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Wholesale News

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THE LOOKED FOR CARGO.

THE M-RQU-S OF L-RN-:—"I am sorry gentlemen if they don't quite come up to your expectations, but I assure you they are the best I could get."

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited,) at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Jan. 15th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 36°	25°	31°	Mon.. 20°	-4°	8°
Tues.. 26°	21°	23°	Tues.. 23°	10°	16°
Wed.. 25°	15°	20°	Wed.. 20°	-4°	8°
Thur.. 26°	16°	21°	Thur.. 10°	-10°	zero
Fri.. 18°	5°	11°	Fri.. 26°	-4°	11°
Sat.. 25°	13°	19°	Sat.. 31°	5°	19°
Sun.. 32°	10°	21°	Sun.. 5°	-14°	4°

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cartoon—Round the World in the Ceylon—The Course of the Gulf Stream (double page)—Ireland as it was—Ireland as it is: Rent day but no rent—The Guiteau Jury during Recess—An Indian's Views of Modern Civilization—English Boys Rescued from Slavery.

THE WEEK.—The Morality of Christmas Cards—The New Terrors of Electricity—Where the Real Danger Lies—The Looked For Cargo.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Civil Service from a Woman's Point of View—Our Illustrations—Very Accommodating—Intensely Utter—Darwin and the Worms—Bonny Kate—Building and Being—A Foolish Mistake—Echoes from Paris—Honorous—Schumann's Sonata in A Minor—The Gulf Stream—Musical and Dramatic—A Listener by the Sea—Preparing to Enjoy Themselves—A Slight Indisposition—Echoes from London—Varieties—News of the Week—The Sleeping Child—The Museum Reading Room—Foot Notes—The Bewitched Clock—The Aesthetic Carnival—Hearts and Home—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 21, 1882.

THE WEEK.

It is well to be moral. Most of us endeavour to be as moral as the exigencies of a wicked world will allow us. Still, few of us succeed in arriving at that superlative stage of morality insisted upon by the Moral Reform Union of London. These stern guardians of the proprieties are raising an objection to what they term "the nude in Christmas cards." A reviewer happened to remark that among the cards sent to him there were pictures of "airily-dressed children, and children undressed altogether." Whereupon the "Moral Reform Union" had a few specimens of these cards brought before them, and these pictures were declared as "being unfit for the holy season of Christmas." It is quite true that the costumes referred to are singularly unsuited to the season at which they appear. Still if people prefer cupids and nymphs to the old time representations of Father Christmas it is hard to see why they should not have them. One would have hardly fancied that little children in the costume which God has given them, were such unholy objects as to be unfit to grace the birthday of Him who came into the world after all—to speak with all reverence—much in the same condition as they.

A GOOD deal of sensation has been produced in the medical world by the death of a labourer at Lord SALISBURY'S house by clutching at some electric wires while in the act of falling. An ingenious correspondent of the *Court Journal* suggests that death by electricity would be a very effectual mode of administering capital punishment. Death would be instantaneous, and the pain would be very slight. But a more terrible idea as to the dangers of portable electricity is being dealt with. It is gravely stated that both murder and suicide might be effected by means of a dose of electricity without leaving any perceptible marks upon the face of the deceased. If the blessings of electric light are to be counteracted by electric murder and suicide, we may have made a bad bargain with science.

It is well that people should understand the measure of the danger both in such a case as that mentioned above and in the analogous one with which we are confronted of the danger of fire from electric lighting. Electricity can only take effect by the electric current passing

through the object upon which it acts. Thus two points of contact with the electric current must be in every case established to produce an effect. In the case of the man who was recently killed by touching a Brush machine in Brooklyn, he had been allowed to stroke the brushes with one hand, and had done so with impunity, the only effect felt being a slight tingling sensation, owing to the accidental escape of a portion of the fluid. But when, in spite of repeated cautions, he touched a second brush at the same moment with his disengaged hand, the circuit was established, the electricity passed through his body, and death was almost instantaneous. This then, in popular language, is the extent of the danger. Of course wires should in every case be properly insulated, thus avoiding the possibility of an accident, but even where insulation fails, no accidental touching of the wires will produce any serious effect, unless under the conditions named. The same remarks are applicable to the danger of fire. The real danger consists in the passing of the electricity from one wire to another, where these are placed side by side without proper insulation. This condition, encouraged by the dampness of the wood in some cases, produces within a short time heat and eventually fire. The remedy of course lies in a proper insulation of the wires, and in paying a proper degree of attention to the conditions under which they are allowed to closely approach one another. That electricity is a dangerous plaything, no one doubts. So for the matter of that is steam, and even gas. It is well however that the public should understand in a general way wherein the danger lies. Few people in the present state of knowledge sit on the safety valve of a steam engine for amusement, and it is generally understood that to leave the gas escaping all night and search for the leak in the morning with a lighted candle is an uncertain way of retaining one's hold upon this life. When such little eccentricities as that of the Brooklyn gentleman before referred to are corrected in the case of electricity, the danger will be little, if any greater, than those attending the universal use of gas and steam.

THE LOOKED FOR CARGO.

It is not unnatural that Canada, and especially those regions of the far West which are more particularly interested in the matter, should be looking with intense expectation for the result of the Marquis of LORNE'S appeal *ad misericordiam* on behalf of their wifeless and solitary condition. Even those who had hitherto supposed that it was possible to support a bachelor existence with equanimity, and even a sort of reckless enjoyment, have been stirred up by our Governor's appeal on their behalf; and after reading his feeling description of the misery which their solitary condition has been all this time entailing upon them without their knowledge, are resolved to be married or perish in the attempt.

The difficulty seems to be much the same as that which attends most efforts at compulsory or "assisted" emigration. In spite of the somewhat overstocked state of the marriage market at home there is still a large demand for the better class of goods. The majority of really desirable young ladies find no difficulty in settling themselves in life, and it may be doubted whether any who can afford to be particular would seek under the Marquis' escort fresh fields and pastures new in Canada.

There is little doubt but that a large amount of depreciated stock might be procured, and it would seem that it is with those ladies who can't get married at home that we are to be content out here. Lord LORNE'S story of the young lady who got more and more offers the further west she went must be taken as his opinion of the course which events will take in relation to the new cargo. The best looking specimens will find husbands in Quebec and Montreal, unless previously disposed of to enterprising bachelors in Halifax.

As the procession moves slowly westward, Kingston and Toronto, who can afford to be less particular, will select the most promising samples, while the residue still remaining undisposed of will rush to the expectant arms of the would-be Benedicts of the North-West.

It must be confessed that the prospect is anything but bright for the next generation of Manitobans, as far at least as personal attractions are concerned. The gentlemen who are engaged in opening out civilization in the far West, have many excellent points, but can only be ranked by courtesy among professional beauties. The result of an alliance between these pioneers and those ladies whose charms have not only failed to captivate the hearts of old country wooers, but who have been rejected by all would-be husbands from Halifax to Winnipeg, is awful to contemplate. The Indian is in many cases distinctly plain; the half-breed has been described as positively ugly by over-scrupulous critics, but it remains to be seen what can be done in that line by the original settler aided by the selected female ugliness of Great Britain. The Marquis has at least inaugurated an experiment for which the supporters of the theory of sexual selection should thank him. The question of how far personal qualities are transmitted will in all probability be definitely settled in the next generation, and we confidently commend the matter to the consideration of Mr. DARWIN.

THE CIVIL SERVANTS FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Sir,—There has been much said and written by gentlemen of the Civil Service about their salaries, but never a word from any of their wives, upon whom the burden of an insufficient salary generally falls. No matter how small a man's salary is he is generally pretty comfortable. He must be respectably if not fashionably dressed, for he has to appear at the Building every day. He comes home tired and expects a warm, well lighted house and a good dinner, and I believe he generally gets it. All the pinching, saving and anxiety in small matters is one of the wife's "privileges."

We suppose a man married in 1850 upon a regular salary. As our subject is the small or medium salaries we say he had £300, (\$1,200). They could get a nice comfortable house quite large enough for them then for £25 (\$100) a year, keep two servants who did all the washing, baking &c., for \$4.00 a month, a housemaid for \$3.00; between them they brought in all the wood and water, kept the cellar tidy, etc. If a man was needed to cut wood, one could be got for 50 cts a day except in harvest time; a char-woman for 25 cts, a dress maker for 25 cts. For 50 cts you could have all your stoves put up. For wood you paid \$2.00 a cord, butter generally 10 cts, never more than 15 cts a lb; eggs, from 8 to 10 cts a doz; potatoes never more than 25 cts a bushel, they have been so low as 10 cts; pork and beef from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a cwt.; flour, \$4.00 a barrel. Bakers' bread was at one time as low as two large loaves for what was then called a York shilling (12½ cts) but never more than 10 cts a loaf. A glance at the market prices of today would show how much more one has to pay for food. The Civil servant's salary has remained stationary, not unfrequently reduced, while every necessary expense has increased rapidly.

Again in the matter of dress. A lady who was not supposed to be very fashionable could visit and not be very badly dressed with several pretty print dresses for morning, and an equal number of muslins for afternoon for summer wear—both of which materials washed and wore for years, and when the waists were worn out, the skirts could be made into children's dresses which descended from child to child (as they grew out of them) till they were worn out. A couple of silk dresses for grand occasions, which in many cases were treasured remnants of her trousseau. A French merino or stuff of some kind for winter. One generally got one new dress of this kind every year; the previous year's best doing for every day for the house.

Now fashions change so rapidly and the material is of so inferior a quality that one season is apt to finish up a garment. This change of fashion is not only for adults, but for quite young children. Before a girl is five years old she will know if her dress is made fashionably or not.

Men say: "Why follow the fashions?" They forget that their tailors make their clothes fashionably; so without their taking much thought they are all right. The labour again falls upon the wife. She knows the agony it is to children to be laughed at at school if their clothes are not the proper thing, and she to save them pain works day and often late into the night to have them appear respectable among their school-mates.

The sewing machines seemed at first as if they would prove a blessing, (and so they are) but before they were cheap enough to be within a poor private person's means, frills, tucks, knife plaiting etc., had come in which gives us just as much labour as the plain hand-sewed dresses gave before.

The tight skirt is no saving in material, for has it not all to be cut up for those horrid plaitings. A dress can rarely be made over now. Machine work is harder to rip out, and when that is done one finds that it is really not worth the trouble of making up again.

It is the same with underwear. Cotton or linen does not wear as it used to do. A good set of underclothes would wear for years. The same with table and bed linen, it has to be constantly replenished.

Food has increased in price, but not as much as labour. We pay one very inefficient servant what we got two for twenty years ago. She would wash or bring in water or wood. Now both must be under cover if not in the house. A man must be got for lots of things that a woman servant did formerly without being told.

If a tradesman is needed to do any odd job, he works so slowly and charges so much that things are really allowed to fall to pieces, one dreads so the price of having them repaired in time.

If the stoves have to be put up the same pipes never do. Something has to be sent for to the shop. The bill comes in something like this: Putting up two stoves \$2.00; altering one pipe 75 cts; 1 new elbow 75 cts; 1 key, 50 cts; 3 new pipes 75 cts. You may thank your stars if it is not more.

A labouring man charges \$1.00 a day; a char-woman from 50 to 75 cts; a dressmaker the same. In fact, everything is increased except the salary of the Civil servant.

His house costs him double, so do his taxes. As his family grow up his expenses increase instead of diminishing. The increase of salary lags far behind.

If the Civil service is to be composed of men of education and therefore holding a certain social standing, they ought to be given a sufficient income to keep that position without their lives being a burden to them in the anxiety to do so without running hopelessly in debt, or bringing the service into discredit by living beyond their means and thereby making other people suffer instead of themselves. One may be asked: Why remain in the service if it is so poorly paid?

The answer unfortunately is, that a man who has for many years been in a Government office is no longer fit to battle for bread with the young and strong in other professions.

He has resigned the great prizes of life, in trade, in banking, in public works of utility, in professional life, in the political arena. They may make riches and renown for themselves, he is content with a smaller reward for his labour. But it is cruelty to rob him of the little competency on the promise of which he entered the service, and after he has drudged many years to secure it, believed he is working at least for a certainty, if a small one. The fluctuations of prices and neglect of rulers renders his remuneration mockingly uncertain. In any other employment, if a man does his duty he has a gradual promotion as those above him are removed by death or otherwise. It is not so with him. He may have a man young enough to be his son and in every way his inferior, popped over his head. If the latter has friends in power he is put in whether he is fit for the position or not.

There have been several attempts to improve the salaries. A recent one ended in the members of Parliament and Ministers increasing their own allowances *permanently*, but only voting a certain sum to be distributed among all the officials as a temporary *bonus*. This was continued for two or three years only, and just when people had learned to look upon it as their due, was discontinued, salaries shrunk and debts grew in proportion.

Another ostensible improvement was "The Superannuation Fund" (which by the way was taken out of their incomes without their consent) to form a fund to give a man a percentage on his salary if he lived to a certain age, or was considered to be no longer fit for his work by the "powers that be." No provision for his wife and family if he died before that age, or in fact for them at any time.

We suppose a man dies at forty years of age leaving a wife and a number of small children. The money taken from his salary for the Superannuation Fund might have paid for an insurance policy, which his wife could receive at his death, and though the interest of such a sum might be a mere pittance, still it would keep her and her children from starvation.

As it is, she receives two month's salary, and if she has no private property of her own is then penniless.

It is not very long since whenever a civil servant died, some friend went round with a subscription list begging for something for his widow. Fancy the feelings of a gentlewoman to know she was actually a pauper.

To do away with this in a measure, the Civil servants among themselves got up a Mutual Benefit Society, each paying a percentage according to their salaries to the widow of any of the members who died. This is an excellent thing in its way but is another item sometimes felt as a serious one out of their salaries.

Why is the Superannuation Fund not extended to cover these contingencies?

Another source of shrinkage of salaries of Civil servants, is that they are the people to

whom every book canvasser and every charitable society appeals first; and no matter how stern the poor Civil servant tries to be, he is often obliged to subscribe to get rid of the collector. Unfortunately their actual salary is known to every one who takes the trouble to look in a blue book. No deduction made for all moneys that are taken out of it for various things before he feels he has any to spend at all.

Even wives are apt to think, "truly out of such a salary, more ought to come into the house for household expenses."

A merchant is not obliged to make known the exact income he has; a professional man the same. These have some chance, if so disposed, to save a little for a rainy day. They dismiss such appeals with "cannot afford it," and that is the end of it.

Not so the Civil servant. It is known what he is supposed to have, and "surely out of that income he ought to afford to give a few dollars."

Men do not always calculate what all these little sums come to before the end of the year; then perhaps they find their income does not cover their expenses. This again is very often supposed to be the wife's fault. She, poor woman in her desire to keep the anxious look from the husband's face, and also give her children all the pleasure, can deny herself almost every luxury. Books she has no time to read; her mind is in danger of becoming a blank for want of intellectual food.

A good deal has been said about extravagance in dress of the wives and daughters. Of course, there are foolish and improvident people in every community, but as a rule, I do not think they are extravagant.

The people who say so have not seen behind the scenes. They don't know the inexpensive material of which the prettily made dress is composed, or that the fashionable silk overskirts covets only cotton, or if the whole dress is of rich material that it was one their mother (and sometimes their grand-mother) had in her youth. How often one woman says to another "I do not know how I could manage at all if my mother and sister did not send me things for the children."

Men do not suffer as much from a small salary; they pretty much do as they have always done, preach economy in household matters, but nevertheless look a little troubled if it curtails their comforts.

But I will stop here at present, asking leave to supplement this letter with some further hard facts and figures on an early occasion.

Your obedient servant,

A CIVIL SERVANT'S WIFE.

OTTAWA, JAN. 1882.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON and double page engraving will be found fully described elsewhere.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING.—The sketches which we publish this week, are all from Naples and its neighborhood. The picture of the house in the Santa Lucia quarter affords a vivid idea of the manner in which the Neapolitan population is crowded into lofty buildings, separated from each other by narrow lanes. These are called palazzos, which properly means tenement-houses. The ground floor consists of a series of arched cells, occupied as workshops, sale-shops, and cafes. As, except in the suburbs, there are no open plots or gardens for drying clothes, the whole edifice from ground to floor to garret, is festooned with gay-coloured garments. In a warm, sunshiny climate like that of Naples all sorts of accommodations are carried on out of doors that in this country would need the shelter of a roof. The shoemaker, the tailor, and the joiner are all at work under the canopy of heaven; not, although the school-master is more abroad than he was in the old Bourbon days, is the trade of the professional letter writer obsolete. The peasant girl still stands of his stall, dictating heart secrets which she is unable to write. We need not say much concerning Pompeii, the city which during the unexpected eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79, was buried under a layer of sand, ashes, and liquid mud, and remained undiscovered till about a century ago. Our sketch gives a good notion of the aspect of one of the streets. They cross each other at right angles, and the broadest yet discovered is only thirty feet wide. The houses are plain and low, seldom more than one story high, and had all their good apartments on the ground floor. Theatres, public halls, triumphal arches, fountains, and statues are, according to modern ideas, very numerous for a town of 30,000 inhabitants.

INDIAN VIEWS OF MODERN CIVILIZATION.—Although they have a good deal yet to learn, the Indians of the Northwest are far from being so completely out of the pale of civilization as many people would imagine. Indeed, if we look into their history we find that they are far from backward in adopting many of the advantages of civilization. Thus, since the introduction of the horse into America whole tribes have become perfect horsemen. When at the beginning of the eighteenth century the settlers of North Carolina invaded Florida they found the Indians in possession of cattle; while, when the Creeks and Cherokees were driven out of Georgia, the latter at least were a civilized, agricultural, hardy people, with a written language—a proof that the Red Indian is no irreclaimable savage,

but has only been forced by the white man to become so. They have readily exchanged the bow and arrow for the Winchester rifle, and the ignition of wood by friction for the lucifer match. If not out of the pale of civilization, why out of that of Christianity? Not, however, that the Redskins is always favourably impressed by civilized institutions; and in the sketch Mr. Sidney Hall has depicted him inside the Fort Macleod, looking with a by no means flattering eye upon two pale faces whose occupations are by no means congenial to his ideas of freedom and independence—the one a prisoner, the other his military guard—the latter to his notions doubtless very little better off than his charge. Much would the copper-coloured warrior prefer liberty and hard fare to the discipline and good living of Tommy Atkins, with a chance—should he indulge in a little too much fire water—of having a few days' heavy marching or shot drill. No wonder it has reminded the artist of the old Esopian fable of the dog and the wolf and of the reply of the latter, when, after listening with watering mouth to his civilized cousin's description of his luxurious living, he suddenly spies the collar on his neck:—

He starts and without more ado,
He bids the abject wretch adieu:
"Enjoy your dainties, friend; to me
The noblest feast is liberty:
The famished wolf upon these desert plains,
Is happier than a fawning cur in chains."

RESCUED ENGLISH SLAVES.—Mention has already been made of the sufferings of the poor little English children who had been practically enslaved by a troop of Arab acrobats, but who, when visiting Constantinople, were liberated by the efforts of Mr. Littler and the British Consul-General. The sketch represents them during one of their performances in the City of the Sultan. While exhibiting there for some months the truth leaked out about them. The proprietor of the white slaves happened to be a Tunisian, but a French subject. After communications had passed between the French and English Consuls the boys were taken into keeping by the latter, and sent to England. The "owner" still protests vehemently that he has a right to keep the children, having signed a contract with the parents—some of the poor little mites being then only three years old when disposed of at a sovereign a head. They have been treated with great cruelty, trained like performing monkeys or dogs, and, as may be supposed, received no religious education. In the drawing the three boys at the base are three negroes, the remainder are English. They had been under the tutelage of their master for periods varying from three to twelve years.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

The following is an amusing specimen of a Yankee hotel circular:—

GULF HOUSE,

BAYLES AND ROBINSON, PROPRIETORS,
FORT SCOTT, KANSAS, U.S.A.

This hotel was built and arranged for special comfort and convenience of the travelling public. On arrival, each guest will be asked how he likes the situation, and if he says the hotel ought to have been placed nearer the railroad depot, the location of the house will be immediately changed. Corner front rooms, up only one flight, for each guest. Bath, gas, water closet, hot and cold water, laundry, telegraph, fire alarm, restaurant, bar-room, billiard tables, daily papers, coupe, sewing machine, grand piano, a clergyman and all modern conveniences in every room. Meals every minute if desired, and consequently no second table. English, French, and German dictionaries furnished to every guest, to make up such bill of fare as he may desire, without regard to the bill of fare afterwards at the office. Waiters of every nationality and colour if desired. Every waiter furnished with a libretto, button-hole bouquets, full-dress suits, ball tablets, and his hair put in the middle. Every guest will have the best seat in the dining hall, and the best water in the house. Any guest not getting his breakfast red hot, or experiencing a delay of fifteen seconds after giving his order for dinner will please mention the fact at the Manager's Office, and the cooks and waiters will be blown from the mouth of the cannon in front of the hotel at once. Children will be welcomed with delight, and are requested to bring hoopsticks and hawkeys, to bang the carved rosewood furniture specially provided for the purpose, and tuppets to spin on the velvet carpet. They will be allowed to bang on the piano at all hours, fall down stairs, carry away dessert enough for a small family in their pockets at dinner, and make themselves as disagreeable as the fondest mother can desire. Washing allowed in rooms. Ladies giving an order to "Put me on a flat iron" will be put on one at any hour of the day or night. A discreet waiter, who belongs to the Masons, Oddfellows, Sons of Malta, Knights of Pythias, K.O.M.'s, and M.D. K.'s, and who was never known to tell the truth or the time of day, has been employed to carry milk punches and hot toddies to the ladies' rooms in the evening. The office clerk has been carefully selected to please everybody, and can play draw poker, match worsteds in the village store, shake for drinks at any hour, day or night, play billiards, is a good waltzer, can dance the German, make a fourth euchre, amuse the children, repeat the Beecher trial from memory, is

a good judge of horses, as a railroad or steamboat reference is far superior to Appleton's or any one else's, will flirt with any young lady and not mind being cut to death when "Pa comes down," can room forty people in the best room in the house when the hotel is full, attend to annunciator, and answer questions in Greek, Hebrew, Choctaw, Irish, or any other polite language at the same moment without turning a hair.

INTENSELY UTTER.

AN AESTHETIC DAUGHTER AND A SUPERLATIVELY PRACTICAL PA.

A few months ago the daughter of a Rockland man, who has grown comfortably well off in the small grocery line, was sent away to a "female college," and last week she arrived home for the holiday vacation. The old man was in attendance at the depot when the train arrived, with the old horse in the delivery waggon to convey his daughter and her trunk to the house. When the train had stopped, a bewitching array of dry goods and a wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car, and flung itself into the elderly party's arms.

"Why, you superlative pa!" she exclaimed; "I'm ever so utterly glad to see you."

The old man was somewhat unnerved by the greeting, but he recognized the sealskin coat in his grip as the identical piece of property he had paid for with the bay mare, and he sort of squat it in his arms, and planted a kiss where it would do the most good, with a report that sounded above the noise of the depot. In a brief space of time the trunk and its attendant baggage were loaded into the waggon, which was soon bumping over the huddles towards home.

"Pa, dear," said the young miss, surveying the team with a critical eye, "do you consider this quite excessively beyond?"

"Hey?" returned the old man with a puzzled air; "quite excessive beyond what? Beyond Warren? I consider it somewhat about ten miles beyond Warren, counting from the Bath way, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, no, pa; you don't understand me," the daughter explained, "I mean this waggon and horse. Do you think they are soulful?—do you think they could be studied apart in the light of a symphony, or even a simple poem, and appear as intensely utter to one on returning home as one could express?"

The old man twisted uneasily in his seat and muttered something about he believed it used to be an express, he bought it to deliver pork in, but the conversation appeared to be travelling in such a lonesome direction that he fetched the horse a resounding crack on the rotunda, and the severe jolting over the frozen ground prevented further remarks.

"Oh, there is that lovely, consummate ma!" screamed the returned collegianness as they drew up at the door, and presently she was lost in the embrace of a motherly woman in spectacles.

"Well, Maria," said the old man at the supper-table, as he slipped a piece of butter off the lump with his own knife, "an' how d'you like your school?"

"Well, there, pa, now you're show—I mean I consider it far to beyond," replied the daughter. "It is unquenchably ineffable. The girls are so sumptuously stunning—I mean grand—so exquisite—so intense. And then the parties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks have been one sublime harmony."

"I s'pose so—I s'pose," nervously assented the old man as he reached for his third cup, "half full, but how about your books—read'n, writin', grammar, rule o' three—how about them?"

"Pa! don't," exclaimed the daughter reproachfully; "the rule of three! grammar! It is French and music and painting and the divine in art that have made my school-life the bliss—I mean that have rendered it one unbroken flow of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and exquisitely all but."

The grocery man and his wife looked helplessly at each other across the table. After a long pause the old man said:

"How do you like the biscuits, Maria?" "They are too utter for anything," gushed the accomplished young lady, "and the plum preserve is simply a poem in itself."

The old man rose abruptly from the table, and went out of the room rubbing his head in a dazed and benumbed manner, and the mass convention was dissolved. That night he and his wife sat alone by the stove until a late hour, and at the breakfast table the next morning, he rapped smartly on his plate with the handle of his knife, and remarked:

"Maria, me an' your mother have been talkin' the thing over, an' we've come to the conclusion that this boarding-school business is too utterly all but too much nonsense. Me an' her consider that we haven't lived sixty odd consummate years for the purpose of raisin' a curiosity, an' there's going to be a stop put to this unquenchable foolishness. Now after you've finished eatin' that poem of fried sausage an' that symphony of twisted doughnut, you take and dust upstairs in less'n two seconds, an' peel off that fancy gown an' put on a caliker, an' then come down here an' help your mother wash dishes. I want it distinctly understood that there ain't g'in' to be no more rhythmic foolishness in this house, so long as your superlative pa an' your lovely an' consummate ma's running the rauche. You hear me, Maria?" Maria was listening.

* DARWIN AND THE WORMS.

When science first in modern times began,
To shed her light on things still then unknown,
Davy's great name with wisdom led the van,
And earned with modest zeal a high renown.
Quick to perceive the new-made path to fame,
With each a wondrous story of his own,
A host of savants in succession came,
And nature's secrets to the world were shown.
Then Darwin, foremost of a doubting crew,
The origin and growth of man assailed;
His atom theory by selection grew
Into a race with vertebrae curtailed.—
Howe'er selection served him in the past,
It's brought poor Darwin to the worms at last!
J. H. C.

Lennoxville, 19th December, 1881.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Governor of Madrid is dead.
LORD LORNE has sailed for Halifax.
REVOLUTIONARY disorders are reported from Venezuela.

HEAVY failures are reported in Paris, Bordeaux and Berlin.

THE census of Paris gives a population of two millions and a quarter.

MR. GLADSTONE has remitted ten per cent. of rentals on his Hawarden estate.

A BERLIN despatch says restrictions on the freedom of the press are increasing daily.

DISASTROUS weather is reported throughout Great Britain for the past few days.

EFFORTS are being made to have Parnell released before the meeting of the Imperial Parliament.

THE Crown Prince of Germany is to be proclaimed Regent on the 22nd of March, the Emperor's 85th birthday.

THE bodies of Huddy and his nephew, two process-servers who disappeared recently, were found chained together in Lough Mask.

THERE is great excitement in Cork over the arrest of several persons there, on information supplied by Connell, who turned informer.

It is said that the Gladstone Government has determined to introduce the system of *cloture* at the coming session of Parliament.

THE steam ram supposed to have been built for use by the Irish agitators was sunk in the North River, at Jersey City, on Wednesday night.

THE sailors on the flag-ship *Duke of Wellington*, at Portsmouth, mutinied recently on account of a number of them being transferred to other vessels.

THE police interfered with a procession to Père la Chaise cemetery yesterday at Paris, to commemorate the anniversary of Blanqui's death. Twenty-three arrests were made, including Louise Michel.

A POLICEMAN was escorting a citizen with his head bound up, to the Central Station, when a kind-hearted man asked:

"What did you do?"
"Made a New Year's call," was the answer.
"But how—what—what—why, I don't understand," said the citizen.
"I do," replied the prisoner. "I called a man a liar!"

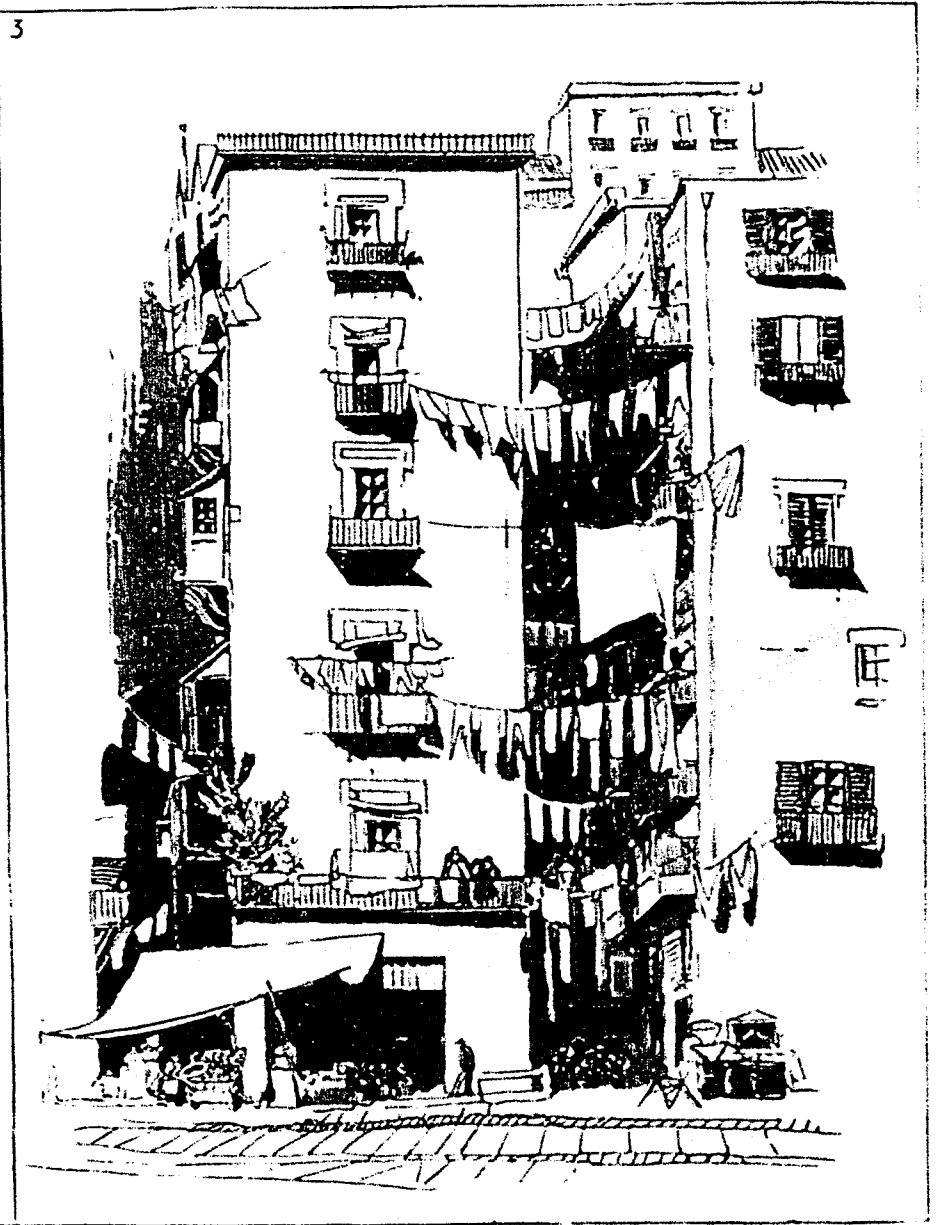
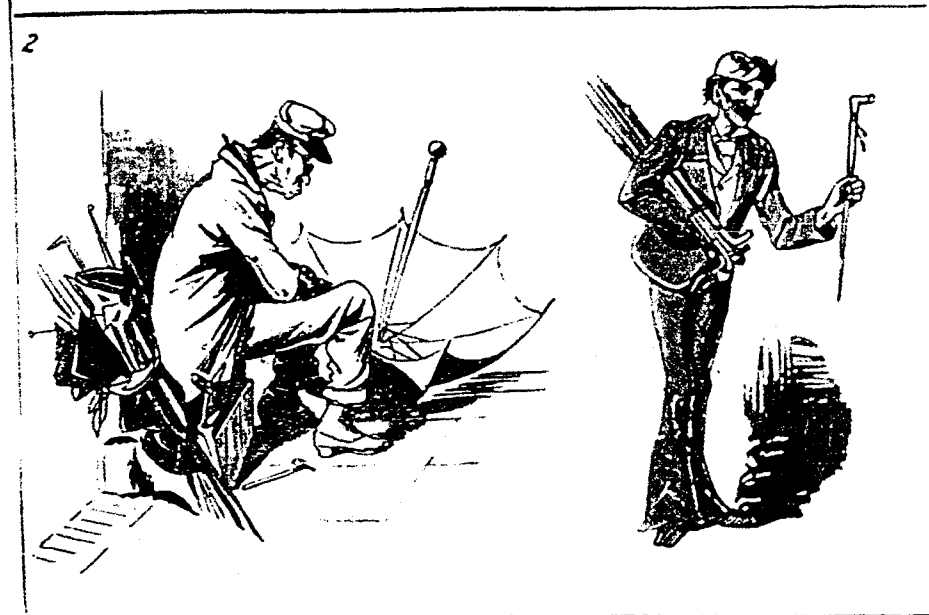
A WORLD OF HARD WORK.—There is nothing should be taught sooner than that this is a working world, and that labour, physical or mental, is a necessity for the whole progeny of the first tiller of the ground and sewer of the fig leaves. Mothers try to spare their daughters the necessity of labour (by taking the burden on themselves) much more than fathers do their sons. In fact my experience is that men, as a rule, are lazier than women. The boys are made to work and earn for their fathers before the mothers think that the girls can do more than hem their ruffles or trim their hats. Mothers take pride in their daughter's soft hands and round cheeks, when their own hands have become hardened and their own cheeks hollow. The danger of this is that the soft hands and smooth faces become the first thought of the daughters, and a selfish and idle life is the result. Daughters, you have but one mother; care for her and spare her. "No love like mother's love," unselfish, thoughtful, unreasoning often for her self, but always taking thought for the children. An idle life is also a selfish one. No heart is so naturally good as to escape the demoralizing effects of days without labour, that bring nights without weariness.

CONSTITUTIONS of iron are undermined and destroyed by lung and bronchial disease consequent upon neglect of a cough. A foolhardy disregard of that warning symptom is unfortunately very common, and that is the main reason why consumption figures so conspicuously among the causes of premature death. A timely use inwardly and outwardly, of Thomas' Electric Oil, a benign, pure and undeteriorating antispasmodic, soothing and healing agent, indorsed and recommended by the faculty, is a sure, prompt and inexpensive way of arresting a cough or cold. Besides being a valiant of acknowledged excellence, it is a matchless anodyne for rheumatic and neuralgic pain; cures bleeding or blind piles, sores and hurts of all kinds, and remedies kidney troubles and lameness or weakness of the back. Some of the most experienced and best known stock-raisers and owners of "crack" trotting horses, recommend it for diseases and injuries of horses and cattle.

* * * The formation of vegetable mould through the action of worms.—CHARLES DARWIN, L.L.D., F.R.S.



ON THE ROAD TO POMPEII



1. Via Abundantia, Pompeii.—2. Naples: "Want a Stack?" and an Umbrella Maker.—3. Santa Lucia, Naples



THE LETTER WRITER



ART IN NAPLES

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING IN THE "CEYLON."

"BONNY KATE."

A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY
CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

Pondering this question, she walks absently onward, further and further from the voices, the laughter, and the click of the mallets and balls. Presently the sounds die away; she has reached the limit of the garden, and, pausing by the low fence which bounds it, she looks over a fair and wide-spread prospect, to where the sun is going down in glory beyond the western heights; while the atmosphere has the true September charm, that exquisite golden stillness, which is less fervid than summer, yet without the faintest touch of autumn chill.



Tarleton finds an opportunity to speak to Kate.

The scene is so lovely, the stillness so unbroken, that she is not inclined to return quickly to the company she has left. "They will not finish their game until dark," she thinks. So she is still standing, a slender, graceful figure, with the sunset radiance falling over her, and bringing out every delicate line and tint of her face, when a step sounds on the gravel walk, and the man whose presumptive vanity so much exceeds that of other men appears at her side.

denn others beside Mr Proctor—or, at least, one other of whom I know."

The manner in which his voice sinks over the last words brings a glow to her cheeks; but it is a glow of vexation, rather than pleasure. "So," she thinks, "having grown tired of Miss Palmer, he has come to amuse himself with me! I must show him his mistake at once."

Consequently she answers, in a tone of irony:

"You are determined that I shall appreciate your readiness in making pretty speeches, Mr. Tarleton; or is the habit so much second nature with you, that you make them involuntarily?"

"I rarely make them at all," he answers, "and I should not think of making them to you. Why do you suspect me of such a thing?"

"Why should I not?" she asks, carelessly. "The desire to make one's self agreeable is very natural; and I believe the cardinal rule is, to make others pleased with themselves, and then they will be pleased with you."

"Such maxims, like the feelings, are dangerous guides," he says. "People who act on your cardinal rule are more likely to disgust than to please, I think. It is a rule upon which I never act. I wish you would believe that."

"It is, fortunately, not a matter of the least importance whether I believe it or not," she answers, with indifferent lightness.

"But it is a matter of importance," he says, with quick positiveness. "I should like to win your good opinion, if I can; and how am



"How could you be so mean?"

"How fortunate I am to find you, Miss Lawrence!" he says, in his pleasant voice. "I saw you come in this direction half an hour ago, but, not knowing what flank movement you might have executed, I was not sure of finding you."

win your good opinion, if I can; and how am



"Janet is right," she thinks.

I to win it, if you begin by setting me down as a flatterer—a character which I despise, and which my worst enemy never accused me of being?"

His unexpected vehemence surprises her so much, that she hesitates for an instant before saying:

"You must pardon me, but I had no idea that you would take the charge so seriously. I fancied that a man of the world, like yourself, would support it very easily."

"But now that you see how seriously I do take it, you will surely have the grace to retract it. Don't you see how it strikes at the root of everything? You will not believe one word I utter—and I hope to utter a good many words which I should like you to believe—if you have a settled impression in your mind that I am insincere."

"It is you who are making the matter entirely too serious," she says. "I did not mean to imply that you were insincere, beyond the point where insincerity is esteemed a—what shall I say?—well, a very agreeable accomplishment."

"But you have no right to credit me with any such agreeable accomplishment," he says. "What have you ever heard of me, that has led you to form such an opinion?"

"Nothing, in particular," she answers evasively. "I will retract all that I have said, and credit you with as much sincerity as you like—provided that you make no more complimentary speeches."

"That won't do," he says. "It is the poorest kind of an *amende*. You must believe in my sincerity, even if I do make complimentary speeches."

She shakes her head, but the mutinous corners of her mouth turn into an irrepressible smile.

"The dignity of truth is lost in much protesting," she says. "I cannot stretch my credulity over your complimentary speeches; that is asking too much. But it is quite possible for you to refrain from making them, and I hope you will."

"A long and rather humbling experience of myself has taught me to distrust my own strength in resisting temptation," he replies; "on which account I dare only promise to refrain from them if I can."

They look at each other, and laugh; and when people have once laughed together in such fashion as this, there can be no more constraint between them.

"After all, it does not much matter," says Kate, with gay recklessness, feeling that she has propitiated the proprieties quite long enough. "We need not quarrel about them before they are made. How have you enjoyed the afternoon's amusement? Was it not too bad that I, who am the champion player of the

croquet-club should have had a disabled shoulder?"

"Too bad, indeed! I felt sorry for you, when I heard the excuses you were obliged to make; and Miss Palmer, I think, was of the opinion that you were afraid to risk your laurels by playing against her."

"Quite an example of how accurately we are able to judge each other! But Miss Palmer must be very fond of small distinctions, to think that such a trifle would influence me."

"I fancy that trifles make the sum of her life, and therefore she imagines that they make the sum of yours."

"Trifles make the sum of most of our lives, do they not?"

"Necessarily; but the difference between sensible people and foolish people is, that the former recognize the fact that they are trifles, while the latter esteem them matters of importance."

Understanding that Miss Palmer is included in the latter class, Kate smiles a little, but does not answer, and so, for a minute, silence falls. The sunset-glory has somewhat faded out of the west, but the beauty of the hour holds the world in a spell, and if darkness advances, it is with imperceptible steps. Only the moon brightens to silver in the violet sky, and the distant outlines of the scene melt into purple softness, while a light evening breeze brings all manner of sweet woodland and meadow odours on its wings.

Tarleton breaks the silence. "It was like this I saw you first," he says; "just at this hour, and with this light—this evening glow—falling on your face."

She looks at him in astonishment. "Are you thinking of what you are saying, Mr. Tarle-



"Tarleton himself is—a—rather good looking."

ton!" she asks. "To the best of my knowledge, you saw me first in the hunting-field at eight o'clock in the morning."

"There are some things in heaven and on earth beyond your knowledge, are there not?" he asks, with a smile. "I saw you first yesterday evening, when you were on the river, with Will and Janet Lawrence. I was riding by, when I heard you singing, and I dismounted from my horse and went to the river-bank. As I parted the bushes, I saw your face, with the sunset radiance on it, and I thought—But it would probably not interest you to hear what I thought. Do you remember your song? I shall never forget it." Then, half under his breath, he sings:

"A thousand suns will stream on thee,
A thousand moons will quiver,
But not by these my steps shall be
Forever and forever."

"I remember very well; but it was a melancholy song to be your welcome home," says Kate, recollecting, with a sense of consternation, in what manner he was discussed on the occasion to which he alludes. "How strange that you should have been so near us and we did not know! Pray, have you an invisible cap?"

"No; but I began to think that there must be magic in the matter, when the face that had haunted my waking and sleeping dreams all night flashed upon me this morning, when you turned, as I was following you on your mad chase. Do you believe in fatality?—or do you only believe in coincidences? At any rate, it is strange that I, who expected to be in a very different place this evening, should be here now—with you."

"It is strange," she assents, "but I suppose the theory of coincidences will cover the facts, without calling upon fatality to explain them. You can go to Greenfield to-morrow morning and take the train without fear of molestation," she adds, giving him the full benefit of her eyes in a laughing gaze. "I will not stop you on the river or in the field. I promise that."

"I fear you have stopped me for once and for all," he says. "If I were wise, perhaps, I should go to Greenfield, but—" He pauses abruptly for an instant, then adds, in another tone, "Will you be sorry if I do not go?"

In accordance with the prudent resolution she has formed, Kate should either advise him to go, or else make clearly manifest her indifference to his going or staying. But she does neither. The rose-flush deepens on her cheeks, the dark fringes of her eyes droop. She answers lightly, but in a tone that tells more than words:

"Do you often angle for compliments! How can I possibly be sorry, after your kindness this morning?"

Ah! what are prudent resolutions worth, to one short hour of youth and happiness "in the gloamin'!"

CHAPTER IX.

"Her motion, feeling 'twas beloved,
The pensive soul of tune expressed;
And oh, what perfume, as she moved,
Came from the flowers in her breast!
How sweet a tongue the music had!
'Beautiful girl,' it seemed to say,
'Though all the world were vile and sad,
Dance on; let innocence be gay.'"

"It has grown very late!" says Kate, suddenly glancing round with a start. "How quickly twilight deepens when—one is not observing! We must go back to the house; every one will be wondering what has become of us."

"I imagine every one knows what has become of us," Tarleton calmly replies, "and I am well aware that blessings are being poured upon my head for monopolizing you in such a fashion."

Still they do not trouble themselves to make haste. It is a matter of time to saunter back through the garden, to pause and gather a few flowers, to cross the lawn, and finally to approach the house, from every open door and window of which a flood of cheerful light streams. A group of gentlemen are on the piazza. Kate passes these, and in the hall meets Mrs. Norton.

"Why, my dear, have you just come in?" says that lady. "The girls are all up-stairs taking off their hats for the evening. Supper will be ready in a few minutes, and then there is to be a dance."

"Oh, how charming!" cries Kate, gayly. Her blood is bounding like wine in her veins, her eyes are shining like stars, her cheeks are like roses; she feels as if to dance is the thing all others she most desires—the most delightful outlet for the excitement which tingles in every nerve. "Dear Mrs. Norton, I did not know how late it was," she says; "but I shall be ready as soon as the rest—see if I am not!"

She flies away as she speaks, and Mrs. Norton looks after her almost wondering. "What a pretty, pretty creature!" she thinks. "There is something about her that is fairly dazzling! How Carrie can consider Belle Palmer to compare to her, I do not understand."

Carrie herself is almost shaken in her loyalty to Miss Palmer's charms, when Kate's radiant face flashes upon her as she stands near the door of the large chamber which is full of the chatter of nearly a dozen girls.

"So here you are at last, runaway!" she says. "We have been wondering how long you meant to stay out in the garden. Here is a mirror, where you can take off your hat and arrange your hair."

"I must ask Janet to arrange my hair," says Kate. "Has she finished with her own?"

"Yes," answers Janet, advancing. "I finished some time ago, and have been waiting for you."

"I am sorry," says Kate; but it was so pleasant out in the dusk, and I did not think how time was going; though, to be sure, not thinking is never much of an excuse."

Janet gives a keen look at her face. "It is very evident why you did not think," she says. "Kate, I wonder if there is any use in telling you again to take care?"

"And I wonder if there is any use in telling you again that I am in no danger?" replies Kate. "Did you enjoy your game of croquet? I felt so stupid in not being able to join in it! But I can dance. Thank Fortune, there is nothing the matter with my feet!"

"Nor with your tongue," says Janet. "I see you have some lovely roses. I will put this splendid Marshal Niel in your hair."

While these important matters of the toilette are in progress, Tarleton is having a struggle with himself out in the purple dusk. He knows exactly on what ground he is standing, and he knows also that there are many reasons why he should not entangle this bright, beautiful girl in the meshes which are cast about his life—the meshes woven by his own hand.

"I am in no position to win any woman's heart," he thinks; "much less one whom Nature has so clearly intended for all that is most brilliant in life. How lovely she is—how lovely and how charming! There is a fatality in these things, for no other face ever struck me as hers did when I saw it first; and I know that, if I stay here a day longer, I shall be more in love with her than I have ever been with any woman in all my life. Knowing this, shall I not be mad if I stay? Ah, Kate, bonny Kate, if I had known you earlier! But now, the only wise thing that remains for me to do is to go. It will cost a wonderful wrench, but I can go now; after to-morrow it may be too late. Shall I—shall I?" He stands gazing at the silver sickle of the "hunter's moon" as it hangs in the tender sky. "Who could believe that it would be so hard to bid good-by to a girl whom twenty-four hours ago I had barely seen—to whom, twelve hours ago, I had never spoken!"

Who, indeed, can master the countless varieties, the protean forms, of this magnetic attraction which we call "love"? Men have learned the secrets of electricity, and made "the tidal flows confess their meaning;" but no seer has ever arisen to explain the subtler electricity that lurks in human hearts, the stranger tide of human feeling. We talk of "love at first sight" as if it were an anomaly; but is the love that arises by slow degrees a whit less mysterious? At least, there is no question that, when the influence which is to move it comes, the heart puts forth bud and blossom as readily in an hour as in a year.

Tarleton's resolution is still trembling in the balance, ready to be swayed in either direction by the slightest touch, when he is summoned to supper. "Oh, how pretty!" the girls say to one another, as they enter and see the festive table, with its flower-laden epergnes and piles of frosted cake. In the country, far removed from bakers and confectioners, such tables represent no ordinary degree of taste and skill in house-keeping, together with a great deal of labour, and are appreciated accordingly.

There can be no doubt of the gayety of the company which gathers around this table. The wit would probably not bear repetition; the laughter often breaks forth with little cause; but youth, high spirits, and perfect ease with one another, give a zest to the poorest jest. Tarleton yields to the contagion and is as merry as the rest, though he is seated by Miss Palmer; and Kate's graceful head, with a golden rose shining amid its dark braids, is divided from him by half the length of the table. It is likely that his eyes wander in the direction of that head a little too often; at least Miss Palmer suddenly surprises him, by saying, in a slightly condescending tone:

"How well Miss Kate Lawrence lights up! That is the great advantage brunettes have over blondes. We cannot bear a comparison with them at night."

"I don't think you need disquiet yourself on that score," replies Tarleton, glancing at the milk-and-roses of her skin. "There are some complexions to which any light must of necessity be favourable—Lawrence, what are you about?"

The last remark is addressed to Will, who is tapping on the table to command attention.

"I have been requested to address the company on a matter of importance," he replies; "and if I can obtain a minute's silence, I have a proposal to make, which it is to be hoped will meet with approval. There being no doubt of the enjoyment of the present gathering, it has occurred to two young ladies present"—he indicates Miss Norton and his eldest sister—"that you will not object to be called together again on a like occasion."

"Hear! hear!" comes from several voices.

"In order to accomplish this object," proceeds the speaker, "and at the same time to show the beauties of our neighbourhood to the fair visitor who is honouring us with her presence"—here he bows to Miss Palmer—"I am commissioned to propose an excursion to Rocky Mountain to-morrow afternoon. All who are in favour of the plan, hold up their hands."

Hands of various sizes and shapes instantly appear around the board, and a chorus of voices express immediate and unqualified approbation. "Just the thing!" every one is exclaiming, except Miss Palmer, who turns to Tarleton, and says:

"Why do you not hold up your hand? Do you not like the plan?"

"I should like it very well," he answers, "if I could hope to share in it; but I fear I must leave the country to-morrow morning."

"Leave the country!" repeats Will, who overhears this. "Nonsense, Tarleton! we can't allow such a thing. Now that you are here, we mean to keep you—for a while, at least."

"He needs must, whom the devil drives," my dear fellow," replies Tarleton, lightly. "Be sure it is not inclination which takes me away, if I go."

Almost involuntarily he adds the last words, for he has glanced in the direction of Kate and seen the swift look of disappointment which falls over her face, as the shadow of a cloud falls over a sunny landscape. Also, he has caught the expression of relief which lights up Mr. Proctor's visage; and to pain the former and gratify the latter, by an act so repugnant to his own desire, is more than he can decide to do.

"Oh, if you are not certain of going, we shall count upon you," says Will, in reply to his last words. "The man who hesitates is gained. The matter is settled, then, my friends. Rocky Mount, to-morrow afternoon is the programme."

Nothing more is said of Tarleton's resolution of departure; and so it still hangs in the balance, when, supper being over, he finds himself on the piazza, with a cigar between his fingers. Looking through the open windows, the brightly-lighted parlours present an attractive appearance. The furniture having been moved aside, the dark, polished floors are left clear for dancing, and two or three pairs of girls are waltzing with each other to the music which a negro fiddler makes. "Partners for a quadrille!" somebody presently calls out; but, instead of seeking a partner for a quadrille, Tarleton strikes a match, lights his cigar, and sinks into a chair which stands conveniently near. Here he is still lying back at ease, watching alternately the star-studded sky and the shifting forms and colours of the scene within, when Mr. Norton walks upon him, pipe in hand.

"Bless me!" he says, perceiving, just before he sits down, that somebody else occupies the seat, "who is this?—Tarleton! Why, I thought all of you young fellows were dancing!"

Tarleton extends his cigar. "I thought it better to forego one quadrille, than to give up this," he says. "But I beg pardon—have I taken your chair?"

"Not at all; there are plenty more here," replies Mr. Norton, finding one, and establishing himself in a comfortable position to watch the dancers. "There's nothing I like better than to see young people enjoy themselves," he says, complacently; "and, luckily, my wife agrees with me. She never minds any trouble, if it is to give pleasure to the girls and their friends. Now, I call this a pretty picture."

Tarleton feels averse of talking, but he murmurs something which may be taken for assent. "And the prettiest girl there, in my opinion," proceeds Mr. Norton, "is not that Miss Palmer, whom Carrie admires so much, but Kate Lawrence."

Tarleton's languor vanishes. "I don't think there is a doubt of that," he says, clearly and decidedly.

"She's very like her father—poor Allan Lawrence!" says Mr. Norton, letting out a long whiff of smoke. "She has all his wild spirits and taking ways; but it is to be hoped that she'll make something better of her life than he made of his. I never knew brighter promises come to a sadder end, than in his case. We are all fond of Kate—very fond—and therefore I am glad she is likely to marry such a good, steady fellow as George Proctor."

Tarleton's start is imperceptible to his companion; but he feels a chill to the tips of his fingers. At that moment his eyes chance to be following Kate's black and amber draperies as they cross the floor by Proctor's side; and the idea thus suggested rouses in him a sensation of absolute fierceness. When he speaks, however, his voice has nothing in it to excite the suspicion of the man by his side—the man who is congratulating himself upon giving this dangerous young gentleman a quiet hint that Kate is to be let alone.

"Is there a prospect of the kind?" he asks, carelessly. "It almost seems a pity, does it not? Mr. Proctor,—by-the-by, who is he, exactly?—strikes me as being very commonplace, and rather more than a trifle heavy."

"It's better to be too heavy than too light," replies Mr. Norton. "Proctor will never set the world on fire with his brightness; but he does not lack good sense. He lives in R—County, where he has a fine plantation, about thirty miles from here. He inherited a good estate, and he's increasing it every year, I'm told. When you add steady habits to such a character as that, I don't see how any girl could look for more. Every now and then we hear of his being at Fairfield's; and I hope, by this time, Kate is engaged to him. It is a chance that is not likely to come twice to a girl without a sixpence."

"I suppose not," says Tarleton, to whom every word is like a flake of fire. "A good estate—increasing it year by year—steady habits! These things ring in his ears like a sentence of doom. Surely, if he is wise—surely, if he thinks of the happiness of the girl before him—he will take himself out of her path, and let this

desirable suitor, this man who, in circumstances and character, is his own exact opposite, win her if he can! He says this to himself for one moment; then the strength of passion which he has never curbed, the reckless impulses on which he has never laid a rein, rise up and overcome the voice of conscience, as they have overcome it often before. He looks at the graceful, high-bred figure, the delicate, vivid face, and determines in his heart that the commonplace man by her side shall never win and wear such a jewel.

The quadrille ends soon after this, and, entering the room, he walks up to Kate.

"Will you give me a waltz?" he says; adding, as she hesitates, "I have a tolerable step."

"I was not thinking of your step," she answers; "but I have never waltzed with any one but the boys, and I don't know—I hardly think—"

"But I am one of the boys," he says, growing more eager as she hesitates. "Don't you know that? Ask Miss Sophy if I was not brought up with her, like Will."

"But you were not brought up with me," Kate retorts, laughing.

"No; but that was altogether an accident. I might have been, you know. As it is, we simply have a long arrear of acquaintanceship to make up. Ah, that old fellow absolutely knows a Strauss waltz! Come, you surely can't resist that."

"Perhaps it is the imploring eyes and voice which Kate cannot resist, rather than the 'Beautiful Blue Danube,' but she yields, and they whirl away.

What a pleasant dance it is! The floor is excellent, the music good, and both discover that their steps suit wonderfully. With Tarleton dancing is an accomplishment, and one which he has mastered thoroughly; but with Kate it is pure inspiration. She possesses that rarest of personal gifts—natural grace—to an uncommon degree; and this, united to a gay, pleasure-loving nature, makes the exercise a delight to her. It does not appear possible to either that they can ever tire; and when the cessation of the music brings them to a pause, both feel that it is a necessity to be regretted.

"Why, you are a perfect sylph!" says Tarleton. "You make me think of those old lines:

"But oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."

"It is in my feet," says Kate. "I have never had a dancing-lesson in my life. Oh, yes, I had, when I was a very small child, ages ago."

"A great many ages, I am sure! It is difficult to imagine that a person so venerable as yourself was ever a small child. But I am glad that you can dance. I feared that, as a consequence of your fall, you might not be able to dance, any more than to play croquet."

"I do not feel any consequences of the fall, except in my shoulder," she answers. "I hope Diana is as well recovered, for I shall want to ride her to Rocky Mount to-morrow."

"Diana? Is that the animal that fell lame, in consequence of which you mounted Mr. Proctor's horse? Let me offer a substitute that will not prove so unruly as the latter. I have, at Southdale, a pretty, thoroughbred mare, which will be just the mount for you. May I bring her over to-morrow?"

"Bring her over to-morrow?" The gray eyes look wonderfully into his face. "But I thought you said, at supper—"

"I said nothing definite at supper," he interrupts. "I simply did not choose to commit myself. If you will let me be your escort to-morrow, and bring Flor—the animal of which I spoke—over for you, I shall certainly stay."

"That will be delightful!" As she speaks, the unconscious pleasure which shines in her eyes thrills him to the heart. "But I am afraid you change your mind very often, Mr. Tarleton."

"I shall not change it again," he answers.

So the scale is struck, and the trembling balance falls heavily on the side of a resolve which is to alter the whole aspect of Kate Lawrence's life.

(To be continued.)

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

DESERVING OF PRAISE.—Too much cannot be expressed in favour of that unsurpassed remedy for coughs, colds, asthma, croup, sore throat, and all lung complaints. If you suffer from neglected colds, try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. The cost is trifling, only 25 cents.

BUILDING AND BEING.

The king would build, so legend says,
The finest of all fine palaces.

He sent for St. Thomas a builder rare,
And bid him to rear a wonder fair.

The great king's treasure was placed at hand,
And with it the sovereign's one command.

"Build well, O builder, so good and great,
And add to the glory of my estate.

"Build well, nor spare my wealth, to show
A prouder palace than mortals know."

The king took leave of his kingdom then,
And wandered far from the haunts of men.

St. Thomas the king's great treasure spent
In worthier way than his master meant.

He clad the naked, the hungry fed,
The old of gladness round him shed.

He blessed them all with the ample store,
As never a king's wealth blessed before.

The king came back from his journey long
But found no grace in the happy throng.

They greeted him now on his slow return,
To teach him the lesson he ought to learn.

The king came back to his well spent gold,
But no new palace could he behold.

In terrible anger he swore, and said
That the builder's folly should cost his head.

St. Thomas in dungeon dark was cast,
Till the time for his punishment dure was passed.

Then it chanced, or the good God willed it so,
That the king's own brother in death lay low.

When four days dead, as the legend reads,
He rose to humanity's life and needs.

From sleep of the dust he strangely woke,
And thus to his brother the king he spoke:

"I have been to Paradise, O, my king,
And have heard the heavenly angels sing.

"And there I saw by the gates of gold
A palace finer than tongue has told:

"Its walls and towers were lifted high,
In beautiful grace to the beaming sky:

"Its glories there in that radiant place,
Shone forth like a smile from the dear Lord's face.

"An angel said it was builded there
By the good St. Thomas, with love and care.

"For our fellow men, and that it should be
Thy palace of peace through eternity.

The king this vision pondered well,
Till he took St. Thomas from dungeon cell.

And said "O, builder, if thou art wise,
Who buildeth ever for Paradise.

A FOOLISH MISTAKE.

I.

Lucy, which of us are you going to give up, Mark Beauclere or me? It must be one of us, dear, and the sooner you decide the better."

The speaker a tall, lithe, brown-haired, brown-skinned young fellow of three-and-twenty, with an honest face and a pair of earnest blue eyes, placed himself very deliberately in Lucy Armstrong's way, as she was strolling under the trees in the shady old garden with her hat pulled over her eyes, and a pocket volume of some poet in her hands. It was a scorching July afternoon, and Lucy had quietly slipped away from the half dozen ladies who were sitting round her Aunt Hester's tea-table, discussing all the latest news of the parish.

Mark Beauclere, an aesthetic young gentleman of thirty, with a very fine voice, rather weak sight and a large income, was there too, but as he generally was to be found at Miss Armstrong's tea-table, he counted almost as one of the ladies; and Lucy was a little tired of them all, and wanted to be alone. She looked as if she were having some very pleasant thoughts, as she sauntered under the trees, and seemed in no way prepared for the sudden interruption.

"Why, George, you quite startled me," she said, standing still, for George Leslie had placed himself in her way.

"Why didn't you go in and have some tea?"

"Because I wanted to talk to you, Lucy. I've been trying to get an opportunity of talking to you for the last week and I couldn't. I want to know which of us you are going to give up, Mark or me?"

"Seeing that I never possessed either of you, it would be rather premature of me to say," and she glanced up at him from under the shelter of her hat. "Why, George, what's the matter?" she asked, laying her hand lightly upon his arm. "Are you ill—or angry?"

"No, only heart-sick and sorry and disappointed," and the young fellow looked quite haggard. "I suppose I ought to congratulate you, and then efface myself as speedily as possible; but when a fellow has cared about some one all his life, as I have cared about you, it's not so easy, Lucy."

"What's not easy, George?" I really have not the slightest idea of what you're talking about," Lucy cried, growing very red and confused. "Do tell me exactly what you mean, like a good boy."

George winced and turned his head aside with rather a savage expression. To be called "a

good boy" by Lucy under certain circumstances would be all very well, but in that tolerant, almost patronizing tone, it was too much.

"Am I not to congratulate you on your engagement to Mr. Beauclere?" he said grimly.

"Certainly not," was the very grave reply.

"Then you refused him, Lucy?" with humiliating eagerness. "I guessed you would."

"Mr. Beauclere has not done me the honour of asking me!"

"Oh!" and George's face fell perceptibly.

"But you will refuse him, Loo, won't you?" he continued. "He told me he was going to propose this very day," in a savage whisper.

"Then, perhaps, he will inform you of my reply in due course," and she looked up with a droll twinkle in her bright hazel eyes. "Now, George, if you're not coming in to have some tea, please let me pass."

"But you don't care about him, Loo, do you?" he whispered, with a very penitent glance.

"Pardon me, I like Mr. Beauclere very much indeed. Why shouldn't I? and I thought, George, that you and he were friends."

George turned away with an exclamation that sounded like "Confound him," and Lucy returned to the house, serenely smiling under her broad-brimmed hat.

The drawing-room was empty, but in a little snuggerly beyond, which her aunt called her own boudoir, there was a muffled hum of voices, and Lucy smiled more comically than ever as she went up stairs to change her dress for dinner. Both George Leslie and Mark Beauclere were to dine at "The Nest," and Lucy, brimful of mischief, resolved to tease George thoroughly before she put him out of his misery.

So she donned a fresh muslin gown, and fastened a crimson rose in her hair and then went down and took her seat near the drawing-room window, which commanded the entrance to the front garden, and with a very demure smile awaited the course of events.

Presently she was joined by her aunt, looking gravely important, and bristling all over with a secret. Miss Hester was a tall, thin, keen-eyed, thin-lipped lady of as near forty as possible, with smooth dark hair, regular features, and a stately, not to say commanding presence; she had very beautiful white hands, and she used them a good deal in a majestic way. When dinner was announced it was by a wave of them she signified to her niece that she meant to proceed at once to the dining-room. Lucy followed her with suppressed amusement beaming from every feature of her face. She guessed pretty accurately what her aunt's secret was, though, till Miss Hester opened the subject, she would not breathe even a hint of it. As the dinner progressed in impressive silence, she found herself wondering why George did not come. Later on, as she sat at the piano in the twilight, and played over her favourite songs, singing snatches of them, wandering aimlessly from "Auld Lang Syne" to the "Lass of Richmond Hill," and then to "Home, Sweet Home," she little thought who was listening on the other side of the blue tree that shaded the drawing-room window. There, in safe obscurity, Geo. Leslie listened, till he heard the piano closed with just the suspicion of a bang, and saw Lucy's slight white-robed figure cross the room and approach the open window, then he stole away noiselessly with something between a sob and a sigh. There was even a suspicious and humiliating moisture in the poor fellow's eyes as he hurried across the fields in the direction of the railway station.

"She's treated me very badly—but for all that I hope she may be happy. Heaven bless her!" he said, as he caught a glimpse of "The Nest," as the train shrieked past.

Then he shrank back into his corner, and gave himself up to the bitterest reflection. He found it difficult to realize that he was rejected; yet Beauclere told him distinctly that he had proposed to Miss Armstrong that afternoon and had been accepted. There was no further reason for his staying at Westwater; and he was going to ask his uncle of the firm of Leslie & Longhampton, to send him on a confidential mission to the extreme end of the earth, where they were supposed to do business. George could not be philosophical enough to look at happiness "through another man's eyes," so he determined to get completely out of the way of Mark Beauclere; and he could not even sum up courage to congratulate Lucy, or say good-bye; but he wrote her a nice letter, in which a good deal of real feeling was hidden under some stiff formal phrases, and through it all peeped a very sore, bruised, affronted, but still faithful love. Lucy laughed at it first, and then cried over it, then wiped her eyes, and wrote an explanatory and affectionate reply; but, alas! George was gone on the confidential mission. His letter said that he was on the eve of starting for China, and bore the Southampton post-mark. He said he might be absent for years, or forever. To poor Lucy, in the first dismay of her discovery that George was really gone, it seemed the same thing.

II.

"My dear Leslie, this is a surprise and a pleasure! How are you! When did you get back?" and George Leslie found his hand grasped by a portly, comfortable-looking gentleman in gold-rimmed glasses and a wide-awake hat.

"I—I beg your pardon, I don't—I can't quite recall you, though I seem to remember your voice," George stammered.

The portly gentleman laughed. "Well, you're more changed than I am, I dare say, and yet I

knew you in a moment. Is it possible that you've forgotten—"

"Beauclere? Why, of course; how stupid of me!" and George's brown face grew a very curious brick colour as he wrung his old friend's hand. "I've been away five years, Mark, and it tells on all of us."

"I wish it told such a flattering tale on me as it does on you," Mark said with a smile. "Come and dine with me, old fellow—no excuses—it won't put us out in the least. Mrs. Beauclere is at Brighton with Miss Armstrong, so I'm *en garçon*. We live at Putney—jump in," as a "bus" came up, "and tell me all about your adventures, and when you returned."

"I only landed three days ago, and I haven't had any adventures, except of the most commonplace, practical kind. The business I went out to manage turned out very well. I made some money, and I've come to England to settle down—that's all. How is Mrs. Beauclere?"

"Quite well, thanks. Have you put on the halter yet, George?"

"No. The Celestial Empire is certainly not the place of all others to tempt a man to matrimony."

"Lucky fellow! I wish I had gone there with you."

George was silent—it seemed like treason to echo the wish. It was just like that monster Mark, ever to express it. Of course he made poor Lucy miserable, that was only to be expected. How he ever could have become so supremely dull and commonplace George couldn't imagine. When he entered the drawing-room he couldn't help noticing little evidences of Lucy about her old-fashioned work table—a black cat, which he seemed dimly to remember—books and a drawing or two. His heart beat a little quickly; and on the whole he was glad that he had not to meet her on the first evening. "Does Miss Armstrong always live with you?" he asked presently.

"Yes, of course; where else could she live? Indeed, I don't know in the least how the house would get on without her. You see, my wife and I go in for politics and literature, and that sort of thing; and if we hadn't someone to keep us in order and see to our creature comforts, I'm afraid we'd starve. If ever you do marry, George, don't select a clever woman with a taste for logic and metaphysics," Mark whispered, looking round cautiously. "It's simply awful!"

"I never fancied Mrs. Beauclere would develop a taste for those subjects," George replied; and then he smiled a little sadly as he thought of Lucy as a blue-stocking, and Aunt Hester, who has always been his special horror, whisking about the house, upsetting the domestic comfort of everyone, and waving her hands in command or disapproval, unceasingly.

"I never could stand it, I know," he said to himself, as Mark went on giving him some details of the establishment, with a sort of rueful good humour. "A clever wife and an energetic aunt-in-law, would be too much for me."

And it had evidently proved too much for poor Mark Beauclere. He was no longer slender, sentimental, and aesthetic; indeed, his chief idea in life seemed to be thorough enjoyment of such pleasures as remained to him. He enjoyed his dinner, for instance, thoroughly, and grew quite confidential over his coffee after.

"It was very sudden, your going away, George," he remarked after a long chat over the old times at Westwater, and the pleasant evenings they used to have at "The Nest." "Do you know, I thought you had rather a fancy for Lucy?"

George grew brick-red again, and bent his eyes resolutely on the table.

"It would have been a capital thing for you; and I believe she liked you, for she seemed altogether out of sorts when she got your letter. In fact, George, you might have done much worse than have married Lucy Armstrong."

Still silent and steady contemplation of his glass, on the part of George.

"And for that matter, you might do worse than marry her still."

George looked up with a sudden angry flash, then he grew quite white. Mark was not chafing in the least, he felt that; still he could not take it all in at once.

"I believe it's entirely on your account she has remained single," Mark continued, with good-natured garrulity, "in spite of all her aunt's efforts to get her well married."

"Did you say Mrs. Beauclere was staying at Brighton?" George presently asked, in a very meek voice; because I thought of running down there for a few days. Will you come, Mark?"

"No, thank you," with a droll shrug. "My wife and Lucy are staying at the Royal; give them my love, and tell them they need not hurry back, as I'm all right."

"Lucy, dearest, can you forgive me?" It was all a dreadful mistake from first to last! I thought it was you Mark wanted to marry; and when he told me that evening that he had proposed and been accepted I was frantic. Aunt Hester never once entered my head."

Lucy's reply was a little unintelligible, but after a time they managed to understand each other. Miss Armstrong could not long resist a lover who had been faithful to her for five years, even when he believed her lost to him forever; and George resolved to marry her out of hand, so that there should be no more misunderstandings. Sometimes Mark Beauclere chaffs them both a little about George's mistake; but he always boldly asserts that the great mistake was Mark's after all.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Prince Imperial of Japan is to be educated in France.

Post-office Savings Banks, which have proved such a success in England, are to be started throughout France with the New Year, accounts being limited to a maximum of £30, and interest being allowed at the rate of three per cent.

THE legal sanction about to be given to the establishment of thirty female colleges throughout France, gives rise to much opposition on the part of the philosophers of the ancient régime, who behold in this new system of education for girls the total destruction of all the charm and grace of womanhood.

M. PERRIN has no objection to the return of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt to the Théâtre-Français. In the event of her coming back, the director intends waiving his claim upon her of the 100,000 francs damages allowed him by the Court. But should she elect to appear on any other Paris stage, he would then insist upon receiving the whole amount.

THE schoolmaster was apparently not abroad, or rather was all at sea, when the lately-issued French census papers were drawn up. Amongst the directions for filling up each paper, which are printed on the back of each of them, the recipient is directed to give the city as well as the country of his or her birth, "such as Dublin, *England*." We would respectfully advise the preparers of the official documents of the city to give some time to a brief study of the elements of geography.

THERE is a curious change taking place in the shop-keeping classes of this city—the monster houses have crushed out the medium establishments. Only the very modest or the most humble appear capable of continuing that struggle for life, and how? The owners are simply artisans, who convert the shop into a dwelling and a work room, and these produce and sell on the spot 30 per cent. cheaper. Gaubetta has promised a bill on the labour question. He is believed to be favourable to loaning state money at a very low rate to artisans whose character will justify confidence.

EVERYBODY knows that a Paris cab goes by the name of *fiacre*, but very few know anything of the original source of this designation, fewer still that it is traceable to a native of our sister island. In a life of Saint Fiacrus, or Fiaker, which is published, we learn that the person to whom the French cab owes its name was the son of an Irish king, and was born in the year 600. Another legend makes him the Crown Prince of Scotland, son of "Eugenius IV., King of Scotland." Pilgrimages to the relics of St. Fiacrus became very fashionable in the seventeenth century, and the coaches in which the pilgrims made their visits were adorned with a picture of the saint, either on the outside or inside. St. Fiacre was supposed to ensure them against accidents. Hence the hired carriages were called *voitures de Saint Fiacre*, which was afterwards shortened into "fiacre."

HUMOROUS.

JOSEPH BILLINGS says:—"There are 2 things in this world for which we are never prepared, and those are twins."

THE man who can see sermons in running brooks is most apt to go and look for them on Sundays when trout are biting.

ONE man asked another why his beard was brown and his hair white? "Because one is 20 years younger than the other."

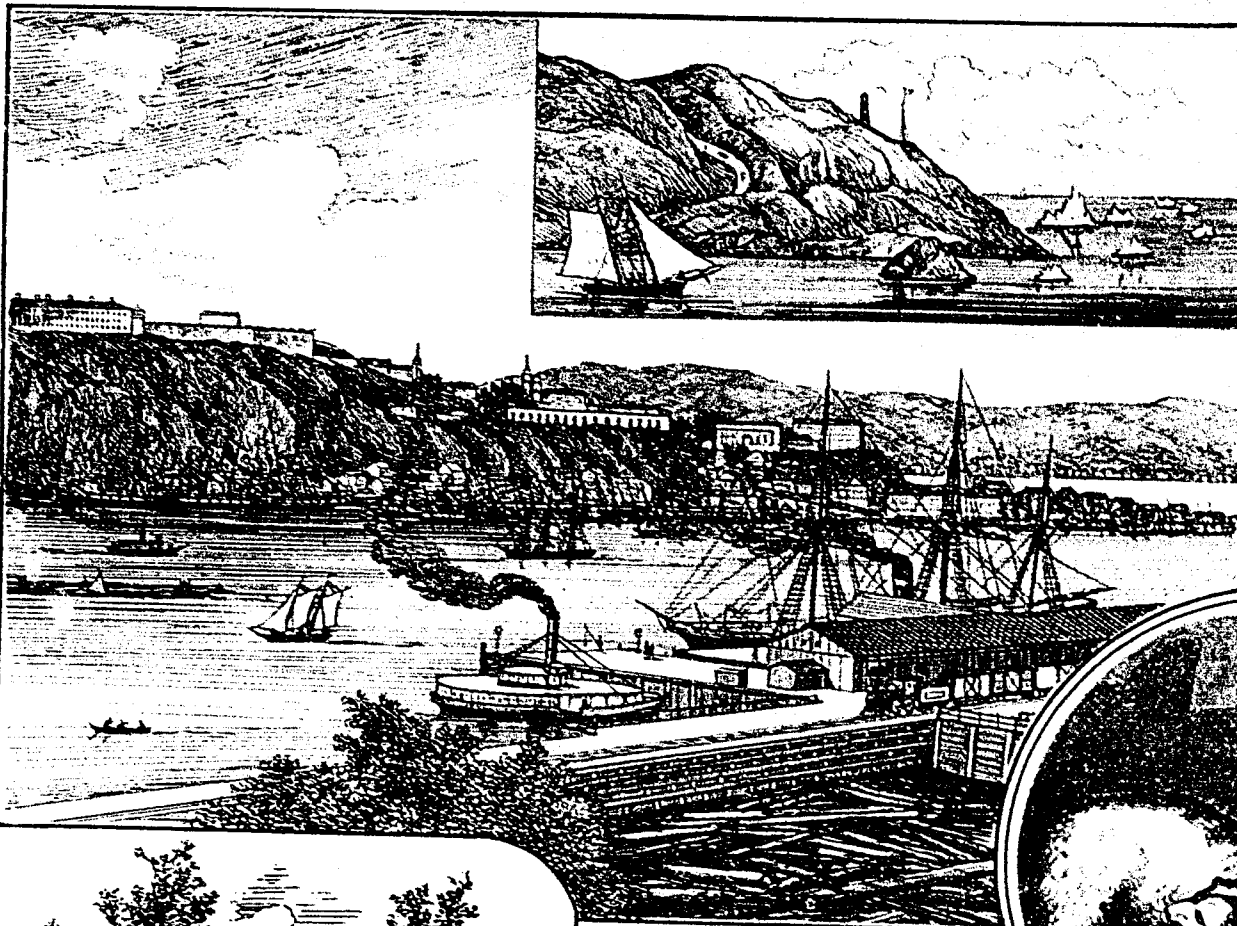
IT seems that competition has forced the price of false teeth so low that it isn't really worth a body's while to cut his natural ones.

ECONOMY is wealth. A Philadelphia lady, who found a baby in a basket on her doorstep, took the infant to the station-house, but saved the basket for marketing.

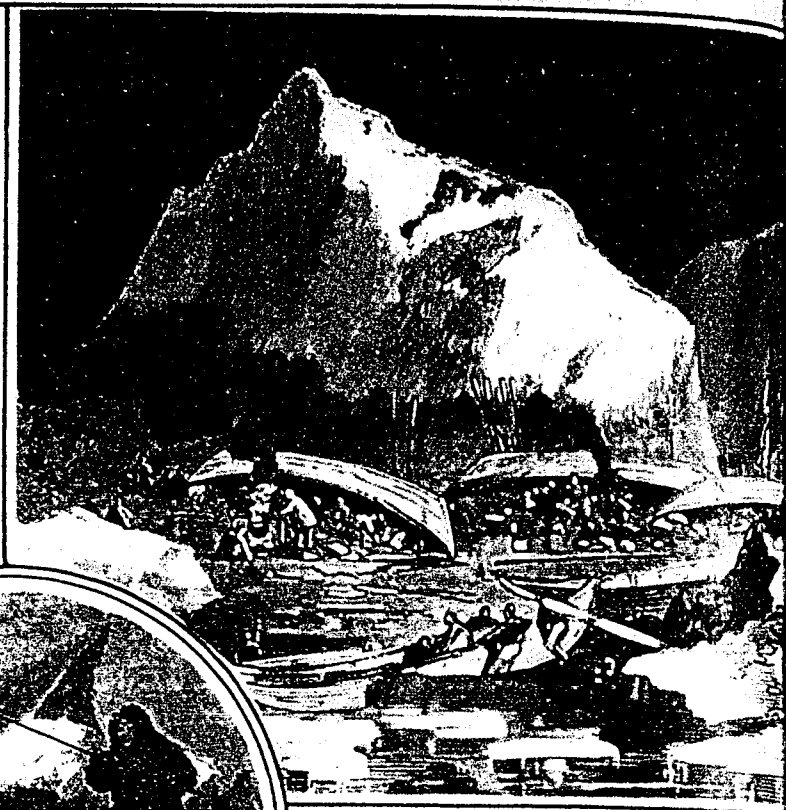
A CURRENT paragraph states that "a Virginian, who was sentenced to the penitentiary a few days ago for horse stealing, at one time paid taxes on \$100,000 dollars." The demoralizing effects of the tax-paying habit cannot be too deeply deplored.

THE meanest man in the world lives in Burlington. While a deaf, dumb and blind organist was sleeping on the post-office corner, the wretch stole his instrument and substituted a new-fangled churn therefor; and when the organist awoke he seized the handles of the churn and ground away for dear life, and when the "shades of night were falling fast," the meanest man in the world came round, took his churn, restored the organ to its owner, and carried home four pounds of creamy butter.

PEOPLE who suffer from Lung, Throat, or Kidney diseases and have tried all kinds of medicine with little or no benefit, and who despair of ever being cured, have still a resource left in Electricity, which is fast taking the place of almost all other methods of treatment, being mild, potent and harmless; it is the safest system known to man, and the most thoroughly scientific curative power ever discovered. As time advances, greater discoveries are made in the method of applying this electric fluid; among the most recent and best modes of using electricity is by wearing one of Norman's Electric Curative Belts, manufactured by Mr. A. Norman, 4 Queen Street East, Toronto, Ont.



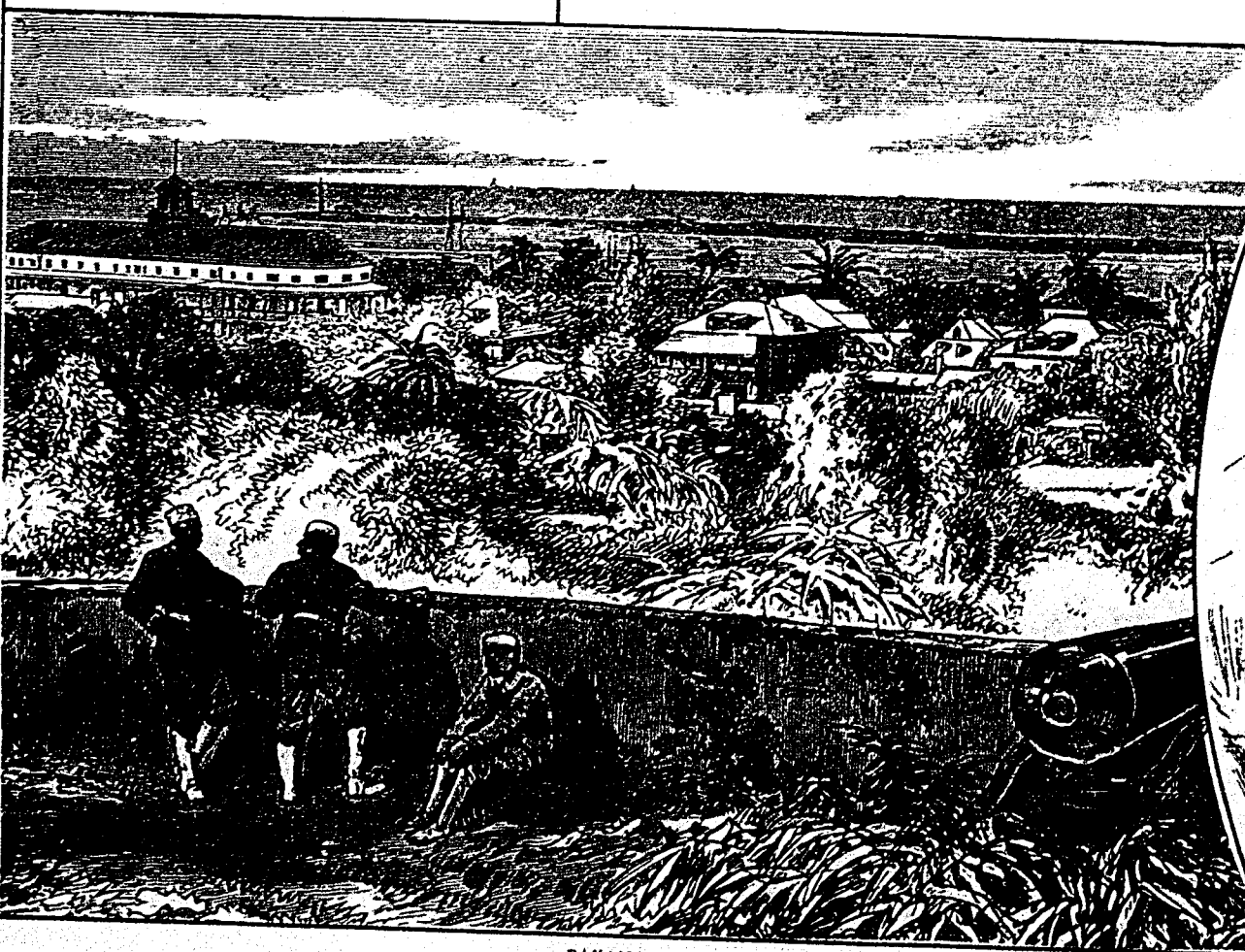
CANADA : QUEBEC.



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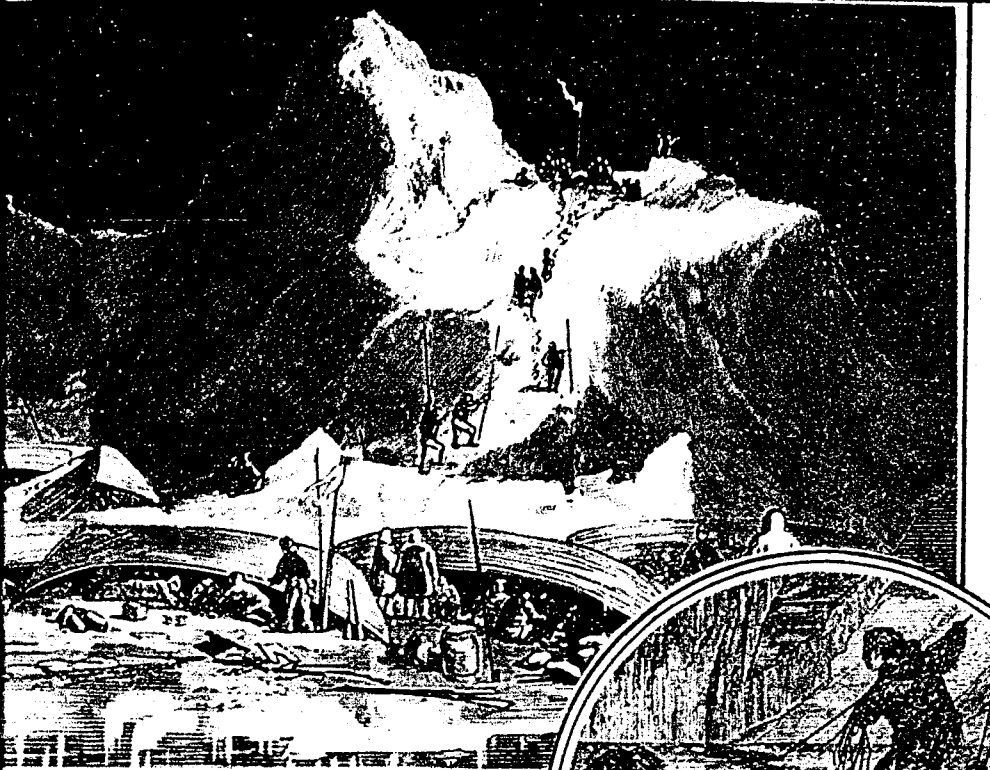
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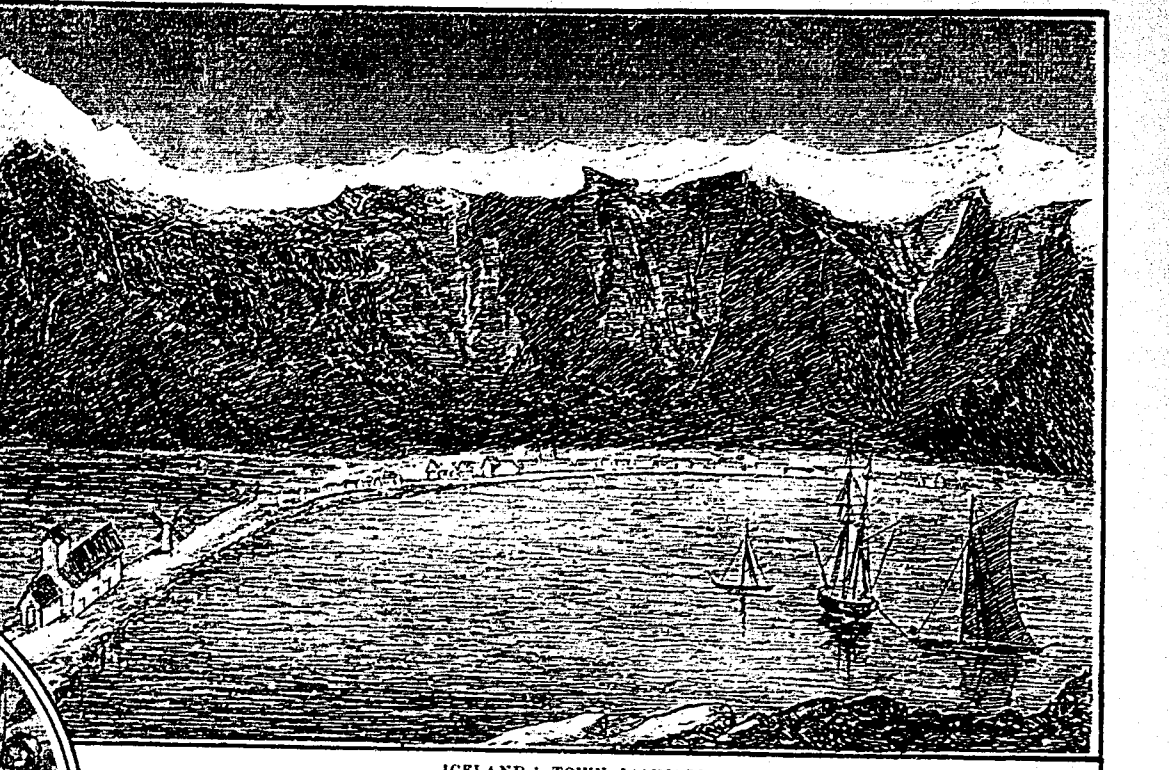
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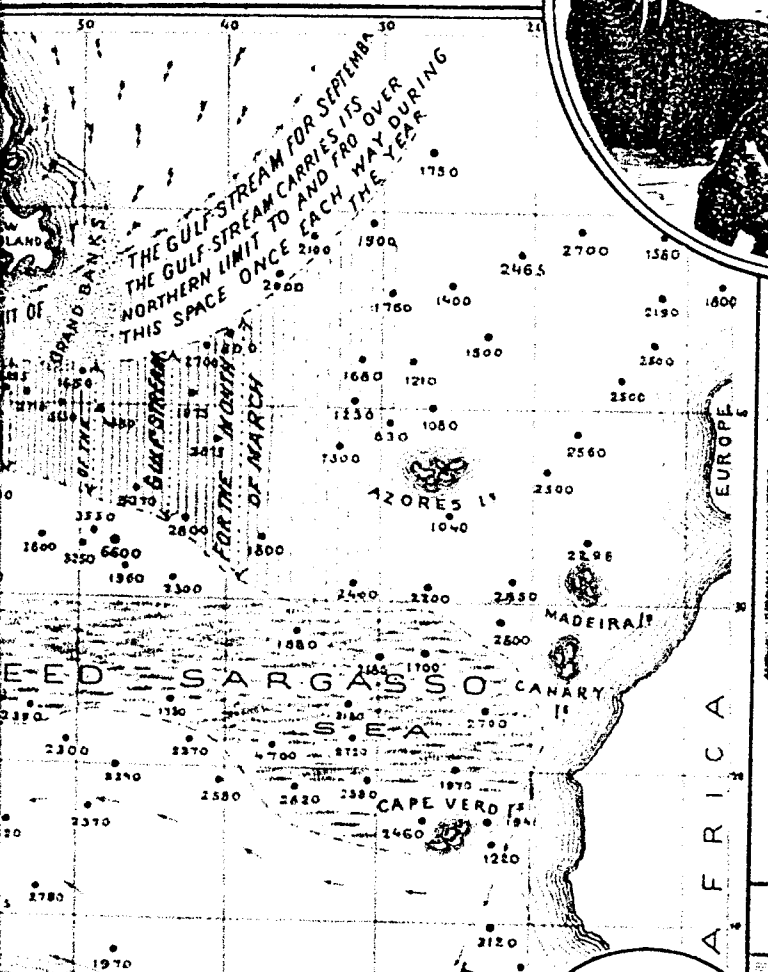
THE COURSE OF THE GULF STREAM, SHOWING ITS EFFECT UP



GROUNDING ICEBERG.



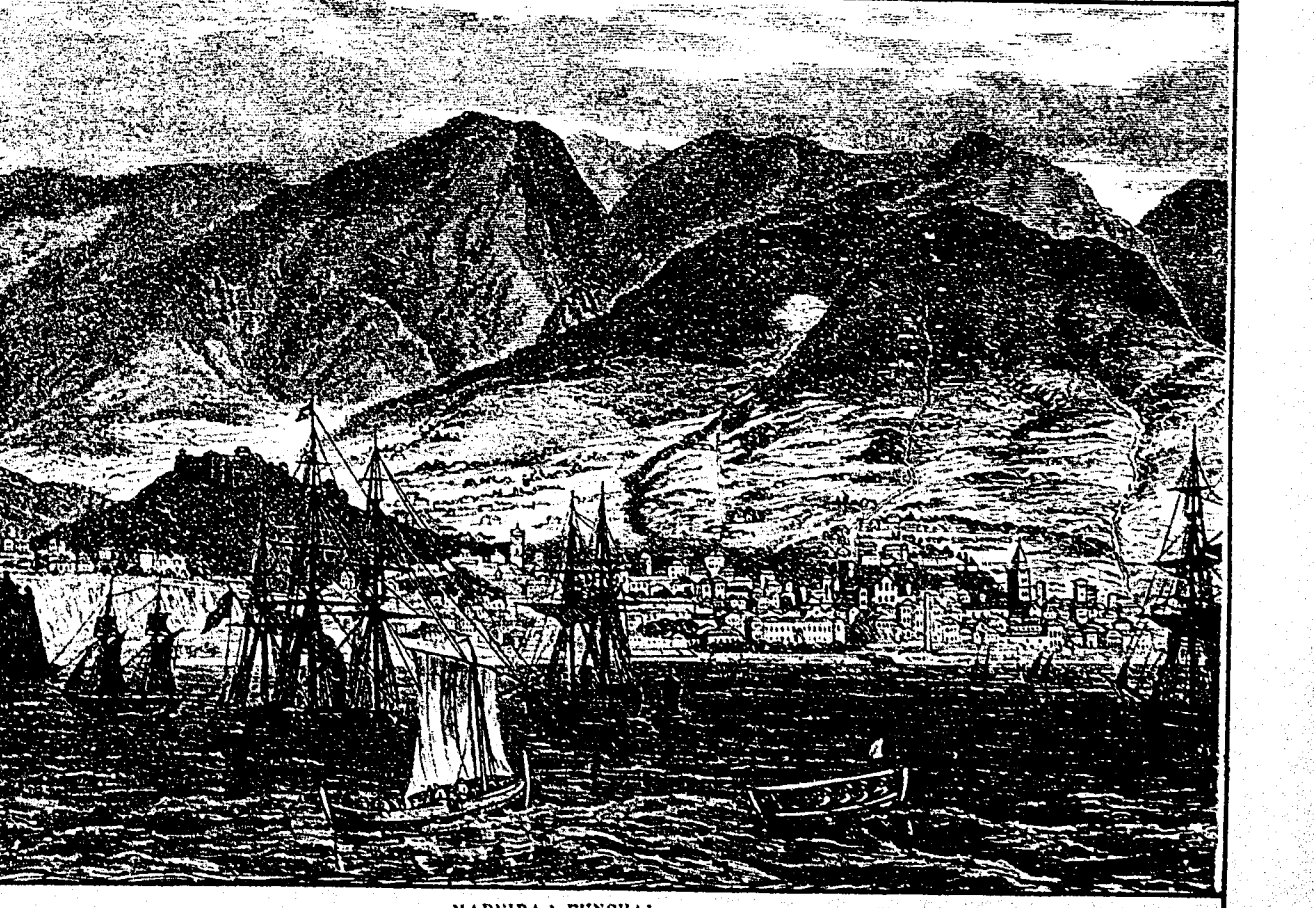
ICELAND: TOWN ISAFJORDR.



BAY OF BISCAY: BIARRITZ.



COURSE OF THE GULF STREAM.



MADIRA: FUNCHAL.

SCHUMANN'S SONATA IN A MINOR.

(MIT LEIDENSCHAFTLICHEM AUSDRUCK.)

The brilliant room, the flowers, the perfumed calm.
The slender crystal vase where all adame
The scarlet poppies stand erect and tall;
Colour that burns as if no frost could tame;
The shaded lamp light glowing over all;
The summer night a dream of warmth and balm.

Out breaks at once the golden melody
"With passionate expression"—ah, from whence
Comes the enchantment of this mystic spell,
This charm that takes us captive soul and sense,
The sacred power of music—who shall tell,
Who find the secret of its mastery?

Lo, in the keen vibration of the air,
Pierced by the sweetness of the violin,
Shaken by thrilling chorals and searching notes
That flood the ivory keys, the flowers begin
To tremble,—tis as if some spirit floats,
And breathes upon their beauty unaware.

Stately and still and proud the poppies stand
In sullen splendour of superb attire:
Stricken with arrows of melodious sound
Their loosened petals fall like flakes of fire:
With waves of music overwhelmed and drowned,
Solemnly drop their flames on either hand.

So rare the moment dies, and what is left?
Only a memory sweet to shut between
Some poem's silent leaves, to find again
Perhaps, when winter blasts are howling keen,
And summer's loveliness is spoiled and slain,
And all the world of light and bloom bereft.

But winter cannot rob the music so!
Nor time nor fate its subtle power destroy
To bring again the summer's dear caress,
To fill the heart with youth's unreasoning joy—
Sound, colour, perfume, love, to warm and bless,
And airs of balm from Paradise that blow.

CELIA THAXTER. 1874. January Century.

THE GULF STREAM.

There is a river in the ocean. Its banks and its bottoms are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its source, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi, or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina Coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in common water of the sea; so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between these waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.

The cause of the Gulf Stream has always puzzled philosophers. Many the theories and numerous the speculations that have been advanced with regard to it. Modern investigations and examinations are beginning to throw some light upon the subject, though all is not yet clear.

Early writers maintained that the Mississippi River was the father of the Gulf Stream. Its floods, they said, produced it; for its velocity, it was held, could be computed by the rate of the current of the river.

Captain Livingston over-turned this hypothesis by showing that the volume of water which the Mississippi River empties into the Gulf of Mexico is not equal to the three thousandth part of that which escapes from it through the Gulf Stream.

Moreover, the water of the Gulf Stream is salt—that of the Mississippi, fresh; and those philosophers forgot that just as much salt as escapes from the Gulf of Mexico through this stream, must enter the Gulf through some other channel from the main ocean; for, if it did not, the Gulf of Mexico, in process of time, unless it had a salt bed at the bottom, or was fed with salt springs from below—neither of which is probable—would become a fresh water basin.

The above quoted argument of Captain Livingston, however, was held to be conclusive.

But the opinion that came to be the most generally received and deep-rooted in the mind of seafaring people, was the one repeated by Dr. Franklin, and which held that the Gulf Stream is the escaping of the waters that have been forced into the Caribbean Sea by the trade winds, and it is the pressure of the winds forces up in to that sea a head, as it were, for this stream.

Supposing the pressure of the waters that are forced into the Caribbean Sea by the trade winds to be the sole cause of the Gulf Stream, that sea and the Mexican Gulf should have a much higher level than the Atlantic. Accordingly, the advocates of this theory require for its support, a great degree of elevation.

Now we know very nearly the average breadth and velocity of the Gulf Stream in the Florida Pass. We also know the velocity and breadth of the same waters off Cape Hatteras. Their breadth here is about 75 miles against 32 in the "Narrows of the Straits, and their mean velocity is three knots off Hatteras against four in the Narrows." This being the case, it is easy to show that the depth of the Gulf Stream off Hatteras is not so great as it is in the Narrows of Bemini by nearly 50 per cent., and that, consequently, instead of descending, its bed represents the surface of an inclined plane, with its descent inclined from the north toward the south, up which plane the lower depths of the stream must ascend. If we assume its depth off Bemini to be two fathoms, which are thought to be within limits, the above rates, breadth and velocity will give 114 fathoms for its depth

off Hatteras. The waters, therefore, which in the Straits are below the level of the Hatteras depth, so far from descending, are actually forced up an inclined plane, whose submarine ascent is no less than 10 inches to the mile.

It is a custom often practised by seafaring people to throw a bottle overboard, with a paper stating the time and place at which it is done. In the absence of other information as to currents, that afforded by these mute little navigators is of great value. They leave no tracks behind them, it is true, but knowing where they were cast, and seeing where they are found, some idea may be formed as to their course. Straight lines may at least be drawn showing the shortest distance from the beginning to the end of their voyage, with the time elapsed. Admiral Beechey, R. N., has prepared a chart, representing in this way, the tracks of more than one hundred bottles. From it, it appears, that the waters from every quarter of the Atlantic tend toward the Gulf of Mexico and its streams. Bottles cast into the sea midway between the Old and the New World, near the coasts of Europe, Africa and America, at the extreme north or farthest south, have been found either in the West Indies, on the British Isles, or within the well-known range of Gulf Stream waters.

Of two cast out together in south latitude on the coast of Africa, one was found on the *Island of Trinidad*, the other on *Greenery* in the English Channel. Another bottle, thrown over off Cape Horn by an American master, has been picked up on the *Coast of Ireland*.

Midway the Atlantic, in the triangular space between the Azores, Canaries, and the Cape de Verd Islands is the Sargasso Sea. Covering an area equal in extent to the Mississippi Valley, it is so thickly matted over with gulf weeds, that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought it marked the limits of navigation, and became alarmed.

To the eye, at a little distance, it seems substantial enough to walk upon. Columbus first found this weedy sea in his voyage of discovery. Exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for 50 years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time. This indication of a circular motion by the Gulf Stream is corroborated by Admiral Beechey's bottle chart and other sources of information.

Assuming the maximum velocity of the Gulf Stream at five knots, and its depth and breadth in the narrows of Bemini, the vertical section across would present an area of 200,000,000 of square feet, moving at the rate of seven feet three inches per second—that is, sixteen hundred and fifty millions cubic feet would cross this section in a second.

It is safe to assume that the trade winds, by their constant force, do assist to skim the Atlantic of the water that has supplied them with vapour by driving it into the Caribbean Sea, whence, for causes unknown, it escapes by the channel of the Gulf Stream in preference to any other.

That the Gulf Stream is roof-shaped, causing the waters on its surface to flow off to either side from the middle, we have not only circumstantial evidence to show, but obstructions to prove.

Water, we know, expands by heat, therefore, the waters of the Gulf Stream lighter by reason of their warmth should occupy a higher level than those through which they flow, assuming the depth off Hatteras to be 114 fathoms; and allowing the usual rates of expansion for sea water, figures show that the middle of axis of the Gulf Stream there should be nearly two feet higher than the contiguous waters of the Atlantic.

Navigators, while drifting along with the Gulf Stream, have lowered a boat to try the surface current. In such cases, the boat would drift either to the east or to the west, as it happened to be on one side or the other of the axis of the stream while the vessel herself drifted along with the stream in the direction of its course. That such is the case is also indicated by the circumstance that the sea-weed and drift-wood which are formed in such large quantities along the outer edge, and for the simple reason that to cross the Gulf Stream, and to pass over from that side to this, they would have to drift up an inclined plane, as it were.

In its course to the north, the Gulf Stream gradually tends more and more to the eastward, until it arrives off the Banks of Newfoundland, where its course becomes nearly due east. These banks, it has been thought, deflect it from its proper course, and cause it to take this turn.

Examination will prove that they are an effect, certainly not the cause.

It is here that the frigid current and its icebergs from the north, are met and melted by the warm waters of the Gulf. Of course the loads of earth, stone and gravel, brought down upon them are here deposited.

Captain Scoresby, far away in the north, counted 500 icebergs setting out from the same vicinity upon this cold current for the south.

Many of them loaded with earth, have been seen aground on the Banks. These processes of transferring deposits from the north for these shoals, and of snowing down upon them the infusoria and corpses of living creatures that are spawned so abundantly in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, and sloughed off in myriads for burial, where the conflict between it and the great Polar current takes place, is everlasting going on. These agencies, with time, seem altogether adequate to the formation of extensive Cars or Canks.

The deep sea soundings that have been made by vessels of the navy tend to confirm this view as to the formation of these Banks.

The waters of the Gulf Stream as they escape from the Gulf, are bound for the British Islands, to the North Sea, and Frozen Ocean.

Many philosophers have expressed the opinion—indeed, the belief is common among mariners—that the coasts of the United States and the Shoals of Nantucket turn the Gulf toward the east. It appears that the course of the Gulf Stream is fixed and proscribed by exactly the same laws that require the planets to revolve in orbits, and that, were the Nantucket Shoals not in existence, the course of the Gulf Stream in the main would be exactly as it is and where it is. The Gulf Stream is bound over to the North Sea and Bay of Biscay partly for the reason perhaps, that waters there are lighter than those of the Mexican Gulf and if the Shoals of Nantucket were not in existence, it could not pursue a more direct route.

The Grand Banks, however, are encroaching and cold currents from the north come down upon it, they may, and probably do, assist now and then to turn it aside.

The current from the north which meets the Gulf Stream on the Grand Banks takes a southwardly direction; it runs down to the tropics by the side of the Gulf Stream, and stretches as far to the west as the shores of America will allow. Yet, in the face of these facts, and in spite of this force, both Major Rennelle and McArago make the coast of the United States and the Shoals of Nantucket to turn the Gulf Stream towards the east.

As the Gulf Stream leaves the coasts of the United States it begins to vary its position according to the season; the limit of its northern edge, as it passes the meridian of Cape Race in winter, about latitude 40-41°, and in September, when the sea is hottest, about 45-46°. The trough of the Gulf Stream, therefore, may be supposed to waver about in the ocean not unlike a pennon in the breeze. Its head is confined between the shoals of the Bahamas and the Carolinas.

The reason for this change of position is obvious. The banks of the Gulf Stream are cold water. In winter, the volume of cold water in the American, or left side of the stream, is greatly increased. It must have room, and gains it by pressing the warmer waters of the stream farther to the south, or right.

In September, the temperature of these cold waters is modified; there is not such an extent of them, and then the warmer waters, in turn, force them back, and so the pendulum-like motion is preserved.

On a winter's day, the waters at the surface of the Gulf Stream off Cape Hatteras may be at 50°, and at the depth of five hundred fathoms—three thousand feet—as actual observations show, the thermometer will stand at 57°. Following the stream thence off the Capes of Virginia, 120 miles it will be found—the water thermometer having been carefully noted all the way—that it now stands a degree or two less at the surface, while all below is cooler. As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at, or near, the surface; and as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters though still far warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached.

Modern ingenuity has suggested a beautiful mode of warming houses in winter by means of hot water. How to compare small things with great, we have in the warm waters which are confined in the Gulf of Mexico, just such a heating apparatus for Great Britain, the Atlantic, and Western Europe.

The furnace is the torrid zone. The Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea are the caldrons; the Gulf Stream is the conducting pipe. From the Grand Banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the basement, the hot-air chamber—in which the pipe is flared out, so as to present a large cooling surface. The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream 26°, or about 2° above the ocean temperature due the latitude. Increasing its latitude 10° it loses but 2° of temperature; and after having run 3,000 miles towards the north, it still preserves, even in winter, the heat of summer. With this temperature, it crosses the 40th degree of North latitude, and there overflowing its liquid banks, it spreads itself out for thousands of square leagues over the cold water around, and covers the ocean with a mantle of warmth that serves so much to mitigate in Europe the rigours of winter. Moving now more slowly, but dispensing its genial influences more freely, it finally meets the British Islands. By this time it is divided, one part going into the Polar basin of Spitzbergen, the other entering the Bay of Biscay, but each part at a temperature considerably above that of the ocean. Such an immense volume of heated water can not fail to carry with it beyond the seas a mild and moist atmosphere.

It is the influence of this stream climate that makes Erin the "Emerald Isles of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in ever-green robes; while in the same latitude, on this side, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice. In a valuable paper on currents, Mr. Redfield states, that in 1831 the harbour of St. John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice as late as the Month of June; yet who ever heard of the port of Liverpool, on the other side, though two degrees farther north, being closed with ice, even in the dead of winter.

To use a sailor's expression, the Gulf Stream is the great "weather breeder" of the North

Atlantic Ocean. The most furious gales of wind sweep along with it; and the fogs of Newfoundland, which so much endangers navigation in winter, doubtless owe their existence to the presence, in that cold sea, of immense volumes of warm water brought by the Gulf Stream. Sir Philip Brooke found the air on each side of it at the freezing point, while that of its waters was 30 ft.

The nautical works tell us of a storm which forced this stream back to its source, and piled up the water in the Gulf to the height of 30 ft. The "Ledbury Snow" attempted to ride it out. When it abated, she found herself high up on the dry land, and discovered that she had let go her anchor among the tree tops on Elliott Key.

Several years ago the British Admiralty set on foot inquiries as to the cause of the storms in certain parts of the Atlantic which so often rage with disastrous effects to navigation.

The result may be summed up in the conclusion to which the investigation led: that they are occasioned by the irregularity between the temperature of the Gulf Stream and of the neighbouring regions, both in the air and water.

The habitual dampness of the climate of the British Islands, as well as the occasional dampness of that along the Atlantic coasts of North America when easterly winds prevail, is attributable also to the Gulf Stream. The Gulf Stream carries the temperature of summer, even in the dead of winter, as far north as the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

The cause of many gales has been traced from the place of their origin directly to the Gulf Stream. Gales that take their rise on the coast of Africa, have, it has been shown by an examination, made straight for the Gulf; joining it, they have then been known to turn about, and, traveling with the stream, to recross the Atlantic, and so reach the shores of Europe.

In this way the tracks of storms have been traced out and followed for a week or ten days. Their track is marked by wreck and disaster. At the meeting of the American Association for the advancement of science in 1854, Mr. Redfield mentioned one which he had traced out, and in which no less than 70 old vessels had been wrecked, dismantled or damaged.

These storms for which the Gulf Stream has such attractions and over which it seems to exercise so much control, are said to be, for the most, whirlwinds. Mr. Fiddington, an eminent meteorologist of Calcutta calls them cyclones.

No part of the world affords a more difficult or dangerous navigation than the approaches of our Northern coast in winter.

In 1795 the Gulf Stream began to be as well understood by navigators as it is now, and the average passage from Europe to the north was shortened nearly one half, while those to the south remained about the same. Colonel Sabine, in his passage, a few days ago, from Sierra Leone to New York, was drifted 1,600 miles out of his way by the force of currents alone; and since the application of the thermometer to the Gulf Stream, average passage from England has been reduced from upward of eight weeks to little more than four.

Our double page illustrations this week are intended to trace the course of the Gulf Stream as herein described. Two maps, or charts, occupy the centre, the smaller one giving the course of the stream itself and its associated currents, the larger being a complete chart of the Atlantic with the various soundings in fathoms. Around this will be found engravings of the various countries where the coast is touched by the Gulf Stream, following its circuits from south to north and back again.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

AN English version of *Salto* is shortly to be produced in London.

MISSE MARIE ROSE had the honour of singing before the Queen at Osborne House a few weeks since.

MR. WILHELM GANZ, the well-known musician has been presented with the order of the Crown of Prussia.

ENGLISH papers comment upon the seeming indifference of theatre managers to the Vienna disaster.

SIG. NICOLINI seems anything but a favourite with the American critics. In fact, his voice is pretty well gone.

AN ingenious Frenchman has calculated that at a recent concert Patti got \$15,000 a word, and Nicolini nearly \$1.

TWO American ladies, Miss Bernetta of Cincinnati, and Miss Miller of Toledo, are distinguishing themselves as vocalists in Milan.

THE performance of Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* at Her Majesty's Theatre in May next will be given under the direction of Herr Sill of Leipzig.

A NEW play on a Russian subject, entitled "Vera; or, The Nihilists," by Mr. Oscar Wilde, has been performed at the Adelphi, London.

THE promised *recitativo* of Madame Sherrington at Mr. John Booney's Christmas Ballad Concert recently, was an event of much interest to her many friends and admirers.

HAYWARD'S YELLOW OIL will be found invaluable for all purposes of a family liniment. Immediate relief will follow its use in all cases of pain in the stomach, bowels or side; rheumatism, colic, colds, sprains and bruises. For internal and external use. It has no equal in the world for what it is recommended. For sale by all dealers at 25c. per bottle.

A LISTENER BY THE SEA.

Last night I lay beside the winter sea,
And, waking late, I heard the sound without
Of rain, and heard far off the wild sea about
Beyond the town—a lonesome melody.
Heaving with ebb and flow, eternally
Along the rocky coast it pours its rout
Of waves, with constant roar, as of some shout,
Hoar monster, fierce with greed or savage gloom.
Dark Africa hears, methought, that thunder-sound
And Indian rivers; lone Pacific Isles
Trembling do hear it; from unnumbered miles
Arising, as the brown earth wheels its round,
It with vast whisper grieves the pale moon's height.
With how great songs, O God, Thou fill'st the night.

W. P. FOSTER, in the January Century

PREPARING TO ENJOY THEMSELVES.

"Now we haven't got much time to get ready, my dear," suggested Mr. Spoopendyke, cheerily, "and I won't be late at a dinner-party. I want you to fix up so as to be the best-looking woman at the table. You can get ready in an hour, can't you?"

"I think I can," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, with a titter. "Oh yes, I can dress in that time, and I hope you won't be disappointed in me," and the little woman began to take down her back hair.

"You might get my shaving tackle for me," said Mr. Spoopendyke, appropriating the only mirror. "And now I think of it," he continued, after a pause, "my dress coat needs a button. Sew it on, won't you?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke lugged out the coat and hunted through the broken-down old bag after a button that would do.

"Got that button sewed on yet?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke, lathering away comfortably.

"In a minute, my dear," responded his wife.

"Well hurry up; I want you to put these studs and sleeve buttons into my clean shirt."

Mrs. Spoopendyke gradually got around to those officers and laid out the habiliment in readiness for her lord.

"Did you take these stitches in my gloves?" inquired Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Oh! yes, certainly," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, going right to work at it.

"Well, then you can brush my vest and pantaloons, and by that time I'll be ready to have you tie on my cravat."

A few moments more found Mr. Spoopendyke arrayed completely.

"Come, you ready?" he demanded, having assured himself that his wife had not accomplished a single step toward her toilet.

"Not quite, dear," responded the lady, with one-half her hair in her mouth and the other half crackling under the brush.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"Didn't you say you could be ready in an hour? Didn't you hear me tell you when I came in that we only had an hour to dress in? Why can't you go as you are? You look well enough."

"I was busy fixing your things," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and I couldn't do two things at once."

"Oh, no! You can't do anything at once. Why don't you have my things fixed this morning? Why don't you keep house somehow? That dress you've got on is good enough. Why can't you go in that dress? If you've got to put on all the frills you won't be ready till next fall. Ain't you most ready now? Think I'm going to stand around here like a jug of mineral water?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke twisted up her hair and jumped in the pins. Then she put on her hat and twisted it first to one side and then to the other; put one hand up behind and shoved it forward, and then caught hold of it in front and pulled it down.

"Well, if you're ready, let's start," growled Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've been long enough now for a telegraph wire, now. Come on."

"Oh! I haven't got my dress on yet," pleaded Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'll be through in a minute."

"Dod gast that dress," ejaculated Mr. Spoopendyke. "Where's my paper? Give me my paper and I'll read for a month or two. You won't be ready till spring. Where's the paper?"

"Take a book, dear," recommended Mrs. Spoopendyke, blushing deeply and glancing around nervously.

"I don't want any measly book," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "I want the morning paper. Find that paper the first thing you do, and then you get ready in four seconds."

"I think you'll find the paper behind—the book-case," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, as red as a brick, and she hustled into her skirt, and began clawing at it behind in an effort to hook it up straight. "I'm almost ready," she giggled, hysterically, as she drew on her waist and buttoned it up nervously. "I'll be ready before you could turn the paper inside out," and snatched a ribbon from the drawer, tied in a bow, pinned it at her throat, and backed away from the glass to see how it looked.

"I want to know whether you are going to find that dod gast paper for me?" thundered Mr. Spoopendyke.

"I'm all ready except my cloak," jerked out Mrs. Spoopendyke. "If you'll hand me my cloak we'll start right away. It's in the closet there." And Mrs. Spoopendyke flopped down on the floor and began putting on her shoes.

"Suppose I'm going to hunt around for that measly cloak?" howled Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Can't you get your things for yourself? I want my paper, and I want it now."

"I can tell you what was in it," said Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I can tell you all about it while

I dress," and she looked up at him piteously, with her face all flushed.

"No doubt," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "You know all about it. All you want is a can of oil and ten men swearing at you all day to be a printing-press. When are you going?"

"Now I'm all ready, dear," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke, who wasn't anything of the sort.

"You won't need to read now, for we're going."

"They started off together, arm in arm, Mr. Spoopendyke growling and his wife hitching at her various garments as they went along.

"Another time we're going out to dinner, you be ready the day before, you hear?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke.

"Yes, dear," responded his wife; and then she thought to herself, "I'm very glad he didn't insist on my looking for the paper."

A SLIGHT INDISPOSITION.

"That's better," groaned Mr. Spoopendyke, as his wife arranged the cool pillows under his head; "now I can die looking out upon the trees and the sky," and Mr. Spoopendyke assumed a resigned expression of visage, and gazed out of the corner of one eye upon a bare alantus tree and half a dozen telegraph wires.

"Oh! you won't die," says Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You're only a little sick, and you'll get over it."

"That's all you know about it," snarled Mr. Spoopendyke. "To hear you talk one would think you only had to be fitted with little beds and a bad smell to be a government hospital. I'm down sick, I tell ye, and I don't want any fooling about it."

"Well, well," cooed Mrs. Spoopendyke, "don't excite yourself. Keep quiet and you'll get well."

"Much you'd care," muttered Mr. Spoopendyke, turning on his side and resting his cheek on his hand, an attitude generally assumed by martyred spirits on the approach of dissolution.

"Will you take your drops again, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It's time for them."

"No I won't. They're nasty. I haven't had anything but drops for a week. From the way you administer drops one would think you was the trap-door of a hanging machine. Gimme some figs."

"But there ain't any figs, dear. I'll go and get you some," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"That's it," growled her husband. "You only want an excuse to leave me to die alone. Why haven't ye got some figs? You might know I'd want figs. Got any citron?"

"No, I haven't any citron, but I won't be more than a minute away, and I'll get you any fruit you want."

"Oh, yes! You'd get it, I've no doubt. What you want is a rail fence around you and a gate off the hinges to be a dod gast orchard. Fetch me some strawberries."

"Why, strawberries are out of season. There ain't any in the market now."

"I supposed you'd say that," moaned Mr. Spoopendyke. "You've always got some excuse. If I should die you'd have an apology ready. Gimme something to take this taste out of my mouth."

"What would you like, dear?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Soap, dod gast it! gimme soap, if ye can't think of anything else," demanded Mr. Spoopendyke. "Mebbe you ain't got any soap. At least you wouldn't have if I wanted it. Got any cherries?"

"No. They are out of season, too. There are some grapes in the closet."

"Don't want any measly grapes. If I can't have what I want I don't want it. Where's those drops? Why don't you give me my medicine! Going to let me die for want of a little attention? Want the life insurance, don't ye? Going to gimme those drops before the next election?"

Mrs. Spoopendyke laded out the dose, half of which went down Mr. Spoopendyke's gullet and half over the front of his nightshirt.

"That's it," he howled. "Spill 'em. They're for external application. Put 'em anywhere. Pour 'em up the chimney," and Mr. Spoopendyke fired the spoon across the room.

"Have a piece of orange to take the taste away?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, pleasantly.

"No, I won't," objected her spouse. "Gimme a piece of muskmelon."

"I don't believe they have muskmelons in November," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Of course they don't," reasoned Mr. Spoopendyke. "They don't have anything when I'm sick. It's a wonder they have houses. It's a miracle they have beds. I'm astounded to think that they have doctors and drug stores. I've got to hurry up and die, or they won't have any undertakers, or collins, or graves. Gimme a piece of orange, will ye? S'pose I'm going to lie here and chaw on the taste of these drops for a month?"

"You'd like these grapes," suggested his wife.

"No I wouldn't either. What do you want me to eat 'em for? Got any interest in the grape trade? Got any commission on the grapes? Anybody pay ye to make me eat 'em? One would think you only wanted an iron arbour and four small boys climbing over you to be a grape-vine. Where's my pills?"

"You took your pill, dear," replied his patient wife.

"Oh, of course! A pill is out of season now.

Can't even have a pill when I feel like it;" and Mr. Spoopendyke groaned in spirit and looked dismal."

"Now sit down and don't move. I want to sleep. Don't you make a bit of noise if you want me to live."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke held her breath and never rustled a feather while her husband lay and glared out of the window for an hour and a half.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

CHEAPER telegrams, a parcel post, and telegraphic money-orders are items for anticipation.

MR. THORNE is reported to have given Mr. David James £4,500 for his share of the Vaudeville lease.

It is said that the Balaclava panorama exhibiting in Leicester Square will shortly be taken the round of the provinces.

A NEW quarterly publication called the *Prisoners* has been projected by Mr. Arthur Kinglake, a Somersetshire magistrate.

It is said that Mr. John Hollingshead made Mrs. Langtry an offer of one hundred pounds a night for twelve performances at the Opera Comique.

AFTER all, the site of the Avenue Theatre is not to be absorbed by the South Eastern Railway Company. The theatre is to be opened early in the year, and the rental is £2,000 a year.

THE electric boat in which it is proposed to cross the Channel between Boulogne and Folkestone is almost ready, and is only awaiting its electro motors.

THE Crystal Palace authorities cater for the education of the masses as well as their amusement. Classes for young ladies, held during the past year, have been attended by some five hundred pupils, who have contributed to the exchequer fees amounting to £3,500.

Gil Blas at last exclaims against the *maladi du duck*. It seems that in France the customary opening business now is a shower of smacks in the face. The old gentlemanly tone is entirely lost in this revival of a bad phrase of the manners of our forefathers.

THE Countess of Bective is still active in her efforts to revive British woollen manufactures. She has obtained the assent of the Lord Mayor to the holding of a meeting at the Mansion House on St. Valentine's Day, at which the Chief Magistrate will himself preside.

MESSRS. LONGMAN are going to try an experiment. The serial *Le Tour*, by Mrs. Oliphant, will be issued by them in January. It will be handsomely printed in three volumes, and the price will be twelve shillings, the publishers thus breaking through the custom of issuing three volume novels at a guinea and a half.

THE members of the Wanderer's Club, Pall Mall, have determined to become the owners of the establishment, and thus obviate the necessity imposed by the Excise on clubs, the property of which is in the hands of private individuals, of taking out a license to sell excisable liquors, and to be under the same rule and restrictions as ordinary licensed victuallers.

It is said that the Princess Louise is compiling a work relating to her Canadian experience, and that the work will be illustrated by a Royal hand. The Princess Beatrice's birthday book has already become such a success that a work from any member of the Royal Family would be sure to be welcome. Whether these interesting details of Canadian life will make their appearance in a complete form, or whether they will be published in a serial, is doubtful.

ACTORS and actresses do not like the electric light, as it reveals their make-up, their patches, and their ages. But actors and actresses will have to accommodate their paint and powder to the light, instead of the light to their paint and powder. They will, in fact, have to learn once more the art of making-up under new conditions. As regards the dresses at the Savoy there was actually an improvement, but some of the faces looked anything but fair under the full glare of the white searching light which has succeeded to mild yellow gas.

THE *St. James's Gazette* announces that it will reduce its price from twopenny to one penny on the 1st of January next. This step has been resolved upon in consequence of the report that the *Pall Mall Gazette* is about to take a similar one. Mr. Greenwood's paper aims at being an antidote to Radicalism, and its conductor says that "if Radical teaching which cannot be got to circulate in one direction is to be spread abroad more freely in another, it behoves him

to provide the antidote in a corresponding measure." The *Globe*, we hear, is to be increased in size, the price remaining the same.

THAT there are men of mettle, less thin skinned in one respect than the majority of their fellow sufferers, is convincingly demonstrated by the recent foundation, in the ancient burgh of Herne, of a club exclusively composed of "Unfortunate Lovers." Fourteen members have already joined, and unanimously elected as their chairman of committee an elderly bachelor whose frequent discomfitures in the matrimonial venture clearly entitle him to distinction among these luckless slaves of the blind god. Only the proprietor of a heart still bleeding, though advanced in years, from unnumbered wounds, the results of as many unrequited passions, could fitly preside over so dismal an association as the Club of "Unfortunate Lovers."

FOR once Paris will not beat us. It is said on undoubted authority that the show of electric lights at the Crystal Palace will in every way surpass that at the Palais de l'Industrie. In the former there was a great absence of classification. At Sydenham the classification will be perfect. At Paris it was impossible to judge one light in presence of the hundreds blazing in the same open room. At the Crystal Palace each light will have its own compartment. In Paris some of the best lights never got into working order at all. At Sydenham every light will be brought to its full perfection. In the matter of machinery, Paris will beat us probably—though that is not certain. But we shall have the best "electric light exhibition." The end of January is now mentioned as the time when the exhibition will be really opened.

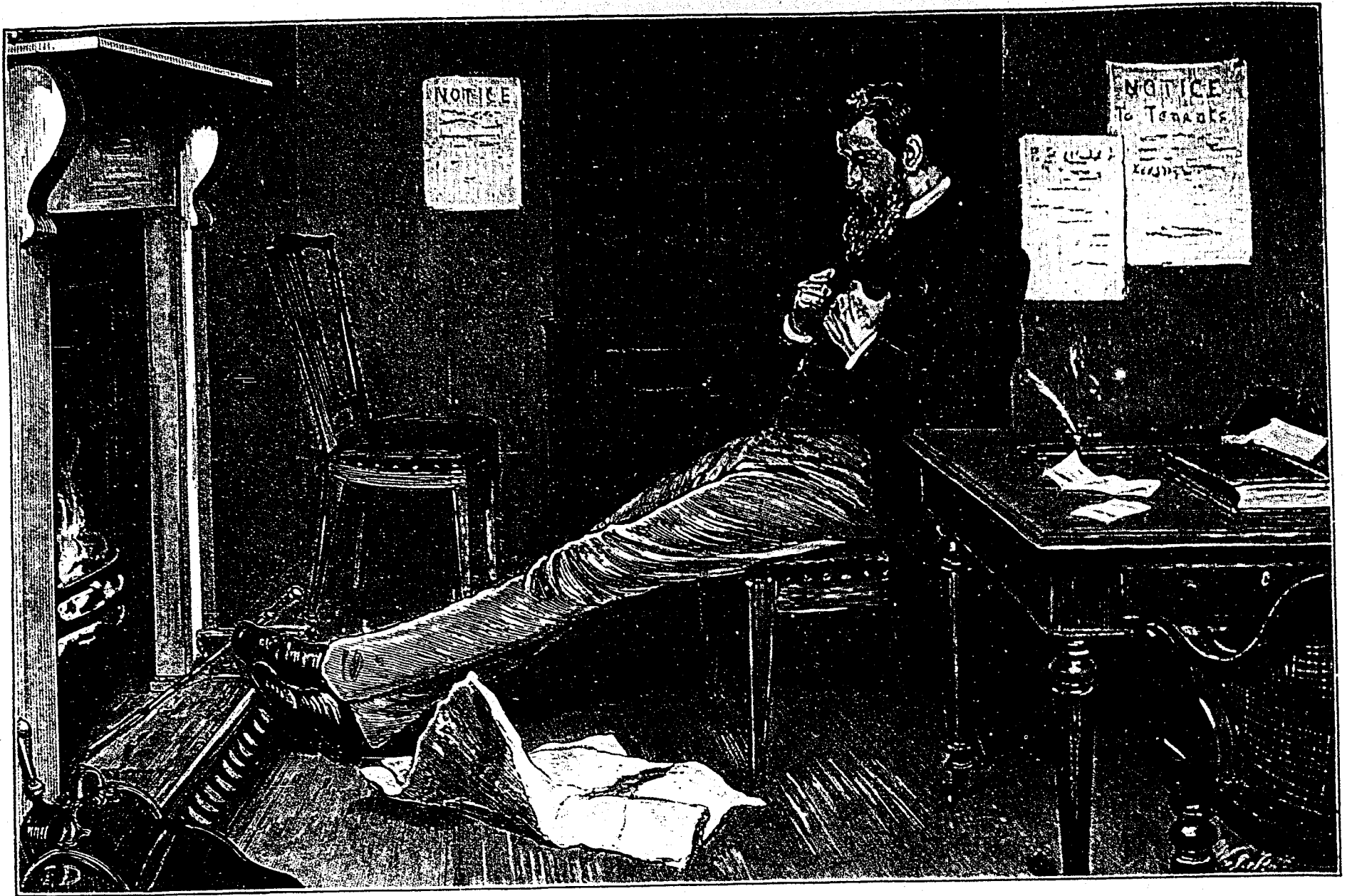
VARIETIES.

THE trial of Mormonism made by Mack Johnston and his two wives, in Kansas City, Mo., was a failure. He married one woman there and one in Wyandotte. His bigamy was soon exposed, but the two wives agreed to a compromise, by which he was to live a week with each in alternation. This arrangement lasted until he overstayed his time with the Kansas City wife, for which offence the Wyandotte wife shot him.

THERE is something almost comical in the notion of the Thieves' meeting, at which Mr. Howard Vincent, the Chief of Scotland Yard, presided. The event is characteristic of a humane age. Mr. Hatton, whose earnest and successful labours amongst the criminal classes cannot be too highly spoken of, deserves congratulation upon his selection of a chairman. These thieves' meetings are no new thing; but they have not always been conducted with the greatest degree of discretion. Sometimes a "Converted Thief" has addressed the assemblage of self-confessed criminals. Such a person usually commences by describing himself in the language of St. Paul and with more injustice as the "chief of sinners," and proceeds to acquit himself with exaggeration by giving painful details of the dreadfully nefarious transactions in which in his unregenerate days he was engaged. The juvenile pickpockets enjoy the recital, which has to them all the gusto of a "penny dreadful," but the interest wanes when the speaker begins to point his moral. It is infinitely more to the point to demonstrate as Mr. Howard Vincent did so effectively, that crime doesn't pay, and that as a means of livelihood it is not only unremunerative, but unpleasant as compared with an honest career.

EFFECT OF DUST UPON HEALTH.—We shall probably never know the real effect of dust upon health. It is by no means improbable that many ailments which are now ascribed to other and more remote causes, are really due to it. Professional and business men would perhaps be more hale and hearty if they worked under more cleanly conditions; but any housewife, even the most careless, would be horrified if she saw the state of dirt in which by far the greater number of offices are left from one year's end to another. In many of the busiest parts of London, and other cities, it is an almost universal custom to have the windows cleaned only once a year, and their grimy and sooty appearance during the other eleven months must be familiar to every one. In many offices the dusting operations are wholly limited to the desks in use, and to the removal of the surface and scattered scraps of paper from the carpet. Books and papers, which notoriously accumulate more dust than anything else, are very rarely dusted at all. It is true that now-a-days professional and business duties are performed upon a "high pressure" system, but it is to be regretted that more care is not taken to minimise the dangers to health to which an enforced sedentary and indoor life exposes the great majority of men; and a great change for the better may reasonably be expected if the char-woman or car-taker is required to do something more than the present quantity of work, and periodical and thorough cleaning of offices is insisted upon.

PEOPLE have no more right to become dyspeptic, and remain gloomy and miserable, than they have to take poison and commit suicide. If the stomach becomes weak and fails to perform its functions, Burdock Blood Bitters will speedily remedy the trouble.



IRELAND AS IT IS.—RENT DAY, BUT NO RENT.



IRELAND AS IT WAS.—RENT DAY, DRINKING HIS HONOR'S HEALTH.



THE JURY IN THE GUTEAU CASE DURING A COURT RECESS.



IN THE NORTH-WEST.—INDIANS IN FORT McLEOD, OBSERVING SOME OF THE RESULTS OF CIVILIZATION.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

(From the German.)

Soft lulled by gentle mother—
With sweetest lullaby—
Her boy will have none other—
She only must sit nigh.

How knows that drowsy baby—
Who guards him while he sleeps—
As from his pillow may be
With half shut eyes he peeps?

No sorrows can he number—
Soft breathing, rosy boy—
How calm the happy slumber
Safe rocked by love and joy!

F. J. M.

A DAY AT THE MUSEUM READING ROOM.

One of the genuine "sights" of the Metropolis, and the one most certain to please and astonish strangers, is the great Reading Rotunda, devised by the clever Italian director whose bust looks down from over the entrance door. The visitor suddenly introduced can hardly conceal his wonder and gratification as he gazes round at the enormous chamber, so lofty, airy and vast; so still, and yet so crowded; so comfortable and warm, like any private library. In the centre is seen the raised circular enclosure, where the officials and directors sit and carry on the business of the room, commanding a good and perfect view of all that goes on, while from it radiate the desks, where readers or writers—for there are far more of the latter than of the former—sit and work. The reader's desk is almost too luxurious. Nothing more complete or thoughtfully devised could be conceived. There is a choice of three kinds of chairs; stuffed leathers, cane-bottomed, and highly polished mahogany; so the most *difficile* as to this nice matter may suit themselves. Below, there is a place for "stowing away" the hat; in front to the right, the reader lets down a small-padded shelf, on which he can put away his books for consultation; to the left, a book-stand comes out, ingeniously contrived to move in any direction on a swivel or axis, to rise or fall at any angle, with a rack. In the centre is an inkstand, with a steel pen and two quills; there is also a paper-cutter, a blotting-pad, and a heavy press-weight to keep the book open. Surely this is all *de luxe*, and many a scribbling being is not nearly so well provided at home. Further, there are little hardy book-cases standing apart, filled with reference indexes to reviews and magazines—with that wonderful one to the *Times*, which the industrious Samuel Palmer slaves at untiringly, working his way at double tides, backwards as well as forwards, through the old as well as through the current numbers. I have noticed this patient workman and his assistant at their drudging but useful work. The next step is to consult the catalogue—a library in itself, whose folios are disposed on two deep shelves near the ground, and fitted into the circular enclosure or table which forms the central ring. Here is the whole alphabet, as found disposed in nearly six hundred MS. folio volumes, bound in whole purple calf, and yet being perpetually re-bound, the corners being tipped with metal to protect them against wear and tear. A careful examination of the catalogue would of itself result in many curiosities. The authors rejoicing in the name of Smith fill three or four of the folio volumes. Popular writers or classical fill half a volume, or innumerable pages as the case may be. England has a couple of volumes to itself, in which we find all the kings in their order, and all that concerns each. So with France. Periodical publications, "P. P." in the notation have quite a catalogue of their own. All these and more are here found gathered together to the number of some twenty volumes or so. They are ordered alphabetically according to cities—Antwerp, Berlin, Calcutta, &c.; the Antwerp magazines and journals being again put alphabetically. To help those who know a magazine by its name but not its country, a general index in some fresh volumes is given. London, however, has a set of volumes to itself. There is also a wonderful music catalogue, extending to some thirty or forty folio volumes, and a marvellous so-called "catalogue" of the prints which has now reached to four or five volumes arranged chronologically. The museum reader is a special type. Certainly three-fourths are genuine workers—book-makers, copyists. One is amazed at the bodman-like patience and diligence shown—especially in the wearisome duties of collating, carried on with an unflinching conscientiousness by some wizened Dryasdust, who comes week after week, and goes through the great folio line by line. There are fair "damozels" who work like any copying-clerks, and whose appearance is antagonistic to their drudgery. They have a volume of old letters before them, which they copy out fair for some literary man who has cash and position. Every year the crowd of readers increases, while the Reading Room, in spite of rearrangement, remains pretty much the same after twenty years or so. When all the scholars of the new schools and universities are in full work, the pressure will become serious. Yet, there can never be found any real remedy; and no room of whatever size, could be found sufficient to hold the "readers of the nation." There are a few desks set apart, like compartments in a railway train, "for ladies only," and one of the standing seats of the place—perfectly supported, too, by experience—is, that these are left solitary and unattended. Now, I believe, books are

seldom stolen; indeed, a Museum book is so ingeniously stamped on the title page and on certain pages that it becomes worthless for other purposes, and cannot be offered for sale without certain detection. Every print in every volume is thus stamped—it may be conceived what a labour this must be, in these days of copious illustrations. Without this precaution, they would to a certainty be cut out. Such is the best specimen in the world of "Reading made easy;" by every kind of convenience and unbounded courtesy extended with prodigality even to the working literary man, as no one so well as the present writer can testify.—*Belgravia*.

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK.

At about half-past eleven o'clock one Sunday night, a huge man, dressed in blue broadcloth, might have been seen entering Deacon Barber's kitchen window, in Appleton, in the State of Maine. It was Joe Mayweed who had thus burglariously made his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon made by orderin' me not to darken his door again?" soliloquised the young gentleman. "Promised him I wouldn't, but didn't say nothing about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if their ain't no nails to tear your trousers onto. Wonder of Sally will come down? The critter promised me. It's cold enough to freeze a Polish bear. Oh, here comes Sally."

The beautiful maiden then descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a box of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting she made a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchanges of hopes and vows, when they were startled by the old deacon, Sally's father, shouting from his chamber door—

"Sally, what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it is almost morning," whispered Joe.

"I cannot tell a fib," replied Sally.

"I'll make it the truth, then," said Joe, and running to the large old-fashioned clock, he set it at five.

"Tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman.

"It's five by the clock," replied Sally, and, immediately corroborating her words, the clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! father's coming down," said Sally.

"The deacon," cried Joe. "Hide me, Sally."

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"Oh, I know," said he. "I'll squeeze into the clock case."

And, without a word, he concealed himself in the case, and then closed the door.

The deacon was dressed, and, seating himself, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and began to smoke.

"Five o'clock, eh," said he. "Well, I shall have time to smoke a few pipes and then I'll feed the critters."

"Haden't you better feed the critters first?" suggested the doubtful Sally.

"No, smokin' clears my head and wakes me up," replied the deacon, not a whit disposed to hurry.

Bur-r-r, whiz, ding! ding! ding! went the old clock.

"Well," exclaimed the deacon, starting up and laying his pipe on the stove, "what on 'arth is that?"

"It's only the clock striking five," replied Sally tremulously.

"Whiz, ding! ding! went the old clock furiously.

"Powers of creation!" cried the deacon, "striking five, eh! It has struck over one hundred already."

"Deacon Barber," cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robed herself, and now came plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm. "what in the universe is the matter with that clock?"

"Goodness only knows!" replied the old man. "It's been a hundred years in the family and never acted so before."

Whiz! ding! ding! whiz! went the old clock again.

"It'll burst itself," cried the deacon, who retained a leaven of good old New England superstition in his nature.

"And now," said he after a pause, advancing towards the clock, "I'll see what is going on in it."

"Oh, don't!" cried his daughter, seizing one of his coat tails, while his wife clung to the other.

"Don't," chorused both the women.

"Let go my raiment," shouted the deacon.

"I ain't afraid of the powers of darkness."

But the women wouldn't let go, so the deacon slipped out of his coat; and while, from the sudden cessation of resistance, they fell heavily to the floor, he pitched forward and grabbed the knob of the door. But no human power could open it, for Joe was holding it from the inside with a d ad grip.

The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug, when an unearthly yell, as of a fiend in distress, burst from the inside; then the clock-case pitched head foremost at the deacon, fell headlong on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its fair proportions,

The current of air extinguished the candle. The deacon, the old lady, and Sally fled upstairs, and Joe Mayweed extricated himself from the clock, and effected his escape by the way he entered.

The next day all Appleton was alive with the story that Dean Barber's clock had been bewitched, and while many believed this version, yet some, especially Joe Mayweed affected to discredit the whole affair, and stated that the deacon had tried the experiment of tasting an early dram, and that the vagaries of the clock only existed in his imagination. However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and won the assent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock, till it went as well as ever it did.

THE RIGHT MAN BUT THE WRONG MURDER.

Gilles Menage, who became distinguished as a man of letters, was born in the year 1613, at Angiers, where his father was king's advocate. In the early part of his life he practised as a lawyer; but he left the profession of the law in order to devote himself the more entirely to literary pursuits, and entered the Church. Whilst practising at the bar he was engaged as counsel in the following curious trial: A country priest, of a notoriously bad character, had a dispute about money-matters with the tax-collector of the district, who soon afterwards disappeared, when a strong suspicion arose that the priest had murdered him. About the same time, a man was executed for highway robbery, and his body was gibbeted in chains by the roadside, as was then the custom. The friends of the highwayman came one night and took his body down, so that they might bury it; but, being disturbed whilst engaged in their unpleasant task, threw the body into a pond near the priest's residence. Shortly after, some men in dragging the pond for fish, brought up the body in their nets, and it was immediately said to be the body of the tax-collector, and the finger of suspicion was pointed at the priest, who was arrested, tried and condemned. He most solemnly protested his innocence, but when the day of the execution arrived, he admitted that he had murdered the missing man. "But, nevertheless," said he, "I am unjustly condemned, for the tax-collector's body, with that of his dog, still lies buried in my garden, where I killed them both." Search was immediately made, when the bodies of the man and dog were found in the place described; and inquiries brought to light the secret of the body found in the pond.

A SHARP YOUNG LADY.

During the last administration of Mr. Gladstone a clever Conservative composed the following acrostic:

G was the great man, mountain of mind;
L a logician, expert and refined;
A was an adept in rhetoric's art;
D was the dark spot he had in his heart;
S was the sophistry led him astray;
T was the truth that he bartered away;
O was the opher his conscience became;
N the new light that enlightened the same;
E was the Evil One, shouting for joy;
At it, and down with it, Gladstone, my boy!"

This acrostic was repeated in a drawing-room in the presence of a young lady of Liberal principles, and the daughter of a well-known Liberal member of Parliament, who, without leaving the room, went to a table and wrote this answer to it:—

G is the genius that governs the nation;
L are the lords who require education;
A is the animus raised by the great;
D are the donkeys who fear for the State;
S is the standard that Liberals raise;
T are the Tories who howl in dispraise;
O's opposition, wanting a head;
N is the nation, not driven, but led;
E is Old England, shouting for joy;
Stick to the Government, Gladstone, my boy!"

THE AESTHETIC CARNIVAL.

The children's carnival at the Victoria Rink on Friday last was more successful than "aesthetic," the aesthetes, correctly speaking, being really in a minority. Still there were many charming costumes of the Kate Greenaway type, and "Patience," of course, found material for arraying several of the characters. On the whole, it must be confessed, the Philistines had the best of it, though the line is perhaps a little hard to draw, and some of the best costumes were on the border land "between here and yonder." The decorations were very tasteful, and thanks are due to the members of the ladies' committee who had spent so much labour upon them, and may be congratulated upon the highly satisfactory result. The names of the ladies were as follows: Mesdames F. W. Henshaw, Cross, C. G. Geddes, H. R. Ives, H. C. Scott, S. Bethune, Wheeler, Buckland, C. P. Davidson, Frank Bond, E. S. Clouston, P. S. Stevenson, Milburn, Sise. Misses Scott, Angus, Ives, A. Abbott, MacDougall, Wheeler, Rhynas, F. Ferrier, Millar, Amy Hamilton, Gillespie, Muir.

In the directors' gallery the aesthetic spirit was prevalent, and the sunflower badges and Turkish rugs made up the element of too-tooness, which was in a sense deficient below. It is satisfactory to learn that the financial aspect of the affair was most satisfactory, the receipts being many times those of last year.

EFFECTS OF ADVERTISING.

"I can't see it," said Buffer. "Nobody reads all these little advertisements: It's preposterous to think it."

"But," said the editor, "you read what interests you?" And Buffer said "Yes."

"And if there's anything that you particularly want, you look for it!"

"Certainly!"

"Well, among the thousands upon thousands who help to make up this busy world of ours, everything that is printed is read. Sneer as you please, I do assure you that printer's ink is the 'Open sesame' to all business success."

And still Buffer did not see it. He didn't believe that one-half of those crowded advertisements were ever read.

"Suppose you try the experiment," said the editor. "Just slip in an advertisement of the want of one of the commonest things in the world. For the sake of the test I will give it two insertions free. Two will be enough, and you may have it jammed into any out-of-the-way nook of my paper you shall select. Two insertions of only two lines. Will you try it?"

Buffer said of course he would try it, and he selected the place where he would have it published, crowded in under the head of "Wants," and he waited and saw the proof of his advertisement, which appeared as follows: "Wanted, a good House Dog.—Apply to J. Buffer, 575 Towzer Street, between the hours of 6 and 9 p.m." Buffer went away smiling and nodding.

On the following morning he opened his paper, and, after a deal of hunting, he found his advertisement. At first it did not seem at all conspicuous. Certainly so insignificant a paragraph, buried in such a wilderness of paragraphs, could not attract notice. After a time, however, it began to look more noticeable to him. The more he looked at it the plainer it grew, finally it glared at him from the closely-printed page.

But that was because he was the person particularly interested—of course it would appear conspicuous to him; but it would not be so with others. That evening Mr. Buffer was just sitting down to tea (Buffer was a plain old-fashioned man, and took tea at six), when the door-bell was rung. The servant announced that a man was at the door with a dog to sell.

"Tell him I don't want one."

Six times Buffer was interrupted while taking tea by men with dogs to sell. Buffer was a man who would not lie. He had put his foot into it, and he must take it out manfully. The twenty-third applicant was a small boy with a girl in company, who had a ragged poodle for sale. Buffer bought the poodle off the boy, and immediately presented it to the girl, and then sent them off. To the next applicant he was able truthfully to say, "Don't want any more. I've bought one." The stream of callers continued until nearly ten o'clock, at which hour Buffer locked up and turned off the gas. On the following evening, as Buffer approached his house, he found a crowd assembled. He counted 39 men and boys. There were dogs of every grade, size, and colour, and growl and howl. Buffer addressed the motley multitude, telling them that he had bought a dog.

"Then what d'yer advertise for?"

And Buffer got his hat knocked over his eyes before he reached the sanctuary of his home. Never mind about the trials and tribulations of that night. Buffer had no idea that there were so many dogs in existence. With the aid of three policemen he got through alive. On the next morning he visited his friend the editor, and acknowledged the corn. The advertisement "Wanted" was taken out, and in the most conspicuous place, and in glaring type, he advertised that he did not want any more dogs. And for this advertisement he paid. Then he went home, and pasted upon the door, "Gone into the country." Then he hired a special policeman to guard his property. From that day J. Buffer has never been heard to express doubts concerning the efficacy of printer's ink, neither has he asked "Who reads advertisements?"

HEARTH AND HOME.

KNOW THY WORK.—Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world—the idle man.

OLD AGE.—We would not have old age otherwise than old-fashioned. We are unwilling to take issue with our aged friend on a punctilio of dress or economy. He may write with a quill pen, and cling to his dress coat for morning wear, as well as his stock and the old style shirt collar. We will find him none the less charming in antiquated dress, and with manners that re the fruit and incense of a past generation. In this ripe old age, when the fire has gone out of the heart, though the head is frosted over, its happy possessor "with useful fancy re-inspired,"

"May hold converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind,"

and be the youngest person at the fireside. But an old age which prefers its Hoyle to its Bible, and is ever chasing folly and seeking the vortex of pleasure, is a more fitting subject for tears than for laughter. Of all fops the old fop is the one for whom the world shows the least tolerance. When a man in his dotage depends on an enfeebled wit and his tailor to trick out his mind and person, he unwittingly lays open the lamentable poverty of each in attempting to conceal it.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal, P.Q.—Papers to hand. Thanks. J. M. Quebec.—Letter received. Thanks. Will answer by post.

The Tourney which was begun during the late Congress of the Dominion Chess Association at Quebec has been brought to a conclusion with results which will be found in the following extract from the Quebec Chronicle of the 19th inst. We should like to make a few remarks on this successful gathering of chess-players in the ancient capital, but want of space compels us to leave what we may have to say for insertion in our next Column.

CHESS CONGRESS

The two last games in this Tourney were concluded last night and so much interest was manifested in them that other games were played. It was midnight before the game Champion vs. Macleod, won by Macleod, was brought to a close. The game O'Farrell vs. Blakiston, won by Blakiston, was terminated early in the evening. From the score it will be observed that Mr. Sanderson wins the first prize, \$20, together with having the first lien on the trophy. The second prize \$15 falls to Mr. Henderson, of Montreal, and the third prize, \$10, has to be divided between Messrs. Champion, Barry, Shaw, Hicks, Andrews, Pope and Macleod. We heartily congratulate Mr. Sanderson on his well-earned laurels, as also the other prize winners. We append the following diagram, showing the position of each player in the Tourney:

Table showing chess tournament results with columns for Rank, Name, and Games Won/Lost/Drawn. Includes names like Sanderson, Henderson, O'Farrell, Blakiston, etc.

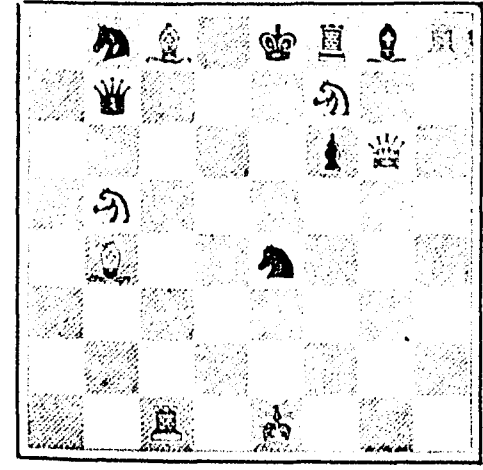
Last week, Mr. J. H. Blackburne attacked the Bradford Chess Club on three successive days, namely Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. On the first day he played 22 simultaneous games, winning 16, losing 2 and drawing 4. Second day, eight blindfold games, whereof he won 6, losing one and drawing the other. Thursday, twenty simultaneous games, yielding 17 victories to him, and three draws. The net results of the three days of fighting, therefore, give 39 games won, 3 lost, and 8 drawn.—Luna and Water.

VIENNA CRESS-CLUB.—It is announced that a great international tourney is to be arranged next year at Vienna, in celebration of the 25th anniversary of the foundation of the Vienna Chess Club. Our contemporary, the London Figaro, learns from a Vienna journal, that the commencement of the contest will most likely take place in May. A local preliminary tourney will be started shortly, in which, besides the general chess prizes, special awards will be offered to the winners of each game.—Chessplayer's Chronicle.

PROBLEM No. 364

By George J. Sinter.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solution of Problem No. 362.

White. 1. R to Q K1 7. 2. Mateo. Black. 1. Any

GAME 49167.

(From the Globe Democrat.)

(Game played on the 26th December, 1881, at the New Orleans Chess, Checker, and Whist Club, between Capt. Mackenzie and Mr. C. A. Maurian, the best player in the South.

(Vienna Opening.)

Chess game notation table with columns for White (Mr. M.) and Black (M. C. A. M.) showing moves from 1 to 46.

NOTES.

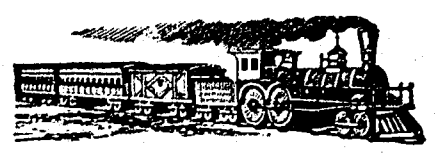
(a) The Queen sacrifice is made feasible by Mr. Maurian's negligent play on moves 26 and 27. (b) Black's moves 41 and 42 were made with an eye to a possible stalemate. (c) On the same occasion a second game was played between the same parties which terminated in favour of Mr. Maurian.

The following good story comes from Berlin: Eugene Delacroix, dining one day in Baron James de Rothschild's hospitable house, fixed his eyes repeatedly on his host in so searching a manner that the latter could not help asking his guest when they left the dining-room, what it was that had to such a degree riveted his attention. Delacroix acknowledged that, having for sometime been vainly searching for a head such as he would like to have for a prominent beggar in his new picture, he was suddenly struck what a splendid model the Croesus would make, who was entertaining him at his table. Would it be too great a favour to ask the baron to sit for a beggar? Rothschild, who was fond of art, and not displeased to be reckoned among its chief protectors, gracefully assented to act a part probably never performed before by a millionaire, and appeared the next morning in the celebrated painter's studio. Delacroix hung a tunic on his shoulders, placed a tall staff in his hand, and assigned him to a posture, as if he were resting on the steps of an ancient Roman temple. In this attitude he was discovered by a young friend and pupil of the painter, who alone had the privilege of being admitted to the studio at all times. Surprised by the excellence of the model, he congratulated his master at having at last found exactly what he wanted. Not for a moment doubting that the model had just been begging at the porch of some church or at the corner of a bridge, and much struck by his features, the young man, espying a moment when the artist's eyes were averted, slipped a twenty-franc piece into the model's hand. Rothschild kept the money, thanking the giver by a look, and the young man went his way. He was, as the banker soon found out from Delacroix, without fortune, and obliged to give lessons in order to eke out his living. Some time later the youth received a letter, mentioning that charity bears interest, and that the accumulated interest on 20 francs, which he, prompted by a generous impulse, had given to a man in appearance a beggar, was lying at his disposal in Rothschild's office, to the amount of 10,000 francs, having borne five-hundred-fold, like the seed in the parable.

The Burland Lithographic Co. (LIMITED)

NOTICE.

The Seventh Annual General Meeting of the Stockholders will be held at the Company's office, 5 & 7 Henry street, Montreal, On Wednesday, February 1st, 1882, at 2.30 o'clock, p.m., for the election of Directors and transaction of other business. F. B. DAKIN, Secretary. Montreal, 17th January, 1882.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.

Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON Monday, Jan. 2nd, 1882.

Table of train schedules for Q.M.O. & O. Railway, listing departure and arrival times for various routes like Hochelaga, Ottawa, and Quebec.

70 Choice Chromo Cards, or 50 elegant new Chromo name on, 10c. Crown Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for in NEW YORK.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied.



SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer. W. D. McLAREN, UNION MILLS, 45 College Street.

80 SAMPLE Cards. (No 2 slide) handsomest style Chromo Cards, each sold, for 10c. YOUR name on 70 ALL new style Chromo Cards, Moss-rose buds, Winter scenes, Seaviews, etc. 10c. or 50 Elegant Chromo name on imported designs, a beautiful series, 50 name in any style 10c. 40 Transparencies 10c. Extra Large Chromo name in fancy type, 10c. Send 25c. for our beautifully bound book of Samples. We give our Agents the most elegant premiums or largest Commission ever offered. Gordon Prtg. Co. Northford Ct.

Private Medical Dispensary. (Established 1860), 25 GOULD STREET, TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrews' Purification, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circulars Free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address, R. J. Andrews, M. S., Toronto, Ont.

70 NEW STYLE CARDS. Motto, Ivy Wreath, Fringed Hand Bouquet. Gift Vase of Roses, note slide, name in fancy type. 10c. 14 names. Agents make 40 per cent. Sample book of 40 slides for 15c. 25c. or free with 4c. order. Packed as follows: 1 day. CLANTON PRINTING Co. Northford Conn.

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

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

Table of Montreal Post-Office Time-Table for January 1882, showing delivery, mail, and closing times for various routes including Ontario and Western Provinces, Quebec and Eastern Provinces, and the United States.

Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c. Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Mails for Bruce Mines, Garden River, Little Current, &c. will leave Parry Sound on Tuesdays.

Mails leave New York by Steamer: For Bahamas 8th and 21st December. For Bermuda, 1st, 15th and 29th December. For Cuba, 10th December. For Cuba and Porto Rico, 3rd, 17th and 29th December. For Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, 3rd, 17th & 24th Dec. For Cuba and Mexico, 8th and 24th December. For Caracas and Venezuela, 10th & 24th December. For Jamaica and West Indies. For Jamaica and the U.S. of Columbia (except Panama) 13th and 20th December. For Hayti direct, 6th, 17th and 28th December. For Hayti, St. Domingo and Turks Island, 13th Dec. For Porto Rico, 10th December. For Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, 6th December. For South Pacific and Central American Ports, 10th, 20th and 30th December. For Brazil and the Argentine Republic, 5th and 21st December. For Windward Islands, 10th and 26th December. For Greytown, Nicaragua, 16th December.

Mails leave San Francisco: For Australia and Sandwich Islands, 17th December. For China and Japan, 3rd and 21st December.



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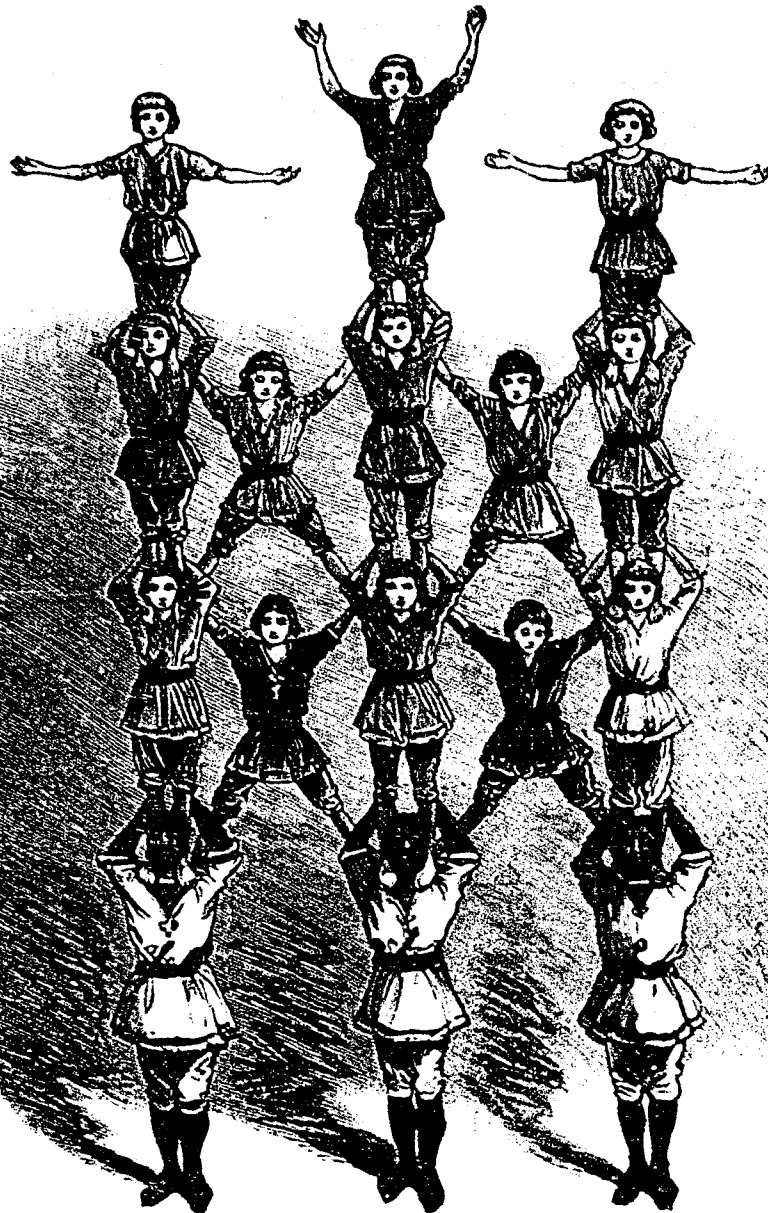
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By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER, Secretary.

Montreal, Dec. 1st, 1881.

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SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the road between Port Moody and the West-end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 25 miles.

Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, to New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter office.

This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in.

Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge at the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power.

No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tender for C. P. R."

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

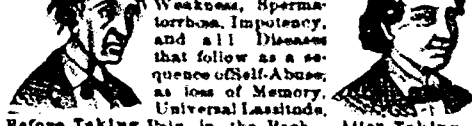
Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Oct. 24th, 1881.

19-30

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