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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 6.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1882.

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MISS CANADA'S SUMMER VACATION



TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

July 30th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon... 88°	67°	77° 5'	Mon... 70°	58°	64°
Tues... 87°	68°	77° 5'	Tues... 66°	54°	62°
Wed... 86°	73°	79° 5'	Wed... 74°	54°	64°
Thur... 82°	62°	72°	Thur... 82°	62°	72°
Fri... 78°	64°	71°	Fri... 75°	62°	68° 5'
Sat... 78°	64°	71°	Sat... 72°	60°	66°
Sun... 80°	63°	71° 5'	Sun... 76°	60°	68°

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.  
Montreal, Saturday, Aug. 5, 1882.

THE WEEK.

As might have been expected, the address adopted by the Canadian Parliament relative to the Irish affairs laid its promoters open to an answer from the Colonial Secretary, which amounted practically to an intimation to mind their own business. "Her Majesty," says Lord Kimberley, in reply to the address, "will always gladly receive the advice of the Parliament of Canada on all matters relating to the Dominion and the administration of affairs, but in respect to the questions referred to in the address, Her Majesty will, in accordance with the constitution of the country, have regard to the advice of the Imperial Parliament and her Ministers, to whom all matters relating to the affairs of the United Kingdom exclusively appertain."

THE *Times* takes occasion by the presentation of the address to reprove in no measured terms the spirit which prompted it. It suggests that no better way could have been found of dissembling that love and loyalty which we in Canada are supposed to feel for our mother country, than the presentation of such an address at such a time. Certainly the recommendation of Home Rule, and the advice which accompanied it, came at a singularly unfortunate moment, passed as it was just three days before the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke and the revulsion of feeling which that act not unnaturally produced. It is to be hoped that the temporary excitement which led to this apparent siding with the enemies of England's peace, has by this time passed away. Ireland indeed has all but been forgotten in the more absorbing interest which centres upon the difficulties in the East. But should the matter come up again, it may not be too much to hope that the Canadian Parliament will do all they can to efface the unpleasant impression which they have made upon the English public. That the address was well intentioned, nobody doubts, that it was ill-advised, or at least unfortunate in the events that occurred between its adoption and presentation is also by this time almost admitted. Perhaps after all the best thing we can wish it is a speedy oblivion.

MR. J. R. G. HANSARD in a very sensible article on Wagner and his methods in the current number of the *Century* gives a fair though in some respects an exaggerated account of the work he has done in emancipating opera from the trammels of the Italian school. Wagner's first rule is that, as the poem and the melody ought to express the same feeling and proceed together from a common creative impulse, neither should be asked to give way to the other. A tune which is independent of the text is as much out of place in his music-drama as declamation which is not musical. Now, of course, it is often a matter of opinion whether a given musical phrase fits a given verse or not; but there are many practices of the Italian composers which are hardly open to discussion. We tolerate them because we are used to them; but nobody denies that they are fragrant offences against dramatic propriety and destructive of

poetical sentiment. Convention established for the old composers a set pattern of airs and *ensemble* pieces, and prescribed a certain distribution of these pieces at intervals which had no connection with the progress of the drama; and convention also decreed that the formal tunes in an opera should be separated and kept in shape by the interposition of intervals of rubbish, or musical noise, just as eggs are kept from knocking against one another by a packing of straw. Just this reproach it is that Wagner has endeavored to take away from the opera of the future, and that he has by the mere attempt revolutionized this branch of the art cannot be denied. It would take a chapter, nay a book, to trace even cursorily the effect upon contemporary music of his new departure, but any one who has heard Verdi's "Aida" will have an apt illustration ready to his hand. Unfortunately the ideal at which he aims Wagner has never been able—in the opinion of those whose judgment is best worth having—to attain. Like many other discoveries he has but pointed out the way in which the development will undoubtedly take place at the hands of some future Beethoven, some child of the gods with the gift of song of Verdi or Gounod, and trained in the principles—or what is best of them—of the Wagnerian method.

THE Bishop in the "Mort d'Arthur" who "did the oath in the most dreadful manner that might be, and the most orgillous," seems to have revived in the Bishop of Lincoln. It is said, we hope not correctly, that the Bishop has lately written a Bull, or Encyclical, or something, to the Mayor of Grimsby on the question of temperance. Perhaps the Mayor has leanings towards total abstinence and similar impious opinions. If so, the Bishop, if his letter be authentic, must have frightened the Mayor. The prelate's use of ecclesiastical language is fluent; his touch on strong terms is wonderfully free and light, as was that of Bret Harte's hero on the trigger. The Bishop says, in effect, that the temperance pledge (like matrimony as defined by the undergraduate) is "a fond thing, vainly invented, and hath no certain warranty in Holy Scripture, but rather repugnant to the Word of God." The pledge "undermines the Godhead of Christ," a transcendental consideration into which we do not propose to enter. The pledge is "unscriptural and heretical, and it is a deadly sin to sign it." These are brave words, and should be blazoned over the counter of every licensed victualler. Perhaps the letter is only an unhallowed parody of the style episcopal. There have been better parodies done of the style of Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. Fronde has executed parodies quite as good of his own manner.

CANADIAN volunteers, and the "Queen's Own" in particular, have earned a well-deserved compliment from a Major-General of the regular army, who writes thus to the *Army and Navy Gazette*—

"Sir,—Your readers may be interested to hear of a recent instance of the usefulness of ambulance and signalling corps. The Queen's Own Rifles, of Canada, after spending a night in the train from Toronto to Kingston, Ontario, attended a review in honor of the Queen's Birthday on May 24, taking with them their recently established ambulance corps and signalling detachment, which are men belonging to the battalion. After the review there was a sham fight over extended, rough, stony country. A fatal accident occurred, a driver of one of the batteries being run over by a waggon-wheel and killed, when the stretcher of the Queen's Own showed its usefulness; and on another occasion, one of sickness, the stretcher party also rendered assistance on the spot when wanted. While in extended order Lieut.-Colonel Otter, who commanded, found the signalling of the greatest utility, every direction being given by his orders, from the reserve to the fighting line, by signal flags, the system working as quietly and quickly as could be wished, and it was as efficacious as if he had been in the fighting line himself. One signaller was with him and one with each company, the words of command being abbreviated to two or three letters each. Besides interesting to the army generally, the above will go to prove how practically their military duties are carried out in a battalion of the Militia Volunteers of Canada under Lieut.-Col. Otter, and by the enthusiastic officers, non-commis-

sioned officers and riflemen of the Queen's Own of Canada."

THE LABOR STRIKES.

For the first time since the summer of 1877, made memorable by the great railroad riots, there are symptoms of a general disaffection among the working classes in the States, which has manifested itself in the organization of extensive strikes for higher rates of wages. These have followed each other with such rapidity and method that they would appear to have been the outgrowth of a plan carefully and deliberately considered in advance by the great labor organizations that of late have grown powerful and aggressive. The iron manufacturing and railway interests, among the most important of the country, and the most vulnerable to attack, have, as usual, been made to bear the brunt of the conflict. What the outcome will be it is difficult to foretell with certainty, but it is more than probably that, as is nearly always the case, the men will lose in the end. Both the time and the conditions of trade are unfavorable to them. There has lately been a lull in the iron trade—a natural reaction from the extraordinary activity of the previous year, and one that was the inevitable consequence of a poor crop and the collapse of numerous and vast speculative operations. On this account, and also because of the existence of a large stock on hand, the iron manufacturers can look with comparative serenity upon the situation, consoled by the reflection that the leaders of the labor organizations could not have chosen a time to precipitate the conflict that would have caused less inconvenience and loss to the masters, than they did.

So far as their ability to withstand an organized labor conflict, the railroads, in consequence of the disastrous war of rates carried on during the past year, are not in so strong a position financially as they should have been; but another element in their favor, which the movers in the strikes must have overlooked, and which more than counterbalances their weakened financial condition, is the continual flow of immigration to our shores. Last year for example, immigrants landed on our shores at the unparalleled rate of nearly 2,000 per day; and this year they are pouring in still more rapidly. These newcomers are made up largely of men in the vigor of life, and who are therefore available for immediate employment.

The trade unions have had time to replenish their coffers since the disasters of the panic years 1873 '77; but we gravely question whether the result will not prove the present movement to have been an act of supreme folly. It must be admitted, to the honor of the strikers, that their movements have been in the main quiet, orderly and dignified, and that but few instances of violence and intimidation have had to be recorded against them; but the initiation of the great strikes of the iron workers, and of the freight handlers, which are in progress at the present time, involved in both cases a discreditable breach of faith. The iron workers rejected plans for arbitration that they themselves had suggested and approved; and the freight men, without even the formality of asking for the additional pay they now demand, abandoned their work, apparently thinking they could easily coerce the companies into compliance with their demands. In this the men were seriously mistaken, and the indications at the present writing are that this strike at least will terminate in complete failure for the strikers.

Irrespective of the merits of the issues for which the present warfare is being waged, it is certain, if long continued, to entail great disaster, suffering and misery upon the laboring classes who engage in it, and on this account will be regretted by all. As regards the iron trade, however it may be productive of results more far-reaching and calamitous than the organizers of the strike have dreamed, for whatever be the issue, the fight cannot but aid the British iron trade to the detri-

ment of the Americans. The English papers are already rejoicing over the prospect. One of them, puts the case plainly: "If the men succeed, the increase in wages obtained will cause a rise in prices, and with the rise of prices the export of British iron to the United States in large quantities will become possible. Even last year there were somewhat over three quarters of a million tons of iron imported into the United States, and if prices were now to be raised, the import would be enlarged until prices rose here also to counterbalance the rise in the United States. Even if the men are defeated, and wages remain as they are, a rise in price is inevitable, provided the strike continues for a month or two. The cessation of production in all the great iron districts in the United States for several weeks, would give time for the exhaustion of the stocks on hand. Last year, as we have already said, over 9,000 miles of railway were made, and this year the rate of construction so far is still more rapid. Besides, there were at the end of last year more than 103,000 miles of railway in the United States, and this vast mileage requires constant renewals, which use up a large amount of iron. But if production is suspended for several weeks, while railway building and railway repairing go on, and stocks are thus greatly reduced, prices must rise; and a rise of prices will open the door to foreign imports, and will thus give an impetus to the British iron trade."

With the prospect of the wholesale blowing-out of furnaces and shutting down of mills, which the flooding of the country with British iron would imply, the victory of the men would be a barren one indeed. It is a subject of infinite regret to right thinking men that there should be no better plan of adjusting differences between employees and employers than the destructive and suicidal resort to the strike. In the vast majority of cases, the strikers fail in their object, and the misery, wretchedness and suffering it entails, fall with terrible severity upon the dependant families of the wage earners.

If half of the executive ability and zeal displayed in organizing lodges, unions and the like, were spent in devising plans for the equitable arbitration of disputes and differences, the strike would be a thing of the past.

LA PETITE ROCHELLE AND THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE.

PREFACE.

Taking a bird's eye view from Anticosti, we have before us the mouth of the mighty St. Lawrence, where, increased to fourfold Niagara in passing volume, its sixty millions of cubic feet of fresh water per minute of time, have long before become undistinguishably blended with the salt tides of the Gulf. On the left the bold coast of Gaspé sweeps round southward and then westward to the "Baie des Chaleurs" that stretches inland about ninety miles to the mouth of the large River Restigouche: eighteen miles up which is the site of La Petite Rochelle.

The peninsula of Gaspé embraced between those waters and the St. Lawrence, resembles the mainland of Denmark in size and form; and, with the South Coast of the "Baie des Chaleurs" is rather larger in area than the mainland and the Baltic Islands of that Kingdom taken together.

It is remarkable of this extensive and favorably situated country, as to maritime position, that though but little known to the public in general, and unnoticed in history, Malbaie, near the eastern extremity of it was frequented by Biscayan fishermen long before Jacques-Cartier's first voyage to Canada; and was famous for the superiority of its cod fisheries a century and more before the founding of our most ancient city of Quebec, and the more ancient Annapolis of Nova Scotia:—And the River Restigouche, though later in being frequented, was the scene of the last land and naval action of importance, in the great conflict between France and England, on this continent. Unfrequented, and five or six hundred miles from the other sites of the commanding events of that great war, though it was, the affair of La Petite Rochelle, as well as other events in that remote and isolated locality may be considered as meriting more attention than they have yet obtained—especially now that its rich salmon fisheries, and romantic scenery, are attracting the attention of many distinguished visitors.

A. P. RUSSELL.

Ottawa, 24th July 1882.

### LA PETITE ROCHELLE AND THE RIVER RESTIGOUCHE.

"And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle,  
Fair city of the waters."—MACAULEY.

The spirit stirring lives of Lord Macauley's Huguenot Ballads, the product of his early poetic genius, ring in our ears when we look upon the picturesque surroundings of what was the site of a little French settlement known a hundred and thirty years ago as the "Town of La Petite Rochelle."

It is situated a little above the port of Campbellton, the head of ship navigation, on the opposite or north side of the River Restigouche;—"the river that spreads like the hand"—a name appropriately characteristic of its five large branches;—or, according to the more romantic, but equally appropriate interpretation of an old Indian chief who resided there fifty years ago,—"the River of the land of snow,"—which accords well with the six feet in depth of it that falls in winter on the mountainous region it waters.

The impression produced by the romantic scenery of the site of La Petite Rochelle is enhanced by the historical associations connected with it.—The naval action that took place at its destruction is a tragically interesting incident in the war of the conquest of Canada; and was the last conflict in arms that occurred on it, excepting the gallant defence of Fort St. Lewis, by Commandant Pouchot, against General Amherst.—Montreal capitulated to him on his arrival before it, without fighting.

The name alone of La Petite Rochelle presents a link of historical association between the beginning of French settlement in Canada and Acadia, under De Monts and Champlain, and the conclusion of the grand old days of chivalry.—Grand,—to use a borrowed simile—like wild mountains seen through the purple haze of distance, which mellows their asperities and develops the comparative elevation of their lofty summits, and the grandeur of their outlines, with a perfection that too near a view fails to afford.

Viewed across the field of Canadian history, these two great and good men,—De Monts, the devout, but liberal and patriotic Huguenot—and Champlain,—that wise, yet heroically daring "king of men," as Homer would have called him—a devoted patriot and pious Catholic—are the two most eminent figures that loom high over the horizon of the past of Canada. The enduring friendship between them, of which the most noble natures alone are capable, did much to establish that freedom from religious intolerance and persecution elsewhere too prevalent—for which liberality the French-Canadian people, to their honour, have ever been as distinguished as for their benevolence, so often manifested, in the old wars, in the ransoming of English prisoners from their Indian captors, and assisting them to return to their friends.

After King Henry the Fourth of France, had appointed him Lieutenant General of "L'Acadie" and granted him a patent of exclusive right of trade in the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, and "Baie des Chaleurs."—De Monts associated with himself many prominent men of Rouen, and of the warlike and wealthy commercial city of Rochelle; the majority of whom were Huguenots. Among them there were, doubtless, men of rank, who had followed the "White plume of Navarre" or fought on the other side at the battle of Ivry; remarkable as being the last great victory that was won by charge of lance, by mail clad men;—men, whose external world of life, and internal world of ideas, differed as much from ours as their garb and arms.

The power and wealth of Rochelle, from its vast commerce,—like that of Venice (of the Veneti) its predecessor on that coast, in the days of Cesar — and its semi-independence, under its municipal rights—like those of the great municipalities of Spain that Charles the Fifth had to reduce by a sanguinary civil war—made it, like them, obnoxious to the authority of the crown; and aggravated by religious strife, led to its like sanguinary subjugation.

Such conditions recall the days of the territorial consolidation of France; and the assimilation in national character and sentiment of its people,—so long retarded by the feudal independence of the great vassals of the Crown; and by factional and religious commotions. They recall the days of the renaissance, under Francis the First, (notoriously as the first Christian King proclaimed in Canada,) with the rapid development of culture and civilization—maritime discovery and commerce—and of luxury, and ultimately of the royal authority which became absolute.

And what is the contemporary history of the land of La Petite Rochelle, the Restigouche country and the "Baie des Chaleurs?"

Jean Alphonse de Nantoigne in 1544 says that Mal Baie, on the Gulf Coast of Gaspé, had long been frequented by Biscayan fishermen, but says nothing of their visiting the "Baie des Chaleurs" adjoining. In 1534, Jacques Cartier ascended the Bay, till he came in sight of the lofty range of Tragadigash, near the mouth of the Restigouche, he met a party of natives in about fifty canoes. They spoke a language which, L'Escarbot says, was not spoken by the natives there in his time, when Micmac was their language; so they were not Micmacs, and their words were not Algonquin. The three hundred natives he found and communicated with, at Paspebiac, further eastward, might have

been Micmacs, for he says they were different in nature and in language from the Indians of Gaspé. The latter, as his vocabularies shew, spoke the same language as the great nation of Huron-Iroquois race of Hochelaga, whose great chief, Jacques Cartier says, ruled over the countries of Hochelaga, Canada (Quebec), Saguenay and Hongueda (Gaspé), of whom, Donacona, the chief of Stadacona (Quebec), was a vassal.

But alas! for the men of Hochelaga when they pointed up the Ottawa from the summit of the Montreal mountain, and told him that the bad people, the Agaludus (Algonquins) their enemies, were there, their own doom was then on the wing.

Seventy years afterwards Hochelaga and its dominions had ceased to exist, and their Huron-Iroquois hundred (or Mowhaws) that Jacques Cartier found in Gaspé, had disappeared,—driven out or exterminated by their enemies, the Abenakis and Micmacs. The latter have been for upwards of two hundred years the only resident Indians of the peninsula of Gaspé, the "Baie des Chaleurs" and Restigouche.

They number a few over six hundred souls, of whom three-quarters reside at their village of Mission Point, adjoining the site of "La Petite Rochelle." Prior to the middle of the last century they had a village on the opposite side of the Restigouche a little further up, surrounded by a stockade. There they had a church—it was the Old Mission where they were first converted to Christianity—and a graveyard the bones from which have been at times exposed by the encroachment of the river. In Nova Scotia, their hereditary abode, and New Brunswick, the Micmacs number three thousand souls.

Of the history of the overthrow by the Algonquins, of the dominion of the Huron-Iroquois in Lower Canada, including Gaspé, and their expulsion, and the occupation of the peninsula of Gaspé by the Micmacs, an Algie race, we have no positive record. Tradition speaks of the massacre of a great number of Canadian Indians near Bic, on the Lower St. Lawrence, which seems confirmed by the discovery of a great quantity of human bones in a cavern there. And Jacques Cartier tells us of the bitter exasperation with which Donacona, chief of Quebec and its environs, spoke of the slaughter, about two years before, of two hundred people by their terrible enemies, who were continually making war on them; from which we may assume that the beginning of the end had then already come of Donacona's people. This was in the year 1533. Their enemies though designated Tou-damans—a term afterwards applied to the Iroquois—men of the south—were more probably the then incoming Micmacs; and Donacona's people themselves, like the men of Gaspé, if we accept of Jacques Cartier's statements, and his vocabulary of the language of the latter, were, as held by the talented and experienced "Père Lafitau" corn-growing Huron-Iroquois, in race, or by affiliation; and not the starving, miserable Adirondacs that Champlain met at Quebec. The names of the rivers and places—Restigouche, Tartigouche, Tragadigash, Rimouski and Kamouraska, in and adjoining the Peninsula of Gaspé are not pure, if at all Algie or Micmac words; as these languages have no sound, or letter "v."

We have, however, a reliable traditional account of the final conflict between the Micmacs, of the Restigouche and their hereditary enemies, of the Huron-Iroquois race, the Mohawks, which may have occurred a century later. In it the Micmacs were victorious. The first British settler learned the particulars of their tradition from them, which he communicated to Daniel Fraser, Esq., from whom that beautiful property at the junction of the River, Matapedia and the Restigouche was purchased by the present President of the United States, for occasional summer residence.

As this battle is the greatest event known in the Indian history of the Restigouche, and the tradition of it has been confirmed by the finding of the bones of the slain, the particulars of it may be worth recording:—

On that occasion the Mohawks had come down the Restigouche, in great force, for the purpose of attacking the Micmacs in their home. The battlefield was the long island, in the Restigouche, at the head of the tide that can be seen from the Micmac Village, near the site of La Petite Rochelle. The Micmacs were not taken by surprise; their warriors posted themselves in the lower end of the island. The Mohawks beached their canoes at the upper end of it, and landing, marched down towards the lower end of the island to fight the Micmacs assembled there in force, to whom their attention was exclusively directed. But the Micmacs, anticipating this movement of the Mohawks, had previous to their arrival, caused their own squaws and boys to secrete themselves among thick bushes on the side of the upper part of the island, with directions to steal up quietly and carry off the canoes of the Mohawks, as soon as they could do so undiscovered.

The stratagem was successfully executed. After hard fighting, the Mohawks were defeated; but for them there was no escape. Their canoes were gone. Those that tried to swim ashore were swiftly followed by Micmacs in their canoes and tomahawked in the water. Those who reached the shore were slain there or died of their wounds among the rocks, where they had hid. All that remained on the island, that had not fallen in the fight, were ruthlessly massacred.

Thus ended the last battle of the Micmacs with the Mohawks, who were of the same Huron-Iroquois race as the nation from whom the Micmacs had wrested the peninsula of Gaspé.

On making a road for themselves up the south bank of the Restigouche, the first British settlers found the bones of the slain that had fallen after reaching the shore, in considerable quantities, and deposited them in the hull of a little old schooner that lay aground there. The bones were very old-looking and seemed to have lain there very long.

If L'Escarbot was right in saying that the language of the natives that Jacques Cartier met at the very head of the Baie des Chaleurs, was not that spoken in his time (Micmac) they must have been of a different race, afterward expelled or exterminated by the Micmacs.

Notwithstanding the obscurity of the imperfect records and the apparently contradictory character of the earliest Indian traditions, they, when carefully studied, agree in indicating the outline of a great drama in the early history of the Indians of New France, (or more correctly Lower Canada in three distant parts.

1st. The intrusion, at a not exceedingly remote date, of a corn-growing, more advanced Huron-Iroquois race, (Agnier or Mohawk) from the west, into the valley of the St. Lawrence, which they conquered, and connectedly occupied, till about the middle of the sixteenth century, down to the Gulf, including Gaspé—countries previously inhabited by Algonquin natives.

2nd. Their utter expulsion, (in Lower Canada only,) from the Valley of the St. Lawrence, by a great wave of Adirondac Algonquins, from the north, chiefly by the river Ottawa.

3rd. And then for about sixty years, a successful Mohawk or Iroquois invasions for the reconquest of the country from which their race had been expelled; or in revenge for their expulsion or in hostility then originated.

Treading as it were, in their daily pursuits on the graves of their enemies, with the scene of this last bloody tragedy constantly in view from their cabin doors at the Mission Village, and vague traditions of mutual atrocities in their minds, it is no wonder that the "Mohawk" should long be the "Bete Noir" that haunted the imagination of the Micmacs of the Restigouche. It comes to recollection that when returning to camp in uninhabited places through the heavily wooded, deep, narrow dells, back from the Restigouche; when the sombre shadows of the high hills, aggravated the gloom of approaching nightfall, we were struck with the evident uneasiness and earnest objections of our Micmac attendants, and the furtive glances they cast around them, into the recesses of the forest, if one of the gentleman of our party, thoughtlessly began to talk about the Mohawks; which I had to forbid being done, under such circumstances, in the hearing of the Micmacs. About that time—forty years ago—some of the Micmacs left their cabins and hid themselves in the woods for three successive nights, from having heard a rumor that the Mohawks were coming back again to attack them. Even now, it is said by good authority, that some of the old people among them superstitiously cherish the tradition that the Mohawks are to come back again to revenge that last massacre, at the long island on the Restigouche.

The French Acadian village, or town, as it is called in official dispatches of La Petite Rochelle, was situated a mile and a half above Mission Point, on the north side of a beautiful expanse of the River Restigouche, three and a half miles in length by two in breadth, which is encircled by a highly picturesque amphitheatre of bold hills, from five hundred to upwards of a thousand feet in height; varying in form from lofty peaks and high swelling gorgeously wooded hills to minor eminences, that sweep steeply down in graceful slopes, skirted with rich pasture to the banks of the Restigouche, or those of a small tributary called the Little River Restigouche. Its valley up which passes the old Kempt Road, stretches up north westward from the west side of the site of La Petite Rochelle, which is sheltered on the north shore by the hills that rise rather steeply behind it.

About a mile and a quarter below Little River is Point Bourbon, and the lower boundary of the site is about three quarters of a mile further down the shore, at Officers' Brook, where the Grand Nouvelle Road, down to the head of the "Baie des Chaleurs" turns off eastward.

Looking up between the hills where their outline is broken by the valley of a small tributary stream, are seen the more remote and lofty summits of steep-faced table mountains, one of which rises to an elevation, by approximate measurement, of seventeen hundred feet.

On the other side of the Restigouche, opposite Mission Point, where the River is narrowed for a short distance to half a mile across, but widens again to two and three miles in breadth—is situated the Port and village of Campbellton.

Behind the high ground and ravine in rear of the village rises the vast, bare, precipitous face of the Peak or Sugar Loaf of Restigouche, a thousand feet in height. From its summit which is accessible only by the flank, a magnificent view is obtained of the mountainous scenery along the course of the broad and beautiful river, and far beyond it.

In the foreground on the 5th July, A. D. 1760 the river beneath was the scene of the naval action between four French ships, under Captain Danyac, and five English ones commanded by Captain Byron, and between it and the wild hills behind, extends the broad projecting plain on the upper side of which was the site of the settlement of La Petite Rochelle, which was destroyed on the same day. Events, which from their occurring in a remote, and then un-

known locality and from their insignificance, compared with the great events of the time, were all but unnoticed, but that may be thought interesting enough to justify the endeavour to aid in recording them.

(To be continued.)

### PERSONAL.

THE Princess Dolgourika has published an interesting memoir of the private life of the late Czar. Her own career has a tinge of Louis XIV. romance, and she reminds one of the transcendent Montespan. It was at a drawing-room of her sister, married to an Italian nobleman, that Alexander first set his eyes upon her, and from that moment he was transformed. She was equally fascinated, in spite of the age of her imperial lover. The Czar was never truly happy except in her company, and he doated on her children. The Princess is only in the forties and still superlatively beautiful—a blonde of the Caucasus, with blue almond eyes, a skin of transparent whiteness and a matchless figure. She is now living in France, devoted to the memory of her husband and the education of her family.

A CHARMING anecdote about the Baron de Charette.

During his late visit to Canada, he called upon the former almoner of the Papal Zouaves, M. Moreau, curé of St. Bartholemi, by whom he was introduced to the nuns and pupils of the convent of that village. The presentation of the young ladies, their address, and the whole scene made such an impression upon the General that he could not retain his tears. Later on as he was about to take his leave, he turned with soldierly abruptness to the superior nun and said:

"Madam, what are you going to think of the Zouaves now after having seen them weeping?"

The nun replied with prompt tact:—

"Oh, Mons. le Baron, we know that you never weep except in the presence of children."

THE Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise are spending a very quiet vacation without show of any appreciable kind. They had a successful trial with the salmon, and are now enjoying themselves in the peaked solitude of the old Citadel of Quebec. People who imagine that loyalty is more demonstrative and obtrusive in Canada than among Englishmen, will see their mistake on looking at the last number of the London Graphic, where there are a number of amusing pictures representing the curiosity of passengers on the *Parisian* at every movement of Her Royal Highness. It was hoped that His Excellency would be able to open the Provincial Exhibition in September, but his trip to British Columbia is decided upon, and he cannot come.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is once more returning to Canada, after a year's sojourn abroad. May we expect that he will settle down into practical hard work for the literary and practical good of Canada?

WE stated in this column, last week, that Hon. Mr. Chapleau must, in the nature of things, exchange the Provincial for the Federal arena. In the shuffle that took place last week Mr. Chapleau's health entered as a very large factor. As Premier of Quebec he could possibly have no rest. As Secretary of State for the Dominion he need have nothing to do until the meeting of Parliament.

HON. MR. LYNCH has now attained in the Cabinet of the Province, a position commensurate with his talents, and proper to the representative of the Protestant minority. Mr. Lynch is still a young man, only 36 years of age, modest and silent, but quite equal to the responsibility which he bears. He must now assert himself more than he has previously done, and with Mr. Chapleau away, will be directly appealed to in the direction of the Departments.

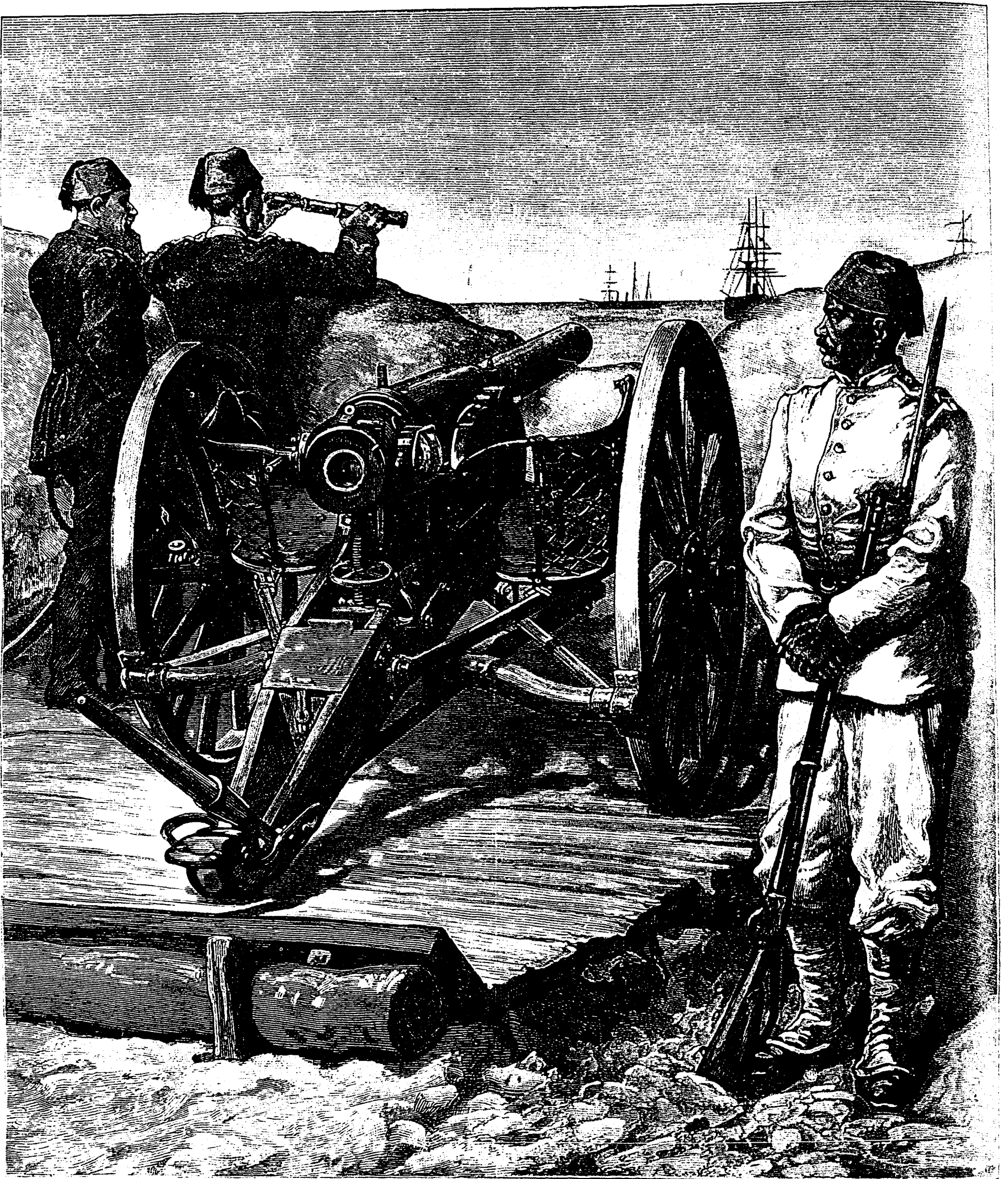
THE new Premier of Quebec is a big, burly man, rotund, rubicund, clean-shaved, black-haired and handsome withal. Mr. Mousseau is only middle-aged, and his political career dates back only nine years. He is fond of journalism, having founded a couple of papers, and contributes political articles to the principal weekly papers printed in the French language.

It is a satisfaction to learn that Hon. Mr. Mackenzie has almost entirely recovered his health. The ex Premier was hardy, but never very strong, and it is his remarkable force of will that has carried him along so far. He is fortunate in being able to consecrate the rest of the summer to absolute repose.

M. LEON SAY, the prospective new Premier of France, is a thorough type of the Parisian—handsome, stylish, and worldly in the distinguished meaning of that word. He is the son of one of the founders of the French school of political economy, and is an adept in that science. A nephew of his, Henri Say, was a resident of Montreal for several months, a year or two ago. This youth was a yachtsman and dog-fancier.

THE sailing of the Duke of Connaught for the seat of war in Egypt is an act of wise policy, as it is of patriotic duty. The English people are quick to appreciate a move of that kind, and a feeling of satisfaction is general throughout the kingdom. It is to be hoped that His Royal Highness will have an opportunity to distinguish himself.





THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.—A KRUPP FIELD-GUN ON THE RAMPARTS.

## HOPE DEFERRED.

BY NED. P. MAR.

Someone has remarked that, had reporting at that day reached the proficiency it has since attained we should have found one other beatitude added to those in the sermon on the Mount, viz:

"Blessed are they who never expect, for they shall never be disappointed."

Man is a sanguine creature: a being in whom it is almost impossible to destroy hope, of which some glimmer will usually survive under the utmost persecution of adverse destiny until his very latest breath. And if, in any case, hope does not survive, then a mill-stone and the sea would be the kindest fate.

But what volumes might be compiled—what heartrending volumes—of instances of hope de-

ferred; of men who, having toiled up the ladder slowly and painfully, step by step, have reached the topmost round; have put out their hand to grasp the prize, and are looking forward to a future of happy rest and well-earned ease, only to find their efforts shattered at one fell swoop; and then, with youth no longer theirs, with nerves unstrung and energies impaired, have to begin anew. In America, where three or four fortunes are often made in a lifetime, such things lose, by very frequency, their tragic force.

Yet in a man's battles with fate there is at least something tangible and practical: the foe with which he grapples is a reality. But what shall we say of women's hopes deferred, illusions dispelled, idols shattered? There are, of course, tales which are only too true of man's infidelity and treachery, where the victim has refused to believe his guilt, until hope deferred has worn out the frail frame and fed like a vampire on the

blood of the faithful heart. How many, too, are the histories of alienated affection, where the wife will hope against hope to win back the love which she will not ever believe she has entirely lost. And who shall tell that woman's unwearying patience who listens, night after night, for the husband's step through the long evening hours! Although, perhaps, experienced wives are too prone to nurse delays into grievances and to make capital out of them.

For, it is only fair to say, that every woman who raises an outcry about her husband's tardiness in coming home—always provided, of course, that the first bliss and novelty of married life is over—is just as apt to make a grievance of having to endure his society on a bank holiday, or when he is confined to the house by some slight indisposition; as extracts from her letters to female friends would abundantly testify. "To-morrow," Angelina will write, "is

a bank holiday, and that husband of mine will be home all day. Both he and I consider these holidays a nuisance. He, because it is a day lost. I, because I have to endure his society and amuse him. What a nuisance a man is round the house in the daytime anyway. Doesn't your experience say so!" Or, another line, "Edwin is at home to-day with a bilious headache; a most uninteresting invalid."

But women's hopes are too often founded on dreamy, visionary, unstable phantoms. How many Marianas seclude themselves in a moated grange of unrequited love, morbidly nursing their despair instead of womanfully striving to conquer a weakness and rule an undisciplined heart! How many pine for a romantic ideal, a Prince Charming, an angel of light, a being not fit for this work-a-day world—and reject with scorn, until it is too late, their chance of happiness!



Little Pilgrims  
On the way.

At a Bee-Swarming.

Sunday Morning  
in the  
Country.

Trophies  
of  
his visit.

In the Waters of Lake Champlain.

THE TRIBUNE CHILDREN'S EXCURSION TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN.



# DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

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VI.—(Continued.)

Doctor Zay was sitting by her office table. A half-open drawer showed surgical instruments. Rows of vials exhibited mysterious white pellets and powders. Medical books lay open underneath her hat and gloves, which she had tossed down on coming in. But Handy regarded these points with the apathy of familiarity. The environment did not interest this scientific child. Doctor Zay, who drove the fastest horse in Sherman, who always knew by an awful omniscience whether you missed a pailful or shook the oat-measure; Doctor Zay, who had got old Doctor Adoniram's practice half away from him; Handy's Doctor Zay, was bent and bowed over her office table, her face crushed into her resolute hands, as if she had been stricken down by a power that no man could see.

If Handy's education had progressed a little farther he would have called this a phenomenon. As it was, he could only say,—

"It's a thunderin' Ananias'n' Sapphiry shame. Nothin' but a Bailey baby!"

It occurred to Handy, as he walked sadly away, over the heavy wet heads of the clover-tops, back to the sawdust heap by the wood-pile, that perhaps he had peeped as far for that one night as the perquisites of his calling allowed.

"Two of 'em," reflected Handy. "Heads down, like unlucky coppers. One on his crutch. T'other on her leanin'. Bobailey an' all his tribes ain't wuth it."

Handy was confused by jealous of something. He imagined it was Bob Bailey.

The doctor was called out that night to see a poor girl, three miles away. Handy accompanied her. As they drove through the chilly dawn together, Handy's emotions waxed mighty within him.

"Doctor?" he said, in a pleasant, confidential way.

"Well, Handy?"

"Is Mr. Yorke wuss?"

"Why, no, Handy."

"Ain't wrong in his head or nothin', is he?"

"Oh, no, Handy."

"Well, I didn't know. While you were taking on so about the Baileybaby, he flopped over on them Bangor crutches, and says he, 'Poor girl!' He says it out loud. I hearn him. Now, you know, you ain't a girl; you're a doctor. I thought may be he was a nite looney, and we'd ought to look after him. Do you keep any medicine for loons, Doctor?"

She made her call, as usual, the next morning; a very short one. Yorke had hoped he knew not what, he knew not why, from it; she left him only his powders and his disappointment. It was impossible to draw her within telescopic sweep of a personality. She had seemed near to him in that outburst of grief, last night, as if some kindly or friendly impulse in her reached out its hands to him; precisely by the width of that impulse was she now removed. He had had his day's orders from his doctor; nothing more. She looked, as Mrs. Butterwell had prophesied, really ill. He thought of her; he thought of her till he was ashamed to think how long it was since he had thought of anything else. The terrible leisure of invalidism gaped, a gulf, and filled itself with her. If he could have arisen like a man, and bridged it, or like a hero, and leaped into it, she would never, he said to himself doggedly, have this exquisite advantage over him. He lay there like a woman, reduced from activity to endurance, from resolve to patience, while she amassed her importance to him,—how idly!—like gold that she gave herself no trouble to count.

He was surprised that night at receiving a second visit; but his momentary gratification quickly spent itself. Her errand was to inform him that she should not come again.

"I do not understand you," Doctor Lloyd," said the young man, with an effort of composure; his breath shortened, and he felt dizzy and faint.

"Oh, I mean, if you are able, won't you come to the office?" she answered wearily. "I am preoccupied, and begin wrong end foremost. I do not mean to neglect you. But I really think you able to get around to my door. The air and exercise will be beneficial to you. There is no reason for my coming to you so often. You can take the morning hour, from eight to nine, or the one at noon, as you prefer."

She gave that slight and fine emphasis of hers to the word "reason."

"This means that I am not to see you—here—any longer?"

"Not unless it is necessary."

"Suppose I find it necessary, Dr. Lloyd?"

"I must be the judge of that, Mr. Yorke."

"Very well," said Yorke, after a moment's thought, "I will come to your office to-morrow."

He went. He stumped around on the Bangor crutches over the piazza to the office door, which set forth the legend "Z. A. Lloyd, M.D.," in modest little letters of gray and gold. The reception-room was partly full. Five or six women sat there, and a child or two; one man,

a lumberman, who said Puella said she wanted more powders for that crookedness in her mind. Another man came, while Yorke waited, with what he called an "order" for an immediate call on his wife. Doctor Zay nodded to Yorke pleasantly when she came out, but did not speak. He perceived that he was to bide his turn, like any other patient. The doctor said, "Next?" as if they had been children at school. She was abstracted and pale. She had that look of application which failed of being beautiful. The reception-room was rather pleasant. It was clear that the young lady furnished her own part of the house. Yorke took in an idle, luxurious sense of familiar photographs and even a high-art carpet. There were flowers all over the room, and a table covered with books and periodicals for the patients. Some of the women were reading. He took up yesterday's Boston Advertiser, and hid his amusement, if not his embarrassment behind it.

Presently he realized that they had all gone. Doctor Zay stood waiting for him, gravely. He followed her into the office: a tiny room, hardly more than a generous closet. She shut the door and motioned him to a chair. She took her own at the desk where the vials were. Her ledgers and note-book, and one or two volumes of Materia Medica, were lying about. The office, he saw at once, was lined from floor to ceiling with book-cases, all full. The doctor waited a moment, as if for him to begin his daily report. He did not. She raised her eyes quickly to his face, and that sensitive change he liked so much crossed her own. Then, for the first time, he saw signs of embarrassment in her. She colored a little, and he smiled.

"Really, Doctor," he said, "do you think this is an improvement?"

She hesitated before she answered: "Really, I—don't know."

"Keeping me here among all those ladies,—the only fellow, except Puella's. He didn't stay by me long. I think, for my own part, it was much better in my room."

"Perhaps it was," she admitted, "but"—

"But you don't want to come any longer?"

"Frankly, Mr. Yorke, no."

"Then you shan't. I won't be more disagreeable than I must. I will come to the office, as you wish. But why cannot I have a separate hour, after the women are gone? It seems to me it would be quite as pleasant, and much less"—he, too, hesitated before adding, "noticeable."

"I hardly know," said Doctor Zay, knitting her brows. "There are precedents, exactly." He had never seen her irresolute before. She looked fatigued and annoyed. "There are new questions constantly arising," she went on, "for a woman in my position. One ceases to be an individual. One acts for the whole,—for the sex, for a cause, for a future. We are not quite free, like other people, in little perplexities. It is what Paul said about no man's living to himself. We pay a price for our privilege. I suppose everything in this world renders its cost, but nothing so heavily, nothing so relentlessly, as an unswerving purpose in a woman. Nothing is more expensive than sustained usefulness,—or what one tries to make such. I hate to think of petty things!" she added, with some fire.

"Then don't!" urged the young man. "I cannot see the need of it, in a case like yours. You are an antidote to pettiness. You eat it out, like a swift and beautiful vitriol. You would make us all ashamed of it. I cannot exist where you are. I felt that in your first time I saw you. And pretense,—I had got so tired of pretense. You went on your way so simply. You were so thorough. I said, There is a trained woman. She is honest all through. She has the modesty of knowledge. I thought all this while you were tying that artery, before I fainted. What a faint that was!"

"You overestimate me, Mr. Yorke," said the doctor, rather distantly. And yet he was sure that he had not displeased her.

"I have sometimes wondered," he went on, with an awkward courage, "what you thought of me, the first time you saw me. I dare say you couldn't remember. I don't presume, believe me, that it is of much importance."

"Oh, yes, I remember perfectly," said Doctor Zay, laughing. "I thought, of concussion and dislocation! Possibly a fine compound fracture. I have never had a compound fracture. I've always wanted one."

"And I have always thought, always maintained, that the scientific temperament is the hardest among civilized types." He broke himself against that flint, he heard said once of a sensitive man, in a miserable instance,—it happened to be a marriage, but that doesn't affect the point. One comes upon such a nature as against the glacial period: it solidifies against you; it never bends nor shatters."

"Nor melts?" she asked, smiling (he could see) out of pure mischief.

"In the course of ages, I suppose. Too late to be of practical service. One freezes in the process."

"The best thing that could happen!" she said quickly.

A white light darted over the young man's

face, and passed. He was a remarkably fine-looking fellow in these swift pallors. He shook himself, as if to shake his weakness off.

"Come, Doctor," he said, lightly enough. "Tell me! Was that all you thought when I fell into your remorseless hands?"

"No," she said gravely and gently. "I thought—His mother would not know him."

"Was I so hideous?"

"Yes, you were badly mangled."

"Well, I am even with you. That first time you touched me, I thought I was in hell."

"Yes, sir; you made the fact quite evident, particularly when I set the ankle."

"And now," he said, leaning his head back in the office chair, and dreamily regarding her across the little distance that separated them,— "now I am in"—

The doctor looked at her watch, and moved back her chair.

"I have spent fifteen minutes on you!" she said, in a tone of vexation too genuine to be mistaken by the blindest feeling for a freak of feminine coyness. "So long out of this short morning! And I have thirty-five calls to make before supper. Continue the remedy you have, till to-morrow. Then call on me again, here. Come at noon; the office will not be so full, then. You may be a little late, if you like. You may come to me twice a week, now, for an office call. If you need extra attention,—but I do not think you will,—I will call on you, as formerly. You must excuse me now."

"Twice a week!" cried the patient. She made him no answer, rang her bell for Handy, and, putting on her feathered hat, walked rapidly away.

Yorke sat in the office a few minutes where she had left him; he looked confusedly about. It seemed to him that he was taking her up in new and unknown conditions, like the second volume of a novel. He turned the leaves with a dull uneasiness. Something in him urged, "Throw the book down!" He searched his soul for power to arise and do so. He found there only a great compulsion, as silent and as terrible as the thread in the hand of Lachesis, which he knew would bind him down to read on to the end.

VII.

He did not go to noon. It occurred to him in the morning that he was well enough to wait till the evening office. He dreamed away his day on the piazza, watching her as she went and came; lost in admiration of his own self-restraint, and in a nebulous impression that it was time to take matters into a more strictly masculine control.

She did not come home till eight o'clock. The July twilight was already deepening down. Handy came up from the depths of the sawdust heap, and retired from public life with Old Oak; the doctor went to her supper; and Yorke got around into the reception-room, and waited for her in the dusk. No other patients were there. Roses were in the room somewhere,—he could not see them. The folds of the long muslin curtains drifted in the warm wind. The rows of books in the office, seen through the open door, looked fuller for the darkness. Beyond them, another door led into the doctor's private parlor. He had heard Mrs. Butterwell say that her lodger had three rooms below ("two and a half," Mrs. Butterwell called them), and one up-stairs. This other door was half open, swinging idly on its hinges in the perfumed air. He sat and watched it till she came in. It did not open; it would not shut.

She did not see him at first, and he admired the fine unconsciousness of her movements as she crossed the rooms. She lighted her German student lamp on the office table, and, pulling a formidable professional book towards her, without a moment's irresolution, plunged into its contents with the headlong dash which only an absorbing intellectual passion gives. She leaned her head upon her hand, with her controlled profile towards him, while she read. He contrasted this little act cruelly with his invalid reveries.

A woman who says, "My life is too full to have need of you," will be met by the historic unmasculine privilege of reply, "You take the trouble to mention it. I reserve the benefit of the doubt." Doctor Zay took the trouble to mention nothing.

The young man had seen for himself that which all the little feminine protest in the world could never have made patent to his imagination: a woman absorbed in her business, to whom a man must be the accident, not the substance, of thought.

He rose at once, and made her aware of his presence. She expressed the slight, superficial surprise of a preoccupied person, whose life brings her in constant contact with the unexpected. She met him very cordially. He vaguely felt that she approved of him for staying away half a day longer than was necessary. He limped over to the office chair. She shut the door, and he surrendered himself to the brief medical consultation. She found it necessary to examine the injured foot, upon which she laid for a moment her vital, healing touch.

"You would get on much faster if this foot could be properly treated every day, Mr. Yorke. There is not a massage rubber short of Bangor. You need one now. You have reached the stage where I should recommend it decidedly. I am sorry."

Yorke made no reply; he dared not, he was so sure that he should say something unexpected

to himself and annoying to her; and she brought the consultation to an end. As he went away she told him that she desired him to ride the next day. His ankle she thought, would bear the motion,—one of the last experiments before walking,—and he would have a driver, of course. She gave the order lightly, the means by which it was to be obeyed not being the physician's concern.

"I should like it, of all things," said Yorke, impulsively, "if I may. But it is so dull with a driver, and Mr. Butterwell is going to Bangor, you know, for several days. I don't doubt he would offer to take me, if he were here. I wish—"

"Why, I suppose I might take you," said Doctor Zay, after a scarcely perceptible pause. "I never thought of it!"

"I didn't suppose you did," said Yorke, laughing; "but I don't see why I shouldn't go,—if you won't let me bore you, that is,—do you?"

"Certainly not. I will take you with pleasure. I often take patients in the summer. It is stupid waiting. You won't find it an exciting process, I warn you. But it will be better for you than moping on the piazza. You have done enough of that."

"Quite enough, I think," said Yorke, looking fully into her upraised eyes.

"Persistent pallor!" said the doctor, in a meditative tone. "Tendency to fixed ideas. This accords with other symptoms I have noted. I must look it up carefully; but I feel pretty sure I shall give you"—her face lighted with the fervor of the symptomatologist—"I shall give you *carbo vegetabilis*!"

They rode. They rode three hours through the warmth and scent of roadside things, while the summer morning waxed indolently towards the splendid noon. Yorke bore the experiment with remarkable success. The doctor attributed this to the *carbo vegetabilis*.

She chatted cordially with him, as they drove over the long, solitary intervals that separated one call from another; or she came from a grave case to sit in the phaeton silent and distraught, and mind him no more than if he had been Handy; or a patient was responding to a difficult diagnosis or a pet theory, and she radiated her happiness upon him. He did not try to talk much. He absorbed her idly, as he did returning life and the throbbing day. He had never been beside her for so long before. He thought of that first ride through the Maine forest, and said dreamily,—

"It seems like a modern magazine serial that I should be driving with the caryatide. But I have not overtaken Atalanta. There is the Greek tragedy. No, don't turn to your note-book. I am not delirious—yet. You need not—"

"Need not what, sir?"

"Need not change the remedy. It works well."

"You speak in figures," said the woman of science, curtly. "I am a person of facts. I fail to follow you."

They called at those Baileys' who had become historic during the scarlet fever, and Yorke looked about him with vague reminiscences. The woman came to the door to welcome the doctor, extending her lean arm.

"There! it's the sign-post woman!" cried Yorke. "We owe it all to her."

"You are struggling in allegory, again. It is a case of asphyxia," said the doctor, handing him the blue reins.

"I mean, we owe it to her that I ever got to Sherman,—a precious sort of debt you think it! Your eyes laugh loud enough to be heard in Bangor. You might spare a shattered man so innocent a delusion. Science would be none the less exact for it. Hang—no, bless Mrs. Bailey! It was she who put me up to— By the way, Doctor, did you drop it by accident, or did you mean?"

"How's that leg of Bob's?" asked the doctor, in her happy soprano. She was half-way up the dreary front yard. The children ran to meet her,—a forlorn little batch,—and the woman clung to her with an uncoouth, pathetic gesture, half reverence, half fearless love. Mrs. Bailey never thought of paying a doctor's bill, but she wore new mourning for her baby. Her affection was none the less genuine for that. Doctor Zay did not grudge her the alazy alpaca.

There was a sacredness to the physician beyond the pale of enlightened social science, in the clasp of those scraggy black arms. Mrs. Bailey might outrage political economy, and retard the millennium by becoming a pauper; but she trusted her doctor, and had lost her baby.

Yorke knew little about people of this sort; he had left the lower orders of society to his mother, with a dim sense of their usefulness in providing an outlet for her superfluous sympathies. Boston women must always have an outlet. His mother kept herself supplied with several. He thought, as he sat in the phaeton waiting for this unusual young lady to exchange the society of the Baileys for his own, that she possessed a power which was far more masculine than feminine, of absorption in the immediate task. He thought it would go hard with a man to haunt her. She would shake him off for what she called objects in life, as a fine spaniel shakes off the drops after a plunge into the sea; earth is his element, after all.

Bob Bailey had cut one of the femoral muscles on a mowing-machine. The doctor etherized him, and sewed the leg up, enthusiastically. The odor of the ether permeated the fresh morning, and Yorke sickened over it in the phaeton. She came out presently, with that cool, scientific eyewhich stimulated more than it defied him.

"I had forgotten you were here!" she said, as she took the reins. "Are you tired waiting?"

"I am not patient by nature, but may become so by grace. I am cherishing a host of feminine virtues," replied Yorke, stretching his big dimensions in the little carriage. "I shall make rather a superior woman by the time I get well. Like the man who had a damp cellar: it was good for nothing else, so he grew mushrooms in it. These beautiful characteristics which suffering or you,—it's all the same thing!"

"Why, thank you!"

"Are cultivating in me, are?"

"Mushrooms?"

"I'm afraid so. They won't live long. I am not a woman, unfortunately. I am only an arrested development. It is, something, though, in this world, to be even a lost opportunity."

"Call it a rudiment," was the scientific suggestion. "And I am glad you reach the subject of mushrooms, Mr. Yorke, of your own accord. It is precisely the point to which I wish to conduct your botanical education. When one knows enough not to expect a mushroom to be, say, an aloe, one is prepared for life. You will recover. I like the symptom."

"Symptom!" cried the young man irritably. "Everything, with you, is a symptom. I am growing nervous over the sound of the word."

"Morbid sensitiveness to trifles. I must consider that in your next remedy. Well, and why not, Mr. Yorke? Most things are symptoms. Life is only a pathological experiment."

"That is a narrow professional view."

"All views are narrow. Let me advise you to have as few as possible."

"I am tired of being advised," said Yorke wearily.

Her eyes brimmed with frolic. "Do you want to go home? Or change your doctor?"

"Sometimes I think I will do both, to-morrow."

"You could not do a better thing," said Doctor Zay, carelessly.

"Do you think me able to travel so far?"

"I did not say that. Much depends on the patient. There are collateral dangers in all cases. Many cures consist in a fine choice of risks. Therapeutics, as Hamilton said of conversation, is always a selection."

Yorke regarded her steadily. "I shall not go," he said with decision, after a moment's pause.

They rode. He drank in the divine healing of the day. They talked of safe subjects,—aesthetics and Materia Medica. Yorke had always before regarded homoeopathy as a private hobby of his mother's. He was interested in this young woman's clear-headed exposition of a theory to which he was compelled to acknowledge himself a grateful, if not a convincing testimony. With the irresponsibility of the laity, he amused himself with her fervor, while revering her skill. When she alluded to the Divine Truth in connection with her sugar-plums, he laughed. But when they drove over that bridge whence the Bangor pony had plunged to his last account, the young man grew respectfully grave. He experienced at moments a species of awe of this studious and instructed lady; not so much because of her learning, which was unquestionable, nor of her beautiful-inborn fitness for the art of healing, which was as clear as the flash of her eye, as for the fact that, in spite of these circumstances, she could be a charming creature.

The swift morning grew into the high, hot noon. The dew dried on the white clover by the roadside. The dust flew a little. Yorke was tired, despite himself, and glad when the doctor took a cross-cut through a wood path to make her last call. It was a poor girl, she said, who had few friends. They passed a saw-mill, as they drove to this place. The wheel was silent. The water dripped from it with a cool sound. The men were separating to their dinner; one remained at work above the dam. Yorke observed with admiration his practiced step upon the slippery logs which floated, chained, over the deep, black pool.

Doctor Zay drove to the foot of the hill, and stopped. She would leave him in the shade, she said, and walk up to her patient's; it was but a step. Yorke made no protest. He had long since learned that it was hopeless to argue with his physician. He sat and rested in the green coolness, till she returned.

She was gone about twenty minutes, and came out abstracted and stern. She did not speak at first, or take the reins, but sat still, with a twitching of all the delicate facial muscles which in other women would have meant a shower of tears or a tornado of anger.

"Well?" asked Yorke, conscious how imbecile the monosyllable sounded, but not daring to add another.

"She has just told me who it is that is to blame," said the physician in a low, surcharged voice.

Yorke uttered a sympathetic ejaculation, as her meaning flashed upon him. He felt touched both at the simplicity and solemnity of her words. Nothing of the sort had occurred to him, when she spoke about her "poor girl." Nothing could have revealed to him as did this little shock, the gravity and sacredness of her work. Alas! what could have so betrayed to him the gulf between her dedicated life and his own?

"I have tried for some time to learn," said the doctor, with unwonted agitation. "The poor thing opened her heart to me just now. You cannot think how such things affect me. He was perfectly free to marry her. There is nothing too bad for him! I have no mercy for such men,—none! I wish—Excuse me, Mr.

Yorke," she interrupted herself. "There is a professional thoughtlessness; I hope I do not often fall into it. I was overcome by the poor thing's trouble. She is such a pretty creature. It would break your heart to see her. And the women all depend on me so; they think there is nothing beyond my power. Why, she clings to me as if she thought I could undo it all,—could make her what she used to be again! I believe she does. It is more than I can bear."

His own eyes filled, as he saw the slow, strong tears, beaten back and dreaded, gather on her lids. All the littleness and pretense and shallow barrier of the world slipped away from them, as they sat there together in the forest. They did not seem any more to be young and unfamiliar, or even man and woman, but only two human beings, who could arise and go hand in hand to meet the solemn needs of all the world. To Yorke it was a moment that he wished might never end.

She was the first to speak, and she said gently,—

"I have tired, or perhaps shocked you. We will go home now. It is not my habit to speak of my cares to my patients. You must—"

"Help! Help! Oh, for God's sake, help!"

A terrible cry interrupted the doctor. It came from the mill pond, whose dam frowned over their heads. The thin cascade of the falls drooped like lace against the wall of stone. The trees gathered close about the water, and Yorke looked up to the sky, as out of a well. He could see nothing else. The cry died in a gurgling sound. Yorke sprang, putting the woman by; he forgot her.

"Mr. Yorke, stay just where you are!"

An imperious voice, a firm hand, barred his way.

"Let me go!" demanded the man.

"Not an inch! To lame yourself for life, and help nobody! You never can get up there. Sit back! Take the reins! Drive on for help! There must be men at dinner behind that barn. Do as I bid you! Do as I ask you,—please."

He obeyed her; he cursed his helplessness, but he obeyed. She was already out of his sight, behind the saw-mill. The next instant, as he drove, lashing the pony, he saw her run swiftly out upon the chained logs above the dam. He closed his eyes. She poised herself like a chamois. He saw her sink upon her knees,—had she slipped? His breath came fast and feeble. The road darkened before him, and the forest whirled.

"Am I going to do such a lady-like thing as to faint?" thought the sick man. He fixed his eyes fiercely upon the blue reins,—they seemed to remain knotted in his fingers;—he had a vision of the flying road, of the sudden sun, of dashing down upon a group of men, of seeing figures dart, of cry answering to cry; and his next precise impression was that he had been sitting in the bottom of that phaeton, with his head on the cushions, longer than he supposed. He was alone, by the barn she spoke of. All the men were gone. He gathered his soul together, and drove back as he had come.

A cluster of men hung on the bank above the dam. A motionless figure lay on the ground in the centre of the group. For an instant Yorke could see nothing distinctly.

"Turn him over!" rang out a clear, sweet imperious voice. "No, not so. So. This way. There! Now, here, Jenley! You help me."

"All right, Doctor!" said an unseen man. Silence followed. Yorke bowed his face upon his crutch, with a confused idea of saying his prayers. All he could think of was the Apostles' Creed and Fairy Lillian. The trickle of the fall fell cheerfully over the dam.

"Tompkins, you here!" came the word of command, in that calm, refined voice. "Work at his feet, as I bade you. Keep the arms, Jenley. Tear the shirt,—don't wait. Harder, Smith! Get more blankets from the house,—bed-quilts, anything. And flannel cloths,—all you can muster. Be quiet. Work more steadily. Don't get excited. I want even motions, so."

Fifteen minutes passed. One of the men spoke in a low tone:—

"He don't budg', Doctor."

She made no answer. They worked on silently. Yorke looked at his watch. Twenty-two minutes.

"Make that chest movement just as I told you, Jenley!—patiently. Have courage. Give me the flannel, Smith. No. Kneel upwards, not down; I told you twice. Harder. Here. I'll show you."

Twenty-six minutes. Half an hour. The lumbermen began to mutter. Yorke could hear their faint guttural protest.

"You can't resuscitate a dead man, Doctor."

"He's dead, that's gospel sure,—dealer'n Judas."

"A critter's legs don't hang, that way if he's livin'."

"Yo hain't seen so many drowned lumbermen as we have, young lady."

"My arms ache," said one big fellow earnestly. "I've rubbed a long spell. Give him up, Doctor?"

"Give him up! No!" came down the ringing cry.

Yorke quivered with the pride he felt in her. He leaned over his watch, as if it held the arrested heart-beats of the human life for which the brave girl fought.

Thirty-five minutes. Forty. Forty-one—two—three. Forty-four minutes.

A low, awed whisper began to rustle through the group. Some of the men dropped on their knees. One ran towards the house. She seemed

to call him back, to utter some rapid order; he started off again. As he ran past the phaeton he called to Yorke,—

"For a mighty, she's fetched him!"

This man did not return.

Yorke was sitting in a picturesque heap, with his crutches, wondering where was the precise point at which a newly-acquired tendency to faint ceased to be physics and became psychology, and how long he should maintain himself at that creditable juncture in philosophical experience, when he felt her hand upon his own.

"Drink this," she said laconically. He looked up, and saw that she had coffee in her hand; he swallowed it obediently.

"We have got him into the house," she said, speaking rapidly. "Everything goes well. I know this has hurt you. But I don't want to take you home yet. I have a reason. Can you eat,—if I desire it very much?"

"I can try," said Yorke, smiling at her tone; she really pleaded.

"Then I will sit here with you, and we will have luncheon together. You need your dinner. You will be good for nothing with an empty stomach. There! It will gratify me if you will eat half this bread."

(To be continued.)

HOW JOE BENTLEY WON A BOUQUET FROM THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.

Joe Bentley was an American boy who had been brought up on a cattle-farm in the interior of one of the New England States; but who had left home for the more congenial life on board a man-of-war. His first voyage took him to Lisbon, where to his great delight he learned that there was to be, during the following Easter week, a great bull-fight. The wildest bulls had been brought from Andalusia, a large number of horses from the royal stables were to be in the ring, the Queen herself would preside and distribute the favors, and, in short, it was to be the grandest bull-fight seen in Portugal for many years.

All this had a peculiar fascination for Joe. In all his allusions to Portugal and Spain, he had declared to the boys that the only thing he cared to see in those countries was a bull-fight.

The bull-fights of Portugal are different from those of Spain in several important particulars. At every such fight in Spain, where this cruel sport is conducted in the most barbarous manner, many horses are killed, and sometimes men, too, fall victims, and at the close of the fight the bull is despatched by the *matador*, or bull-killer. The law of Portugal does not allow the bull to be killed, and his horns are always padded, or tipped with brass, so that he cannot gore the horses. Once in a while, however, a man is killed, in spite of this precaution. The excitement is intense, as the object is to drive or drag the bull from the inclosure.

Accordingly, having obtained permission to go on shore on the day of the fight, he made his way at an early hour to the bull-ring, and obtained one of the best seats. He thought that all Lisbon must be there. All waited in suspense for the Queen to enter the royal box. Presently she appeared, and was greeted with repeated cries of applause. Then the sport began, and Joe watched with interest and enthusiasm the mad rush of the bull into the ring, and admired the agility of his tormentors in evading his onslaughts. Finally, however, the superb animal had driven all his opponents from the inclosure.

For an instant the bull was master of the ring.

The most perilous feat of the bull-ring was now attempted. A young man, covered with silver lace hung all over with little bells, undertook to throw himself between the bull's horns and cling to them till the bull should be sufficiently exhausted to be overpowered and taken from the ring. He courageously made the attempt, but unhappily missed his aim and fell directly in front of the enraged animal.

At this moment of terrible suspense, moreover, Joe suddenly saw what had not yet been discovered by any one else—that the bull had lost the padding from one of his horns. He stood over the young man, his eyes glaring and his whole attitude one of furious anger. He refused to be diverted by the colors glancing all around him, and he seemed to be considering whether he should trample on his victim or pierce him with the naked horn. The young man did not dare to move, for he was aware that the bull possessed every advantage. The excitement of the audience was at its highest point, and the overwrought feelings of our hero would allow him to retain his seat no longer.

With the sprightliness of a sailor-boy he leaped the paling. Everybody was astonished at his temerity. An Englishman present, fearing for the life of the unpracticed lad, cried out, "Come back!" Several Americans shouted for him to leave the ring. But Joe had made the venture, and he was not going to be frightened from the ring. On the farm at home he had conquered many a steer quite as wild and powerful as even this maddened bull.

He was conscious that thousands of eyes were watching him with eager interest; but without hesitation he advanced toward the bull, coolly placing himself so that with one hand he could grasp the bull's horns, while with the other he could seize his shaggy mane. The young man, meanwhile, had leaped to his feet and retired to a safe position, leaving Joe to fight the bull alone. Joe's mode of attack had never before been seen in Portugal, and it appeared the ex-

treme of folly. A murmur of remonstrance was heard in every part of the audience. Many cried out for the *Campesinos* to rush in and rescue the reckless youth. The bull did not seem to appreciate the turn events had taken, and for a moment stood motionless. A strange silence, almost ominous of defeat to our hero, settled upon the pavilion. It was a thrilling scene—the brave sailor-boy apparently at the mercy of the furious animal, and thousands of spectators looking on with breathless interest.

Suddenly the bull recovered himself, and, with an angry flaunt of his head, renewed hostilities. Joe quickly found that clinging to a yard-arm in a tempest was less difficult than to the bull's slippery horn; but he was determined to be captain of this lively craft. Somehow he felt that the honor of his country depended upon his victory.

As a good seaman favors his ship in a hurricane, so Joe resolved to humor the bull. He realized that he must take care of his strength, for he would need it all before he got through with his antagonist. Now the bull began to exhibit his wrath. He writhed, and hooked, and stamped. One instant the audience expected to see poor Joe dangling from his horns, and the next trampled helpless beneath his feet. But Joe clung as he would cling to a life line in a fearful surf. During the intervals of the bull's violence, as in the water on its ebb, he struck gallantly upon his feet. Each time he did so, cries of "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. The bull continued to put forth still greater power. He plunged and tore around the ring. Alternately he jerked and swung Joe from his feet, and fairly spun him through the air. The pavilion tossed, and reeled, and whirled before Joe's giddy sight. Round and round flew the bull as in a race for life. Several times he completed the circuit of the ring; a circle of dust rose from his track and hung over it like a wreath of smoke.

How Joe held on! He feared he could not endure the shock and strain for a minute longer, and he dreaded to let go. He began to lament his rashness. But all at once the bull's speed slackened. Joe felt a thrill of gratitude as his feet once more touched the ground. He was tired of flying, and was very glad to run. The bull, convinced that he could not liberate his horn from Joe's unyielding grip, came to a halt, and with disappointed anger began to paw the ground. Joe had longed for this advantage, which, strange to say, a bull seldom gives till toward the close of a fight, and he sprang directly in front of him and firmly grasped both his horns. "Bravo! bravo!" rent the air. Joe braced himself and waited, and when the bull threw his foot high in the air with its little cloud of dust, by a quick, powerful movement, Joe twisted his head to one side so strongly that the fierce animal was thrown off his balance, and fell heavily upon his side.

A score of men rushed in to hold him down until he should be secured; then he was rolled and taken triumphantly from the ring. Joe was almost deafened by the applause. He suddenly found himself a hero in the estimation of the audience, and was overwhelmed by the outbursts of enthusiasm. He was not allowed to leave the ring until he had been led to the royal box, where the Queen, with her own hand, passed him a beautiful bouquet. She also extended to him an invitation to come to the palace, where she herself would receive the brave American boy. — *St. Nicholas*.

THE BOY'S ESTIMATE OF A MOTHER'S WORK.

"My mother gets me up, builds the fire, and gets my breakfast, and sends me off," said a bright youth. Then she gets my father up and gets his breakfast, and sends him off. Then she gives the other children their breakfast and sends them to school; and then she and the baby have their breakfast."

"How old is the baby?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, she is 'most two, but she can talk and walk as well as any of us."

"Are you well paid?"

"I get two dollars a week, and my father gets two dollars a day."

"How much does your mother get?"

With a bewildered look the boy said: "Mother! Why, she don't work for anybody."

"I thought you said she worked for all of you."

"Oh, yes; for us she does. But there ain't any money into it."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WAGNER'S new opera is called "di Sieger."

THE piano war shows symptoms of breaking out again.

SIMS REEVES, the great tenor, is sixty-one, and sings yet.

TAMBERLIK is to inaugurate the theatre of Vigo in September.

JOHANN STRAUSS is writing a new opera for the Imperial Opera House, Vienna.

JAMES M. TRACEY, the piano teacher, has resigned his position in the Boston Conservatory.

MR. ALFRED DE SEVE is staying in Montreal; he is to play here in the fall.

Music and the Drama is fast distancing all its journalistic competitors.

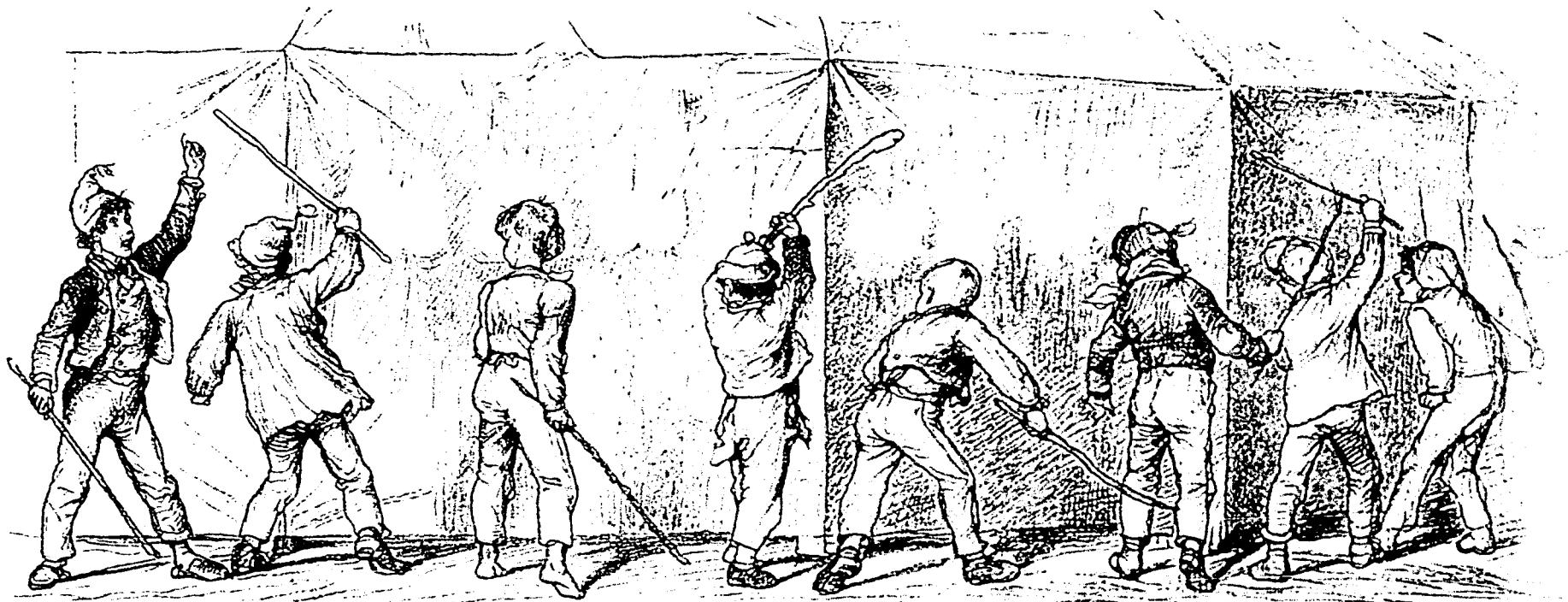
LISZT'S "Legend of Elizabeth" will be performed at the Zurich Musical Festival, Vienna.

NORA CLENCH, the 14-year old violiniste, of Toronto, is pronounced to be a musical prodigy by Remeng.





INSIDE.—SECURITY.

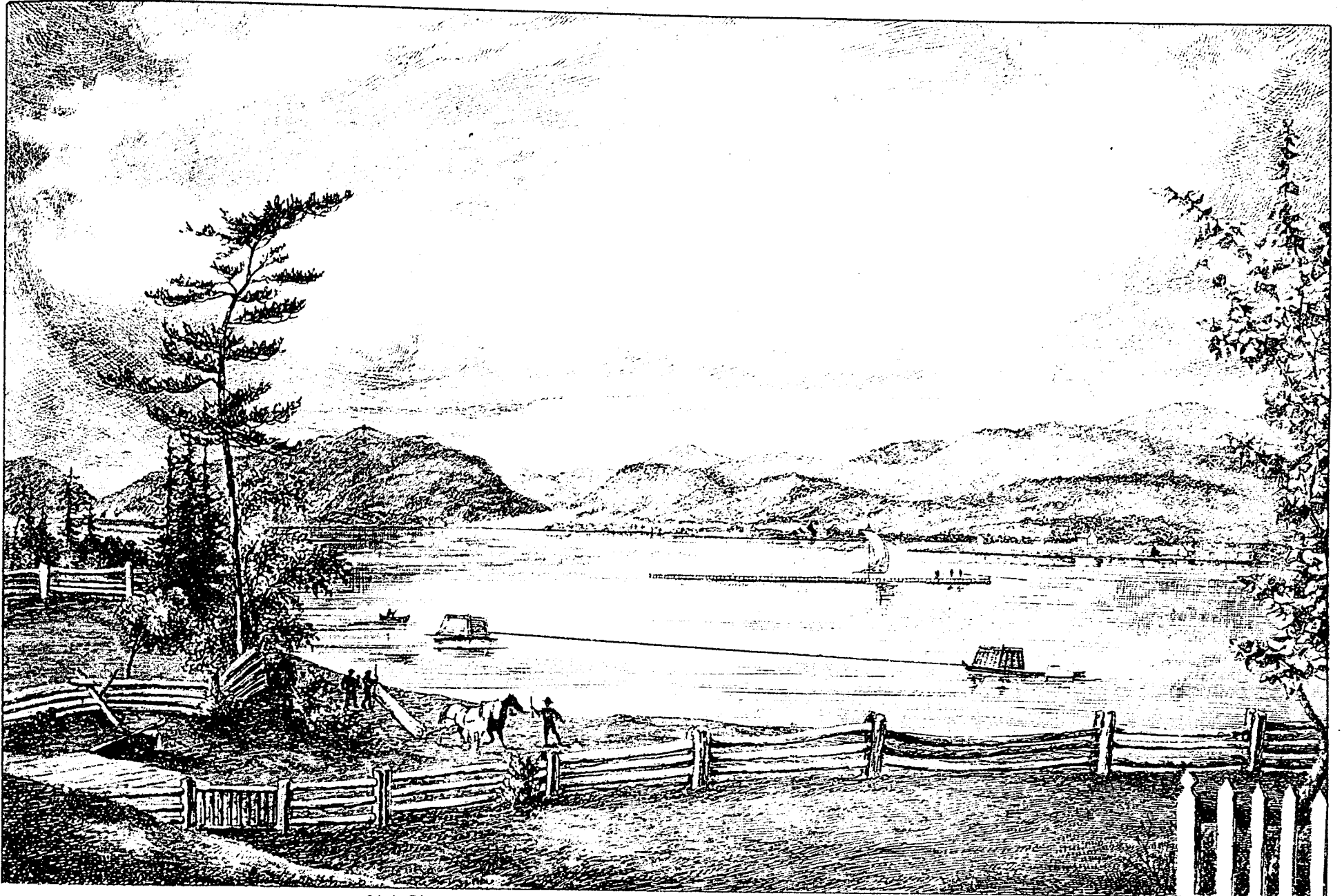


OUTSIDE.—THE PLOT.

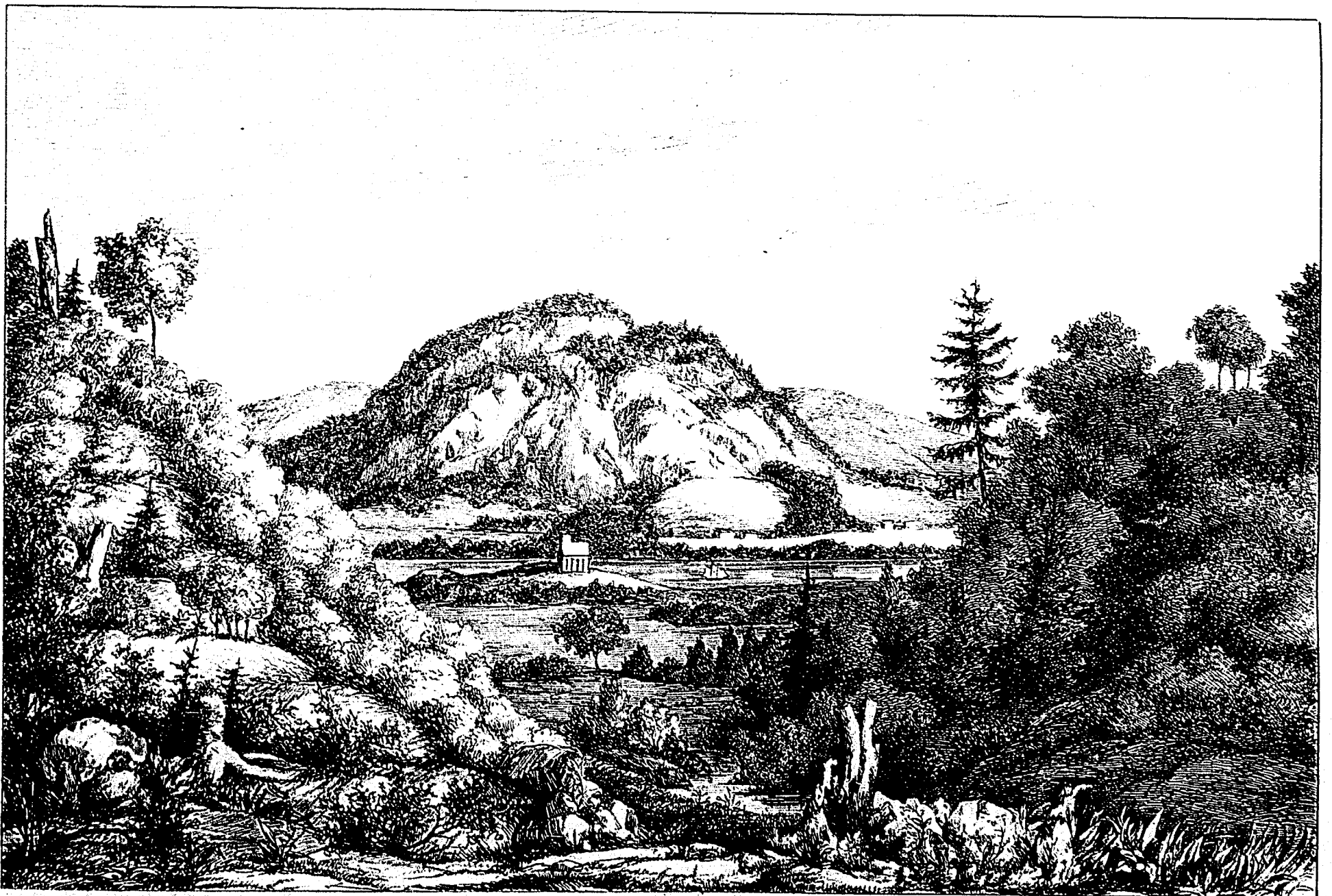


E. H. A. COOPER

INSIDE.—THE CATASTROPHE.



Little Rivermouth. Point Bourdon. Officer's Brook. Indian Mission Church. Cross Point, P.O.  
 LA PETITE ROCHELLE, FROM CAMPBELLTON.—(SEE PAGE 83.)



THE PEAK OF CAMPBELLTON, FROM RUISSEAU MONIER, BEHIND LA PETITE ROCHELLE.—(SEE PAGE 83.)



## "JEANETTE" HEROES.

In memory of George De Long and his brave companions.

We close with tender, reverent hand  
The sacred record of that brave band  
Of gallant men who side by side  
Such dangers faced—and facing—died.  
Oh! what a tale of suffering past  
Is this—the world now reads at last!  
And what a heart—courageous, strong,  
That beat within the brave De Long—  
Who starving—dying—record kept  
Of how they suffered, prayed and wept.

Aye—truly sternest men might weep  
In reading of that icy sleep  
Which one by one upon them fell—  
The diary breaks and none can tell  
The moment when in solemn Death  
Was hushed the writer's fainting breath.

In Heaven is kept bright traced in gold—  
A record which to God has told  
Of how these men forgot not HIM—  
But knelt and prayed with eyes grown dim—  
Knowing His arm alone could save  
From this their far-off, ice-bound grave.  
Not questioning the fate He sent  
But patient till their life was spent.

Oh! noble band of Christian men  
Whose courage never so grand as then—  
Whose faith unshaken, pure, sublime,  
Has crowned them HEROES for all Time!

FRANCES JOSEPHINE MOORE.

## BONES.

THE APRIL FOOL OF HARVEY'S SLUICE.

(Concluded.)

I think it has been already recorded in this narrative that Jim Struggles, the wandering prospector, had gained the reputation of being the wit of the camp. It was not only in airy badinage, but in the conception and execution of more pretentious practical pleasantries that Jim had earned his reputation. His adventure in the morning had caused a certain stagnation in his usual flow of humor; but the company and his potatoes were gradually restoring him to a more cheerful state of mind. He had been brooding in silence over some idea since the departure of Ferguson, and he now proceeded to evolve it to his expectant companions.

"Say, boys," he began. "What day's this?"  
"Friday, ain't it?"  
"No, not that. What day of the month?"  
"Darned if I know!"  
"Well, I'll tell you now. It's the first of April. I've got a calendar in the hut as says so."

"What if it is?" said several voices.  
"Well, don't you see, it's All Fools' day. Couldn't we fix up some little joke on some one, eh? Couldn't we get a laugh out of it? Now there's old Bones, for instance; he'll never smell a rat. Couldn't we send him off somewhere and watch him go maybe? We'd have something to chaff him on for a month to come, eh?"

There was a general murmur of assent. A joke, however poor, was always welcome to the Sluice. The broader the point, the more thoroughly was it appreciated. There was no morbid delicacy of feeling in the gulches.

"Where shall we send him?" was the query.  
Jim Struggles was buried in thought for a moment. Then an unhallowed inspiration seemed to come over him, and he laughed uproariously, rubbing his hands between his knees in the excess of his delight.

"Well, what is it?" asked the eager audience.  
"See here, boys. There's Miss Sinclair. You was saying as Abe's gone on her. She don't fancy him much you think. Suppose we write him a note—send it him to-night, you know?"  
"Well, what then?" said McCoy.

"Well, pretend the note is from her, d'ye see? Put her name at the bottom. Let on as she wants him to come up an' meet her in the garden at twelve. He's bound to go. He'll think she wants to go off with him. It'll be the biggest thing played this year."

There was a roar of laughter. The idea conjured up honest Bones mooning about in the garden, and of old Joshua coming out to remonstrate with a double-barrelled shot-gun, was irresistibly comic. The plan was approved of unanimously.

"Here's pencil and here's paper," said the humorist. "Who's goin' to write the letter?"

"Write it yourself, Jim," said Shamus.  
"Well, what shall I say?"  
"Say what you think right."

"I don't know how she'd put it," said Jim, scratching his head in great perplexity. "However, Bones will never know the differ. How will this do? 'Dear old man. Come to the garden at twelve to night, else I'll never speak to you again,' eh?"

"No, that's not the style," said the young miner. "Mind, she's a lass of eddication. She'd put it kinder flowery and soft."

"Well, write it yourself," said Jim sulkily, handing him over the pencil.

"This is the sort of thing," said the miner, moistening the point of it in his mouth. "When the moon is in the sky—"

"There it is. That's bully," from the company.

"And the stars a-shinin' bright, meet, O meet me, Adolphus, by the garden-gate at twelve."

"His name ain't Adolphus," objected a critic.

"That's how the poetry comes in," said the miner. "It's kinder fanciful, d'ye see. Sounds a darned sight better than Abe. Trust him for guessing who she means. I'll sign it Carrie. There!"

This epistle was gravely passed round the room from hand to hand, and reverentially gazed upon as being a remarkable production of the human brain. It was then folded up and committed to the care of a small boy, who was solemnly charged under dire threats to deliver it at the shanty, and to make off before any awkward questions were asked him. It was only after he had disappeared in the darkness that some slight compunction visited one or two of the company.

"Ain't it playing it rather low on the girl?" said Shamus.

"And rough on old Bones?" suggested another.

However, these objections were overruled by the majority, and disappeared entirely upon the appearance of a second drum of whisky. The matter had almost been forgotten by the time that Abe had received his note, and was spelling it out with a palpitating heart under the light of his solitary candle.

That night has long been remembered in Harvey's Sluice. A fitful breeze was sweeping down from the distant mountains, moaning and sighing among the deserted claims. Dark clouds were hurrying across the moon, one moment throwing a shadow over the landscape, and the next allowing the silvery radiance to shine down cold and clear, upon the little valley, and bathe in a weird mysterious light the great stretch of bushland on either side of it. A great loneliness seemed to rest on the face of Nature. Men remarked afterwards on the strange eerie atmosphere which hung over the little town.

It was in the darkness that Abe Dutton sallied out from his little shanty. His partner, Boss Morgan, was still absent in the bush, so that beyond the ever-watchful Blinky there was no living being to observe his movements. A feeling of mild surprise filled his simple soul that his angel's delicate fingers could have formed those great straggling hieroglyphics; however, there was the name at the foot, and that was enough for him. She wanted him, no matter for what, and with a heart as pure and as heroic as any knight-errant, this rough miner went forth at the summons of his love.

He groped his way up the steep winding track which led to Azalea Villa. There was a little clump of small trees and shrubs about fifty yards from the entrance of the garden. Abe stopped for a moment when he had reached them in order to collect himself. It was hardly twelve yet, so that he had a few minutes to spare. He stood under their dark canopy peering at the white house vaguely outlined in front of him. A plain enough little dwelling-place to any prosaic mortal, but girt with reverence and awe in the eyes of the lover.

The miner paused under the shade of the trees, and then moved on to the garden-gate. There was no one there. He was evidently rather early. The moon was shining brightly now, and the country round was as clear as day. Abe looked past the little villa at the road which ran like a white winding streak over the brow of the hill. A watcher behind could have seen his square athletic figure standing out sharp and clear. Then he gave a start as if he had been shot, and staggered up against the little gate beside him.

He had seen something which caused even his sunburned face to become a shade paler as he thought of the girl so near him. Just at the bend of the road, not two hundred yards away, he saw a dark moving mass coming round the curve, and lost in the shadow of the hill. It was but a moment; yet in that moment the quick perception of the practised woodman had realized the whole situation. It was a band of horsemen bound for the villa; and what horsemen would ride so by night save the terror of the woodlands—the dreaded rangers of the bush?

It is true that on ordinary occasions Abe was as sluggish in his intellect as he was heavy in his movements. In the hour of danger, however, he was as remarkable for cool deliberation as for prompt and decisive action. As he advanced up the garden he rapidly reckoned up the chances against him. There were half a dozen of the assailants at the most moderate computation, all desperate and fearless men. The question was whether he could keep them at bay for a short time and prevent their forcing a passage into the house. We have already mentioned that sentinels had been placed in the main street of the town. Abe reckoned that help would be at hand within ten minutes of the firing of the first shot.

Were he inside the house he could confidently reckon on holding his own for a longer period than that. Before he could rouse the sleepers and gain admission, however, the rangers would be upon him. He must content himself with doing his utmost. At any rate he would show Carrie that if he could not talk to her he could at least die for her. The thought gave him quite a glow of pleasure, as he crept under the shadow of the house. He cocked his revolver. Experience had taught him the advantage of the first shot.

The road along which the rangers were coming ended at a wooden gate opening into the upper part of the assayer's little garden. This gate had a high acacia hedge on either side of it, and opened into a short walk also lined by impassable thorny walls. Abe knew the place well. One resolute man might, he thought, hold the passage for a few minutes until the assailants

broke through elsewhere and took him in the rear. At any rate, it was his best chance. He passed the front door, but forbore to give any alarm. Sinclair was an elderly man, and would be of little assistance in such a desperate struggle as was before him, and the appearance of lights in the house would warn the rangers of the resistance awaiting them. O for his partner the Boss, for Chicago Bill, for any one of twenty gallant men who would have come at his call and stood by him in such a quarrel! He turned into the narrow pathway. There was the well-remembered wooden gate; and there, perched upon the gate, languidly swinging his legs backwards and forwards, and peering down the road in front of him, was Mr. John Morgan, the very man for whom Abe had been longing from the bottom of his heart.

There was short time for explanations. A few hurried words announced that the Boss, returning from his little tour, had come across the rangers riding on their mission of darkness, and overhearing their destination, had managed by hard running and knowledge of the country to arrive before them. "No time to alarm any one," he explained, still panting from his exertions; "must stop them ourselves—not come for swag—come for your girl. Only over our bodies, Bones;" and with these few broken words the strangely assorted friends shook hands and looked lovingly into each other's eyes, while the tramp of the horses came down to them on the fragrant breeze of the woods.

There were six rangers in all. One who appeared to be leader rode in front, while the others followed in a body. They flung themselves off their horses when they were opposite the house, and after a few muttered words from their captain, tethered the animals to a small tree, and walked confidently towards the gate.

Boss Morgan and Abe were crouching down under the shadow of the hedge, at the extreme end of the narrow passage. They were invisible to the rangers, who evidently reckoned on meeting little resistance in this isolated house. As the first man came forwards and half turned to give some order to his comrades both the friends recognized the stern profile and heavy moustache of Black Ferguson, the rejected suitor of Miss Carrie Sinclair. Honest Abe made a mental vow that he at least should never reach the door alive.

The ruffian stepped up to the gate and put his hand upon the latch. He started as a stentorian "Stand back!" came thundering out from among the bushes. In war, as in love, the miner was a man of few words.

"There's no road this way," explained another voice with an infinite sadness and gentleness about it which was characteristic of its owner when the devil was rampant in his soul. The ranger recognized it. He remembered the soft languid address which he had listened to in the billiard-room of the Buckhurst Arms, and which had wound up by the mild orator putting his back against the door, drawing a derringer, and asking to see the sharper who would dare to force a passage. "It's that infernal fool Dutton," he said, "and his white-faced friend."

Both were well-known names in the country round. But the rangers were reckless and desperate men. They drew up to the gate in a body.

"Clear out of that!" said their leader in a grim whisper; "you can't save the girl. Go off with whole skins while you have the chance."

The partners laughed.

"Then curse you, come on!"  
The gate was flung open and the party fired a struggling volley, and made a fierce rush towards the gravelled walk.

The revolvers cracked merrily in the silence of the night from the bushes at the other end. It was hard to aim with precision in the darkness. The second man sprang convulsively into the air, and fell upon his face with his arms extended, writhing horribly in the moonlight. The third was grazed in the leg and stopped. The others stopped out of sympathy. After all, the girl was not for them, and their heart was hardly in the work. Their captain rushed madly on, like a valiant blackguard as he was, but was met by a crashing blow from the butt of Abe Dutton's pistol, delivered with a fierce energy which sent him reeling back among his comrades with the blood streaming from his shattered jaw, and his capacity for cursing cut short at the very moment when he needed to draw upon it most.

"Don't go yet," said the voice in the darkness.

However, they had no intention of going yet. A few minutes must elapse, they knew, before Harvey's Sluice could be upon them. There was still time to force the door if they could succeed in mastering the defenders. What Abe had feared came to pass. Black Ferguson knew the ground as well as he did. He ran rapidly along the hedge, and the five crashed through it where there was some appearance of a gap. The two friends glanced at each other. Their flank was turned. They stood up like men who knew their fate and did not fear to meet it.

There was a wild medley of dark figures in the moonlight, and a ringing cheer from well-known voices. The humorists of Harvey's Sluice had found something even more practical than the joke which they had come to witness. The partners saw the faces of friends beside them—Shamus, Struggles, McCoy. There was a desperate rally, a sweeping fiery rush, a cloud of smoke, with pistol-shots and fierce oaths ringing out of it, and when it lifted, a single dark shadow flying for dear life to the shelter of the broken hedge was the only ranger upon his feet within the little garden. But there was no sound of

triumph among the victors; a strange hush had come over them, and a murmur as of grief—for there, lying across the threshold which he had fought so gallantly to defend, lay poor Abe, the loyal and simple-hearted, breathing heavily with a bullet through his lung.

He was carried inside with all the rough tenderness of the mines. There were men there, I think, who would have borne his hurt to have had the love of that white girlish figure, which bent over the blood-stained bed and whispered so softly and so tenderly in his ear. Her voice seemed to rouse him. He opened his dreamy blue eyes and looked about him. They rested on her face.

"Played out," he murmured; "pardon, Carrie, morib—" and with a faint smile he sank back upon the pillow.

However, Abe failed at once to be as good as his word. His hardy constitution asserted itself, and he shook off what might in a weaker man have proved a deadly wound. Whether it was the balmy air of the woodlands which came sweeping over a thousand miles of forest into the sick man's room, or whether it was the little nurse who tended him so gently, certain it is that within two months we heard that he had realized his shares in the Comemara, and gone from Harvey's Sluice and the little shanty upon the hill for ever.

I had the advantage a short time afterwards of seeing an extract from the letter of a young lady named Amelia, to whom we have made a casual allusion in the course of our narrative. We have already broken the privacy of one feminine epistle, so we shall have fewer scruples in glancing at another. "I was betrothed," she remarks, "and Carrie looked charming" (underlined) "in the veil and orange blossoms. Such a man, he is, twice as big as your Jack, and he was so funny, and blushed, and dropped the prayer-book. And when they asked the question you could have heard him roar 'I do!' at the other end of George street. His best man was a darling" (twice underlined). "So quiet and handsome and nice. Too gentle to take care of himself among those rough men, I am sure." I think it quite possible that in the fulness of time Miss Amelia managed to take upon herself the care of our old friend Mr. Jack Morgan, commonly known as the Boss.

A tree is still pointed out at the bend as Ferguson's gum-tree. There is no need to enter into unsavory details. Justice is short and sharp in primitive colonies, and the dwellers in Harvey's Sluice were a serious and practical race.

It is still the custom for a select party to meet on a Saturday evening in the snugger of the Colonial Bar. On such occasions, if there be a stranger or guest to be entertained, the same solemn ceremony is always observed. Glasses are charged in silence; there is a tapping of the same upon the table, and then, with a deprecating cough, Jim Struggles comes forward and tells the tale of the April joke, and of what came of it. There is generally conceded to be something very artistic in the way in which he breaks off suddenly at the close of his narrative by waving his bumper in the air with "An' here's to Mr. and Mrs. Bones. God bless 'em!" a sentiment in which the stranger, if he be a prudent man, will most cordially acquiesce.

A. CONAN DOYLE, M.B.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The British destroyed the fort at Gabari on Saturday morning.

The Scots Guards, 750 strong, embarked on Saturday for Egypt.

The Bedouins have promised to furnish Arabi with 60,000 men.

The bombardment of the Aboukir forts, it is said, will not take place.

A \$7,000 diamond was found in the bed of a North Carolina creek.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, visits New York next year.

The Duke of Westminster was married on Saturday to Lady Catherine Cavendish.

Austria and Germany are in favor of exclusively Turkish intervention in Egypt.

Dr. Lessers has gone to Fort Said to oppose the landing of British troops at that point.

M. LEON SAY is spoken of as likely to be called on to form a new Ministry in France.

The French Ministry have resigned in consequence of the rejection of the vote of credit.

The proclamation of the Sultan, declaring Arabi a rebel, was posted at Fort Said yesterday.

The Porte has made arrangements to dispatch 20,000 troops to Egypt in successive detachments.

Cholera is spreading rapidly in Yokohama, notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to suppress it.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, who was appointed to command the British forces in Egypt, is seriously indisposed.

ARABI, it is reported, has stated that he would not oppose Turkish troops if aided by European auxiliaries.

The Turkish Minister of Finance is endeavoring to effect a loan from the Gallata Bank for the cost of the expedition to Egypt.

SIR CHARLES TUPPER yesterday signed the contract in New York for the construction of the Nova Scotia section of the European and American Short Line Railway.

## THE LAKE.

(Translated from Lamartine.)

Must we for ever to some distant clime  
Drift through the night despairingly away?  
And can we never on the sea of Time  
Cast anchor for a day?

O Lake! one year hath past with all its pain,  
And, by the waves she hoped once more to see,  
Here, on this shore, I sat myself again,  
But ask not where she is!

Thus didst thou murmur in thy rocky caves—  
On their torn flanks thy waters thus did beat,  
While the gay Zephyr flung thy foaming waves,  
Around her fairy feet.

One summer eve we floated from thy shores,  
Dost thou recall it?—Not a sound was heard,  
Save when the measured cadence of our oars  
The dreamy silence stir'd.

Then tones more sweet than earth shall ever bear,  
Sweet tones that never will be heard again,  
Woke slumbering echoes round the haunted mere  
That listened to the strain:

"O blissful Time! suspend thy flight,  
Dear hours, prolong your stay,  
And let us taste the fleet delight  
Of this enchanting day.

Alas! too many filled with woe  
Thy tardiness regret:  
For these, outstrip the winds, but oh!  
Earth's happy ones forget!

I seek some moments more, in vain—  
Time's wings more swiftly fly:  
'O rapturous eve,' I sigh, 'remain,  
Lo! night is in the sky.

Come, let us love—the minutes flee—  
Love may not long abide—  
Time's river knows no ebb, and we  
Drift onward with the tide."

O jealous Time, say, why must hours like these,  
That thrill the heart with youthful passion's glow,  
Take wing more quickly on the summer breeze  
Than dismal hours of woe?

Can we not fix one joyous moment's trace,  
Must it from earth be cancell'd evermore?  
Shall Time each record of our love efface,  
Refusing to restore?

O grand Eternity! O solemn Past!  
Ye, whose abyss engulfs our little day,  
Speak, will ye grant again the bliss, at last,  
That once ye snatch'd away?

O lake below'd, mute caves, and forest green,  
Whose beauty Time ne'er suffers to depart,  
Keep fresh the memory of that evening scene,  
Fair Nature, in thy heart!

Keep it, dear Lake, in sunshine and in storm,  
In all the varied aspects of thy shore—  
In these dark pines, and rocks of savage form  
That round thy waters soar.

Still let it live in every breeze that sighs,  
In each soft echo that the hills repeat,  
In every star that on thy bosom lies  
With lustre, calm and sweet.

Let night-winds murmur to the reeds her name,  
Let the faint fragrance that embains each glade,  
Let every sound and sight and scent proclaim,  
"Here, two fond lovers stray'd."

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

## THE WEATHER.

It is a common remark that "the weather" forms the staple topic of observation between strangers when thrown together in such proximity that they must, or are greatly moved to, speak; and it is also the initial subject or starting-point of nearly every conversation among friends. In part this fact is probably due to the influence of long traditional and inherited mental habit. From the earliest periods of his conscious existence man must have felt an urgent concern about the weather. His supply of food and comforts depended upon it. This however should have been a decreasing interest. As his knowledge advanced and developing ingenuity enabled him to protect his crops from the vicissitudes of the weather, to shelter himself from the storm, to preserve his life in spite of flood or drought, and in some sort to utilise or compensate the changing temperature and conditions of climate by organised systems of agriculture, well-sinking, drainage, house-building, and manufacture, man might have been supposed likely to think less, though perhaps he would speak frequently, of the weather. Meanwhile there is another and more pressing reason why the weather forms the most natural and generally interesting topic of remark. It is the recognised and accepted cause and explanation, the standing apology for all our depressions and dullness, when it is bad and we are moody. It seems to establish a community of sympathetic feeling, even between strangers, to make an introductory admission that the weather is bad; while, on the other hand, it sets up an excuse for unwonted hilarity and affirms a reason for common enjoyment to say that the weather is fine.

In so far as this last-mentioned personal interest in the weather explains our frequent allusions to it in ordinary conversation, it is noteworthy and suggestive that the topic seems to have an increasing fascination for us, and that we both think and speak more about it than our grandfathers did, although in their time agricultural interests were more general, and in many urgent respects the weather was more important to them in its relation to crops, shelter, and locomotion than it is to us. In spite of our growing independence of sunshine and rain, of storm and calm, of wind and tide, we are increasingly subject to the weather, because more directly influenced by its character and changes. This is the point we deem significant, and to which we desire to devote a few moments' attention. The tendency of modern civilization is to multiply personal relations with

the external, to render man increasingly subject to the influence of circumstances, and to limit his independence. As an animal, man is necessarily less self-contained, as regards the appliances of his existence now, than when he clothed himself less carefully, lived more in the open air, and fed and worked with less apparatus than will at present suffice him. It should never be forgotten that, as we augment the number and enhance the efficiency of our aids in life and labour, we reduce the powers and possibilities of an independent existence. The help we have had in the past we must have in the future, and it must be more helpful, because we have lost—or are gradually losing—the capability of doing without the accustomed assistance at our command. Every disused power languishes. This is the law of Nature in the government of living organisms. The weather, which must be regarded as one of those natural conditions of life from which man might have been expected to emancipate himself by the domestic arts of manufacture and architecture, albeit he had placed himself in bondage to other circumstances, has a growing hold on his thoughts and sensibilities. This is the paradox. How are we to explain or understand it?

It is not mere custom, though habit has much to do with the fact, that we think and speak more frequently of the weather than on any other topic. The reason we take to be this. Every genuine step forward in the way of refinement and what is called culture is achieved by the development of new forms or degrees of physical sensibility. If man is more humane than he was, that simply means that his brain and nervous system are now organised so as to respond more readily to the influence of other brains and nervous systems, and have become what we call "sympathetic." Sympathy in mind is really sympathy in body; the finer tone or function is possible because the instrument is more highly pitched or more delicately strung. Culture improves the nature by rendering the organism more sensitive to impressions of pleasure and pain; and it is mainly, if not solely, because we are ourselves pained by the pain of others and derive pleasure from their enjoyment that we are interested in those around us. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that what is called a sensitive nature or a philanthropic character is necessarily unselfish. The chances are greatly in favour of its being even more thoroughly selfish than other natures which seem less demonstrative of fellow-feeling or may even appear callous to the suffering and indifferent to the happiness of those around. It is well that this should be recognised, because, however desirable it may be that humanity should be increasingly sympathetic and emotional—and this is doubtless Nature's way of welding mankind into a community—it is only right that we should know the facts, and avoid the mistake of supposing that we are better at heart or nearer perfection because we are more sympathetic. In truth we are only more sensitive. The contingent result of this growing sensibility of the organism is greater delicacy of feeling and impressibility; and, as a consequence, we are increasingly susceptible to the influence of changes in temperature, atmospheric pressure, and electrical conditions which would not have been noticed by our sturdy ancestors. Let us see how these things affect us.

The brain and spinal cord may be regarded as central points or stations in the nervous system. They are placed in close connection with each other and with the surface of the body by means of an immense network of minute nerves, some of which bring messages from the skin and the organs of special sense, while others carry messages or impulses of action to the apparatus of motion. It is with the former we are at the moment concerned. What we call sensibility is a refined and acute perception of external impressions by the centres of consciousness; and this depends on the efficiency—we might say, the excitability—of that portion of the nervous system which receives and communicates impressions to the spinal cord and the brain. It matters not what the impression may be; if it be quickly and clearly received—or, more accurately, formed—and communicated, this is because the organism is "sensitive." The nerves terminate in delicate loops or plates immediately underneath the skin, and cold, heat, pressure, or electrical influences powerfully affect them. If the air be chilled, the skin contracts, and, in so doing, irritates the nerves underlying it in such a way that they transmit a sensation recognised as "cold" to the centres of feeling and consciousness. Heat and other states or influences produce their special physical effects. Light affects us directly through the organ of vision, the eye, and it exerts an indirect influence through the skin. Light and darkness act on the human organism, particularly when young and growing, precisely as they act on the organisms of plants. Children reared in dark houses are pallid and sickly, just as vegetables purposely covered so that the light cannot act upon them are pale and delicate. Delicacy really means weakness, whether it be "delicacy of feeling" or delicacy of health and constitution. In our refinement we have learned to admire the sickly and depressed in nature, and we appreciate as beautiful the evidences of an infirm organism. Aestheticism means intensity of feeling, and the major part of the feeling thus cultivated is morbid. Aesthetic forms and attitudes are indicative of disease and debility. The type of figure which has been much extolled of late, and which is affected by the artistic, is the consumptive. It is curious to stand by and note

this vagary of the cultured taste. It is not in the least degree surprising, because it is, as we have said, by developing the sensibilities to an abnormal pitch that "intense feeling," whether in art or in any other province of mental and nervous function or consciousness, is attained. This is a digression; the point we desire to make clear is that increased susceptibility to the influence of external objects and energies fully accounts for what we call sympathy, and it entails greater delicacy or susceptibility of the organism, rendering it more easily impressionable by everything, and, of course, the weather.

There is therefore, we see, a physical and natural cause for the prominence which this subject-matter of conversation maintains. Our susceptibility keeps pace with, if it does not outrun, the ingenuity we show in devising means to protect ourselves from the vicissitudes of climate. Our organisms are now so highly developed that we are affected by the most trifling changes of temperature or tension. One of the most remarkable indications of progress in this direction is to be found in the extraordinary sensibility which the majority of adults of both sexes now show to alterations in atmospheric pressure. Within our recollection the thermometer would suffice to register the variations of weather likely to influence healthy folk. Now the barometer is anticipated by the "feelings" of the multitude. An oppressive day no longer implies rise of temperature; a very little increase in the weight of the atmosphere is felt to depress. On the other hand, though not so quickly perhaps, relief in the pressure almost immediately makes it self felt by a sense of expansion, and what is termed buoyancy. These are, as we have seen, purely physical changes produced by the operation of the atmosphere on the surface of the body affecting the nerves underlying the skin in a manner which is purely and simply mechanical. If we desire to be less easily affected by the weather, there is only one way to emancipate the body from its subjection to the influences, and that is to clothe it less completely and to brace it with cold water. Cold-bathing will not suffice without exposure, and particularly exposure of the extremities. We must fly directly in the face of all the doctors tell us about keeping the extremities warm and the head cool if we would be really strong and unaffected by the weather. Of course the process of living naturally should be commenced in early youth. Those who have pampered their organisms and rendered them so delicate that they are practically useless must put up with the inconvenience in adult life; but, for the sake of those who come after them, their children should be trained to a healthier and more robust life.

The weather is the common topic of remark because it is the subject which most personally interests us. In spite of our vaunted independence, we are more than ever subject to the influence of changes in the weather; and such changes affect us with especial force. Frequent reference to the weather will alone explain the rapidly changing moods of the cultured organism. The hand is drawn across the forehead, the eyes are closed for a moment, the whole body is thrown into an attitude of rest-seeking with a frequency which, if the unconscious language of the lower "feelings" and "emotions" were more generally understood than it is, would be deemed of the highest possible significance. It follows from what we have said that the fact that men and women think and speak much of the weather is not altogether a good sign of the times. It is as a bad and warning sign that we are inclined to regard it. The frequency of the allusion is a small but significant token of that over-development which is beginning, to make itself felt in a thousand and one ways, and which must sooner or later stand confessed as the reverse of a blessing to humanity. Happiness does not depend upon "culture." It is possible to be too highly cultivated in feeling and fact. There may be an increase of theoretical regard for right principles without any corresponding capacity for their adoption. Mind and body are inseparable; and it is no gain to know what is right unless we can also do it. That keen appreciation of the slighter shades of difference between good and evil which may undoubtedly be gained by culture is worth nothing as a mental quality if it be acquired by the sacrifice of physical vigour and earnestness. The best and truest form of development is that which brings the greatest number of qualities and faculties to perfection. A really good man, in a spiritual as well as a natural sense, is a healthy man. It is a fallacy to suppose that religion, or any other form of excellence, is to be attained by "mortification of the flesh." When this phrase occurs in Scripture, it has a specific meaning and relates to the subjugation of one part of the nature to the rest. It has been taken out of its context and entirely misused in the writings of divines and theologians, particularly in those of the so-called "saints" and their imitators. Except for special purposes, it is wrong and, in a sense, impious to maltreat and starve the body. Nothing that was lame or sickly was permitted to approach the altar in the old Jewish system of worship. Perfection means pure development, harmony, and health of body and mind. Too great sensibility amounting to delicacy is not to be desired. All our feelings and susceptibilities ought to be honest and true faculties and qualities, neither exaggerated nor disturbed. We ought not to be the creatures of circumstances, but their masters. The weather should not affect us over-much, and we should be so far independent of its influences as to be able to live happily in spite of them.

## "MAN OF THE WORLD."

It is not only the "man of the world" who can offer an exquisite compliment. Witness the following:—

Not long ago, a lady was doing the honors of her flower garden to a shy, reserved, stolid-seeming country lad, in whom she had taken an interest. He came of good, old Quaker stock, "poor and proud" in the best sense of both words: that is *poor* only in money and lands; *proud* only of their good name and their independence. He had fine abilities, and had cultivated them, through terrible hardships and cruel self-denial, until they had brought him to the shore of the wide sea of a profession. He was good to look upon, too, and he had a deep and pleasant voice. But his utter ignorance of society, and his want of polish (of which he was painfully aware, and vainly tried to conceal under a veil of almost total silence) threatened to bar the path to honors he richly deserved. The lady was several years older than he, and had enjoyed all the advantages he lacked. She saw his deficiencies and quietly had striven to amend them, and to aid him, as far as she could. He admired her in his grave, practical way, but seemed unable to respond to her efforts. She was almost in despair. That day she had her reward. As they passed from bed to bed, she pointed out now here, now there, her favorite flowers, until they paused, at last, "beside a great bell of June lilies, and, gently touching one, she said "but these of all flowers, I love." He bent over them, examined them, asked one or two questions as to their growth, and as they turned away, remarked quite easily and incidentally: "I have noticed as you named your favorite flowers, that they are all pure white." Then with a slight pause, and a beautiful modulation of his voice, he added, "That is exactly what I should have expected."

"My dear," said the lady in telling it, "I have not one fear remaining. That boy is a success! And I only hope and pray, I may be as pure a woman, from the soul out, as his eye, his tone, his whole manner showed that he thinks me!"

That broke the icy chains of cold reality too early bound upon youthful imagination, and care free, innocent ease. He had courage to use all he had mutely gained from the intercourse with her life. He is a success, but he cannot surpass his first delicate and beautiful tribute to a good woman.

## HEART AND HOME.

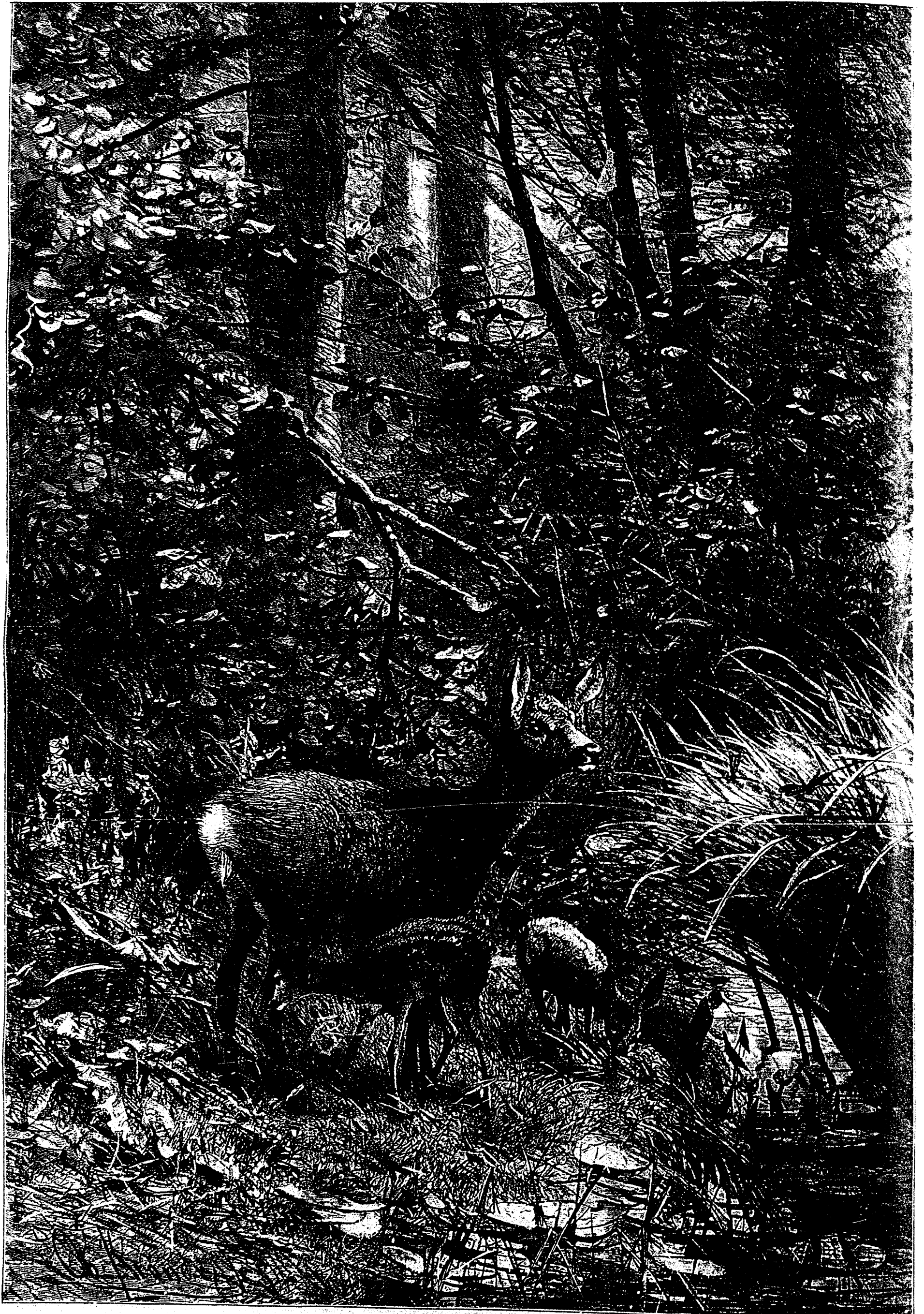
THE well-regulated life must be its own judge of what pleasures and amusements are proper and best. One inflexible rule should be to engage in nothing that is in itself wrong. That must rule out gambling from every game; it must rule out everything that violates or tends to violate the law of purity. Another rule is that of moderation, or not to allow any form of pleasure to become such a ruling passion as to interfere with the serious work of life.

ABOUT CHOOSING A BUSINESS.—Every man who produces something—something that the world needs—is a public benefactor. So every man who does something that the world needs to have done is a public benefactor. But any whose business makes the world any worse than it was before cannot be such a business-man as he ought to be. The first thing then is to choose a business that shall make the world better, not worse. Perhaps you may not thus choose the business which will make you rich the quickest; but nevertheless you will have chosen as you ought to choose.

UNDYING LOVE.—The love that survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights; and, when the overwhelming flow of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection, when the sudden anguish and convulsed agony are over, the present ruins of that we most loved are softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the day of its loveliness. Who would root sorrow from the heart, though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom? Yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn even from the charm of the living.

WILBERFORCE AND CLARKSON.—Did you ever meet with those anecdotes of Wilberforce and Clarkson, which, put together, make one of the most instructive stories I know? They give us the characters of the two friends, and offer us very much more. Some one was one day praising Wilberforce to his face for his toils and sacrifices on behalf of the slave. "Oh! you know I must," said the good man, who was quite unconscious how much better he was than the doctrine he professed. "You know I must do this work, for the sake of my salvation. I must save my immortal soul." At another time and place, a pious friend admonished Clarkson to attend to his religious duties, inquiring whether he had not been neglecting the safety of his immortal soul. "My soul!" said the simple old man, as he sat rubbing his knees, with his earnest, business-like look; "why, I don't know. I have been so busy about these poor negroes, that I don't think I have thought at all about my own soul." Who would have not been the Clarkson here? though we all know that Wilberforce was far above being benevolent from selfishness, however he thought it his duty to persuade himself that such were his reasons.—*Man's Nature and Development.*





AN IDYLL OF THE WOODS.—DRAWN BY C. KRONER.





"COMIN' TIRO' THE RYE."



## A DEUX TEMPS.

NORA PERRY.

Yes, this is our dance, this waltz from the Duchess:  
What is that you are saying?  
You thought I was playing  
You false, with the waltz, this dance from the Duchess?

You thought I had rather be sitting and talking  
With that little M'Manners  
There, under the banners  
Or it may be, perhaps, in the corridors walking

Instead of remembering this dance here with you, sir  
This dance from the Duchess,  
The lovely Grand Duchess,  
The sweetest *deux temps*? Ah! if you knew it sir.

How I dote on the Duchess, with its gliding and sliding  
Soft measure, for measure,  
You'd know from such pleasure,  
My feet would never go straying or hiding.

What is that?—you might have known it was merely  
This special sweet measure,  
The dance, not the pleasure  
Of dancing with you here? Well, really, you've nearly

Persuaded me, Sir, that such was the reason;  
And I'm sure I would fain, Sir,  
If you go on in this strain, Sir,  
Walk and talk with M'Manners to the end of the season.

And to the end of my life, too, perhaps is my meaning  
Well, no; for M'Manners  
There, under the banners,  
Just when we encountered you waiting and leaning

Against the bay-window, had confessed a relation  
I guessed days ago—  
His engagement, you know  
To that little—Now, Harry, don't kiss me before all  
creation.

## FRESH AIR FOR CITY CHILDREN.

One of the pleasantest and most beneficent of charities is that which goes by the name of the "Tribune Fresh-Air Fund," by means of which hundreds of the poor children of New York are sent into the country and placed for a fortnight in healthful homes among the farmers. One of our artists, Mr. ROGERS, accompanied a band of these little waifs to the shores of Lake Champlain, and some of the incidents of the trip, and of their first experiences of country life, will be found depicted in his sketches on page 85.

Many of the children had never seen the country, and their delight as they passed up the Hudson in the steamboat *City of Troy* was indescribable. "Oh, look there's trees—green trees!" shouted a pale-faced lad of ten as he pointed across the deck towards the Jersey hills, which never looked more beautiful and inviting. His discovery was warmly appreciated and following his lead, fifty children ran to look at the trees which were "so pretty." From this time the party were about evenly divided, some gazing with rapture on the hills and rocks which foreshadow the Palisades, while the rest still watched with sorrow the smoking city from which many of them were being separated for the first time.

The trip up the river was enlivened by a concert by the children, which afforded pleasant entertainment to the other passengers, and moved a gentleman from Columbus, Ohio, who remembered the hard struggle of his own boyhood, to contribute twenty-five dollars to the fund. Each of the children carried a bundle containing clothing and something to eat, and all guarded their packages in the most careful manner. Although wild with excitement, they behaved in a very orderly manner, under the superintendance of the Rev. WILLARD PARSONS and his four assistants.

At Troy the children were treated by Mr. SHEPPARD TAPPAN to a substantial breakfast at one of the hotels, and then left the city for Plattsburgh, under the care of Mr. C. J. TREADWELL. At that place the ninety-six children composing the party were distributed among the farmers who had invited them to spend a fortnight at their homes. All were wild with their new life, and eager to take part in country work, and to watch some of them one would think that digging potatoes and hoeing corn was the most enviable lot in life. One lad, whose picture is given, was so taken with a family of kittens that he packed them all into a carpet bag, with the intention of bringing them to New York.

Money can not be better expended than in sending the poor children of the city into the country, even for a brief vacation, and it is to be hoped that the contributions to the *Tribune* Fresh-air Fund will pour in with increasing liberality.

## THE WIFE OF LINCOLN.

The death of Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, the widow of the late President Lincoln, will revive in the minds of many, sad recollections of the epoch in American history which was closed by the assassination of one of the wisest and best-beloved of American statesmen. The unhappy lady who has just died was the chosen companion and the devoted wife of Abraham Lincoln. More than that, she shared with him, not only his triumphs and his ambitions, but his early privations and disappointments. Men count it a great and an honorable thing to have been favored with the friendship and intimacy of Lincoln. He is, and ever will be, a historical character. To be able to reflect, even in a remote degree, any of the brilliance with which history will gild his name, is no common pri-

vilage. If this is true of a few men, how much more worthy of respect and veneration are the memory and the reputation of her who was Lincoln's early love, and the steadfast and implicitly-trusted partner of his life. Censorious newspaper critics seem to have forgotten this, in their heartless remarks concerning Mrs. Lincoln's doings and characteristics. While professing the utmost veneration for the memory of Lincoln, they have thoughtlessly spoken ill of her whose reputation was, to the good and great President, as dear as the apple of his eye. It must be recorded, to the discredit of the American newspaper press, that its treatment of Mrs. Lincoln has been ungracious, and at times even brutal. This is said, of course, with certain honorable exceptions in view.

It was the ill fortune of Mrs. Lincoln that she embarked upon an unknown and dangerous sea, when she left the quiet retirement of the Illinois capital for the city of Washington. Who could possibly have foreseen, in that hour of elation and triumph, how thickly strewn was her path with sorrows, griefs and calamities? Social distinction is dearer to most women than to most men, and Mrs. Lincoln saw before her a career such as the proudest woman in the land might have coveted for herself. She was to be the mistress of the White House, the cynosure of all eyes. Unfortunately, she was not fitted by training for a position so conspicuous as this. How many American women are thus equipped, it would be difficult to say. Probably their number is very few. And that post, during the civil war, was more trying than it had ever been before, or ever can be again. A violent and radical change had been made in the political character of the Administration. The personnel of the incoming Administration was bitterly unacceptable to the resident society of Washington. It became at once the custom of the people of that city to refer to the new inmates of the White House in terms of unmitigated contempt. There were malicious tales of Mr. Lincoln's habitual inebriation, and of his gross unfitness for the society of decent people. We do not recall these slanders now to show how completely time and history have dissipated them, but to remind the reader that the malevolent gossips who maligned the good Lincoln, did not spare his amiable wife. Unfortunately for poor human nature, there are always many men who prefer to believe the ill they hear of the prosperous and the eminent, rather than the good reported of them. Once set in motion, the wicked misrepresentations of Mrs. Lincoln's characteristics were long-lived. Perhaps it can hardly now be said of them that they have at last been laid in her grave.

During Lincoln's Administration, too, there was in Washington a profound distrust, on the part of the politicians and their hangers-on, of almost everybody who had free access to the President. It was an epoch of suspicion. The intense loyalty of loyal men often seemed to take no other shape than that of suspicion. They detected treason in everything. They thought that the air was filled with conspiracy, and the earth thickly laid with mines and death-traps. Absurdly enough, the wife of the President was not spared in this general panic. Born in the South, and with near relatives in the Rebel army, it was thought reasonable that she should become a spy upon her husband, and a channel of contraband information. Nobody seemed to stop to think that the triumph of the Rebel cause, which she was reputed to sympathize with, would have been the triumph of those who would have taken pleasure in the dishonor and death of "the usurper" and his family, and of all connected with him. Mrs. Lincoln was accused of thinking too highly of her place and its attendant honors. Yet, gossiping men were ready to believe that she would be willing to give up all these, yea, and her husband also, if the Confederacy could be established in Washington.

It was a sad and even tragic life that this unhappy lady led, from the day she first set foot in the White House until she went away a broken widow. Within the year, the well-beloved Willie died; within a few months, war's black shadow lay over all the land, and in almost every house sat mourners weeping for those who should come no more. The usual gaiety of the executive mansion was laid aside, and the triumphs and elation incident to a feminine sway in the historic mansion were indefinitely postponed. There is abundant evidence to prove that at this time, when Lincoln was bowed with grief at the great misfortune that had befallen the nation, and was weighed down with innumerable cares, he found in the bosom of his family his only solace. When somebody asked him to put aside a certain intimate friend, whose counsels were thought to influence him unduly, Lincoln said, bitterly, "Well, I suppose they will ask me to give up my wife and boys, next."

When he received a slip of paper informing him of his first nomination for the Presidency, he looked curiously at it for a moment, and then said, "There's a little woman down to our house who will be glad to see this. I'll go and show it to her." And he walked silently and swiftly homewards. Once, going out for a drive, in cold weather, in company with a friend, he was followed by his wife who entreated him to wear his gloves. On his saying that he had none, he was told to look in his pockets, and he pulled forth many pairs of gloves left there at odd times. Putting on one of these, he said, as he moved away, "Mother thinks a great deal of such conventionalities as this. It's lucky for me that she does, for I don't ever think."

When the blow fell, at last, and Lincoln was killed by an assassin, his wife was sitting by his side. Did it ever occur to any of the glib-tongued gossips who were so soon busy with heartless remarks upon Mrs. Lincoln's movements, that this was a fond and loving wife who sat there when the great man fell? A nation mourned him dead, as if each man had suffered a personal grief. This was a frail and tender-hearted woman, whose husband, the joy and pride of her life, had been smitten to death by her side. It was an awful experience. No wonder that she rallied slowly from the frightful shock, and that her reason became permanently affected during the succeeding months of agony. She was never fully sane after that hideous tragedy. This sufficiently accounts for all that is incomprehensible, on any other grounds, in her subsequent career. Naturally of a sympathetic, generous, and affectionate disposition, her vagaries took the form of dread of poverty, suspicion of her family, and repining over her lonely and neglected condition. The death of "Tad," the favorite companion and solace of her declining years, was the last drop in an overflowing cup.

But all is over now. The long career of darkness and sorrow is closed. The charitable mantle of the grave covers the mortal form of the wife of the greatest of American Presidents.

## THE AUGUST MAGAZINES.

ST. NICHOLAS.—In the August number.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen tells "How Burt went Whale-hunting" in Norway; Miss Lucretia P. Hale, of "Mrs. Peterkin in Egypt"; David Ker, the *Times* correspondent, contributes "Hassan's Water-melon," a Turkish tale; an amusing poem is "The Punjabs of Siam"; and James Baldwin continues the "Stories from the Northern Myths," with an account of "How Siegfried Returned to Isestein," accompanied by a powerful, full-page picture by Blum.

Then, with "A Visit to the Home of Sir Walter Scott," are a number of new interior views of Abbotsford, engraved from photographs. Paul Fort's story, "The Mysterious Barrel," contains some capital yarns by an old sea captain. "How a Hoosier Boy Saw the Tower of Pisa," is not only interesting and exciting, but true. "The Cloister of the Seven Gates" is an old-time story of the Servian kings, and "Summer Days at Lake George" bring us with a jump to America and to-day. Beside these, is a sailor-boy story of an American lad who went to Portugal and took part in a bull-fight.

THE CENTURY.—The first midsummer holiday number of *The Century Magazine*—the first under the new name—makes a strong appeal to popular favor, both with the excellence of its illustrations and the interest and timeliness of its text. The frontispiece is a portrait of Richard Wagner, engraved in a most charming and delicate style, by Mr. Cole, of whom the public has come to expect only the best of work. An interesting paper, by Mr. John R. C. Hassard, the well-known musical critic of the New York "Tribune" tells "How Wagner makes Operas," an exposition which comes appropriately before the approaching Wagner festival at Bayreuth. "The Personal History of Garibaldi" is succinctly told by Mr. Bianciardi, and there is a portrait of him in his vigor, which tallies with the boldness of his exploits. The sporting article is "Steam-yachting in America," by S. G. W. Benjamin, author of "The Evolution of the American Yacht," in the last number. A large portion of both text and cuts is devoted to a detailed description of Mr. J. G. Bennett's new yacht *Namouna*, of which there are some excellent drawings. Another timely feature, in view of the expected rush to Montana next year, on the completion of the Northern Pacific, is Mr. E. V. Smalley's entertaining paper on "The New North-west," the first of a series which is to treat of the region along the railway from Fargo to the Cascades of the Columbia. The ground covered in the first paper is the Dakota wheat belt, the (so-called) Bad Lands and the Yellowstone country. Mr. Smalley writes graphically and mainly from the investor's point of view, giving account of natural resources, society, topography, climate, etc. An amusing brochure is "The Lambs," a metrical satire on Wall street swindles (on the model of a Greek tragedy), written by Robert Grant, author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," with choral songs by "bills," "bears," and "shorn lambs."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is a brilliant Number. We note especially two bright Summer articles. "Some Western Resorts," by John A. Butler, and "The Cruise of the 'Nameless,'" by Barnet Phillips. Col. T. W. Higginson contributes "The First Americans." Mr. Lathrop and his fourth paper of "Spanish Vistas," in which he introduces his readers to Andalusian delights and the splendors of the Alhambra. "Some Worthies of Old Norwich" (Sir Thomas Browne, Lord Nelson, John and Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Barbauld, Harriet Martineau, Sir William Beechey, Elizabeth Fry, and old John Crome) are treated by Miss Alice R. Hobbs in an interesting article, illustrated by views and portraits. George M. Dawson contributes an entertaining sketch of the Queen Charlotte Islands and their native inhabitants, the Haida Indians, with illustrations. T. E. Prendergast contributes an article on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a very important article relating to the

perils of navigation in the North Atlantic—icebergs and fog—is contributed by J. W. Shackford, Captain of the *Illinois*. The Number contains three strong short stories: "A Rebel," by Julian Hawthorne; "Laquelle," by Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson; and "A St. Augustine Episode," by Miss A. R. MACFARLANE. Poems are contributed by Edgar Fawcett and William Winter.

## THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Far away in the North-West, as far beyond St. Paul as St. Paul is beyond Chicago, stands Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and the gateway of a new realm about to jump from its present state of reckless prairies, as yet almost devoid of settlement, to the condition of our most prosperous Western States. Here, bounded on the south by Dakota and Montana, west by the Rocky Mountains, north and east by the great Peace River and the chain of lakes and rivers that stretch from Lake Athabasca to Winnipeg, lies a vast extent of country, estimated to contain 300,000,000 acres, or enough to make eight such states as Iowa or Illinois. Not all of it is fertile, it is true, yet it may be safely said that two-thirds of it are available for settlement and cultivation.

In fact, the extent of available land in these new countries is apt to be underestimated, for if the traveller does not see prairies waist deep in the richest grass, he is apt to set them down as barren lands; and if he crosses a marsh he at once stamps it as land too wet for cultivation. Those, however, who remember the early days of Illinois and Iowa have seen lands then passed by as worthless swamps now held at high prices as the best of meadow-land. This is a land of rolling prairies and table-lands, watered by navigable rivers, and not devoid of timber.

Its climate is hardly such as one would select for a lazy man's paradise, for the winters are long and cold, and the summers short and fiercely hot, though their shortness is in some measure compensated by the great length of the midsummer days. Nevertheless, it is a land where wheat and many other grains and root crops attain their fullest perfection, and is well fitted to be the home of a vigorous and healthy race. Manitoba, of which we hear so much now, is but the merest fraction of this territory, and, lying in the southeast corner, is as yet the only part accessible by rail....

Over this vast region, and indeed all that lies between it and the Arctic Ocean, for two hundred years, the Hudson Bay Company exercised territorial rights. Till within a few years it was practically unknown except as a preserve of fur-bearing animals; and prior to 1870 it was hard to find any information as to its material resources or its value. The Company discouraged every attempt that threatened to interfere with the fur-bearing animals or the Indians who trapped them; still it became known that some of this vast region was not utterly worthless for other purposes; the soil looked deep and rich in many places, and in the western part the buffalo found a winter subsistence, for the snows were seldom deep, and in the pure dry air and hot autumnal sun the grasses, instead of withering, dried into natural hay. The early explorers, too, had brought back reports of noble rivers, of fertile prairies, of great beds of coal, of belts of fine timber. But what cared the Company for these? The rivers, it is true, were valuable as being the homes of the otter, the mink, and other fur-bearing animals, and furnished fish for their employees, and highways for their canoes. For the rest they had no use. At last, in 1870, seeing that they could no longer exclude the world from these fertile regions, the Hudson Bay Company sold their territorial rights to Canada, which now began to see its way to a railroad across the continent, to link the colonies from Nova Scotia to British Columbia....

Now it is evident that the growth of this region will be rapid, probably more rapid, indeed, than that of the Western States that lie beyond the lakes; for in them there had been a slow but steady increase of population from a comparatively early day, and when the railroads began to gridiron the country from the great lakes to the Rocky Mountains, the States east of the Missouri already possessed a considerable population.

In the new North-West, however, we see a land that has remained isolated from the rest of the world, untouched except by the Indian or the trapper, suddenly thrown open for settlement, and on terms as liberal as those offered by our Government or land-grant railroads.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad is already completed 150 miles west of Winnipeg, which is already connected with the North-Western railroads of the States, and it is hoped, not without reason, that another 500 miles will be completed toward the mountains the present year. To build two or even three miles a day across such a country as this division traverses would be no extraordinary feat in modern railroading. Branches, too, north and south, will be rapidly constructed, not to accommodate existing traffic, but to create it. Now it seems as if nothing short of some financial panic, some gross blundering or stupidity, could delay the construction of the railroad, or check the flood of immigration that must surely pour in.

Here we shall have a chance to see how Canadian enterprise compares with that of the States. The Northern Pacific Railway has its agents far and wide trying to induce settlers to purchase its lands and furnish traffic for its lines. The two railroads are not far apart, and the Canadians have quite as good, if not better, lands to offer.

Will they be as energetic, as successful, as their cousins across the line?

The climate of this region is far from what one would expect from its northern latitude.

THE SQUIRREL PROBLEM.

"A squirrel is up the tree and a man on the ground with a gun is trying to shoot it: but the squirrel persists in keeping on the opposite side of the tree from the man."

The Express invited answers to this problem and received twenty-seven, of which fifteen say yes, the man does go around the squirrel, and twelve say no, he does not.

- 1. Of course the man goes around the squirrel. He goes around the tree and everything on it.

- 2. Should the squirrel have the start I am of opinion that the man goes around it.
- 3. Not by a darned sight does the hunter walk around the squirrel.

- 4. The man does not go around the squirrel. Might as well claim that—by having a horse attached to A and another to B each describing the same circle keeping at opposite sides of circle—the horse at A would at every time going around the ring go around the inside half of B and that B returned the compliment.

- 5. The man goes around the squirrel. It is just like a wheel within a wheel.
- 6. The man don't go around the squirrel. I have tried it and had I got around the squirrel I would have shot it.

- 7. If there was no tree there and the squirrel was running around in a circle on the ground and the man was going in a larger circle I should say that the man went around the squirrel. But when you put a tree there it is different. The man doesn't go around the squirrel on the tree.
- 8. The man doesn't go around the squirrel any more than the squirrel goes around the man.
- 9. Of course the man doesn't go around the squirrel. If I am standing on the nigh side of a horse and start to walk around him, and the horse keeps turning as I go, I am on the nigh side of him all the time, am I not? And I don't go around him if I am on the nigh side all the time do I? The case is precisely similar to this of the squirrel on a tree.—Buffalo Express.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

F. P., San Francisco, U.S.—Letter containing two problems received. Many thanks.

J. W., Fairfield, Huddersfield, Eng.—Will make further enquiries, and send you a reply.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Hope you may enjoy your trip to the States.

The following is part of a letter from Mr. Max Judd relating to the Vienna Tournament, which appeared lately in the Cincinnati Commercial.

The excitement which has resulted from this encounter of chess magnates will, no doubt, lead to similar gatherings of noted players, and the success of their representatives in the late struggle will, there is every reason to believe, impel our American friends to work hard to have one on this side of the Atlantic.

"Mr. Ware thinks himself well repaid for all his trouble in getting to Vienna by beating the dreaded Steinitz."

"Ought we not in America have a Chess Congress? And what better place to hold it in than Cincinnati, St. Louis or New Orleans? I will pledge myself to raise at least \$200 for the Congress if held either in your city or New Orleans, and if St. Louis should be selected we could raise at least \$500. Hoping that the project may meet with favor, I remain, with best wishes, yours truly,

"MAX JUDD."

The Chessplayers' Chronicle intends to publish the whole, or nearly the whole, of the games played in the Vienna Tourney.

This is an excellent opportunity for our Canadian amateurs to obtain a first-rate addition to their chess libraries. To become permanent subscribers to this remarkably cheap periodical is the duty of all who wish well to our noble game, but those who may only order it from their booksellers for the present year will find themselves in possession of the history, &c., of one of the most important chess contests of the present age.

The Field makes the statement that a chess match is to take place during autumn at Paris, between Messrs. Blackburne and Rosenthal for £100 sterling.

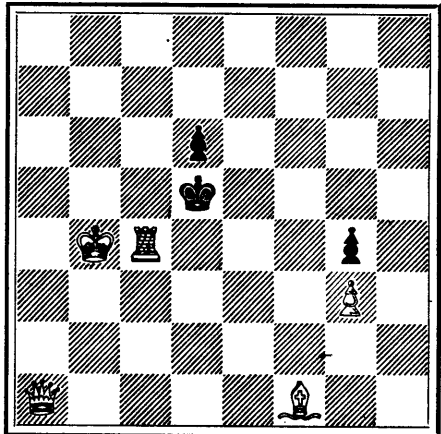
Land and Water says that Mr. Blackburne has returned to England, and that he has completely recovered from his indisposition.

The Counties' Chess Association holds its annual meeting at Manchester about the beginning of August. This gathering of players is usually, to English amateurs, one of the most interesting events in connection with the game occurring during the year.

PROBLEM No. 392.

By W. H. Butler.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 390.

- White. 1. K to K sq 2. Q to QR 4 3. Mates acc
- Black. 1. P to QR 7 2. Any

GAME 519TH.

VIENNA TOURNEY.

(From Land and Water.)

Played in the first round of the Vienna International Tourney, 10th May, 1882.

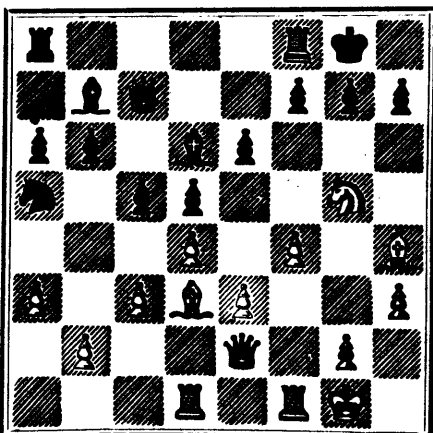
(Irregular Opening.)

White.—(Mr. Ware.) Black.—(Mr. Weiss.)

- 1. P to Q 4 2. P to KB 4 3. Kt to KB 3 4. P to K 3 5. B to Q 3 6. P to QB 3 7. Castles 8. B to Q 2 9. P to QR 3 10. P to KR 3 11. B to K sq 12. Q Kt to Q 2 13. Q takes Kt 14. R to Q sq 15. Q to K 2 16. B to R 4 17. Kt to Kt 5 (c)
- 1. P to Q 4 2. P to K 3 3. Kt to KB 3 4. B to Q 3 5. P to QB 4 6. Q Kt to B 3 7. P to QR 3 8. Castles 9. P to Q Kt 3 10. B to Kt 2 11. Kt to K 5 12. Kt takes Kt (a) 13. Kt to R 4 14. Kt to B 5 (b) 15. Kt to R 4 16. Q to B 2

Position after White's 17th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

- 18. Q to R 5 19. Kt takes KP (e) 20. Q to Kt 6 21. Q takes KP ch 22. Q to Kt 6 23. Q to R 7 24. B to Kt 6 25. P to B 5 26. B takes R 27. B to K 6 ch 28. Q to Kt 6 29. KR to K sq 30. R takes Kt 31. B takes P ch 32. Q to K 6 ch 33. Q takes P ch 34. Q to K 6 ch 35. P to Q 5 ch 36. Q to K 2 ch 37. Q to B 2 ch 38. P to R 4 ch and mates in two moves.
- 17. P to KR 3 18. Kt to B 5 (d) 19. P takes Kt 20. R to B 4 (f) 21. R to B 2 22. Kt to B sq 23. K to K sq 24. K B to B sq 25. K to Q 2 (g) 26. Kt takes KP 27. K to B 3 28. B to Q 3 29. Kt takes R 30. P to B 5 (h) 31. K takes B 32. K to B 3 33. K to Q 2 34. K to B 3 35. K to Kt 4 36. K to R 5 37. K to Kt 4

NOTES.

(a) A poor game, only weakening his own game and aiding the adversary to develop his. P to K B 4 would have been much more to the purpose, as it would effectually shut out White's K B, which eventually plays an important part in the fate of the game.

(b) Again Black plays very feebly. This move is sheer waste of time, which at this state of the game is too valuable to thus fritter away.

(c) A fine move; the commencement of a beautiful and decisive combination.

(d) Apparently in blissful ignorance of the coup White has been planning. B to B sq would have defeated White's intended little scheme, though the latter has in any case a superior game.

(e) A brilliant, and we think a perfectly sound sacrifice, forcing a winning position whatever Black may do.

(f) The only move, any other would lose much sooner.

(g) He has nothing better. White threatens P to B 6, the disastrous effects of which could not be obviated by any move in Black's power.

(h) Giving White an opportunity for another little "gem," but it makes but little difference in the final result, as Black has in any case a losing game.



Welland Canal Enlargement.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on FRIDAY, the 1st DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, for the deepening and completion of that part of the Welland Canal, between Ramey's Bend and Port Colborne, known as Section No. 34, embracing the greater part of what is called the "Rock Cut."

Plans showing the position of the work, and specifications for what remains to be done, can be seen at this Office, and at the Resident Engineer's Office, Welland, on and after FRIDAY, the 18th DAY OF AUGUST next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of four thousand dollars must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose Tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 15th July, 1882.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal and Charcoal," will be received at this office until THURSDAY, the 3rd day of AUGUST, at Noon, for the necessary Fuel required for the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Specifications can be seen, and Forms of Tender obtained on and after SATURDAY, 22nd July instant, at this Office, where all necessary information can be had on application.

No tender will be considered unless accompanied by an accepted Bank Cheque of \$100 to order of Minister of Public Works.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. H. ENNIS,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 19th July, 1882.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

JULY, 1882.

Table with columns: DELIVERY, MAILS, CLOSING. Rows include routes to Ontario and Western Provinces, Quebec and Eastern Provinces, and Local Mails.

Table with columns: GREAT BRITAIN, &c. Rows include routes to New York, London, and other international destinations.

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

Mails leave New York for the following Countries as follows:

- For Cuba and W. I., via Havana, July 1st and 15th.
- "Bahama Islands, July 6th.
- "Porto Rico, 6th and 22nd.
- "Cuba and Mexico via Havana, July 6th and 20th.
- "Windward Islands, July 7th and 8th.
- "Cuba and Porto Rico via Havana, July 8th, 13th, 27th and 29th.
- "South Pacific and Central American Ports, July 10th, 20th and 29th.
- "Jamaica and Hayti, July 11th.
- "Venezuela and Curacao, July 12th and 29th.
- "Bermuda, July 13th and 27th.
- "St. Thomas, Brazil, &c., July 13th and 27th.
- "Hayti and U. S. of Columbia, except Asp. and Pan. 14th and 28th.
- "Cape Hayti, Saint Domingo and Turk's Island, July 18th.
- "Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, July 18th.
- "Maracaibo, July 19th.
- "Cuba, July 22nd.
- "Jamaica and Hayti, July 25th.





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