among the Greeks, there is strong nega-

tive evidence that the cat was not. On the other hand, however, there is the coin of Tarentum on which appears a feline animal jumping at a bird.

THE buildings of the Paris Exhibition of 1878 will cover a space of 1,350,000 square yards. They are to be of iron filled in with brick work, and will have the form of a Pythagorean table; i. e., if passed through in one direction the similar productions of different countries may be inspected, while if crossed in the other direction the various products of any one country may be passed in review.

DEAN STANLEY thus explains why the term "blue" was originally applied to Presbyterians:—"The distinct dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet. The Episcopal clergy, on the contrary, either wore no distinctive dress in public services, or else wore a black gown. From this arose the contrasting epithets of 'Black Prelacy' and the 'Blue Presbyterians.'"

A PRIZE offered for a rhyme to the word "window," was awarded for the following effort by an Aberdeen poet:—

"A cruel man a beetle caught,  
And on the wall him pinned oh!  
Then said the beetle to the crowd,  
'Though I'm stuck up, I am not proud:  
And his soul went out of the window.'"

THE Bulgarian atrocities sensation was wondrously alive, so much so that the merest expression sets it on fire. At the Queen's Theatre, for instance, the *vox populi* had a pro and con sensation about the exclamation of Henry V.—

"This is the English, not the Turkish Court,  
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
But Harry Harry."

But the fervour has cooled, and people laugh instead of yelling, especially so when Henry says to Katherine, "Shalt not thou and I, between St. Denis and St. Charles, compound a boy half French and half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard."

## BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

DEAR SIR.—My attention has been drawn to a circular of Messrs. Belford Brothers, Toronto, announcing their new Monthly Magazine, the success of which I will hail with pleasure. But I must demur to a statement put forth in the circular. Alluding to the two serials by James Payn, and Dr. J. G. Holland, which Messrs. Belford intend issuing in the magazine, they say: "Both stories will appear in Canada, England, and the United States simultaneously; and the publishers feel no little pride in being able to announce that this will be the first time in the history of Canada in which such a thing will have taken place." These gentlemen cannot have followed the march of serial publications in Canada for the past six years, for I would not accuse them of wilfully ignoring the facts. I will not say that I was the first to publish original stories in Canada simultaneously with their appearance in London and New York. But I did publish here, by special arrangement with the authors, and from advance sheets supplied me by themselves, a number of works, simultaneously with the English and American publishers. They are as follows:

1. Hugh Damer's Last Leger, by Miss M. E. Braddon; in *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1871.
2. Wilfrid Cumberland, by George MacDonald, in *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1871.
3. Poor Miss Finch, by Wilkie Collins; in *Hearthstone*, 1871.
4. A Terrible Temptation, by Charles Reade; in ditto, 1871.
5. Castaway, by Edmund Yates; in ditto, 1871.
6. To the Bitter End, by Miss Braddon; in ditto, 1872.
7. Col. Benyon's Entanglement, by same, in ditto, 1872.
8. The Golden Lion of Grandpère; by Anthony Trollope; in *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1872.
9. The New Magdalen, by Wilkie Collins; in ditto, 1872.
10. Taken at the Flood, by Miss Braddon; in ditto, 1873.
11. Publicans and Sinners, by the same; in the *Favourite*, 1873.
12. The Law and the Lady, by Wilkie Collins; in the *Canadian Illustrated News*, 1874.

These all appeared as above stated, and the advance sheets were liberally paid for, so it is evident that Messrs. Belford Brothers are not the pioneers in this respect. But I wish nevertheless that their enterprise may meet with due recognition from the Canadian Public.

Yours truly

GEORGE E. DESBARATS.

Montreal, October 27th, 1876.

## HON. DAVID MILLS.

As we announced to our readers last week, this gentleman has been raised to the Cabinet of the Dominion, as Minister of the Interior in place of Hon. Mr. Laird. The new Minister was born in the Township of Orford, Kent, Ontario, 18th March, 1831, and graduated at the University of Michigan. He was the Superintendent of Schools for the County of Kent from 1856 to 1865, and was elected a member of the Council of Public Instruction for Ontario, representing

the School Inspectors, in 1875. In 1872 he was employed by the Ontario Government to define the North West Boundary of the Province. He is the author of a pamphlet on the *Present and Future Political Aspects of Canada*, published in 1869; and of another, entitled *The Blunders of the Dominion Government in Connection with the North-West Territory*, issued in 1871. He was first returned to Parliament for Bothwell in 1867, and has maintained the seat ever since. He is the advocate of advanced opinions on many public points—the elective constitution of the Senate, the appointment of Provincial Judges by Provincial Executives and the complete separation of Provincial and Federal Jurisprudence. He was Chairman of the Committee on Public Depression, at the last session. Mr. Mills is intellectually one of the most prominent men of his party and, as such, deserves the position which he has attained.

## THE FIRST SHERIFF OF MONTREAL.

We are certain that not one of our readers, not even the "oldest inhabitant," will recognize the portrait of the veteran which we publish to-day. Louis Victor Amédée Henry was born in Cherbourg, Department of La Manche, France, March 10th, 1767, as was clearly proven by his baptismal certificate. He was a soldier in the army of Napoleon I. during the campaigns of Spain, Austria, Russia and Germany, and was present at the battle of Waterloo. He came to America 65 years ago, and spent the first fifteen years in Canada, acting as first sheriff of Montreal for two years. After this period he resided continuously at Burlington, Vermont. We believe he died during the present year. He never took medicine of any kind, retained his eyesight and all his faculties to a remarkable degree, had no grey hair and was neither bald nor deaf. He had 14 children, 51 grandchildren and 116 great-grandchildren, making a total of 181 descendants now living.

## ARTISTIC.

A marble figure of great beauty was lately discovered near Mitylene. It has been claimed by the governor of the island as national property, and will be transferred to the Archaeological Museum at Athens.

IN destroying a bastion of the mediæval fortifications of Hattin, in Germany, last month, a number of Roman relics were unearthed; among them was a marble group of an emperor dictating to a secretary seated by his side; and a perfectly preserved bas relief representing a horse held by the bridle.

THE re-opening of the Musée de la Renaissance, at the Louvre, set apart for sculpture, has just taken place. The famous portal of the Stanga Palace at Cremona, purchased about two years ago for 80,000 francs, has been reconstructed in one of the halls. It is in white marble, and is one of the finest specimens of Italian Renaissance.

Two small fragments of reliefs discovered at Rhodes, on being compared with the remains of the mausoleum found at Badrin, have been united with one of the many stray pieces of the frieze which are preserved in the British Museum. This new combination gives the greater part of a wounded amazon who is in the act of falling, and the upper part of a Greek warrior armed with a shield.

## DOMESTIC.

PRESERVATION OF THE HAIR.—When the hair grows scanty, naturally, the following lotion may be used three or four times a week, in the morning:—Eau-de-Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two ounces; oil of rosemary and oil of lavender, of each, ten drops. When the hair has become thin from illness, use the following receipt:—Mix equal parts of olive oil and spirits of rosemary, add a few drops of oil of nutmeg, and anoint the head very sparingly before going to bed. When actual baldness is commencing, use the following pomade:—Macerate a drachm of powdered cantharides in an ounce of spirits of wine. Shake it well during a fortnight, and then filter. Take ten parts of this tincture, and rub it with ninety parts of cold hair. Add a little essence of bergamot or any other scent. Rub this pomade well into the head night and morning. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, this application, if continued, will restore the hair. When the hair, after being naturally luxuriant, begins to grow thin, without actually coming out in patches, use the following receipt:—Take of extract of yellow Peruvian bark, fifteen grains; extract of rhubarb root, eight grains; extract of burdock root and oil of nutmegs (fixed), of each, two drachms; camphor dissolved with spirits of wine, fifteen grains; beef marrow, two ounces; best olive oil, one ounce; citron juice, half a drachm; aromatic essential oil, as much as sufficient to render it fragrant; mix and shake into ointment. Two drachms of bergamot, and a few drops of otto of roses would suffice. This is to be used every morning.

## ROUND THE WORLD.

OVER a hundred persons connected with the recent socialistic conspiracy in Spain have been arrested.

THE Spanish Government is said to be contemplating the conclusion of an extradition treaty with the United States.

A great coal oil ring is being formed in the United States to keep up the prices of oil refined for export to Europe.

THERE is news of a great financial crisis throughout Russia. It has been apprehended for some time. The bank authorities feel powerless to arrest the crisis. Russian securities in Europe are on the decline, and offers for sale at a reduced figure are refused.

THE principal commercial men of Charleston, S.C., are said to have united with the clergy of that city in issuing an address to the people of the United States on the condition of South Carolina, denying the existence of lawlessness and disaffection in that part of the South.

## ROUND THE DOMINION.

THERE has been a highly interesting competition trial of steam fire engines in Quebec.

THE lumber trade in the Ottawa district promises to be remarkably good during the winter. An unusually large number of men have already been sent.

THE Governor-General has returned to Ottawa after his visit to British Columbia and the Centennial Exhibition. His Excellency received a welcome in keeping with his position, and expressive of the high respect which is felt for him.