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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1882.

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A HOME QUESTION.

MONARCH OF THE LAKES :—" Sorry, of course, and all that sort of thing. It'll blow over. They are better off. 'After life's fitful fever' they 'sleep well!' Ahem! Shakespeare!"
" BONE " COMPANION :—" Do you sleep well o' nights, old man?"

TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for Oct. 1st, 1882, and Corresponding week, 1881. Rows include Max., Min., and Mean for each day of the week.

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- ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon—A Home Question—The Commencement of the Football Season—The Jacques Cartier River Bridge—The Visit of the Press Association to the North-West—The Prize Drill at Ohio Fair—Edison Electric Railway at Menlow Park—The War in Egypt—Dresses for Juvenile Fancy Balls.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 7, 1882.

THE WEEK.

UNDER the title of "A Literary Fraud," Mr. N. F. Flood makes things a little lively for the Secretary of the Royal Society of Canada, over his recently published pamphlet "Canada as a Home." He alleges that there are "in almost every sentence gross grammatical blunders; blunders such, that if they appeared in an emigration pamphlet the author would not be allowed again to show his face in the Department of Agriculture."

EVERY one remembers the last flash of Swift's mighty intellect before it sank for ever into darkness:

"Here stands a proof of Irish sense. Here Irish wit is seen: When nothing's left that's worth defence They build a magazine."

Has not Ireland furnished us within the last month another proof of this same sense and wit? Mr. Gray, being hard and fast in prison in Dublin, is presented with the freedom of six other towns by those marvellous countrymen of his!

It appears from the Academy that the Mantovani (the same, we suppose, that less superior persons would call Mantovani) propose to celebrate the nineteenth centenary of "Roman Virgil's" death by a literary competition, horse-racing, an agricultural show and pigeon-shooting. All most appropriate. Of the result of the literary competition one may, perhaps, be a little doubtful; but for the rest no one can question their fitness in a programme designed to do honor to the "chanter" of the Georgics and of the funeral games of father Anchises—except, perhaps, Mr. Anderson, who might find something to say against the pigeon-shooting. But this is, of course, to be "a strife of archers with contending bows," as that waged against "the fluttering dove" tied to the shattered galley-mast on the Sicilian shore. No villanous and modern saltpetre will be allowed, we are sure, by these discriminating Mantovani to profane the memory of their Virgil.

A most ridiculous proposal appears in the Rock, viz., that clergymen incommode at "the baptism of sick or refractory infants" should be relieved by "having at hand a convenient receptacle, something in the nature of a small fixed cradle, to place the child in during the ceremony." A clergyman, for many years

the coxswain of the Cambridge crew, and said to be the smallest parson in England, had a morbid horror of baptizing, because he could not hold babies satisfactorily; but how he or any other over-sensitive cleric would be relieved by this latest Evangelical fad it is difficult to comprehend.

APPROPOS of Sir Garnet's promises, notice the following from La France Militaire, which journal, being dated Thursday, the 14th September, was probably printed a day or two earlier:

"Un vif sentiment de déception s'est manifesté récemment en Angleterre, relativement à la guerre d'Egypte. Les Anglais, généralement présomptueux, ont pris à la lettre la promesse un peu risquée du Général Wolseley, et se sont flattés que la campagne serait virtuellement terminée le 15 Septembre. De cette prétension, il a fallu rabattre."

Curious, is it not?

It seems pretty much a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other between the Times correspondent in Egypt and the ingenious gentleman who lately represented the Daily Telegraph in that legendary land. The gentleman who writes from Ismailia to Printing-house Square seems determined to make the English army as ridiculous as may be. After having bespattered Sir Archibald Alison and his Highlanders with clumsy praise for not running away when the enemy fired at them, he now has a turn at Colonel Richardson of the 46th. That officer, it appears, was ordered up with his regiment in support of the force that moved out from Nefeha on Thursday morning. As has hitherto been customary with the British officers in such cases, he obeyed the order. But this appears to our correspondent so astounding an instance of valor and devotion, that he is compelled to speak of it in this fashion: "Within half an hour Colonel Richardson, a man who never forgets the rules of courtesy even in the hour of danger, had marched." No doubt Sir Garnet's restrictions work very well as far as his army and its operations are concerned out in Egypt, but they certainly tend to make them uncommonly ridiculous at home.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE seems likely, before long, to fill the place in the public heart that has remained vacant since Mrs. Giacometti Progers, the champion of the oppressed "fare" (not "fair"), retired from public life. It is mainly to her persistent championship that London owes the honor of a visit from Cetywayo; and now she has taken another martyr to English tyranny under her uneasy wing. It appears that she has written to Mr. Edward Gray to assure him of her sympathy, of her "abhorrence at the unfair sentence," and to applaud him for making public "a case of disgraceful scandal." However, matters might be worse. She does admit it to be desirable that criminals should be brought to justice; whereas the strong-minded female of the present generation, so long as the criminal does not interfere with her, is generally to be found asserting herself on his side.

PROBABLY few of the generous souls who were so furiously outraged at the action taken by certain English oarsmen, against the recognition of the Hillsdale crew as amateurs, will be disposed still to maintain their position. When so cautious a paper as the Times can describe the tactics adopted by the Americans throughout the race as "deserving of the strongest reprobation," and such as "in this country only characterizes the match-rowing of the lowest class of professionals," it is plain that there must be something, to say the least, a little vague about the American definition of the term amateur. But, indeed, throughout all the domain of sport, there is a very strong and daily-increasing necessity for a clear and final division between the amateur and the professional. As long as this uncertainty lasts, and is prolific of bad blood, bad work, and bad faith, it is inevitable that each will assimilate to himself the worst qualities of the other, while losing what has hitherto been his own distinctive characteristic.

THE INTERNATIONAL RIFLE-SHOOTING.

The beginning of the rifle practice which has resulted in the international contests of Wimbledon and Creedmoor may be traced back to 1859, when the first commission was issued to an officer of a volunteer corps. British official bodies move slowly, and the agitation which produced this result had been going on, in a fitful and intermittent way, for more than ten years. It was in 1847, indeed, that "the Duke" set the ball in motion with a letter to Sir John Burgoyne, in which he said: "I have endeavored to awaken the attention of different administrations to the defenseless state of our country. We bear a great deal of the spirit of the people of England, but, unorganized and undisciplined, that spirit, opposed to the fire of musketry and cannon, and the sabres and bayonets of disciplined troops, would only expose those animated with that spirit to confusion and destruction. I hope that the Almighty may prevent me from being the witness of a tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take measures to avert."

There had been no enrollment of volunteers in England since the fright of a French invasion in 1803, when a hasty movement was made, besung by Scott and Campbell, and only serving to demonstrate without organizing "the spirit of the people of England." The volunteers of 1803 remained in arms, and were considered by many unilitary persons to have been a very substantial defense to the country, and indeed to have frightened Napoleon out of his scheme of invasion, before they were disbanded after his retreat to Elba in 1814. The arming of the Irish people in 1790 had had very serious political consequences, and the volunteers had become considerably more formidable to the government of that day than they would have been to any foreign invader. Perhaps this may partly account for the apathy of the English Administrations, 1847-59, which otherwise seems unaccountable.

The persistency of Mr. Nathaniel Bonfield, a Liverpool merchant, who had formed a company, called the "Liverpool Drill Club," in 1852, and had continually appealed for official recognition and aid, was aided by the general doubt of the French Emperor's intentions when the war with Austria broke out. In June, 1859, Mr. Bonfield, now Lieutenant Colonel Bonfield, received the first commission granted to an officer of volunteers. Tennyson's verses in the Times— not very good verses for the Laureate—

"There is a sound of thunder afar. Storm in the South that darkens the day"—

at once expressed and excited the popular feeling, and the last verse set forth the contemporary English view of the third Napoleon:

"Form! be ready to do or die! Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's! True, that we have a faithful ally. But only the Devil knows what he means— Form! form! riflemen, form! Form! be ready to meet the storm! Riflemen, riflemen, riflemen, form!"

March 7, 1860, the Queen held a special levee for officers of the volunteers. June 23 was the first great volunteer review in Hyde Park, when twenty thousand men marched past the Queen in Hyde Park. Two persons were present who had taken part in the great volunteer review of 1803—Lord Combermere, of the staff, and a private who was in the ranks on both occasions. At the banquet at Trinity House in the evening Prince Albert, who had been an early and constant supporter of the movement, made a spirited speech of congratulation. The establishment of the range on Wimbledon Common followed in the same year, largely through the efforts of Lord Elcho, who was Lieutenant-Colonel of a volunteer regiment, and the giver of the Elcho Shield, which has ever since remained the "blue ribbon" of Wimbledon in team shooting, as the Queen's prize, also first awarded in 1860, has been of individual shooting. The first shot over the range was fired by the Queen, that is to say, her Majesty pulled the trigger of a Whitworth rifle which had already been aimed and fixed in position, and made a "bull's-eye." Since then there has been an annual meeting at Wimbledon in imitation of the Swiss Tir Fédéral and Tir Canton-néau, and annual competitions for many prizes. The Elcho Shield, first given in 1862, open to teams from England, Scotland, and Ireland (since 1865), has been won eleven times by England, five times by Scotland, and five times by Ireland, with a winning score ranging from 890 in the possible 1800, with which England won in 1862, to 1642, with which England won in 1881. The closest match was that of 1875, in which Ireland made 1506, Scotland 1503, England 1502. The American team has never shot at Wimbledon, although the American team of 1875 went to Wimbledon after their victory at Dollymount, and a special prize was given for competition among them, which was won by Major Fulton, with a score of 133 out of a possible 150.

The national Rifle Association of America is about ten years old, and grew out of the Amateur Rifle Club. The first international match shot at Creedmoor in 1874, between a team of six members of the Amateur Rifle Club and an Irish team composed of six of the winners of the Elcho Shield of 1873. It was won by the Americans with a score of 934 out of a possible 1350, and the beaten team only three points behind. The return match at Dollymount in 1875 was also won by the Americans, with a majority of

39 points, the Centennial match with a majority of 11, and the match of 1880 with a majority of 12.

The Americans had thus been victorious in every international match in which they had competed up to the match of 1882, in which the competition has been arranged under conditions in several respects different from those which have preceded it. The rifle used in previous contests has been a match rifle specially made for target practice of the extreme ranges. The only restrictions were that the weapon should not weigh more than ten pounds, and that the "pull" of the trigger should not be less than three pounds. The weapon used this year is a practical military rifle with a maximum weight of nine pounds four ounces, a minimum pull of six pounds, and with other regulations of detail which are supposed to take the weapon out of the category of "fancy" rifles into that of serviceable arms. This rifle is to be used at ranges of 200, 500, 600, 800, 900, and 1000 yards, seven shots for each man at each range, and a bull's-eye to count five, so that a perfect individual score at the six ranges would be 210, and a perfect team score 420 at each range, or 2520 in all. The competition is restricted on the English side to volunteers who were efficient in 1881, that is, who have been present for duty with their corps on twenty-four days during the year, and on the American side to active members of the militia or National Guard of any State.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, Sept. 16.

CERTAIN fast young ladies have latterly taken to wearing spurs in their boots when they are in walking costume.

THE war correspondents of the daily papers have not been permitted to report the fact which is given in a private communication that a sentinel who was found fast asleep at his post on the lines before Ismailia was ordered to be shot.

A FIELD spirit of rivalry has taken hold of our theatrical beauties, not in the matter of genius, but in the possession of jewels. Thus Fanny Davenport, the American actress, who has raised the stars and stripes over Mr. Toole's little theatre, is the most lavishly bedizened queen who has probably ever strode before a British audience. The value of her stage jewelry is put down at £12,000. The English actresses have hitherto been lavishly jewelled in their stage presentations, but the whole of the glittering possessions of each would not equal in value one of the trinkets which grace the ample form of the American tragedienne. In her day Mrs. Kousby had a reputation for diamonds and rubies, before which the gems of Adolina Patti were said to pale their ineffable fires. The other evening a thrill ran through the stalls of one of our theatres when a diamond star fell unnoticed from the hair of one of the ladies; but Miss Fanny Davenport might drop a couple of hands full, and still she might shine resplendently.

MR. KING, an arc-and well known on the other side of the Atlantic, is convinced that it is necessary in order to cross the Atlantic that the balloon should be kept at a uniform elevation of about 2,000 feet, in which case, starting when the winds are westerly, he reckons that he would be safely and swiftly landed in Europe. He proposes to construct a balloon with a capacity of 300,000 feet of gas, and to this he will attach a rope 5,000 feet long. His theory is that on account of the weight of this rope the balloon could not ascend more than 2,000 feet nor fall far below that height, since as it descended the rope would be buoyed up by the ocean, and being thus relieved of the drag the ascent of the balloon would be arrested. The idea is a pretty one, and will be particularly interesting to passengers by ocean steamers. Mr. King's rope would be a nice thing to meet on a dark night. It would be difficult to say which would be more astonished as the rope twisted round the steamer, Mr. King or the captain.

MRS. FRED. BURNABY, apparently envious of the feats of her famous husband, has been astonishing the Alpine world by some determined climbing. Arriving at Courmayeur, shortly after it had witnessed the bringing down of the bodies of poor Balfour and his guide, Mrs. Burnaby calmly announced her intention of ascending Mont Blanc by the Col de Géant, a peak 11,000 feet high. This successfully accomplished, Mrs. Burnaby two days later determined to scale the same mountain by Les Aiguilles Grises. This was even a more difficult task, involving a night in the snow. But the dauntless little lady went through with the work, and after a brief rest, clambered the Grandes Forasses, which crown over the lovely valley in which Courmayeur nestles. This done, and there being apparently no more worlds to conquer, Mrs. Burnaby went on to Chamounix. Any one who knows the famous mountain on the Italian side will recognize these as feats of which a strong man might well be proud. The record will rather astonish Mrs. Burnaby's friends, who remember with regret the condition of her health which hurried her away from London before the advance of winter, and prevented her from returning even for what we are pleased to call our summer.

SOILED INNOCENCE.

(From Victor Hugo.)

I pray thee, scoff not, when a woman falls, Who knows the hurricane that wrecked her life, Or how starvation wrestled long with fate? Oh! I have watched a maiden, worn with toil, When want and hunger prompted her to sin, Cling to her virtue with despairing clutch. So, on some branch a dew-drop may be seen, Flashed with prismatic glory by the sun; Awhile it trembles—but, at length, it falls— Once, a fair pearl—henceforth, a hardy blot.

The crime is ours: low Dives, it is thine! The mire contains translucent water still; But, that the pearl may be reclaimed from earth, And gleam with stainless lustre, as of old, One touch is needed—both for pearl or soul— A ray of sunlight, or a smile of love!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give an illustration of an incident of the Tri-State Fair, held at Toledo, Ohio, from the 4th to the 16th, inclusive, of last month. The display of the fair proper was one of the finest ever seen in the West, combining, as it did, the products of the States of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, and was a financial as well as industrial success. The Prize Drill, which we illustrate, took place on the 6th, and was for a purse of \$100, the entries being the Treadway Rifles of St. Louis, Toledo Cadets, and Company D, Eighth Ohio National Guard, of Wooster, O. It was won by the former by a little more than one-third of a point (.36). Fully fifty thousand persons were estimated to have been on the ground during the exhibition, among them being Governor Foster and staff. On the 8th there was a sham battle—the battle of Franklin being fought over again—which was pronounced by old soldiers as being very realistic. The companies which had computed in the drill represented the Confederate troops, while the Union forces were supplied from the Sixteenth Ohio National Guard, which was then encamped a short distance from the grounds.

THE PRESS EXCURSION TO THE NORTH-WEST.

Our double page this week is occupied by a series of illustrations of the very successful trip of the Press Association to the North-West. We copy from the Winnipeg Times of the 28th August, the account of the reception in Winnipeg and the trip down the Red River.

The visit of the Canadian Press Association to Manitoba has been looked forward to with a considerable degree of interest by the people of the Province, who fully appreciated the importance of such an event. Wishes for the success of the excursion have been everywhere expressed, and so far these have been amply justified. The party arrived by Saturday morning's express from the south. They occupied two Pullman coaches, which remain at their service for the rest of the trip. The run from Chicago over the Rock Island route, the St. Paul and Manitoba, and the C. P. R. was a pleasant one, the party arriving in good health and spirits. The members of the party are as follows:—

Ontario—E. J. B. Pense, retiring president, Whig, Kingston; George Tye, president elect, and lady, Times, Brampton; C. B. Robinson, vice-president, and lady, Canada Presbyterian, Toronto; W. R. Chinn, secretary, and lady, Statesman, Bowmanville; J. B. Traves and lady, Times, Port Hope; C. D. Barr, Post, Lindsay; F. E. W. Moyer and lady, News, Berlin; W. Watt, jr., Expositor, Brantford; W. Weid and lady, Farmer's Advocate, London; H. M. Matthews, Toronto; C. W. Allen, Ottawa; G. Wilson and lady, Guide, Port Hope; Thos. Hilliard and lady, Chronicle, Waterloo; W. T. R. Preston, News, Port Hope; H. E. Smallpiece, Herald, Guelph; Dr. Clark, superintendent Insane Asylum, Toronto; E. E. Horton and lady, Globe, Toronto; H. Hough, World, Cobourg; J. Cameron and lady, Advertiser, London; Rev. W. F. Clark, Rural Canadian, Toronto; E. C. Campbell, Advocate, Cayuga; A. Robinson, Recorder, Ayr; J. Coffey, Catholic Record, London; J. A. Davidson, Mercury, Guelph; G. R. Pattullo and lady, Sentinel-Review, Woodstock; James Young, M. P. P., and lady, Reformer, Galt; John King and lady, Telegraph, Berlin; A. F. Stevenson, Aurora Borealis, Aurora; S. F. Wilson and lady, Truth, Toronto; D. F. Fairbairn, Herald, Richmond Hill; D. Creighton, M. P. P., Times, Owen Sound; G. F. Gurnett, Chronicle, Ingersoll; D. Kellack and lady, Expositor, Perth; Lyman Moore, Times, Hamilton; T. J. Starret, News, Milton; John Collie and lady, Reformer, Galt; A. Dick, Banner, Brampton; H. H. Stovel, Confederate, Mount Forest; W. M. Craney, M. P., Expositor, Oakville; Brownell, Advertiser, Orangeville; L. K. Cameron and family, North-West Farmer, Winnipeg; P. Murray, Times, Orillia; M. A. James, Statesman, Bowmanville; W. S. Law, Observer, Tilsonburg; E. E. King and lady, Mail, Toronto; H. Rowland, Tribune, Ingersoll; W. Johnson and lady, Toronto; N. King and lady, Gazette, Barrie; J. H. Little, Advertiser, Owen Sound; J. G. McCrae, Canadian, Sarnia; J. R. Grant, Sun, Brussels.

Quebec—J. Tasse, M. P., La Minerve, Montreal; Ernest Picaud, L'Electeur, Quebec; Dr. Dionne, Courrier du Canada, Quebec; P. Lemay, La Nouvelle, Quebec; H. C. Pelletier, Le Cultivateur, Quebec; L. J. Demors, Le Canadien, Quebec; Paul de Cazes, Le Journal de Québec,

Quebec; Oscar Dunn, L'Opinion Publique, Montreal; N. Levasseur, L'Evenement, Quebec; H. B. Cass, Chronicle, Quebec; P. A. Crossby, Montreal; John Massie, Observer, Cowansville. Maritime Provinces—Wm. Elder, M. P. P., Telegraph, St. John, N. B.; J. E. B. McCready, Transcript, Moncton, N. B.; Wm. Dennis, Herald, Halifax, N. S.

The excursionists, upon arriving here became the guests of the Winnipeg press, and as such, were invited to begin the day by partaking of breakfast at the Tecumseh House. When they had been thus refreshed the party at once proceeded to the foot of Postoffice street, where the steamer Marquette was waiting to convey them down the Red River to Lake Winnipeg. On board the steamer were the ladies and gentlemen of the Press Association, together with invited guests, making in all a party of over one hundred and fifty. The voyage down the historic Red was an uneventful, but exceedingly agreeable one. The pure, fresh air and the quiet beauty of many portions of the river's banks were outward sources of enjoyment, which were reinforced by the sociability and good-fellowship of the excursionists. It is not necessary to refer in detail to the many points of interest which were passed. At the very commencement of the trip visitors enjoyed the novelty of rounding Point Douglas and passing through the Louise Bridge. Ancient Kildonan was looked upon with interest, and soon the steamer was hurrying down the rapid at St. Andrew's towards lower Fort Garry, where a landing was made so that the visitors might be enabled to get a good idea of what Hudson Bay fortifications in the olden time were like. There are few spots on the banks of the Red that can compare in beauty with the site of the Lower Fort. The inspection of the inclosure and the view obtained from the bank were thoroughly enjoyed by all. The Marquette then rapidly made her way towards the river's mouth; giving a glimpse of Selkirk and of the Indian settlements further down before reaching the marvelous marshes which indicate the proximity of the lake. Dinner was here in order, and the tracing art had the effect of disposing most of those on board to do full justice to it. Catering for so many guests on board a steamer was not by any means an easy task, so that it is greatly to the credit of the officers of the boat that the task was accomplished with so much success. To Mr. Drummond, North-West Transportation Company, Captain Robinson, and the clerk and steward of the boat were due in a great measure the success of the excursion. The shore of Lake Winnipeg was reached before two o'clock, and a long enough stay made to allow the excursionists to gain some conception of the mighty lake. On the return voyage the lower deck was prepared for dancing, an amusement in which many joined, although the room was necessarily limited. Meanwhile graver business was proceeding in the cabin upstairs, where a meeting of the Press Association was held, with Mr. Pense, the retiring president in the chair.

At which suitable toasts were proposed in honor of the Association and their hosts. Shortly after five o'clock the steamer slowed up at the wharf at Selkirk. The citizens of that burgh had prepared to receive the Association in the most hospitable manner possible, and a number of them soon assembled on shore to welcome their visitors. A deputation was in readiness to present, on behalf of the town, an address of welcome, which was read by Mr. John McLaughlin, Town Clerk.

To which Mr. Pense, on behalf of the Association returned thanks.

The excursionists were soon thronging through the town, admiring the natural advantages of its site, which cannot fail to strike the eye of the observer. Its height above the river precluded all danger of flooding, while the light soil refuses to become mud under the influence of the heaviest rains. The facilities for bridging the river are apparent, and the hope of the people of Selkirk, that they may shortly see the accomplishment of this work, is certainly not without foundation. After a pretty thorough inspection of the town the visitors were escorted to the banquetting hall, where the tempting array of good things did credit to the ladies in charge, more especially as the steamer had returned at an earlier hour than had been expected. When full tribute had been paid to the excellence of the repast,

Mr. Pense, the President of the Association, called for order, and after expressing thanks to the people of Selkirk for their magnificent reception, and especially the ladies for the very tasteful spread, invited them to join with him in honoring the sentiment of "The town of Selkirk."

The visitors, soon after the conclusion of these proceedings, made their way to the steamer. "All aboard" was sounded, and good-bye was said to Selkirk. The steamer quickly made her way across to Colville landing, where her passengers were transferred to a special train for the journey home. For the use of this train the Winnipeg press is indebted to the C. P. R. Company, who had kindly placed it at their disposal. The run to the city was made in quick time, and the excursionists separated, somewhat tired in body, perhaps, but thoroughly satisfied with the day's proceedings.

The Rational Dress Society is about to appeal to the public taste by offering a prize of £30 for a female dress which shall, in the most remarkable degree, combine ease, comfort, health, and elegance.

JACQUES CARTIER RIVER BRIDGE, LAKE ST. JOHN RAILWAY.

We reproduce in to-day's issue a photograph, by J. C. Livervois, of Quebec, of the bridge recently erected by the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway over the river Jacques Cartier, at a distance of about twenty miles from the Ancient Capital.

The bridge is situated at Connolly's Mills Station, on the line of that railway, at a point where the river rushes over a fall of some 20 or 30 feet, forming a very picturesque bit of scenery. The iron superstructure of this bridge was manufactured and erected by the celebrated firm of Clarke, Reeves & Co., of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania, and consists of two main spans of 125 feet each, and six approach spans, also of iron, of 43 feet arch. This superstructure has been calculated to carry the heaviest engines made, and to sustain the greatest possible load of trains which can be put upon it. The masonry, consisting of two abutments and seven piers, is of massive granite, solidly constructed, and was built by Mr. Barnabas Gibson, contractor, of Whitby, Ont. Mr. A. L. Light, M. I. C. E., Government Engineer of the Province of Quebec, was the Company's consulting engineer, and furnished all the plans, specifications and instructions for the building of the bridge. Our illustration represents a passenger train in the act of crossing the bridge, and the apparent smallness of the locomotive serves to show the height at which it is, some 60 feet above the water.

The railway upon which this bridge is, is being rapidly pushed on by some of the strongest capitalists in Canada, among whom are such men as Ross, Renaud, Withall, Baudet, Thibaudan, Caron, and Garneau. The road is being built in a most substantial manner, with steel rails, iron bridges and solid masonry, and is expected to be completed to Lake St. John, a distance of 170 miles from Quebec, by 1885. When finished, it will, with its branch to Chicoutimi, doubtless become a very popular route for tourists to the Saguenay, and will open up the fertile territory of Lake St. John, estimated to be capable of supporting a population of 750,000 souls. At present the population of that district is over 30,000. It was 10,000 in 1861. The first section to St. Raymond, just opened, is doing a very satisfactory business in freight and passengers.

EDISON'S ELECTRIC RAILWAY.

Menlo Park, the cradle of the light that is swifter or later to "soot out" all others, is twenty-six miles from New York, on the Pennsylvania Road. The place resembles an English park, and the view from the hill whereon Mr. Edison has erected his workshops is just that which refreshes the soul of a cockney on a day's "outing." A gaunt hotel challenges the passer-by, and half a dozen frame houses, approached by plank sidewalks, are dotted here and there. A wood, dipping into a gentle declivity, stretches away at the back; and in this wood is the electric railway, a belt of three and one-half miles. The whirr of machinery assails the ear, and employees besmirched as to face and hands and blouse, greet you with a short, sharp, inquisitive glance as you push into the office or the workshop. Mr. Edison, his round hat very much on the back of his superb brow, his hands very much in his breeches pockets, saunters about, and, to all appearance, in so indolent a manner as to leave the uninitiated to imagine him some loafer who must be very much out of place in this busy scientific hive. Address him, however, and you receive an electric shock of pleasure as his intelligence literally commences to blaze.

"My whole thoughts are now focused on my light and railway," he exclaims. "My light has never proved tricky. The public mind has been distracted by these large lights. I have 20,000 lights in this country, all working well. I have six miles of streets in New York, and the working has never stopped an instant. My light costs one cent an hour. You can have 2,000-candle light for one hour for two dollars. The average consumption per hour per night is six or even lights of sixty candles. I started on incandescence. I was laughed at. It had to be done that way or not at all. I am going to light all Paris. I have a factory now at Ivry which covers four acres of ground, and gives employment to 350 men. The Italians mean business. There is a syndicate in Milan that is expending \$120,000 on my system. We have bought a theatre at Milan, and I have set up four of my largest steam dynamos, of 1,500 lights each, to light La Scala, the biggest opera-house in the world. "Yes," adds Mr. Edison, in a tone that carries conviction to his hearers, "I will wipe out gas as an illuminator. I don't care a red cent for the opinion of men who two years and a half ago said I was attempting the impossible. There is only one man in England who stands right on that record, and that is Professor Tyndal. This light they have been exhibiting has distracted the people. I tell you the Almighty never made men's eyes for that light. If He intended it to be a commercial success, He would have made the eyes accordingly."

Mr. Edison will take you through the workshops, and explain the workings of the generator and the armature, the "bobbits" containing thirty-four tons weight of copper wire, and everything in connection with the making of lightning and the running of the electric train. The car—car and engine in one—is shaped like an ordinary street-car. The motive power is

beneath, and resembles two very large hot air pipes running horizontally, one lower than the other. A lever, a drum whirling, a leather strap, and four brass handles are in sight of the passenger. The lever and the brass handles are worked, as occasion may demand, by the conductor.

Mr. Edison, or either of his courteous assistants—Mr. Insull or Mr. Hughes—will tell you that "the generator consists of a soft iron magnet, with a revolving armature to which the power is applied, and as there must necessarily be a small amount of residual magnetism in the magnet, the revolving armature creates the current which in turn travels around the coils of the large magnet, thus increasing the strength of the magnet and also increasing the strength of the electric current. Thus the faster the armature is turned the more resistance is offered to the power; in turn the electric current is transmitted to the track, which is insulated to its entire length by a prepared canvas placed between the ties and the rail. There is a direct connection made with each individual rail along the line of this railway. The current is transmitted from the rails to the wheels of the engine, and from the wheels to the engine, which is in every respect the counterpart of the generator, save that the current goes into the generator instead of power being applied to the armature—the current travelling along the coils of the magnet causes the armature to revolve, and in turn propels the engine." The process of stopping of the train is very gentle, compared with steam; it stops very easily, as if it had run against a rubber air-cushion.

As you walk across the fields in the direction of the electric railway, Mr. Edison will explain that he has now reduced the loss of power to the one twenty-fifth of a one-horse in a mile, this loss arising from leakage across the earth. He has constructed a forty-five ton electric locomotive to pull seven Pullman cars forty-five miles in an hour. This locomotive goes to London, as he wants to get a grip of the Underground Railway, and by his method do away with the stalling atmosphere—the perquisite of that road.

The shed in which the locomotive stands is reached, and you walk towards it along the ties, in a very gingerly way, too, for you entertain serious misgivings in regard to shocks from the wires running by the rails; you enter the car and seat yourself, while the conductor seizes his lever and plants his brass handles so as to make solid electric connections. A whirring, rasping sound is heard, the vehicle quivers and then darts off at maximum speed, which never diminishes until the goal is reached, or until the conductor wishes to stop. There is no limit to our speed. Mr. Edison says, "The more power our stationary engine gives us the more rapidly will we go. I propose stations at every five miles so as to afford a relay of power. I could drive the car along at 150 miles an hour if I wanted to."

The car can be instantly stopped and as quickly sent off. The motion is perfectly easy, and if, as Mr. Edison asserts, he has fifty per cent. to credit on the start against a steam locomotive, why, steam locomotives will at no distant period belong to the very old-fashioned past.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CLERWANE has arrived at Cape Town.

M. LECHANIER, a noted French electrician, is dead.

THE Indian troops in Egypt will return home immediately.

THE Channel fleet has sailed from Alexandria for Malta.

TWO companies of the 50th regiment have been ordered to Taitan.

THE constitution of the Netherlands is to receive a liberal revision.

THE British troops begin to return home after the review on Saturday.

BAKER PASHA has started for Egypt, to commence the task of reorganizing the army.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY'S health is not improved. Arabi is said to be a mere wreck.

THE German Government is projecting a canal to connect the North Sea with the Baltic.

A VIENNA paper alleges that the Emperor and Empress of Russia were secretly crowned during their recent visit to Moscow.

THREE hundred hands are thrown out of employment by the burning of Smythe's hosiery factory in Riddriggan, Ireland.

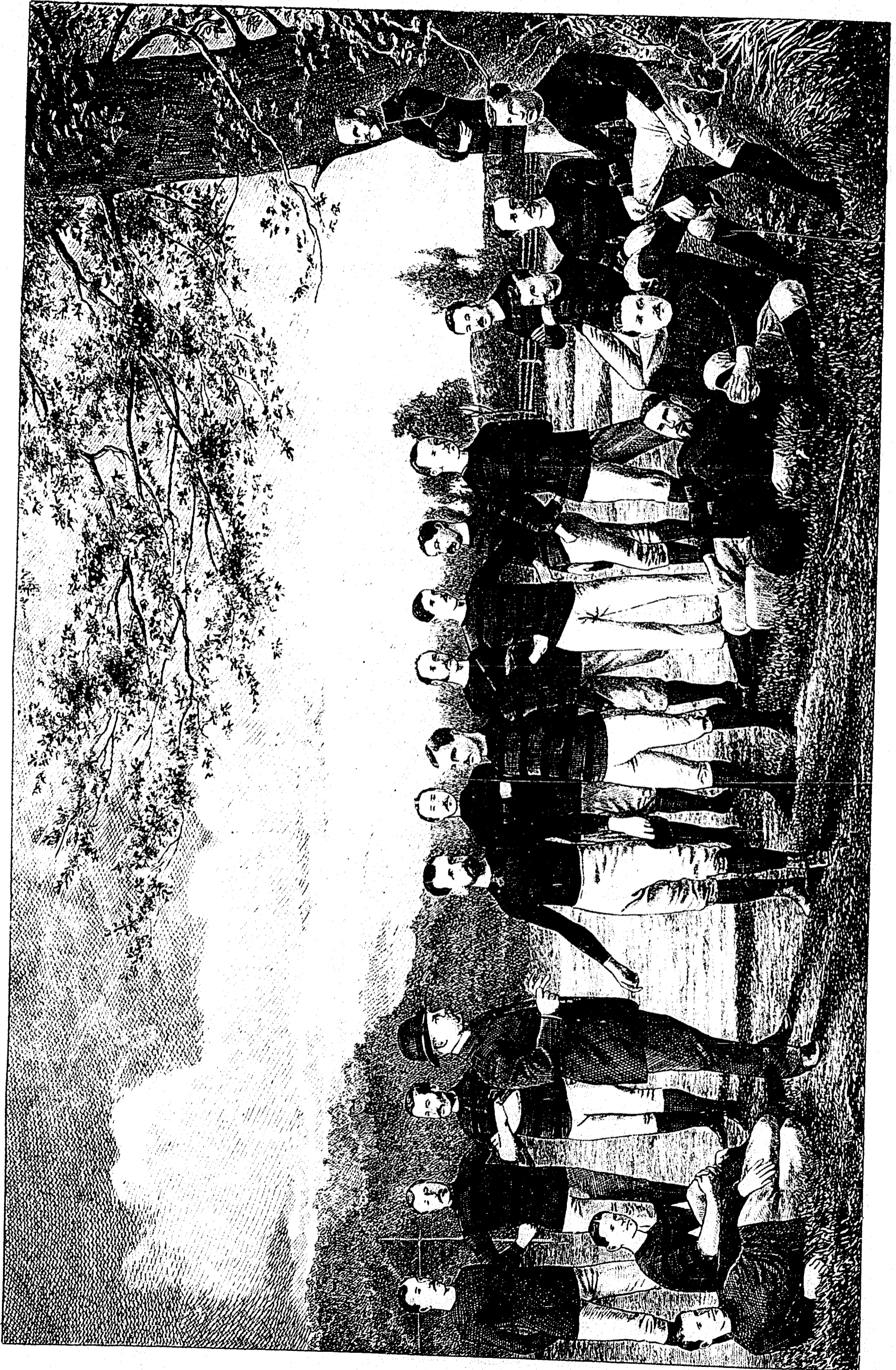
DOCUMENTS are in the hands of the British authorities proving that Prince Ibrahim had been intriguing with Arabi during the war.

A RUMOR has been circulated in London to the effect that Lord Dufferin had been made a Marquis for his services at Constantinople during the recent troubles.

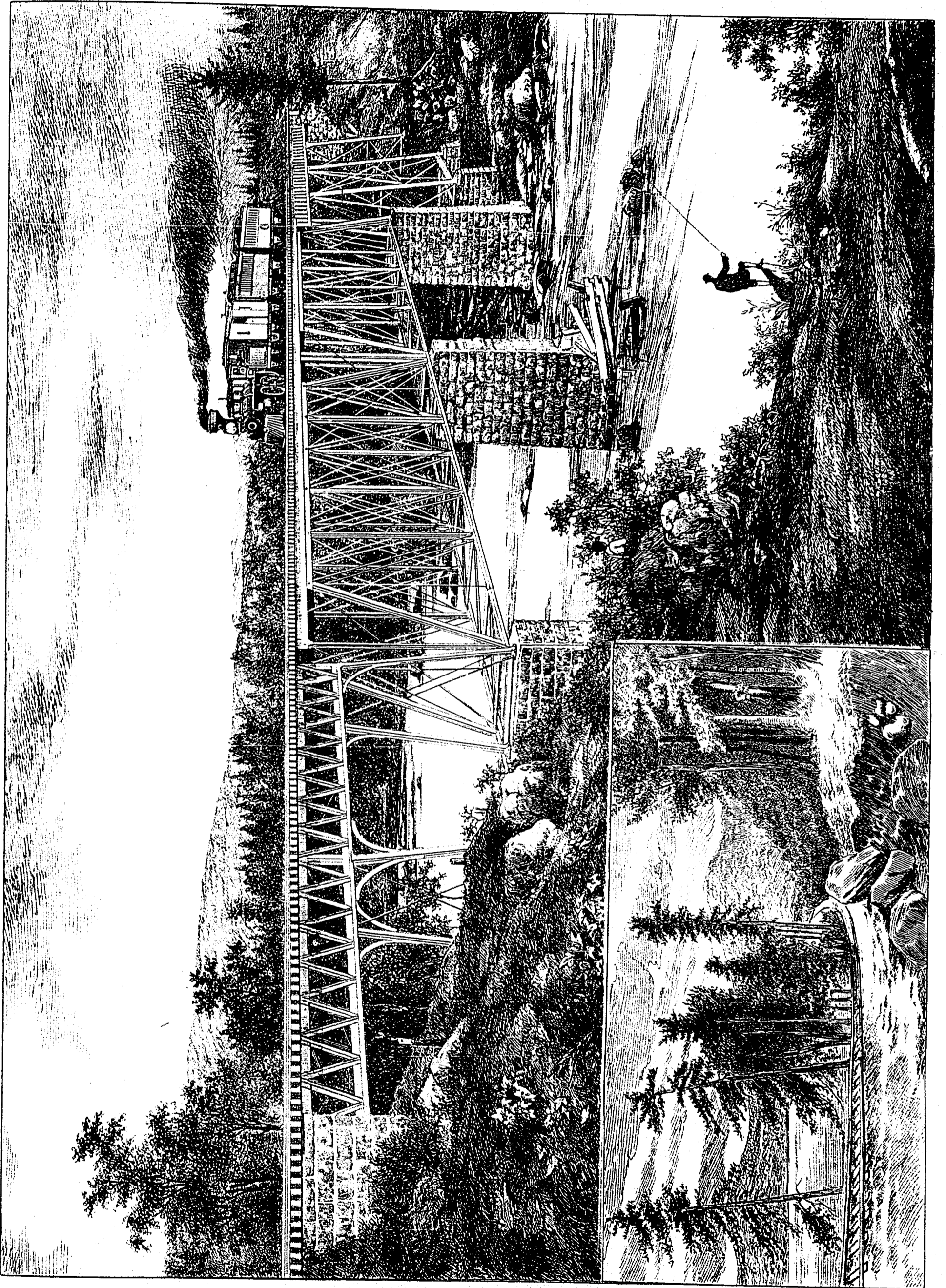
A CONSTANTINOPLE telegram says the Sultan has ordered the punishment of all Turkish subjects returning to Turkey who have been serving under the British in Egypt.

THE Porte has sent a note to Lord Dufferin thanking England for re-establishing order in Egypt, and hoping that the bonds uniting England and Turkey may be drawn still closer.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY remains in Cairo until the settlement of questions concerning the court-martial, the withdrawal of the British troops and the reorganization of the Egyptian army.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FOOTBALL SEASON.—THE MONTREAL FOOTBALL CLUB TEAM.



THE JACQUES CARTIER BRIDGE ON THE LAKE ST. JOHN RAILROAD.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVERNOIS, QUEBEC.

CHECKMATE.

A maiden came a-tripping,
A-tripping unto me,
The daintiest little mortal
That ever man might see:
Her cheeks were made of blushes—
You could count them, three and four,
As my little one came tripping,
A-tripping to my door.

I led her in a-tremble;
I took her hand in mine,
A hand whose little dimples
Gave little thrills divine;
I asked her if she loved me,
Would fill my being's core,
When, "O, I love you truly!"
The little darling swore.

I kissed her and I told her
I had travelled many a land
To find a maid to love me,
To take her by the hand:
Had sought in dell and mountain,
Had run the wide world o'er
For a love just like this darling,
To pet her and adore.

I tapped her little dimples,
I stroked her wavy hair,
And my love I kept a-telling
With a soul-absorbent air,
Till my darling whispered softly:
"You have tested loves a score?"
"Yes." "Then Good-bye, we're even,
I've met your like before!"

WILLIAM J. BERRY.

THE YOUNG LADY IN GREY.

I was recommended change. It had been impressed upon my father, a member of the French senate, and my mother, and all the relatives anxious in me and for me, that only perfect change would do me any good. I was in a low way and wanted rousing. I was in a bad way, and fresh air and foreign scene and characters might bring about a better state of mind, if I were willing to help myself, they hoped. It was as if they doubted that from the outset; it was as if I doubted it myself, knowing what help I wanted, and how useless any efforts of my own would assuredly be.

Yes, I was in a bad way—even for a young Frenchman. I had reflected too much, they told me—I had studied too hard—I had become too philosophical and argumentative. I was versed in all the theories of the French and German "schools;" I had analyzed all beliefs, and yet believed in very little. They said at home that I was reading myself to death.

They were partly right and partly wrong. I had lost energy and strength of late; I had become morbid and misanthropical; and I let them send me abroad, stipulating for only one condition, that I should be allowed to go alone. I was an only son, and accustomed to my own company. I was conceited enough to think that there was nothing like it, having a fair opinion of myself, and implicit credence in my own wild speculations. My one ambition was to be the founder of a new sect; but friends held aloof very wisely, and thought that I was going mad.

It is possible that I was not very wise, and that people saw a change in me; they called me a clever fellow, but they were not anxious for my company. I was too deep for them, and I knew too much, they said, of everything but—men and women and the world! If this were satire, it was true enough. My world had been all books and all philosophies, and I cared for little else. Men I doubted, women I thought childish and vain, and the world I knew was selfish to its back-bone.

Still, I would go abroad. They were anxious about it at home, where I had no wish to stay; I was killing myself by over-study, and I had no particular desire to die, though life seemed a dull and commonplace affair to me.

I chose England for a resting-place. They were curious folk in England, I had heard, and there I might be fortunate enough to meet a kindred spirit, a somebody to understand me, and sympathize with all my aspirations, my schemes for the general good of a community which in the aggregate I despised already.

I found no one of my tastes and feelings: I was an enthusiast, and English folk were afraid of me. I raved and gesticulated too much for them in my heat of argument, and they were glad to get away. In this English country, I had felt better for a while; but the deep, deadly sense of an indifference to mankind came to me again, born of my experience of shallow men, and I passed from London to the sea-side—making towards my native France again, after months of a change which had done me little good. This was the first step towards a new life—to the romance and mystery floating beyond the world of science and sober fact in which I had been submerged. As the poets say, my time had come at last—my fate had stepped across the border-land towards me. And fate was a woman, of course!

This fate, then—a dark-haired, dark-eyed lady of above the middle height, a young lady in grey, whose years had not numbered a score, and who was so strangely beautiful that people gazed at her, as at a picture by some master-hand, crossed my path, entered the same railway carriage with me, glanced critically but not boldly at the faces of her fellow-passengers, and then looked steadily from the window until the train was moving from the station.

Here was a face which attracted me at once, although until that hour I had been a woman-hater. It was hardly its beauty—say rather, the strangeness of its beauty and the depth of its

expression. There was great intelligence, I was sure, behind those well-drawn features—there was a deep sadness even, endeavoring to disguise itself by a set of immobility—there were trouble and anxiety, but there was also the courage to resist. I thought all this, as I watched my fellow-traveller; and I sketched a story from her face very far from the truth—as was natural, deep thinker though I was.

She did not seem to notice those who travelled with her again, to the end of her journey she read numerous letters, which she drew from a small valise resting on her lap, letters which were in various handwritings, and bore always foreign post marks. Once or twice during the perusal of these epistles, I observed that she smiled—smiled brightly and hopefully—and the light upon her face then was very fair to see. That she attracted me strangely, I have said; and that it was not for her beauty, I was assured. One of my facts or fallacies, in which the world would not believe, was that there were men or women, or both, born to meet each other at a predestined period of life, who were for ever steadily approaching to one fixed point, and were all their lives directly or indirectly influencing each other by strange subtle means, of which philosophy knew nothing, and cared less. And this might be the life that had been waiting for me, and was already influencing my own. I did not think so at the time, although impressed by the sad, thoughtful face—by the story in it, and marvelling already why she travelled alone, and what her mission on this weary earth might be.

I scarcely thought so at the hotel at Folkestone, where we met again, although I was struck by the coincidence which took her there, and which sat her by my side at the *table d'hôte*, where she ate little, and thought deeply, and seemed unconscious of the admiring, curious, thoughtful glances bestowed freely upon her by the guests. It struck me even that she was scarcely a stranger there, and that people seemed to recognize her; once the manager of the hotel came and spoke to her, and bowed obsequiously to certain orders which she gave to him in a low voice. She wore at dinner the same dark grey dress with which she had travelled with me from London, and her hands, which were now unglued, were totally destitute of rings. No one spoke to her, and she spoke to no one; but she was not embarrassed by the isolation of her position—on the contrary, looked steadily and almost critically about her at times, as if expectant of a friend.

I did not address her, on my own part, albeit strangely tempted once or twice. I was preternaturally reserved by the habits of my youth, and there was a doubt in my mind whether she might not take it as an offence and resent it. I did not believe she had recognized me as her travelling companion, and I thought she was English and more reserved than I even. Before the *table d'hôte* was quite finished she rose and walked gracefully the full length of the dining-room, looking at the guests, as she passed on, as if half-expectant still of the friend amongst them somewhere, but betraying no emotion or embarrassment at the attention which she received in return. As she passed from the room, a short, stout man, who had sat on the other side of her, and who was to me the very personification of vulgarity, with his greasy face and coarse, broad smile, leaned across the chair left vacant between us by her departure, and said in a loud voice:

"The lady in grey is back again, after all. I took odds on the event last month."

I did not respond at first; then a new curiosity led me to ask questions of this familiar being.

"Is she often here?" I asked.

"Oh! yes, very often," he replied; "winter as well as summer, I run against her. Always the same stand-offish style. I can't bear stuck-up people. And always in that grey dress, or in a dress of the same color,—hanged if I know which."

"Is there anything remarkable in her being here? You are here very often yourself, I presume?"

"Yes, I travel for Toats' firm, you know; Toats and Twirl of Cannon Street; and so I'm always going backwards and forwards between London and Paris, and I see a good deal of Miss Grey, as I call her; I've heard her other name, but dashed if I can call it to mind, and the more I see of her, the less I make her out. She's just as much on the other side of the Channel, always at the Grand Hotel, Boulogne, and always nothing to do but dawdle about the place reading lots of letters. I've seen her sit for hours on the beach outside, too, staring at the sea like a woman melancholy mad; you will see her yourself to-morrow. She's an odd one, I can tell you; quite a mystery here."

"Indeed!" I said, growing tired of my friend's loquacity, which was not to be readily suppressed now.

"You're in the wine trade, ain't you?" he said suddenly; "haven't I met you?"

"I am not in the wine trade, or in any trade."

"Oh! I see, a regular gent, taking it easy. Well, there's nothing like it, if the coin will hold out. French, of course?"

"Yes, I am a Frenchman."

"Going across to-morrow—or going to make a stay here? I go across to-morrow," he added, by way of an extra inducement for me to continue my journey. That last remark decided my course of action.

"I shall remain here a few days," I replied.

"If you make it a few weeks, I shall be back again. My name's Saunders."

I did not reciprocate his confidence; I was tired of the man's obtrusiveness, and anxious to get away from him. I did not think that he would trouble me presently, and be one of the links of a chain that was being forged already for me. I only knew that here was a specimen of the English bagman highly developed, and that every word he said jarred upon me unpleasantly. I got up to withdraw; the dinner was over, and I cared not to linger over bad wine and an indifferent dessert.

"I'll give you one tip before you go," he said, touching my arm and grinning at me; "don't try it on with the lady in grey. She don't care to speak to anybody, and she can shut you up with half a look. By George, it is a scorcher of a look, pretty as she is! I shan't forget her in a hurry—I wouldn't have sat here, if I had known she was coming this evening. If you're going to have a cigar anywhere, Bill Saunders is your man, you know."

"Thank you—I shall be engaged this evening."

"Oh! no offence—just as you like,—I'm never hard up for a pal."

I thought this was the end of Mr. Saunders, and that he was not likely to cross my path again. I had not met a man before whom I had so quickly disliked as he. This was the Englishman of the farce—more like the beings my countrymen depicted than any I had encountered yet.

I went out to the high road, and the parade upon the sea, walking past the few holiday folk left, and the band that was braying for their amusement, walking on as far as Sandgate and descending the cliffs to the lower road, where I found that there was a return route nearer to the sea. The evenings were drawing in at that period. It was the middle of October, when the night falls early and the breeze from the sea is keen and cold after sundown. I walked back towards my hotel at a rapid rate; half-way towards Folkestone I came upon the lady in grey walking as rapidly in the opposite direction. I was sure it was she, there was a grace and manner distinctive enough to betray her even in the darkness.

To my surprise, she advanced towards me, and I stopped and raised my hat. She did not recognize me, it seemed.

"Can you tell me how far it is to Hythe, sir, by this road?" she inquired in haste.

"No, madam, I am a stranger here."

"I think it is near Sandgate, but I am not sure. Thank you," she said; then she passed me and went on swiftly again into the shadows, where she was lost.

I was bewildered—the lady in grey had a mission to fulfil, and there was a mystery in it and her isolated life. It was not my business to interfere with it, and it was wholly unlike me to become impressed so quickly by other people's movements, but I was interested in her—ay, and drawn towards her!

I saw no more of her the following day; she was not at the *table d'hôte* in the evening, as I had expected.

Old patrons of this hotel, men and women who were for ever in its precincts, spoke of her to my surprise at the dinner-table with a freedom which I—perfect stranger to her though I was—felt disposed to answer.

"Miss Grey is on the wing again," a red faced, white-moustached man said, with a short laugh. "Quite a romance, this fitting," answered the lady to whom he spoke, "I should be glad to know her history."

"You may depend upon it you never will," answered the first speaker.

"She is very young, and so very quiet too, or I should have thought—" and then the lady stopped, not knowing what she thought, or not caring to confess it.

"I declare I would not come here at all, or bring my innocent daughters here, if Monsieur De Lorme" (this was the proprietor of the hotel) "had not assured me that she came to him with the highest credentials from abroad."

"Ah! these Frenchmen will say anything."

"I can't help thinking she's an actress."

"Or an adventuress," said another voice—another lady's voice too, "or worse. I have no confidence in ladies with a mystery; the mystery is always worthless and discreditable."

"Not always, but very often certainly," said one more charitably disposed.

She was at the hotel the following day, and I seemed waiting for her. I knew that she had arrived late last night: a chance inquiry of an inquisitive visitor at the breakfast-table had given me the news. I saw her in the morning reading on the beach, sitting apart from the few visitors who were there, and deeply interested in her book. I do not believe she looked up from her volume once, even to regard the sea, foaming and lashing against the shingle furiously that day. I sat at a distance watching this mysterious lady, and hardly conscious I was watching her.

At the dinner-table we were together once more. Strangely enough, I had chosen the seat next her again. As she came down the room, I felt my heart beating faster than its wont, less she should pass the chair vacant on my left. For a moment she paused, and even hesitated, then took the seat and looked for an instant at me.

Before I could remember the commercial traveller's story of her austere reserve, or think even of my own, by an impulse for which I could hardly account, save that it was natural to be courteous to one whose face had grown familiar as a guest's, I bowed low and murmured a good evening.

She returned my salutation promptly, and

with a faint smile. There was no vexation at being addressed, as I had almost anticipated and feared from the traveller's legend of two nights ago. Good evening," she replied.

She seemed less thoughtful and more observant—numbers had thinned at the hotel; the old gentleman with the white moustache had gone to London; Saunders, of the firm of Toats and Twirl, had not returned from Paris, one or two new faces, pale with the voyage across, were at the dinner-table; several of the old were missing.

I was wondering if I dared speak to her again, when she addressed me so suddenly that I started and colored.

"Do you intend a long stay here?" she inquired.

"I—I hardly know, madam. I am not pressed for time."

"It is not a place where much amusement is to be found at this time of the year—the nights are long and the air is cold."

"I am travelling for my health, unfortunately—not for amusement."

"Indeed!" she said, with some interest in her tone of voice, "I should not have thought you were an invalid."

"I dispute the assertion myself at home—but there are friends in France who will not take my word."

"You are French?"

"Oh, yes."

"You speak English excellently—it's only your appearance which is French."

I hardly admired this remark—it might be taken either way; and yet it was scarcely likely that this young girl would attempt to satirize me thus early in our acquaintance. For we had become acquainted; it was all very strange—I could see some wondering looks across the table at us—but it was a pleasant thought to me. She was particularly observant, for suddenly a little musical laugh escaped her, and she said in a lower tone,—

"Our good friends opposite are taking it for granted that we have met before. It is so seldom that I care to speak to anyone at this place—certainly not to any Englishman."

"You are French, then, also?"

"My father is French, my mother was an Englishwoman."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask her where her father was living, and why she was always travelling alone; in my eager curiosity, the question had nearly escaped me. But I was silent, and to my great surprise she appeared to reply to my thoughts, as though it had been easy to read them for herself.

"A father very much engaged, compels me to rely upon my own resources a great deal, and I am fond of travelling about and studying human nature. It is my profession, in fact."

"You write?"

"A little—for a living. And you," she added, regarding me very steadily, "unless I am greatly mistaken, are one of the grand army of letters also?"

"No, madam—I do not write."

"Ah! you are modest, and conceal the truth," she said, smiling.

"I am only a dr-amer, they tell me at home," I answered, "and I have come to England to dream on. I have no wish to join the *littérati*—even if I had the ability to turn my pen to profit—I am neither novelist, dramatist, nor poet."

"Nor poet," she repeated to herself.

"Only a dreamer, madman. I had a hope one day to say philosopher, but that is dying out."

"As fast as other dreams—ah! they soon fade," she murmured.

She did not say any more; it seemed almost as if she had turned from me, disappointed that her estimate of me had been incorrect. I was only one of a crowd that she had taken so much pains to avoid, and there was no sympathy between us. This was a clever woman, and I was a weak fool. I had said too much, and let her see how shallow I was, and she did not care for my boy's philosophy.

I made no further effort to engage her in conversation; my pride told me she was tired of me, and I was very quickly silent. It was only after she had withdrawn that I felt I had lost an advantage in her eye, and that I might have said something to prove at least that I had thought a great deal. I noticed that I was regarded with some suspicion by the guests, and I knew afterwards that it was the first time the young lady in grey had been seen to converse at length with any of the visitors at the hotel. I was the favored one—or the old friend lurking about in disguise, and for some hidden purpose which they hoped to fathom presently.

The next day I had made up my mind to cross the Channel and proceed homewards, but my plans were all upset by last night's conversation. I was a man under a spell—here was the unseen, incomprehensible motive-force in which I believed, and which was drawing me towards this mystery, and making the young Frenchwoman a part of my waking life. The dreams had vanished, and she was here in the foreground to ensnare or counsel me—to exercise a supernatural power over me, if she were vain and fond of power. I did not own—I could not think at this time—that it was simply love for her which was affecting me. I had no belief in the love of man for woman—I would more readily place credence in my theory of mysterious attraction, which was but a heart's deep passion under another name. I was a weakling boasting of my strength, but I was close upon my knowledge of the truth, and it would soon

dismay me. I did not know what havoc love could make in a man naturally weak, and naturally anxious to be trusted.

We became friends, Virginia and I. The ice once broken between two reserved natures, each alone in a strange country, and each not one-and-twenty, and there was no freezing again of her demeanor towards me. If she did not look up to me, she respected me at least, and the smile with which she met of a morning, her readiness to converse, to speak of her family and mine, to let me by degrees learn something of her and tell her not a little of myself, were ties to draw me closer every day. I knew that I loved her then despite the mystery which still surrounded her, despite the assurance to my heart that she was not telling me her whole history, and that there would be more to learn some day. I could not expect implicit confidence in her, and yet she had had entire confidence from me. I felt that I could trust her, I was only secretly pained that she could not put her faith in me.

Presently she knew all my life, my ambitions, my wild theories, out of many of which she reasoned me with keen incisive arguments, that proved how much stronger and brighter this mind was than my own; she was my junior by eighteen months, but I was like a child in the hands of its mother, when she took me to task and railed at my speculations.

"You are very weak, Armand," she said to me one day, and with so plying a look in her eyes that I winced under it. "I could wish, for your sake, that you were a strong-minded man."

"You think I am easily led away, then?" "I hardly know what to think of you," she said sadly. "Or what—"

"Well!" I asked, as she paused.

"Or what will become of you," she added.

"Without you—" I said impulsively; "ah! I don't know!"

She colored. She had not been prepared for so hasty an outburst of my feelings—I was not prepared myself. The very wisecry of my tone of voice perhaps convinced her, for the first time, of the deep love I had for her. She was surprised, and for a moment abashed—she knew my secret now, and was too wise to seem wholly to misinterpret it. She was above so womanly an affectation.

We were sitting at the pier-head together, waiting for the Channel boat's arrival. It was wintry weather, and no one was abroad that day but ourselves. The wind was coming fiercely across the sea, and the clouds were threatening rain. The holiday visitors had all flown homeward, and there was only life and bustle in the little harbor beyond, and two strange hearts trying perhaps to understand each other here, and one failing very miserably.

"You will be soon going home for good," she said, after an awkward silence; "I fancy even that your friends are growing anxious."

"What makes you think this?" I asked quickly.

"Letters come more frequently to you, and you are sad after their perusal."

"Just as if I did not care to return to the home to which I am summoned!" I added, with a forced laugh.

"And that is true too?"

"Yes—quite true," I answered, "and you know it."

She regarded me very steadily now, and looked no longer away. The crisis had come, and she was prepared for it.

"Because you leave me here, and after a fashion," she shivered, as with the northern blast, "we have become friends."

"Oh! you speak bitterly," I cried, "but God knows you are a friend that is very dear to me. To lose you is to submerge my whole life, which I would rather part with than say goodbye."

"Why! this is the raving of a man on the stage, Armand," she said warmly, "and I will beg of you to cease."

"Oh! I know you don't care for me—that I am never likely to be more in your estimation than a madman and a misanthrope—that we are not even suited to each other, but," I added, "I can't help loving you, or saying so, any more than I can help breathing. It is the plain truth, and you may as well know it, Virginia."

She looked at me with the same steady, pitying look.

"I am very sorry to hear it."

"And it is no news to you," I added.

"I may have feared that this was to be the end of a friendship born in hours of idleness together, and I would have stopped it, if I could, weeks ago. But a woman is powerless."

"Not always."

"I have been waiting for you to speak," she added frankly, "and for me to end this folly. I am glad it has come thus early, for both our sakes—you will forget me, possibly hate me, all the sooner."

I saw the tears in her eyes before she dashed them away with a quick hand.

"Virginia!—hate you!"

"Love repulsed turns quickly to hate, it is said—and it will be natural on your part, if not now—presently."

"Impossible."

"I don't know," she answered very thoughtfully; "your self-love is wounded when I tell you it is hopeless that I can think of you as one dear to me in any way—or as one even with whom I shall be sorry to part."

"Ah! don't say that. Spare me a little."

"Not sorry, because I am sure it is for the best. What would your father say to such a

mesalliance as you have had in your thoughts?—what would he, a French officer and gentleman, think of it, a power in the senate, a minister of the state? Have you not been told there is that about my life which is not to be explained?"

She spoke fearlessly now, but she was startled by my answer. Prepared for many eccentricities on my part, she was not prepared for this.

"My father is proud—but he loves his son," I said. "Here is his answer to your question."

"His answer!" she cried in her amazement.

"I have no secrets from him. I wrote and told him all that was in my heart," I said. "I spoke of my love for you, and of the one chance of peace and happiness which it afforded me."

"This was unwise, before you knew, or thought—"

"Read this letter, Virginia, and see what he says for himself—and for me."

"I put my father's letter in her hands, which trembled very much as she received it—the face was of a new pallor also, and the fresh young lips were compressed as with grief or pain. Her emotion gave me a new hope, and my heart bounded at once from the depth of its despair. I watched her read the letter—I had a strong faith in its contents impressing her. It was the epistle of a loving father to an only son—of a man who was very anxious for his son's welfare, and had been for years terribly solicitous concerning him."

"I shall be only too happy to see you united to a lady well educated, well born, and amiable," he wrote. "I can know of no bar to such an union, and I have not a word to urge against it. Strange as you are, Armand, I think I can trust your judgment in this matter, and I believe you are not the man to have set your affection on this lady hastily and without full reflection. More, I believe in her, as you do yourself. You give me no particulars of her family—ask her, should she favor your suit in due course of time, to put me in communication with her parents, and let us all meet together with full and happy hearts."

There was more than this—news of home and of old friends, but the epistle returned to my love for Virginia again.

"Bring her to us at Dieppe, where we have gone for a holiday—she will be welcome," were his last words. Virginia read the letter carefully, and by degrees was firm and calm again.

"Yes, this is a trusting father," she murmured, "and I have always thought him cruel and exacting—one," she added quickly, "who by his austerity and want of sympathy with you had driven you from home. See how easy it is to judge, and judge falsely."

"You thought this of my father? Virginia!"

"Yes. You were a man so ill-trained and wild," she answered, "that your youth had been uncared for, or cared for too much, I felt assured. But what would he think of me? You have not told him that I am alone here, to many an object of suspicion, and to many more incomprehensible. I am a woman alone—and there is always a doubt over such an anomaly, and the world has a right to be wary of her."

She spoke indignantly, and beat the letter I had given her on the palm of her gloved hand.

"But you can defy the world—there is no mystery which you cannot clear—there is—"

"There is nothing but resignation to my position," said Virginia. "I cannot defy the world, and it is beyond my power to explain."

"I ask for no explanation—I will be content with you," I cried. "Give me only a hope to win you, and I shall care for nothing else."

"That is romance, and we are in a prosaic world, Armand. Still," she added, after a pause, "I thank you all for your faith in me; it is far more than I deserve."

"And you will—"

"I will think again," she added, with the old puzzled, pitying look returning to her face.

"Give me four days to consider everything; leave me this letter to offer me some strength, even—your father's words of faith in the woman his son loves—and meet me here four days hence, in the Christmas week approaching. Will you?"

"Will I?" I cried. "Oh!" with what hope and with what prayers will I wait! And meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile, leave me to myself—don't watch me," she added, with a new and terrified look, "for I am afraid of you, and of my own strength, and am desperately unhappy. I may remain here, I may disappear; but do not say a word to me again, until we meet in this place. Promise!"

I promised her, and she rose, and in an impatient, agitated way waved me from her. The ordeal of my silence had commenced; the beginning of many hopes and bright visions from a roseate cloudland had set in, to be followed by hours of deep regrets and unavailing doubts.

It was the traveller Saunders who turned my secret joys and hopes to a grief bitter and inconsolable. He had been away some months in lieu of weeks, and was full of spirits at the result of his travels and the commissions he had obtained. In his horrible frankness he told me what he had earned, what business he had transacted, and how immensely he had been admired abroad by everybody—male and female, he added, with a wink.

"And that reminds me of the grey lady—you remember the grey lady who was here when you came down?"

"Yes—I remember."

"I met her in Paris, yesterday—and of all places in the world, guess where?"

"I am not handy at guessing," I said, with a

sickening feeling at my heart; "I do not care to guess."

"At the Bal-masqué at the Opera, then—half-a-dozen swells with her, and she the biggest swell of all. No more of your gray suits and simpering smiles—oh! trust her."

"Are you sure of this? This must be a lie, for certain."

"Hallo! draw it mild, old fellow, please," he cried.

"She was at a masquerade?"

"I'll swear to her: when she took her mask off, there wasn't a doubt about it. Why, I never saw another face like hers."

"Nor I," was the hoarse reply; "and what became of her?"

"Oh! I didn't run after her, you may be certain. It was just for a moment, and then poof—gone!"

"You may have been deceived."

"I was never deceived in my life," was the boastful reply; "I am a thundering sight too 'cute for that."

It seemed impossible that I could place credence in this, but it impressed me. She had disappeared from the hotel—the waiter, whom I bribed into my confidence, told me she had left for France by the mail-boat on the very day she had implored my silence. It was so like the truth, and yet so like a base invention. I stole away from the hotel—I was afraid of the man Saunders, and all that he might tell me presently—I was haunted, and more miserable than ever. When the four days had expired, I returned to Folkestone in the cold, boisterous Christmas week, and took up my place at the little lighthouse where I had parted from her last. I believed she would return. In all my agonizing doubt of her, I did not doubt her word. And after that, the accusation—and the last farewell. The woman triumphant, perhaps, but the man no longer the dupe of his implicit trust in her.

I was before my time; and before its time also, hurried over by a fierce wind and tide in its favor, came to the Channel boat. It swept in storm-tossed and panting, and I looked down upon its drenched deck from the pier-head as if in search of her, and as if assured she would be there.

And I was not mistaken. It was she, paler and more beautiful even, whose face looked at me from beneath the hood, and did not smile a recognition. By her side, and with her two hands linked upon his arm, was a tall grey-haired man of some fifty years—for the first time in her life, she was not a woman alone to me.

I shrank back—I could have stolen away for good—for ever from her. This was the meeting, then, and this her answer!

I stood by the lighthouse still. There came a second thought to me, that this could not be the end of all, that she would approach, and offer some words of explanation, perhaps of comfort to me. In my own theory, I had faith enough to believe that she would come to me.

And she came. With her hood thrown back, and tears brimming in her eyes, she advanced, both hands extended to me. The tall man by whom she was accompanied stood, like a sentinel, in the background, some fifty paces away, as though he respected me, and would leave us to ourselves.

"Virginia!" I cried, "you have returned—you have come back to me!"

I had forgotten everything at the sight of her, at the contact of her hands with mine. I remember only that I loved her desperately.

"Armand, I have come to ask your forgiveness, if you will grant it to me—as I pray you will."

"What does it mean?"

"That I have deceived you, in my own selfish interests, very cruelly; and that I have only your hate to look to."

"That man—who is he?"

"My father—an escaped prisoner from the French Government—a political refugee who stands at last where tyranny cannot touch him. I have been living here, and watching here, two years, in the hope of his escape. I have waited for him, oh so long and hopelessly, until you—"

"Your father!" I exclaimed; "oh! thank God! let me go to him—let me—"

"No—please, no—for my sake."

"Is there another mystery—do I know all the truth, Virginia?"

"Not yet."

"Ha! Is it true that you were in Paris at the Opéra Bal-masqué a few nights ago?"

"Quite true," she answered. "I met my father's friends there, and it was in that motley dissipated crowd that some earnest souls plotted his deliverance."

"But—"

"But I was a spy, Armand, to you," she continued. "It was the knowledge that you were travelling in England that set me on your track. Orders were telegraphed to me to seek you out—to make you my friend—you, son of the minister—to deceive you. And," she added sorrowfully, "I have done so."

"A spy!" I echoed; "a spy!"

"For my father's sake—a spy. Yes, that is all I am—and all I have been—and can ever be to you. And if you will forgive me, knowing how I loved that father, and how cruelly he had been treated by his enemies—if you will only say forgiveness, I shall be happy presently."

"You shall be happy now,—you have attained all that you strove for,—why should any words of mine be of any comfort?"

"Because—it is only you whom I have de-

ceived, and you thought so highly of me, and had so deep a faith. Because," she said, "it was by that letter which you left me that we forged your father's signature to an order for the immediate release of one terribly unfortunate—because—"

"H! I remember; y s, that was treachery."

"It was a daughter's love surmounting every trust but one—because of that, forgive me, Armand, if you can."

"I have been cruelly deceived."

"Because I am going away to make his life content—because you I shall never see again—forgive me, do!"

I was still silent.

"Because I am unhappy, even in the midst of my success—because we part thus, and for ever—because, Armand, I had learned to love you very deeply at the last, and knew not what to do!"

"Virginia—is this true?"

"Heaven be my witness that it is," she answered solemnly.

"Then—"

"Nay—let me go my way now, forgiven by the only man I have ever loved—and deceived. God bless you—kiss me—and good-bye."

She held her face up to me like a little child, and I stooped and kissed it—a sign of forgiveness and of my strange love for her.

Then she tottered away, and would have fallen, had I not hastened after her, and supported her steps towards the grim man waiting for his daughter. He raised his hat as we approached, and she passed from me to him—and I saw her no more in all my after life.

F. W. ROBINSON.

HUMOROUS.

"BICYCLAR vehiculation" is the latest atrocity on the English language.

We have heard of a young lady so utter that she has gone to live at 222, 22nd Street.

STRAWBERRY red is the latest aesthetic color. Some very aristocratic noses are trimmed with it this season.

A YOUTH begged a West-end belle to give him something he could wear next his heart. She sent him a red flannel chest-protector.

"MODESTY" asks us: "What is the best method of popping the question?" It is a good deal like champagne—if it don't pop itself there is something wrong about it.

A GROWL.

I'm a grumpy old bachelor.
Grizzly and gray,
I am seven-and-forty
If I am a day.
I am fussy and crusty,
And dry as a bone;
So ladies—good ladies—
Just let me alone!

Go shake out your rinklets,
And beam out in smiles;
Go tinkle your trinkets,
And show off your wiles.
Bewitch and bewilder
Wherever you can;
But pray—pray remember,
I am not the man!

I'm frozen to blushes,
I'm proof against eyes;
I'm hardened to snipers,
And stony to sighs.
I'm tough to each dart
That young Cupid can lance;
I'm not in the market
At any advance!

I sew my own buttons,
I darn my own hose,
I keep my own counsel,
And fold my own clothes.
I mind my own business,
And live my own life;
I won't—no, the Dickens—
Be plagued with a wife!

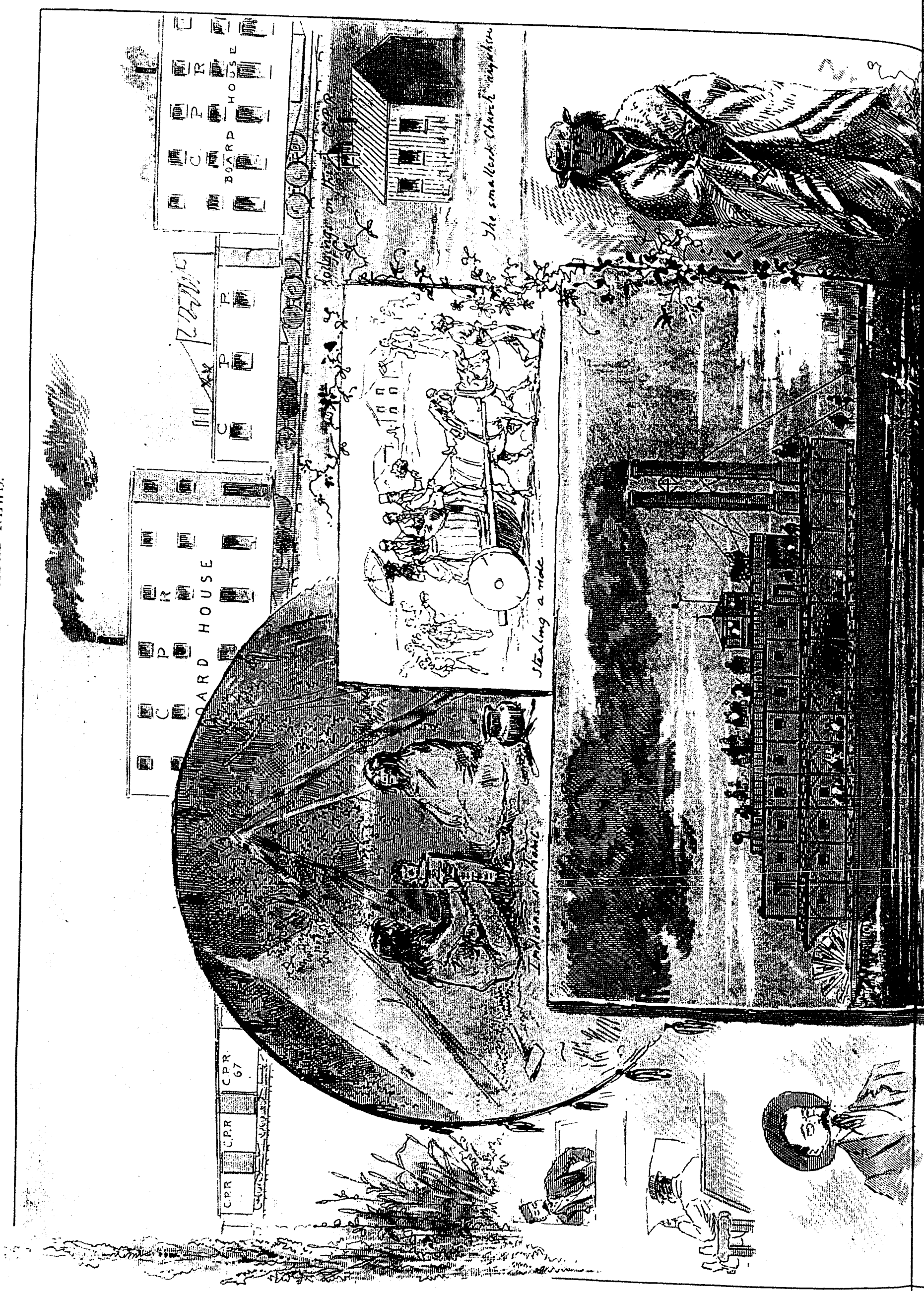
And yet there's nine spinsters
Who believe me their fate;
There's two dozen widows
Who'd change their estate.
There's silly young maidens
Who blush at my bow;
All—all bent on marrying me,
No matter how!

I walk forth in trembling,
I come home in dread;
I don't fear my heart,
But I do fear my head!
My civillest speech
Is a growl and a nod;
And that—Heaven save me!
Is "charmingly odd!"

So, ladies—dear ladies—
Just hear me, I pray;
I speak to you all
In the pluralst way.
My logic is simple
As logic can be—
If I won't marry you,
Pray—don't annoy me!

PRINCE ARISONGAWA, the illustrious Japanese personage, the uncle of the Mikado, who is at present residing in Paris, and whose occupations while in the French capital are daily chronicled by the papers, is mourning the loss of a medical attendant specially attached to his person, whose name was Tsuna-Hayassi. This Japanese doctor died last Thursday morning after great suffering; he leaves a wife and four children. A curious detail, if true, is that mentioned by the Paris newspapers in relation to the death of Tsuna-Hayassi, namely that Prince Arisongawa's first thought, upon the death of his physician, was to telegraph to his august nephew in Japan, asking him to forward another man of medicine to take the place of the defunct.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



BOARD HOUSE

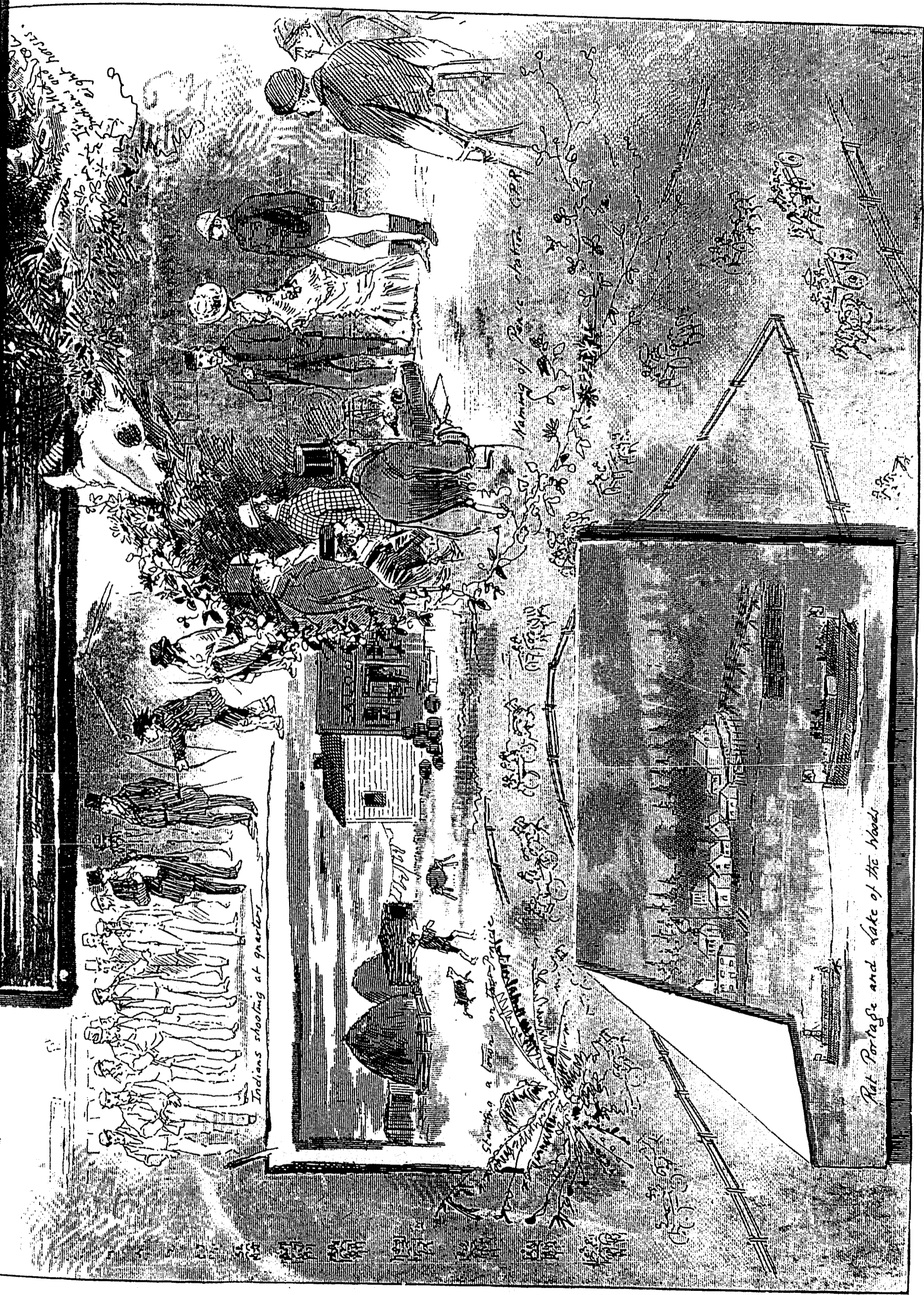
C.P.R. 67

Holdings on the C.P.R.

The small Church

Stealing a ride

Indian at home



THE VISIT OF THE PRESS ASSOCIATION TO THE NORTH-WEST.

(SEE PAGE 227.)

BIRCHINGTON REVISITED.

(Dante Gabriel Rossetti was buried last April in the lonely little churchyard at Birchington, on the Kentish sea-board.)

He sleeps a quiet sleep at last,
Who wearied for such blissful hours;
The stress of high-strung life is past,
The veil of death is over him cast,
And for him hence no dark sky lowers.

Sweet is the air here, clear and sweet;
The larks with jubilant voices sing,
And still their songs re-sing, repeat;
The grass, starry white with marguerite,
Is still memorious of spring.

Yonder the blue sea, windless, still,
Meets the blue sky-line for away—
Soundless, save when the wavelets spill
Their little crowns of foam, and fill
The rock pools full with swirling spray:

Else soundless, though the listening ear
Might hear the slow wash of the tide
Move hushfully, as 'er a mere
The gray teal swims, alert with fear
Of somewhat that the rushes hide.

How sweet to rest here, and to know
The silence and the utter peace!
To lie and rest and sleep below
While far away tired millions go,
With eyes all yearning for such ease.

'Tis better thus: alone, yet safe
From night and day, from day and night;
Not here can jarring discords chafe
Thy soul too sensitive, or wait
Of stinging envy blown from spite.

'Tis quiet here, and more than all
Things else is rest a boon to thee—
Rest, peace, and sleep: above, the pall
Of heaven; and past the white cliff-wall
The ceaseless mystery of the sea.

WILLIAM SHAW, in *Harper's*.

WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS
MUST BE TRUE.

So thought Mrs. St. Leger: but so thought not her son Leslie. Mrs. St. Leger had long been a rich widow, and consequently had long been what a woman seldom is—her own mistress. She had learned with her catholicism to have a due reverence for all those "in authority over her." The only person in authority over her for years had been herself: therefore, for her own judgement and opinion upon all subjects, she entertained the greatest deference. Mrs. St. Leger, notwithstanding her solitary faults, was an excellent woman, kind at heart, and faultless in intention, and often would have been the very first to have appreciated and admired certain qualities had she happened to find them in any other individuals than those she especially disliked. Of her son she had, perhaps, more reason to be proud than fond. Not that he lacked any of the virtues that beget esteem, or the good qualities which can alone create or retain genuine affection; nor did he want those thousand little nameless failings which rescue very gifted persons from the chilly heights on which they would otherwise be placed above their fellow-creatures, which, in those we love, give us additional cause to love them, because they give us something to forgive; and there is a pertainly in human affection which clings more closely to all for which it has in any degree suffered. But nature is a niggard; and while she lavishes with one hand, is sure to hold back something with the other. She had given to Leslie St. Leger a handsome person, a keen wit, and a strong, penetrative, and generous mind; but she, of education, or both combined, had bestowed upon him a rash, self-willed, and obstinate disposition.

"Everybody says so, therefore it must be true," said Mrs. St. Leger to Mrs. Brambleton (a toady in every thing but salary and suavity) as her son Leslie entered the breakfast-room.

"And what is it that is so true because everybody says so?" inquired he with a smile.

"Why, my dear, that that house which Mr. Manningfield has just bought in White-hall smokes most abominably, or else he would not have got it so cheap."

"I only know," said Leslie, "that all the time Lord Leitrem lived in it, which has been for the last thirty years, he declares he has never known a single room in it to smoke once."

"Of course he would say so," snapped Mrs. Brambleton, "when he wanted to sell it. Some chicken, Mr. St. Leger? Really you eat nothing. I should think you were in love, only Mrs. St. Leger tells me she cannot get you to go into society at all since you returned from abroad."

"My dear mother, I don't know what you call going out, but Heaven and myself only know what I have endured in the way of dancing and dinnering since my arrival here; or, as the newspapers would phrase it, how largely I have tasted of "British hospitality," a hospitality, forsooth, which marvellously resembles that fountain at Smyrna, of which no man can partake without its being expected that he should take away a wife from the place; for hospitality in this country, is chiefly confined to fathers of families labouring under an accumulation of daughters, all and each ready to fall to the lot of the first man who can give them "a local habitation and a name."

"My dear Leslie, young men get up such strange notions on the Continent, and learn so soon to undervalue the true and solid blessings of an English fireside; it is really quite shocking. Where abroad will you meet with such a family as the Jernynghams?"

"Where, indeed, thank God!" cried Leslie, "Emmeline Jernyngham—such a sweet, retir-

ing, ladylike, and unobtrusive girl, and so pretty!"

"Sweet, retiring, and unobtrusive; That is your opinion; mine is different."

Poor Mrs. St. Leger lifted up her hands and eyes in astonishment at her graceless son's cavalier treatment of her panegyric.

"And Lady Jernyngham is such a sweet woman—so much Christian charity and forbearance! I never heard her speak ill of any one, even if they are ever so bad. It was only the other night, at her sister's Miss Humdrum's that I heard her palliating in the most amiable manner, the vices of that young profligate, Lord Reutall."

"Oh!" cried the incorrigible Leslie, "she would no doubt have done the same by his Satanic Majesty, were he about town in guise of a bachelor elder brother, and likely to ask for either of her daughters; and then, notwithstanding her exemplary non-resistance, I would stake Miss Fanny to a cab-horse, that she would have let the D— take either of them, and then have said, in her most purring and conciliating voice, that the D— is often painted blacker than he is."

"I hear Sir George Erpingham is very much in love with Emmeline," persevered Mrs. St. Leger.

"Heavens! What a fool that man is!" said Mrs. Brambleton. "By cramming his little, narrow, dark, crooked, antediluvian mind with a few modern chimeras, which he picks up, like his furniture, in different odd holes and corners, and like his furniture, jumbles incongruously and heterogeneously together, he thinks to pass for a wonderfully clever person, especially as he is hugely sceptical upon all mysteries, except his own importance and that of his Yorkshire Siberia, and to those he pays the homage of an idolatrous worship, after the fashion of the aboriginal priests of Isis, who always selected for their individual Latria an idol that never received the reverence of others."

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Brambleton, I fear this is all the good the "march of intellect" is likely to do."

"March of intellect! my dear madam, I begin to think that is past, and that it must be the April of intellect, one meets so many fools."

"Pray, Mrs. Brambleton," asked Leslie, "did you ever happen to meet a Miss Fielding?" Mrs. Brambleton put her head on one side, and beamed her cheek upon her hand to consider. She said, "Why let me see; ye—s; you mean a little odd-looking girl, with a profusion of long black ringlets?"

"No, I mean a tall fair girl, with blue eyes and golden hair."

"Oh! the daughter of that odd Mrs. Fielding, that has such strange opinions upon all subjects; and the daughter is, I believe, as odd and disagreeable as the mother."

"I have heard," said Mrs. St. Leger in a deprecating tone, "that she is a most undutiful daughter, and that she gives herself such tremendous airs, that she never will appear to any of her mother's guests, and is in every way thoroughly unamiable."

"And I have heard," said Leslie, somewhat more warmly than the occasion appeared to demand, "that her mother's guests are persons of such strange opinions, and of such equivocal character, that you, my dear mother, would be the very first person to condemn any girl for voluntarily associating with them."

"I dare say," growled Mrs. Brambleton, "she only avoids their society to annoy her mother, and not out of any sense of propriety."

"And I understand she is exceedingly satirical—a quality to say the least of it, very unbecoming in any young woman," said Mrs. St. Leger.

"Oh! horribly ill-natured," responded the Brambleton, with a sneer that displayed her very sable teeth, which, at that moment, Leslie thought the venom of her tongue must have turned black.

Mrs. St. Leger began to feel a vague, though faint and ill-defined alarm, at the unwonted warmth of her son's championship in behalf of Florence Fielding, and finding that he was not to be moved, she thought she would see what wit and wealth would do; and although, before she named Miss Marsham, she herself felt it was hardly fair to accuse Miss Fielding of satire, while she called Miss Marsham's undisguised and unprovoked ill-nature, wit—yet Miss Marsham was an heiress, while Florence Fielding had not a shilling—and, therefore, had no right to a sense of the ridiculous, even upon the most trifling and external points. Having arrived at this conclusion, she commenced her operations with,

"Pray, my dear Leslie, tell me. Miss Marsham dined at Lord Audley's, yesterday; don't you think her a most charming, agreeable person!—and so very clever and witty!"

"Oh!" cried Leslie, putting both hands before his eyes, "name her not; she is my favorite aversion; there, is genuine unsophisticated ill-nature if you will; and as to wit, if she has any pretensions to it, it must, indeed, be that she builds her fame upon the ruins of another's name;" and then her lord laugh and her extraordinary plainness, which would make any man afraid to marry her, unless she could prove that she had taken out a patent for it, so as to confine it exclusively to herself; she is, indeed, "like the toad, ugly and venomous, which yet wears a precious jewel in its head."

"It is a strange anomaly in English society," continued Leslie, "where persons are certainly much more personally and rancorously ill-

natured than in any other, that the only species of ill-nature never tolerated or forgiven, is that which is at all accompanied with wit. In England, people might write and speak libels for ever, provided they avoided epigrams. The retailers of scandal, the assassins of reputation, who merely circulate the leaden lie in all its unwrought dulness, are never shunned as a pest, or denounced as dangerous; but let them omit half the malice, and only substitute wit for the remaining quantum, and they will soon be dreaded as though they were walking cholera. Strange, strange contradiction! that a nation which excels more than any other in the talent of being able "to eat mutton cold," should not be able to forgive those who "cut blocks with a razor!"

A few days after the above conversation, Leslie requested an audience with his mother in her dressing-room, where she generally was to be found alone for some three hours after breakfast, unenvailed by the eternal Mrs. Brambleton; and he did then and there, after much hesitation, circumlocution, and ineffectual attempts at lessening the shock, boldly ask her consent to marry Miss Fielding!

Poor Mrs. St. Leger! Had he asked her consent to cut his throat, she could not have looked more aghast, or felt more heart-stricken, than she did. Leslie kept his eyes fixed attentively on that part of the carpet immediately under them, as though he had been taking an inventory of the stitches or forming a synopsis of the colours. A pale smile cast a faint gleam over Mrs. St. Leger's countenance, which had been actually palsied with horror, and she said, "Oh, no, no! Surely, Leslie, I might have known you were jesting."

Long and bitter was the scene which ensued. Leslie defended and eulogised Florence Fielding with all the eloquence of a lover. Mrs. St. Leger warned him, and inveighed against her with all that sophistry of parental devotion which convinces itself the more that it fails in convincing others—that the happiness of her child alone actuated her—that she was totally unbiased by any other or more worldly motive—she even went so far as to say (what parents generally do on such occasions) that what it cost money, it was not rank, she wished for her son—it was only happiness; and even had he preferred any one more portionless and less well born than Miss Fielding—provided she had been in herself amiable and likely to make him happy—she would willingly have consented; but the daughter of such a woman! brought up as she had been! what could he expect? In vain Leslie told her of the many good traits he had noticed in Florence's character—in vain he urged his mother to know before she condemned her. Mrs. St. Leger's pet scheme about her son and Miss Jernyngham was at an end, for that morning's paper had announced her marriage with Sir George Erpingham; so Mrs. St. Leger was fain to close this painful conference with a sigh and a hope, that "her dear Leslie, to whom she had always given credit for sense beyond his years, would take some time to consider before he sealed his misery for life, by marrying a woman who everybody said had not a good quality, and who, to say the least of her, she was certain, would run away from him at the end of six months."

A year elapsed after this conversation, during which time Leslie St. Leger vainly tried to gain his mother's consent to his marriage—and by the end of that time contrived by arguments best known to himself, to persuade Florence to become his wife without it, and consequently against her own conviction of right. The day of their marriage Mrs. St. Leger gave a large dinner party—certainly not to celebrate the event but chiefly to show the world in general, and her son in particular, that from that time he was as nothing to her—and that she would henceforth take refuge in crowds which she had hitherto shunned, and seek in the many all that she persisted in thinking she had now lost in the one.

About four years after her marriage, as Florence was sitting alone one evening, during one of the frequent absences of her husband, who was then in Leicestershire, busy about his election, a servant entered, and said, "Ma'am, Mrs. Charlton is below, and wishes to speak to you."

"Who is Mrs. Charlton?" asked Florence.

"Mrs. St. Leger's housekeeper, Ma'am."

"Let her come up," said Florence, trembling violently, as a vague idea that her husband was in some danger flitted across her; for his mother had persisted in not seeing her since her marriage, and therefore she could not suppose it was any message from her. Mrs. Charlton at length came entreating into the room—the very incarnation of an apology for having intruded upon her at all, much less at so unreasonable an hour—"but, ma'am, Mrs. St. Leger is so dangerous ill, and Mrs. Lewyn (that is her maid, ma'am), being in the fever too, ma'am, and therefore, as the saying is, of no use, ma'am—and my own poor girl being seized not an hour ago—and one must look to one's own, ma'am), and a nurse not to be had to-night for love or money—and Dr. B.—saying as misses might not live through the night, if so be she was not properly tended—and Master Leslie—I beg pardon, ma'am—Mrs. St. Leger being out of town—and hearing you was such a good lady, I thought you would venter to call, thinking as you might be able to get a nurse, ma'am—and that—then Mr. Leslie need not be written to as he is so busy about his election—and as I know he loves his mother dearly, it would sadly vex him, as his interest like would pull one way and his duty, ma'am, another."

"You did quite right, Mrs. Carlton, not to write and alarm Mr. St. Leger," said Florence, "and I hope Mrs. St. Leger will be quite well before he even hears that she has been ill. I will endeavour to send a nurse to Grosvenor-street in less than half-an-hour. I suppose you are going back there immediately?"

"O, dear no, ma'am, I am going on to my poor girl, who is lying so dangerous ill in *Igh Obern* (High Holborn)—and that's chiefly what made me come to you, ma'am, as I could not stay and do for misses myself, poor dear lady!"

No sooner had the worthy Mrs. Carlton departed on her maternal mission to *Igh Obern* than Florence repaired to her own room, put on a morning cap, poke bonnet, and quaker-like dress, and then, under a strict injunction of secrecy, confided to her astonished abigail her intention of her self going to nurse Mrs. St. Leger. The maid could not suppress her surprise and horror. "What! at this time of night, ma'am?"—"That is the very reason; for no one else can be got."—"And the typhoid fever and all! Dear, dear ma'am, if you should catch it, and die of it, an I all, before Mr. St. Leger returns, what would he say?"

"And if his mother should die through my self-h fears, because I was afraid to go near her, Gerahd, what would he say then?"

"I don't know, ma'am, what he would say; but I should say," cried the tirewoman somewhat pettily but still more indignantly, "that if it had been you, she would have let you die before she would have gone to you."

Florence arrived at Grosvenor-street as fast as fear and anxiety could take her. For four nights, and four days, which the darkness of a sick room made like night, she watched by the bedside of Mrs. St. Leger. Never did nurse tread so noiselessly, never did leech administer his analyses so carefully;—and never did a mother smooth a pillow of a sick child more tenderly than did Florence that of her mother-in-law; and though in the ravings of the poor sufferer, she often heard her own name coupled with epithets of reproach and aversion, yet this was more than atoned for by the unbounded affection for her son, which even on the brink of the grave Mrs. St. Leger evinced was her ruling passion; and Florence actually loved her for not thinking that she herself was good enough for him. The worst of her trials, in her new capacity, was the incessant praises of Dr. B.—his endless inquiries as to the hospital she had attended; his surprise at her youthful and anti-professional appearance, and his reiterated promises of patronage and recommendation! On the evening of the fifth day Mrs. St. Leger was pronounced out of danger. The fever had quite left her; and she was profuse in her thanks to Dr. B.—for his unremitting attention, of which she said she had a confused but strong impression.

"Not at all, madam, not at all," said the doctor, "it is to this young woman you are indebted, for never did I see so indefatigable a nurse; she has not left you night or day these five days, and many a thing has she anticipated, which I was not here to order; yet which nevertheless was of more importance than medicine itself."

"Come hither, child," said Mr. St. Leger, putting aside the curtain, "as far as money can repay your services, you shall not find me ungrateful; but you look very young for a nurse, and rather of a different rank of life too; but how long have you been a nurse? and where did Dr. B.—hear of you?"

"I am not a regular nurse, madam," said Florence, blushing and stammering, "and it was not Dr. B.—, but Mrs. Carlton who found me out, for her own daughter being ill, she was obliged to go to her, and as it was so late at night she could get anybody else. I came, and thought I might be able to nurse you if I was but wakeful and careful."

"And God knows you have been both," cried Dr. B.—

"And I shall not forget either," said Mrs. St. Leger; and then added, with a sigh, "but Leslie—has he not been here? Surely if he can think of anything but his wife, he might have come when I was so ill."

"Oh, for that matter," said the Doctor, "Mrs. Carlton and I held a cabinet council, and as he was electioneering, we determined not to harass him by letting him know of your illness till you were out of all danger; but I wrote to him yesterday, and should not be surprised if he were here to-night; he could not be here before—do you think he could, Mrs. Carlton?" addressing the housekeeper, who had returned that morning, and now came into the room with arrowroot.

"Oh dear no, sir, by no manner o' means." Mrs. St. Leger seemed appeased at this, but could not retreat without aiming one more shaft at Florence. "I think Mrs. Leslie St. Leger, in common respect, putting humanity out of the question, might have sent to inquire after me."

"Mrs. Leslie St. Leger has inquired after you four or five times a day, ma'am," said the housekeeper, darting a look at Florence's crimson cheek, as she thus pointedly alluded to her almost hourly inquiries in her capacity of nurse: the good woman stirred the arrowroot somewhat more vehemently than it seemed to require; and Mrs. St. Leger turned to Dr. B.—with a sigh of resignation at her son's wife having for once actually done what she said she ought to do—and inquired if there was any news!

"No, nothing, except that Lady Erpingham has gone off with Lord Reutall."

"Lady Erpingham! and left her two chil-

dren!—you amaze me!" said Mr. St. Leger, sinking back upon her pillow, as if she had been electrified.

"Humph!" quoth the doctor, "she was much too automaton a personage for me to be surprised at anything she did; but it is a common error to mistake vanity for virtue, and ignorance for innocence. Why, here is Mr. St. Leger, I have no doubt," cried the doctor, as a carriage stopped at the door. In another minute a step was heard upon the stairs, Florence attempted a precipitate escape into the dressing-room, but was detained by Mrs. St. Leger laying her hand upon her arm, and ordering her not to go. In another instant Leslie was in the room, and at his mother's bed-side; he did not see his wife in his anxiety to see his mother; and poor Florence had fainted for fear of the denouement that must inevitably take place. Dr. B.— put out his arm to prevent her from falling to the ground. Mrs. Carlton ran for some water. Leslie turned to see what was the cause of the commotion—he saw a woman lying across the bed with her face downward. As he helped to raise her, the dim light from a solitary candle gleamed upon her face, and he beheld his wife to all appearance dead. "Good God! Florence, my own poor Florence! how came you here? and they have murdered you!" cried Leslie, frantically—"will no one save her?" continued he, "send—go—bring a physician—every physician—bring them all?"

"Gently, sir," said the Doctor, "she will recover soon, if you do not all crowd round her, and keep the air from her."

"On your peril do not trifle with me," said Leslie, looking wildly on his wife's wasted form, and the wan cheek, where want of sleep, and so many nights and days of watching had wrought a change that appeared fearful in his eyes:—"you think she will recover?"

"She is recovering," said Dr. B.—, dashing a tear from the corner of his eye, for he now began to comprehend the whole scene, and how Florence had been so good a nurse, although she had not walked the hospital.

"Mother, mother," said Leslie, willing to grasp at hope from every one, "do you think she'll recover?"

"I do, Leslie," said Mrs. St. Leger, bursting into tears as she placed Florence's cold hand in Leslie's burning palm, and pressed them both within her own—"and I do think, although everybody does not say so, that she is an angel."

THE VIOLONCELLO'S NEXT ENGAGEMENT.

The glories of the entertainment have faded, down goes the gas, out scramble the audience. It is the last night of the season; and the band is playing the National Anthem over the said season's grave to give it a decent burial. Even the first fiddle feels out of sorts. The bassoon has a tear-drop trembling on his left eyelash, unsuspecting of the fact that it glistens visibly in a tiny ray from the footlight. As for the violoncello next him, that hoary-headed old veteran of a score of two pantomimes, surely this particular pantomime's death grieves him but little. Why should it—whilst he can twine his bony left arm round that old violoncello's neck as if it lived and loved him, when he can bend his grey head to its strings and hear the sweet patios of their tones; when he can pass his long skinny musician's fingers fondly over them to draw forth rich, soothing, swelling, falling, beautiful melody? Why should there be a quivering lip and a trembling eyelash when the last chord comes?

The chord is struck, and over. Out of the orchestra, and already on his way home is the first violin; the cornet has brought up the rear with a cadenza morando; the big drum has closed his last roll; second violin has packed up his instruments; bassoon and violoncello remain alone with the dying lights in the hall.

"Dick!" said the bassoon, quietly. Poor old white-faced violoncello never heeded. The left arm in the rusty sleeve still clasped the instrument's neck in that loving way, the old grey head bent down over the strings with his eyes closed.

"Poor old chap!" observed the bassoon pityingly as he turned up his coat collar and tucked his instrument case under his arm. "Blowed if he ain't a playin' now!"

"Dick, Dick!" tapping the old violoncello good naturedly on the shoulder. The old man opened his eyes and awoke to the silence.

"Hallo, Tom Hornby! What, all gone? I thought," he looked around him in disappointed inquiry, and spoke in a tone of sadness—"I thought he repeated that second strain. Well, well! How deaf I'm getting, to be sure!" The rusty black coat heaved with a sigh as its wearer rose and shut his music.

"All gone but you, Tom?" he said sorrowfully. "Well I won't deny I thought they might ha' wished me 'Good night,' or 'Good-bye,' or something of the sort, for the last night; but I won't grumble. An old fellow, who's as deaf as a post, and has nobody to mind him, ain't no place in an orchestra. He'd better get out of the road as quick as he can, and make no fuss about it. Friends ain't in his line."

"Now come, Dick, old man," expostulated the bassoon, "don't go for to speak like that. You know there's one chap as is sorry for you—dash my hide if he ain't. Yes, say I, Dick, count me as your friend whenever you like. There's a bed for you, and the same fare as I has

myself whenever you like to claim 'em; and if we can't find you another 'sit' some-where directly, it's a pity. Blow me, it's a pity!"

"Tom Hornby, you're a good-hearted fellow," returned the violoncello gratefully, as his stolid face relaxed a little before the bassoon's genial smile. "A useless, old, worn out blessing like mine ain't much to give anybody," he continued; "but such as it is, take it, Tom, for your kindness; and may you never have such a black world before as I've got now!"

They shook hands; the bassoon stepped through the little narrow door beneath the stage; and his companion, bearing his unwieldy violoncello, extinguished the last gas jet as he followed him.

"Good-night, Tom Hornby; God bless you." Again they shook hands; then bassoon whistled off into the hurrying crowd at the stag-door, and violoncello turned to face the wind the other way.

Old violoncello buttoned his rusty coat close, and turned up the collar as if the wind might find that an obstacle in its attack upon his scraggy old throat, whilst he hugged that dingy big fiddle of his close against his body, and setting his eyes straight before him, dragged his trembling knees in the direction they pointed. Up one street and down another; along a wide white road, lined with tall white mansions; down a narrow, wriggling, dark alley, lined with rickety lodging-houses. On he trudged through the grey, pulpy mud of trampled snow. On and on to that dreary blank of future which lay before him, the old lack-lustre eyes fixed in that straight, forward look of despair, the cold loneliness steadily settling down upon his aged heart to brood there. For the season was over, and old violoncello had struck his last chord at the hall.

"You see, Dolbs," the leader of the orchestra had said, "now the full season's over, it's unreasonable to expect the management to keep up such a band; so, much as it goes against me to say it, we must part."

"Quite right," had chimed in the manager with the ferocious moustache. "Establishment expenses must be cut down, my man; everybody can't stop on; so there you are! Might as well ask me to keep an extra bandsman out of my own salary!"

So old violoncello struck his last chord and went, with a leaden heart. Good-hearted Tom Hornby comforted him with hopes of that next engagement. But who would have him—poor, old, worn-out, deaf as he was? Nobody, he said. And his heart sank like a lump of cold lead as he thought of that answer.

The pulpy slush changed to white untrodden snow upon the path; the streets were quieter and darker. Old violoncello reached his humble lodging, admitted himself by his latch-key, climbed the three flights of rickety stairs. In the tiny garret at the top of them, was a fireless grate, a square white bed, a table, a chair, and a window, one broken pane of which was stopped with brown paper. As he lighted his two inches of lean candle and showed these, the old man sat down upon the chair and bent his grey head upon the table. No tear was in his eyes when he lifted them. He drew his violoncello closer to him; he hugged it as he might a favorite child; then he bent his head once more upon the little table, and his bow slipped to the floor from the numbed fingers which clasped it.

Lower and lower burned the candle, whilst outside upon the bars of the window-panes, white snow gathered higher and higher as the flakes kept falling. When the blanched face was again upturned, the eyes were moistened.

"So we've come to it at last, have we, old fiddle!" the old man moaned in apostrophe of his loved violoncello, as he stooped to pick up the bow. "We're old now, both of us; we're no use now! You're patched and cracked, and your master's deaf. They don't want a pair like us nowadays. We're ready almost for our last engagement. Yes, old fiddle; you have been a good servant to your old master, and you could do something, too, in your day; but not much longer—not very much longer. We're old now; they can do without us."

A tear dropped upon the finger-board, and the old man wiped it carefully off with his coat sleeve.

"Yes, old friend," he continued, gazing affectionately on his battered companion of wood and strings, "we've been friends for long, but we're coming to our last engagement."

Whilst the snowflakes fell thicker and thicker against the window, softly and noiselessly, the old man drew his bow across the strings of the violoncello in a half-unconscious way, bending down his head to the instrument just as he always did. Though his ears were deaf to aught else, they never failed to drink in the tones which sprang from those vibrating chords. Slowly, weirdly, pathetically, the music rose and fell in gentle ripples around the room, so hushed and low that it awakened no echoes in the silent house. Only in that poor chamber would it wander; only around that poor old couple, instrument and player, would its sweet melody float. As he played the old man's eyes closed, and from his face the lines of settled despair gradually cleared away, till only a happy smile was left beaming around wrinkles. The player's thoughts were far away; to him the cold room and the snowy window were become as naught. Back in the little garden of fifty years ago, in the arbour scented by pink and rose, with the dark velvet pansies clustering the little plot at his feet, he was listening again to that same old tune as he heard it at first, when the wife, long dead, sang the words and he played the air upon

the well-remembered violin. He could hear her voice; he could smell the roses' perfume. Surely it was that same violin he was playing now! From his closed eyes, down the white cheeks, tears dropped warm and fast upon the strings of the violoncello. He heeded them not; his thoughts were far away.

So the tune rose and fell, and the snow gathered thicker and thicker upon the window panes, till the candle on the little table flickered out. Yet the arm in the rusty sleeve did not weary in its slow, regular motion: the cold fingers still pressed the strings; the player did not wake to darkness of the room.

"We're old now," he murmured; "they don't want us any longer."

His eyes were still shut; but the tune waxed slower, and slower, and slower, till it died altogether. The bow slipped from the old man's fingers; the grey head sank upon the table; the violoncello rested soundless against the breast of the rusty black coat.

When the morning came, and a bright sun-ray struggled through the snow-blocked window-panes, they shone upon a tiny table, a square white bed, a fireless grate, a patched and dingy old violoncello. But the bow had fallen upon the floor, and the player's nerveless fingers hung white and stiffened upon the strings.

Old Violoncello had gone to his last engagement.—*Family Magazine.*

SAME OLD THING.

An old granger strolled into a bookstore, the other day, and stopped at a table where a lot of cheap novels were displayed. He picked one of them up, and began to turn its leaves with a curious and amused expression of countenance. A clerk passing by just then, the granger said:—

"They keep on writin' these yallow-kivered novels yet, I see."

Clerk said they did.

"Used to read every blessed one that kum out when I was a boy. Reckon I've gone through mor'n fourteen baskets on 'em in my day, though I hain't tackled one in about forty years now. Don't s'pose they'd read as they did then. Gittin' married and raisin' a large family sorts o' knocks the romantic and picturesque out of a man, as it were. And with a wife and children lookin' to ye for bread, what do you care for 'Ogarita, the Forest Queen; or, the Trajedy of the False Eyebrow,' hey? I used to set up all night readin' the 'Mysteries of the Castle of San Juan del Boot Jack,' or somethin' like that, with my teeth chatterin' till I shook the whole house. Couldn't do it now. But, I say, do the novels run as they used to?"

"Pretty much the same," replied the obliging clerk.

"You don't say! Does the boss herowine exclaim, 'Unhand me, villain, or by me father's great horn spoons, I'll throw meself from the cliff and seek a peaceful grave beneath the waves that rattle for a position at its foot'?"

"That's about the run of it."

"Well, I declare! And when the villain swears she must be his'n, though the heavens fall and hell yawns at his feet, she shrieks the name of 'Gonraldo,' and takes the fatal plunge into the seething waters of the dark abyss. The billows close over her be-e-a-u-teous form, when, lo, Gonraldo—what does Gonraldo do nowadays, say?"

"Gonraldo plunges in—"

"Exactly!" interrupted the granger, excitedly, "Gonraldo, who has been watchin' things from another cliff, rushes in and rescues her from the clutch of the demon waves, crying, 'Ha! ha! foiled! foiled! Oh, it's just the way the old thing run when I was a boy. Hain't changed it a bit. And the pirate stories. Do they still skim the bright sea foam in rakish lookin' skuners, hull painted jet black, with a narrrer streak of red runnin' along the sides?"

"Oh, yes."

"You don't tell me! And is the pirate's bride as good lookin' as she used to be? I can see her now, standin' at the head of the powder magazine with a coal oil lamp in her hand, as she exclaims to her husband, who is about to throw the handsome captive overboard, 'Gomez de la Rutabaga, hold thy hand! Touch but a hair of that fair youth's head, and I will blow thee and thy murderous crew to the weeping stars, and scatter thy proud bark among the coral reefs of the down sweeping sea!"

"What a memory you have got."

"Oh, I'm a hustler. Hain't read a pirate story since I was a boy, but I remember just how they used to go. And the pirate's cave, too. Same old cave, I s'pose?"

"Tretty much the same cave. They light them with electricity now, though."

"Well, I s'pose so. Pirates tumble to these new wrinkles quick as anybody. Cook by steam, too, probably? Street cars running from the cave to the dock?"

"Yes, and a telephone connecting it with a signal station."

"Well," said the stranger, "we must expect a few changes in forty years. I see that the novel jogs along in about the same old beaten track, though. But an old man like me hain't any use for 'em any more. Good day."

And with a lingering though saddened look at the yellow covers that had called up fleeting visions of a past intellectual life, the old man left the store.

ORIGIN OF "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

The following translation of a Hebrew hymn is copied from one of the publications of the Percy Society.

It was originally written in Rabbinical Chaldee, and has a sort of lifting measure. No doubt many will be surprised to find that the familiar nursery tale, which has been told to amuse children in England for many generations, has had so serious an original.

A TRANSLATION OF A HYMN FROM THE "SEPHER HAGGADAH," folio 23.

1.

A kid, a kid, my father bought
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

2.

Then came the cat and ate the kid
That my father bought
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

3.

Then came the dog and bit the cat
That ate the kid, &c.

4.

Then came the staff and beat the dog
That bit the cat, &c.

5.

Then came the fire and burned the staff
That beat the dog, &c.

6.

Then came the water and quenched the fire
That burned the staff, &c.

7.

Then came the ox and drank the water
That quenched the fire, &c.

8.

Then came the butcher and slew the ox
That drank the water, &c.

9.

Then came the Angel of Death and killed the
butcher
That slew the ox, &c.

10.

Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the Angel of Death,
That killed the butcher,
That killed the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money.
A kid, a kid.

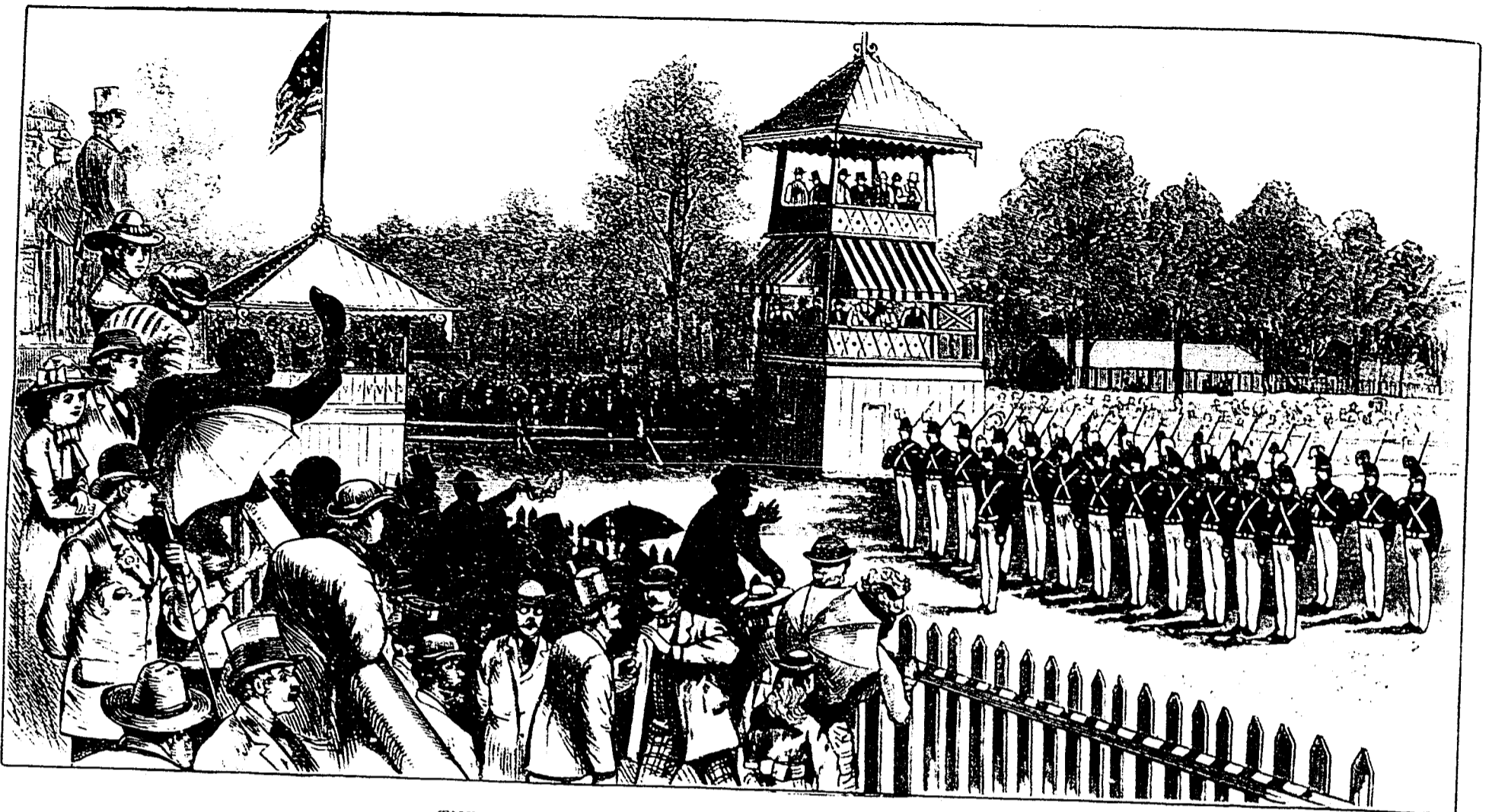
The following is the interpretation:

- 1.—The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrew nation. The Father, by whom it was purchased, is Jehovah, who represents himself in this relation to the Hebrews. The two pieces of money are Moses and Aaron.
- 2.—The cat denotes the Assyrians who took the ten tribes.
- 3.—The dog is symbolical of the Babylonians, who destroyed the Assyrian monarchy.
- 4.—The staff signified the Persians, who destroyed the Babylonian kingdom.
- 5.—The fire indicates the Greek Empire, under Alexander, which destroyed the Persian.
- 6.—The water denotes the Roman power, which destroyed the Grecian.
- 7.—The ox is the symbol of the Saracens, who destroyed the Roman power in the Holy Land.
- 8.—The butcher is the Crusader, who drove the Saracens off the Holy Land.
- 9.—The Angel of Death is the Turkish power, to which the land of Palestine is subject.
- 10.—The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will take signal vengeance on the Turks; immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land and live under the Government of their long-expected Messiah.

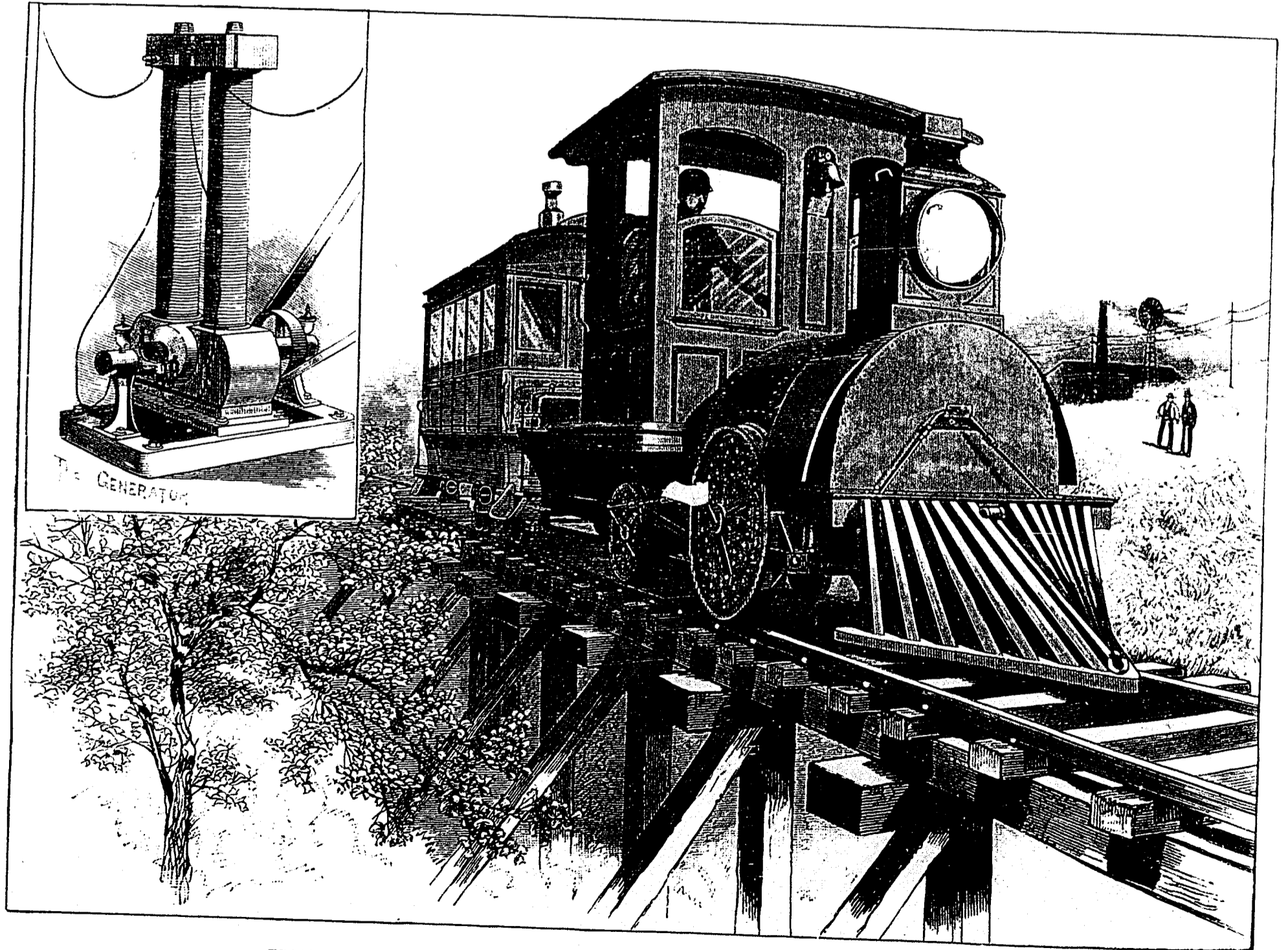
VARIETIES.

A SECURE RETREAT.—When Carter, the lion king, was exhibiting with Ducrow at Astley's, a manager, with whom Carter had made and broken an engagement, obtained damages and issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stage-door and asked for Carter. "Show the gentleman up," said Ducrow, and when they reached the stage there sat Carter composedly in the great cage with an enormous lion on each side of him. "There's Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen," said Ducrow, "go in and take him. Carter, my boy, open the door." Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by a privat signal, a tremendous roar from his companions. The bailiff, staggered back in terror, rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs, and nearly fainted before they reached the street.

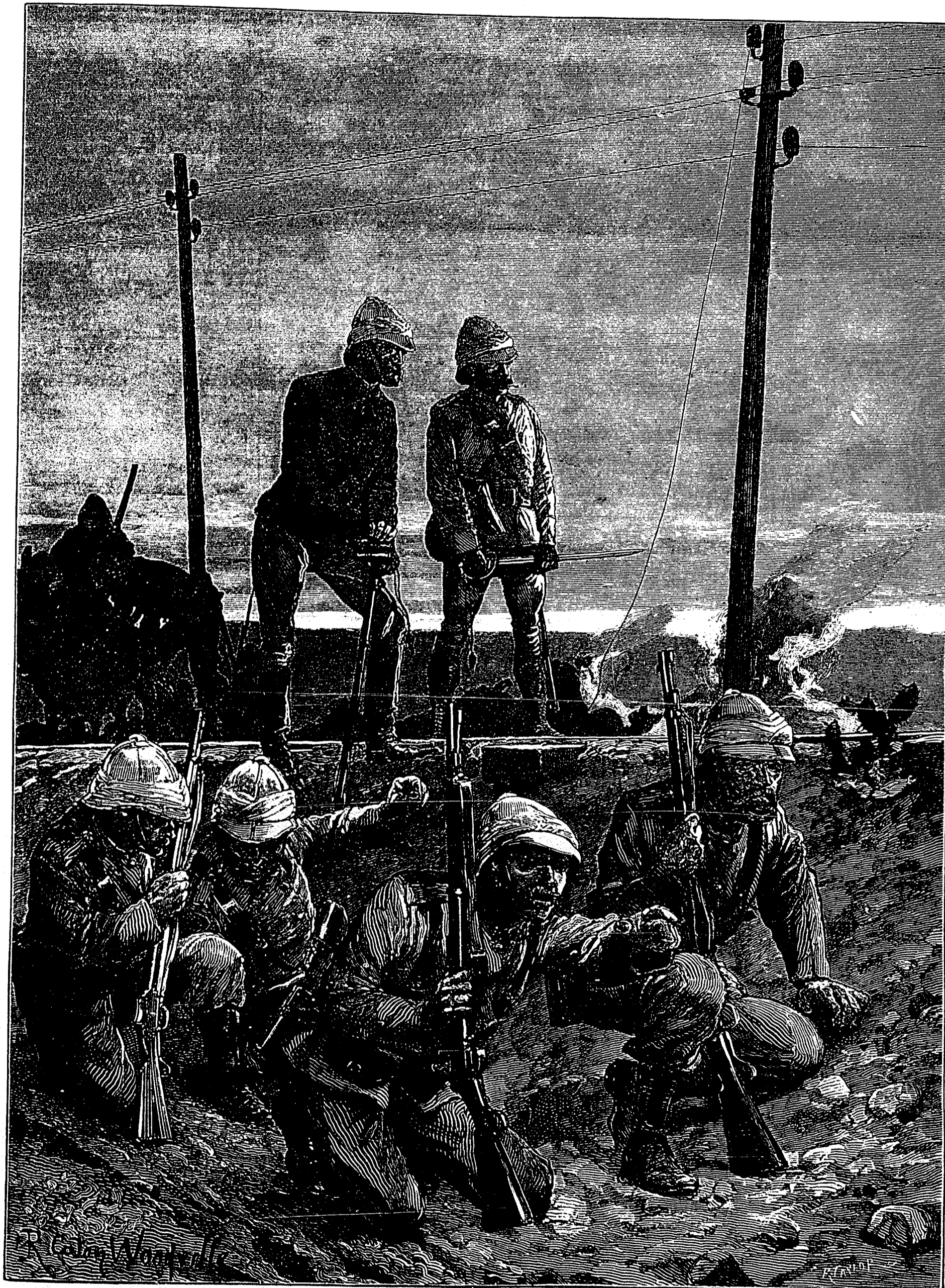
MADemoiselle Mars.—On one of the very last occasions of her appearing before her own Parisian audience, when she had passed the limit at which it was possible for a woman of her advanced age to assume the appearance of youth, the part she was playing requiring that she should exclaim, "Je suis jeune! Je suis jolie!" a loud solitary hiss protested against the assertion, with bitter significance. After an instant's consternation, which held both the actors and audience silent, she added, with the exquisite grace and dignity which survived the youth and beauty to which she could no longer even pretend, "Je suis Mademoiselle Mars!", and the whole house broke out in acclamations, and rang with the applause due to what the incomparable artiste still was, and the memory of all that she had been.



THE PRIZE DRILL AT OHIO STATE FAIR.—(SEE PAGE 227.)



EDISON'S ELECTRIC RAILWAY AT MENLO PARK.—THE LOCOMOTIVE AND GENERATOR.



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—A SKIRMISHING PARTY ON THE RAILWAY EMBANKMENT.

A SEA-SIDE IDYLL.

A summer day. The morning breeze
Blows freshly o'er the weary land,
A stretch of sea beach. Here and there
A white tent dots the expanse of sand.

A maiden tall and slight of form,
Glancing hair on her white neck lies,
Slim ungloved fingers warm and brown,
And eyelids veiling dark grey eyes.

Her nervous fingers vaguely trace
Unmeaning letters on the sand,
Her dreaming eyes intently watch
Each movement of the restless hand.

"And this your answer?" Angrily
Come the words from his set white lips.
His blue eyes flash with sudden fire,
Her's are fixed on the distant ships.

Silence falls on the little group,
The wavelets lap the thirsty shore,
His handsome face grows hard with pain,
Pain that he ne'er endured before.

"Yes, you know it could never be"—
As his passion shows revival,
"I never dreamt of—why, I thought
It was but a sea-side idyll."

DAVID BRECON.

A VERY OLD ANECDOTE OF A LAW SUIT.

The following curious anecdote was many years ago printed by a Staffordshire gentleman for private circulation:—

A gentleman of about £500 a year estate, in the eastern part of England, had two sons. The eldest had a rambling disposition; he took a place in a ship, and went abroad; and after several years, his father died. The younger son destroyed his father's will, and seized upon the estate; he gave out that his eldest brother was dead, and bribed some false witnesses to attest the truth of it. In course of time, the eldest brother returned; he came home in miserable circumstances; his youngest brother repulsed him with scorn, told him he was an imposter and a cheat, and asserted that his real brother was dead long ago, and that he could bring witnesses to prove it. The poor fellow having neither money nor friends was in a most dismal situation. He went round the parish making bitter complaints, and at last he came to a lawyer, who, when he heard the poor man's mournful story, replied to him in this manner: "You have nothing to give me; if I undertake your cause, and lose it, it will bring me into very foul disgrace, as all the wealth and evidence is on your brother's side. But, however, I will undertake your cause upon this condition: you shall enter into obligations to pay me a thousand guineas if I gain the estate for you. If I lose it, I know the consequence, and I venture upon it with my eyes open." Accordingly, he brought an action against the younger brother, and it was agreed to be tried at the next general assizes at Chelmsford, in Essex. The lawyer having engaged in the cause of the poor man, and stimulated by the prospect of a thousand guineas, set his wits to work to contrive the best methods to gain his end. At last he hit upon this happy thought—that he would consult the first of all judges, Lord Chief Justice Hale. Accordingly he flew up to London, and laid open the case in all its circumstances. The judge, who was the greatest lover of justice of any man in the world, heard the case patiently and attentively, and promised him all the assistance in his power. (It is very probable that he opened his whole scheme and method of proceeding, enjoining the utmost secrecy.) The judge contrived matters in such a manner as to have finished all his business at the King's Bench before the assizes began at Chelmsford, and ordered either his carriage or his horses to convey him down very near the seat of the assizes. He dismissed his man and his horses, and sought out for a single house, and found one occupied by a miller. After some conversation, and making himself quite agreeable, he proposed to the miller to change clothes with him. As the judge had a very good suit on, the man had no reason to object. Accordingly the judge shifted himself from top to toe, and put on a complete suit of the miller's best. Armed with the miller's hat, shoes, and stick, away he marches to Chelmsford. He had procured lodgings to his liking, and waited for the assizes that should come on next day. When the trials came on, he walked like an ignorant country-fellow backwards and forwards along the county hall. He had a thousand eyes within him, and when the court began to fill, he soon found out the poor fellow that was the plaintiff. As soon as he came into the hall, the miller drew up to him. "Honest friend," said he, "how is your cause like to go to-day?" "Why," said the plaintiff, "my cause is in a very precarious situation, and if I lose it I am ruined for life." "Well, honest friend," replied the miller, "will you take my advice? I'll let you into a secret that perhaps you don't know; every Englishman has the right and privilege to except against any one juryman through the whole twelve. Now do you insist upon your privilege, without giving a reason why; and, if possible, get me chosen in his room, and I'll do you all the service in my power." Accordingly, when the clerk of the court had called over the jury-men, the plaintiff excepted to one of them by name. The judge on the Bench was highly offended with this liberty. "What do you mean," said he, "by excepting against that gentleman?" "I mean, my lord, to assert my privilege as an Englishman, without giving a reason why." The judge, who had been deeply bribed in order to conceal it by a show of candour, and having confidence in the superiority of his party, said, "Well, sir, as you claim your privilege in one instance, I grant you a favour. Who would you wish to have in the place of that man excepted against?" After a small time taken in consideration: "My lord," says he, "I wish to have an honest man chose in;" and, looking round the court, "My lord, there's that miller in the court, we'll have him in if you please." Accordingly the miller was chosen in. As soon as the clerk of the court had given them all their oaths, a little dexterous fellow came into the department, and slipped ten golden Carolus into the hands of eleven jury-men, and gave the miller but five. He saw that they were all bribed as well as himself, and said to his next neighbour in a whisper, "How much have you got?" "Ten pieces," said he. He concealed what he had himself. The cause was opened by the plaintiff's counsel; and all the scraps of evidence they could pick up were adduced in his favour. The younger brother was provided with a great number of evidences and pleaders, and all plentifully bribed as well as the judge. The evidence deposed that they were in the self-same country where the brother died, and saw him buried. The counsellors pleaded upon this accumulated evidence, and everything went with a full tide in favour of the younger brother. The judge summed up the evidence with great gravity and deliberation. "And now, gentlemen of the jury," said he, "lay your heads together, and bring in your verdict as you shall deem most just." They waited but a few minutes before they determined in favour of the younger brother. The judge said, "Gentlemen, are you agreed, and who shall speak for you?" "We are agreed, my lord," replied one, "and our foreman shall speak for us." "Hold, my lord," replied the miller, "we are not all agreed." "Why," says the judge, in a very surly manner, "what's the matter with you; what reason have you for disagreeing?" "I have several reasons, my lord," replied the miller. "The first is, they have given all these gentlemen of the jury ten broad pieces of gold, and to me but five; besides, I have many objections to make to the false reasonings of the pleaders, and the contradictory evidence of the witnesses." Upon this the miller began a discourse that discovered such vast penetration of understanding, such extensive knowledge of the law, and expressed such energetic and manly eloquence, that astonished the judge and the whole court. As he was going on with his powerful demonstrations, the judge in surprise of soul stopped him. "Where do you come from, and who are you?" "I came from Westminster Hall," replied the miller. "My name is Matthew Hale, I am Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. I have observed the iniquity of your proceedings this day, and therefore came down from a seat which you are no ways worthy to hold. You are one of the corrupt parties in this iniquitous business, and I'll come up this moment and try the cause over again." Accordingly Sir Matthew went with his miller's dress and hat on, began the trial from its very origin, searching every circumstance of truth and falsehood; evinced the eldest brother's title to the estate, from the many contradictory evidences of the witnesses and false reasonings of the pleaders, unravelled all the sophistry to the very bottom, and gained a complete victory in favour of Truth and Justice.

MY PARTNER AT A MASQUERADE.

The following extraordinary story was published in a contemporary shortly after the terrible disaster at the Ring Theatre, Vienna:—

My name is Emil N. Kias. I came to England from Australia some ten years ago. Before I left my home I was betrothed to a young lady named Bertha Ripka. Her brother, Theodore Ripka, came with me to London. He was a good fellow, and is still my closest friend. But though I adored Bertha, and thought of nothing but the time when I should return to bring her to the land of my adoption, where we should live out our lives together—I and my well beloved—she was not what I thought her.

One day Theodore Ripka came to me, with a letter in his hand. His face was pale, he looked at me with a strange expression.

"How shall I tell you, Emil?" he said, "Bertha, whom I know you love so well, has been false to you. She has married the rich retired merchant, Klauber."

From that day I hated women, and believed them all to be false and vile.

How I came to attend the masquerade ball of the Madrigal Club I scarcely know. My friend John Smith gave me a ticket, to be sure, but I have had numbers of tickets which I have not used. I think that it was because it was a masquerade that I went.

It was a splendid ball; the costumes were gorgeous, the music exquisite, and I love to dance. A great deal of my old feeling returned as I glided through the waltzes or dashed through the galops.

I had chosen for my partner a beautiful figure in a domino of white silk and a white silk mask. As the sleeves fell back from her arms, I saw that all her bracelets were chains of pearls, and pearl drops shone in the ears, whose pink tips were just visible.

I had taken the liberty possible at a masquerade, and had asked her to dance without any introduction.

My partner danced beautifully—exactly as my little betrothed, Bertha Ripka, used to dance. Her voice seemed to me to be like hers. A strange spell fell upon me.

At last I began to fancy that all the past was blotted out, and that I was again in Australia, and that Bertha Ripka was my betrothed, and we were at a great ball I so well remembered.

"I do not know your name. May I call you Bertha?" I asked.

My partner laughed.

"My name is really Bertha," said she.

"I knew it—I knew it!" I cried.

I held her more firmly. Her little chin rested on my shoulder.

She was lighter than a fairy, sweeter than a rose.

"Bertha—Bertha!" I sighed. "Oh, this is bliss. We are both dead and in Heaven, Bertha! When these people about us unmask, we shall see a company of angels, with white wings, Bertha, my beloved! Bertha, my sweetest! Bertha, my own!"

She did not shrink from me as I uttered these wild words; she only clung the closer, and I almost believed that what I said was true.

The evening passed like a dream. At last supper was announced. This was the time at which all unmasked.

"Bertha," I sighed, "let us be quite alone when you show me your face. Come here behind this screen of flowers, into this little corner, where no one can see us. I know what face I shall see—I know, I know!"

The voice that answered me was very, very sad.

"Emil," it said, "be in no haste. When I unmask I must go."

"Do not say that," I answered.

"I must say it," she sighed. "I must do it. Oh, Emil! Emil! Emil!"

She laid her hand in mine, and I led her into the little nook, sheltered by the flowers.

"Let me unmask you," said I.

She lifted up her face.

I took the white mask softly between my fingers and threw back the white hood. For a moment I looked into her face. I swear to you into her face—the sweet pale face of Bertha Ripka, my beloved, my betrothed of the olden time. By what magic she came there I did not ask. I stooped to kiss her, and suddenly a flame sprang up before my eyes. She stood before me in a light blaze, and shrieked for help. I saw her golden hair catch in the flames and crisp and shrivel. I screamed for help. A crowd gathered. In a minute or more some men stood holding the remnants of a white domino, and laughing at me.

"Come back to your senses," they cried. "No great harm is done." Only a domino burnt at the end of the hall.

"The lady! the lady!" I cried. "Bertha—where is she? I saw her. She was on fire! I saw her hair burn!"

"My dear sir," said a gentleman, taking my hand kindly, "I assure you no one has been hurt! This is simply a domino which some one has cast aside. A cigar—the flame of the gas—something has set it on fire. Be calm. You fancied you had set a lady on fire? Is it not that?"

I was calm now. I knew that no human being could have been burned in that place, and without the knowledge of the crowd, and I apologized for myself, and took my way home. I heard them say that I had been drinking, and laugh at me as I left them and went out into the grey dawn.

I took the first carriage, and reached my rooms as speedily as possible. Without undressing, I flung myself on my bed, and slept long and heavily. It was late the next day when I awoke. Some one was knocking at my door. Staggering to my feet, I opened it.

Theodore Ripka stood there, pallid and horror-stricken, holding in his hand a yellow envelope.

"Great heavens! what news I have!" he cried. "Oh, Emil, what horrible news! I have received a telegram from Vienna. The Ring Theatre is burned. My sister Bertha was among the audience, and she has perished in the flames!"

"When did this happen?" I gasped, as I supported him in my arms.

He had only sufficient strength left to answer—"Last night."

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, Sept. 16.

It is curious to notice that invitations are now to a "Garden party," the English words having been taken into French fashionable language.

The famous and fatal duel has called forth a host of journalistic challengers, who desire to meet in deadly combat a host of opponents. As it has been wittily said, this would be too professional, for they would be merely two regiments de lignes.

The dramatist and romancer, Ereckmann, has been on the point of death. His numerous friends and admirers pointed out the inconvenience and loss it would be to the French stage and French literature if he carried things to extremes, and he has consequently reconsidered the situation and consented to be a little better if, as yet, far from well.

AFTER considerable procrastination, the monument now being erected, as a specimen, upon the

summit of the Arc de Triomphe, in order that the final effect may be judged of, is being gradually completed. The scaffolding which has disfigured the arch for several months past will shortly be removed, and the Statue of Liberty at last appear, the head and hands being nearly completed. It is exceedingly doubtful whether the splendid monument in the Avenue des Champs Elyées will be at all improved by the addition of M. Falguière's group, the acceptance of which, fortunately, has not yet been definitely decided upon.

THURSDAY last was marked by a momentous event, namely, nothing less than the ascension of Mlle. Lea d'Asco, a well-known Parisian actress, in a balloon directed by the accomplished aeronaut, M. Jovis. The third participator in the dangers of this singular excursion was the friend of the lady, a very wealthy gentleman. A numerous company, male and female, belonging to those circles of life denominated "fast," were present last Thursday evening at La Villette, in order to behold Mlle. d'Asco depart upon her aerial trip. This she did, with every appearance of gaiety, wearing a costume devised for the occasion and having provided herself with a revolver, the use of which weapon, under circumstances such as those we are describing, is not very easy to imagine. The revolver did not come into play during the trip; but excitement was not, it appears, lacking, for the travellers were obliged to throw away the provisions they had brought with them, and even a portion of their clothing. There were, however, no more serious consequences than these, and the balloon party, after coming to the ground at Mériel, near Pontoise, returned to Paris the next day.

The gracious Countess de Malden has given a fête at her country residence on an unexampled scale of magnitude, by converting the whole of the superb and extensive grounds into a fair, not a fancy fair, but a country fair of the true old-fashioned type, with all the attractions that couried and won the bucolic taste and fancy, and the coin out of the pockets of the rustics. The Countess flung wide the gates of the park and gardens, and invited all the world to enter—upon payment; the whole proceeding being on behalf of the poor of the Commune. Everything, indeed, had to be paid for, and everything could be had for paying—even a public-house was improvised in one of the shady retreats, and the take there was not the most slender contribution to the day's receipts. For all classes, however, there was something, and, indeed, much—a dramatic entertainment of exceeding refinement being one item. It was given in a large theatre built *al fresco*, at which most distinguished professionals, and almost as clever amateurs, gave their services, the Marquis de Masa having written one of his brilliant comedie-vaudevilles for the occasion, the other piece being *L'Homme en habit noir*. All the games of these times, and of "those" times, were being played in every direction; shooting galleries, fencing saloons, acts of horsemanship, acrobats, Punch and Judy, being among the attractions, while the Countess received her country friends and acquaintances in the chateau with a charm—with a charm which is her birthright, as the domain which she owns is called *Le Charme*.

The spirit of practical joking has broken loose again in Paris, no sooner are the "boys" back again from their brief holiday, yet painful separation from their *Parigi a Cara*. The first to receive a taste has been a Polish lady of nobility who has resolved to make the gay capital her future home. She deemed herself well remembered by kind friends when, on the first day of her arrival, she received a large hamper of game, on the opening of which however a selection of objects met her gaze which can better be imagined than described, and made her recoil with indignation—her maids, however, to choke with irrepressible laughter. Another victim has been the Marquis —, who is enamoured of a lady who is not a fortress to many others, but to the marquis a veritable Gibraltar. The marquis has to thank himself for this, being as like Don Quixote in every respect as if he were a twin brother. The lady is an admirer of Spanish dancing, and a friend to whom he recounted plaintively the ill-success of his love affairs, advised him to win the affections of the unwilling one by appearing before her as a Spanish dancer. The Marquis flattered himself, and it was agreed that the kind adviser should acquaint the damsel with the intentions of the Marquis. This was done, and at the given hour the forlorn counterpart of the Don presented himself before the lady as the Baladin Espagnol, in tights that reduced his extremities to broom-sticks, but made beautiful in his own conceit nevertheless by an abundance of many-colored ribbons. He advanced to the centre of the room playing the tambourine, essaying to dance and perform agile pantomime and wreath himself in smiles, which resulted in terrific contortions of his sallow physiognomy. The lady was gracious, and the Marquis triumphant, but in the moment of his extreme joy, the roomful of hidden friends, who had been enjoying the scene most mightily from behind the curtain, burst into uproarious hilarity, and emerged from their ambush. Needless to say that the Marquis swore not a little, and left precipitately, and in such a humor that the friends jumped on one side and left him free passage, fearing to become the victims of a blow from the tambourine whirling in all directions.

A PROVERB.

Among those crusts of common sense, Our saws and dittons, grave and gay, Wit's counters, Wisdom's copper pence— All some of us can find to pay!— I note, for fearless of decay. For universal as the sun, The sentence, mock at it who may, "Two's company, and three is none!"

Who made it! What was the offence That sped it on its endless way! Whose obtuse impertinence? Came it from knights at feast or fray, Or bumpkins "tumbling in the hay?" Was it in fury or in fun? Who was the first had sense to say, "Two's company, and three is none?"

O interlopers dull and dense, Should it not scatter your array, And teach that we should have you hence?— Leave Rook and Pigeon to their play! Leave Captain X. to Mrs. A.! Leave, leave the debtor to his dun, Till to her Jack, the tramp to Tray!— "Two's company, and three is none."

ENVOY.

Prince, should you ever stumble and stray Into a duo not yet done, Remember, though you'd like to stay:— "Two's company, and three is none."

J. LIBBEL.

CARD ETIQUETTE.

Minimum writes from London to an American paper:—Cards are a most important factor in social life the world over, but in London the rule of the bit of pasteboard is really autocratic. The laws governing the form of a visiting card and its use are as strictly obeyed as are any laws made in that handsome building on the banks of the Thames, where Gladstone and the rest debate more weighty matters. I saw the Premier's visiting card at Parkins and Gotto's yesterday. I went in there to inform myself as to the latest fashions in regard to cards. For I know that, though we Americans are wonderfully independent and democratic, we like to know that our cards are like those of the people who know most about such things. Going in for instruction, I remained for amusement, and for half-an-hour turned over the pages of scrap books bearing the names of half the distinguished people in the kingdom.

All visiting cards are alike in this, the plainest script is upon each one. No fancy printing or writing is seen upon one of them, either of gentleman or lady. I must except the card of the Princess Beatrice. This is a plain bit of thick paper, engraved with the two words in an Italian script. It seemed odd to see just that "Princess Beatrice" on the royal maiden's card. I don't think I had expected to see "Miss Beatrice Guelph," but it does seem funny to think that there are girls who don't have to have their last names inscribed. If there had been a monogram and gilded crest, and so on, it would have seemed less strange, I suppose. In point of size, all ladies' cards are like hers. They are a little over three inches in length by two in width.

It is not "good form" to have the address engraved with the name on either a lady's or gentleman's visiting card. That is reserved for ladies' "at Home" cards. There is no difference between a young lady's card and that of her mother. Gentlemen's cards are very small. The names of Mr. Alfred Tennyson or Lord Russell appear in as small script, and upon as microscopic scraps of pasteboard as those of John Jenkins or Thomas Jones. An "at Home" card is always printed as I indicate, with a little "a" and a capital "H."

"At Homes" are quite doing away with call paying in London, except by means of cards. Yes, it is no longer the fashion to go out upon the round of calls. A lady may make out her list of visits owed, and give to her servant a corresponding number of cards, with her name thereupon. While she takes her ease at home these cards are left at the doors of her "dear five hundred friends," and her duty to society is done. At first thought one is apt to cry out at this as a great sham, but after all it is not. It is a genuine piece of sincerity. Everybody has always known that formal calls are not only insipid and tiresome, but very taxing upon one's strength. Now the labour may be done by a servant, and the lady keep herself fresh for other duties or pleasures. If the lady choose, she may go about and leave her own cards at her friends' doors, but unless very intimate she is not supposed even to ask if the people on whom she leaves the card are in. But on each "at Home" day she may go to see them. This fashion brings gentlemen more into afternoon society, and so makes it more agreeable. Men who hate a ball or a round of calls will drop in to "an afternoon" and enjoy it.

Invitations are usually printed now on very large plain cards, often bordered with silver—never, of course, with gilt. The old folded form is seldom used, even for wedding invitations. People in mourning use deeper black borders than ever before. An invitation for a wedding is always sent out at least a month before the ceremony.

It is not considered good style for a bride and groom to wait to receive congratulations, if going away on a wedding journey. When they return they send out cards to their friends. Sometimes the bride's mother sends out the cards just after the wedding, naming the date of return. The proper thing in these cards is a satin silver-edged card, with the name and address of the newly-married pair thereupon, and with the bride's maiden name on the fold of the invitation envelope, with a printed line drawn through

it. That indicates that the young lady has done with that name, and seems to me a much better idea than the old one of enclosing her girlhood card.

CHILD STEALERS.

The commerce in children in the 17th century, was connected with a trade. The Comprachicos engaged in the commerce, and carried on the trade. They bought children, worked a little on the raw material, and re-sold them afterwards.

Under the Stuarts, the Comprachicos were by no means in bad odour at Court. On occasions they were used for reasons of State. For James II. they were almost an instrument regni. It was a time when families, which were refractory or in the way, were dismembered; when a descent was cut short; when heirs were suddenly suppressed. At times one branch was defrauded to the profit of another. The Comprachicos had a genius for disfiguration which recommended them to State-Policy. To disfigure is better than to kill. There was, indeed, the Iron Mask, but that was a mighty measure. Europe could not be peopled with iron masks, while deformed tumblers ran about the streets without creating any surprise. Besides, the iron mask is removable; not so the mask of flesh. You are masked for ever by your own flesh—what can be more ingenious? The Comprachicos worked on man as the Chinese work on trees. They had their secrets, as we have said; they had tricks which are now lost arts. A sort of fantastic stunted thing left their hands; it was ridiculous and wonderful. They would touch up a little being with such skill that its father could not have known it. . . . Sometimes they left the spine straight and re-made the face. They unmarked a child as one might unmark a pocket-handkerchief. Products, destined for tumblers, had their joints dislocated in a masterly manner—you would have said they had been boned. Thus gymnasts were made.

Not only did the Comprachicos take away his face from the child, they also took away his memory. At least they took away all they could of it; the child had no consciousness of the mutilation to which he had been subjected. This frightful surgery left its traces on his countenance, but not on his mind. The most he could recall was that one day he had been seized by men; that next he had fallen asleep, and then that he had been cured. Cured of what? he did not know. Of burnings by sulphur and incisions by the iron he remembered nothing. The Comprachicos deadened the little patient by means of a stupefying powder which was thought to be magical, and suppressed all pain. This powder has been known from time immemorial in China, and is employed there in the present day.—VICTOR HUGO.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

The annual meeting of the Counties' Chess Association at Manchester, a short time ago, was a great success, and no doubt will have the effect of furthering in many ways the cause of the royal game in England.

There were ten entries for Class No. 1, Messrs. Blake, Coker, Fisher, Lord, Mills, Owens, Skipworth, Spens and Thorold. The following table shows the result of the play in this class. As will be seen, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Thorold tied for the highest position, and finally agreed to divide the two prizes, one £20, and the other £10, between them.

Table with columns for Player Name, Class I, and various chess-related statistics. Includes names like Blake, Coker, Fisher, Lord, Mills, Owens, Ranken, Skipworth, Spens, Thorold.

There were fourteen entries for the second class, but only twelve became contestants, Messrs. Bowley, Fish, Harris, Hooke, Huntsman, Lambert, Leather, May, Newham, Pilkington, Wainwright and Miss Thorold.

The three prizes, valued at £10, £5 and £2 10s. respectively, were adjudged to Messrs. Bowley, Fish and Lambert, who obtained a total of 8½ games each. Besides the foregoing tourneys, there were other

matches which were played in the evening. Altogether, the gathering seems to have been a most enjoyable one to both the players and the visitors. Among the latter were Mr. Blackburne and Mr. Macdonnell, whose presence, no doubt, did much to excite in the contestants a determination to do their best in their struggles over the checkerboard.

"Chess Blossoms" is the poetical name of a work by a lady in England on what has been called the poetry of chess, that is, chess problems.

The problems Miss F. F. Beechey intends to publish are those of her own composing, and they will appear in a volume as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers send in their names. The work will contain forty two-moves, and a few three-move problems, with hints on the solving and construction of two-movers. The price by subscription will be 2s. 6d.

When we see the name of a lady on the list of competitors for prizes in the late Counties' Association, and now learn that a work on chess problems and their construction is about to make its appearance by another member of the fair sex, we cannot in any way feel astonished at the rapid advance made by chess in the old country within the last few years.

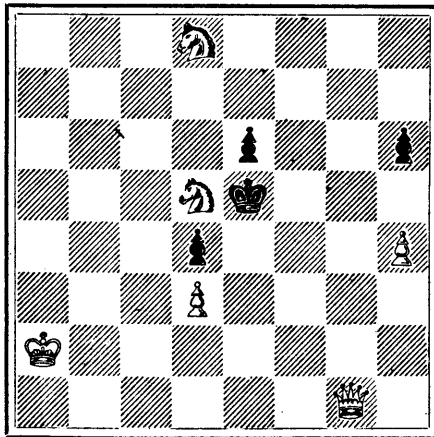
JUDD AND THE AMATEURS AT ST. LOUIS.

The interest in the foregoing match is not abating in the least, but is steadily increasing, which fact is probably due to the splendid score of the amateurs. On the 9th Mr. Judd contested his third game with Mr. Murphy and won it; on the 10th he played his third game with Mr. Haller and also won that, but on last Thursday evening he was not so successful with Messrs. Robbins and Koerper, both of whom scored the games in their favor. These four games make the score stand as follows: Judd 7½; amateurs 1½. The amateurs have to win only 2½ games more in order to win the match. This they can surely do, as Mr. "Orrick," a very strong player, has yet to play all of his three games, and Messrs. Bird, Merrill and Robbins have each to play one game and Mr. Koerper two. If the St. Louis chess-players ever intend to become more than mere knight players, it is indeed, about time that they should be proving it. We look with eagerness for the result. Mr. Hooker's and Mr. Haller's games are published to-day.—Globe-Democrat.

PROBLEM No. 401. (From "Chess Gems.")

By A. TOWNSEND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 399.

- White. Black. 1. R to K Kt 3. 1. Any. 2. Mates acc.

GAME 528TH.

CHESS IN MANCHESTER.

Played in the second-class tourney of the Counties' Chess Association at Manchester, August 2, 1882.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Miss Thorold.) BLACK.—(Mr. Harris.)

- 1 P to K 4. 2 P to K 4. 2 Kt to K B 3. 2 Kt to Q B 3. 3 P to Q 4. 3 P takes P. 4 Kt takes P. 4 B to Q B 4. 5 B to K 3. 5 Q to K B 3. 6 P to Q B 3. 6 K Kt to K 2. 7 B to Q B 4. 7 P to Q 3.

* Q to K Kt 3 is the proper move here.

8 Castles. 8 P to Q R 3. 9 K to R sq. 9 Castles. 10 P to K B 4. 10 B to Q Kt 3. 11 Q to Q 3. 11 B to K 3. 12 Kt to Q 2. 12 Q R to Q sq.

Had Black now played Kt to R 4 he could at least have exchanged off the adverse K B, which threatens to become very troublesome.

13 B to Q Kt 3. 13 P to K R 3. * Better to have exchanged Bishops.

14 B to Q B 2. 14 Kt takes Kt. 15 P takes Kt. 15 B to Q 2. 16 P to Q R 4. 16 P to Q 4. 17 R to K B 3. 17 P to Q B 4.

This loses a Pawn. 18 P to K 5. 18 Q to K B 4. 19 Q to Q Kt 3. 19 Q to K 3. 20 P takes P. 20 B to Q R 4. 21 Q R to Q sq. 21 P to K B 3.

Black might have ventured to play P to Q 5. 22 B to Q 4. 22 P to K B 4. 23 Kt to K B sq. 23 B to Q B 3. 24 R to K R 3. 24 R to K B 2. 25 Kt to K Kt 3. 25 Q to K Kt 3. 26 Q to K 3. 26 B to Q 2.

Cadbury's COCOA ESSENCE.

PURE, SOLUBLE, REFRESHING.

It is often asked, "Why does my doctor recommend Cadbury's Cocoa Essence?" The reason is that being absolutely genuine, and concentrated by the removal of the superfluous fat, it contains FOUR TIMES THE AMOUNT OF NITROGENOUS or FLESH-FORMING CONSTITUENTS of the average of other Cocoas which are mixed with sugar and starch. Beware of imitations, which are often pushed by Shopkeepers for the extra profit

- 27 Kt to K R 5. 27 B to K 3. 28 Q to K B 3. 28 Q to R 2. 29 R to K Kt 3. 29 Kt to Kt 3. 30 R to R 3. 30 Q R to K B sq. 31 B to Q Kt 3. 31 R to Q 2. 32 B to K 3. 32 Kt to K 2.

* This loses the game.

- 33 R to Kt 3. 33 K to R sq. 34 R takes Kt P. 34 Q takes R. 35 Kt takes Q. 35 K takes Kt.

White has played throughout with great care and judgment.

- 36 B to Q B 2. 36 R to K Kt sq. 37 R to K Kt sq. 37 P to Q 5. 38 B to K B 2. 38 Kt to Kt 3. 39 P to R 4. 39 B to Q 7. 40 B to K Kt 3. 40 B to K 6. 41 R to K B sq. 41 B to Q 4. 42 Q to R 5. 42 B to K 5. 43 B takes B. 43 P takes B. 44 P to K B 5. 44 Kt to K B sq. 45 P to K 6. 45 R to Q 4. 46 P to B 6 ch. Resigns.

EXPOSING spiritualism has invariably proved a profitable business for those who venture upon this form of amusing the public. However successful they may be, there has never yet been a decline in the popular belief of spiritualism following the numerous exposures of the tricks played off at spiritualistic seances. St. James's Hall has just been secured by Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin from America for their clever and amusing entertainment, the object of which is to prove that modern spiritualism is a very considerable imposture. At a private "rehearsal," given at the end of the week, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin's capabilities for the task they have set themselves were well proved. An inexhaustible flow of broad Yankee humor enlivens the proceedings, which are in themselves both novel and interesting. At the private entertainment referred to there was a large attendance of clergymen, who had evidently been "got at" for the occasion. It was irresistibly comic to hear the principal performers cracking jokes at the expense of his patrons. Here is a sample of his method of addressing the gentlemen of the cloth: "Now, if any of you read your Bibles, and I don't suppose any of you do!" There being some difficulty experienced in getting a committee of inspection to investigate the experiments, and to see that these were done without the aid of trapdoors, &c., Mr. Baldwin, with the utmost gravity, remarked that in America he could get any number of committeemen by offering "to stand drinks."

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

OCTOBER, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.		CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
8 30	8 30	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.		8 15	8 30
		(A) Ottawa by Railway.			
		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carillon.		8 15	8 30
	6 30	QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.		6 00	
8 00		Berthier, Sorel & Ratisseau Bridge per steamer.		8 00	
	5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by North Shore Railway.		5 35	
8 00		(B) Quebec by (C. T. R.)		8 00	
8 00		(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R.R.		8 00	
	12 50	Can. Pac. Railway Main Line to Ottawa.		12 50	
9 20		Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches.		9 20	
9 20		Do St. Jerome and St. Jovier.		9 20	
9 20		St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway.		9 20	
8 00	12 45	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Castillon, &c.		8 00	12 45
8 00		Acton and Sorel Railway.		8 00	
10 00		St. Johns, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station.		10 00	
10 00		St. Johns, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railway.		10 00	
9 30		South Eastern Railway.		9 30	
8 00		(10) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I. Newfoundland forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatch is by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 11th and 25th September.		8 00	
LOCAL MAILS.					
9 45		Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval.		9 45	
11 30		Beauharnois Route.		11 30	
10 30		Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Verennes & Vercheres.		10 30	
9 00	5 30	Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace.		9 00	5 30
9 00	5 30	Hochelaga.		9 00	5 30
11 30		Huntingdon.		11 30	
10 00	5 30	Lachine.		10 00	5 30
10 30	3 00	Laprairie.		10 30	3 00
10 30		Longueuil.		10 30	
10 00		Long Pointe, Point-aux-Trem. & Charlemagne.		10 00	
8 30	2 30	Point St. Charles.		8 30	2 30
11 30		St. Cuneonde.		11 30	
10 00		St. Lambert.		10 00	
10 00		St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Rostache.		10 00	
11 30	5 30	Tanneries West (St. Henri de M.).		11 30	5 30
10 00		Sault-au-Roccollet & Pont Viau (also Bourie).		10 00	
10 00	6 55	St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile-End & Coteau St. Louis.		10 00	6 55
UNITED STATES.					
9 15		St. Albans and Boston.		9 15	
8 9 40		Boston and New England States, except Maine.		8 15	5 40
8 9 30		New York and Southern States.		8 15	5 20
8 00	12 30	Island Pond, Portland & Maine.		8 00	12 30
8 8 30		(A) Western & Pac. States.		8 15	6 00
GREAT BRITAIN, &c.					
		By Canadian Line, Friday 1st.			7 00
		By Cunard Line, Monday 4th.			7 00

REGISTERED LETTER MAIL for the New England States—for Boston, New York and Southern States—closed only at 2 p.m.

(A) Postal Car Bags open 1118.45 a.m. and 9.15 p.m. Do. 9.00 p.m.

Mails for St. Thomas, W.I., Argentine Republic and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., on the 20th of each month.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, Sept. 23rd. For China and Japan, September 7th, 13th and 28th.