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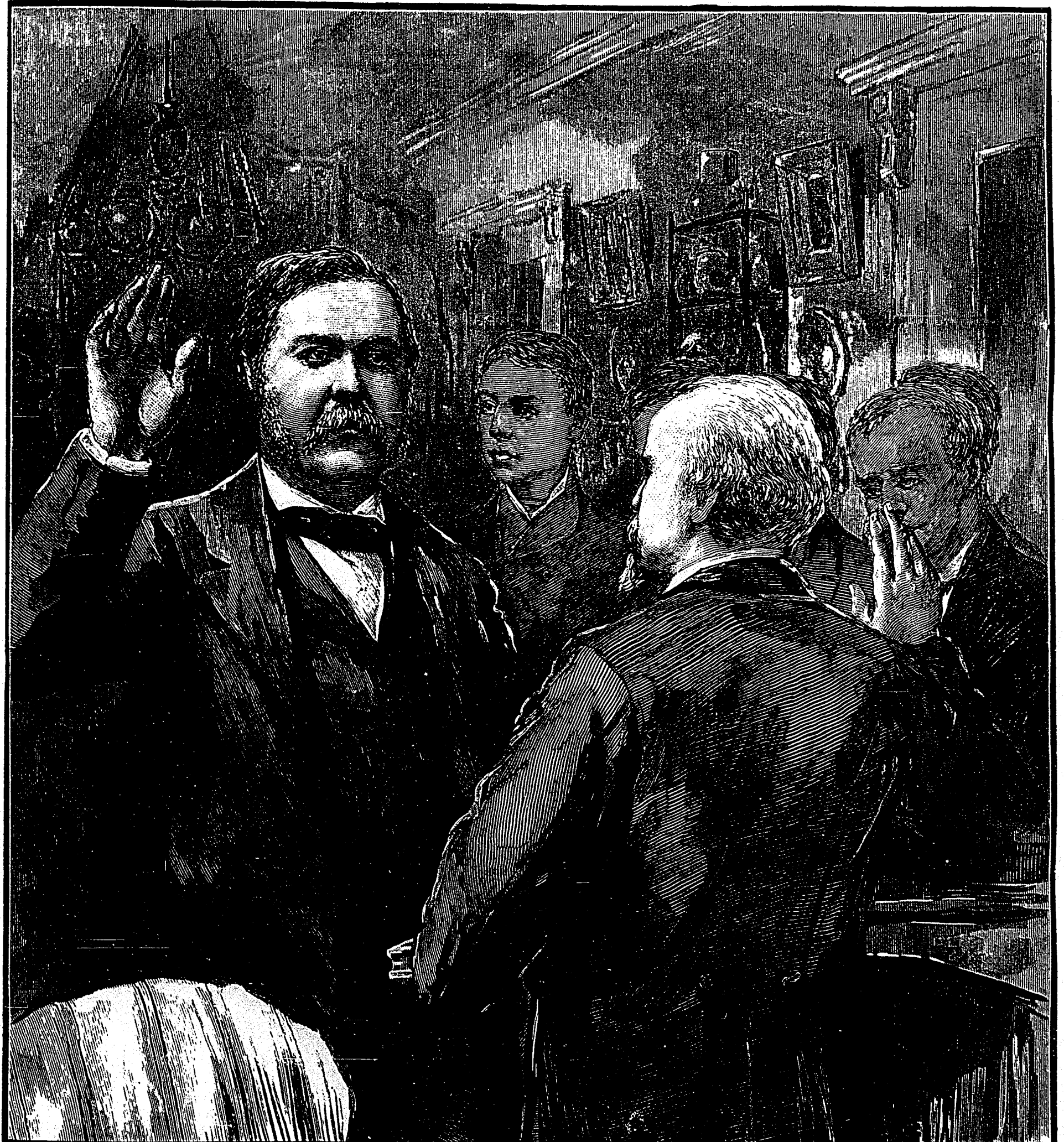
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1881.

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JUDGE BRADY ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO THE NEW PRESIDENT.

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TEMPERATURE

as observed by HARRIS and HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Oct. 2nd, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 78°	60°	69°	Mon.. 70°	50°	60°
Tue.. 74°	57°	65°	Tue.. 72°	54°	63°
Wed.. 76°	68°	72°	Wed.. 55°	46°	50°
Thu.. 69°	47°	58°	Thu.. 60°	47°	53°
Fri.. 78°	60°	69°	Fri.. 59°	45°	52°
Sat.. 66°	64°	65°	Sat.. 60°	41°	50°
Sun.. 68°	52°	60°	Sun.. 62°	44°	53°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 8th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

No king has ever gone to his last resting place with the train which accompanied General GARFIELD thither last week. There have been no doubt grander pageants, finer dresses, more sumptuous trappings, but the late President had more than all these in the honours of the heart paid to his obsequies by the people for whom he died. If we say that the nation followed him to his grave, we use only a metaphor which can give but a poor idea of the way in which all classes throughout the States, not to say throughout the world, vied to send with honour to the grave the remains of him whom many loved, and all respected and honoured. The difficulties attending the arrangement of the procession were enormous. Those having it in charge expected of course that its length would be very great. It was given out a day or two ago that it might be six or seven miles long, and preparations were made accordingly. No one had the remotest idea that military and civic organizations, city governments, trade societies, political organizations, college organizations and all manner of organizations, would find their way there from all parts of America and ask to be assigned places in the procession. But such was the case. There were enough applications of this character received from people who wanted to join the procession in carriages to have strung out the procession for fifty miles. This demand—the pressure of all these bodies kept together in a crowd, and joined by their love for the departed, came upon the managers of the procession with the almost irresistible force of a mighty torrent. It disarranged the plans so carefully prepared, and made it impossible to follow the programme either in order or time. Garfield clubs with banners and badges of mourning came from many Western Reserve towns, labour organizations and trades unions of all kinds, poured in like a flood, but could not be accommodated. Such companies could be seen in all parts of the city, hoping against hope, for the privilege of following the remains. Moreover, the grief is sincere and heart-felt. It is not alone in funeral processions and mourning habiliments that the American people mourn their loss to-day. They have in truth

"That within that passes show These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

THE day of bogus companies is not yet of the past, and credulous investors are still to be found as easy to persuade as ever they were in the days of the South Sea Bubble, or the Railroad mania. Mr. LEDRU ROLLIN REYNOLDS, who has recently figured before an English Court, may bear comparison with the most deliberate of "bubble" projectors, and his dupes with the most open-handed and empty-headed of men of whatever period. Contrary to precedent, it has been found possible, in the case of this gentleman, to bring him under the operation of the law, although the sentence passed upon him by the Recorder by no means erred on the side of severity. Two years' hard labour is no doubt a severe punishment, but the fraud of which REYNOLDS was guilty was as deliberate and as impudent as could well be conceived. The form which the crime took was the fashionable one of floating a company, called in this case the Silver Valley Mining Company. This precious property was represented as worth more than a hundred thousand pounds, the real value being about ten pounds. A fictitious conveyance was drawn up by Mr. REYNOLDS which purported to convey the land from one non-existent person to another. It is scarcely credible that shareholders should have been found to place their money in this man's keeping. So it was, however, and the company came in due course under the notice of the Master of the Rolls, who at once pronounced it to be the merest swindle. Some of the persons defrauded accordingly prosecuted, with the result which we have already indicated. It is satisfactory to find that a rogue has occasionally to pay in person rather than in purse; but schemes of plunder so coolly planned and systematically carried out deserve the severest punishment of which the law authorizes the infliction. REYNOLDS pleaded guilty to some of the minor counts against him, and as he had disgorged some of his gains, the heavier charges were not proceeded with. Counsel for the prosecution denied that there had been any compromise; but in such cases it is dangerous for the Bench to countenance the doctrine that restitution is any mitigation of the original crime. How much would REYNOLDS, who was about to take up his residence in Spain, have restored if he had not been detected?

New "Temperance" drinks, so called, are the growing fashion in England, and, it would appear, differ so little in the methods of their preparation from the fluids which they profess to replace as to cause a suspicion that their manufacture is prompted as much by a desire to elude the duties imposed upon fermented liquors, as by a large-hearted ambition to wean their fellow man from the use of intoxicants. The numerous substitutes for beer which have of late come into fashion under such names as "non"-pale ale, hopetta, non-intoxicating stout, &c., are beginning to be regarded by the Board of Inland Revenue with a jealous and a watchful eye. They disclaim any desire to interfere with ginger beer, treacle beer, and such harmless drinks, although these notoriously contain a small quantity of alcohol, but they have determined that in every case in which liquor flavoured with hops, or containing more than three per cent. of spirit generated by fermentation, is put forward under any of the names usually applied to beer, such liquor is liable to be taxed as beer according to its gravity when brewed. The beer commonly used by reapers in harvest-time is stated to contain no more than three per cent. of spirit, while some of the so-called harmless drinks which escape taxation are said to contain six per cent. We trust, however, that in its laudable efforts to bring such drinks under the operation of the Excise laws, the distinction will be drawn upon some estimate of their intoxicating properties, so far as it may be feasible. Horehound beer and nettle beer, which are specially threatened, because it has become a custom to flavour them with hops and ginger, seem more doubtful cases; and it is to be

hoped that the Board are not about to discourage by taxation any drinks that are really sober drinks, whatever may be the name which the vendors choose to give to them.

THE Stock Exchange in London is becoming intensely aristocratic. The *Court Journal* enumerates no less than eight sons of peers (amongst them Lord Walter Campbell, the brother of the Marquis of Lorne) who are members of that august body. In future, Sir Georgius Midas, whom *Punch* represents as entering his boy's name at both Eton and Harrow in order to send him eventually to the one at which there should be "most dooks," will do well to endeavour to secure for his offspring a seat on "Change, which, if at present it lacks a real live "dook," can, at all events, boast the membership of a "dook's" son.

THE serious ill-feeling which has lately arisen between China and Japan is attributed by our Eastern contemporary, *The Japan Weekly Mail* to jealousy of the rapid progress of the latter country in the arts and appliances of modern civilization. China, according to this generally well informed authority, is angry "because the versatile little islands have provided themselves with railways and telegraphs, have adopted Western customs and Western costumes, have exchanged the philosophy of the divine sages for the commercial calculus of the barbarian; angry because the faithful imperturbability of the Celestial country has become a by-word and a reproach by contrast with her neighbour's flippant inconstancy; and above all angry because she feels that she has given Japan cause to despise her, and because she sees that Japan is at little pains to conceal her contempt. Such feelings (continues our contemporary) as these are not sufficiently superficial to be easily effaced."

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN ROYALTIES.

Last month was full of the doings of European Royalties. The Kaiser and the Czar met to discuss a variety of questions, social and political, public and private, domestic and foreign. The Prince and Princess of Wales were fêted at Liverpool. The Duke of Edinburgh was busy with the performance of a series of official duties that brought him in a marked degree before the public. Liverpool is not the only place which was enlivened by the appearance of the Heir Apparent and his consort. On their journey to and on their return from the north they sent a transient thrill of gladness and brightness through the gloom and desolation of London, by showing themselves in the streets and by visiting the theatre. The progress of the two great Emperors was attended by no such cheering signs. The movements of the Czar were carefully wrapped in a veil of mysterious and melancholy secrecy, and at the different stages of his journey he was welcomed by no popular acclamations. When it was completed, and he found that he was still in the land of the living without having forfeited a limb or received any physical injury, he can scarcely fail to have felt a grateful surprise. Could there be any more striking commentary on the insecurity amid which both the Czar and the Kaiser live from day to day than the circumstance that the place selected for their rendez-vous should have been a yacht? Here are two monarchs, ruling between them over more than nine millions of square miles, numbering something like one hundred and fifty million human souls as their subjects, and yet unable to find in all the vast expanse of territory, amid these teeming multitudes of men and women subject to their sway, any piece of ground on which they could boast that their Royal persons were safe. The states and dominions whose sovereignties have become merged by force of conquest into the German Empire amount in area to 210,493 English square miles. The superficial expanse of the Russian Empire is 8,362,970 square miles. The palaces and strongholds possessed by the respective sovereigns of these immense kingdoms are built upon a colossal scale, and are protected in every manner which human skill can devise against attacks of every sort. But it is as impossible to exclude the risk of assassination from Royal chambers and strong places as it is the air of heaven itself. Deadly danger surrounds the monarch on every side. The floor on which he treads may be undermined by dynamite, and in a moment he may perish by a death more painful and miserable than even Damocles ever conjured up before his terrified imagination. Nor can it be said that even at sea the Imperial person is guaranteed immunity from lethal peril. The yacht may be blown into atoms by torpedoes; and it is significant that, before the

Hohenzollern was anchored, the most diligent precautions were taken to see that no snares had been laid for the ship which, during the space of an hour and a half, on Saturday, September 10, held the two most puissant monarchs of the world.

It is only by realizing the conditions under which the daily lives of Kaiser and Czar are passed, and by contrasting with them the existence of the Queen and the Princes of England, that an adequate idea can be formed of the gulf which separates the position of Royalty in England from that of Royalty in Germany or Russia, or, for that matter, in any other country of the world. Her Majesty, not merely when she is in the Isle of Wight or at Balmoral, but both at Windsor and in London, appears in public with as little of the pomp and circumstance of Royalty as many nobles of the German, Russian and Austrian Empire habitually display, and far fewer safeguards against outrage and assault. The Prince and Princess of Wales, whether it be London or Liverpool, in any other great city of the kingdom or in country village, in the crowded thoroughfare or in the open park, move amongst those who will some day hail them as King and Queen without precaution and without fear. The only occasion on which any Englishman can have felt the slightest apprehension for the safety of the Heir Apparent was when he went to Russia, in the Spring of this year, to be present at the obsequies of the late Czar. Had any mischance befallen his Royal Highness then, its cause and motive would have been, not any animosity against himself, but a detestation of the principle of Royalty, and an insane wish to strike terror into the wearers of crowns. Throughout the whole of Ireland, the Queen and her children would have much less to dread, in the way of possible violence, than the two Emperors on Saturday last on board the Hohenzollern. That which really makes the persons of Queen and Prince and Princess inviolable and sacrosanct is not the military guard which on special occasions accompanies them, but the loyalty of a devoted people, and the impregnable strength of public opinion. This is the more remarkable because no one who is acquainted with the currents of thought which exist in this country can deny the existence of such a thing as a Republican movement. The possibility of substituting a President for the occupant of the throne of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, and the Stuarts is seriously discussed both on public platforms and in popular newspapers. There are many persons who honestly believe that such a change would be to the advantage of the English people, and yet who have not the remotest idea of attempting to give effect to it, and who, if they ever contemplate it as an accomplished reality, fix for it a period so remote that it can only have a speculatively historical interest. How is this to be explained? The first consideration to be taken into account is, that Englishmen distinguish, in a manner in which foreigners do not, between the theory and practice of government, between what is possible and expedient as an idea and what works well and evenly in experience. Thus a number of politicians in England are in favour of the abolition of a second chamber. Does it, therefore, follow that they are the enemies of the House of Lords? By no means. It is one thing to believe that it would be as well if a certain institution did not exist, and another thing to agitate for its overthrow. Mr. Matthew Arnold has denounced British Philistinism for its imperviousness to ideas; but that very intellectual effect is one of the pledges of our social and political stability. It is precisely because ideas do not acquire a tangible hold over the minds of the English masses that the wish to translate them into action does not exist, and that the continuance of the present order of things is assured.

A second reason for the satisfaction felt in the present régime by the English masses is the homogeneity which pervades the entire people, and the absence of those class antagonisms which split up the nations of the Continent into mutually hostile camps. In England the entire proletariat recognises in the State a beneficent and not a despotic power, the author of legislation, like the factory laws, which is distinctly conducive to the true interests of the working classes. The head of the State is the monarch, and because the machinery of the State works well and after a thoroughly popular method, the safety of the monarch is assured. There is something else to be said in explanation of the significant difference between the status of English and Continental Royalty as illustrated by the events of last week. Independently of the graver political circumstances that have already been glanced at, the English monarchy is powerful because it is not only a constitutional one, but because it is, in every sense of the word, a popular one. Between sovereign or prince or the will of the people, and the policy of the individual statesman in whom, for the time being, the English multitude may trust, there is never the semblance, as there is never the reality, of collision. The House of Lords may present itself to the mind of the masses in an attitude of opposition to the declared determination of the constituencies, but the Sovereign does not. Nor is what we have spoken of as the thoroughly popular character of the English monarchy less useful. Mr. Bagehot has shown how effectual are the announcements of the Court Newsman in preserving the link of union between the interest of the English people and the doings of the Sovereign. The Prince and Princess of Wales are to the great mass of Eng-

lishmen and Englishwomen, the best and, indeed, the only known representatives of Royalty. It is precisely because his Royal Highness mixes freely in the pleasures of the people, because he lives the life, not of a future monarch, but of an English noble with thoroughly popular tastes, that the idea of the monarchy is so extremely acceptable; and that wherever he may appear, or whatever function he may assist at, his person is safer than if it were encased in armour of triple brass and adamant.—*London World.*

FOOT NOTES.

Truth, as represented by the paper of that ilk, occasionally belies its name. Certainly there is little of either truth or common sense in what Mr. Labouchere says of the Manitoba colonization scheme: "The Canadians spend money and we provide it. That has been the arrangement hitherto, and it has worked splendidly—for the Canadians—too well for them to try any other plan with a scheme like the Pacific Railway, which they must know is never likely to yield a single red cent of interest on the money that may be sunk in it. A friend of mine told me—and he knew what he was talking about,—that he did not believe the much-touted Manitoba settlement would hold out many years. The people who have gone there cannot stand the coldness of the winters. Men and cattle are frozen to death in numbers that would rather astonish the intending settler if he knew; and those that are not killed outright are often maimed for life by frost-bites. Its street nuisances kill the people with malaria, or drive them mad with plagues of insects; and to keep themselves alive during the long winter they have to imitate the habits of the Esquimaux. Those who want to know what it is like should read the not-yet-forgotten book of Colonel Butler. His 'Great Lone Land' is the land of which the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has yet five-and-twenty million acres to sell, and it is through a death-dealing region of this kind that 'the new railway is to run.' Not content with this, the same authority—and Labouchere passes for an excellent authority among an influential class of Londoners,—continues: "One of these days, when the load gets too heavy, Ontario is pretty certain to go over to the States into which it dovetails, and where its best trade outlet is. When that day comes, the 'Dominion' will disappear. With that contingency ahead, and with the prospect of another £50,000,000 or so to be added to the debt, can it be said that Canada unguaranteed four per cent. are worth their present price? This 'Dominion' is, in short, a 'fraud' all through, and is destined to burst up like any other 'fraud.' Then, and not, I suppose, till then, the British taxpayer will ask why we 'guarantee' so much of this sham Government's debt."

The report of the New York Board of Fire Commissioners just issued gives a very interesting table, showing the number of fires in the city between June 1, 1865, and January 1, 1881, which were distinctly traced to carelessness, and the loss that has been sustained thereby. The principal items included carelessness of occupants with matches, light-cigars, hot ashes, 4,689; children playing with matches, 887; defective flues and furnaces, 687; bad arrangement of stoves, 275; escaped gas, 345; fat, varnish, etc., boiling over, 323; foul chimneys, 1,720; fireworks, 482; heat from grates or flues, 340; hot coals from grates, 133; incendiary, 317; kerosene lamps falling, 1,287; overheated stoves and pipes, 858; sparks from chimneys and engines, 900; spontaneous combustion, 457; vapour of naphtha, gasoline, etc., 88; window curtains catching fire, 907; malicious mischief, 236. Of the 17,500 fires that occurred in the city during the period named, about 15,000 are accounted for under some of the above heads. With the exception of incendiary or malicious mischief, there is not one of them that might not have been prevented by ordinary care and forethought. It is estimated that at least a hundred million dollars is the money value of the loss sustained.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL GARFIELD.

We had hoped to have been enabled to present to our readers a full illustrated description of the proceedings at Cleveland, where a special artist was engaged in making sketches for us, but owing to the difficulty of communication and the time wasted in transmitting sketches we have been compelled to reserve much of the matter until next week. In this number we give our artist's sketches in the cemetery in which the late President was laid to rest, with a drawing also of the plain frame house in which James Garfield passed so many years of his life. Also on another page will be found an illustration of the procession itself as it marched through the streets, the body going in state upon a magnificent funeral car, a model of artistic beauty in design. The platform was 8x16 feet long and twenty feet high. The canopy or top was supported by six columns, three on each side, draped in black broadcloth and scarlet garlands of immortelles. Suspended from the cornice were festoons of black broadcloth with wreaths of white immortelles. At the four corners of the car were standards supporting flags, and at the four corners of the cornice of the canopy, black and white branch plumes. At each corner of the lantern of the canopy were smaller branch plumes. The lantern of the

canopy was surmounted by wreaths of white immortelles, the whole crowned with an urn. The car was drawn by twelve black horses, four going abreast, and the six identical grooms who officiated on the occasion of Lincoln's funeral was in attendance there. The horses were arrayed in covers of black broadcloth with silver trimmings.

THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER.

A mother's love is one of those priceless possessions for which the earth has in exchange. We use it while we have it as a boundless treasury from which we can draw without fear of its exhaustion, and we lose it at last with a pang of ceaseless sorrow. It has been the good fortune of the suffering President that he has had the support in his sorrow of a mother's love and a wife's tender care. He has been surrounded by the fondest associations of home, family and friends, and has not been left alone to meet the pains of sickness and of death. To his mother he had always been a kind and faithful son, and to her at the first apparent symptom of recovery he wrote a few lines of consolation. Venerable above all is the aged and tender mother, respected for her virtues and her mental strength, her simplicity and truth. Her example, crowned by sorrow, teaches what woman should be, and she has watched from afar off the sick-bed of her suffering son, attended by a nation's sympathy and love.

Mrs. Eliza Ballou Garfield is now eighty years of age. She is small, delicate in figure, yet still acute, intelligent, and mentally vigorous. She knew in her earlier years difficulties and privations, but she has passed through them all successfully, saw her son rise to honourable positions in the service of his country, and at last become its President. Few mothers have been so fortunate as to have such a son; few sons to have kept so long so fond a mother. Yet how many of these venerable and aged women do we meet as years pass on, delicate, worn with time, but still sagacious, wise, benevolent! Their dress is always arranged with a precision and neatness that show unusual care. Their language is always well chosen, they say nothing heedlessly. They are cheerful, with an animation that is never forced, and a wisdom that seems never to despond. If poor, they are charitable with hopeful words and wise counsels; they give what they possess. If wealthy, they add material benefactions. All of us have known these amiable, sagacious American mothers, to whom age brought only new charms, and the close of life a peaceful joy. Such a woman is Mrs. Eliza Garfield; such, perhaps, were the women of history, a Cornelia rejoicing over her lost sons, and happy in their memories, an Octavia, and the mothers of many useful men; such were the mothers of Washington, Franklin and Adams, and such is many another around us whose useful virtues are lost in the obscurity of private life. The mothers of America have given their children to their country, and made it what it is.

THE LAST RESTING-PLACE.

In accordance with a wish often expressed of late years, President Garfield will be buried in Lake View Cemetery, at Cleveland, Ohio. This cemetery lies upon a high wooded ridge in the outskirts of that city, overlooking the waters of Lake Erie. It possessed peculiar attractions for President Garfield. Says a writer in the *New York Tribune*: "Within sight of the highest ground in the cemetery is the place where the farmer boy whom destiny had marked for great achievements and great suffering first saw the lake while chopping wood to earn money to educate himself, and was fitted by the sight of its restless shining waves to know the great world and mingle in its large affairs. About ten miles to the south is the site of the log-cabin where he was born, and there is still standing the plain little frame house which he and his brother built with their own hands for their widowed mother when their sturdy toil had lifted the family out of the pinching straits in which it was left by the death of their father. Twenty miles to the east, on the same ridge upon which the cemetery lies (an old shore of the lake in pre-historic times), is the Mentor farm he loved so well, and longed to see once more before death closed his eyes forever."

The catafalque erected in Monument Square, in Cleveland, where the remains of the President lay in state until their removal to the cemetery, was a beautiful structure. It consisted of a platform five feet six inches high, a square pavilion, covered by a canopy, on the apex of which rested a large globe, upon which stood the figure of an angel represented in the attitude of blessing, the hands outspread. The wings were extended, the tips approaching above the head.

The dimensions of the pavilion were as follows: The main parts were forty-five feet square; on each of the four sides was an open arch twenty feet wide and thirty feet high; the canopy tapered to an apex seventy-two feet above the ground, and the globe was nearly five feet in diameter. The statue above was twenty-four feet in height, its wing-tips thus being at an altitude of about one hundred feet above the ground.

The Jesuits have purchased the Hales Place property, near Canterbury, England, and will convert the old manor house into an enormous college at an estimated cost of 60,000.

TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE.

As the result of communications with members of the Cabinet, it had been understood that in the event of President Garfield's death his successor should take the oath of office without delay. As soon, therefore, as Gen. Arthur received the telegram from Attorney-General MacVeagh announcing the President's decease, several of the Vice-President's friends, who were with him at the time, went out in search of a judge. Shortly after one o'clock in the morning Mr. Elihu Root and Dr. P. C. Van Wyck returned with Judge Brady, and soon afterward Judge Donohue came in with District Attorney Rollins and Police Commissioner French. As Justice Brady came first, he was asked to administer the oath. There were then present in General Arthur's parlours, besides himself and his son and those named above, only Gen. Arthur's private secretary, J. C. Reed, making nine in all. General Arthur and Justice Brady stood in the centre of the front parlour, and the others were standing closely around. It was a very striking scene, the time of the night intensifying the impressiveness that all the other circumstances gave to it. At its conclusion there was some quiet conversation before the visitors started for home.

This scene took place on Tuesday morning about half-past one o'clock. On his arrival at Washington on Thursday it was decided, on consultation with members of the Cabinet, that as he had taken the oath in New York before a State magistrate, and as no national record of the fact existed, it would be better to have the oath administered again by the Chief-Justice of the United States, so that the official evidence that the Vice-President had taken the oath of office as President would appear in the records of the Supreme Court of the United States at the national Capitol.

The ceremony was brief and impressive. There were present Chief-Justice Waite, ex-Presidents Grant and Hayes, General Sherman, the Cabinet, ex-Justice Strong, and a few Senators and Representatives. The Chief-Justice read the oath to President Arthur, and the latter, after having assented to it, read a brief address, assuming the office. During the reading he was deeply affected, and his voice trembled perceptibly. Those present then paid their respects to him as President, and after some informal conversation the assembly dispersed.

THE MICHIGAN FOREST FIRES.

Later and more circumstantial accounts of the recent forest fires in Michigan show that the entire reports were not in the least exaggerated. Three counties were swept by the devastating fires, and towns, villages, farm-houses, barns, orchards and meadows became in a few hours a blackened smouldering mass. The bodies of men, women and children, who were overtaken in their flight, have been gathered and reverently buried, often only by strangers, as entire families were destroyed together. Animals, wild and tame, perished by the hundreds. The three counties contained a population of 72,000. Most of the burned district was highly cultivated, beautiful farming land. In Senilac County the fire burned a clean swath sixty miles in length and from ten to thirty miles wide. In some places, the survivors have been compelled to eat corn and potatoes left half-blackened by the flames, and in others even this poor fare was scarcely obtainable. The homeless and famished unfortunates huddle in barns, in schoolhouses and in their neighbors' houses, scorched, blinded and hopeless. Some still wander half-crazed around the ruins of their habitations, vainly seeking their dead. More than ten thousand people, who only a fortnight ago occupied happy, comfortable homes, are to-day homeless and homeless sufferers. They are hungry and almost naked when found, and in such numbers and so widely scattered that the best efforts and greatest resources fail to supply their immediate wants.

Stories of many wonderful escapes are told. Our illustration pictures one typical scene—the moment when the wagon broken down, the horse dead, all means of escape apparently gone, and the sea of flame rolling towards them in lurid flames, the little family gave way to despair. Another more fortunate experience is thus depicted by a correspondent of the *Newport Herald*: "The wife was confined to her bed, sick; the husband was tired with fighting fire. There were several children. At noon on Monday it was evident that they must fly for their lives. It suddenly grew dark—so dark that the man had difficulty in getting the horses. By the time he got them it was so dark from the smoke that he could not see to harness them; besides, the smoke blinded the eyes and oppressed the lungs. He got the horses harnessed to the wagon; then he went into the barn for a neck-yoke, and when he came out he could not find the wagon and team. For a minute or two he had to feel about for them like a blind man. Then he went into the house and carried his wife out on her bed, bed and all, and put her in the wagon. The children got in and a girl of fifteen drove the team off, three miles, in the darkness and blinding smoke, over a bad road, with trees falling and horses perfectly frantic with terror. How she did it she scarcely knows. The man being left behind, to make a last effort to start his cattle, escaped on foot. Before he left, the barn and farm were literally covered with flying cinders, the glass of the windows broke with the heat, the bellowing, moan-

ing cattle gathered together and staggered aimlessly about, and as he got into the road the buildings, fences, stacks—the whole place—burst into flames, which made an awful yellow glare in the smoke. With all this the wind blew with frightful violence and varying gusts; sometimes the smoke settled down about him in dense darkness, so that he staggered from suffocation. Then the smoke would rise before a gust of air, and an awful blistering heat took the place of the smoke. The woods along the road took fire behind on each side and in front of him, but he got through safely, happy to find that the wagon, with his family, had successfully preceded him.

The work of furnishing relief for the sufferers is going vigorously forward in all parts of the country. In this city the contributions amount so far to over \$50,000.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire has taken place in Moscow.

HANLAN rows Ross for \$1,000 on the 15th of November.

THE Anti-Nihilist League in Russia has proved a failure.

CHOLERA has broken out amongst the pilgrims at Mecca.

A SAN DOMINGO cable says Guiberno has been defeated.

HOMER, Stewart & Burnside, a large St. Louis stock firm, have failed for \$200,000.

THE Nihilist trials, fixed for to-day, have been postponed till the 11th proximo.

THE headings of the railway tunnel under the River Severn, were connected on Tuesday.

HEER Most is to be brought out in the Socialist interest for a Berlin constituency at the next elections.

THE London *Truth* says the Marquis of Lorne is to be called to the House of Lords on his return to England.

At the Geographical Congress which met in Bologna recently, Dr. T. Sterry Hunt was present representing Canada.

THE *Lancet* condemns the attendant physicians in the late President Garfield's case, for issuing untruthful bulletins.

GREAT excitement has been caused in the Transvaal by the Volkraad's rejection of the convention with England.

It is said that the Queen desires to institute a subscription to place a statue of Garfield in the Washington Capitol.

THE indictments against the four Nihilists have been completed, and the trials will commence in a few days.

A SENSATIONAL rumour is telegraphed from Washington to the effect that a plot had been discovered to murder President Arthur.

THE Italian transport *Europa*, on the voyage home with goods from the Australian Exhibition, was totally wrecked.

A LETTER from Henry M. Stanley, from Congo river, dated July 15th, states that he has been seriously ill, but was much better.

THE United States revenue for the quarter ending yesterday, amounted to \$107,000,000, against \$98,000,000 for the corresponding quarter of last year.

THE special congregation appointed to see what steps the Vatican should take respecting the disturbed condition of Ireland has decided that no interference is possible in strictly political matters.

THE marriage of the Crown Prince Gustavus of Sweden to Princess Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden, took place on Tuesday.

NIBILISTS and Fenians in America have arranged for the shipment of infernal machines to Copenhagen for re-shipment to Russia and England.

THE Czar has requested the Emperor of Austria to visit him at Warsaw during the present month, and is having the Imperial palace there prepared for his guest's reception.

A PHYSICAL WRECK.—A hacking cough saps the physical constitution, not alone because it destroys the tissue of the lungs and develops tubercles which corrode and destroy them, but also because it ruins rest and impairs digestion. How important, therefore, is a resort to judicious medication to stay its ravages. A total physical wreck must inevitably ensue without this. In the choice of a remedy the pulmonary invalid is sometimes misled by specious representations, to the serious prejudice of his bodily well-being. The only safe resort is a tried and highly sanctioned remedy. The credentials of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda entitle it to the place it occupies, viz., that of the foremost cough medicine and lung invigorant sold on this continent. The testimony of veteran physicians, and a popularity based on merit, combine to give it the prestige of a standard medicine. In cases of asthma, weak chest and lungs, bronchitis, laryngitis and other throat and lung complaints, it may be implicitly relied upon.

MEN OF THE HOUR.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

Chester Allan Arthur, the new President of the United States, is a native of Vermont. He was born in Franklin County, in that State, in 1830, and graduated with high honors at Union College in 1848. His father was a Baptist clergyman, and came to the United States from the County of Antrim, Ireland, when only eighteen years of age. After General Arthur's election to the Vice-Presidency an attempt was made to show that he had been born in Canada and was consequently, ineligible to his high office. A large mass of evidence was produced upon either side, but it was conclusively proved that Mr. Arthur was born in Vermont. It appears that in the old family bible the record of the President's birth reads: "Chester Allan Arthur, born in Fairfield, Franklin County, Vt., Oct. 5, 1830." It has also been shown that General Arthur was named after Dr. Chester Abell, who was at the time of the President's birth the Arthur family doctor at Fairfield. Many of the old inhabitants of that out-of-the-way place were under the impression that the President's second name is Abell, not Allan, but it appeared upon further investigation that Allan was one of the names of his paternal grandfather.

After leaving Union College young Arthur determined to adopt the legal profession. He immediately began to study law; but his necessities compelled him to earn money, and he accepted the position of principal of an academy in his native State. In 1853 he came to New York and entered the law office of E. D. Culver as a student. He was admitted to the bar in the same year and thenceforward followed the profession with marked success. In the early part of his business career he became attorney for the State of New York in a suit involving the right of a Virginian slave-owner to bring eight of his slaves to New York for reshipment to Texas. On the petition of a free colored man, Judge Elijah Paine, of the Superior Court of this city, gave the slaves their freedom. The case was taken to the higher Courts, and the Legislature of Virginia assigned eminent counsel to conduct the appeal. Chester A. Arthur was thereupon authorized to appear in the matter as attorney for the State of New York, and the decision of Judge Paine was sustained by the Supreme Court and finally affirmed by the Court of Appeals. This historical case prevented slaveholders from attempting thereafter to use New York as a mart for the transfer of their "chattels." Soon after this decision had been reached a respectable colored woman, who superintended a Sunday school, while on her way home from her duties, was forcibly ejected from a Fourth Avenue car after having paid her



CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

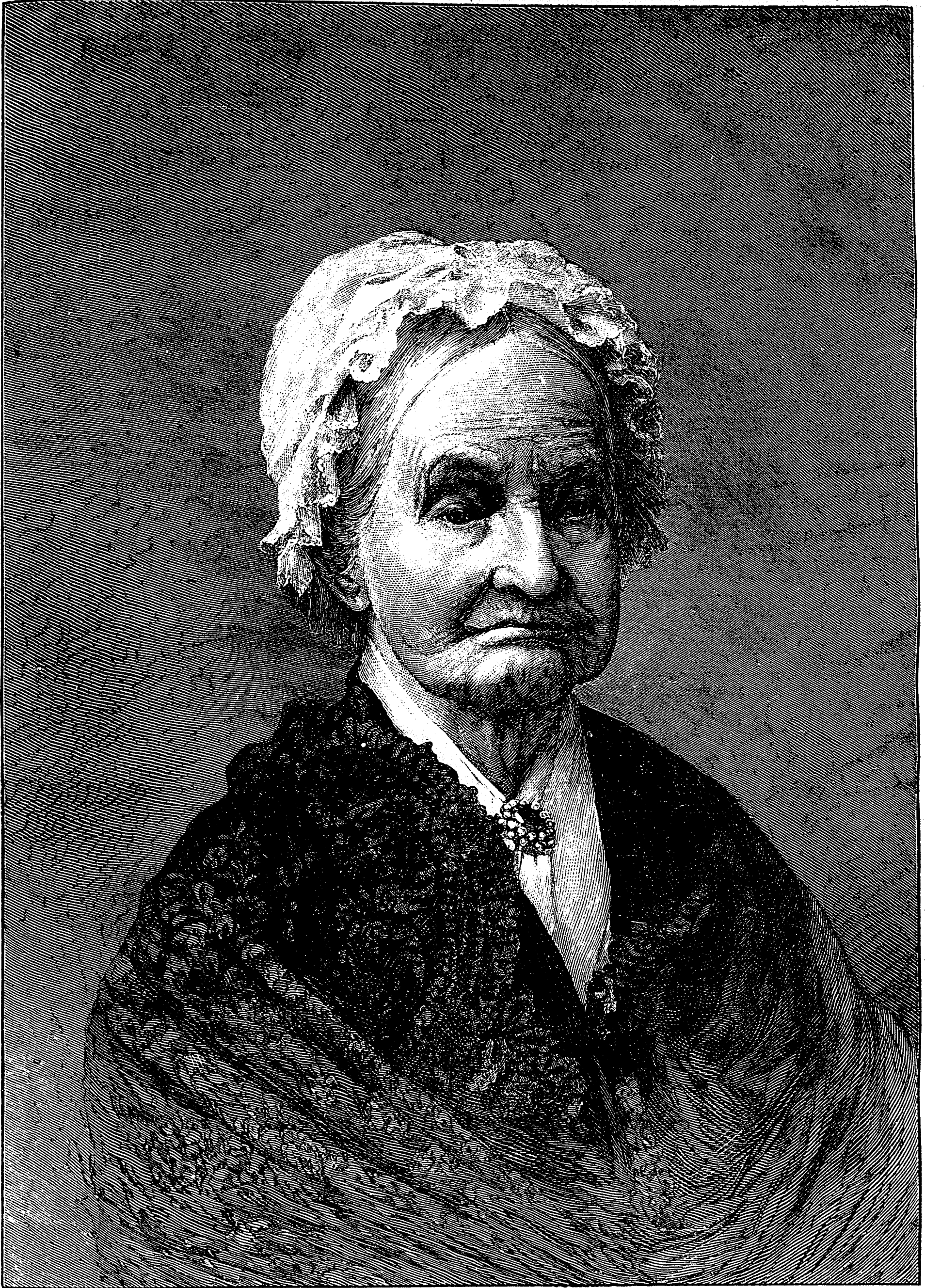
fare. Mr. Arthur, then in partnership with Culver & Parker, took up her case and recovered five hundred dollars damages from the railroad company. This decision put a stop to the exclusion of colored people from the street cars and was the occasion of much rejoicing among the colored population of the city.

Mr. Arthur took an active part in politics in 1856. He was a Henry Clay Whig and was prominent for so young a man in the formation of the Republican party. He was elected a delegate to the Saratoga Convention in 1856 and there came in contact with ex-Governor Edwin D. Morgan, who was impressed with his efficiency as a politician. A warm friendship sprang up between the two men and has continued undisturbed to the present moment. Morgan being elected Governor for the second term in 1860, he tendered Arthur the position of Engineer in Chief on his staff, and the offer was accepted. When the war of the Rebellion broke out, General Arthur was still filling that office, and he was at once detailed to perform the duties of Quartermaster-General. His vigor, industry and executive ability were valuable in the difficult work of quartering, sustaining equipping and transporting the New York quota of the Union army. The magnitude of the task cannot at this time be easily conceived. War was a novelty then; the details of preparation were mysteries to every civilian, and there was but scant time for thought, hesitation or experiment. A stern reality stared the nation in the face, and it required extraordinary nerve, steadiness and energy to meet the emergency. It is now well known that, in the Herculean labor of suddenly sending forward our own troops, and, at the same time, quartering and sustaining the troops of other States passing through New York, not a dollar was misappropriated or wasted, and to the honor of General Arthur it may be stated that his accounts were audited and allowed by the United States Government without the alteration of a single figure. In all his transactions during a season of lax morality, extravagance and temptation, when contractors were doing their best to corrupt all public officials, General Arthur's sterling integrity carried him through without the slightest shadow of suspicion resting upon his honor. He performed at once the duties of Adjutant-General, Engineer-in-Chief, Quartermaster-General and Inspector-General of the State, and his personal courage was instrumental in putting a speedy stop to the insubordination manifested by Billy Wilson's regiment, Ellsworth's Zouaves and other bodies while in the city. His efforts were not relaxed until the close of the war and the suppression of the rebellion.

After the reestablishment of peace, General Arthur again associated himself actively with



THE EXHIBITION AT MONTREAL.—SKETCHES IN THE HORSE RING.



THE MOTHER OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

politics, and in 1871, he was made Collector of the Port of New York by General Grant. At the close of his first term, at the desire of the whole commercial community of the city, he was renominated and unanimously confirmed. From the commencement to the close of his official career, he steadily adhered to the principles of reform laid down in his letter to Secretary Sherman in 1877, and repeated in his letter accepting the nomination for Vice-President—namely, stability in office, promotion from the lower grades for efficiency and merit, the prompt investigation of alleged abuses and the prompt punishment of official misconduct. By a table compiled in the Custom House, and containing the names of all persons removed or appointed during General Arthur's two terms, it is conclusively shown that fewer men were removed and a greater number of lower grade officers were promoted than under any former Collector. Indeed, out of one hundred appointments to positions of over two thousand dollars salary, ninety-eight were actual promotions and the two exceptions were special officers selected for peculiar fitness from other Federal offices.

Despite this excellent civil service reform record, General Arthur was removed from office in 1878 by President Hayes. At first it was stated that there were no charges against the Collector, but that his removal was desired because he was not in harmony with the Administration policy. Subsequently charges were trumped up by worthless secret service and special agents of the Government, and President Hayes was induced to send a message to the Senate which insinuated, while it did not dare to charge, dishonesty in the administration of the Custom House affairs. General Arthur was then superseded by General Merritt, the late Collector. The business community was indignant at General Arthur's removal and protested against it, and the Republican party evinced its condemnation of the Administration's act by first placing the ex-Collector at the head of the organization in the State and next nominating him for the second office in the nation.

Gen. Arthur took a very active part in Mr. Conkling's recent canvass for reelection to the United States Senate. It was in his house in this city that the conference of influential Republicans was held at which it was determined that Messrs. Conkling and Platt should be candidates for reelection. He accompanied Mr. Conkling to Albany on the day after that conference and remained there, working hard for the ex-Senator's return to the Senate until the evening preceding the day on which President Garfield was shot. On that night, accompanied by Mr. Conkling, he took the steamboat to New York. He received the news of the attempt upon the President's life just after the boat had reached her dock in this city. He was greatly shocked by the intelligence, and driving to his house in Lexington Avenue, remained there until night. At midnight he started for Washington, in response to the request of the President's Cabinet. He remained in the Capital until the President was pronounced by his physicians to be in a fair way to recover, and then returned to New York. Since that time he has been in that city, with the exception of a brief sojourn in Newport.

President Arthur has had greatness thrust upon him. His nomination was a surprise and his elevation to the Presidency astonishes no one so much as himself. He is no common man. True, he is a politician; but that should not discredit him. Were it not for the politicians our Government would not exist for a day. Mr. Arthur, when Collector of the Port, proved himself to be a conscientious official. As a manipulator of men he has had few equals in the politics of New York State. The only charge against him is that, when he was elected Vice-President, he went out of his way to help the distinguished Senator who had always been his friend. It is to his credit that the gratitude he showed was not of the kind which consists in a lively sense of favors to come.

It is the bounden duty of all who think well of the country and who wish to perpetuate its institutions to stand by the new President. His political training will fit him to deal with public men and public measures. He is well acquainted with the commercial wants of the country, because of his former occupancy of the post of Collector of the Port of New York. There is no danger of a foreign war or domestic violence and no reason why his administration should not be a creditable one to himself and to the country.

HOME TALK.

With respect to the conversat on which befits the family circle, strictly understood, no small obstacles are presented by the ordinary sameness of every-day life and the well understood habits and opinions of the members. The charm of novelty is frequently absent, and the ability of those who wish to carry on conversation worthy of the name is taxed to the utmost. The same round of subjects and of circumstances is repeated in many homes with unvarying monotony from day to day, and often causes the family gathering to be either what is called a "Quakers' meeting," or anything but a circle so far as conversation is concerned. The head of the house may be a professional or a business man, and at the breakfast table he is prone to refer to his engagements and other practical matters before he goes out for the day. The other members of the family may have little to do but listen and make an occasional comment or suggestion. But they may have something to say

arising out of letters received by the first post, letters to be written, calls to be made or calls expected, and very likely they or some of them may wish to allude to household arrangements. A few other themes may present themselves from time to time; but as a rule the matters upon which the conversation turns will be the same one day as another and fail to excite anything like special interest. Thus the day begins, and paterfamilias departs, perhaps for six or eight hours. On his return the converse of the morning picture is exhibited. He rehearses the doings and experiences of the hours of his absence, and he makes general or particular inquiries concerning the occupations or experience of his family. His story is heard perhaps with a tiresome feeling by some; but in any case it must be heard, and, unless special incidents have befallen him, he is disconcerted at the lack of interest he has excited. In his turn, he listens with more or less feeling to the report of what had come to pass while he has been away. There are families where not even so much as this is the rule, because certain members are resolved that what they have done, said, thought or gone through shall engross all attention and put every one else in the shade. But it is to be owned that there is no small pleasure in store for families whose members on the occasions mentioned hear, and tell each other what may be called their personal news. The affection they have for each other and the interest they feel in each other give a charm even to the trivialities and commonplaces which principally form the staple of their home talk at such times as have been indicated. Hence it is not altogether a subject for regret that home talk must frequently of necessity turn on similar topics from day to day. When well and wisely conducted it need not be more wearisome than daily bread, and indeed may tend greatly to unite and cheer the members of the house.

Subjects for home talk are plentiful enough, but they are not all of them to be commended. There is reason to fear that idle gossip, the tittle-tattle and the very scandals of a neighborhood are quite common and popular. But this is only one of the faults of conversation—or, as we should here say, of home talk—enumerated by writers on the subject who take high ground. It is named here not only as a fault, but as an impediment to desirable discourse at home. Referring to woman in particular, Mrs. Hannah More says:—"We wish to see the conversation of well-bred woman rescued from commonplace, from uninteresting tattle, from trite and hackneyed communications, from frivolous earnestness, from false sensibility, from a warm interest about things of no moment and an indifference to topics the most important; from a cold vanity, from the ill-concealed overflowings of self-love, exhibiting itself under the smiling mask of an engaging flattery, and from all the factitious manners of artificial intercourse." This long catalogue of faults applies to conversation in general, but several of the items relate also to home talk.

It is impossible to do more than suggest what home talk should be. There are families in which the art and practice of conversation are carried almost to perfection, ministering profit and pleasure and passing away almost unobserved hours which otherwise would be very tedious. The qualifications which ensure success may be for the most part natural, but they may be developed and improved by care and attention. Not without reason therefore has it been proposed that the study of this subject should form a part of the education of young ladies, who should be encouraged and assisted to converse with freedom, propriety and grace.

THE PIONEER MICHIGANDER.

I have been studying him for a week. About 7 o'clock every evening he comes in from his farm and takes a seat beside me on the veranda of the country hotel. No one introduced us. He came stumping along the first evening, flung down his old straw hat and exclaimed:

"Durn my hide if it isn't hot!"

I had been roasting all day, and so I struck hands with him at once. He never asked whether I was the Duke of Sutherland or a railroad switchman, and I never asked him why he didn't cut his hair, shave off his matted whiskers and fit a tin spout in one corner of his mouth to accommodate the flow of tobacco juice.

The native Michigander is a good fellow at heart, but he has his eccentricities.

"Yes, I struck this state over fifty years ago," he said to me the other evening, as he hunted in his hind pocket for his plug tobacco. "I've heard the wolves howl, the bears roar and the panthers scream."

"You have, eh?"

"You bet I have! Yes, sir, and I've lived all winter on acorns, slept all summer on a tree-top, and walked forty-two miles through the woods to prayer-meeting."

"Did you ever have to go barefoot in snow four feet deep?"

"No."

"Ever slake with the ager right along for 284 days, Sundays included?"

"No."

"Dod rot your pampered countenance, of course you never did! What did you ever do toward making Michigan the great and glorious state she now is?"

"Well, I've run a lawn-mower."

"Run a thunder to blazes! How many acres of forest do you 'spose I've cut down?"

"Two."

"Two! Why, you onery hyena, my old woman has slashed down over 40 herself, and she's left-handed, at that. I calkerlate, sir—I solemnly calkerlate that I've cleared off at least 300 acres of the toughest kind of forest. Ah! sir, but you petted and pampered children of luxury little dream of what us old natives had to endure. How much tea do you suppose I had in my house the first ten years of our pioneer life?"

"Twenty-five chests."

"Twenty-five chests!" he roared, as he hunted for more plug, "we had just two drawings and no more!"

"Couldn't you get trusted at the corner grocery?"

"Get trusted! Corner grocery!—Why, you infernal young lunatic, wasn't I located 40 miles from the nearest grocery! That's what I've been telling you all along. Old pioneers couldn't afford sich luxuries as that.—How much do you 'spose our outfit cost us for house-keeping?"

"Perhaps \$5,000, but that's according to the style of your carpets, piano and paintings. Did you have lace curtains hung on poles?"

He jumped up and down like a man with a piece of beefsteak in his windpipe, and I thought he was a goner.—However, after a higher jump than his crooked old legs seemed capable of, he blurted out:

"You infernal durned fool, but we didn't have nothing that we couldn't carry on our backs! Do you 'spose we was a-foolin' around with pianos out there in the vargin wilderness! Lace curtains hung on poles! Not much! If I'd had a spare shirt on a pole I'd have been perfectly satisfied. None of you spiled children of luxury kin have any idea of how we had to get along in them old days."

"I presume not."

"One winter when the old woman was sick I had nothing to feed her on but salt coon and corn dodgers."

"Oyster soup would have been nice."

"Oyster thunder! Who knew anything about oysters 50 years ago? Don't I keep telling you that I was 50 miles in the woods?"

"Yes, but why didn't you get out?"

"Git out? What fur?"

"Why, you might have got out and lived on your mother-in-law, and had a trotting horse, a plug hat, a diamond pin and high living. You were very foolish to stay in the woods, where they had no ward caucuses, or military parades, or circus processions, or ginger beer, or banana puddings."

We generally end here. The old native chokes and gasps and jumps up and down and kicks his hat into the street and goes away saying:

"Them durned, pampered idiots of luxury wouldn't keer two cents if the hull state was growed up to jack-pines so thick that a rabbit couldn't squeeze through!"

But next night he comes again to wrestle me for the championship.—*Detroit Free Press.*

REARING AND TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

Every mother should bear in mind that it is easier to keep children well than it is to cure them after they become ill. A few simple rules, faithfully and unflinchingly observed, would banish nine-tenths of the sicknesses among children that too often lead to fatal results.

Give them in the first place plenty of love—expressions of love! Oftentimes fathers and mothers deeply love their children, yet show such little evidence of affection that the children are apt to have a forlorn feeling that it doesn't exist at all. An occasional word of praise, a caress, an expression of sympathy—these are as necessary to healthy and happy child-life as Summer showers to growing vines. Especially bear this in mind—they should never go to bed cold, or hungry, or unhappy.

Let them have plenty of healthy and palatable food, at regular hours. Small children should have a slice of bread and butter, or an apple, or some simple "bite," half way between meals, and nothing more in the way of lunches. It is the constant nibbling and "piecing" that does harm. Never force a child to eat anything he has a real dislike for. When plain food is declined because of the more tempting dessert ahead, it is a different affair; but I have seen little children compelled to eat things, when every mouthful would be swallowed with tremendous effort and genuine disgust. Some of us have an utter abhorrence of onions or tomatoes, or codfish, or some article of food that ought to be relished. How would we like to have some mighty giant put such food on our plates, and compel us to eat it amid wild flourishes of his knotted club? Would we sweetly feel that the dear giant knew what was best for us, and proceed to swallow every mouthful? or would we say to ourselves—"We'll eat it, because we must, but we hate it all the same, and we hate you, too!" Children have as much right to their likes and dislikes as we have to ours.—*American Agriculturist.*

It is not unlikely that a place may shortly be selected in Scotland for the training of young men for the Indian Forestry Department. Colonel Pearson, one of the heads of the department, accompanied by three French Professors of Forestry, is at present in the Highlands, examining the system on which Lord Seafield's magnificent woods are managed.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THE Polytechnic finally closed its doors on Saturday night. It was crammed with a most enthusiastic audience. The chairman and many of the directors were there to see the very last of it. Now it is closed everybody is saying what an admirable institution it was, and what a pity it is it was not kept open.

So said an old gentleman, with tears in his eyes, to one of the directors, adding, "Ah, I came here fifty years ago!" "and you've never been here since?" asked the director. "No," was the reply. "And never brought any of your eight children here?" "Never," answered the aged man. "Then how the—diving-bell do you suppose we can keep up the institution?" rejoined the director indignantly.

It seems that the French Government edits the Havas telegrams. The Queen's speech was improved for the occasion. Thus, "The negotiations with France, relative to the Commercial Treaty, have been suspended," was turned into—"had been suspended, but have been resumed." Our lively *confreeres d'outre mer* call this a *bévue* committed by the Government. It might, without exaggeration, be called an act of impudent dishonesty.

THE disappointment felt in Dublin at the news that Prince Leopold would not, after all, visit the dear dirty capital this year has been since somewhat alleviated by the rumour, said to come from the Viceregal residence, to the effect that a still more important Royal personage will probably be present at the inauguration of the exhibition of Irish industries to be held next year. The fact that the Lord-Lieutenant has subscribed 500*l.* to the guarantee fund is interpreted as a confirmation of the rumour. Certainly nothing could revive the feeling of loyalty among the middle classes in Ireland more than the personal manifestation of Royal interest in a movement which is both sensible and non-political.

MR. IRVING does not believe that the ability to impersonate Romeo is the sole monopoly of very youthful actors. Any way, we have had older Romeos than the distinguished performer who acquitted himself so admirably in the part of Modus, the shy young lover in the scene from the "Hunchback," at the Lyceum the other day—Charles Kemble, for example. Mr. Irving would possibly be young for a *jeune premier* at the Théâtre Français. Unfortunately youths and striplings as a rule have not learned how to act; and Romeo—though managers are apt to forget this fact—is a part that requires acting if Juliet is not to appear ridiculously enamoured of a clumsy idiot.

THE application for a summons against Sir Wilford Brett and Mr. Hwlfa Williams for permitting betting at Sandown was an absurdity, considering the source from which it emanated. It is, however, time that the fact were recognized that the prevalence of ready-money betting is doing great harm to the Turf, as it is the attraction to the hordes of ruffians that follow racing; and the time is certainly not distant when, unless the managers of race-meetings take energetic steps to put an end to an evil that has now grown to abnormal proportions, the law will force them to act; for by tacitly permitting ready-money betting they are clearly infringing the law, irrespective of which they are doing incalculable harm to racing and their own meetings by failing to put in motion the strong powers of repression that the law gives them.

AMONGST the candidates for the Bodleian Librarianship (to be filled up at Oxford during the coming term), who have already sent in their applications, are the present Sub-Librarian, Mr. A. Neubauer, Messrs. Bywater of Exeter College, Hatch of St. Mary Hall, G. W. Kitchin of Christ Church, delegate of the unattached students, and the Assistant-Keeper of MSS. to the British Museum, Mr. Edward Scott. Other names will, no doubt, be sent in before the appointment is filled up; for even when rich sinecures are most prevalent, an income of 1000*l.* a year cannot fail to attract many. Surprise is felt that one or two other candidates are not already in the field—notably the Rev. W. D. Macray, M.A., F.S.A., Rector of Ducklington, who is an ex-assistant-librarian, and the author of "Annals of the Bodleian Library, besides other bibliographical works, which he has from time to time either written or edited. Mr. Macray has also on more than one occasion visited foreign countries on expeditions of manuscript research for the Bodleian; and it is thought by many that he possesses qualifications for the post second to those of no other.

HUMOROUS.

ASK a woman how old she is if you want her to show her rage.

THE present style of ladies' evening dress is the low and behold style.

AN Irish gentleman writes us to say that "not half the lies told about the Irish are true."

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufacturers of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

THE SHORE WITHOUT A PORT.

I know a shore without a port—
'Twere better be the east wind's sport
Than to adventure here!

Such calm prevails—'twere not more vain,
Shiphates, upon the waveless plain
To give the sail and oar.

Fair is the land and flowerful;
On many an old-wrecked floating hull,
Wing'd seeds, windblown, alight.

Good sooth! 'twould were we
To have no errand on the sea
No trade with any strand.

Some say this region is the home
Of elf, and sprite, and urchin gnome,
A shrewd and jealous clan.

But some, of holier vision, deem
This is the seat of every dream
The Gods send dreaming youth:

EDITH M. TUDMAN.

THE LATE PRESIDENT'S BODY LYING IN STATE.

The Rotunda in the Capitol Building, Washington, where the body of the late President was laid in state, is circular in shape, 100 feet in diameter, and has a stone flagged pavement.

In the centre of the Rotunda was placed the catafalque, which is about three feet above the floor. It is the same one that held the casket incasing the remains of President Lincoln, and has been stowed away in the crypt of the Capitol for the past sixteen years.

At the further end of the catafalque were some beautiful floral decorations. There was a broken column of white roses of the Marshal Neil variety, about three feet high, surmounted by a white dove with wings outspread, as if in the act of alighting.

The interior of the Rotunda was hung in black, though not so heavily as to produce a marked effect.

All through Wednesday night the Capitol grounds were thronged with people anxious to obtain a view of the beloved President's face, and all night long two lines of men and women passed rapidly on either side of the coffin.

both sexes and of all ages and conditions. Common laborers in tattered clothing crowded upon sumptuously dressed ladies and gentlemen, all inspired by a common motive.

SERGEANT MASON.

Sergeant Mason, of Battery B, Second Artillery, is still confined in a cell at the barracks in Washington, and bears his imprisonment philosophically.

"I am one who stands ready, at all times, to do right, yet in this case of mine I have done a big wrong to the good law of the land by shooting at that would-be assassin Guiteau, who has caused so much sorrow and suffering to President Garfield and to the good people of the world.

For the sake of our good opinion of the United States Army, we trust that Sergeant Mason's confidence in their conduct under the circumstances is slightly misplaced.

AMUSEMENTS.

Minnie Palmer has been the attraction at the Royal during the past week, and has not drawn half the houses she deserved.

I am not a Scotchman, consequently I went to Mr. Kennedy's "Two Hours at Home," with some misgivings as to whether I should survive an evening devoted entirely to the Music of Calabania.

MUSICIANS.

FEAR.

There is a familiar story of a raw recruit marching by the side of a veteran into the field of battle, when the young man said to the experienced warrior, "You tremble, and I think that you must be afraid;" to which he replied, "I am afraid, because I know what lies before us; and if you were half as much afraid as I am, you would run away."

Some persons are constitutionally brave, and hardly seem to know what fear is; nothing appalls them, their nerves are made of iron, no matter what the emergency may be, their heart beats steadily as a clock, and they can look any form of danger in the face as calmly as an astronomer surveys the stars.

and grapples with the hungry tiger; the man who walks calmly over the deadly magazine to extinguish the burning fuse; the engineer clinging to his post while he rushes upon almost certain death—all such men are entitled to our respect and admiration, and are very sure to receive the tribute which is their due.

As some people are naturally brave, so there are others who inherit a cowardly temperament, for which they are not responsible, although they may be for the degree in which they allow themselves to be overcome by it.

Strong men have been heard to declare that it required more courage for them to stand up and say ten words to a great audience of people than it did to storm a citadel.

If cowardice is a physical infirmity it must be treated much after the same manner that we deal with our bodily weaknesses.

If, again, cowardice has its seat in the moral nature, the only remedy is to clarify and elevate the conscience, which always makes cowards of those who are conscious of doing what they ought not to do.

"Oh, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!"

It is a terrible thing when a man dares not say what is in his heart lest he should be convicted out of his own mouth.

Cowardice may, however, be seated not so much in the physical and moral nature as in the intellectual, when it takes the form of a superstition coming before imaginary or unreal things.

ENCORES.

I frequently read, in various papers, the statement that Mr. Sims Reeves, the eminent English tenor, never accepts an encore.

I do not mean to give an opinion about the good or bad custom of concert encores. There is much to be said on both sides. At all events it will be long before the general public give them up.

celebrated speech! Julius Cæsar is quite right. Why should he trouble himself to get up the instant the curtain is down, only to lie flat down again immediately.

I did not intend to say so much about encores, but the paragraphs relating to Mr. Sims Reeves reminded me of them.—[Frances J. Moore.

VARIETIES.

"LOTTA rents and lives in the cottage formerly owned and occupied by the late Robert Dale Owen at Lake George." Lotta's parents were personal friends of Robert Owen, the father of R. D. Owen.

The French ladies do not appear to adopt that frizzled style of coiffure which has been irreverently named a la Zulu, or a la bird's-nest.

The inhabitants of Cleves, the ancient capital of Westphalia, which claims to be the birthplace of Lohengrin, the semi-mythical hero of the white swan, have resolved to perpetuate his memory in a handsome monument, the first stone of which has been laid with due solemnity.

The quaint answers given at competitive examinations are not the least amusing stories of this rather dull age. Here is one as good as any of its kind.

ONE of the old settlers at the Isles of Shoals, seeing the name "Psyche" on the hull of a yacht, the other day, spelled it out slowly, and then exclaimed, "Well, if that ain't the darndest way to spell fish!"

A MINISTER on Sunday was prayin' vera earnestly that the storm sud cease, an' that the Lord wud sen' fine weather that the crops might be gotten in.

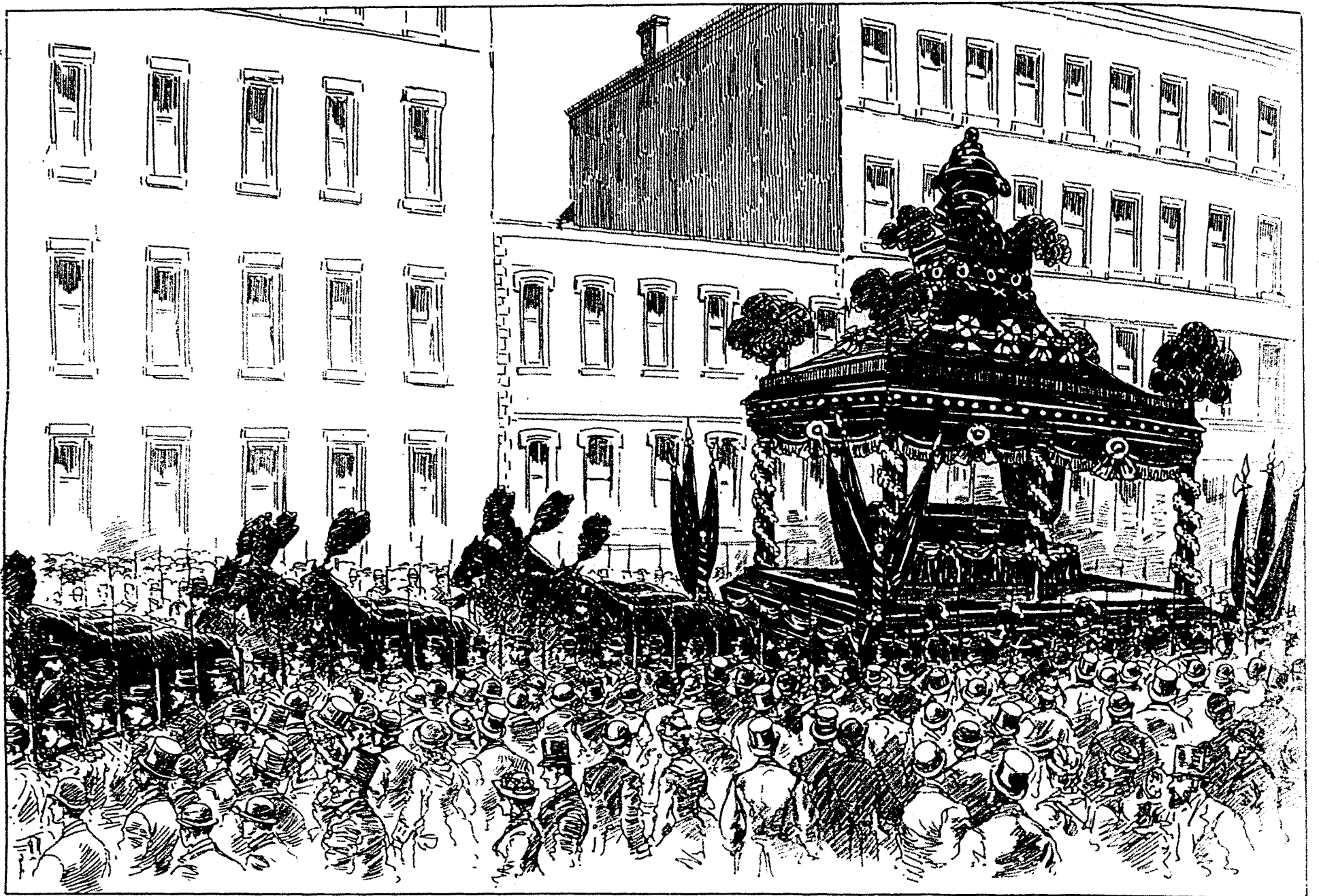
THE Comptes Rendus, of the Academie of Sciences, has published the engineer's report of the preliminary investigations into the geological structure of the Isthmus of Panama.

"Mrs. H. C. Robinson, a resident of Monroe, Conn., one day last week attempted to head off a pair of bulls which had escaped from the field.

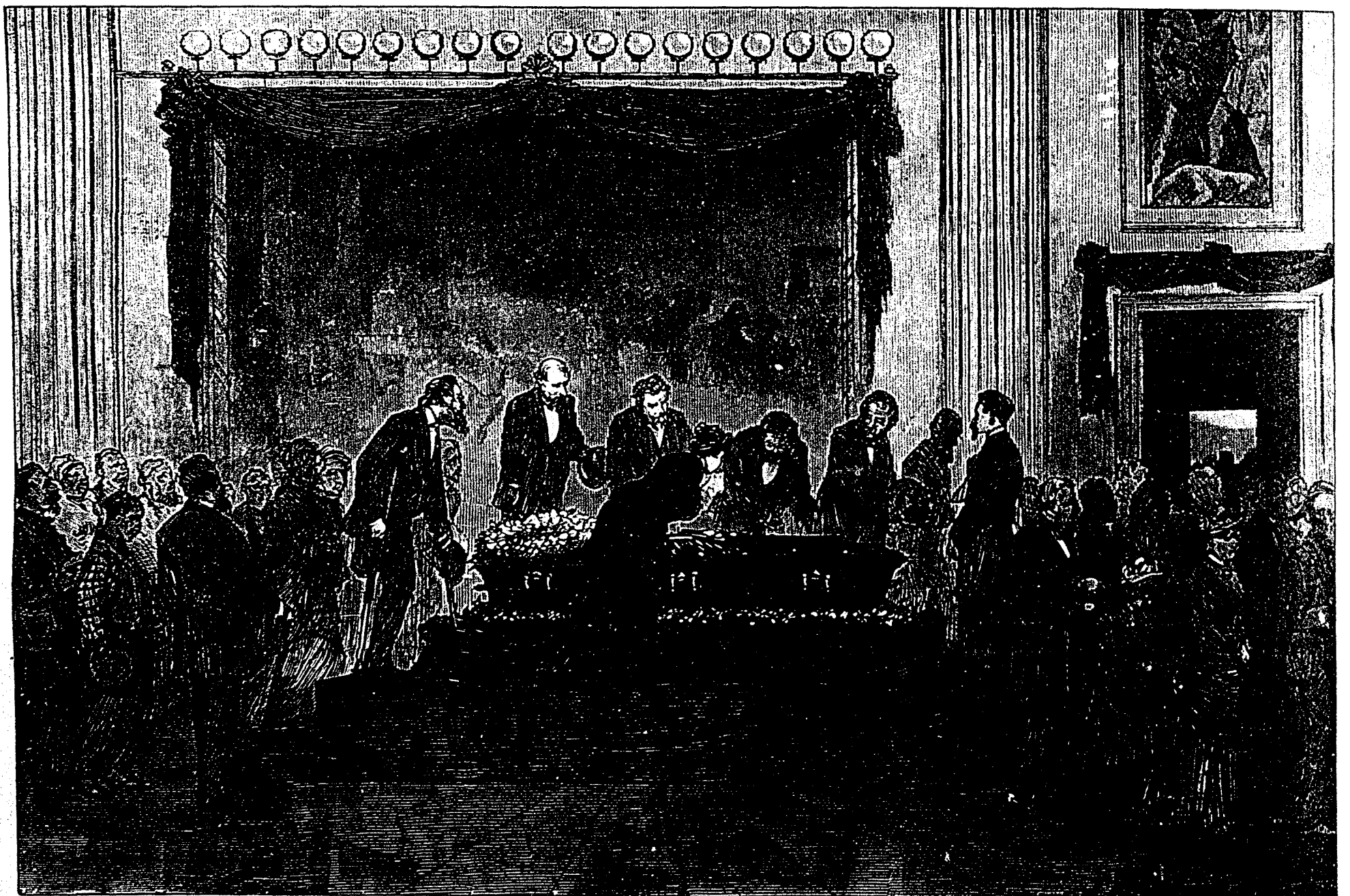
THE Message d'Europe has published two chapters from the third volume of the forthcoming monograph of Count Kisselef, Russian Ambassador at Paris from 1856-1862.

THE text was from Job, and read—"Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. When looking over the advance sheets the proof-reader saw that a blunder of the most formidable kind had been committed, for Job was made to say, "Yea, all that a man hath he will give for his wife."

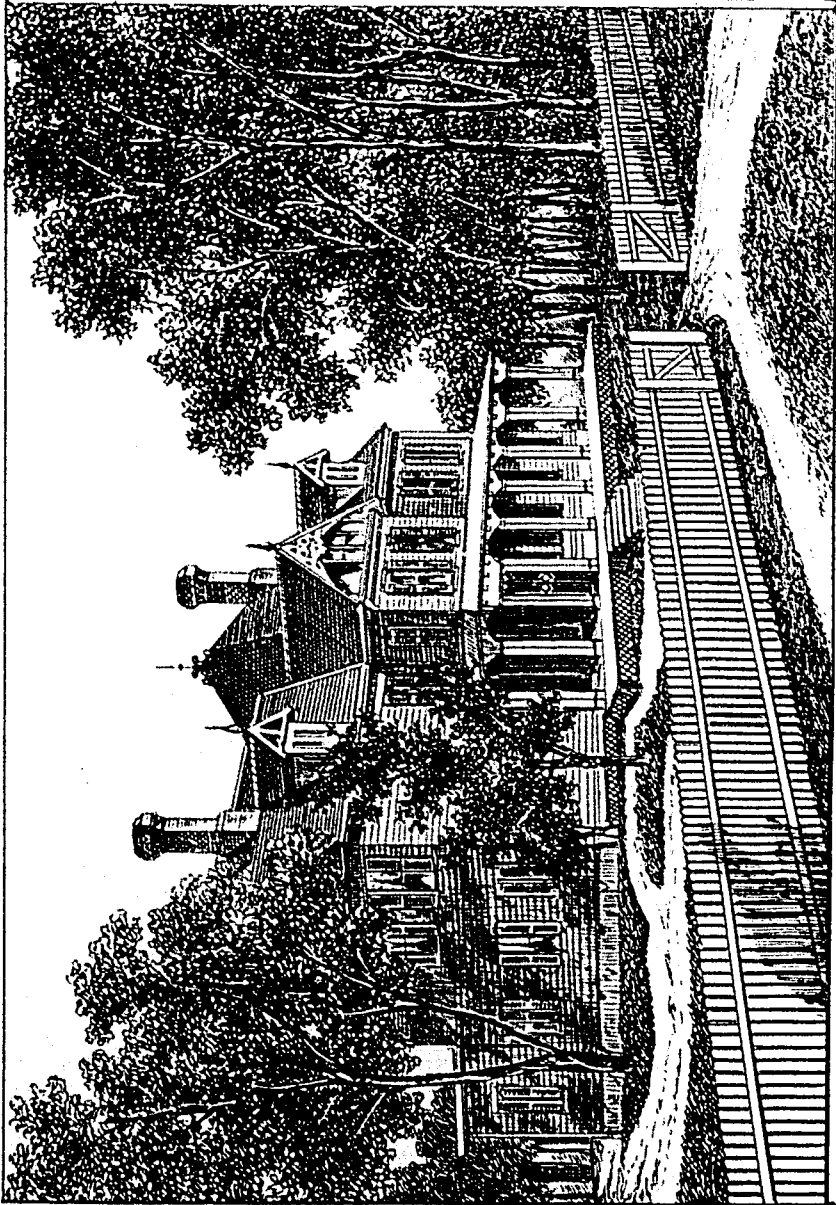
THE story they tell of Coleridge, aptly illustrates a general weakness. He was busy with his writing at a late hour in the night, when the cry of fire startled him.



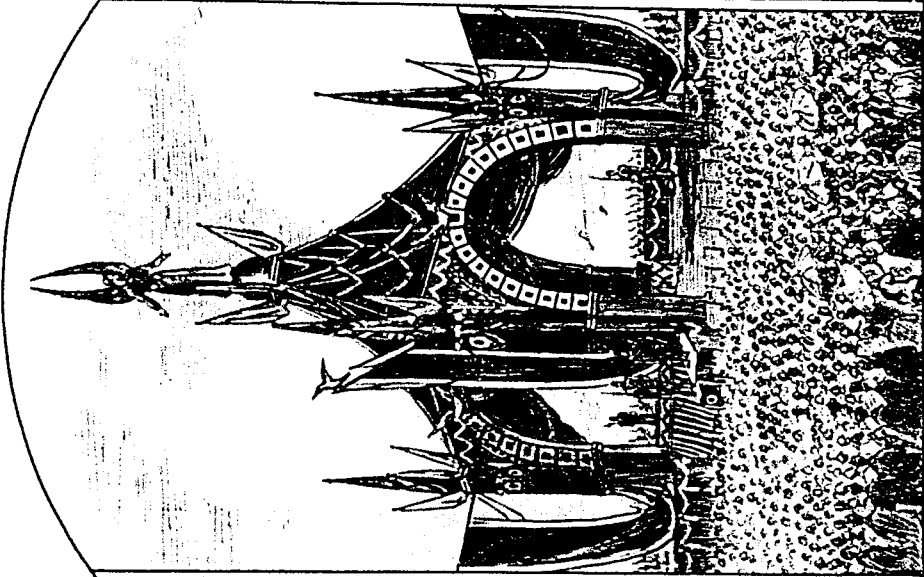
THE BURIAL OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—THE FUNERAL PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF CLEVELAND.



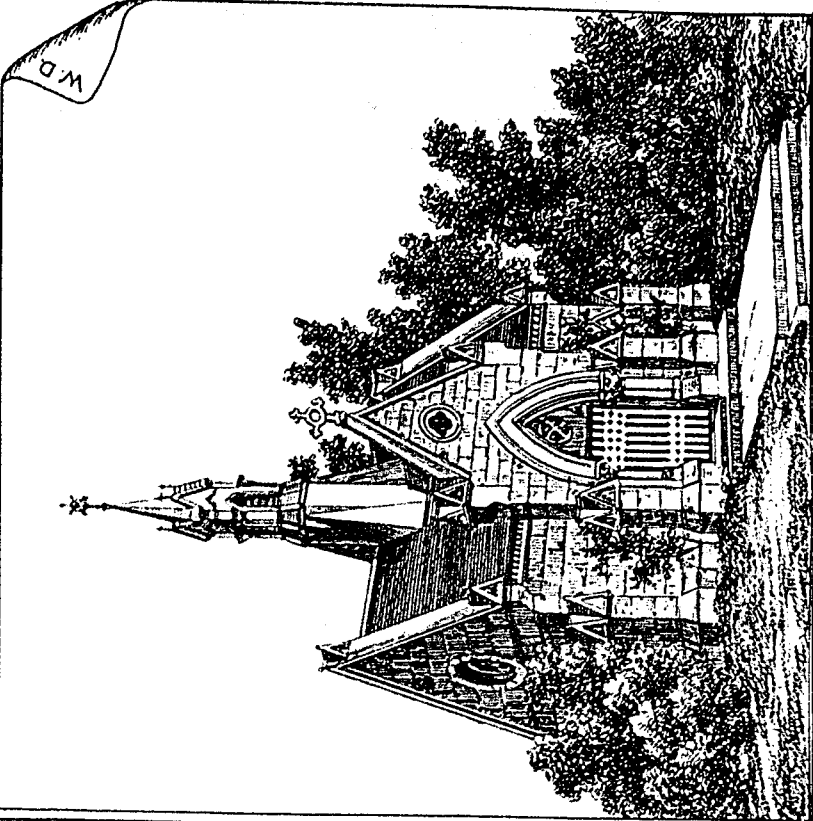
WASHINGTON.—THE LATE PRESIDENT LYING IN STATE AT THE CAPITOL.



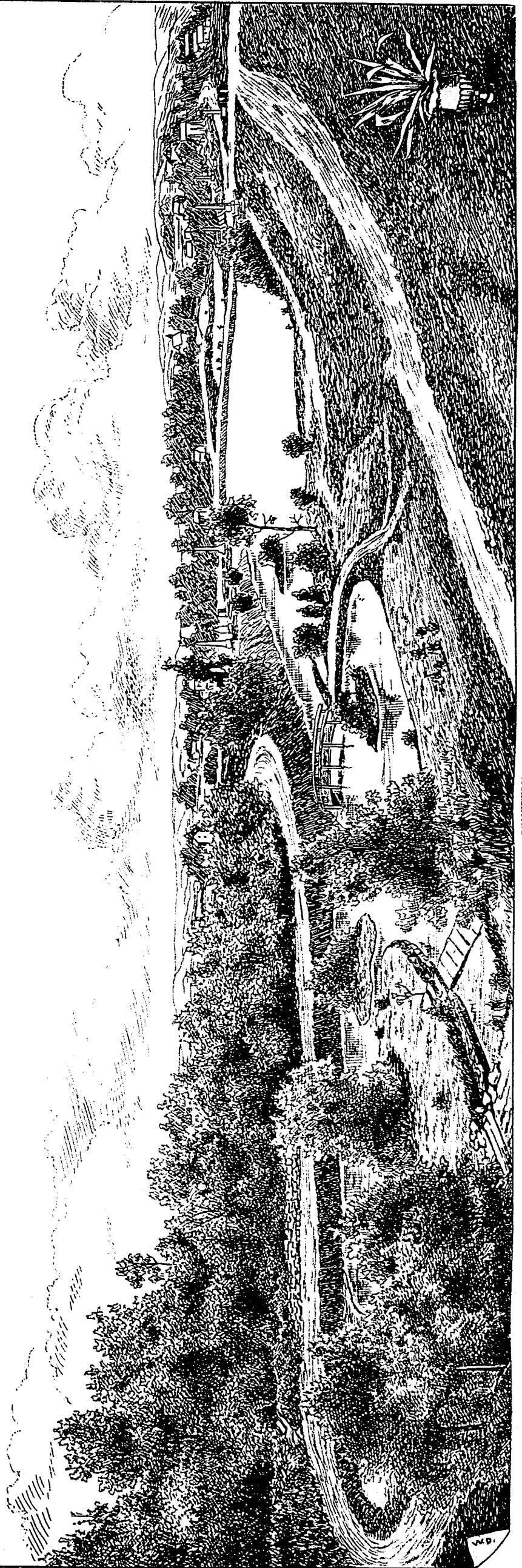
THE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT.



THE CATAFALQUE.



THE MORTUARY CHAPEL.



IN THE CEMETERY GROUNDS. SCENES AT CLEVELAND, THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE LATE PRESIDENT GARFIELD.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

PANGEE:

OR A DREAM OF SNOW AND STONE.

There are grouse on Scottish moorlands,
There are red deer in the brake;
But pur-e must wed with powder
Such shooting-grounds to take.

On the rocky hills of Pangee,
Where the lordly deodar
O'ershadowed many a covert,
The haunt of bear and thar;

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Where the mink deer drinks unseen,
And the wild goat of the mountains
Looks fiercely out his een;

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Whose waters roar and foam,
Where the red bear haunts the forest,
And the ibex is at home;

By the Chundra-Bagha river
You may roam and take your fill
Of sport—wild sport for ever!—
If you only climb the hill.

So, hey, for the Pangee mountains!
But you need to climb with care;
Is an inch of slate below you,
And above the mountain air.

And the Chundra-Bagha river,
Whose cruel waves are sworn,
That he who makes false footing
Shall ne'er see morn'row morn'.

O, the towering hills of Pangee,
Where the grass grows 'neath the snow,
And the wily ibex feeding,
Scans warily all below,

Crowned king of the crag's wild summit,
He gravely guards his throne,
And his graceful mâitins, watching,
Search every nook and stone.

But crouched on the crest above him,
There are forms he may not see,
Till the rifle ends for ever
His wild career and free.

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Whose banks are weird and lone,
Where all night long in thunder
Fall cataracts of stone;

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Whose waves with endless shocks,
And rolling echoing clangour,
Lave round his brave old rocks;

By the Chundra-Bagha river,
Whose waters roar and foam,
I fain would dwell for ever,
And make its snows my home!

A RICH MAN'S DEATH.

BY EMILE ZOLA.

The Count of Verteuil is over 50 years old. He belongs to one of the most illustrious families of France, and possesses a vast fortune. Sulky with the Government, he occupied himself as best he could in writing articles for the heavy reviews, which made him a member of the Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques; he devoted himself to great business speculations; he successively became an enthusiast in agriculture, in stock-raising and in fine arts. Once he even got himself elected as deputy, and distinguished himself by the violence of his opposition to the Government party.

The Countess Mathilde de Verteuil is 36 years of age. She is spoken of as the most adorable blonde in Paris. Advancing years seem only to whiten her skin. She used to be a little thin; now her shoulders have ripened and taken the roundness of silky fruit. Never has she been so beautiful as now. When she enters a drawing-room, with her golden hair and satin skin, she seems like a star at its rising, and women of 20 are jealous of her.

The domestic life of the count and countess is one of those about which people say nothing. They were married after the most ordinary fashion of marriages in the upper circles. It is even said that for six years they lived together in perfect harmony. At that time they had a son, Ferdinand, who is now a captain in the army, and a daughter, Blanche, whom they married last year to M. de Bussac, maitre des requêtes. Their children occasionally visit them. Long ago their marital relations were broken off; nevertheless, they remain good friends, with immense egotism under the friendship. They consult each other, conduct themselves irreproachably toward each other in society, but afterward fasten themselves up in their separate apartments, where they receive their intimate friends as they chose.

But one night Mathilde returns from a ball at 2 o'clock in the morning. Her waiting maid undresses her, and then, just as she is about to retire, she says:

"Monsieur the count is a little indisposed this evening."

The countess, already half asleep, lazily turns her head.

"Ah!" she murmurs.

Then she stretches herself and adds:

"Wake me to-morrow morning at 10; I am expecting the dressmaker."

Next morning at breakfast, as the count does not make his appearance, the countess first inquires about him; then she finally decides to go up to his room. She finds him in bed, very

* Many a man, journeying to the nearest village, has fallen into the Chundra-Bagha river. The traveller along its precipitous banks passes a stone, inscribed to the memory of Lieutenant Tanner, of the 82d, drowned in 1866. His foot slipped, and, gliding swiftly down smooth rocks, he was lost in the seething waters.

pale, but irreproachably correct in his bearing. Three doctors were already there; they consulted together in a low voice, and left strict orders; they are to return in the evening. The patient is tended by two domestics, who remain serious and silent, smothering even the sound of their own feet upon the carpet. The great chamber seems to grow larger in its icy severity—not even a vial is out of place, not one article of furniture is disarranged. For this is cleanly and dignified illness—the ceremonious illness which expects visitors.

"So you are suffering, mon ami!" asks the countess, on entering.

The count makes an effort to smile.

"Oh, just a little fatigued," he answers. "I need only rest. I thank you for having put yourself to the trouble of coming up."

The days roll by. The chamber remains dignified, stately; everything is in its place; tonics disappear without leaving a trace of their presence. The shaven faces of the domestics do not even permit themselves to wear a shadow of weariness. Nevertheless, the count knows that he is in danger of death; he has exacted the truth from the doctors, and has allowed them to do as they please without a murmur. Most generally he remains with his eyes closed, often for hours at a time, or else he gazes fixedly before him as though he were reflecting upon his solitude.

In society the countess says that her husband is a little indisposed. She has not altered her course of life in the least; she eats, sleeps and drives out at the usual hours. Every morning and every evening she goes herself to ask the count how he is.

"Eh bien! do you feel better, mon ami?"

"Mais oui! a little better, thank you chère Mathilde."

"If you wish, I will remain with you?"

No; it is useless. Julien and François suffice. What would be the use of fatiguing yourself?"

Privately they understand each other; they have lived apart, and they wish to die apart. The count feels the bitter pleasure of the egotist who wishes to pass away alone, without being annoyed by any comedies of grief about his bed. He wishes to abridge the unpleasantness of the last tete-a-tete as much as possible, both for himself and the countess. His last wish is to disappear from the world with propriety, like a man of the world, who does not wish to annoy or disgust anybody with his agony.

At last, however, an evening comes when he can no longer get his breath; he knows he will not be able to live through the night. Mathilde pays her customary visit, and he says to her, with a last feeble smile:

"Do not go away. I do not feel well."

He wishes to spare her the remarks of people. She, on her side, was expecting such an announcement. And she seats herself in the room. The physician can no longer leave the bedside of the agonizing man. The two servants finish their duties with the same silent haste. The children, Blanche and Ferdinand, had been sent for. They remain with their mother near the bed. Other relatives are in the next room. Half the night thus passes by in solemn expectation; the ceremonial is fulfilled—the count can die.

But he will not hurry himself; he seems to find strength enough to avoid a convulsive or noisy death. In the vast, severe room his breathing is like the broken sound of a clock out of order. It is a well-brought-up man about to die. And when he has kissed his wife and children he repels them from him with a last gesture, falls back with his face to the wall, and dies alone.

Then one of the doctors bends down, closes the eyes of the dead man, and announces in a deep whisper:

"All is over!"

Sighs and sobs break the silence. The countess, Ferdinand and Blanche are kneeling down. They are weeping through their hands; their faces cannot be seen. Then they retire; the two children leading their mother, who, on reaching the door, balances her waist in a final sob in order to show her despair. And from this moment the dead is abandoned to the pomp of his obsequies.

The doctors have departed, rounding their backs and trying to look vaguely sad. A priest has been sent for in all haste to the parish church, to watch with the body. The two servants remain with the priest seated upon chairs, stiff and dignified; this is the last service expected of them. One sees a spoon that had been forgotten on the mantelpiece; he rises and slips it into his pocket in order that the perfect order of the room may not be disturbed.

Early at dawn a noise of hammers is heard in the great drawing-room; it is the sound made by the upholsterers, who are converting this salon into a mortuary chapel, with a monumental catafalque in the centre of it. The whole day is taken up with the work of embalming; the doors are locked; the embalmer and his assistants are left alone. Next day when the count is brought downstairs and exposed upon the catafalque, he is in full dress, with the fresh colour of youth upon his face.

Upon the morning of the funeral, from the hour of ten, the house is filled with the low murmur of discreet voices. The sons and son-in-law of the defunct receive the crowd in the parlour of the ground floor; they bow silently; they maintain the dumb politeness of afflicted persons. All upper society is represented here—the nobility, the army, the magistracy—there are even the senators and the academicians.

At last, about ten o'clock, the procession takes its way to the church. The hearse is a first-class vehicle, plumed with sable feathers, draped with silver-fringed hangings. The cords of the pall are held by a marshal of France; a duke, who was an old friend of the deceased; an ex-minister, and a member of the academy. Ferdinand de Verteuil and M. de Bussac are chief mourners. Then comes the cortege, a stream of persons all gloved and cravated with black, all highly important personages who breathe hard at being obliged to walk upon the pavement, and who march with the dull tread of a flock of sheep suddenly turned loose.

The whole curious population of the quarter is at its windows; people stand back upon the sidewalks, take off their hats and shake their heads as if they see the triumphal hearse go by. Traffic is interrupted by the interminable procession of mourning carriages, nearly all empty; omnibuses, cabs, carts are blockaded at the cross-roads; the swearing of drivers and the impatient cracking of whips is heard. And during all this time the Countess de Verteuil remains locked up in her room, in order that people may say she is broken down with grief. Lying upon an extension chair, she is really playing with the tassel of her belt, and with eyes fixed upon the ceiling, finds comfort in happy reveries.

The ceremonies at the church last nearly two hours. In the centre of the nave, all hung with black, flame the lights of a mortuary chapel. At last the procession is seated—the women on the left, the men on the right; and the organ rolls out its lamentation, the singers moan in undertones, the choir-boys sing with sharply-sobbing quivers and trills, while in the cressets tall, green flames are burning, adding their funeral light to the pomp of the ceremony.

"Is not Faure going to sing?" asks a deputy of his neighbour.

"Yes, I believe so," replies the latter, an ex-prefect and superb-looking man, who smiles at the ladies from afar off.

And then the voice of the great singer quivers through the vibrating nave.

"Ah! what a style! What volume there is in that voice!" the ex-prefect adds in a whisper, nodding his head in ecstasy.

The congregation is ravished. The ladies, with a vague smile upon their lips, dream of opera nights. That Faure has real talent! A friend of the deceased goes so far as to say:

"He never sang better. It is unfortunate poor Verteuil cannot hear him now; he was so fond of him!"

The chanters, in black capes, pass around the catafalque; a score of priests complicate the ceremonial, bowing, reiterating Latin phrases, waving aspergillums. Finally the mourners defile before the coffin, passing the holy water sprinklers from one to the other. And all leave the church after shaking hands with the family. The daylight without almost blinds the crowd.

It is a beautiful June day. Gossamer threads float in the open air. Before the church there is pushing and crowding. Those who do not wish to remain with the mourners disappear. It is long before the procession can re-form. Far off, at the end of the street, one can see the plumes of the hearse waving and dwindling away in the distance, although the square is still all blocked up with carriages. One can hear the noise of carriage-doors clapped to, and the rapid clatter of horses trotting over the pavement. Nevertheless, the carriages at last go into line, and the convoy moves to the cemetery.

The folks in the carriages loll back at their ease. One might suppose they were going to the Bois, slowly, through vernal Paris. As the hearse is no longer visible, the funeral has already been forgotten; and conversations begin. The ladies talk about the summer season; the men about their business affairs.

"Tell me, love, will you go to Dieppe again this year?"

"Yes, perhaps; but certainly not before August. We leave here on Saturday for our country seat in the Loire."

"Then, mon cher, he intercepted the letter, and they fought—oh, not very desperately—just a little scratch. I dined with him au cercle in the evening, and he won 25 louis of me."

"Yes, the stockholders meet the day after to-morrow. They want to put me on the committee; but I am so busy I do not know whether I would be able to go."

The procession for a moment follows an alley of trees. Cool shadows fall from the branches; the sunlight hymns its joy through all the verdure. Suddenly a thoughtless lady, leaning out of her carriage, cries out:

"My! This is lovely!"

For the procession is passing into the Montparnasse Cemetery. Voices are hushed; only the grinding of the wheels over the sand of the alleys can be heard. They must go to the other end; the Verteuil sepulchre is there, on the left, a great tomb of white marble, a sort of chapel, highly decorated with carving. The coffin is set down before the gate of this chapel; and the discourses begin.

There are four. The ex-minister reviews the political life of the deceased, whom he represents as a sort of unrecognized genius, who could have saved France had he not despised intrigue. Then a friend tells of the private virtues of the dead count, "for whom all weep." Then somebody, whose name nobody knows, speaks as the delegate of an industrial society of which

the count had been an honorary member. Last of all, a little gray-faced man discourses in the name of the Academie des Sciences, Morales et Politiques.

Meanwhile those present amuse themselves by looking at the neighbouring tombs, and read the names on the marble slabs. Those who listen at all only catch occasional words. One old man with hard, compressed lips catches the phraseology of "fine qualities of heart, the generosity and goodness of great natures," and shakes his head, muttering,

"Very fine! oh, yes! but I knew him—the played-out dog!"

The last farewell is given. The priests have blessed the body, everybody goes away—only the grave-diggers remain in this solitary place to lower the coffin. The ropes creak, the oaken bier cracks. Monsieur le Comte de Verteuil is at home!

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

A VISITOR to the electrical exhibition complains that he went to the telephone room in expectation of hearing the singing at the Opéra, and Pailleron's new play at the Français. He laid the tube to his ear, and he heard loud cries of "Orgate," "limonade," "sorbets," "programme," &c. He had the ill luck to light upon an entracte.

THE monster omnibuses of Paris are to undergo still further improvement; on the back foot-boards there are places for four or six passengers, but not convenient room for the conductor; a special sentry box seat is to be added on for the latter. It is to be hoped that it will be so arranged as to compel him to have his face, not his back, turned to the street, so that fares who hail can be observed, when the vehicle is not *au complet*.

Mlle. DE MORNAY, the younger daughter of the Duchess de Sesto, is about to become the bride of the Marquis de Belboeuf, the grandson of Count Siméon, and a member of an old Norman family. The Duc de Morny, it will be remembered, left four children, two sons—Charles, his heir, and Serge, at present in the Chasseurs d'Afrique—and two daughters, the elder of whom is Countess de Cerzand, while the younger is about to become Marquise de Belboeuf.

AN artistic joke is now current in Paris to the effect that M. de Neuville lately painted, on an immense canvas of four metres by two metres, a landscape representing a vast sandy desert, in the centre of which appears a single ostrich's egg. The title of this picture is given as "Prise de Bou-Amema par les Français." On being asked where was Bou-Amema, the artist replied, "Il est parti." To the further demand where were the French soldiers, he rejoined, "Ils ne sont pas encore arrivés."

A GERMAN officer, General K., sent one of his friends to M. Poilpot, recently to forbid him to reproduce the general's features in the panorama of the battle of Reichshoffen, which Messrs. Poilpot and Jacob are now painting. M. Poilpot refused to comply with the General's demand, whereupon the envoy challenged him to a duel. M. Poilpot accepted the challenge, but his seconds refused to take part in any meeting between their principal and the Prussian gentleman, or even to draw up a *procès-verbal* of the incident.

THE fashionable colours for the coming season will be peach-blossom pink for evening dress and dark blues, browns, and neutral tints for walking dresses. Pekins and plush will be the materials in vogue for demi-toilette, and brocades and satin for full dress. The new Pekin silks are very rich and handsome, as is also a new material, showing inch-wide stripes of plush on a soft mixed woollen ground. A new long-napped plush is shown for the under-skirts and jackets of out-door costumes; it is very elegant and costly as well, its price being forty francs a yard.

M. Trouvé's electrical boat is capable of holding three persons, which is driven by a screw attached to the rudder in such a way as to assist in steering the boat, and which derives its motion from a small electro-motor. The boat is shown at the Paris Exhibition, and is perfectly under control, and glides about the pond which surrounds the light-house, not very rapidly, it is true, but fast enough to show the value of the application. M. Tissandier exhibits a balloon propelled also by a small electro-motor of M. Trouvé's invention. The balloon is of an oblong form, three metres and a half long by one and a third wide, and is directed in its course by a wire stretched across the building from one gallery to the other, through which the current passes. The motion is very slow, but that can be accelerated if necessary, the model being simply intended to show how the motion can be applied. In the calm of the exhibition building there can be no disputing its success, but whether the result would be the same in the open air with adverse winds to contend against is quite another matter. The same may be said of the balloon as of the boat and the tram-car, that it is a beginning, and that is something. There is no limit to the uses to which this motor can be applied when worked by the batteries of M. Faure, and sewing and embroidery machines, lathes, velocipedes, &c., may be seen in action, to which must be added the beautiful light of Mr. Swan worked by the same means.

DEPARTED.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, OBIT SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

Whether no human eye can follow him,
Nor waxing sounds from any earthly shore,
Into a distant country, vast and dim,
He hath departed hence forevermore.

From human honours fleet as human breath
To higher glories his brave soul hath fled,
And, in the wide mysterious realms of death,
He takes his place beside the world's great dead.

Unfinished lies the work he had begun—
To cleanse the land, to heal a mighty wrong—
But still we know, from that which he hath done,
How masterful his spirit was and strong.

Lo! in the presence of death's mystery
Hushed are the mocking voices and bitter sneer,
While now, through rifted clouds, at last we see
How calm his loyal manhood shone and clear.

So as a people that is without hope
We cannot mourn; for, like a beacon light,
Blazing the dense gloom in which we grope,
His lofty faith shines out across the night.

And though the master sleep the final sleep,
And sounds of menace swell upon the breeze,
Some careful hand, along the troubled deep,
Shall guide the ship of state through perilous seas.

JAMES B. KENYON.

HOW JERRY SAVED THE MILL.

The dull, cold day was at its close; but the heavy rain and the strong south wind which had swept the town since early dawn still continued with undiminished fury. The gales shrieked as it tore about the corners and lashed the faces of the few hurrying foot-passengers; while the driving rain penetrated everywhere, drenching the streets, flooding the gutters, and collecting in deep, treacherous pools at the corner crossings. The bare trees moaned and writhed and wept; the swinging sign-boards in front of small taverns creaked and groaned dismally; the tall chimney of the Dumbarton Knife Works rocked threateningly; and in the midst of all the tumult, the great river was swelling and straining at its wintry bonds, while a sharp crackling sounded ever and anon from the broad field of ice that stretched from shore to shore and little streams of water began to appear here and there, running swiftly along the frozen plain.

March had come in like a lamb; it was departing like a lion; and, shrouded by wind and rain and heavy mist, the last night of the month came thickly down.

It was past supper time, past closing time for the mills and factories, past trading time for the stores, and, except for an occasional light here and there in some sadoon or corner grocery, the windows along the business streets of the town were dark and the rain beat unheeded against their black panes. Few people were abroad, and even those few seemed to have been forced upon unwelcome journeys, for they hastened through the sloppy streets with bent heads, shivering as the sharp winds tore at their wrappings or the gusts of rain beat upon them.

One such man, clad in a heavy oil-cloth coat, was walking rapidly up State street, when, just at a particularly windy corner, he came in sudden contact with a lad who was crouching in front of a baker's window, where a single lamp still burned, eyeing with hungry gaze the dainties within.

"Hallo!" cried the man, starting back. "I almost ran over you, my boy." Then, looking more sharply at the dripping figure before him, he continued: "Why, Jerry, is that you?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other, half-pulling his tattered cap from his head. "If you please, sir, it's me."

"What's wrong?" said Mr. Watterson, the proprietor of the great mills that skirted the river, for it was he. "What's wrong? Why are you not at home? The mills closed two hours ago."

"I know it, sir; for sister Nellie's sick, an' I've been a-nussin' of her up at our boardin' house. You see, sir, since mother died, an' our house was sold, Nellie and me has stopped at Mrs. Crawford's boardin' house; but my money's give out, an' Mis' Crawford she told me this mornin'—"

"What! Come, Jerry, speak out. You're not afraid of me. Tell me what she said."

"Well, sir, she did say as how I must pay our board in advance every week now; for, if Nellie was a-goin' to be sick, an' I was a-goin' to quit work to nuss her, she didn't see how she'd get her money. An' our week ran out to-day, sir, an' my money, too; all but twenty cents, an' that I spent for oranges for Nellie. An' Mis' Crawford, she said as how I couldn't eat at her table, 'thout I paid first. So I jest slips out into the street at meal-times, for fear Nellie'd know I wasn't eatin', an' 'twould worry her, she bein' sick. An' that's how I came here, sir."

The boy finished, half frightened at his own long speech to "the master," and again pulled at his ragged cap, while the wild March wind tossed his yellow hair about his wet face and the cold rain beat upon his scantily-clad shoulders.

Mr. Watterson stood an instant in deep thought. It was hard for him to realize such poverty as this, and among his own hands too. Jerry was a "bobbin-boy" in the mills, whom he had known for a year or more by sight, the only support of a widowed mother and a sister—now of the sister only, it seemed; but the lad

had always been bright-faced and cherry, and the great proprietor remembered him as one of the happiest among his boys. That this child could actually suffer for food while striving to care for his little charge (the orphan Nellie) seemed to the gentleman too terrible to be true.

And yet there just before him, his honest blue eyes telling the same story which his lips had repeated, stood Jerry—dinnerless, supperless, and almost homeless, upon this the wildest night of all the year.

Mr. Watterson forgot the rising flood, which even now was threatening his mills; he forgot the urgent errand which had driven him out into the storm; he forgot the wide social gulf between his servant and himself; and, remembering only that he was a Christian man, answerable to his Father in Heaven for the welfare of this child before him, he seized the boy by the arm, pushed open the door of the little bakery before which they stood, and fairly dragged him within.

"Here!" he cried to the baker's wife, who came, bowing and smiling, to execute the great man's commands. "See! Give this lad the best supper you can cook and all the provisions he can carry, and send the bill to me." Then, hurriedly drawing some money from his pocket-book, he thrust it into Jerry's hand, and said: "When you have eaten, go back to Mrs. Crawford's and pay her for a month in advance. Then find a doctor for Nellie, and stay with her yourself until she is well. After that, come back to me at the mills. If they are standin', you shall have work. No. Not a word!" he continued, as the astonished boy would have spoken. "The money is a present to you and Nellie from me." And before Jerry could recover from his surprise Mr. Watterson had gone.

Supper! money! and a doctor for Nellie! Could it be true? The boy unclasped his hand and looked at the precious bills. Yes, it was true!

As he ate the bountiful meal prepared for him by the baker's good wife, the bobbin-boy pictured Nellie's delight when he should return and tell her of what happened him; and, later, when he faced the dreary storm, homeward bound, with a great basket, heaped with buns and cakes and oranges from the baker's shelves, upon his arm, his heart was light and his laugh rang merrily out across the darkness and the rain, as he thought of how boldly he would meet "Mis' Crawford," and how astonished she would be when he paid her not a week but a month in advance!

"It's just like a fairy story!" said he half aloud, as he climbed the sloppy steps of his boarding-house. "Just like a fairy story, with a great big, splendid, rich man fairy!"

It was almost morning. Already the black curtain of night, rent here and there by the furious wind, was slowly lifting toward the east and the dull gray dawn appearing, forming a sombre background, upon which the leafless trees that fringed the far-away hills were painted in waving silhouette.

Since ever the sun had gone down the wild storm had continued, and even now the rain, driven by the mighty wind, fell in long, slanting lanes upon the town and the frothing river, that, filled with great masses of broken ice and debris from all the up-country, roared and plunged between its banks and shook with giant hands the foundations of the mills beneath which it ran.

At the head of the dam, where the channel was the narrowest, and directly opposite the lower Watterson mill, was an ice jam.

Piled block upon block, until it towered high in the air, pressing with terrible force against the mills, upon the one hand, and the natural wall of rock upon the other, the broken ice had formed a great, white barricade, growing each moment, which checked the mad rush of the water and sent it whirling backward in eddying waves, which beat furiously upon the mills and threatened each instant to engulf them.

Along the higher shore the townspeople had gathered, powerless to aid, but simply awaiting the catastrophe; and among them, pale and haggard, was the proprietor, himself, already a ruined man.

As he passed to and fro, intent upon the scene before him, hoping against hope that the jam might even yet give way in time to save his buildings, many a watcher turned aside with pitying word and look, for Mr. Watterson was a man beloved by all of his employees.

Suddenly there was a movement in the crowd—a hastening toward a common centre—and, with eager faces, both men and women gathered about a new-comer, who was speaking earnestly.

"Yes. If that timber could be cut, it would break the jam! It lies just so that it holds."

The owner of the mills burst through the little crowd.

"What timber? Where? Quick! Tell me! Can the jam be broken?"

"Yes, sir," returned the other, respectfully touching his hat. "It can; but it's dangerous work. I have just been below, and from there I saw that a great log which has lodged at the very crown of the dam is all that holds the ice. If that could be cut, the jam would be broken."

"But how can it be reached?" queried Mr. Watterson, anxiously. "Can any one get at it to cut it?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other; "in one way."

"And that is—"

"Over the ice itself!"

A shudder ran through the listeners, and even

the proprietor's face grew more pale. Who would venture upon such a bridge on such an errand?

With a common impulse, the crowd, led by the workman who first discovered the log, turned hurriedly away from the river's brink, ran through a side street, and gained a position lower down the stream, from whence the dam could be plainly seen.

The report was true. The jam was held in place by a single timber—a great square stick, doubtless torn by the angry waters from some bridge far up the country. If that could be cut, the blockade would be broken, the ice would no longer clog the stream, and the mills would be saved.

For a moment silence fell upon all; then, suddenly, Mr. Watterson's voice, hoarse and thin, rang out above the noise of the storm and the war of the waters.

"A thousand dollars to the man who will cut that timber!"

The women in the little group looked at each other and shuddered; the men fixed their eyes upon the dam; but no one replied. The roar of the angry stream increased and the waters deepened beneath the mill walls.

"Two thousand dollars!"

The proprietor's voice was hoarser than before; but the men closed their lips firmly and shook their heads. They moved a little uneasily, and one drew his hand across his mouth, as if he would have spoken; but still no one replied; and the white foam from the imprisoned river was tossed by the wind against the lower windows of the mills, while the corners of the buildings were already beginning to crumble and waste away by the grinding ice.

"Three thou—"

"I will go!"

The two voices sounded so closely together that it was not until the crowd turned their eyes upward and saw the one who had answered, that they fairly understood the reply.

Running from a third story window of the lower mill directly across the river, above the dam, was a long endless chain, used to convey power from the mighty water-wheel of the mills to the machinery of a little box factory, located upon the opposite bluff. This chain was at rest now, and there appeared at the window near it the figure of a boy, in a blue blouse, carrying in his hand an axe. He it was who had said "I will go!"

When the people saw him, and realized what he was about to attempt (for already he had fastened a rope around his body and was passing the end over the chain, evidently with the intention of sliding along the same until he found a point from which he could lower himself within reach of the timber); when they realized this, a great murmur went up from the crowd, and the women cried out in terror, while many turned to Mr. Watterson and urged him to order the boy back.

"Who is he?" asked the proprietor, in a dazed manner.

"It's Jerry, sir. Jerry the bobbin-boy," said a man, stepping forward. "An orphan, sir, an' starvin' to care for his sick sister."

"Jerry! Is it Jerry?" cried Mr. Watterson, turning quickly. "Then he shall not go," and he waived his hand, and shouted toward the window; "Go back! Go back!"

But already it was too late, for, with a little cry, the boy dropped from his perch and hung swinging above the roaring, grinding ice, the rope which supported him sliding slowly downward along the chain toward the centre of the dam. The breathless crowd, the terror-stricken proprietor, could only watch and wait now.

Slowly and unevenly the looped rope from which Jerry was suspended slipped, link by link, down the sagging chain; slowly his feet neared the great mass of ragged ice beneath. At length when he was directly over the centre of the dam, and just above the long beam which held the jam allowing the rope to slide quickly through his hands, he dropped lightly upon the timber he had come to cut.

At the sight the sympathetic crowd broke into a wild cheer, both men and women; but Jerry wasted no time listening. A moment, half a moment lost might mean destruction to the mills, and before the echo of shouting had ceased he was plying his axe with vigorous strokes, that rang sharp and clear above the voice of crumbling ice and gathering waters.

It was not a long task. The strain upon the timber already was enormous, and ere the lad had dealt half a score of blows an ominous crackling sound warned him that his errand was accomplished and that he must be gone. Dropping the axe he turned, seized the dangling rope, and began to climb toward the chain above, when, with a shock like the report of a cannon, the beam gave way, and in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, the air was filled with a horrible roaring, as the imprisoned waters burst the bounds which had confined them, and in one impetuous, boiling flood rushed over the dam, tossing the great cakes of ice that had formed the barrier high on the frothing waves—so high that they hid from sight the form of the poor child and there went up from all the people a single cry: "The boy is lost!"

But the dam was broken! The mills were saved!

And Jerry was saved too. Bruised and stunned and bleeding, hanging half-insensible above the black waters that swept with swift curve toward the fall, when the ice that had buffeted him had passed away, the watchers saw that the boy still lived; and quicker than it can be told, a boat was procured and manned, a long line

made fast to it, and, dropping down the stream until they were close to him, tender hands were upraised, loving voices called, and, with a long, sobbing cry, the little hero loosened his grasp upon the rope which held him and dropped fainting into the waiting arms below.

To-day the great mills still stand by the great river's brink, and the rumble of the machinery is heard all day long, as of yore; but it does not reach the ears of the "bobbin-boy," nor yet those of sister Nellie. For the one is at college and the other at school, both foster children of that most pleasant of all old bachelors, the proprietor himself; and it is only at vacation time now, when his days are brightened by the presence of both his loved ones, that Mr. Watterson's memory turns back to that spring-time, long gone by, when his son Jerry, in simple soulful gratitude, risked his life to save the mills.

HEARTH AND HOME.

REPENTANCE is not so much remorse for what we have done as the fear of consequences.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

ONE of the most effectual ways of pleasing and of making one's self loved is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears.—*Martine De Sartory.*

WOMEN are the happiest beings of the creation; in compensation for our services they reward us with a happiness of which they retain more than half.—*De Varennes.*

To abstain from pleasure for a time, in order the better to enjoy in the future, is the philosophy of the sage; it is the epicureanism of reason.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

DR. MARCH says the best cure for hysterics is to discharge the servant girl. In his opinion there is nothing like brisk exercise and useful occupation to keep the nervous system from becoming unstrung. Some women think they want a physician, he says, when they only need a scrubbing-brush.

A WOMAN at middle age retains nothing of the prettiness of youth; she is a friend who gives you all the feminine delicacies, who displays all the graces, all the prepossessions which nature has given to woman to please man, but who no longer sells these qualities. She is hateful or loveable, according to her pretensions to youth, whether they exist under the epidermis or whether they are dead.—*Balzac.*

WOMEN AND MEN.—Women, and especially young women, either believe falsely or judge harshly of men in one thing. You, young loving creature, who dream of your lover by night and by day—you fancy that he does the same of you! He does not, he cannot; nor is it right he should. One hour, perhaps, your presence has captivated him, subdued him even to weakness; the next he will be in the world, working his way as a man among them, forgetting for the time being your very existence. Possibly if you saw him, his outer self hard and stern, so different to the self you know, would strike you with pain. Or else his inner and diviner self, kigher than you dream of, would turn coldly from your insignificant love. Yet all this must be; you have no right to murmur. You cannot rule a man's soul—no woman ever did—except by holding unworthy sway over unworthy passions. Be content if you lie in his heart, as that heart lies in his bosom—deep and calm, its beatings unseen, uncounted, oftentimes unfelt; but still giving life to his whole being.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

VICTOR MASSE has finished a new opera, "La Nuit de Cleopatre."

MR. FRED GODFREY, many years bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, is seriously ill.

MADAME PATTI has not, it is believed, engaged to sing at Drury Lane in Wagner's *Lohengrin*.

THE composer of "Kathleen Mavourneen"—Nicholas Crouch—is now seventy-three years old, and in poverty.

RUBINSTEIN contemplates composing a new opera. It will be heard with regret that this great virtuoso's sight is in an unsatisfactory state.

THE first white elephant—in the flesh,—ever landed in Europe, has been recently added to Sanger's Menagerie.

THE Three Choirs' Festival, held this year at Worcester, opened by a special service in the cathedral on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 4th.

HAZEL KIRKE, the play which has enjoyed the largest run of any piece in New York, is to be produced in London.

THE death is announced of the Italian dramatist Pietro Cossa; also that of M. Xavier Cornille, one of the last representatives of the family of the great Cornille.

SARAH BERNHARDT is now starring in the French provinces. Three performances at Lille brought her in 30,000 francs.

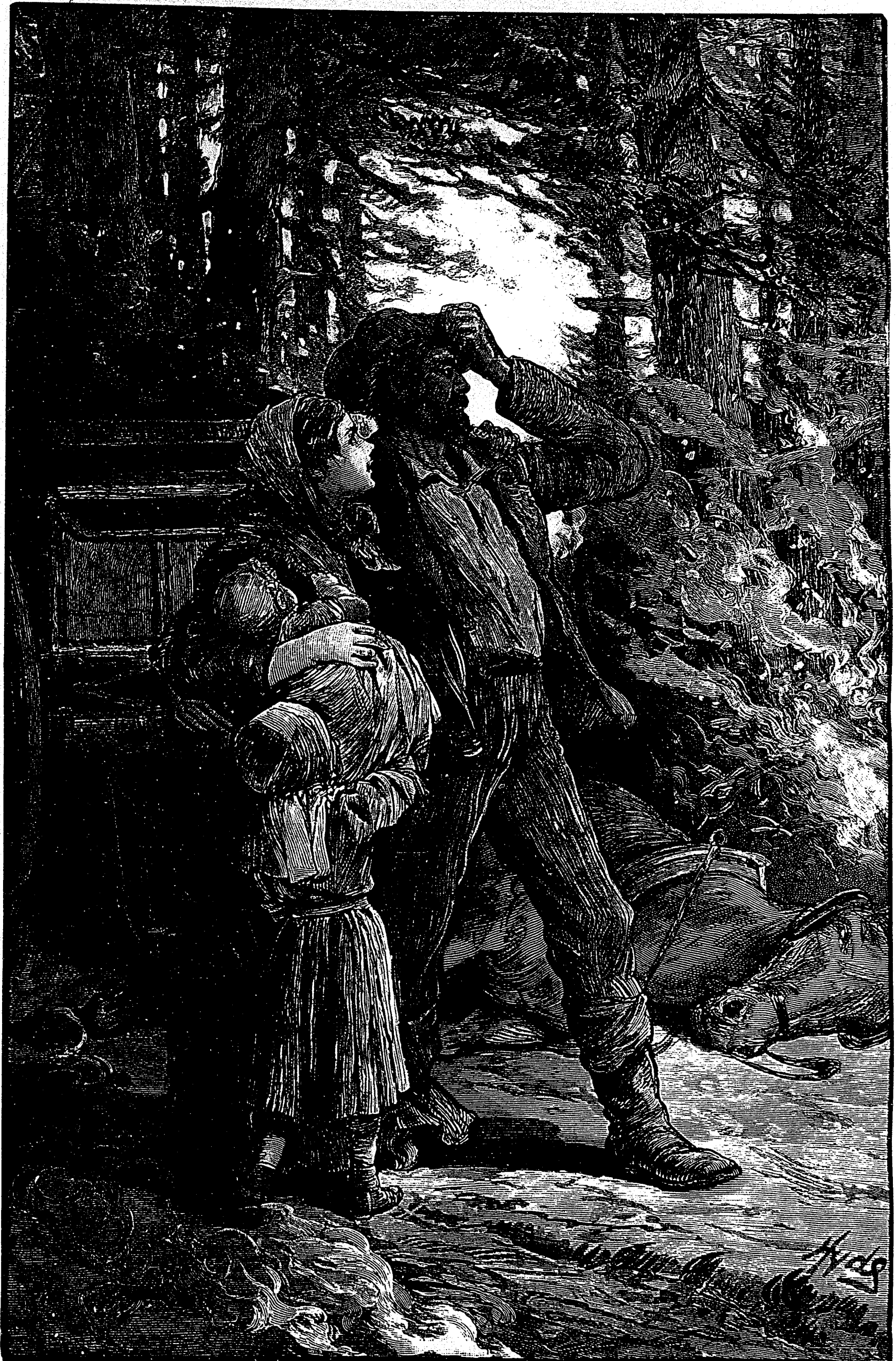
HEINRICH FRANKE, who died a few days ago at Weimar, in his eighty-first year, was one of the last survivors of the company of actors who were personally trained by Goethe.

It is said that Mr. Augustus Harris has given his collaborator, Mr. Paul Merritt, £3,000 for his share in "Youth," the sensational drama which is now filling Drury Lane nightly.

MISS ADA CAVENDISH will commence a series of performances in comedy and drama at the Haymarket Theatre in November. Her first appearance on the London stage since her return from the States.



A RAINY DAY.



A STRUGGLE AGAINST FATE.—AN INCIDENT OF THE RECENT FOREST FIRES IN MICHIGAN.

PHONETIC.

An old yellow dog in Cologne, Ran away with an old woman's bogue; But the wrathful old croque Hit him twice with a stogno, And 'twas dreadful to hear the dog grogno.

There was a fat fellow in Harwich Who asked a stout lady in marwich. But starting for church, He was left in the lurch, There being no room in the carwich.

There was a young lady of Gloucester, Whose parients hoped they had Gloucester; But she came back one day To their awful dismay, So they called her a wicked imponcester.

ANOTHER "ROYAL ROAD" TO MUSIC.

One hears a great deal about "musical quacks," and I once came across a rare specimen of this genus. Most quacks have some theory about a "royal road" to music, different from and superior to any beaten track—although the beaten track has made (a few?) good musicians, and the royal roads—how many!

My especial quack—Mr. B.—had a "Musical Academy" in the town where I was staying, and quite a large number of pupils, whose delusion can only be accounted for by their ignorance. I must not omit to mention that Mr. B. was a "Reverend," holding forth in divers chapels on Sundays, but pursuing his musical avocations during the rest of the week!

The Rev. B.'s announcements were truly marvellous. Any pupil, however ignorant of music, could read the most difficult pieces at sight after two or three lessons, and play with correctness and facile execution in about a month!

I was really anxious to see and converse with this wonderful maker of musicians, and at last a friend managed an interview for me. I beheld Mr. B. in all his glory! Which glory consisted in a very shabby semi-clerical suit, and a huge red comforter, surmounted by a rather grimy face, with a rusty beard and long greasy hair. Altogether, a specimen of the quack class, for which I was unprepared; at least I thought he would look clean.

After the introduction, and a few preliminary remarks, I ventured to approach the subject of music, so I said:

"I have often heard of you, Mr. B."

"I guess so, ma'am," complacently, and with an awful drawl.

"I suppose you have devoted a great deal of time to musical study?"

"Well, ma'am, I guess not over much. It came kinder natural."

"You play, of course?" I hazarded.

"Hem! I'm not what you call so much of a player, myself, bein' more used to directin' of pupils."

"What style do you prefer, Mr. B.?"

"Well, now, I might say all styles come much the same to me. When I was a young man I kinder liked the waltz time best, bein' a great dancer, myself; but when I turned to the Church, I had to stop my dancin', though I kinder hanker still after a waltz!" This with a deprecatory smile, as if his youthful fancies were not quite extinct.

My friend now asked me to play something to Mr. B.

"Ah, do, ma'am, if you please; I've heard a deal of you as a player." I was willing enough to comply, but what to select was the difficulty. So I asked Mr. B. to name some favourite of his, which I might possibly know. He did name several such as "The ——— Waltz," "General ——— March," "Colonel ——— Quick-step," etc., etc. Alas! I knew none of them, and so chose for myself. I selected one of Liszt's, as I thought the octaves, runs, etc., would be more to Mr. B.'s taste than Beethoven or any other classical composer. He listened almost breathless, and when I had finished the last crashing chord, he drew himself together, as it were, and said:

"My! but that's playin'!"

I re-seated myself by him, and said insinuatingly:

"Now, Mr. B., I am very anxious to hear something of your new system. If pupils progress so rapidly by it, it must be of great value. In what respect is your method different from others?"

"Well, now—don't you see—you'll understand—there ain't, I guess, so much difference in our plans. You see, one thing is, I never keep the young folks too long over their books. Let 'em do a half hour or so, then run out, and play a game of croquet, or anything else they've a fancy for, and then come back and practise a little more—they kinder like that."

"But," I ventured, "how can they in so short a time gain execution?"

"Well, now—as to that I needn't tell you, ma'am, that you can't get the fingers limber—like yours, for instance—without a deal more practice." (This was an admission I had hardly expected.) "Fact is, I sets 'em on, and when they're set on, they must do the rest themselves!"

"Oh, I see," I said, politely.

"But" (evidently thinking he had admitted too much), "I teach 'em a deal in a very short time. A lady teacher said to me the other day: 'Mr. B., tell me the difference between your system and mine.' 'Why' ma'am, I said, 'you give the pupils music by the tea-spoonful, I give it by the scoop-shovelful—that's my method!'"

He roared at his own joke, and I felt that I could learn no further. Here was his whole

"system," his "royal road," all contained in "one fell swoop." After a little further conversation, and a glass of wine, he "guessed" he must be going, and wished me "good-day." My friend saw him out at the front door; he walked a few steps, then returning, said: "My! how her fingers did fly!" and finally walked off. I never saw him again, and I think he has now left the town in which I met him. He is, doubtless, pursuing his great system elsewhere.

Is it not wonderful, that people can be so utterly taken in by all these "new systems"—and bogus "Professors!" I do not believe there was any real harm in the Rev. B.; he knew so little that he was unaware of his own astounding ignorance. The class of pupils who went to him were satisfied. What more could any one desire! I fear that, so long as there are people ready to be quacked, there will never be a dearth of quacks at their disposal. Often do I think of it. Music by the teaspoonful versus music by the scoop-shovelful! There was real genius in that idea. GRETCHEN.

"RANG WENT SAXPENCE"

The canny Scot who had not been in London many hours before "bang went saxpence" is a historic character, and his race does not seem likely to die out. The other day a firm of merchants in Carlisle found a stray overcoat almost new, and probably worth some 3l. or 4l.; they advertised the find in the newspapers. One day shortly afterwards a canny Scot came to them and proclaimed himself the owner. He had heard of the advertisement, and had come to claim the coat, which he forthwith proceeded to identify. It was handed over to him, and with a profuse "guid day t'ye," he was about to depart, when the merchant said, "By the way, there is the advertisement. It cost us a shilling, and perhaps you would not object to pay the amount."

This was too much for the Scot. "Pay the advertisement! Na, na, my man; I didn't order any advertisement."

"Well, I know you didn't," replied the merchant; "but as it has been the means of your finding your coat I thought you would probably not object."

"Object! Of course I object! I ordered nae advertisement, and nae'll be paid for by me. Guid day tull ye."

Away the canny Northerner departed from the office with the coat over his arm, leaving the amazed merchant standing alone reflecting upon national characteristics. Suddenly, however, the Scot re-appeared at the door with a coin in his hand, and exclaiming, "I'll tell ye what I'll do: I'll gang halfers about that advertisement," threw sixpence down and departed.

THE COURIER IN PETTICOATS.

Amongst the different varieties of travelling women just now scattered over the surface of the earth, there are some which will well repay a minute examination. Take, for instance, the American lady, widow or spinster, who continues her peregrinations in Europe, in North Africa, and on the western fringe of Asia, for a period of three years, who turns up unexpectedly at odd places after long intervals, and who, though entirely alone, is yet not by any means defenceless, and is perfectly competent to take the very best care of herself. Two years ago you parted with her at Rome; last year you heard a familiar voice, as you were lounging in the courtyard of Shepherd's Hotel at Cairo; you looked round, and lo! the Transatlantic female was there, just the same as you had left her a twelvemonth since. This year it may be that you are meditating a trip to Madeira. If you accomplish it, be prepared on landing for the same apparition. For yourself the old monotonous round of life has gone on placidly and uninterruptedly as before. The same annual tab of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, gratifications and disappointments, has been told once again. Your holiday of six or seven weeks is the sole break in the year which you allow yourself; and when you witness this intrepid Amazon, who has been in a constant whirl of locomotive excitement during thirty-six months on end, you are conscious of something like that feeling with which Sir Pitt Crawley regarded his brother Rawdon when the latter called upon him after he had been up all night. The American lady, when she is engaged in the grand tour of the western hemisphere, acts very effectively as her own courier. Locomotion is to her less of a pleasure than of a business. She has reduced the whole thing to a system. She is never agitated, never perplexed, never in a hurry, never over-harped. The sums she devotes to scampering over so many thousands of miles she regards in the light of an investment. She sinks in it so much capital, and for this she is bound to get the best possible return.

Few solitary English ladies are as completely the mistresses of the situation as their Transatlantic sisters. They may have prearranged everything, have provided themselves with the best advice, and have strictly followed the counsels of experience as regards the amount of luggage which they take with them. For a time all may seem to go well. The collapse and the catastrophe come unexpectedly, and come in a moment. The fair pilgrim is overwhelmed with a paroxysm of helplessness. It is only a trifle, but it has upset her completely. She appeals either in words, or with the muteness of a facial expression which is more eloquent than speech, to the nearest spectator; and, once having made a confession of her dependence and

impotence, she becomes in a manner demoralized, and is at the mercy of such chance champions as she may pick up. It would be much better if, before starting, she had engaged a regular courier in petticoats. When a woman thoroughly understands the art of travelling, she is altogether the superior of the weaker sex. The lady who is a professional travelling companion, and spends the greater portion of every year in her avocation, is a treasure to many matrons and spinsters who are fond of seeing the world, yet who cannot see it with comfort unless they do so under supervision. There is no mistaking the personal appearance of the courier in petticoats. When you see a lady whose age may be charitably reckoned at thirty years, with a face which recalls the kind of visage that is sometimes met with in the stewardesses on board a Channel steamer—a countenance of wooden immobility, and a complexion between the colour of red brick and that of a ruddy German doll—treading with vigorous and decisive step, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but going on straight to the goal, elbowing aside all obstacles, animate or inanimate, confident in herself, and not concealing her scorn for all around her,—when these combined phenomena present themselves, they are the infallible indications of the professional courier in petticoats. The chances are that she is followed or clung to by a middle-aged lady in black, who is too terrified to speak, and who presently takes her seat upon the deck of the steamer that is waiting, a personification of the idea of female feebleness and despair. The travelling companion has a remarkably masterful way of treating the poor creatures whom for the time being she has in tow. Her tone of voice is the reverse of conciliatory, and she issues her mandates to those who are in her charge with a quick, sharp, snapping accent. If her ward happens humbly to express a fear that they will be late, or that they have not got into the right train, or that there is something wrong with the engines of the steamer, she receives a brusque reprimand, and during the next hour subsides into silence. It might be thought that this kind of travelling companion would be a little too dictatorial to be entirely pleasant to her patroness. But the truth is that the lady who attaches herself to her, values and admires her precisely for what would strike many people as the defects of her qualities. Herself a kind of locomotive Mrs. Nickleby, she regards with awe and delight those very characteristics that appear disagreeably aggressive to others. It is the homage of impotence to power. The weak woman really likes to feel the hand of the strong one, and is never more enthusiastic than when she expatiates to her friends on the incomparable attributes of her trusty pioneer. In the race for comforts which sometimes takes place during one's travels, she is a formidable competitor. She has always secured beforehand, by some invisible agency, the coupe of the diligence, the best seats in the best part of the train, the one spot on the steamer which is inaccessible to the influences of smoke, or wind, or rain, the last good room in an hotel that is unusually full. She knows all languages, and she is well versed in the currencies of the different States of Europe. She is never imposed upon; her petty change is never wrong; she never pays a porter a sou too much, and she has never lost an umbrella or the tiniest package in her life. If you are thrown into her society, it is desirable to make her your friend; for if you do not she will set herself in opposition against you, and will get the better of you at every turn, and will make you regret bitterly the day on which you presumed to give her offence.

There are other varieties of the travelling companion than this. The courier in petticoats, at whom we have just glanced, has taken to a nomadic life because she enjoys it. Her father is, perhaps, a country clergyman with a large family, and with no income to speak of. He had to put it plainly to his daughters that they must do something to make their own way in life. The chance occurred of accompanying a maiden aunt on an expedition to the South of France. The experience proved a most enjoyable one; the girl herself had a strong, self-reliant, enterprising character. She had already made up her mind that it was better to be a barmaid, or to stand behind the counter of a bookseller in a country town, or to set up in the Berlin-wool business, than to be a governess. She made acquaintances, proved herself, in one or two instances, indispensable, established a considerable connection, and settled down into her present groove. Occasionally one meets with travelling companions of a different kind. There are two things which are not, perhaps, sufficiently understood about English girls. One is, that they want pocket-money; the second is that there is really no reason why the monotony of existence, which their brothers find insufferable, should be otherwise than irksome to them. When one considers how tame and colourless is the life of the average English maiden of the middle class, one can only wonder that the bonds of habit are so seldom rudely burst. The daughter of one of these households sees an advertisement in the paper, intimating that two ladies, who are about to make a short trip abroad, desire an eligible and lively companion. In this announcement the girl recognizes her opportunity; she answers it, her application is successful, and one fine morning she informs her family that she is about to see the world. She disappears from her rural home for a twelvemonth; the neighbours make remarks about the eccentricity of the proceeding. But the young lady gets no harm from the courage she displays

and, not impossibly, lays the foundation of her fortune. Acting in the capacity of a courier in petticoats, she will, indeed, never amass a fortune, but she may pick up a thoroughly desirable husband; she will, at least, have the chances of doing something, and making for herself a definite future, which is more than she would have accomplished if she had remained at home.

LANDOR'S DAILY HABITS.

We reproduce the following from Professor Sidney Colvin's life of Landor, in the English Men of Letters series:

"Landor's habits were to breakfast at nine, and write principally before noon. His mode of writing was peculiar; he would sit absorbed in apparently vacant thought, but inwardly giving the finishing touches to the verses or the periods which he had last been maturing while he walked or lay awake at night; when he was ready he would seize suddenly on one of the many scraps of paper and one of the many stumps of swan's quills that usually lay at hand, and would write down what was in his head hastily, in his rough sloping characters, sprawling or compressed, according to the space, and dry the written paper in the ashes. At two he dined, either alone or in the company of some single favoured friend, often on viands which he had himself bought and dressed, and with the accompaniment, when the meal was shared by a second person, of a few glasses of some famous vintage from the family cellar. In the afternoon he walked several miles, in all weathers, having a special preference for a village near Bath (Wildcombe), in the beautiful churchyard of which he had now determined that he should be buried. From about seven in the evening, after the simplest possible tea, he generally read till late at night. His walls were covered with bad pictures, which he bought cheap, as primarily from the dealers of Florence, so now from those of Bath, and which his imagination endowed with every sign and every circumstance of authenticity.

"In this manner twenty long years went by, during which Landor passed with little diminution of strength from elderly to potterhead age. As time went on, the habits of his life changed almost imperceptibly. The circuit of his walks grew narrower; his visits to London and elsewhere less frequent. His friends of the younger generation, Dickens and Forster and without fail, were accustomed every year to run down to Bath and bear him company on his birthday, the 30th of January. Carlyle, whose temper of hero-worship found much that was congenial in Landor's writings, and who delighted in the sterling and vigorous qualities of the man, made the same journey in order to visit him. I do not know whether the invitation was ever accepted which Landor addressed to another illustrious junior in the following scrap of treatment doggerel:

"I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson, Come and share my haunch of venison. I have too a bin of claret, Good, but better when you share it. Tho' 'tis only a small bin, There's a stock of it within. And, as sure as I'm a rhymor, Half a butt of Rudesheimer. Come; among the sons of men is none Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson."

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

MR. GEORGE W. CARLE is writing a history of New Orleans.

THE death is announced of Professor Theodore Benfer, the German Oriental scholar.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON is credited with having written a novel for the "Round Robin Series."

ROBERTS Brothers are issuing a second edition of Oscar Wilde's poems; a third edition is said to have been ordered for in London.

MR. AVSTIN DOWSON is writing an article on the artist Augustus Knauthmann for the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

EDGAR FAWCETT'S new story, "A Gentleman of Leisure," is to be published in Germany, in English, presumably by Tauchnitz.

MR. BOTTRELL, who published three volumes of Cornish folk-lore between 1870 and 1880 under the title of "Traditions and Hearthside Stories," is dead.

THE Public Library at Bologna has been closed by order of the Minister of Public Instruction for a thorough revision.

THE centenary of Froebel's birth is to be celebrated at Dresden next April. Dr. Lange, the editor of his various writings, will give an address on the occasion.

THE London *Athenaeum* speaks in the highest terms of Routledge & Sons' new edition of *Lucas of Shalkepeare*, with the illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, two volumes of which are just out from the press.

THE leading London dailies and some of the weeklies (fifteen in all) spell the poet's name Shakespeare; the *Spectator*, *Athenaeum*, and four other papers make it Shakapone; while four, including the *Morning Post*, have adopted the still more confused form of Shakspeare.

Scribner's Monthly will move out of its old quarters over Charles Scribner's Sons' book store in Broadway in October, and, as *The Century*, take possession of a floor in the new building, No. 43 Union Square, north. It is said that the *North American Review* will take possession of the present *Scribner* offices.

THE French critic Professor Paul Stapfer's generously priced work on "Shakespeare and Classical Antiquity" has been translated into English by Miss Emily J. Carey. Professor Stapfer naturally compares the Classical drama of Racine with that of the English master. He sees many beauties in the former, but he believes his neo-classical tragedy was an artificial growth, while Shakespeare's is "the natural and regular blossoming of the antique drama."

CLIMBING SCHRECKHORN.

We determined to try the next Schreckhorn, the peak of terror. The great mountain was at first moody and would have nothing to do with us. We had a steep climb to the Schwarzegg but by the rocks on the left side of the upper glacier (for the ice was in such bad order that we could not use it), past the place where twenty years ago a chamois hunter was killed in an avalanche, and where a bit of his waistcoat still remains between two great stones—one of which was lying on him six months after when he was found; past little nooks white with edelweiss, for as our guide Almer said, "Here come not many people." Then for hours there was a steady patter of rain on the roof, which later in the night turned to snow, and in the morning it lay thick before the door, and there was nothing for us but to go back. It made the return journey by the rocks troublesome; it was only here and there that the blue of late gentians could be seen; but the edelweiss with its larger stem showed gray on the white covering. And then for nearly a fortnight we could do nothing; the snow became lower and lower, whitening the Scheidecks, and at last weighing down the branches of the fir quite low on the Eiger. So we had to stop, restless, at the pleasant "Bear," tormenting the lives of the numerous Mr. Bosses by question about the weather, and finding consolation only in the conduct and sweet behaviour of their admirable monkey. It seemed as if the winter was really coming on, and that the Schreckhorn would be unapproachable for another year; for furious winds as well as snow were at work on the heights, and sometimes the Wetterhorn was wrapped in one great sheet of white with no rock visible.

We stayed on however hoping, till we who had arrived when nearly a hundred people sat down to dinner, were left almost alone at the "Bear"—almost alone, in fact, in Grindelwald, and things began to look very black indeed. Then they brightened. After a succession of fine days, sandwiched in between two wet ones, the weather got better, and—just before October—we started again.

The snow couloirs which led up to the final arête of the Schreckhorn are exceedingly steep. We had examined them with much interest from the Finsteraarhorn with a good glass, and from that point of view they appear perpendicular, though they are not quite so bad as that. The mountain is—especially after fresh snow—subject to avalanches, and is also in the habit of sending down showers of stones. For some immense period—in fact ever since its formation—a mass of hard red rock has existed near the summit. The suns of thousands of summers, the frost and snow and rain of thousands of winters, have acted upon it and its surroundings seemingly to little purpose. But they have done their work, and it has one day to leave its resting-place and make its first and last journey—a wild one it will be—down to the glacier below. In a very few seconds it acquires a terrible impetus. It strikes a rock, and long before the sound of the smash reaches the ear the eye sees the solid block part into thousands of pieces while they as they hurry on pick up and carry with them all loose fragments which they may happen to touch; so that the disturbance which began in the fall of one great mass at the top spreads out into a great fan of flying devastation, and ends three or four thousand feet below on the glacier. The small bits sink into the snow at once; the larger—unless they be very large—disappear later; and soon there is no sign left, unless it be the bruised mountain side, of the exercise of a power capable of sweeping away a regiment. Such a fall is best seen at a distance. Another kind of stone avalanche is caused by the slipping of a mass of loose debris. The noise made by this has a particularly harsh grating sound about it, very disagreeable to listen to at night. The Schreckhorn delights in all this kind of thing. He is constantly preparing some such little greeting for those who are toiling up him. Perhaps this is how he got his name; but more probably it was from his hopeless-looking cliffs and from his position completely circled with ice. There is a real awfulness about the "peak of terror" when he shows himself against a black lowering sky, his middle hid in mist, or only seen here and there. He looks almost cruel—utterly inaccessible—as if he were thirty thousand feet high. He has been sometimes very cruel.

There were a little moon and bright stars and we determined not to wait for daylight, but to make a very early start, for the weather was so fickle and changeable that there was no certainty of its remaining favourable for even a few hours. At exactly two the hut was left; in fifteen minutes the first great couloir was reached. From that point to the top we had eight hours of hard, almost incessant work. To the ordinary difficulties of a climb—never an easy one—we had those caused by fresh snow, deep and often soft on the couloirs, thick and treacherously lying on the rocks. The first couloir is in shape not unlike an hour-glass. It narrows after a rise of a thousand feet or so (but it is difficult to measure accurately with the eye distances on snow, and it may be much more or less) from a tolerable breadth to a very narrow neck and then opens out again, and through this neck any ice or snow or stones coming from above must fall. It was a place dangerous to pass when the sun has been up any time, but safe enough then when the frost was still in power. Then the rocks on the right were taken to again for a little, and then again the snow.

For hours we toiled on, the work of the last man, hard though it was, being as nothing compared with what Almer had to do. How many steps he made it is impossible to say—some thousand is; we counted four hundred and seventy on the last slope. Of course many of these—by far the greatest number—were made in the hardened snow, and one or two blows of the extraordinary weapon he carried, were as a rule sufficient to make them. For in looking into the Sassenberg châlet the day before, Almer had seen a great heart-shaped sort of hole, with a blade two or three times as broad as an ordinary ice axe. This had been used for making a track on the moraine for some beasts which came across the glacier for two or three weeks' feeding, and he thought it would be useful in step-cutting or in clearing away the cornice on the arête. It proved most useful; without it our time, long as it was, would have been much longer. Its temper was good and it would cut a step in very hard *névé*. Where ice had to be crossed Almer took one of our axes.

In due time the sun rose; we had then reached a great height, and the view was most extraordinary. The Lauteraarhorn on the right, and the Schreckhorn above, loomed faintly through a gray mist; the Finsteraarhorn, and the range on that side, shone through a rosy vapour, and directly below it was clear. But on the upper part of the lower glacier floated an exceedingly dense white fog, thick and heavy, and seemingly solid enough to have floated an ironclad. Above this the deeply-crimsoned peaks of some great mountains showed themselves—the Eiger, the Mönch and the Jungfrau.

We toiled on straight up some slopes, zig-zagging in long bends across others which lay at a higher angle, till at length we stood on the snow-ridge from which the great peak—now so far off—"stood up and took the morning," and which looks down on the top of the Lauteraarhorn. From this point the hour's ordinary work was turned into two, and it was the most difficult and exciting part of the climb—perhaps a little bit of it dangerous. Much of the final arête—the great fish-boned jagged ridge by which the top of the Schreckhorn is reached—does actually go to a point; there are few places where you cannot—one or two where you must—sit astride. And the snow, which lay thickly wherever it could find a resting-place, sometimes ended in a ridge which can only be accurately described by saying that "it had no parts and no magnitude." First, for a score or two of yards, the way led a little below the top of the arête, along the face of the tremendous slope which ends on the Lauteraarhorn, down which Mr. Elliot fell—a slope between three and four thousand feet long, and so steep that a handkerchief would not rest on it. This was the worst bit on the mountain; the footing was rather insecure, the ice was very hard and bleak, and fine dry powdered snow kept continually falling from above and filling up the steps. Here, and along the last arête, we had to move one at a time, and then with care and caution. Sometimes on poking with the axe to find a resting-place for one's foot, what seemed a firm bit of snow-covered rock would turn out to be a mere fringe, and the little hole acted as a telescope for a *serp* on the upper Grindelwald glacier instead of for the firm red stone looked for.

Up and down the jagged teeth we went, and at last one of the party put his hand on a sugar-loaf of snow, and laughed and said, "We have conquered the Schreckhorn." If the great mountain heard him, as no doubt he did, he must have smiled to himself and thought, "Ah, if I had yawned—if I had shaken my base ever so little—nay, if I had caused to follow to the touch one of my hard rocks, where would those small specks be now?" Mr. Leslie Stephen may well have been proud when he, first of human beings, stood on that sharp peak, which in all of its thousands of years had never known the presence of a man.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.
J. R., Hamilton.—Letter received. Solution received of Problem No. 347. Correct.

The Chess Club room which has been neglected for the summer months will soon be the resort of those who have been glad to leave for a time the hot and dusty city, and antagonists who were willing to lay aside for a period their struggles over the chequered board will resume their contests with all the ardour which usually follows a long absence from the scene so intimately associated with hard fought battles.

In calling attention to the beginning of the chess season we have only time to express a hope that the officers of our clubs, and the members generally, will not fail to do all in their power to arrange their meetings and modes of play upon such a systematic basis as to ensure that individual and collective improvement, which ought to be a subject of the first consideration. We feel convinced that if we could obtain the history of some of the oldest and most successful clubs of this and the old continent, we should find from the records that have been kept in a regular and orderly manner, that as regards meetings, rules of play, and general registration both of members and proceedings, nothing was neglected which could in any way tend either directly or indirectly to the benefit of the subscribers. Much improvement in this respect has been effected in some of our Provincial clubs during the last year or two, but it requires constant supervision on the part of the officers to maintain this state of things, and every member should feel himself bound to aid in the matter to the best of his ability.

The following remarks from the *Field*, on the game which appeared in our Column of last week may be of interest to those who may have been led, like ourselves, to play over the moves which two such players as

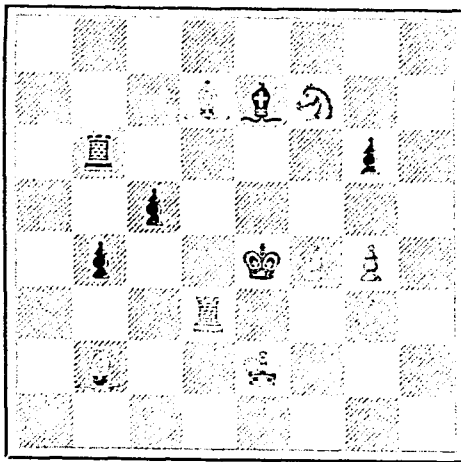
Zukertort and Winawer were induced to make when matched together in a most important contest. "The great feature of Tuesday's play was naturally the struggle between the two chief rivals of the Paris Congress, and anticipations were not disappointed, for Winawer had prepared a surprise for connoisseurs, and we believe also for his opponent, which will delight the hearts of theoretical students. The lookers-on were startled to see the game develop itself into a real live Muzio. This bold attack has, as far as we are aware, never yet been attempted in any tournament, though it was much in favour about twenty years ago in skittle practice. But it has disappeared even in light sort of play since the introduction of Paulsen's defense, which was considered a complete answer to this attack, though the latter had previously defied analytical research for longer than a century. It was, therefore, an audacious venture to adopt such an opening against a master like Zukertort; but Winawer's courage was nevertheless crowned with success."

The Minor Tourney in the Berlin Congress resulted in favour of Herren von Bardeleben, of Leipzig, Specht, of Berlin, Kiss, of Cologne, and Dr. Reif, of Göttingen, in the order named.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

PROBLEM No. 349.

By J. H. Blackburne.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 477TH.

Played between Mr. Mason and Herr Tschigorin in the first-class tournament of the Berlin Congress.

(Van Kruy's Opening.)

- White.—(Mr. Mason.) 1. P to K3 2. P to Q4 3. Kt to K B3 4. R to K2 5. Castles 6. P to B4 7. Kt to B3 8. P to Q Kt3 9. B to Kt2 10. Kt to Q Kt5 11. Kt takes B 12. Kt to Q2 13. Kt takes Kt 14. P to B3 15. P takes P 16. B to R3 17. R to B2 18. Q to Kt3 19. R to Q sq 20. B to Kt4 21. B to B sq 22. R to Q2 23. R to Q B sq 24. P to B5 25. Q takes R 26. P to Kt3 27. R to Q2 28. P takes P 29. P to K4 30. P takes Q P 31. B to B4 32. R to K2 33. B to K5 34. Q R to K sq 35. Q to Kt3 36. P to B4 37. R to Q B sq 38. Q to Kt4 39. K R to Q B2 40. Q to Kt5 41. Q to K B3 42. Q to Kt2 43. Q to K2 44. P to Kt 45. P takes P 46. Q P takes Kt 47. K to R sq 48. Q to Kt2 49. R to B6 50. R takes K Kt P 51. R takes R 52. Q takes Kt P (ch) 53. R to K Kt sq 54. Q to Kt2 55. Q takes Q 56. R to K sq 57. K to Kt2 58. K to Kt3 59. K to Kt4
- Black.—(Herr Tschigorin.) 1. P to K B4 2. P to K3 3. Kt to K B3 4. P to Q Kt3 5. B to Kt2 6. P to Q4 7. B to Q3 8. Castles 9. Q Kt to Q2 10. Kt to K5 11. P takes Kt 12. P takes P 13. B takes Kt 14. B to Kt2 15. R to B3 16. R to Kt3 17. Kt to B3 18. Q to Q2 19. R to Q B sq 20. B to R3 21. Kt to K sq 22. Q to Q B2 23. P to Q4 24. B takes B 25. R to B3 26. Kt to Q3 27. Kt to B5 28. P takes P 29. R to B3 30. P takes P 31. Q to Q2 32. R to K sq 33. R to Q B3 34. P to Kt3 35. Kt takes R 36. R to R sq 37. R to R6 38. R to R4 39. Q to Kt4 40. R to K2 41. R K to R2 42. Q to Kt5 43. R to R6 44. R to K2 45. P takes R 46. Q to K5 (ch) 47. R to K6 48. K to B2 49. Q to Q6 50. R to K5 (ch) 51. P takes R 52. K to B sq 53. Q to K5 (ch) 54. R to Q B2 55. P takes Q 56. R to B5 57. R to B7 58. R to B6 (ch) Resigns.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 347.

- White. 1. Q to Q R6 2. Mates acc.
- Black. 1. Any

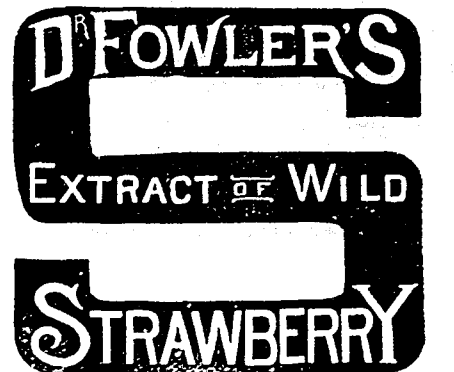
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 345

- White. 1. B to K3 2. Mates acc.
- Black. 1. Any

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 316.

- White. K at K B5 Q at Q R5 R at K R8 Kt at Kt4 Kt at Q K7 Pawns at Q B3
- Black. K at Q4 Q at Q3 Pawns at Q B2 4 and 5.

White to play and mate in three moves.



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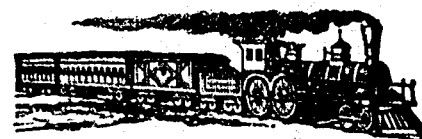
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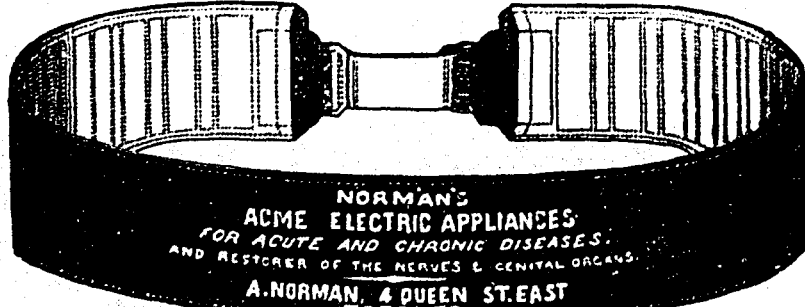
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