

with ardor at the two fair girls beside him, that they would be better able to determine the question, mademoiselle Belmont, taking counsel of her father's welfare, and mademoiselle Sarpy, speaking for the benefit of her dearest friend. Thus appealed to, Zulma declared promptly that she had no opinion on the advisability of M. Belmont remaining out of the town, but that if he resolved upon doing so, she offered him, in the name of her father and in her own, a welcome home in the Sarpy mansion. In fact, she insisted that she would allow Pauline to live nowhere else. Cary smiled and thanked Zulma with an approving nod. Pauline had not a word to utter, but her answer was only too painfully significant when she buried her face in her hands and gave way to a tempest of grief. Perplexity was painted on every countenance. Batoche alone retained his equanimity, and calmly, but with a tone almost of authority, he said:

"M. Belmont, it is near midnight. There is a long road to travel. A decision must at once be made. What do you say?"

M. Belmont still hesitated.

"Then, Pauline will decide. Come, my dear, shall we go or stay?"

Pauline immediately rose, and with a look of pathetic imploring, murmured:

"Oh, father, let us go."

(To be continued.)

UNPROFESSIONAL vs. AMATEUR.

A PLEA FOR THE DEFENDANT.

Not a few of the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will have been amused and doubtless interested in the Quixotic tilt against the word *amateur*, that appeared in these columns in the issue of the first of this month. Fortunately for the doughty knight, it was not a wind-mill that he encountered, for he remains unhurt to tell us that at some future day, he will have a bout with the word *connoisseur*. It warns the heart to know that the days of chivalry are not dead, and that there are those ever ready to place lance in rest for the honour of our good old Saxon tongue. We are led to expect much from the opening of the paper on *Amateur*. We have a quotation from Chaucer, and a philological treatment of the word *amateur*. It is a good beginning, and we hurry on, tiptoeing in expectancy, ready to seize and embrace the good old Saxon term that is to hurl the usurping *amateur* from its ill-gotten throne, and reign there peacefully to the end of time. We watch the labourer earnestly, as he struggles with the heavy end—he raises it—Ye Gods! 'tis Saxon—*en*. We rush to fold it in our arms, but sink back horror-stricken, as we see it drag its limpid Latin length along—*professional*.

Now this is too bad! too bad! After living in the hope of some terse Saxon word, to be mystified in this labyrinth of Anglo-Quiritian Etymology.

In denouncing the use of this word and favoring that of "unprofessional," the writer makes but sparing use of Dictionaries, quoting but two that do not give the word, Johnson and Richardson, and an equal number that do, namely, Ogilvie and Craig. It seems therefore that he gains but little satisfaction in that field. But the writer does not also tell us that the word "unprofessional" is not to be found in Johnson either.

It may be just as well, as Mr. King does not make Dictionaries his stand by, to follow him on his own ground, and argue the question without their aid; but with the hope of a more definite conclusion:

I confess that the word "professional" is but a derivative, and is used in an anglicized form, but that does not mend the matter. What better is it to take the materials of an old house to build a new one with, than to occupy the old one as it stands, so it be strong enough to answer our purpose?

Not only is the word that Mr. King gives us to replace *amateur*, a hybrid; but it is also a negative word to which he would attach a positive meaning. Now its being a hybrid does not in any way militate against it, if viewed in common with many others in the language; but when *amateur* is scouted as not being Saxon, "unprofessional" can hardly be presented to us as the genuine article. We are soundly rated for riding on an ass, and dismounting, we call lustily like Richard,

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Imagine Richard's disgust had he been presented with a mule.

That the word "unprofessional" does not mean what *amateur* expresses, unless the writer has constituted himself autocrat and proclaimed that such shall be, seems to me plain.

A professional is one who makes his living by the pursuit of some special calling, and he is a professor of that particular branch of industry.

Here, I claim, the word "unprofessional" comes in, the actions of that man being either *professional* or *unprofessional*, as they are according, or contrary to the ordinary rules governing such calling.

Take, for example, a lawyer. His action is professional while he sues the defendant for debt, at the instance of the plaintiff; his remuneration being the established fees paid in such cases; but if he takes the case on speculation, or in other words, commits simony, and is paid a certain percentage of the debt, in the event of his winning the case, his action is unprofessional.

Another meaning for the word unprofessional may very properly be thus defined: One who does not follow any profession or calling; but

who may also have as little claim to the title *amateur*, not being, as Ogilvie defines the word, "A lover of any art or science, not a professor."

I must not lose sight of the fact that there are other expressions given in the letter, as substitutes for *amateur*; but these are all in the form of phrases, such as "not a professional artist," "not an actor by profession." Now there can be no reasonable objection to the use of these phrases, especially where a narration is necessary to prevent the repetition of a single word; but if such a proposition is forced upon us, as the absolute renunciation of *amateur* and the acceptance of these as equivalents, the word and phrases are placed in direct antagonism, in which the abrupt and forcible Saxon mind will at once side with the single word.

Being self-satisfied (there's nothing like being self-satisfied in an argument), that I have disposed of the word "unprofessional" and its relations, we have no other word but *amateur* to fall back upon. The expression *vi tuoso* will not do, for, besides having the same objection as that urged against *amateur*, it has, at one and the same time, a more and less extended meaning than that word. A *virtuoso* is one who is not only a lover of the fine arts, but one who is skilled in them as well; and here the meaning ends, while *amateur* is not confined to those particular branches, but covers almost every employment or pursuit that may be followed both as a means of livelihood or otherwise.

There being therefore no word that will fully supply the place of the offending foreigner, its adoption into common use merely shows the fact, that when necessity calls, we can transplant into our language an exotic that will flourish as healthily in our strange land as in its parent soil.

The idea may seem utopian to some minds who have before them the decline and death of the great languages of antiquity; but may it not be that the Anglo-Saxon tongue possesses a gravity that is gradually attracting from other languages what is best to express every idea and action of man, to form one grand tongue that shall be the universal speech in coming ages?

The real question, however, is not the simple one of the expurgation or retention of the single word *amateur*; but the principles involved, which, if the former were right, would hurl us back stunned and voiceless to the ruins of Stonehenge, vainly groping to catch the echoes of a language that has long since passed away.

But let me say a word for my opponent, for though we disagree upon a word, no one can more heartily appreciate, than I, his love for good old Saxon and the writers of that time, with whom he is so conversant, and his letter, though I think not one of sound argument, is one of those pleasant literary rambles that one loves to take.

We move along so easily from flower to flower of thought, finding perhaps a beauty where before we saw but a weed; being lifted from the quaint quotation of a nursery rhyme to some stately line from the immortal Shakespeare.

In conclusion, I would quote a line from the end of Mr. King's letter. He says: "I may not have succeeded in becoming a benefactor to my race, but I think I have written enough to show my dislike to the word, *amateur*." This he undoubtedly has done, and as he does not scorn the application of a nursery rhyme when suitable, let me introduce to his notice one from school boy lore, which with slight change would have concluded his letter admirably,—

"I do not like you, Doctor Fell.
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this I know, and know full well.
I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

BARRY DANE.

REVIEW

The "Midsummer Holiday Number" of SCRIBNER is an attempt at something new on the part of the publishers, who announce that all the care that is usually bestowed upon the Christmas issue has gone to the making of this warm-weather number. The subjects dealt with have an out-of-door interest and the illustrations (of which there are nearly one hundred) are quite in sympathy with the next. In the editorial department, which is one of the strongest attractions of *Scribner*, Dr. Holland writes about "The Manufacture of Doctors," "The Social Evil," and "The Dead-Beat Nuisance." "The Old Cabinet" contains midsummer songs, etc. "Home and Society" has hints about the "Short Trips near New York" which Centennial visitors may take; and there are some bright bits of humor in the department of "Bric-à-Brac." The publishers claim that this is "the most beautiful number of a magazine ever published in this country" and their claim is substantiated by the simple magnificence of the execution which is a credit to American publishing.

St. NICHOLAS for August is probably the very finest issue of a Children's Magazine ever published anywhere. It is called the "Midsummer Holiday Number," and in make-up and contents is specially adapted to the season; and the great variety and uniform excellence of its contributions are indeed remarkable. All classes of articles are represented, anecdote, adventure, description, sentiment, fun, fancy; and each representative is worthy to rank among the best of its kind. More than twenty articles by such writers as Lucy Larcom, Celia Thaxter, James T. Fields, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Mrs. Dodge, Noah Brooks, Mrs. Oliphant, Lucretia P. Hale, Abby Morton Diaz, Lydia Maria Child, Horace E. Scudder; and more than forty pictures, by

such artists as Miss Hallock, Addie Ledyard, W. L. Sheppard, Sol. Eyttinge, Thomas Moran, Fidelia Bridges, Frank Beard—all together make a Midsummer Magazine for Children such as was never seen before.

Commencing with the July number the PENN MONTHLY will hereafter be published for the Penn Monthly Association, by Jos. A. Coates & Co. The editorship and ownership will remain unchanged. Mrs. Anna H. Leonowen's books upon Siam have passed from the list of Jos. R. Osgood to that of Jos. H. Coates & Co. In the Fall the latter house will publish a new work of life and travel in India, which Mrs. Leonowen has in preparation and for which her large Indian experience gives peculiar qualification.

HALIFAX—ITS BUSINESS.—This is the title of a little book by G. A. White, descriptive of the City of Halifax and its institutions, its different lines of business, with an account of the leading houses in each line. From its interesting pages we have extracted the matter of an article in our editorial columns. The subject of manufactures is fully treated, giving an insight into the wealth of Halifax, in this respect, for which we were not prepared. The work is very complete, and written in an agreeable style, supplying a great deal of information which we commend to the people of Montreal who have dealings with the capital of Nova Scotia.

There is no question that Richard Grant White is at least getting the knack of writing model magazine articles. We referred lately to his admirable paper on the varnish which the old Veronese makers used for their violins. In the August number of the GALAXY he has another article in the same style on a cognate subject, entitled "King Cole and his Band." We recommend it as something new, fresh, and agreeably told, combining a certain erudition with the trick of popular presentation. This number of the GALAXY has also an authentic copy of Custer's portrait furnished by himself, and promises the continuation of his War Memories. This magazine deserves credit for giving Custer a channel to reach the public. Custer was not Tennyson's "own ideal knight," as some gushing correspondents would paint him—never swearing, never smoking, never drinking, never gambling, never uttering an unclean word, but he was a brave man and he gave his life for his cause.

Belford Bros. of Toronto, our leading Canadian publishers, have put forth lately a history of William of Orange, by Historicus, of Belfast, appropriate and timely, and a reprint of Edith Lyle, by Mrs. Holmes, one of her easy-going, agreeable, soothing works. The latter is especially well gotten up, reflecting credit on the publishers. With their usual spirit of enterprise and judicious selection, they announce the three latest most popular works of the day—Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer," Bret Harte's "Gabriel Conroy" and David Dudley Warner's "Mummies and Moslems."

OAKVILLE STRAWBERRY GARDEN.

Our sketch of an Oakville Strawberry Garden is one peculiarly suited to this season, when the lady subscribers to the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS are generally superintending the making of jam. Oakville is associated in everybody's mind with berry culture, strawberries particularly, large quantities of which are shipped to all parts of the Dominion. By a process of natural selection, berry growing has localized itself from the adaptability of the soil, which is too light to grow anything else. The fields are generally of six acres, and engage from thirty to fifty pickers, who are paid one cent per box, averaging \$1.50 per day for the season. In some of the larger gardens, such as Bryner's, represented in the sketch, currants are grown to a very large extent, under the care of a gentleman farmer from England, well known for his successful experiments in the culture of berries. But it is not only in the garden of those who have capital in it, but in every spare acre by the roadside the fitness of the soil asserts itself in the growth of berries which seems to be the natural occupation of the poor and well-to-do alike.

RETALIATION.

Our cartoon this week sufficiently explains itself. We referred editorially to all the circumstances connected with it in a recent number. Retaliation is an unpleasant policy at the best, but it has been forced upon us by the American authorities, and the Federal Government are simply doing their duty by enforcing it.

THE FUNERAL OF EX-MAYOR BERNARD.

In our last number we gave a portrait and full biographical sketch of Dr. Bernard. His funeral, which we illustrate, was one of the most imposing Masonic demonstrations ever witnessed in this city.

Many of the preparations at present sold for the purpose of soothing children during the period of teething have proven very destructive to their health in after years. The Children's Carmine Cordial on the contrary can be used with perfect safety in all cases of Teething pains, Colic, Loss of Sleep, Restlessness, &c., being highly approved of by all nurses and mothers who have used it. Sold by all Druggists and store keepers.

THE REQUISITES TO GOOD ACTING.

Fanny Kemble, in the ATLANTIC, says: "It appears to me that the two indispensable elements of good acting are a certain amount of poetical imagination and a power of assumption, which is a good deal the rarer gift of the two; in addition to these, a sort of vigilant presence of mind is necessary, which constantly looks after and avoids or removes the petty obstacles that are perpetually destroying the imaginary illusion, and reminding one in one's own despite that one is not really Juliet or Belvidera. The curious part of acting, to me, is the sort of double process which the mind carries on at once, the combined operation of one's faculties, so to speak, in diametrically opposite directions; for instance, in that very last scene of Mrs. Beverley, while I was half dead with crying in the midst of the real grief, created by an entirely unreal cause, I perceived that my tears were falling like rain all over my silk dress, and spilling it; and I calculated and measured most accurately the space that my father would require to fall in, and moved myself and my train accordingly in the midst of the anguish I was to feign, and absolutely did endure. It is this watchful faculty (perfectly prosaic and commonplace in its nature), which never deserts me while I am uttering all that exquisite passionate poetry in Juliet's balcony scene, while I feel as if my own soul was on my lips, and my color comes and goes with the intensity of the sentiment I am expressing; which prevents him from falling over my train, from setting fire to myself with the lamps placed close to me, from leaning upon my canvas balcony when I seem to throw myself all but over it. In short, while the whole person appears to be merely following the mind, in producing the desired effect and illusion upon the spectator, both the intellect and the senses are constantly engrossed in guarding against the smallest accidents that might militate against it; and while representing things absolutely imaginary, they are taking accurate cognizance of every real surrounding object that can either assist or mar the result they seek to produce. This seems to me by far the most singular part of the process, which is altogether a very curious and complicated one."

BROUGHAM AND HIS HABITS.

Haydon says that Lord Jeffrey told him many things about Lord Brougham. He knew Brougham from very early years, and at one time for about eight months, Brougham gave way to all kinds of luxury and extravagance. He had a great notion of giving grand dinners, and, like the ancients, of perfuming his rooms. He would get all sort of perfumes, so that when the guests came in the suffocation was dreadful, and they were obliged to open the windows. He used to smoke hookahs, and use the hot bath at the same time; and one night, being very tipsy, he smoked till he fell asleep in his bath, and was nearly drowned. He was found asleep, with his lips just touching the water, and the water cold. This cured him of that indulgence. He used to make bets how he would come on the race-ground, and give a sealed paper to a friend before betting. Sometimes he would come on in a wheelbarrow, sometimes in a coffin, sometimes in a basket on a man's shoulder; but he always won his bets. Jeffrey said he belonged with Brougham to a little society where they had apparatus for chemical experiments, and that Brougham, in time, by his daring experiments, blew the whole apparatus to pieces.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

A SOCIETY has been formed in Montreal to bring all the territory of North America under one government.

The sultry hot season is now fairly upon us, and those who can possibly get away for change of scene and recreation will, for the next few weeks, be on the move. To the business man, tourist or invalid, there is no more delightful route than the Ottawa River, with its varied landscape and diversity of scenery. Leaving the city by the 7 a.m. train for Lachine the traveller embarks on one of the splendid steamers of the Ottawa Navigation Co., passing through the Lake of the Two Mountains, one of the loveliest stretches of water in Canada, reaches Carillon about 11.30, and after a short ride by rail he again takes passage on another of the Company steamers which lands him at Ottawa at about 6.30 p.m., or leaving by the Lachine train at 5 p.m., after a cool, refreshing sleep on board the steamer, lands fresh and invigorated in Ottawa at an early hour. This is the only route to the famed Caledonia Springs, the Saratoga of Canada. The company also very liberally issue tickets from the City to Carillon and return good for one day at one fare. The accommodations for the steamers of the Company and its connections are of the best, every attention is shown passengers, and many of those annoyances incident to many other routes are on this one totally unknown.

DISCOLORED SKIN.—How disagreeable it is, after using some so-called remedy for aches and pains, to find that although it may have eased the suffering somewhat, yet it has left its mark, in discoloration of the skin. STARR'S PAIN RELIEF cures all aches and pains, internal and external, and never leaves any stain, cannot do harm, and always does good.