A Riley Echo.

When the crop is on the market and the cash is in your sock,
And you hear the click and jingle of the key turned in the lock,
And the clinking of the "pennies" and the clanking of the "iess,"
And the grocery man is paid up and no more his bill he sees;
Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
When he rises from his supper, then downward pulls his vest;
As he sits an' sets his pipe in comfort, and then goes and winds the clock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in his sock.

There's something kind o' cheerful-like about the farmer's eyes
When he knows the summer's over and he doesn't have to rise
About the time the daylight's a-peepin' thro' the gloom,
And sets still until the moon's up 'mid the grain that's all in bloom;
But, instead, he sorter calculates he'll hook old "Buck" and "Jess"
To his cutter in the evenin' and put on his Sunday dress;
Then go a-courtin' Liser, with her apron and new frock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in the sock.

Oh, the buskin' and the spellin' bees—the winter's harmless fun;
The steppin' of the fiddle when the dancing is begun;
The jingle of the sleigh-bells, your best gal in the sled;
The kissin' and the huggin' when the old folks are in bed;
The roastin' of the chestnuts, the neighbors droppin' in;
The eatin' of the apples, drinkin' cider from a tin;
Oh it sets my heart a-prancin' like a struttin' turkey-cock,
When the crop is on the market and the cash is in the sock.

—*Horseheads Basco.*

THE PRIMA DONNA.

This is apparently contradictory, but it was so practically true that, at the the ten years, I would willingly have made a contract to follow, implicitly, my father's slightest wish for the rest of my life, absolutely assured that, in that very act, I was securing to myself an existence of unconditional freedom.

Ever the centre of the most brilliant society of Florence, my father lived a life which, according to the strictest Pharisee, was full of extravagant approaches to excess; but nothing seemed ex ess in him. The world was just as ambsevient to his physical and his moral as I to his mental moderation. His hand was nervel but never shaken, his brain illumined but never stupefied by wine, though I am sure that many a strong man has made a wreck of himself with less profligacy. From my earliest ambition to be anything, he was my mentor, my idol, my friend. There was nothing which he did not know. He taught me more of the wisdom of the sages, more of philosophy, more of all the sciences than did the able tutors whom he had lavished upon me. He conversed with me in each of the modern languages while I studied them, speaking one as fluently as he did the other. He guided my hand with the pencil, my eye with the color, my heart with the inspiration; till at four-and-twenty years of age, Florence, Italy, even Europe at large had recognized my work. The ablest critics of Paris were comparing my productions with those of my father, or, more properly, the work that he did in his own studio with that he did through me in mine; and, even at that early age, I was reaping a pecuniary benefit from art which a true artist has labored for through a long life and lost, simply from want of recognition.

I might easily have been satisfied by flattery but two important facts were ever present before me. In the first place, I considered that success, unparalleled success, was a foregone necessity with me. He had said: "You will be the greatest artist of the age"; and I felt as sure of it as of the sunrise. Then neither an art critic nor customer was my criterion. They might all say what they would, I did not believe that I had really succeeded; for in other things my father would praise without restraint, but in art never. It was just as of old when he stood by the wall. He would come into my studio, look at my work and say: "The knight is too large. The tree is too small. The water is green. This light is not good. The shadow is bad. Anthony, you can do better."

It is true that as often as he said it I felt as I did by the Rhine wall: that I could have thrown the dust of the road after him when he went away. But the very act would have been precisely the same as it was then, a complete endorsement of his opinion. Repudiating him, I agreed with him; repelled, I clung to him. What did it matter for all that the world might say in praise of me if that man, whose verdict was my own?

My one criterion was to hear say that I could do better. The was all that I sought for, everything that I worked for; and such was the meagre reality of my apparent devotion to art that I fully expected, as soon as he said, to leave the studio, see a and canvas forever, and go directly back to Mina, never to touch a brush again unless it were to please her while she sang to me.

We had not spoken Mina's name since the day when we reached Florence. I felt assured that my father had long before forgotten her very existence; but to me she was as real as ever. It was not all the uncertain reality that would inevitably have made a vehement, restless lover out of the passionate crusader, for I was as sure of Mina as I was of my own success in art, eventually. Of course my Mina was mine; she was as much as mine as I was hers, which was all in all. I could have doubted the truth of the daylight, but I could not have doubted Mina. Had I known at the first how long it would require me to remain in Florence, to perfect myself, doubtless I should have taken some way to let her know of me; but I realized no more actual need of it than of my being perfect in anything but art to please her. Sluggish, indeed, I thought would be the stream that bore to her tidings that I could still do better.

So the months grew into years and the years went on, ever alluring me with the prospect that each would be the last, ever going with the promise unfulfilled. The anticipation of a future deprived me of the power of appreciating the present, and the blindness of the present deprived me of an ability to appreciate my own worthiness of a fulfilment, in the future, of that one anticipation.

CHAPTER VII.

LEONORA.

On the tenth anniversary of my arrival in Florence, when I was about four-and-twenty, I began a composition upon much grander proportions than which I had before attempted. It was a life-size figure reclining upon snowy clouds while fleecy mists lay in delicate, tinted drapery about the slumberer. I called it "Sunrise."

Upon such a design I knew that, practically, I could forever do my best and forever feel that with a little more study and a little more care I could do better; but the very incongruity attracted me, and I had hailed the thought with a delight which consciously centered in that very fact. It was beneath such an apparent impossibility alone that I felt sure I should find the magic sword which I must wear as talisman when I returned to my Mina, and in such a task, therefore, lay the conquest that I courted. Into it I threw life, love, and the madness of my ambition, with reckless prodigality, at every stroke.

My model for the "Sunrise" was the most beautiful being I had ever seen. She was only a poor, every-day peasant girl, as the world saw her, but, by some remarkable fortune, almost providentially, I might have thought, I was led to discover more than that when early one morning, I met her walking just outside the Roman Gate of Florence, while revolving in my mind the growing fancy which should in time develop into the "Sunrise."

She had never been a model, and it was very difficult to persuade her to listen even to the first arguments; but the longer I talked with her the more infatuated I became with her beauty, and the more determined to secure her. At last, I succeeded in driving a wild bargain, offering more and more in pay until natural cupidity could stand the strain no longer, and she consented to try the experiment. She was by far the most expensive necessity to figure painting which I had as yet indulged in, but she also proved by far the most valuable; not a necessity alone, but an absolute luxury. She possessed every natural grace which could have been bestowed upon a woman, and added to these charms a most unusual ambition to devote them to the best advantage of the work upon which I was engaged.

A more patient model never posed. A more generous good nature could not have centered in one soul. A more delicate ostentatious across of refinement never graced a salon of wealth. If I had had no ambition but the simple money value of the picture I was painting, I should have tried as hard to secure her as my model, as the only woman I had ever seen, who was in face and form and thought even, the very personification of what I would see upon the canvas, as the goddess of "Sunrise," if I were able to reproduce her.

My acquisition was a remarkable good fortune in many ways. Painting soon assumed unrealized proportions of pleasure. The consciousness of drudgery disappeared; even the sense of labor vanished, and the vexation of conscious struggle to eradicate, in the ideal, some ungainly feature which was ever present in the real, and to add, in the painting, higher parts of which my model brought no suggestion. I had ever been trying to create from the dismantle dust before me the image of God which was ever in my heart; now, however, I had secured a perfect model and suddenly discovered the exquisite joy of being let on where before I had been held back; the excitement of a race to bring my own work up to the reality; the inspiration which the painter, painter feels when bending every energy to reproduce, not what is ungaily in himself, but the substance before him. Doubtless such a dependence upon external influence proved me less of a true artist than the world thought me; but I was in no good to stop for philosophy and content to accept the inspiration as it came, I worked with such readiness and rapidity that the end of three weeks, the "Sunrise" was almost completed.

There was another invaluable part which my model developed. It had been no task for her to discover that I frequently fell into disagreeable moods, when it was much easier for me to be the disaffected philosopher then the enthusiastic artist. No model had been long in observing that, but Leonora alone had discovered the secret governing those moods and getting me out of them. I did not realize this at first or I should have rebelled and have become impervious, simply through a superabundance of unrepentant humanity in me. I only comprehended it by slow degrees, too slow for the outbreak of a rebellion, when I found myself going to the studio in the morning altogether out with everything, resolved that I would not stay there for an hour, only to come away at noon grumbling that my father should have set that limit upon my confinement at the easel, and provoked that I could not be allowed to paint all day. It only dawned upon me when I noticed that instead of sitting by the hour vacantly staring at my model, stupidly wishing that something would happen to turn an ungainly angle into a graceful curve or take the whole combination away from me entirely, I was forgetting everything in the eagerness with which I struggled to catch one line of beauty after another, appearing like the thoughts of a ready writer, faster than by any possibility I could transcribe them. I began to appreciate when I found myself searching constantly for topics that should tempt my model to talk with me, and in the care which I was ever exerting to answer her questions, while I had so often ignored them entirely in other models. The sound of her voice was like inspiring music, never discordant, always appropriate, where many a time I had begged a model to be quiet while I worked, and thanked fortune if, when it were possible, she fell asleep.

The morning had come when I had expected to put the finishing touches upon the painting, but at breakfast my father was unusually undemonstrative, which was sufficient to disconcert me for the entire day. His quiet mood I interpreted as significant of dissatisfaction, and they were reflected in me, making me less doubtfully sullen to the world. I was only a mirror. Whatever he appeared to me in my most sensitive perceptions, I appeared at large, only as a garbled and a painfully distorted translation. When he seemed thoroughly satified. I went out with a smile to say: "You are a fine old world to day!" When a frown appeared upon his forehead and I had nothing tangible to which to attribute it, I carried a deeper frown away with me, muttering: "Oh vexing, spasmodic and morose old world! what have I to do with you?"

It was not so much the result of love for my father; for I seriously question if I loved him at all. It was unadulterated and fanatic admiration. It was seeing in him all that I would be if I could; all that I could be if I should ever attain my ideal in life world. It was upon the same principle that I considered a perfect picture as my ideal necessity in love, with Mina. I was just as eagerly, though unconsciously, trying to produce my father. His faults—they did not seem like faults in him; they were only fascinations; attractive gildings; amble sparkles drawing the eye irresistibly toward the man they could not mar. He was master of his sins just as he was master of his art, of all, of everything. He did precisely as he would with us, although to ourselves we each of us seemed moving in our own little rink with him, however it chanced to please us best.

I had never before seen my father apparently so abstracted, and the result was that I entered the studio that morning in as sullen a mood as ever in my life. Leonora was waiting. She was always there before the appointed hour. She always did everything a little better than one could expect; but my only desire was to send her away. I think she understood it at a glance, for, before I could speak the words, she was repeating an amusing bit of gossip, about a fellow artist, over which I laughed in spite of myself. Then, without giving me an opportunity to make a reply, she was in the midst of a graceful compliment which she had overheard, bestowed upon one of my paintings that had lately received the distinguished honor of a position in the great Gallery.

While she was talking I mechanically drew the cover from the picture upon the easel and stood dreamily looking at the "Sunrise"; not wondering what I should do to improve it, but trying to plan with myself how I should arrange to tell Leonora that she was not wanted there, that day. I had never wasted much time in preparing sentences for my models before, and it vexed me that I hesitated now. The delay was dangerous, too, for she only ceased speaking long enough to cast upon me one searching glance, as if to discover how far she had succeeded in accomplishing her end and how much of a task lay before her, when she continued:

"O Signor, I have something more to tell you that is very important." She paused for a second, looking at me in a peculiar way, and added: "If you frown like that, I shall know that you are angry at what I tell you. I am not meaning to take up your time with my gabbling; no, indeed, Signor; for this is very, very important, or I would not dare to say a word, you look so cross. You will say it is important when you hear it. Then I will be ready for you in an instant, and I will keep perfectly still all the morning; yes, I will even try to go to sleep, if I can. I feel very sure, sometimes, that you wish I would, for I see it in your eyes and I hear about it everywhere. I met one of your old models the other day. She saw me coming out of the studio and guessed what I was, and so she walked down the street with me and asked me all about you; but she told me a great deal more than I told her. She said that you were cross to her sometimes, and that once you told her to take poison if she could not keep quiet any other way, and that another time you gave her extra pay because she fell asleep and did not disturb you. But really, Signor, this that I have to tell you is something that you ought to know, and when you have heard it, if you will only stop frowning long enough for that, I will not speak another word; no, even if I have to take poison to go to sleep."

While she was speaking Leonora had removed her gloves and loosened her hair. She was unwinding her bright girdle, stepping slowly backward toward the little dressing room, arranged by a series of screens, for the models, at the end of the studio, just behind the wicker divan, standing upon a low platform where they posed.

I was still sullenly looking at the picture, vexed that, even for a moment, my model was apparently having her own way with me, and determined more than ever that I would not paint that day, no matter how persistently she might try to make me. She did not show it, however, if she were at all disturbed by my indifference and failure to respond; but while her hands where mechanically loosing her garments for very speedy removal and her feet very slowly beating her to the dressing room, she continued:

"Signor, it was yesterday, after you went home. I hear that the door was locked, so, before I dressed, I went to look at the picture. I saw myself in the mirror there and saw how much better you were making me than I really am. Oh, it was so much improved by yesterday's work. I could not have believed that so much could have been the result of a single day. I forgot that I was looking at a picture of myself, it was so much more beautiful, and I looked so long that I was more than a half hour later than usual in going home. I was behind the screen, almost dressed, when your father unlocked the door and came in. I am sure that the great Signor Carlo had never in his life painted anything more beautiful than that, except it was that the model was more beautiful; and I am sure that he thought so too. I could tell it by his face, for you know I am a woman, Signor, and I can't get through the crack in the screen. I have always seemed to feel that Signor Carlo did not like me very much. I know that he thought that I had gone home and that he would be very much better pleased to be alone, so I kept perfectly still and he never knew that I was there. He stood for a long time before the painting, almost as long as I had stood before it; then he began moving his head so":

Involuntarily then, I looked up. She had thrown off her outer garments, unweaving her arm, and, as she passed in the act of unloosing the bands around her waist, she turned her hand in a graceful curve, explaining her words, and continued:

"At last he said: 'I believe it would be better if it were bent a little, as if parting the mists.' Then when he went away, I came right out and looked at the picture again to see what he meant, and the all afternoon I was practising it before my mirror, so as to be sure that I was showing you just right about it in the morning."

Much against my will I had followed her words and watched the explanation and was unkindly considering its effect, when she added:

"See, Signor, this is the way of it"; and hastily throwing off the little vest, she glanced herself in the old position upon the divan, only changing the arrangement of the hand by a slight inclination of the palm. Utterly unconscious of all my solemn determination, I cried in ecstacy:

"Don't move, Leonora! Don't move! That is marvellous!"

She had conquered. I saw the smile of triumph in her eyes, as, without waiting to remove either hat or overcoat, I seized my brushes, and, hastily preparing the materials, I began to paint with passionate eagerness, lest I should lose that sudden inflection, forgetful that Leonora had been practising it all the afternoon before a her mirror, that she might be sure that she was showing me "just right" in the morning.

The change was scarcely perceptible in itself, but the improvement upon the whole impression was fabulous. It altered the entire sentiment where I had more than once felt that something was lacking; but just what and how to right it I could not conceive.

"One would have hardly expected a model to take such intelligent thought," I said to myself, as I glanced from the canvas to catch the shadow of a tapering finger, but looked, instead, into those great black eyes, full of fire, fastened upon me. For an instant my heart stood still. Then I was again laboriously transfering the shadow to the canvas. But the strange thrill had by no means passed away. Instinctly I felt that over the picture, not daring again to lift my eyes. More carefully than ever I examined the painting, trying to fix my thoughts more upon it than upon my model; but there was not even a shadow there that was original. The position, to the minutest detail, had been little by little the suggestion of my father; and the production, so far as it went, Leonora; just as I saw her before me; just as she lay upon the cushions, only that I had not done the reality justice.

Those eyes! Had I painted them? The lips, just lifted by a smile, from pearly teeth! Had I produced them? That wealth of hair, glistening like a raven's plumage, clinging about the shoulders and fondling the snow white breast! Was it so upon the canvas? The soul, the life, the thought, the fire which throbbed in every line and feature, which thrilled me even as I lifted my eyes to it! Was it all there when I turned away from Leonora to the canvas upon the easel? No! Without waiting for my father's verdict I knew that I could do better.

I frowned as I worked. A brush did not please me. I angrily broke it and threw the pieces upon the floor. Then, ashamed of such a demonstration, I unwittingly cast a quick glance toward Leonora, only to realize a strange shock in the discovery that she was weeping.

"Leonora!" I exclaimed.

"It is nothing, absolutely nothing, Signor," she replied, hastily brushing the tears away. "Just for a moment I was foolish; that was all. The eyes of the 'Sunrise' were finished long ago, and are ever so much more beautiful than all the smiles in the world could make mine. You did not need my eyes to day, Signor, so I was careless about them. Don't look at me in that way. What did it matter that just for once there should be tears in them? Every woman cries sometimes, I suppose."

"It does not matter for the painting, Leonora," I replied, "but I have been too slow over this little change. I have tried you and you would not tell me. You are not well, but you did not confess it. That is so and I am sorry. You were right when you said that I was cross. There! No more to day. To-morrow we will finish it; then we will take a little vacation before we begin on anything else."

"No, no, Signor; do not stop," she said nervously. "I am not tired. You must finish to-day all that you need with me, for I am not coming here again."

"Not coming again?" I exclaimed, starting to my feet. "Why, Leonora, you are coming always!"

"I am never coming here again, Signor," she replied, looking steadily into my eyes. "If you were anyone else in all the world, Leonora," I said in astonishment, "I should think you were playing some model's trick upon me for more pay. I know that you are not, but never mind, you shall have more pay without asking. How much would you like?"

If I could have painted those eyes as they looked at me, then, I could at least have made a Nemesis that would have been my life's masterpiece; as from her loosened belt she caught a little purse and threw it fiercely across the floor. With a shudder I thought of the torrent of Italian curses which must follow such an outbreak. Of all the women of the world, the Italian is pre-eminent in the manipulation of fierce invectives, and I knew at that moment that no woman of Italy could approach the beautiful Leonora, when her anger was aroused. Possibly Leonora realized the fact. She may have read my expectation in my eyes; for, suddenly, every expression in her face changed completely. The pale lips parted in a trembling smile, and with a quivering sigh lifted the glossy hair as it nestled upon the breast, while a gentle voice, full of Italian melody replied:

"Signor Anthony, you are wrong. There is all the money that you have ever paid me. I'll none of it. And were all the world to give, Signor, you could not buy me for one more day."

I stood for a moment, not venturing to reply. Then, almost timidly, I said:

"Leonora, I am sorry that I offended you; will you not forgive me?"

Without lifting her eyes from the floor, she replied:

"Except about the money, Signor, you have never been naktind, and you did not mean that. I know that you did not, and I have nothing to forgive."

"Will you come again as usual?" I asked with an eagerness that vexed me.

"I will never come again," she said, almost as gaiely and gently as though she had promised to return, instead.

"Then, Leonora, I have offended you and you will not forgive. You have not told me truly."

"Signor," she replied, "it is not well that I should tell you more; but if I must then it is because I must. The great Signor Carlo does not like me, does not wish me here. That is all and it is enough."

"My father told you that?" I cried. "Has he been rude to you?"

"Signor, Signor Anthony, you know that your father has never spoken to me," she said; "if he had, he is a man who would not know how to be rude, even to a model."

Her courtesy rebuked my disrespect and I answered more moderately:

"You are mistaken, Leonora. You have misjudged him. I will ask him in some way, right here before you, and you shall know that you are mistaken. He shall convince you of it himself."

"I am not mistaken, Signora," she replied. "Your father would not be rude, but he would not deny it."

"You are judging from his face," I insisted. "He very often looks that which he is not. You said that I was cross and frowning this morning and you were quite right about it; but you were not so foolish as to think it was because I did not like you, Leonora." The involuntary accent which I placed upon the last pronoun disturbed me.

"That is sophistry, Signor," she said, smiling through her tears. "I cannot argue with you, but I know what I am saying, for yesterday, as he stood beside the painting, I watched his face. I like it. I always look at his eyes when he comes in and talks with you. They are wonderful eyes. Even when he frowns his face is never unkind. But I never saw him look as he did yesterday. I never saw his face so sad before. He shook his head and said: "Poor boy! He is painting her with his heart. When he discovers it I pity him." Signor, you know that I am here against my will. You know that I have only tried to do my duty, and you know why I am going. Yes, I am going. Signor! It is his sake! For his sake he painting!" she added, hurriedly.

I had never had a thought or sentiment that I could not have unveiled in sincerity to my father, and if he had stood in the static beside me at that moment I am certain that I would have spoken precisely as I did. Yet, when I recognized his step in the outer room and knew that he was coming, I dropped in confusion and convulsion upon my stool and lifted my palette and brush.

(To be Continued).

The Turf

A sensational feature of the Bucklin sale at Lexington, Ky., last week was the purchase of the 5-year-old stallion Baronason, by Baron Wilkes (for $4,000). These horses belong to John E. Madden, this purchase had bothed 40 mares to the horse at $100 each, and thus at once paying for him. Such a thing was never done at a horse sale before.

Baseball.

The following old International League players have been reserved by National League clubs: By Chicago, Fletcher Stein and Catcher Darling; by New York, Pitcher Crane and Fielder Slattery; by Brooklyn, Catcher Kleinow; by Philadelphia, Catcher Heilmann; by Pittsburg, Bierbauer, Burke, Lavegne and Dasher; by Cleveland, Beatin, Virtue, McKean and Alvord. Catcher Wiener and Wattewange Donovan have been given unconditional releases by Brooklyn, and Jay Faatz by Cleveland.

The Louisville Baseball Club will be sold within ten days to satisfy a judgment for $300. At an informal meeting of the stockholders Saturday night it was decided by the man who sees in control last year to buy the team at any cost and to strengthen it. This will prevent the franchise going to Milwaukee.

The New York *World* says that the American Association intends to "jump" the National agreement, relegate President Thurman to the seclusion that Columbus, O., grants, and sign any first-class ball player that it can get. The club owners are incensed beyond measure at what they term the duplicity of President Thurman in voting with the National League's member of the National Board against returning Bierbauer and Stowey to the Athletics, and they are now busily engaged in preparing for aggressive warfare.

The Kenna.

Mr. W. J. Macpherson, of Hamilton, was in town yesterday and spent several hours inspecting the Toronto kennels. He paid particular attention to Mr. James Harris' great collection of bull terriers. It is understood that Mr. Macpherson is one of a syndicate formed in Hamilton to secure the strongest kennel of all kinds of terriers in the Dominion.—*Empire.*

English Billiards.

The great match between John Roberts, jun., the English champion billiardist, and John North began splendidly, as the English newspapers report, on February 7th, at Egyptian Hall, North playing with unexpected brilliancy and steadiness. Roberts conceded North the enormous odds of 12,000 in 24,000 points at the spot-barred game. John North is a Bristol man, and he has proven his prowess as a player by defeating W. J. Ball, one of the best English amateurs, and C. Dawson. On the first day of the match North had scored 930 points to Roberts' 2,000. On the second night he scored 1,070 to the champion's 1,346, playing a superb game. The scores stood at the beginning of the sixth day, with North's allowance: North, 17,000; Roberts, 9,885.

Rugby Football.

The following from the London *Sportsman* will be of interest to football players, as having on a case exactly similar to the first Hamilton-Queen's College match:

The committee of the Rugby Football Union have just made several decisions in connection with the rules governing the game, which will be published officially in the course of a few days. One of these is regarded as the upshot of the recent dispute between Holbeck and the Brighouse Rangers. The match, it will be remembered, was played on Dec. 22 at Holbeck. Brighouse succeeded in putting on a score of two goals (one from a penalty kick), one try, and three minor points to Holbeck's one try and three minor points, and then darkness came on so suddenly that the referee was compelled to blow the whistle, bringing the game to a premature close. A dispute arose as to which side should count as a win for Brighouse, and the Rugby Union having been consulted on the subject have awarded the match to Brighouse. The Union have further decided that in future the referee shall have power to stop the game in the event of darkness or fog setting in, and that the club holding the lead at the time of such stoppage shall be the winners of the game. Another rule that has been added has reference to the time the game shall last in the case of a late start. If the captains of the two contesting teams arrange to play full time of 40 minutes each way, the referee has power to reduce such time should there be no likelihood of the game being concluded in a good light.

The Week's Assignments.

The Bradstreet Mercantile Agency reports the following assignments in Ontario: Belleville, J. & E. Barrett, sewing machines, assigned to Malcolm Wright, Belleville; Blenheim, F. M. Northwood, general store, assigned to Henry Barber & Co., Toronto; Brockville, G. E. Ashley, woollens, etc., assigned to J. W. Baker; J. A. Laurie, confectioner, assigned; Colborne, Henry B. Herrington, saloon, assigned to Frank M. Field, Colborne; Newmarket, D. S. Wright, tinware, etc., assigned to W. F. Widdifield, Newmarket; Ridgetown, Meredith Grass, general store, assigned to B. H. Greene, Hamilton; Shelburne, C. W. Marlatt, baker, assigned to Wm. Telly, Shelburne; Toronto, Boyd Bros. & Co., wholesale dry goods, assigned to John Ferguson, Toronto; Trenton, W. H. Ireland, grocer, assigned to A. Smart, Trenton; Welland, Forsel & Gordon, dry goods, assigned to J. B. Laing, Toronto; Windsor, Wm. Weir, tailor, assigned to J. C. Iler, sheriff, Sandwich; Woodstock and Brantford, Dick Bros., clothing, assigned to John Ferguson, Toronto; Wyebridge, John W. Hollister, harness, assigned to J. H. Blatherwick, Toronto.

Jew or Hebrew?

"We are Jews," said the rabbi, "and it is right to call us Jews, but some of us do not like the word, because it has been used in Europe for ages as a term of contempt or derision. People often seem to be hinting when they say of a man, 'He is a Jew.' In English books, as well as in German books, the word is often used scornfully. In most European cities the Jews were compelled to live by themselves in the meanest quarters, and this also caused them to be spoken of meeringly. We are called Jews because our ancient country was Judea, but so are all the Hebrew race, and some of us would rather be called Hebrews than Jews. But we will yet make the word Jew shine in the United States."—*New York Sun.*

Return of the Scottish Borderers.

In 1875 the 1st Battalion of the Scottish Border: (the old 25th) was sent out to India. It was then composed of 600 men. Since then the battalion has had a rather eventful time, having taken part in the different Afghan campaigns, and in the Ghina-Inshia expedition, besides losing 125 men by cholera. Now the battalion has been ordered home to Britain, but has been so decimated by the causes referred to that of the original 600 who went out in 1875 only six will now return. These are the sergeant-major, a sergeant and four members of the band. The uniformly good conduct of the regiment while in India has called forth at different times eulogiums from the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief in India.

Not Much of Either.

Harper's *Bazar*: George—Chapley is one of those fellows who have more money than brains, isn't he?

Jessie—Yes; and he is not rich, either.

A County Association of Patrons of Industry was formed in Northumberland yesterday. The meeting passed a resolution declaring for free trade.

The London Retail Grocers' Association has elected the following officers: A. McCormick, President; W. H. Ferguson, Vice President; R. W. Sharpe, Treasurer; Messrs. Wilson, W. P. McCutcher and C. J. Wall, Finance Committee; Messrs. F. J. Wells, John Lawson, John Fitzgerald and Charles Elliott, Directors; E. Sutton, Secretary and Collector.

John Berthel Jonghind, the Dutch painter, is dead.

Petroleum has been struck in one of the wells now being bored at Gaspe.

LADY ABERDEEN'S TRIP

"Through Canada With a Kodak" by the Countess.

(From "Queen and Queen.")

A trip to Canada! Yes, we had often talked about it. We had paid a visit to India, Ceylon, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand and we much wished to see something of this other great sister Dominion, which forms part of the British Empire. But in spite of our longings, we have never been friends of the sea, and when we talked of Canada we were always very conscious of the fact that the wild waves of the ocean separated us therefrom by the space of seven days from Britain. However, last year our doctor, coupled with doctor's advice, overcame our fears, and one fine morning in August we found ourselves stepping from the Kenny, on board the steamship "Bothnian" of the Allan Line, one of the largest ships plying between this country and Canadian ports. Have you ever been on board an Atlantic liner when in port? If so, you know how delightful everything looks. Always beautiful deck above, snug little berths below, a splendid saloon, a comfortable smoke room, baths, music, games, and, last but not least, in the pretty little prospectuses handed to you about the interior arrangements of the ship, and you see pictures of a happy company seated at long tables, enjoying the best of fare, ladies and gentlemen singing and playing, reading and playing at games, and altogether having a good time of it. Look at the pictures, given on one outlying page, and say whether life at sea does not seem a very attractive thing, and imagine in one of these brave ships under a good captain, with all the good things of life at hand, and no care, no responsibilities, no work, no telegrams, no letters?

No one thinks, and so one continues to think for an hour or two after starting. But wait a wee, and see if you don't begin to wish that you could give effect to some of those fine, when you find yourself tossing about in the Irish Channel in a gale of few hours later. But the least said about these experiences, and the wishes then readily uttered, the better, and so I will tell you nothing of that August night, nor of the long wait we had next day at Moville, near Londonderry, for the English mails, which had been delayed some hours in crossing from Holyhead to Kingstown, in consequence of the storm. I should like though, to be able to give you a sight of our last glimpse of the shores of "Gold Ireland," as we saw them disappearing next evening. A succession of bold bluffs and headlands jutting out into the sea, one beyond the other, so far as the eye could reach in the gathering darkness, the green slopes bare and there just visible, and also the heavy black clouds which had been overhanging us all day fringed with a glory of red and purple and orange. Lord Aberdeen and I leant over the taff rail and caught some whiffs of a clear familiar peat smoke which sent us happy to our cabins that night.Ray enquire not farther; you shall hear some of our grouse.

Suffice it to say that the 750 passengers on board were in a decidedly subdued frame of mind for a few days, your editor amongst the number. She had not yet even conceived the idea of telling her friends of the H. B. A. something about this expedition, or else she would doubtless have sent her "Kodak" to bring before you various scenes and incidents of different degrees of misery. Our fellow passengers therefore escaped the danger of being interviewed thus to you, and I shall hope to show some of them to you in a happier aspect later on. When we began to be in a state to realize one another, we found that we might almost consider ourselves already in Canada. We were of all degrees—distinguished Canadians, Cabinet Ministers, Governors, Senators, Professors; business men were there, and we were also emigrants of many various classes and from all countries, bound to many various destinations. Some were going for the first time to seek their fortune, they know not where; some were going out to join friends who had already prospered; some were returning to pay long-delayed visits to their friends in "the old country," as we soon became Canadian enough to call it. Amongst such company, who were all also so willing to impart information to strangers and "tenderfeet" (this being the name for newcomers in Canada) we were able to pick up a good deal about the country and the people, amongst whom we were to live for the next few months. I will try to filter down to you a little of what they told us by degrees, but first I want to introduce to you a number of youthful emigrants, in whom I think you will be specially interested. These are a party of fifty young girls of all ages, from three to seventeen, taken from misery and destitution in Miss Boyle's Home, from whence they will be placed either as servants or also adopted into colonists' homes. Much care has to be used in selecting only suitable, healthy children for emigration, but when this care is used, there are endless openings for them in Canada. Miss Macpherson, whose name is well known as having been the leading spirit in inaugurating the emigration of children, told us that this year she had had 800 applicants for children, of which she had only been able to supply 180.

Those little ones whom we saw on board the "Britonia," were all full of eager expectation regarding their new homes, and after the first few days of sea sickness and discomfort consequent on the inoculation, to which every steerage passenger in Canada must submit, they made themselves very happy, with their skipping-ropes and various games. A part of the ship had been partitioned off and fitted up on purpose for them—a little dining place, a row of little berths, where they lay snugly packed away at night, with the matron who had charge of them in some one of the forty times on the business, sleeping in a little cabin opening into this special section. The chaplain accompanying the ship often had special services for the children, and it was very pleasant to hear the bright hymn-singing, which always brought together a number of the other passengers. As we think of these little ones we wonder how they are getting on in their destined homes. We had hoped to see them again in Miss Boyle Home, near Niagara, of which a picture is given, but, to our regret, we never managed the expedition. The matron told us that very probably a few night after we landed the children would all be engaged or adopted in those places where they knew they would be cared for. I think I have behaved very badly in not having photographed either these children or you, nor a typical poor emigrant Norwegian family, who would have made a delightful group if I could have made them understand what I wanted. There they were, father, mother and a whole succession of little flaxen-haired boys and girls, the latter each with a little pillow pig-tail, after the fashion of some of the foreign dolls we buy. There are always a number of Scandinavians in every ship load of emigrants going to Canada, for they are most thrifty, hard-working people, and when they get settled generally soon send money home to bring out their relations. I shall have more to tell you about them by and by. Meantime, I must tell you about what is always the great excitement of a voyage to Canada. We were seven days out from Liverpool, and were preparing in various ways for a concert which was to be given on behalf of the Liverpool Home for the Orphan Children of Saanen who have per chance, when a rumor went round that an iceberg was in sight. An eager crowd was soon scanning the horizon with telescopes and field glasses, and before long a tiny cone-shaped, glistening white hill hove in sight, resplendent with shades of transparent green and blue. We looked at it, and we photographed it, and we sketched it, and we talked about it till another and yet another came in view, and during that evening and next day some 15 were seen in all, the various lights of sunset and sunrise and moonlight. They were very beautiful, and I wish that we had managed to secure extravagant enough to launch into colored pictures, and I could thus give you one or two of my sketches. As it is, you must content yourself with seeing an iceberg much nearer a ship than we had the opportunity of seeing it much nearer, too, than our captain would have cared to have it. These icebergs, which are annually detached from the great glaciers of Greenland by the summer sun, cause great anxiety to the officers commanding ships on the Atlantic. This is more especially the case in the neighborhood of Newfoundland, which is very subject to fogs, or as the saying goes, it is celebrated for "fog, dog and cod." Often and often ships have had to outside the strain of Belle Isle for days, enveloped in dense fog, afraid to venture in, as many of these great ice monsters may be looming near at hand, ready to overwhelm the unwary steamer and her crew. This very ship of ours, the Bavarian, had a narrow escape in May. In the fog she was still against what has called a small iceberg, but which one of the passengers described to me as having a most alarming appearance. In a moment there appeared as a crisis, just in front of the bows, a towering white mass, part of which seemed to overhanger the deck. This passenger said she felt that the feeling of alarm was unalloyed up in an ever-growing sense of wonder and awe at the marvellousness and magnificence of the scene presented, and that it was only later, when the skill of captain and officers had averted a catastrophe, that the gorgeous picture in which the ship had been placed was duly realized.

The bright and clear skies which we enjoyed gave us immensely from all such dangers. We sailed peacefully through the Straits, on either side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the low hills of Labrador and Newfoundland gleaming in the sun, and in the reflected light of long, trailing, flaky, silky white clouds, which we sometimes used to simulate with Canadian skies. Then we finally set out of sight of land again into the great Gulf, St. Lawrence, or into the rivers itself, along the picturesque shores of French Canada, dotted with groups of cosy-looking cottages in which live the French Canadian fishermen and every now and again a picturesque little church and school. It was all very peaceful and great contrast to the beginning of our voyage. But I must not linger longer over our voyage, and will leave you till next month, within sight of the beautiful city of Quebec.

Business Hints.

"Say, you let go of that!" shouted the driver.

"Don't you try to run over me!" retorted the pedestrian.

The conversation took place at a muddy crossing on Western avenue yesterday morning, between the driver of a delivery wagon and a man with a basket on his arm. The latter, as we hold being run over, had seized the horse by the bridle and stopped the animal with a suddenness that nearly threw the driver off his seat.

"Keep out of the way if you don't want to get run over!" yelled the fellow.

"My friend," answered the man on the crossing, still holding the horse by the bridle, "don't you know that this crossing belongs to the people of Chicago?"

"Yes, let go that horse!"

"Now, be reasonable, my dear sir. This crossing is merely a continuation of the sidewalk. It belongs to the pedestrians. I have the right of way, and—"

"Will you let go of that horse?"

"Hold on a moment. Don't get excited, my friend. The law is perfectly clear on this point. The corner have decided that a pedestrian has a person who is on a street crossing."

"Yes, let go of that horse or I'll break your head!"

"Be calm, my friend. Reserve your energy for a better occasion. In the case of Verner vs. Meier, 44th Ill., page—"

"Take that!" roared the infuriated driver, striking him with his whip.

"Once more I ask you not to get excited," answered the man on the crossing, holding the whip. "You will find by referring to the well-known case of Sloan vs. Dashmash, 47th Ill., page 89—"

The driver leaned his whip this time gently on the shoulders of the crossing institutionist.

"Now, will you let go that horse?" he firmly demanded.

"Certainly," was the answer. "If you want to listen to the law I shall have to give another short extract of a decision."

The next instant the driver found himself jerked out of the waggon and rolling over and over in the street. He was dragged through a muddy gutter, half-way across the street, and finally through it again on his face, and when he was permitted to get up his most intimate acquaintance could scarcely know him.

"Now, you climb in and drive on again, my friend," said the citizen picking up the whip. "You don't look quite so jaunty as you did, but you know a good deal more about the law."

Her Love Letters Photographed.

The Chicago *Mail* says: "I had an experience the other day which has interested me more than anything of a similar nature which has happened to me in all my business experience. A young lady who moves in the best society brought me three letters and photographed them for her, and when her request was complied with, the letters were the most tender and ardent love missives imaginable. They were addressed to the young lady herself, and were signed by a name which I am sure you would recognize instantly were I to mention it. I will confess that curiosity got the better of my judgment and I finally said:

"You'll pardon me, but this job is a little unusual, don't it?"

"Yes!" she said smiling.

"It strikes me so, I replied. I start one day you want photographs of these letters, since you have the letters themselves?"

"Don't you? Well, I do. Suppose the letters were to be lost or burned, or destroyed in some other way?"

"Wouldn't the photographs be destroyed just as easily as the letters?"

"Perhaps so, especially if they were not kept in the same place with the letters. But I'm not afraid of losing them by fire or in any such way as that. The fact is the ink is fading out, and in a short time it is likely to be illegible."

"There is a girl for you who doesn't propose to risk any risk in the breath of prosaic business."

Industrial Notes.

Boston harbor must Sunday closing.

Cincinnati painters want their demands.

A Vienna dwelling house has 15,000 rooms.

England eats 300,000 of our cattle annually.

Columbus, Mi