

Useless to deny that I have been a hard case. What girl whose esteem and affections are worth having would look at me now?"

"Bosh, you don't know women as well as I do or you would know that a *souperon* of the *roué* is the best passport to their favour. The man of whom 'such dreadful things are said,' is always, to them, an object of curiosity, of interest, of pity, which is akin to love; ay, and though they would blush to own it, secretly, of admiration. Why, my young innocent, this is a very letter of recommendation!"

"And you think that now I have the courage to do this? That with feelings, passions, energies, blunted with ill-luck, and dissipation, and devil-may-careism I can rouse myself to act the man of fashion, the ladies' man, the lover?"

"You don't need any energy; the more you hang back the better; a woman rarely loves very violently the man who violently loves her. She laughs at him rather."

"And how about Polly?"

"Never mind Polly. Polly won't break her heart. She likes you to be sure, you have been kind to her and she thinks you have money. Leave Polly alone for the present; you will always have her to fall back upon should the worst come to the worst. She and I will receive you with open arms."

"By Jove, I'll try it!" cried George Benham flinging away his cigar and rising with a sparkle in his eye and his whole frame braced by resolve. "You're a devilish good fellow, Ait, and here's your jolly good health!"

"And here's success to an old favourite on his reappearance in public! For me, I can instruct others for the stage but am too old to tread the boards myself," said Arthur Bannister as he emptied his steaming tumbler.

II.

One of those pretty villas which fringe the sea at Spatown was brilliantly lighted, and as the sounds of music and revelry floated out of the open windows, the belated loungers of the Esplanade and the fishermen who were preparing for a night excursion knew that there was a great dance there to-night.

In the little glass balcony at the back of the house, the cool breeze fanning his brow, escaped from the music and the hot rooms and the dancing which he stigmatised as "confounded hard work—why don't they hire people to dance for them?" in a gloomy, meditative attitude, sat George Benham.

The young hostess, a lady of whom it was said by her admirers that she united the beauty of a Venus with the dignity of a Juno, came gliding softly out of the ball-room and stole with noiseless footfall to his side. "A pretty way my partners treat me," she said as she approached. "Do you know you were engaged to me for this waltz, George?" Then finding that he never noticed her—probably he had not even heard her, his head being out of the window and turned to the wind—she tapped him on the shoulder and said, "a penny for your thoughts, George."

He looked up at her, then, and answered her—just as he would have answered had the question been asked by his friend Bannister in their quaint little back parlour behind the Second-Hand Book Store—without any intention of making a fine speech, just what was in his mind, the plain, simple truth.

"Look yonder," he said, "do you see how that wave keeps leaping on to that rock-ledge, and falling back foiled. I was thinking how my life was just like that—just like the ocean in general too. I am always in motion, never resting, always vaguely aiming at an indefinite something and falling back without attaining any really useful object. Will I never have a really definite aim, or, if I have, will I never attain it? Will there never—never—never be a calm? Cannot your woman's wit tell me what my object ought to be? Cannot your woman's heart divine how, above all, such a calm might be obtained?"

He had looked up at her while speaking with, had it not been too dark to see it then, an honest frankness in his eyes. He looked down again, now, awaiting her reply.

He felt her bending over him, he felt the warm glow from her cheek, he felt that she caressed him with an infinite tenderness, though she never touched him; there are women that can caress us when they are yards away, and he heard her distinctly pronounce the words—though they were spoken in only the phantom of a whisper—"Marry me."

Had any would-be fortune-teller told George that morning that he would ever marry Mary Etherington he would have laughed her to scorn. Had such an idea been presented to him but half an hour since, nothing would have surprised him more. Yet it did not seem to surprise him now. He looked up, their lips met, and the next moment she was leaning on his arm as he conducted her back to the ball-room, and saying: "So all your difficulties are done away with now; your object has been found and the calm has already begun."

No, it hadn't seemed strange to him then, when it had happened, and while the mysterious influence of her presence was upon him, under the spell of her great love it had seemed perfectly natural to him, just as the strangest things seem perfectly natural to us under the spell of a dream.

But when he was alone, and for the first time was at liberty to reflect, it did seem one of the most remarkable things that could have happened. In the first place he did not love this woman, he did not even like her. He had known her to be sure, known her years ago, but she was the last woman in the world he would have thought of marrying. He had thought of her so long merely as a friend, that—well, he shook his head doubtfully as he contemplated his chances of a future "calm."

III.

Ait Bannister sat alone in his little den, puffing huge volumes of smoke from his big, veteran, silver-mounted meerschaum. The second-hand book business was more lucrative than ever, and Ait was growing sleek and fat, a little bald though, too—but as sleek and fat as the glossy tabby that reclined luxuriously on the leopard skin at his feet. And Ait's thoughts were with his old friend and ex-partner George Benham.

Hot and strong was his punch, Polly's fingers had mixed it; drowsily narcotic was his pipe, Polly had filled it; genial was the warmth that emanated from the quaint old hearth, that Polly's hand had swept. So that now when the figure of his old friend George glided in through the door and, selecting his favourite pipe from the rack sat itself down in its accustomed seat in its old position on the opposite side of the fireplace—Ait Bannister wasn't quite sure whether he were dreaming or not.

To dispel the doubt he opened his lips:

"Is that you, George?"

"Yes, Ait, it's me."

"Out o' luck, George?"

"No, Ait. I'm the luckiest fellow in God's world."

"Ah! Unhappy at home, George?"

"No, I've the most comfortable home on earth."

"Single, George?"

"No, Ait."

"Married, George?"

"Yes, Ait."

"Wife ugly, George?"

"She's a splendid woman, Ait."

"Hum—vixen, eh?"

"Angelic temper, Ait."

"Ha! She hasn't bolted, has she, George?"

"No fear of that, Ait."

"Then what is the matter, George?"

"Nothing Ait. My wife's an angel, she studies my happiness, she forestalls my every wish; the fact is, Ait, she's killing me with kindness; she is so good to me that she makes me perfectly wretched. What have I done to deserve it all. I didn't love her; I didn't pay her any attention; I didn't want to marry her. She proposed, she married me, and now she's so good, and devoted, and loving that one can't in common decency do anything to offend her; and yet I've been dying ever since for a sit in the old chair with my legs on the old chimney-piece, for a smoke from my old pipe, a drink from the old bowl and a chat with my old friend."

"And, by Jupiter, nobody is better pleased to see you back with your old comforts round you, and to know that you haven't forgot your old friend in the pursuit of the 'better things' which you see you were 'worth' after all."

"I'm afraid, Ait," said George, "to be better isn't always to be happier."

Just then there was a whirl of wheels upon the pavement, the little bell over the shop door tinkled violently, and the next moment Mary Benham herself, as large and beautiful and commanding as ever, stood before them.

"Ah, truant," she cried laughingly, pointing a finger at George, "I thought I knew where I should find you. Haven't you been talking about your old haunts in your sleep for the last week, you rogue. But do you know you promised to take me to see Joliejams and hear Chanticleer at the New Tivoli this week, and as the horses were fresh, I thought I would drive into the city, pick you up, and make you redeem your promise, you know. Bah! how you smell of tobacco, and punch too, I declare!" and taking him under her wing and nodding graciously to Ait, she drove him off in triumph.

"And Ait, left alone, hugged himself, and chuckled, and laughed softly to himself as he thought of his friend's lugubrious countenance, and said:

"Poor George! poor George!—Henpecked, by Jupiter!"

But Mary has proved herself by no means a hard task-mistress. A compromise has been effected by which she allows George two evenings a week off duty, on which he may amuse himself in his own way, and these two evenings instead of going to his club, he passes in the society of that genial cynic, Ait. But does she know that Polly, when she fills their pipes, and brews their punch, sometimes stoops over her friend with something very like tears of affection in her bright eyes, and brushes his cheek with something very like a kiss?

Our Illustrations.

The Provincial Exhibition this year was hardly such a success as might have been expected; yet notwithstanding the meagreness of the show, especially in the Industrial Department, and the very unfavourable state of the weather, the crowd of visitors was very great. An idea may be formed of the influx of outside visitors from the fact that on the opening day fully 5,000 visitors arrived in three early trains within the short space of half an hour. The Exhibition forms the subject of editorial comment elsewhere.

The illustrations on pages 196 and 197 are briefly described on the latter page.

A Ball, Regatta, Levee, and sundries filled up the brief sojourn in St. John of their Excellencies Lord and Lady Dufferin. Their visit was brief but memorable. The Earl's agreeable and courteous bearing and pleasant speeches, coupled with the smiles of his lovely wife will long remain in the recollection of the citizens of that busy city. Their departure for up the river on the morning of the 23rd ult., brought together a vast concourse of people to bid them God speed. The wharves at Indian Town and every available window and house top in the vicinity of the Union Line wharf was covered with spectators. As the splendid steamer "David Weston" moved majestically through the Narrows with its vice-regal passengers the guns of various artillery corps on the heights, overlooking that highly picturesque gorge, boomed a parting salute which echoed and re-echoed among the surrounding hills. From St. John to Fredericton, by the river a distance of eighty miles, is an exceedingly pleasant and interesting trip. The class of steamers on the route are equal to any of their size on this continent for speed and equipment. The scenery is surpassingly beautiful and never fails to surprise and interest the tourist.

At each of the landings on the present occasion were assembled throngs of country folk anxious to get a glimpse of the distinguished travellers. In one instance a charming young damsel with fair flowing tresses, not content with a chance on the river bank, launched the family gig and boldly made for mid-channel with a hand-over-hand stroke that would have done credit to a professional oarsman. Nor did her loyalty end with her curiosity, for in response to the waving "cambrics" on the steamer she tied her own handkerchief to the top of the oar and sent it to the breeze with a sweetly musical cheer and merry laugh. Another little incident helped to make quite a pleasant tableau. A number of children were grouped on a sand spit that made out far into the river, the back ground was composed of a high range of hills with green sunny slopes, dotted with farm houses and a neat church. When the steamer came opposite the group a young urchin, one of the number, with a pair of brown unsocked legs, raised his little cotton Jack, which was the signal for a loud cheer from the assembled throng of the future rulers of the Dominion. The act was simple in itself. It will never be forgotten by that gathering of merry children whose forefathers settled on those very hills nearly a century ago when all was a wild unbroken wilderness, and may assist in cementing that love of country which is fast gathering in our young Dominion.

On approaching Fredericton the "David Weston" was met by three steamers, filled with children of the Sunday Schools. The fleet was chartered at the expense of John Pickard, Esq., M. P. What with the music of the bands on board and the hearty cheering from the hundreds of juvenile excursionists, another scene

and pleasant sketch was added to the many that had greeted the vice-regal party since they entered on the pilgrimage of the Maritime Provinces. Fredericton was never outdone by any of her sister cities in the Dominion in acts of loyalty. On this occasion, as on former, she was ready with her lamps well oiled. The artillery was in position, the military turned out complete, and that very popular Mayor Gregory accompanied with his efficient corporation ready to do the correct thing on the part of the city.

His Excellency went to the Government House and had a chance of rest on the day following, Sunday the 24th., although the day of storms.

On Monday, 25th, His Excellency and Countess went on an excursion on the River du Loup Railway accompanied by the Heads of Departments of the Local Government, the élite of Fredericton, and many distinguished citizens of St. John.

The River du Loup R.R., is narrow gauge and is being built and pushed forward at a most rapid rate. The Company is chiefly composed of St. John and Fredericton merchants, with Alexander Gibson, the great lumberman and mill owner, at its head as President. They expect to have it through to River du Loup in three years. The distance is 252 miles by mail route. The greater portion of the way is located in the valley of the St. John, and cannot fall when complete to attract tourists and travellers on account of the charming scenery which the line will open up, while the traffic through such a fertile and well-settled country will be something enormous. The vice-regal party went up 28 miles and returned half way to a pavilion formed of the boughs of the aromatic spruce, under which was spread a collation of choice viands and their usual accompaniments. The band of the volunteers discoursed sweet music, and the hungry picnickers did good justice to their *al-fresco* luncheon. His Excellency did up a speech in his usual happy strain, and the whole party returned to Fredericton after a most agreeable trip.

It must not be omitted that quite a concourse of farmers with their wives and daughters had assembled on the picnic grounds arrayed in their best, and all were invited to lunch with the distinguished visitors they had come to behold. On the river that skirted that woodland sally a manger, several catamarans conveyed the lovely sylphs of the Keswick to the scene of festivity. The propelling power was supplied by their cavaliers. His Excellency left for Woodstock on the following morning.

The original of our double page is by Mr. E. J. Russell.

The two reproductions on page 204 in relation to events in Spain will prove especially interesting at the present time. The first of these from the Leipzig *Illustrirte Zeitung* illustrates the episode of Captain Werner's capture of the insurgent frigate "Vigilante." Of the second the *Illustrated London News*, from which we copy, says:—"Although it is prudent not to believe all that is stated in the daily telegrams of the rapid advances made by the Carlists to seize Barcelona, there is enough anxiety concerning the fate of that city to give more than usual interest to one of our illustrations, which is a view of the fortress of Montjuich. The hill bearing this old name, which is a corruption of Mons Judæus, from its having in the middle ages been the abode of a Jewish colony, commands Barcelona and the shipping in its port. The fortifications of Montjuich are shaped as an irregular pentagon; its garrison is well provided with casemates and cisterns, and its batteries have all in the town at their mercy, as they proved by a bombardment in 1842. The people of Barcelona have always been regarded as turbulent and prone to insurrection. In the seventeenth century they rebelled against the Government of Castile, and gave themselves up to France, but their city was recaptured by the Spaniards in 1652, after a siege of fourteen months. In 1705, during the war of the Spanish Succession, in which the English army, under Lord Peterborough, played a brilliant part, the citadel of Montjuich was surprised by the English on Oct. 9, and Barcelona was forced to surrender. The town was bombarded by the French in 1714, and was afterwards taken by assault; a third part of it was destroyed. Napoleon, in 1808, gained possession of Barcelona by a fraudulent trick, and kept it till the Duke of Wellington drove the French again out of Spain. There were repeated insurrections at Barcelona in favour of Don Carlos, in 1827, in 1834, and several times between 1841 and 1843. In addition to Montjuich, there are two other fortresses, San Carlos and the Ciudadela, to guard the entrance to the port, and perhaps, at the same time, to overawe the town."

The subject of this picture is an incident of the Battle of Senlac or Hastings, Oct. 14, 1066. Before the engagement, a giant-Norman, called Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of William's army and sang in a loud voice the ballads of Charlemagne and Roland. As he sang, he played aloft with his sword, throwing it high in the air with one hand and catching it with the other. The Normans cried "Dieu aide, Dieu aide." Taillefer craved permission to strike the first blow. He was killed in the battle.

Art and Literature.

Senator Sumner and General Banks will both lecture this season.

The autobiography of John Stuart Mill will be published in October.

It is said that James Parton is about to write a "Life" of Charles Dickens.

G. W. Carleton has just issued a new edition of "Don Quixote" with Gustave Doré's drawings.

Hurd and Houghton are about to publish the unpublished poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary.

Constantinople has just had a very successful Fine Art Exhibition, and intends holding a second in April next.

Sir Charles Lyell and Sir George Alry have been named Commanders of the First Class of the Polar Star by King Oscar of Sweden, and Professors Tyndall and Huxley, together with Dr. Hooker (of Kew), have been named Knights of the same Order.

The London *Athenæum* has been unfortunate enough to incur the displeasure of Mr. Joaquin Miller. Its reviewer having said that his new book was a dull romance, Mr. Miller, who thinks otherwise, writes that he wishes "to tell him to his teeth that he is a liar, a coward, and a cur." Mr. Miller states that he has written without consultation with his publisher. The editor thinks that a gentleman of the high reputation of his publisher will be shocked when he hears how badly wanting Mr. Miller is in the courtesies of life and the advantages of education.

Mr. R. Kalley Miller has written a book on "The Romance of Astronomy," which is full of amusing illustrations of the consequences which must follow from the varying size of the planets. In Ceres, which has a diameter of 160 miles, a baby might play with a rattle as heavy as a moderate-sized cannon-ball, an ordinary jumper could leap over a house, a marksman put a rifle-bullet into a target at twenty miles' distance, and a city be cannonaded, except so far as the planet's shape would interfere, from one end of the world to the other. A race-horse in that planet would be able to gallop five thousand miles an hour.

Severe sickness is often prevented by timely use of Colby's Pills.