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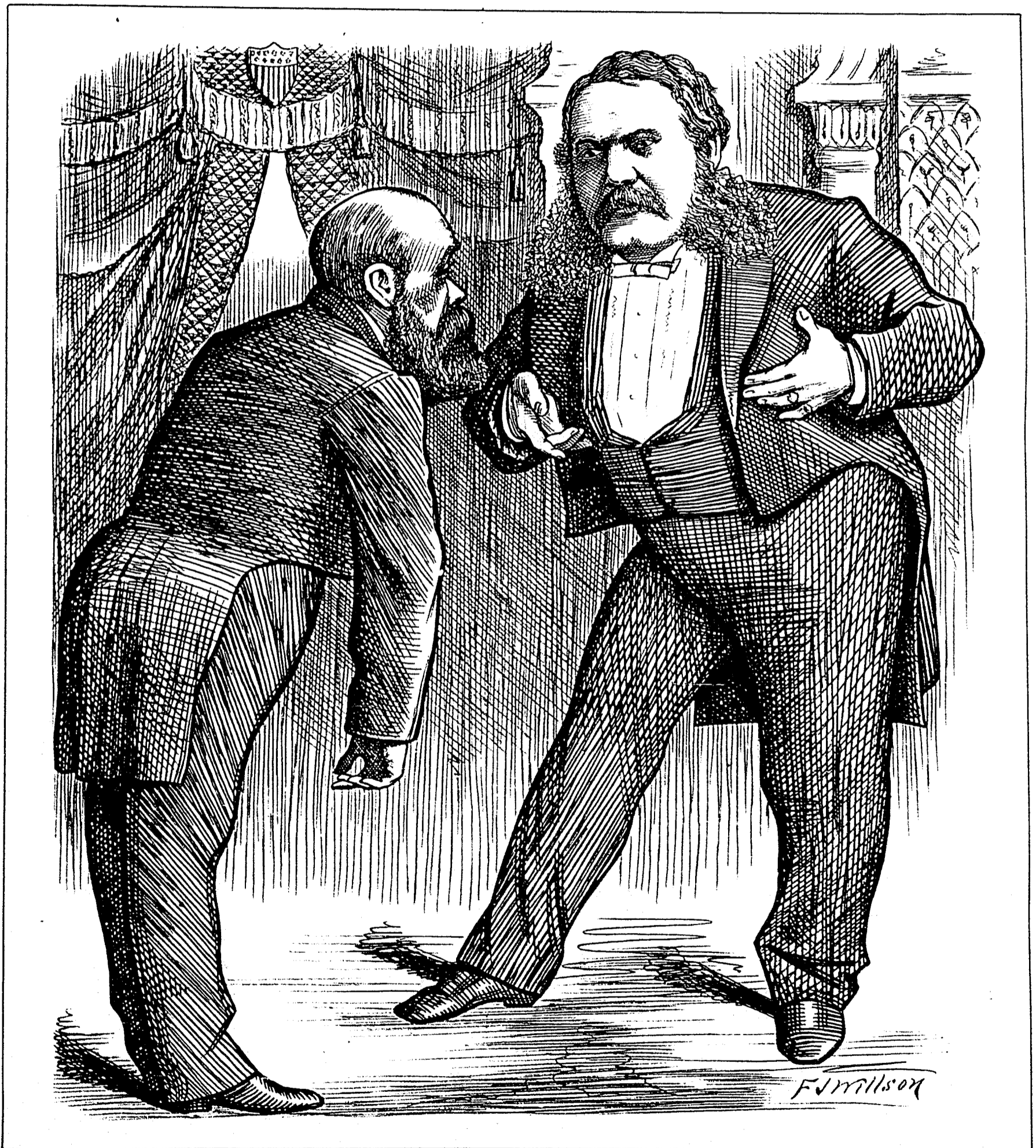
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# Montreal Wholesale News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1881.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
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"WHERE THEY DO AGREE, THEIR UNANIMITY IS WONDERFUL."—Sheridan.  
(SEE PAGE 355.)

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

Table with columns for days of the week (Mon-Sun) and temperature readings (Max, Min, Mean) for the current week and the corresponding week of 1880.

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THE WEEK.—Guiteau's Insanity—What to do About It The Voyage of the Ceylon—Irving and the Drama—The Bishop's Opinion Origin of the Prejudice Against the Stage.

MISCELLANEOUS.—News of the Week—Our Illustrations—Bobemia—Seeing Ghosts—Review and Criticism—Characteristics of Falling An Autumn Song—Cousin George—A Qualified Jurymen—Echoes from London—Echoes from Paris—Musical and Dramatic Time turns the Tables—Worry—Humorous—On the North Sea—A Barrow of Promises—Increase of Sorrow, also—Idleness—Our Chess Column.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

There is a prevalent idea in certain quarters that a newspaper is run entirely for pleasure, and that such sublimary questions as money never enter into the proprietor's consideration. It does not probably require a very elaborate argument to prove the falsity of this notion. A newspaper, like every other business, is run upon business principles. Moreover, it requires a large sum of money to support the daily and weekly expenses of a paper, an illustrated paper especially, and unless the money is regularly forthcoming in the way of promptly-paid subscriptions, the proprietors are compelled to provide for heavy outlay without corresponding returns.

The moral of which is, that a newspaper is dependent not only upon the number of its subscribers, but upon the regularity with which their subscriptions are paid. We need large sums of money to meet our weekly expenditures, and we naturally look to those who are in our debt to supply them.

We ask, then, all those who are indebted to us to send us the amount of their subscriptions without delay. Do not say "Four Dollars is a small sum; it can't make much difference to the ILLUSTRATED NEWS if they have to wait a little for it." Four Dollars is little enough, to be sure, but a thousand times four dollars is a respectable figure, and there are nine hundred and ninety-nine others in the same position as yourself. Moreover, if you are in arrears, there is an additional reason why you should settle them without delay. The subscription to the NEWS, which is only four dollars, when promptly paid, becomes four dollars and a half when neglected, and those who leave their subscription unpaid have only themselves to blame if they have to pay the additional sum for expenses of collection and interest.

Save us, then, the annoyance and trouble of collecting the money; remember that the future of this paper, like all others, is in your hands. It is your money that must support it; it is your help that must improve it; it is your fault (if you don't pay) if it is not all you would like it to be; it will be your doing if it is good enough to satisfy you and the public generally.

In conclusion, we beg earnestly to request of all those who owe us for subscriptions that they will remit the amount due up to the first of January next without fail, ASSURING THEM THAT UPON THEIR PROMPT ATTENTION TO THIS REQUEST DEPENDS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, THE FUTURE OF THE PAPER, AND IT MAY BE ITS VERY EXISTENCE.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS. Montreal, Saturday, Dec. 3, 1881.

THE WEEK.

GUITEAU'S trial is, of course, absorbing a large share of public attention here as well as in the States. The prisoner himself is pursuing a remarkable line of conduct, designed, no doubt, to prove his insanity. He quarrels with his counsel, interrupts the proceedings, and in various ways obstructs the trial. There is a weak point, however, in all this, if its object be as suggested above. No confirmed lunatic ever argued his own insanity as GUITEAU does. The spectacle in truth is a sufficiently disgusting one, that of a man committing a deliberate murder, and then equitably deliberately arguing the fact of his insanity and consequent irresponsibility for the act he does not even pretend to regret. A reasonable view of the case seems to be that unhesitatingly taken by a leading London journal, that GUITEAU is only what we are accustomed to call "cracked," and that his insanity, such as it is, is not such as to relieve him from the responsibility of his act, and this, we believe, or something like it, will be the ultimate finding of the Jury.

Meanwhile the prisoner's attempts to interfere with his counsel and to take the case into his own hands will be productive of trouble without doubt. Unless the Court is prepared to beg the question by assuming his own irresponsibility at starting, it is difficult to see how they can justify the forcing upon the prisoner the assistance of counsel against his will. After all, legal counsel is no more than expert advice which a prisoner elects to take as help to him in his defence. Under the common law, he has a right to plead his own case without it, and to plead it in the fashion, within the rules of the court, which he may choose, and it is doubtful whether a conviction could stand in law which had been secured after he had been refused this right. On the other hand to dismiss counsel from the case and allow an apparently half-crazy man to plead his own cause may satisfy the law, but will be far from satisfying public opinion. If GUITEAU were condemned without every legal effort having been made in his behalf, the Court would rest under the stigma of having allowed an irresponsible lunatic to do himself to death.

The Ceylon is now fairly started upon her tour round the world, although the number of passengers scarcely came up to the expectations of the projectors of the trip. even of the forty who took berths, a few were not forthcoming when the day of starting arrived, though some of these had no farther desertion in view than the adoption of the overland route as far as Marseilles where the vessel was to remain a few days, the recreants probably reflecting that the chance of avoiding the pleasures of the Bay of Biscay in the latter days of October was too good to be lost. The pianos and the library that are reported to have been put on board will at least afford a prospect of solace to those who are apt to find the monotony of sea and sky a little tedious; but a voyage round the world has in these days really become trifling enough to justify the lament of the American gentleman over his fate in being born and raised in "such a one-horse planet." The time has indeed gone by when the feat of circumnavigating this globe would suffice to invest the voyager with any specially adventurous reputation even in his native village, though it is still more than enough to satisfy the cardinal condition of election to the Travellers' Club. We can do no less in any event than wish the "circumnavigators," as our friends on the other side would call them, a prosperous voyage.

MR. IRVING'S apology (in the original sense of the word) for his profession, as

contained in his address to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, presents a very fair view of the true position of the stage, as well as of the reasons for the estimate in which it is still held in certain quarters. As a matter of fact, the stage, like the press, is what the public opinion and feeling of the day make it. In a moral community it is moral, in a religious age its religious feeling shows itself in passion plays and sacred dramas; if it sometimes panders to profligacy it is because the age and its supporters are essentially profligate. This is in effect the true defence of the stage, as it is also the death-blow to its claims of high moral teaching. The origin of the prejudice against the drama arose from the fact that those whose prejudice is recorded were, in fact, above the standard of the world that supported it; occasionally from the fact that the moral sense of society was ashamed of its own vices. The stage at Athens was at its best a respectable profession. At Rome the actor was despised mainly out of a certain stiffness of manners, very English in many respects, but partly, no doubt, because in its beginning the Roman drama was represented in great part by slaves and foreigners, and the acquired prejudice clung to it. When the early Church condemned the stage it was not that the theatre was in fact any worse than the prevailing tone of society demanded, but because the Church itself was infinitely above the moral sense of the times of which Juvenal has given us a picture that we dare not quote. The morals of society were rotten at Rome, and the stage, as its mission to do, reflected them in their true colours. Small wonder if the Christians, in their energetic protest against the profligacy of the day, denounced, in no measured terms, the stage upon which Paris uttered his indecencies, and the most licentious audience the world has known applauded to the echo.

In England, says Mr. IRVING, the prejudice against the theatre is still strong in the Bishops. Talking to a very eminent Bishop one day, Mr. IRVING asked the prelate why, with his love of the drama, he never went to the theatre. "My dear IRVING," said he, "I'll tell you. I'm afraid of the Rock and the Record." Meanwhile the eminent actor is indignant that the Bishop in question does not laugh at popular prejudice and defy the comments of those good-natured journals. But probably this Bishop is wise in his generation. It does not do for the heads of the Church to offend the convictions even of the Rock. Like Mr. BERNARD's prelate of Rumi-ti-foo, a Bishop must draw the line somewhere.

"No," said the worthy Bishop, no. That is a length to which I trust Colonial Bishops cannot go."

And probably his Lordship was justified in the position he took, on the ground that

"If that trick I ever tried I should appear undignified"

in the eyes of the Rock and its readers.

It is worth while enquiring, however, into the origin of the prejudice which certainly does exist in English-speaking countries against actors and the stage in general. That those whose experience of theatrical companies is confined to the behaviour of many of the travelling companies that come to us from the States, should condemn the profession as a drunken, disreputable, blasphemous set, is not, perhaps, altogether strange, though if a little more discrimination were used it would be found that the better class of theatrical companies should be excepted from this universal ban. But, in point of fact, the prejudice extends further than this, and, though the feeling is gradually disappearing, there is no doubt that an actor is today, to a certain degree, looked down upon, simply because he is an actor, and that many otherwise liberal and generous-minded people discountenance the stage and shun the theatre as though it were in

truth the mouth of the pit. Why is this? The prejudice originated with the Puritans, who, because their own moral tone was above that of a licentious Court, were in too great a hurry to condemn the stage as the cause of the immorality, to which it undoubtedly panders, instead of being, as in fact it was, the effect of the tone of society. The drama of the Restoration did little, it must be confessed, to remove the prejudice which became ingrained amongst all respectable people, and like all such prejudices, did much to foster what it condemned; since by withdrawing the better class of people from the theatre, it handed it over to an audience of a class, among whom, fifty years ago, Mr. IRVING himself has to confess, we ourselves should hardly care to have been found.

With the latter portion of Mr. IRVING'S address, and his claims for the high moral end of the stage, we do not care to deal here. Our views upon that subject were expressed some time since in an article entitled, "The Stage an Element in Moral Teaching." With his concluding remarks, however, we may well agree. The dramatic profession is not ideally perfect, any more than any other profession or art, but Mr. IRVING will have sympathy almost universal in his disdain of the priggish impurities of would-be "dramatic reformers." Why cannot the superfluously virtuous leave the stage alone? cries the London Daily News in its comments upon the address, and the cry is the epitome of the better class of public opinion on the subject. The stage is very well able to take care of herself, and may be left with security in the hands of men like Mr. IRVING.

BOHEMIA.

BY NED. P. MAR.

When it was proposed to found a Bohemian Club in Montreal, it is doubtful if the would-be founders themselves thoroughly understood what manner of man the true Bohemian is. Certainly many who debated with themselves the possibility of joining such an association did not understand. The fit candidates for admission in a country in which, as in Canada, true art is in its infancy would be few and far between. For the bureau rat, and the man whose endeavor is merely to increase his worldly store, is, by the very nature of his craft, a Philistine. The artist, the sculptor, the man of letters, the musician, and perhaps the actor of the higher school, men on whom a certain unconventionality of life is absolutely imposed by their callings, who live more or less in an ideal world, whose aims are to ennoble human nature, who in their devotion to the Intellectual, the Beautiful, the Good and the True, are reckless of their worldly good of their health, often endued with a sublime enthusiasm which supports them under an absence of the most necessities of existence, these are the martyrs who people that Bohemia to which the world owes so much of what it owns of art and moral elevation and whom in their lifetime it repays with many kicks and a mighty paucity of half pence.

Hear, for a moment, Henry Murger in description: "Bohemia is the platform of artistic life. It is the preface to the Academy, the Hospital, or the Morgue."

"We commence with the unknown Bohemia, the most numerous. It is composed of the great family of poor artists, fatally condemned to the law of incognito because they do not know or cannot find a corner of publicity to attest their existence in art, and, by what they already are, prove what they may one day become. They die for the most part decimated by that disease to which science dares not give its true name, misery. . . ."

"There exists in the unknown Bohemia another fraction, composed of young people who have been deceived or have deceived themselves. They take a proclivity for a vocation and urged by a homicidal fatality die, some victims of a perpetual access of pride, others idolators of a chimera. . . ."

"We arrive now at the true Bohemia. Those who compose it are the truly called of art and have a chance also to become its elect. To arrive at their end, which is perfectly clear to them, all ways are good and the Bohemians know how to profit even by the accidents of the road. Rain or dust, shade or sunshine, nothing stays these hardy adventurers, of whom even the vices are lined by virtues. . . ."

"A life of patience and courage where no one may struggle unless clad with a strong breast-plate of indifference to the opinion of the foolish and the envious, in which one must not, if one will not perish by the way, lose for a moment one's confidence in one's self, which serves as a supporting staff. A life at once terrible and entrancing which has its victors and its martyrs

and on which one must not enter without resigning one's self in advance to suffer the un pitying law of *re victis*."

Henry Murger says that in his day the true Bohemian could only be found in Paris. Are there many in Canada who might worthily volunteer to join this army of martyrs?

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The subject of our cartoon this week is best illustrated by the following extracts from the account of the Hon. Mr. Sackville-West's reception by the President of the United States. Mr. West said: "I beg to assure you that I shall use my best endeavours in my official and private capacity to cultivate and improve, if possible, the relations of cordial friendship and good understanding which happily exist between our two countries, and the continuance of which Her Majesty has so much at heart." The President replied: "I beg to assure you, sir, and, through you, your gracious Sovereign and her people, that this Government will in all points, and at all times, use its best endeavours to promote and develop still more the spirit of harmony and good will which so signally marks the intercourse of the two nations."

A WILD-TURKEY HUNT.—The season for wild-turkey hunting in Virginia, where the sport is carried on to a large extent, lasts from October 15th to February 1st. After November sets in, however, the birds become so wary, that the hunter's experience and craftiness are put to the severest test, and accordingly that month is preferred by the true sportsman. The range of a single flock of turkeys frequently extends over a distance of ten or more miles, and consequently they are often hunted on horseback with the aid of a dog. The favourite call used by the hunter is made from the larger bone of the second joint of a turkey's wing, the bone being trimmed at each end and cleaned of all particles of flesh and marrow. One end is then inserted into a tube of cedar or elder about as long and but little larger than a man's middle finger. The other end, to make the call, is placed between the lips and the air is drawn in. After a flock has been located the hunter sets about building a blind. This consists simply of a quantity of small cedars, say three feet in height, set in the ground in a circle about five feet in diameter, so as to resemble the natural clumps that are found scattered over the range. The hunter creeps within the blind and sounds his call. Sometimes a turkey or a group of several will make their appearance within a few minutes; at others the hunter may have to wait hours and sound his call repeatedly before he sees game. With any but young turkeys the hunter should not make more than three notes at a time, and at intervals of from thirty minutes to an hour. Old gobblers are more successfully brought within range by a cluck than any other note, except in the spring, when they will come to the help of the hen. The cluck is never made by the hen, but only by the gobblers, two or more of whom generally go together. It is a note that cannot be made by the hunter, except after careful observation and practice. When a turkey is seen the untraced hunter will give a yelp, and the turkey will generally respond with a cluck. This the hunter will imitate, and then he need not be surprised to see the turkey advance towards his blind on a dead run. Of course, as soon as the turkey gets within range the only thing to be done is to shoot. If a slight stir in the blind should reach the ear of the game it will start off on a run or fly, and manage to keep a tree between its body and the gun. Young turkeys are easily deceived, but the old ones are not unfrequently more strategic and sagacious than their hunters.

The illustration of Old Quebec, which we give this week in continuation of our series, represents the interior of the old Church of the Recollets long since destroyed, and which in 1700 even, the date of the engraving from which our view is taken, was already in ruins.

Two illustrations of Guiteau's trial represent scenes on the passage of the assassin from his cell to the court house. The trial has been already over described, and we are not disposed to enter here into a long description of the case. Only we give the illustrations for what they are worth.

The double page engraving which we give with this number is taken from the celebrated picture of Munczsky, the great Hungarian painter, whose work has so captivated Paris. The condemned man awaiting execution in his cell, and the friends and relatives crowding in to wish him farewell and mingle their tears over his unhappy fate, form a picture which every one can work for himself into a story.

On another page Carl Stauber shows us the way in which different painters pay their respects and make their bow. The illustrations are characteristic of many lands and many different habits.

The Ape's Academy is a grotesque in the style in which the German school delights. The manners of the studio pupils are faithfully imitated by their hideous substitutes, except where the ape nature of the latter breaks out, and a couple of them roll over on the floor biting and tearing for the possession of a coveted sheet of paper, which suffers in the discussion.

Finally on the last page is depicted a scene which many of us will remember on a rainy day. A certain glazed window of a certain hotel wherein grotesque shapes did off disport them in

various more or less (often less) becoming attitudes, to the edification of the street boy and the admiration of the passer along St. James' street. The scene *de riciste plus*, but its memory is with us still, and its representation on our back page.

SEEING GHOSTS.

The mind of man occupies a central position in the fabric of the universe. It opens outwardly on all the problems of nature and inwardly on all the mysteries of spirit life. Materialists are those whose whole power of attention are concentrated on the one sphere, spiritualists are those who are occupied only with the other. In dealing with the night side of nature, as Doctor Johnson says, we find all reasoning against supernatural manifestation, all testimony in favor of it. A belief in witchcraft has often been cited as an evidence of the ignorance of the era in which it occurred. Was it so? Has not the experience of the tone of American thought clearly tended toward a belief in the supernatural? Call it witchcraft or spiritualism, what you will: is it anything else but a peep into the inner and hidden life of the soul?

We have been led into these reflections by the correspondence and editorials of a London newspaper on the subject of family ghosts. Every now and again these subjects are revived only to bring up a host of concurrent testimony to their truth and recurrence. Dickens, in his tale of "Black House," evidently had in his mind the story of the "Drummer boy in the House of Airlie," when he described Lady Deedwood as hearing the mysterious music in the corridor which portended her exposure, flight, and death. The weird light seen in an upper window at Glamis Castle, the seat of Lord Strathmore, in Scotland is a similar apparition. It has been described to the writer by one who has visited the house and heard the story from those who have seen it. There is seen at certain times a light in one of the upper rooms of the castle, rooms which are never occupied and which the servants are much too frightened even to enter. Careful search has often been made, but the room has never been identified from within. The secret of this light is known only to two persons in the world, the Earl of Strathmore and his eldest son, Lord Kinnoull. It is the habit of this noble house for the head of the family to communicate the secret to his eldest son attaining his majority.

Passing from these authenticated instances of mysterious facts, let us consider one or two which are within the writer's own knowledge and the authenticity of which is guaranteed. An old family who owned estates in the lowlands of Scotland had resided there ever since the reign of Edward VI. So old was the title that the original charter gave the right of "pit and gal-lows," that is of drowning women and hanging men. The last generation of the family who occupied the old house were all sickly. There were three brothers and one sister. One only is now living, the others died in middle life. The only sister was a lady of singularly well-balanced mind. Though for years before her death a great invalid, she was always cheerful, patient, and the very last to give way to morbid fancies of the brain. By a long illness—a wasting of the blood, she was reduced to the state described by Tennyson in the "Holy Grail."

"And so she prayed and fasted till the sun  
Shone and the wind blew thro' her and I thought  
She might have risen and hoisted when I saw her."

She was highly subject to supernatural influences. When a young girl of nineteen, full of health and spirits, she was coming up the avenue which led to the house from the highroad. As she came in sight of the house she saw her father about fifty paces in front of her. She called to him, but he took no notice. She quickened her pace, but he quickened his, went up the front steps and in at the front door. She came in, out of breath from the run, and turning into the library on the left-hand side of the door, she saw her father seated in the chair with his slippers on. She said, "Papa, why did you give me such a run? I called after you, and you wouldn't stop." He said, "My dear, I haven't been out yet. See I have my slippers on." Within a few months her father fell down dead from heart disease in a green lane leading into the highroad, and was carried up dead along that very avenue to the house. Another similar instance occurred in the same lady. She married and had several children. One, a beautiful boy was crushed by the nurse, who fell with him on the stairs. The servant concealed the fact. The child moaned and cried incessantly. Doctors came, but could find no exterior sign of injury. At length the matter, which had formed interiorly, burst through the inner coating of the lungs and formed a puss chamber under the shoulder. It was then discovered what had happened. The child died. The mother never forgave the nurse. One evening, when the lady had retired early, her husband heard her call. He went up and found her in great excitement. She said, "I saw nurse go through the room and into your dressing-room" (the door of which was locked). The nurse had left the house some time. Within a few months that nurse died. These of course are accidental coincidences, says the materialist, but they are facts. People who deride these events often ask why such things occur in old families. There is an explanation which is perfectly feasible. Given the dualism of the soul, or its twofold aspect, it is clear that as we cultivate either the

one side or the other will our sense of physical or spiritual sight increase. It is the tendency of old families to increase in the delicacy of brain fibre which seems to facilitate this commerce with the spiritual world. Persons of coarse animal fibre, torn by the passions of life, neither hear nor see the unknown beings that float around all of us unseen. Those who are bent on cultivating the reasoning faculties to the exclusion of the aesthetic, the psychic, or any of the more interior powers, must not be surprised if those faculties die away by the same law under which the power of unexercised muscular action will ultimately fail for want of use.—*Home Journal*.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

Mr. Elihu Vedder, the well known American artist, lately returned from Rome, has been working, since last Summer upon a permanent cover for *The Century Magazine*. The new cover, which is just completed, is to consist, not of one design, but really of five—four of them for the different seasons of the year. Surrounding each are appropriate emblems for every month in the year, and in each will appear an emblematic figure of great dignity. The mid-winter cover will, perhaps, be the most striking of all, as in the background is seen the Aurora Borealis. The general color of the paper of the present cover will be preserved, whilst the ink will be of a somewhat deeper tint, and the general massing of the letters will also be retained; otherwise, the design is entirely fresh and original.

The *North American Review* contains an important and opportune article by the Hon. John A. Kasson, entitled "The Monroe Doctrine in 1881." This is followed by a discussion of the Death Penalty, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, Judge Samuel Hand and Wendell Phillips. The policy of Mr. Gladstone Government toward Ireland is strenuously defended by Mr. H. O. Arnold-Forster, son of the Chief Secretary for Ireland. This paper is confessedly an appeal to the judgment and the sympathy of Americans in the struggle now going on across the Atlantic, and is a graceful, practical admission that British Statesmen are not indifferent to the enlightened public opinion of the United States. Four physicians and surgeons of the first rank, namely, Drs. W. A. Hammond, John Ashurst, Jr., J. Marion Sims and John T. Hodger, review the history of President Garfield's case. Finally the Hon. David A. Wells treats of Reform in Federal Taxation.

The December number of *Lippincott's Magazine*, completes the second volume of the new series. The opening article, "Fishing in Virginia Waters," by John C. Carpenter, is a fresh and lively piece of writing. "Through the Ardennes" is by Dr. Felix L. Oswald. The illustrations are excellent and copious. "Some Impressions of an Open-Air People," by Anna Bowman Blake, deals with the out-door aspects of Paris in Winter and gives glimpses of its domestic life at that season. Dr. William Hunt writes on "Popular Fallacies about Surgery and Doctors," Chauncey Hickox advances some noble views on the subject of the "Presidency," and Alfred Terry Bacon gives a graphic description of a Colorado "Round-up." There are poems by Carlotta Perry and John B. Tabb, and a variety of short papers in the "Monthly Gossip."

STUDENTS of decorative art will find *The Art Amateur* for November full of charming illustrations of quaint Chaffgiolo faience, "pilgrim bottles" decorated with Cupids, exquisite rock crystal ware, bric-a-brac from the Double sale, ornamented stoves, and rare ecclesiastical embroideries. The front-piece is a Deck plaque drawn by Camille Pilon, and there are clever sketches by Edwards and Pilotell. The eight page supplement gives a notable array of designs for plaque and panel painting, Christmas embroideries and other decorative work. The text includes valuable "Cautions to Print Collectors" and "Hints to China Painters," beside articles on church needlework, altar painting, enamel, wall-paper designing, color-women should wear, and many other art topics.

CHARACTERISTICS OF FALLING.

People fall differently as well as they walk differently, eat differently, or think differently. The particular characteristics of a nature will show out in an emergency as well as in the routine of life. Nearly everybody falls at this season of the year; yet there are those who never fall at all, while there are others who fall frequently. This is, perhaps, to preserve the equipoise. Then there is the heavy faller, the mat faller, the smiling faller, the mortified faller, the frightened faller. Some people will pass over what other men will slip and fall upon, just as in food one man's meat becomes another's poison.

There was a bit of very smooth ice under a thin sprinkling of snow on the walk at the corner of Main and Munson Streets, Saturday morning. Mr. Merrill's grocery is on this corner, and the place has facilities, when the sun shines brightly, for the standing of a number of the populace who admire sleighing, bright faces, or anything not admiring of steady, oppressive toil. This bit of ice, like a trembling blossom hidden in the cleft of a rock, or a bright shell embedded in the sands of a desolate coast, had its lesson to teach to humanity. And a deeply impressive lesson it was, too.

There were a number of people who walked over this bit of ice without knowing of its ex-

istence, just as there are numbers who tread upon fragrant woodland blossoms, or by exquisite scenes, or over finer feelings, without knowing at all of their existence. They were hurrying careless people, with minds bent on the things of this world.

Once in a while there would come along an appreciative party, one whose soul was alive to little things. The first of these was an elderly lady, of stocky form. She sat right down in a heap, and her lips formed into the shape of the letter O.

She simply ejaculated, "O my! this is dreadful."

The next was a man gifted in the way of legs. He was walking swiftly. The right foot touched this bit of ice. The right foot then shot off to that side, the left foot left its mooring and flew around in the same direction. This completely reversed the position of the man, he coming down on his hands and knees, and looking up the other way of the street. He turned very scarlet in the face but said nothing.

He who followed him was also a slim man. It was the beloved pastor of the Third Church. The shock threw him forward at first, but he recovered himself in time to go down on his back at once. A pail full of molasses which he held in his right hand added to the general interest. He simply said,—

"Mercy on us!" which evidently included the molasses.

The fourth person was a stocky-built party, muffled up to his nose, and trotting along lightly under the inspiration of agreeable thought. Both of his chubby feet gave away almost simultaneously, and in the effort to save himself his feet snote the ice seven times in rapid succession, and then he went down on his side, very red in the face and very low and vulgar in his conversation.

Fifteen minutes later a boy came along on a dead run. His left foot struck the deceptive surface, and he curled up in a heap against a post, without saying anything. He got up and hit a boy in the neck who had laughed at him, and then passed peacefully on.

The next man to fall sat down squarely on the walk with both legs spread out, and a lower set of teeth laying on the hard snow between them. He hastily shoved the teeth in his pocket, jumped up and hurried away, looking very much embarrassed.

Following him was a man who was evidently a teamster, judging from his rough exterior. He had his pants in his boots, and wore a devil-may-care look upon his face. The shock turned him completely over, and dropped him on his face, leaving him merely time to say, "O. I."

Mr. Merrill seeing the series of casualties, told his clerk to pour ashes on the treacherous spot. While that party was getting them, a red-faced man, full of life and vigour, stepped on the place threw both of his legs wildly into the air, and came down on the back of his head with a dreadful thud, madly clutching a barrel of brooms in the descent. On getting him to his feet it was discovered that he had split his coat the length of his back, seriously damaged one of his undergarments, and had said, "Great gaud!"

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A \$4,000 fire is reported from Clarksburg.

BUSINESS is reported unusually good in New York.

WORK on the Canada Atlantic Railway will begin next week.

THE export of gold from Russia increases rapidly.

CHOLERA is spreading to other places by means of pilgrims returning from Mecca.

A DECREE is gazetted establishing a new system of native tribunal in Egypt.

LEO XIII., if he should leave Rome will, it is rumored, transfer the Holy See to Salzburg.

BISMARCK has said that he can only decide his future position by the Reichstag's actions at its present session.

BISMARCK anticipates no conflict with the Reichstag, and will neither dissolve it nor resign his position.

It is said the Imperial Government will release the imprisoned members of Parliament on condition that no further intimidation is resorted to.

ELABORATE preparations are being made by the British Government for the observation of the transit of Venus on December 6, 1882.

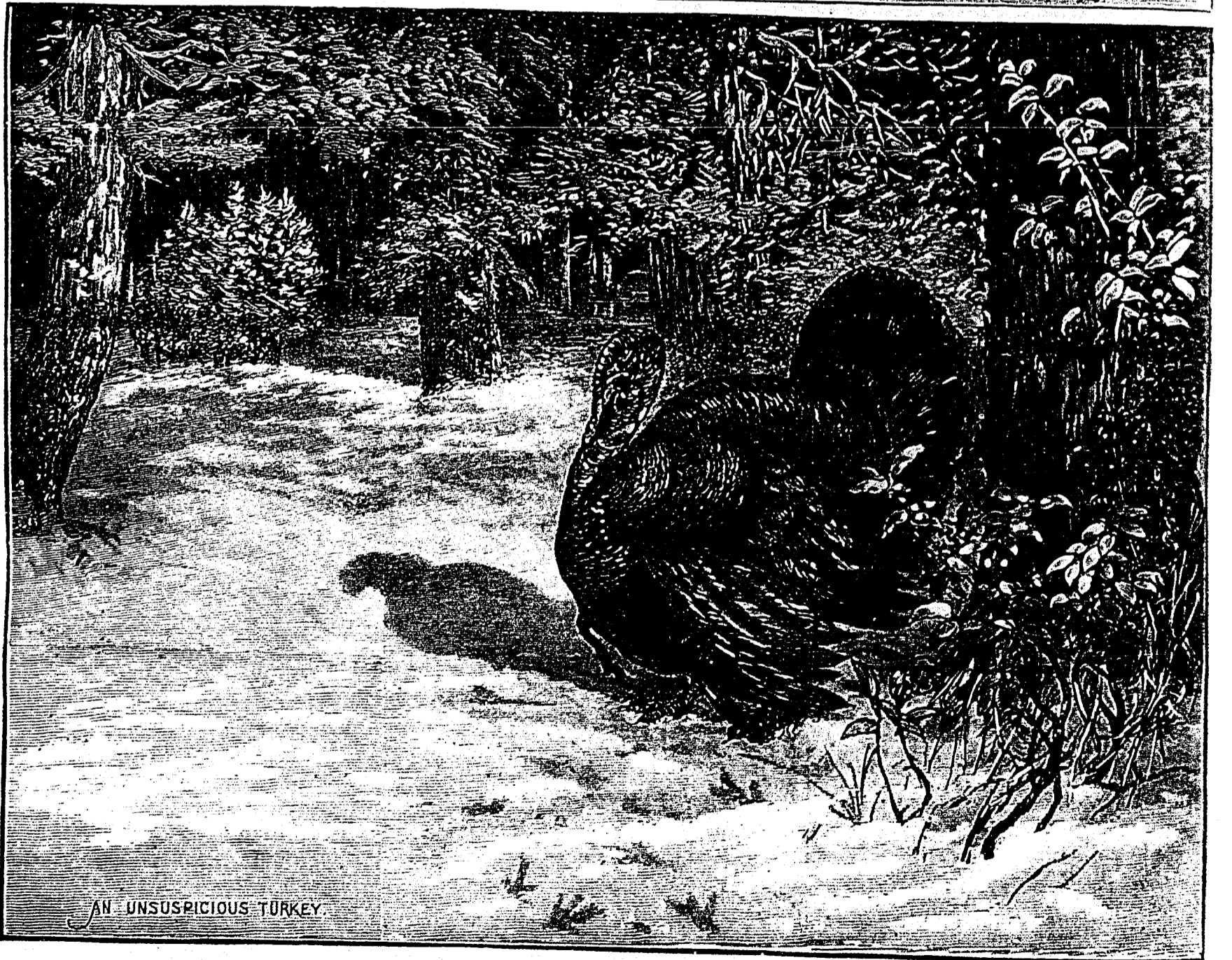
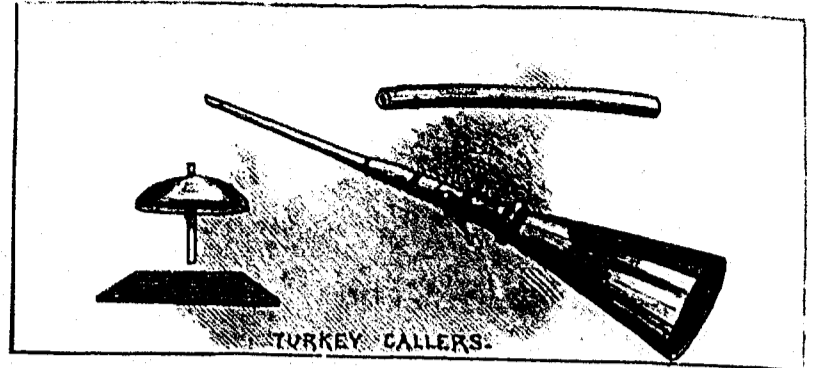
ADVICES from Susa, Tunis, state that fighting continues all along the coast. The village of Sebbibon was wrecked and is in the possession of the insurgents.

M. PASTEUR has resolved to visit the Bordeaux lazaretto to study yellow fever and ascertain whether it is due to a parasite and can be guarded against by inoculation.

TRKISH officers and soldiers have massacred a Christian family at Luca, carried off 16 men, women and children and £200. Anarchy is reported throughout Macedonia.

THE London *Daily News* expresses its opinion unhesitatingly that Guiteau is not insane, but simply "cracked," as many others are, and therefore should be held responsible for his crime.

It is feared that Kaiser Wilhelm's health is declining seriously. The non-delivery of his speech at the opening of the Prussian Parliament, entirely unexpected, is much commented upon.



HUNTING WILD TURKEY IN VIRGINIA.

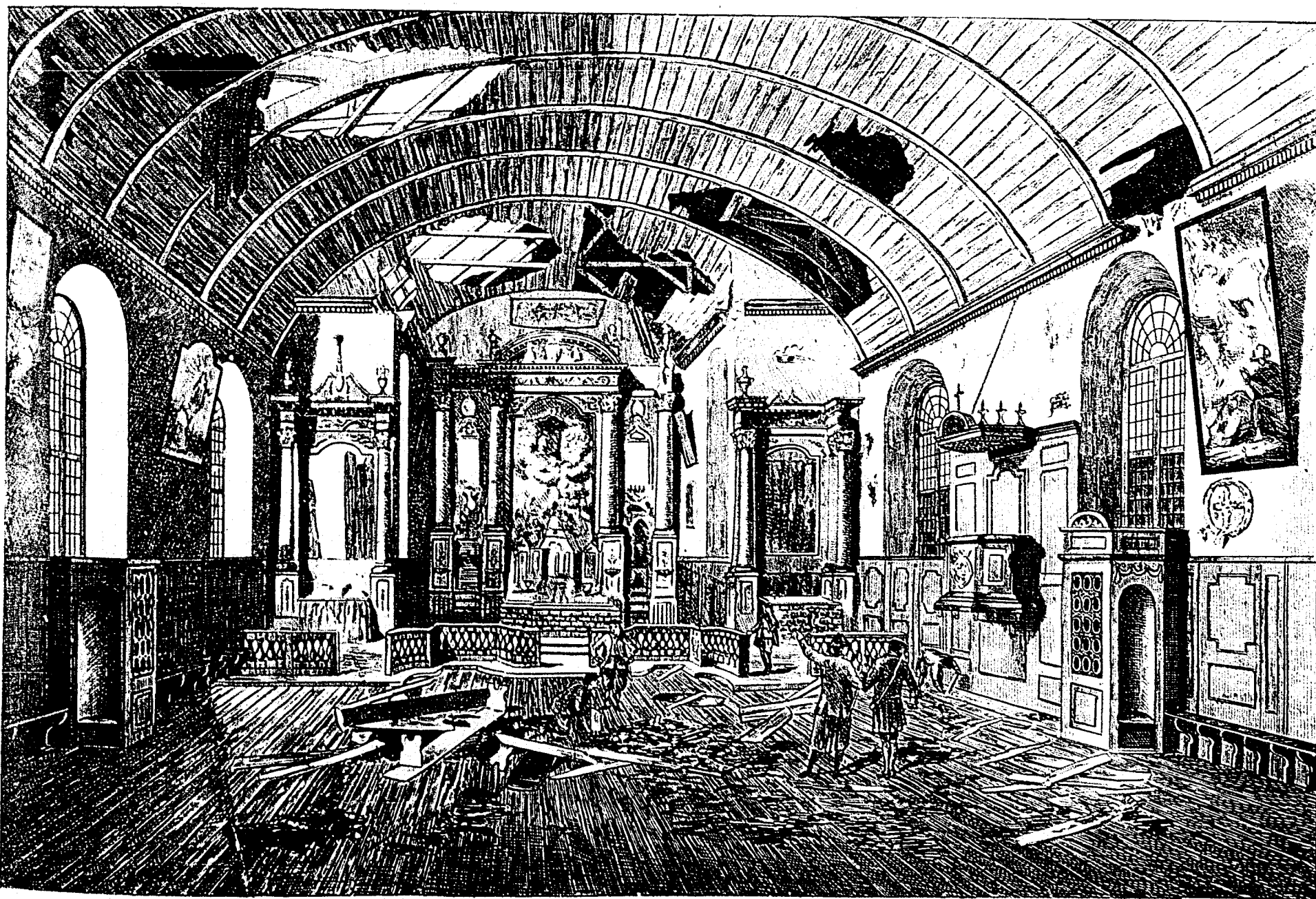


SCENES OUTSIDE OF THE COURT-HOUSE.



FROM THE COURT-HOUSE TO THE PRISON VAN, AFTER THE ADJOURNMENT ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES JAMES GITEAU AT WASHINGTON.



OLD QUEBEC.—INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE RECOLLETS, A. D. 1700.

## AN AUTUMN SONG.

Cold blows the Autumn wind and drear,  
From out the lowering west;  
Low wall the orisoned leaves and seer,  
As if they longed for rest.

Upon my heart they seem to fall  
And stay its joyful tone,  
Awakening there a plaintive call—  
The echo of their own.

O forest leaves, from yonder trees  
You're borne on languid wing,  
Nor hear within the wandering breeze  
One whisper of the Spring.

While far beyond the sky's dark cloud,  
I know the stars shine clear,  
And that beneath the Autumn shroud  
Awaits the future year.

## THOU EVERYWHERE.

(From the German of Schultze.)

When the evening glow is dying,  
Rise the moon and stars on high,  
When the stars and moon are fading,  
Steps the sun into the sky.

In the heavens' crimson glory,  
In the sun's illuming glance,  
In the moon and all the planets,  
See I but thy countenance.

Other forms may pass before me,  
None I seem to heed but thine,  
From afar I feel thy coming,  
As if thy thought called to mine.

Yet when thou art by me sitting—  
Then, indeed, I nothing see,  
For my eyes overflow with weeping,  
Joy and pain come over me.

Ah, I wish not to forget thee,  
Cruel though the memory be,  
Ever art thou near my spirit,  
Though forever far from me.

GOWAN LEA.

## COUSIN GEORGE.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

I.

This morning I have been, as usual with me when the weather is fine, idling away an hour in the pretty garden that surrounds our cottage home on Lake Ontario. It is the bonny spring time; the air is deliciously cool; the early flowers are fragrance itself; the waters of the lake shine brightly through the trees, and all the scene is peace. How is it that at moments when these influences are around us the memory is so very active, and trains of recollection pass before our mental vision as if revived realities? The shape of a bough, the shadow of a passing cloud, above all, the scent of a flower, carries us back through the story of our lives. I know that in this matter I am but repeating the experience of most of us; but the subject is curious and suggestive. Well, on this particular morning my senses are, I suppose, unusually acute, and, stirred by I know not what, I seem to pass through some episodes of my life, the recollection of which I would fain avoid. The ghosts of the past are around me again, and refuse to be exorcised by the mere effort of my will. The best way, they say, is, under such circumstances, to accept the situation, and that this may be effected cheerfully, to write the story down and have done with it. I will do so.

In this old cottage, then, I, the only child and daughter of a well-to-do farmer first saw the light. My father and mother were plain people, and content with the moderate pleasures which their home and the locality provided. Everything about the place was substantial and good. Show they cared little for, and I think I was pretty much of the same disposition, as soon as I began to reason at all upon the small intrinsic value of much that so many highly prize. At all events, my training was one of industry at my lessons, industry at my household duties, and, indeed, industry in all things. And I was satisfied, nay, more, happy. My mother—dear, good mother—and I, loved each other with as much confidence as affection, and I was as fond of father as he was of his little Mary, grave as he was, as a rule, though never to me.

Not far from our homestead was that owned by my mother's brother, also a farmer, where he and his wife and their only son George lived. George was but a little boy when my narrative commences, and I but a little girl; and as the two houses were on very intimate terms, our childish sports and rambles were generally together. I can recall now how, many a time, when the two families visited each other, we little ones would sit side by side by the great wood fire, and how, glancing at us, the old folks would smile at each other significantly. I did not know what they meant then, but there came a time when all was clear to me.

The years sped past, and George was sent away to college. I was to remain at home, and gain such knowledge as my parents could impart, which was, indeed, neither extensive nor varied. But a strong love of reading was very early one of my characteristics and I picked up much information, more or less valuable, in a desultory way. And so our lives glided on, the occasional visits of George the only breaks in their peaceful monotony. It will have been surmised, meantime, though not distinctly stated, that our parents regarded us as youthful lovers, to be some day more closely linked together. Not that I had realized this myself, but it appeared that

George had, for there came an hour when he spoke out, and told me that he loved me. It was one evening—the next day he was to return to college for the last time. We were walking slowly along the banks of a little stream near the house, my hand in his. The golden sunset was fading rapidly, leaving faint reflections upon the pink and violet cloud-flecked sky. The birds had gone home, only a softly-tittered good-night sounding now and then from the leafy coverts. All was so still as to be almost oppressive. We had not spoken for several minutes, and I had a growing sense of something coming.

"Mary," said he at last, "I wonder how much you really care for me?"

"What a question, George," I answered. "You knew we have always been very dear to each other."

"Yes, but that is not what I mean. I am going away to-morrow. I am almost a man, and soon shall be one quite. You have been in my thoughts all the time I have been absent from you. Your presence has existed with me in the class-rooms and the lecture-hall and in my solitary walks, and even my dreams were constantly of you. Mary, when we were children we loved as children do. Now it is different. I love you now, passionately, with my whole heart, and I feel as if my whole future depends on you alone. Speak to me, dearest, will you not?"

I was glad, oh, how glad! Now I understood myself. Had he not known all the while what I now knew, that I was wholly his? Did he not know that he was my hope, my love, my all? The happy tears that were streaming down my face as I lifted it to his, needed no words, and with that moment a new life began for both of us. Oh, yes! we exchanged vows of constancy, of course, and in my heart of hearts I registered a vow that, whatever came, I would be faithful unto death. Trials, misfortunes, nothing on earth should shake my loyalty to this my first and only love. How long we talked together after this I cannot tell, but the lamps were lighted when we entered my home, and faced the four dear ones waiting for us. Tea was soon over, myself in a flurried state that subjected the old china cups to many a narrow escape, and made father say, with a twinkle in his eye: "Why, what's the matter, Mary! You seem struck comical to-night." Mother said nothing, but smiled to herself in a quiet way that made one feel worse still. I was thankful when the meal was over and I could settle down in a corner with my sewing, and still more so when our guests departed and I was at liberty to seek my chamber for the night.

Not to sleep, however, just yet, for I had hardly laid my head upon the pillow when mother came to my bedside, and bending her kind face down with a tender kiss, whispered to me to tell her all. With my arms about her neck, and my blushes hidden in her bosom, I sobbed forth the happy story, and her tears mingled with mine as she prayed God to bless her darling child and him who was to be as her darling son. As I listened to the solemn words a great content stole over me, and the future was full of hope and joy. Next morning, father, too, blessed me, and, as he folded me to his heart, said I should make a good wife, for I had been the best of daughters. "But," he added, "there is plenty of time. George must have shown himself worthy before he can have my bonnie girl. I learn from Elisha (that was George's father) that he does not want to be a farmer, but to enter mercantile, or other business, in Toronto. Well, I have no particular objection, though I might have wished otherwise. His education will have been a good one; we will give him every chance. As I said before, he must prove himself, as both your parents and his always said, when talking about you two."

"Why, father, had you and uncle talked about us before?" I asked, with blushing surprise.

"Silly puss! Of course! Did you think we were all blind?"

II.

The college days were over, and George was home again. His career had not been brilliant, but he said he had worked incessantly, and if he had gained no honours, "Other fellows were the same. Where," he laughed, "would the value of honours be if every fellow got them, so that it is in the very nature of things, and a necessity of the case, that not every fellow should get them."—a kind of logic that did not satisfy me; but then he spoke with such a breezy cheerfulness, and so handsome a face was smiling at me, that how could I question a word he said? Let me sketch him—a tall, athletic figure, active as a panther; a fair complexion; clear cut features of the true Saxon mould, blue eyes, bright and laughing; short curly hair, soft as silk; a voice full of music, now low and tender and now thrilling with trumpet-like tones. I thought him like Hereward the Saxon, or any such hero. And I was proud of him—indeed and indeed, I was.

But I must not linger over this part of my life. It is enough to say that George's departure for Toronto was soon after arranged, and a vacancy was made for him in the commission house of — & Co., where he was to learn their trade and the art and mystery of getting rich. We parted bravely as we could, with many protestations and promises to write often, and "Never, never forget." We should be able to meet but seldom; travelling in those days was not what it is now, and "business, George,

business," was what father and uncle said to him.

And time passed on.

I wrote often to my dear one, and he, though less frequently to me. I had little to say in my letters really, but I filled them with loving nonsense. He at first used to speak of many things—the city, the firm, the store, his associates, his boarding-house and its people, and the few amusements, the theatre, for instance, for which he found time. They were pleasant letters, and I used to think, from what I had read of published correspondence, not without a certain degree of literary merit. It was not long, however, before a change of tone that I cannot describe was perceptible in them. They were not less affectionate, but there was something about them I could not fathom. In later times I should have called them "fast," not, I mean, directly, or in form of expression, but instinctively I gathered that the social atmosphere surrounding him had changed, and not for the better. Especially I noted that though at first he used to explain what church he had attended, what lecture heard, or what book read, he ceased to allude to these, and spoke instead of pleasure excursions, young men's parties, and various amusements that were certainly not in vogue in our quiet neighbourhood. Puzzled, though we were, we all looked forward with great expectation to his first visit, I most of all, as was natural.

Among the persons mentioned in George's letters now and then, was a Robert Seymour, a clerk in the same store, a fellow-boarder, and apparently a frequent companion, though, as George wrote, he was not the brightest, cleverest, or liveliest person to "get along with." I could discern in the chance allusions to Mr. Seymour that the latter had impressed him with a feeling of respect. "Bob would not go with us," he said in one of his letters, "and when I got home at two o'clock in the morning his solemn phiz made me laugh, though I must own I felt ashamed of myself." On other occasions his serious friend appeared to have admonished him, not altogether to his gratification. I often caught myself wondering what sort of person this Robert was. That he was a true and sensible friend, at all events, I was sure; and I longed for an opportunity to question him about our darling. It came in due course, for, on a hint I gave, George invited him to join him on his first visit since he had been away—a long six months.

The expected day came at last, and I was up with the sun and merry as a lark. There were three hours to wait—the stage would be in by two in the afternoon, but my festive preparations were complete by ten o'clock in the forenoon. There were flowers festooned in the parlour, and indeed all over the house. I had made elaborate devices in the way of pastry and sweets, and as to my personal adornments—well, is not a little vanity natural to youth! Oh, the tedious hours of waiting; oh, the beating of my heart when the distant sound of wheels and hoofs grew nearer and nearer, until, turning a corner of the road, the stage was in sight, and I saw him waving his handkerchief as if he had gone frantic! I pass over the joy of that meeting, the handshaking and kisses, the tempest of affection at which a tall, grave young man was gazing silently. Then we suddenly remembered his existence, and in hearty fashion made him truly welcome. I see him now as I saw him then. Above the average height, and of dignified carriage. His countenance I have said was grave. The word is hardly the right one, for there was not a particle of sternness in the dark-complexioned face and deep brown eyes that were turned toward me. The expression rather was one of a capacity for affection too deep for mirth, having a seriousness all its own that attracted me irresistibly though I could not tell why. He and George seemed to be close friends and I was glad of it, especially as from the reliable character which Robert looked like possessing, he would I thought be a strong pillar for his more notable friend to lean upon in case of need. I felt confidence in his courage and his judgment. I knew, nay feared, that George might need such a mentor, for, in spite of my love for him, I could not shut my eyes to a certain weakness and thinness of fibre—that is the only way I can describe it—in his moral organization, and which, to me at least, became more and more apparent.

The visit was to be but for a few days, which we all took care should be well occupied, and we three were on the move continually. There was not a favourite haunt of my childhood that we did not show to Robert, not a pretty view he was not taken to see, not a friend to whom he was not introduced, while in the evenings with music and game and merriment we kept the two homes alive. It was a pleasant dream, too short alas! for, almost before we knew it, the day of parting had come, and once more silence, oppressive by contrast, fell upon us all at home.

III.

They, yes they, had gone, and I never felt so depressed in all my life. There was time now for solitary reflection, and I gradually found myself brooding over the realized past, and what was or was not to be in the future, over which a gray cloud of doubt and anxiety seemed to be gathering. I began to have forebodings. I caught myself making comparisons. Always, before, one figure had filled my thoughts, now there were two. Understand me distinctly—my love was undivided. But there was a subtle

influence in my mind which would increase in spite of me. I tried all I could; I prayed for help to throw off a feeling of distrust of George, and a tendency to view him at a disadvantage in regard to moral dignity and worth when compared to Mr. Seymour. I could not help it. I was very miserable. I knew that I loved George as much as ever, but alas! I could not esteem him as once I did. And yet if I had been asked to point out what particular circumstances had caused this change I could not have explained them, nor, indeed, myself.

Explained? Not then, but soon, ah! all too soon. It was about five months after that memorable visit that George's father came over to our house one morning, looking very anxious, I thought. He showed my father a letter, and they immediately went out together. What could be the matter? I had a presentiment of evil at once, and that in connection with George. I would certainly ask, if the truth were not told me at once. It was told me—I had no need to ask for it. "George has been writing to his father for money. He is in some difficulty it seems," said my father suddenly, as we sat by the fire that evening. "There is something more I fear that he keeps back."

"Does he give any reason? He was well provided with funds," said my mother.

"No; but we shall soon know," was the reply, given in a tone that seemed to forbid further conversation on the subject, which was dropped, though each of us was tortured by it evidently.

Somehow, I was not surprised, though my heart ached with an undefined pain, a strange dread. However, nothing more was said, and I suppose the money was sent; indeed I know it was. Not long afterwards a startling thing happened. A neighbour of ours who went occasionally to Toronto on business called, I fancy at my mother's request, at the store of Messrs. — to inquire for George, who, to his great surprise, was not there, nor had been for the past two months! Asking the reason, he was told that the firm knew of none; he had simply absented himself and they knew nothing whatever of where he was or what he was doing. They had sent to his boarding-house—he had left there in debt. Not even Robert Seymour had been able to find him, and there was no clue to what had become a most painful mystery which he had never ceased trying to unravel, but shrank from writing about, hoping as he had for light day after day. This was terrible news for all of us at home, and anxious were the consultations thereon. The ultimate result was that George's father set out himself to try and discover what was amiss. He was away over a week, and when he returned, alone, looked ten years older at least.

He had found his son, who had broken loose from all restraint and joined the society of a set of dissipated young men, who lived upon their wits, if living by fraud and violence could be so described. "I don't think he is a party to their crimes," said the old man in a broken voice. "but they fascinated him by what he thought good-fellowship, their gaiety and apparently merry life."

"Had he no excuse to offer?" asked my father.

"None. He professed great penitence, however; said he thought he must have been mad, and promised amendment. He even went with me to Messrs. — who, God bless them! took him back for one more trial. He assured me, further, upon his honour, that he would always be open with Mr. Seymour, who on his part pledged himself to look after him, and report to me faithfully. But I fear, yes Mary dear, I shudder at, what may yet be in store for him and all of us."

Bitter thoughts by day, and through long, sleepless nights henceforth for me. My idol was shattered and lay in the dust. I have heard and read often of homes desolated, of hearts broken, of utter misery, begun just in this way. The self-confident man, the pleasant fellow, wrecked by his own popularity; small indulgences leading him soon to excess, and finally the human being, born to responsibility, trusted by his Maker with many talents, losing the very semblance of manhood, and dragging all who clung to him into the mire. Still I hoped and prayed for the best. Surely the bright youth to whom I had given my heart was not destined for a fate like this! Surely his penitence must be sincere, his resolutions steadfast! God grant they might! And, truly, there was a gleam of hope, for he wrote several times during the next few months, and nearly if not quite in his old cheerful manner. We all gained courage, and said to each other, "George is reformed." Robert Seymour, too, gave us cheering accounts, and once more happiness dawned upon the two homesteads.

IV.

No! For suddenly the sky grew black, and we were plunged into the deepest grief. George had again thrown himself into the vortex that had drawn him under before, and when a letter came from the firm, and another from Robert, neither of which was I allowed to see, I knew that all was over. I pass over the days of agony, of tortured thought, which led to a great resolve. What if I, who had promised to be his wife should try to save him? Perhaps he will listen to me. I might be able to bring him away from the moral pestilence which had seized upon him. When I spoke of this to my mother, as I did before mentioning it to anyone else of course, she shuddered at the idea. "There is nothing

unmaidenly in it," I pleaded, "and father and uncle would be with me." To make a long story short, they two and I set out. We had written to Robert detailing our plans, which were simple enough in the first place. He was to see George—he knew how to manage that—and entreat him to see his heart-broken cousin, who would forgive all. I had through Robert sent a note assuring him of the same and giving our address in the city. If this attempt failed, then we had decided to boldly seek him.

For two days after our arrival we heard nothing, and I was sick with despair. On the evening of the third a hurried scrawl was put under the door of the house where we were, and asking me to be at the corner of a certain street at dusk. Of course I determined at once to keep the appointment, and in that dismal place waited, my father and uncle keeping out of sight. I had been gazing at the bay dreading I know not what, when a whisper made me turn swiftly round. Merciful Heaven! Was this squalid being, this trembling creature, who shrank from me with averted head, my George! Changed like this in one short year! "Mary," he faltered, "I did not seek this meeting. I am going to the dogs. We have nothing in common any more. I am only what you see me, and fit only to be despised."

"You are my cousin, George—nay, are we not more than that?"

"Stop," he cried, "cousin, if true, but only that. I tell you, Mary, I am lost. The men with whom I associate would kill me if I deserted them. I am their slave, their besotted slave."

"What are they, George?"

"Gamblers, thieves, everything that is villainous and bad."

"How came you among them?"

"I could no more tell you than could that tree before us. One pleasant fellow, then another, came along, to a saloon I used to go to now and then. In a few days I was, some-how, one of a 'crowd,' conscious of no harm, confident that if there was I could keep out of it. I thought I was 'smart'; I was but a fool. Then came drinking; I got dissatisfied with work, rebellious at heart. Where is the use of tracing my downward steps? Now, I have no work, no money, and am simply a vagabond upon the face of the earth."

Miserable as this story was, I could not divest myself of an idea that there was a spice of the theatrical about it; that he had a desire to hide his, shall I say willful voluntary fall, under the excuse of a sort of dramatic inevitable "fate." There was much more of this kind of talk which I will not record. I begged him to come home at once, and when his father and mine at my signal came forward and heard all, and joined me in urging this, he refused. He asserted that to fly from evil was not to reform, and that the victory over himself must be fought for on the battlefield where he had been so sorely wounded. Argument with him was to no purpose. His father at length said that if he would not come home he should be forced. "Do you think," he said, "I am going to leave my son to sink into utter perdition? No, George, no."

"If you take me by force I must go, I suppose," was the answer, theatrical now I was sure. George wanted to be carried away apparently against his will. I never believed all of the story about the truculent companions by whom he said he was coerced. It was a shameful business enough as it was, and I want to get over the telling of it. Enough to say that we all went home next day, George made decent but broken down physically—that was true at any rate. I had no more faith in any amendment; all we could do was to guide the wreck into smooth water again if we could.

Robert, whose devotion to his friend I shall never forget, begged me to write to him of the invalid's—that was the right word now, mentally, morally, bodily an invalid's—progress. Of course I promised; what did we not owe to him? And so we became first occasional and then active correspondents. I have spoken of the change that had come over me with respect to George, and I now recognized it more than ever. What good I had done to him already, what care I was taking of him, now that he grew always weaker, would formerly have been from love, but that word was laid aside and "duty" took its place. How could I avoid the further question of what was my duty in regard to our engagement, which was an actuality, in case he should recover, though however, I knew that was next to impossible. I began to suffer real torture about this. Was I bound to George morally? Was it my appointed work before God to watch over, comfort, sustain and belong to this weak-souled lover of mine, and this for life? What were the plain moralities of the case, and how much was due to me as well as to him?

I did not waver long. In the silence of my chamber I prayed for guidance, and the "still, small voice" whispered to me: "Be of good cheer; a human life is given into your keeping; a human soul is allotted to you, that you may work out its salvation." I rose from my knees, resolved that, come what might, I would never desert him to whom my truth was pledged. And I never did. Even when the letters of Robert became more and more affectionate—nor could I be cold to him—I did not falter, and when at last my poor boy, turning his wan face to me, and begging me to forgive all the trouble and grief he had caused, said he was going to die, I kissed him as in the old times and put my arms fondly about his neck. Three days after that, he had lain in a kind of stupor for several

hours when, feebly lifting his head from the pillowed couch by the window, on which he had been placed, he gazed dreamily upon the sunlight now fading in the west, and I saw his lips move. Passing to his side instantly and bending close over him I heard him whisper "Mary—love," and that was all. He never spoke again, and it was not many months before the roses were blooming around his grave.

A new life began with me thenceforth. I had been faithful, though I dared not inquire whether I had always loved him with my whole heart, nor was it worth while. At any rate it was not very long before Robert asked me a not unexpected question, and I said Yes. For many years we were happy together, and then he was taken away. I went back to the old homestead with my little girl, and now live again with father and mother whom time has been gentle with. Fortunately my husband left me a competence, and we all are comfortably off. As I began to write I said there were some things I would fain forget. As I lay down my pen I withdraw those words, and shall keep these lines as a treasured record of many trials, some griefs, but many blessings for which I ought to be and I hope am sufficiently thankful to Him in whose keeping we all of us are, now and for ever more.

INGOLDSBY NORTH.

A PROPERLY QUALIFIED JURYMAN.

According to the present magnificent law in regard to the composition of a jury, no man who has read about the case to be considered, or formed an opinion thereon, has a right to sit in judgment upon the party involved therein. He only who knows nothing, never reads the papers, and never has an opinion of his own, because he has no mind, is fit to serve as a jurymen. The man who reads and reflects, the intelligent citizen who takes an interest in passing events, is not the proper person to be upon the jury, simply because he may have formed an opinion and may not do "justice" to the prisoner at the bar. In a recent court the following interesting scene occurred:

The empanelling of the jury in a murder case was in progress when one of the men called was challenged by the counsel for the defence.

"Have you heard anything in regard to this case?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"What did you hear?"

"I heard people talking about it, and also read the particulars in the papers."

"Um!—Read the particulars in the papers, did you?"

"Yes."

"And what conclusion did you arrive at?"

"I thought it was a brutal crime, from what I read about it."

"So you have formed an opinion already upon the matter?"

"Well, people generally condemned it, and I was of that opinion too."

"That'll do—you can stand aside."

Up comes a sample of the intelligent jurymen, but he is challenged too.

"Do you know anything about this case?" is asked by the counsel for the defence.

"What case?" asks the jurymen.

"The case about to be tried."

"I dunno."

"Did you read anything about it in the papers?"

"I never read the papers—I can't read."

"But have you not heard your neighbours talking about it?"

"I think I did hear John Jones saying something one day about a man being killed or found dead or something, but I didn't ax him for particulars."

"And you've formed no opinion regarding the matter?"

"What's that?"

"You haven't come to any conclusion regarding the crime?"

"I dunno."

"Take your seat, you'll do."

And of such men as the latter a jury is oftentimes composed, therefore it is not to be wondered at when remarkable verdicts are brought in. Justice weeps, while people wonder at the increase of crime.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

UPWARDS of 1,500 persons, who were unable to get beds on the Tuesday night of the Royal visit to Swansea, attended the all-night performance at the theatre.

THE cost of the barricades erected in the Leeds streets on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's visit was £191. The sum will be paid out of the borough fund. Pleasant for the Conservatives!

"STUDIES in yellow," are the proper and most fashionable hues of the day, and "stunnet" is an alarming shade of changeable red and yellow, that is much more artistic in the skies than on a bonnet.

A PROPOSAL has been put forward for the formation of a Curates' Association, the object of the promoters being to bring before the public and those in authority the grievances, real or imaginary, of curates as a body.

THE Radical candidate for Cricklake, Mr. Michell, who is a director of the Great Western Railway, made a quarter of a million of money in the feather trade in the city. He is the largest shareholder but one (Mr. Bilby, of Liverpool), in the Great Western Railway, holding about £200,000 worth of that stock.

It is eleven years since the first volume of the new Speaker's Commentary was issued. The last will be given us before the close of the year. As a work of criticism and exposition which has employed the ablest divines of the day, the commentary is almost as interesting a product of modern scholarship as the Revised Testament.

RECENTLY a Welshman wrote a letter in the vernacular to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, inquiring if a certain Nonconforming church could be rated, as was the wish of some hostile local officials. To the Welshman's delight, he not merely received the wished for reply, stating that such property is exempt, but it was written the Welsh language.

THE line that most tickles the listener in the new drama *Mankind*, is old Daniel Groodges's reply to the gentleman who calls him a dirty old man, and suggests that he should treat his paws to a little soap and water. "What!" screams the ancient one, "Wash the hand that was once shook by Nelson! Never! never!"

SIR WILFRID LAWSON combines shorthorn breeding with his advocacy of temperance principles. At one of the Holker sales he bought a bull from the Duke of Devonshire at an extravagant price, which, however, was found dead recently on the farm at Brayton. With a regretful look at the deceased beast the genial baronet, on the spur of the moment, struck off the following epitaph:—

"Here lies Baron Oxford 6th  
Quiet and cool,  
Bred by a Duke and  
Bought by a fool."

SOME clever photographic feats have recently been accomplished. M. Hieckel has been able to photograph from a boat, and in spite of high water, a stretch of the shore at Berck, with all its bathers and promenaders. M. Andra has photographed a young girl springing over a cord, just at the moment when the child was on the highest point of her course, viz., at the neutral point of rest which immediately precedes the descent. The head was very clearly done, but the feet, which at that moment were somewhat behind, in order to clear the cord, did not present the same distinctness. An English artist has photographed swallows on the wing, and fixed the reflection they threw on a pond in passing over. The plate is exposed the five-hundredth part of a second, so that it is possible to take a "portrait" of the "Flying Dutchman" whilst at full speed.

THERE has been in existence for many years a periodical called the *New Moon*, the contributors of which are inmates of lunatic asylums. As a rule the articles display marked ability, and no one would suppose that the writers were suffering from mental aberration. On one occasion the editor of the *New Moon* received complaints from several subscribers that the contents of the journal, though well enough in their way, were lacking in distinctive flavour, and did not betray their origin; so, in the next number, he gave free play to his retractory contributors. There appeared a-tounding political revelations: a paper on evolution, with wood-cut illustrations of the shape of the human soul at different ages; the designs of a machine to facilitate bodily ascension into heaven in the manner of Elijah; and the first canto of an epic, which, when not utterly incoherent, was anticipatory of Alice in Wonderland. One number of this character was sufficient. The discontented subscribers expressed themselves satisfied, and begged that they might have no more of Bedlam broke loose in prose and verse.

THE habits of the ballet girl have been discussed of late, not in all phases of her existence, but as regards her pay, not her perquisites; for instance, she makes five shillings a night, and for this has only to do a few regular steps, but when a girl "comes out," or is intended to come out, the usual method is to apprentice her to a ballet-master. He trains her, teaches her, makes her practice, and finally "brings her out." He does all his work apparently for nothing, his usage being not to charge anything for training, but to make her contract to allow him a certain per cent. on her engagement. Their interests then become identical, and he makes in proportion as he is able to finish her. This is more easy for him, as in the production of pantomimes the division of labour is now so largely relied on to give success with the least cost. As the ballet-master contracts with the girls to teach them, so too he contracts with the managers to supply them, and thus the work goes on independently. He furnishes his female army nightly, and may supply more places of amusement than one in the course of each evening. But the ordinary ballet-girl, once she has mastered the very few initial difficulties of the ballet, can come forward year after year and join the troupe.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Empress Eugénie is at Lorette on a pilgrimage.

THE death is announced of the Marquis de Maille de la Tour de Laundry.

THE Princess Dolgorouki, the widow of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, is in Paris with her two daughters.

THE inhabitants of Patagonia, who lately attracted all Paris to the Jardin d'Acclimation, have left France and have gone to Antwerp.

A MARRIAGE was celebrated this week at Biarritz between Mlle. Tozoff, the daughter of the Marquis de Fientafiel, former Spanish Minister of War, and M. Gustave Rinz, Attaché of the Spanish Embassy, and son of M. Rinz, banker and Senator of the Basses-Pyrénées.

THE report that M. Gill, the celebrated caricaturist, had gone out of his mind is happily perfectly unfounded; he has only been suffering from an attack of fever. His last good joke was to represent Gambetta as *Hamlet*, studying the skull of Rochefort.

THE choicest fancy, as an addition to evening toilettes, is the pearl sleeves; they are made entirely of a fringe, woven in fine pearl beads, that falls on the arm with very pretty effect. Bracelets and necklace to match, should be worn with them.

SAN DONATO, the renowned palace of Prince Demidoff, has been purchased by a Parisian celebrity just as it stands—that is, all furniture and effects. The splendid Frenchman means to keep it up in full style, and to commence shortly with a series of fêtes.

SOME people, it appears, have a strange way of obtaining titles. They write to the Comte de Chambord and put before their name a title which they do not really possess. The excellent Henry V., believing in their loyalty, addresses his reply with this title, and the recipients of the letter maintain that they have henceforward a right to the title thus usurped.

A NEW census of the population of France is about to be taken. The Minister of the Interior has decided that "Freethought" shall be classified as a religious sect. That word will therefore appear on the census papers handed in by the side of the word Jew, Catholic, and Protestant. This will probably be the first national recognition of freethinkers as a distinct body.

THE military students at St. Cyr lately availed themselves of their holiday to make a Royalist demonstration in uniform at the mass in honour of the Comte de Chambord. The severe penalty inflicted on them for their escapade has not deterred their comrades at Saumur from indulging a freak which will possibly entail the loss of their commissions. The *Temps* relates that a band of forty officers, in various stages of inebriety, patrolled frantically about the streets of Saumur with drawn swords, making night hideous with their yells, chanting in chorus a ditty replete with loathsome obscenities, the refrain being foul aspersions on the President of the Republic. These delinquencies call aloud for severe repression. The curled darlings of the nation, who cannot conscientiously restrain their abhorrence of existing institutions, should seek some other than the military profession.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A COMIC opera, without chorus, is all the rage at Florence. It is by Cortesi, and is called "Amico di Casa."

MME. PATTI's first matinee, with the exception of her own, which was perfect in every respect as ever, was a very gloomy affair.

LISZT is in Rome for the winter. He passes his time with the German Ambassador, Baron Kendl, or with the German Cardinal, Monsignore Hohenlohe.

At the Valle Theatre at Rome, a play called the "Psalm of Psalms" is being given. Count Enrico Campello, the late Canon of St. Peter's, who has joined the Methodists, was at the theatre on the first night.

A NEW theatre is to be erected in London, under the direction of M. Marius, who upon its completion is to undertake the management.

A DRAMA founded upon Lord Beaconsfield's romantic tale of "Atrox" is about to be played in a Berlin theatre.

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.





THE LAST DAYS OF THE  
FROM THE PICTURE



CONDEMNED CRIMINAL.

BY MUNCABKY.

### "TIME TURNS THE TABLES."

Ten years ago, when she was ten,  
I used to tease and scold her;  
I liked her, and she loved me then,  
A boy some five years older.

I liked her—she would fetch my book,  
Bring lunch to stream or thicket—  
Would oil my gun or bait my hook,  
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap or find my whip—  
Ah! but boys hearts are stoney!  
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"  
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though Heaven knows why;  
Small wonder had she hated;  
For scores of dolls she had to cry  
Whom I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,  
Called "red" the sheen upon it;  
Out fishing I would even dare  
Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I expiate my crime;  
The Nemesis of fables  
Came after years. To-day old Time  
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five; she twenty now,  
Dark-eyed, pinked-cheeked and bonnie;  
The curls are golden round her brow;  
She smiles and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used her Christian name,  
But now through fate or malice,  
When she is by my lips can't frame  
Five letters to make "Allie."

I, who could joke with her and tease,  
Stand silent now before her;  
Dumb through the very wish to please—  
A speechless, shy adorer.

Or, if she turns to me to speak,  
I'm dazzled by her graces;  
The hot blood rushes to my cheek;  
I stammer commonplaces.

She's kind and cool; ah, Heaven knows how  
I wish she blushed and faltered;  
She likes me, and I love her now,  
Dear, dear, how things have altered!

### WORRY.

BY DR. J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE.

When a strong and active mind breaks down suddenly, in the midst of business, it is worn out by worry rather than overwork. Brain-labor may be too severe, or ordinary exercise prolonged until it produces serious exhaustion; but the mere draining of resources, however inexpedient, is not disease, and seldom inflicts permanent injury. A temporary collapse of the mental powers may be caused by excessive or too continuous exertion, just as a surface-well may be emptied by pumping it out more rapidly than it is refilled, but the apparatus is not thereby disorganized, and time will remedy the defect. When rest is not followed by recovery, the recuperative faculty itself, an integral part of the intellectual organism, must be impaired or disabled. This is not unfrequently the case when the possessor of a worried and weakened brain in vain seeks refuge from the supposed effects of "overwork" in simple idleness. Something more than exhaustion has occurred, and rest alone will not cure the evil. The faculty of repair is not in a condition to restore the equilibrium between potential energy and kinetic force. Divers hypotheses have been suggested to explain this state of matters. The mind has been compared to a muscle overstrained by a too violent effort, or paralyzed by excessive exertion. The two phenomena have little similarity, and no light is thrown on the nature of mental collapse by the comparison. Perhaps a closer parallel might be found in the state which ensues when the tension of a muscular contraction is so high that spasm passes into rigidity, and molecular disorganization ensues. Meanwhile, however interesting these speculations may prove to the physiologist, they bring no relief to the sufferer. It is easy to see that a worse evil than simply using up his strength too rapidly has befallen him, but no one knows precisely what has happened. To cover the enigma, without solving it, "overwork" is taken to mean more than work over the normal, in quantity, quality, and time, but no attempt is made to determine how excess, in either or all of these particulars, can bring about the disability and decrepitude we bewail. It is to the investigation of this mystery that attention needs to be directed. If it should be possible to ascertain why a mind previously healthy, and still apparently intact, breaks down instantly and thoroughly under a strain not exceptionally great, and, collapse having once occurred, recovery follows tardily and is rarely complete, it will probably be within the scope of common-sense to draw some practical conclusions as to the prevention, and it may be the cure, of what is in truth becoming a scourge of mental industry already almost decimating the ranks of the army of progress, in every field of intellectual enterprise at home and abroad.

A certain degree of tension is indispensable to the easy and healthful discharge of mental functions. Like the national instrument of Scotland, the mind drones wofully and will discourse most dolorous music, unless an expansive and resilient force within supplies the basis of quickly responsive action. No good, great, or enduring work can be safely accomplished by brain-force without a reserve of strength sufficient to give buoyancy to the exercise, and, if I may so say, rhythm to the operations of the mind. Working at high-pressure may be bad, but working at low-pressure is incomparably worse. As a matter of experience, a sense of weariness commonly

precedes collapse from "overwork": not mere bodily or nervous fatigue, but a more or less conscious distaste for the business in hand, or perhaps for some other subject of thought or anxiety which obtrudes itself. It is the offensive or irritating burden that breaks the back. Thoroughly agreeable employment, however engrossing, stimulates the recuperative faculty while it taxes the strength, and the supply of nerve force seldom falls short of the demand. When a feeling of disgust or weariness is not experienced, this may be because the compelling sense of duty has crushed self out of thought. Nevertheless, if the will is not pleasurably excited, if it rules like a martinet without affection or interest, there is no reserve, and, like a complex piece of machinery working with friction and heated bearings, the mind wears itself away and a break-down ensues. Let us look a little closely at the matter.

The part which "a stock of energy" plays in brain-work can scarcely be exaggerated. Reserves are of high moment everywhere in the animal economy, and the reserve of mental force is in a practical sense more important than any other. It may happen that mere strength of mind carries a body with scarcely a vestige of power in reserve through some crisis of extraordinary difficulty, but the mental exploit is full of danger. The residual air in a lung is the basis of the respiratory process; the sustained tension of the smaller arteries transforms the pulsating current of blood thrown into the system by the heart to a continuous circulation; the equilibrated tonicity of opposing muscles gives stability to the apparatus of motion, and renders specific combinations of movement possible. What is true of the physical is also true of the mental constitution; the residual force, the tension, the tonicity, of mind, form the basis of intellectual action. It is not necessary to discuss the relations of mind and matter; even if the mental being is more than a formulated expression of the physical organism, the continuity is so complete that the same law governs both. For the purposes of the present argument it is sufficient to assert that, without a reserve of energy, healthy brain-work is impossible. Pain, hunger, anxiety, and a sense of mind-weariness are the warning tokens of exhaustion extending to the reserves. When these indications are disregarded, or destroyed, as they may be, by stupefying drugs, an inordinate use of stimulants, a strong effort of the will, or the anæsthetic effect of excessive exhaustion, the consumption of energy goes on unobserved. The feats of intellectual or physical strength, the surprising exploits of special sensation and mind-power, performed by individuals under the influence of any condition which suspends the sense of pain, weakness, or fatigue, are explained by the circumstance that unsuspected reserves of power and endurance are placed at the disposal of the will. These resources were there before, but jealously guarded by the sensations. Martyrdom is possible under the influence of an overpowering abstraction. Passion may produce a similar immunity from pain, and give ability to endure even self-inflicted injury. The daily experience of lunatic asylums will abundantly attest the truth of this last assertion.

How does all this bear upon the subject? It seems rather to strengthen the position assailed, by showing that "overwork" may exhaust the reserves, thereby arresting the function, and possibly destroying the integrity, of the mental organism! That is undoubtedly the surface view of the case, and it is the popular explanation of what occurs. To controvert the received hypothesis is the object of the present paper. The argument, opposed to the theory of work itself exhausting the stock of energy, may be simply stated thus: the reserves, physical and mental, are too closely guarded to be invaded by direct encroachment. Pain is not suspended by the persistent infliction of injury unless the mechanism of sensation is disabled or destroyed. Hunger does not cease until starvation has assailed the seat of nutrition. The sense of extreme weariness is not allayed by increased activity, but the longing for rest may subside, because it has been stifled by some overwhelming influence. The natural safeguards are so well fitted for their task that neither body nor mind is exposed to the peril of serious exhaustion so long as their functions are duly performed. In brief, overwork is impossible so long as the effort made is natural. When energy, of any kind, takes a morbid form of action, some force outside itself must be reacting upon it injuriously; and the seat of the injury, so far as the sinister influence on energy is concerned, will be found in close proximity to the sensation which under normal conditions guards the reserve. The use of stimulants in aid of work is, perhaps, one of the commonest forms of collateral influence suspending the warning sense of exhaustion. When the laborious worker, overcome with fatigue, "rouses" himself with alcohol, coffee, tea, or any other agent which may chance to suit him, he does not add a unit of force to his stock of energy, he simply narcotizes the sense of weariness, and, the guard being drugged, he appropriates the reserve. In like manner, when the dreamer and night-watcher, worn out by sleeplessness, employs opium, chloral or some other poison to produce the semblance of repose, he stupefies his consciousness of unrest, but, except in cases where it is only a habit of sleeplessness, which has been contracted, and, being interrupted, may be broken by temporary recourse to a perilous artifice, the condition is unrelieved. Not unfrequently the warning sense is stifled by the very intensity of the motive power or impulse. Ambition, zeal, love, sometimes fear,

will carry a man beyond the bounds set by nature. No matter what suspends the functions of the guard set at the threshold of the reserve, if the residual stock is touched, two consequences ensue—waste and depreciation. It is generally perceived, the latter is commonly overlooked. The reserve, as we have seen, plays a double part in the economy: it is a stock in abeyance, and it is the base of every present act. Without a reserve of mental energy, the mind can no more continue the healthful exercise of its functions than a flabby muscle without tonicity can respond to the stimulus of strong volition and lift a heavy weight or strike a heavy blow.

The cause, or condition, which most commonly exposes the reserve of mental energy to loss and injury is worry. The tone and strength of mind are seriously impaired by its wearing influence, and, if it continue long enough, they will be destroyed. It sets the organism of thought and feeling vibrating with emotions which are not consonant with the natural liberation of energy in work. The whole machinery is thrown out of gear, and exercise, which would otherwise be pleasurable and innocuous, becomes painful and even destructive. It is easy to see how this must be. The longest note in music, the most steady and persistent ray of light—to use an old-fashioned expression—the tonic muscular contraction, are all, we know, produced by a rapid succession of minute motive impulses or acts, like the explosion and discharge of electricity from alternately connected and separated points in a circuits; in fact, a series of vibrations. Mental energy doubtless takes the same form of development. If a disturbing element is introduced by the obstruction of some independent source of anxiety, or if, out of the business in hand the mind makes a discord, confusion ensues, and for the time being harmonious action ceases. Working under these conditions in obedience to the will, the mental organism sustains injury which must be great, and may be lasting. The function of the warning sense is suspended; the reserve is no longer a stock in abeyance, and it ceases to give stability to the mind; the rhythm of the mental forces is interrupted; a crash is always impending, and too often sudden collapse occurs. The point to be made clear is this: overwork is barely possible, and seldom, if ever, happens, while the mind is acting in the way prescribed by its constitution, and in the normal modes of mental exercise. The moment, however, the natural rhythm of work is broken and discord ensues, the mind is like an engine with the safety-valve locked, the steam-gauge falsified, the governing apparatus out of gear; a breakdown may occur at any instant. The state pictured is one of worry, and the besetting peril is not depicted in too lurid colors. The victim of worry is ever on the verge of a catastrophe; if he escape, the marvel is not at his strength of intellect so much as his good fortune. Worry is disorder, however induced, and disorderly work is abhorred by the laws of nature, which leave it wholly without remedy. The energy employed in industry carried on under this condition is lavished in producing a small result, and speedily exhausted. The reserve comes into play very early in the task, and the faculty of recuperation is speedily arrested. Sometimes loss of appetite announces the cessation of nutrition; otherwise the sense of hunger, present in the system, is for a time preternaturally acute, and marks the fact that the demand is occasioned by loss of power to appropriate, instead of any diminution of supply. The effort to work becomes daily more laborious, the task of fixing the attention grows increasingly difficult, thoughts wander, memory fails, the reasoning power is enfeebled; prejudice—the shade of defunct emotion or some past persuasion—takes the place of judgment; physical nerve or brain disturbance may supervene, and the crash will then come suddenly unexpected by on-lookers, perhaps unperceived by the sufferer himself. This is the history of "worry" or disorder produced by mental disquietude and distraction, occasionally by physical disease.

The first practical inference to be deduced from these considerations is that brain-work in the midst of mental worry is carried on in the face of ceaseless peril. Unfortunately, work and worry are so closely connected in daily experiences that they cannot be wholly separated. Meanwhile the worry of work—that which grows out of the business in hand—is generally a needless, though not always an avoidable evil. In a large proportion of instances this description of women, with minds capacious and powerful enough but untrained, attempt feats for which training is indispensable, and, being unprepared, they fail. The utilitarian policy of the age is gradually eliminating from the educational system many of the special processes by which minds used to be developed. This is, in part at least, why cases of sudden collapse are more numerous now than in years gone by. It is not, as vanity suggests, that the brain-work of to-day is so much greater than that exacted from our predecessors, but we are less well prepared for its performance. The treatment of this form of affection, the break-down from the worry of work, must be preventive; the sole remedy is the reversal of a policy which substitutes results for processes, knowledge for education. It is a serious cause of discomfiture and sorrow in work that so much of the brain-power expended is necessarily devoted to the removal of extraneous causes of worry. Labor is so fatal to life, because it is so difficult to live. The deadly peril of work in the midst of worry must be confronted, because the disturbing cause can only be got rid of by persistent labor. This is the crux of the difficulty, and, in the attempt to cure the evil,

the struggling mind finds its fate involved in a vicious circle of morbid reactions. Nevertheless, it is the fact that work in the teeth of worry is fraught with peril, and whenever it can be avoided, it should be, let the sacrifice cost what it may.

The second deduction must be, that there is no excuse for idleness in the pretense of fear of "overwork." There is some reason to apprehend that the attention recently directed to this alleged cause of mental unsoundness has not been free from a mischievous influence on minds only too ready to take refuge in any excuse for inactivity. If the private asylums of the country were searched for the victims of "overwork," they would nearly all be found to have fallen a prey to "worry" or to that degeneracy which results from lack of purpose in life and steady employment. This is a grave assertion, but it points to an evil it is especially needful to expose. Weak minds drift into dementia with wondrous celerity when they are not carried forward to some goal, it matters little what, by the impulse of a strong motive. The bugbear of "overwork" is, it may be feared, deterring parents and friends from enforcing the need of sedulous industry on the young. The pernicious system of "cram" slays its thousands, because uneducated, undeveloped, inelastic intellects are burdened and strained with information adroitly deposited in the memory, as an expert valet packs a portmanteau, with the articles likely to be first wanted on the top. Desultory occupation, mere play with objects of which the true interest is not appreciated, ruins a still larger number; while worry that bane of brain-work and mental energy, counts its victims by tens of thousands, a holocaust of minds sacrificed to the demon of discord, the foe of happiness, of morality, of success. The enemy takes many shapes and assumes bewildering disguises. Sometimes he comes in like a flood, hurrying everything before him; with heaps of work to be done in less than adequate time. Now the victim is hurried from task to task with a celerity fatal to sanity. Then he is chained like a galley-slave to some ungenial labor without respite. Again, a buzz of distracting and irritating mental annoyances seem let loose to distress and distract him. Under each and all of these guises it is worry that molests, and, unless he be rescued, will ruin him. Meanwhile, the miseries of "overwork," pure and simple, are few and comparatively insignificant. Those who bewail their infliction most loudly are weak of mind or torpid of brain. Of such lame and maimed mortals we are not now thinking. Their lot may be humiliating or pitiable, as their condition is due to neglect or misfortune; but our concern is with the multitude of strong and able-minded workers who fail at their task. These are the victims not of overwork but of worry, a foe more treacherous and merciful than all besides. The mind-cure for the malady to which "worry" gives rise, and from which so many suffer, is not idleness, or "rest," in the ordinary sense of that term, but orderly and persistent work. The work by which they have been injured has not been excessive, but bad of its kind and badly done. The palsied faculties must be strengthened and incited to healthy nutrition by new activity, at first, perhaps, administered in the form of passive mental movement, and then induced by appropriate stimuli applied to the mind.—Nineteenth Century.

### HUMOROUS.

If pain in the limbs comes through sleeping without covering on cool nights, common sense would suggest a counterpane.

THE New York Commercial Advertiser speaks of Cory O'Leary as the only Irish play of Shakespeare, evidently forgetting O'Tello, who was one of the Moores of Ireland.

SHE HIT HIM HARD.—Spooney Dry Goods Clerk (to smart Miss trying on a hat before the glass): "Don't I wish I was a looking-glass." Smart Miss: "Yes, perhaps you'd get more girls to look at you then."

"I REMEMBER," said Brewer, "I remember two young men who used to board at my house—they are both dead now." The crowd broke into a meaning smile, and Brewer wondered why they didn't wait for the funny part of the story to come.

A GENTLEMAN, some time ago, speaking of a celebrated actress who was beginning to show signs of embonpoint, said to a witty dramatist: "The last time I saw Miss—she had grown so stout that she almost filled the box." Oh, that's nothing," responded the other, "I remember the time she filled the whole theatre."

"DON'T waste your time in chipping off the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your axe at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his axe at the root of the tree, like a good and dutiful boy, and then went fishing. Truly, there is nothing so beautiful as filial obedience.

WARNINGS.—Lung disease and rheumatism are perhaps the most obstinate maladies with which medical skill does battle. The latter, if less dangerous, is the more inveterate of the two. Both make their approaches gradually and are heralded by symptoms which ought to warn the sufferer of the approach. As soon as a cold or the first rheumatic twinge is felt, they who can be advised for their own good will try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which gives a quietus to both these complaints, even in advanced stages, but the early use of which inwardly and outwardly is especially to be recommended, as all diseases are most successfully combated in their infancy. Piles, neuralgic pain, stiffness of the joints, inflammation, hurts, tumors, and the various diseases and injuries of the equine race and cattle are among the evils overcome by this leading remedy. Sold by medicine dealers. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

ON THE NORTH SEA.

(From the Norwegian of Peter Jonas Collett.)

BY NED F. MAH.

The watery plain is now quiescent
And the storm is lulled to rest;

Newly, as if Heaven arraying
Ocean's bosom, wildly throbb'd

Part its hour of wrath imposing,
Tired and tame is now its light;

Oh! hallow not their peaceful sleeping;
Wake not ocean from its trance.

Let it forget it ever washes
In restless flood from land to land;

Let it forget awhile the plunder
Hidden in its mysterious home;

Shadowy forms, like phantoms gleaming,
Float past in the moonlight night;

Our souls confess a weird attraction;
The still deep yields a placid balm;

"A BARROW OF PRIMROSES."

III.

HOW THE ROMANCE ENDED.

It would be impossible to describe the amount
of self-tormenting which Heron Archer vigorously
inflicted upon himself for the next few days.

Yet the quick eye of the faithful youth soon
discovered there was something amiss with his
benefactor. Amidst his own pain and weariness

"I knew you'd repent it; I felt certain of it,"
said the invalid, looking sadly up at his friend's
face, for friend indeed had Heron Archer been

Heron Archer looked away from the eager
questioning face. "Yes," he said at last, "I
did see someone; but it is no matter; there is

"What troubles you is my trouble also," answered
the young man sadly. "I have no other
friend in the world save yourself, and it would

Heron Archer silenced him with an impatient
gesture. He hated thanks or outspoken gratitude,
and would have always avoided them had it

That evening the longing had been in his
heart through all these weary days since he had
known where she lived—the longing to go himself

While he still stood, looking with longing
eyes down the street, yet not daring to venture
through it, the door of one of the villas near

He started and coloured furiously. The girl
gave him one rapid glance and then passed on.
It was a moment into which the emotions and

Heron Archer hesitated, passed, looked back.
Then, with the courage of despair, he raised his
hat and spoke abruptly:

"Pardon me, I pray, but I have sought you
so long. I—I have so much to explain. Do
give me the favour of a few words with you."

She drew herself up with sudden stately
hauteur.

"Sir!" she said quickly, "you have spoken
more than a few words already. There can be
nothing for you to explain which concerns me.

"I cannot. I will not. You must hear
me!" he cried passionately, forgetting all prudence
and reason in the fear that she might

"I have made a mistake," she said scornfully.
"I took you for a gentleman—once. If I had
need of proof to convince me of my error your

The bronzed and manly face before her grew
pale as death—his eyes looked at her with un-

But she passed on without a look or word, yet
in her own mind she seemed suddenly to feel
what a poor and pitiful thing her pride was.

Heron Archer went home, his heart full of
bitterness, yet aching with a fierce unsatisfied
longing that had never been his lot before.

"It is no use. I can never set things straight
in her eyes," he thought to himself. "I must
try and forget her."

He worked hard, and began to find his talents
recognized, and to take a more prominent position
in his profession than had yet been his lot.

One evening, at a dinner-party given by an
eminent member of the legal profession, he made
a speech that so overthrew all conventional

"Allow solicitors to plead in court!" exclaimed
an eminent Q.C. "Why, Archer, you must be mad!
Such a thing is unheard of! It goes against

"Indeed I do," was the calm rejoinder.
"There is a prejudice against the idea, I know,
but the generality of people who are not barristers,

"You are a traitor to your order!" smiled
the great man good-humouredly.

He still thought it a joke. No member of
the legal profession in his sane mind (except a
solicitor) would have put forward such a startling

"You are cutting your own throat by advocating
such heresy, Archer," said one of his companions,
also a barrister. "Where would we be if your

"No bad fare when we purchase it with clean
hands and clear consciences," remarked the young
man.

"It might suit you; besides, you have other
means. You are not solely dependent on what you
make. But as for me—No, thank you. Social

Heron Archer laughed. "You are wrong," he said;
"I do not fight against impossibilities. I am wiser than that.
But my warfare is very nearly as useless as if I

"Why not leave them alone and take life as
it is?" asked his friend. "You would be much
more comfortable, and so much pleasanter to

"Well, I would rather suffer any hardship
than know I was doing harm to others, or pursue
blindfold a path that was strewn with victims

"What a restless, unhappy being you must be,
then," laughed the other. "I would not change
consciences with you for something, old boy!
But now, a truce to these grave subjects. I have

"Yes," exclaimed Heron Archer eagerly, as

he sat down the glass he had been in the act of
raising to his lips.

"Well, then, I daresay you have not forgotten
the lady who was in the han-ou?"

"What of her?" asked the young man with
well assumed indifference, though the heart
throbbed wildly at the mere mention of the idol

"It's a curious thing," said the other, who
was no less a personage than the renowned
Puffins. "But to begin at the beginning, I

Heron Archer's face was averted, his glass
was lifted to his lips, but Mr. Puffins certainly
thought he had caught an exclamation not quite

"She was as charming as her singing. We
became great friends. I recalled to her mind
the incident of the primroses. She remembered

What Heron Archer thought of it was more to
the purpose, but he did not acknowledge that,
and changed the subject with what speed he

As soon as dinner was over he took his leave,
regardless of the fact that by so doing he was
universally voted more unsocial and eccentric

Early next morning, as he was busily engaged
with his papers, a knock came at his office door,
and in answer to his permission, in rushed

"Look here; never say I don't do you a good
turn," exclaimed that voluble pleader. "I got

"Case! Well, I don't know about that. It
depends on yourself, I should say," answered
little Puffins, laughing over his joke. "Read

Heron Archer took the pretty little feminine
note held out to him and began reading it with
careless indifference. At the first line, however,

This was what Heron Archer read:
"Dear Mr. Puffins,—As we intend having a
carpet-dance to-night after the music, I write to

Heron Archer laid down the letter and looked
up at his friend's face. "Well," he said, with assumed carelessness.

"Well!" mimicked Puffins. "And is that
all your gratitude? Aren't you pleased at the
chance of seeing your handsome heroine again?

"I should like to very much," answered Heron
Archer slowly "but—"

"Now don't pull any of your conscientious
scruples in by the forelock," laughed Puffins.
"It's all right. You're mutually interested in

Then he was gone, noisy and voluble to the
last. But Heron Archer did little work that
day, only young Staunton was astonished by the

It was there that Heron Archer's restlessness
first had taken him, for his mind was too un-

Well, then he dared not pursue the subject any
farther. Fate must settle it for him in the time

At 8 sharp, even as he had said, Puffins drove
up to his friend's chamber in a hansom. Heron
Archer had been ready since 7, but naturally he

He was strangely nervous and agitated, though
he strove to hide it by an unusual amount of
coldness and indifference; and when he reached

A moment, and a fair white-robed figure stood

before him, and his low bow and appealing look
were met by a half-timid apologetic glance that
filled his heart with wonder. He heard Puffins's

With ready tact the young hostess drew the
talkative Puffins away, and introduced him to a
lady by whose side was a vacant chair. Then,

"I have an old acquaintance of yours to introduce
you to, Mr. Archer," she said bashfully; "will

Like one in a dream he followed. Indeed, it
seemed to him that this must all be a dream—
that on some desolate to-morrow he would awake

She paused beside the piano, and there sat
young Staunton, a radiant, contented look on
his face, such as had not rested there for many a

"There is no need to introduce you, I see,"
she said smiling, and Heron Archer, in whom
no single grain of false shame ever found

His eyes turned appealingly to her. "You
understand—now," he said in low earnest
tones.

She flashed at him an exquisite look that more
than repaid him for all he had endured, for the
sake of which he felt he could have endured a

"How did it come about?" he asked James
Staunton later on, when she had left them, and
was gliding to and fro among her guests.

"She heard of me—how I do not know," he
said in a low voice that fell in like an accom-

"She is!" agreed Heron Archer enthusiastically.

"And she said I ought to have better engagements
and not play dance music, and she is going to
speak to all her friends, and to night she gives

And she said I ought to have better engagements
and not play dance music, and she is going to
speak to all her friends, and to night she gives

"Use! Oh, Jim, you have done me the most
inestimable service I have ever received from
any human being!"

No wonder Jim Staunton looked up in amazement
at those impulsive words. But he saw the light
in the young man's eyes, the glory and gladness

Ere the evening was over Heron Archer had
heard from her lips of the regret she had felt for
her misjudgement. Ere the evening was over he

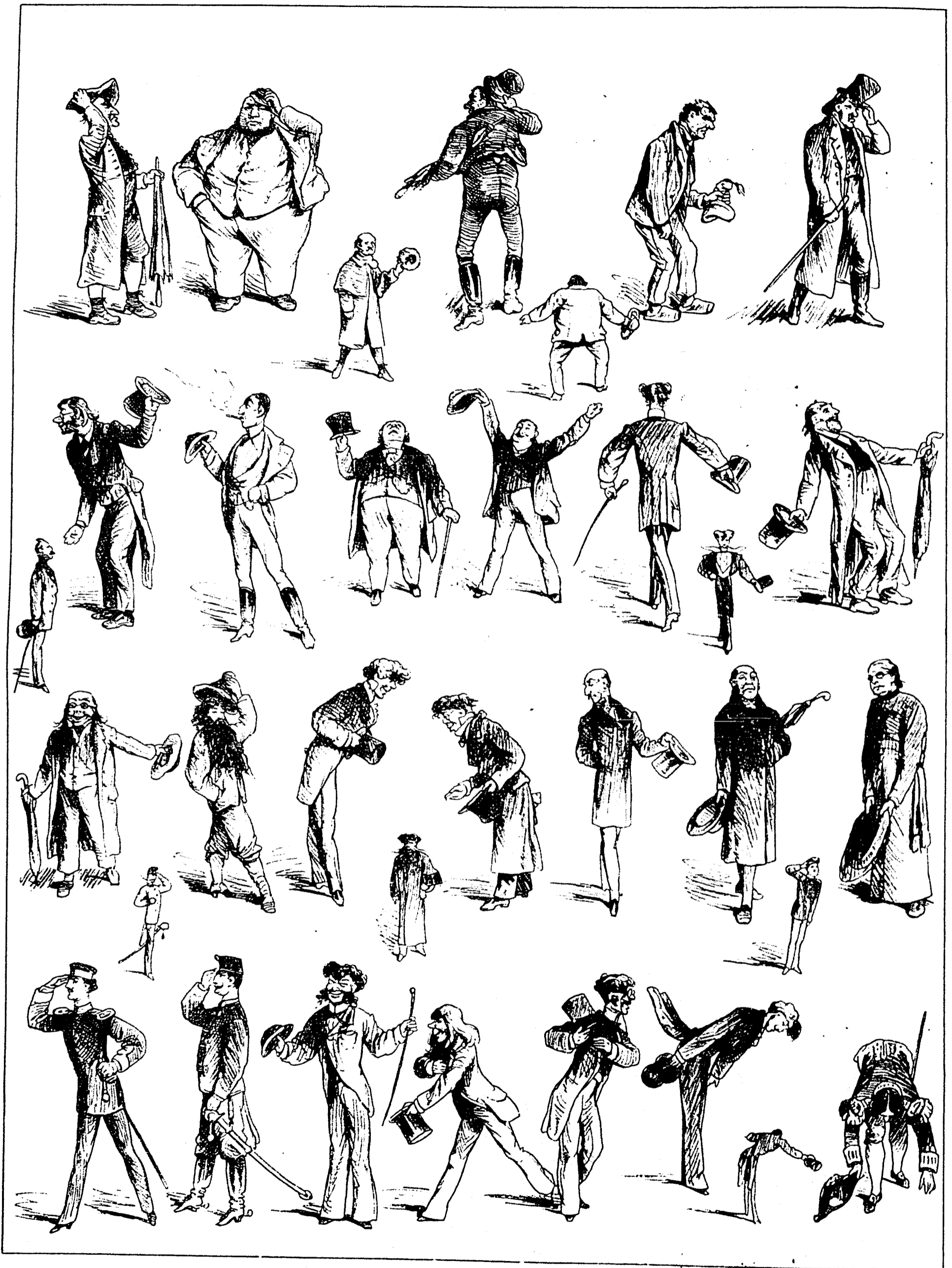
And afterward! Well, afterward the romance
ended, as all such romances should end; and in
the next spring Heron Archer led to the altar

There was one thing old about the wedding,
people said; and that was, that on the bride's
dress and in her snowy bouquet, as well as

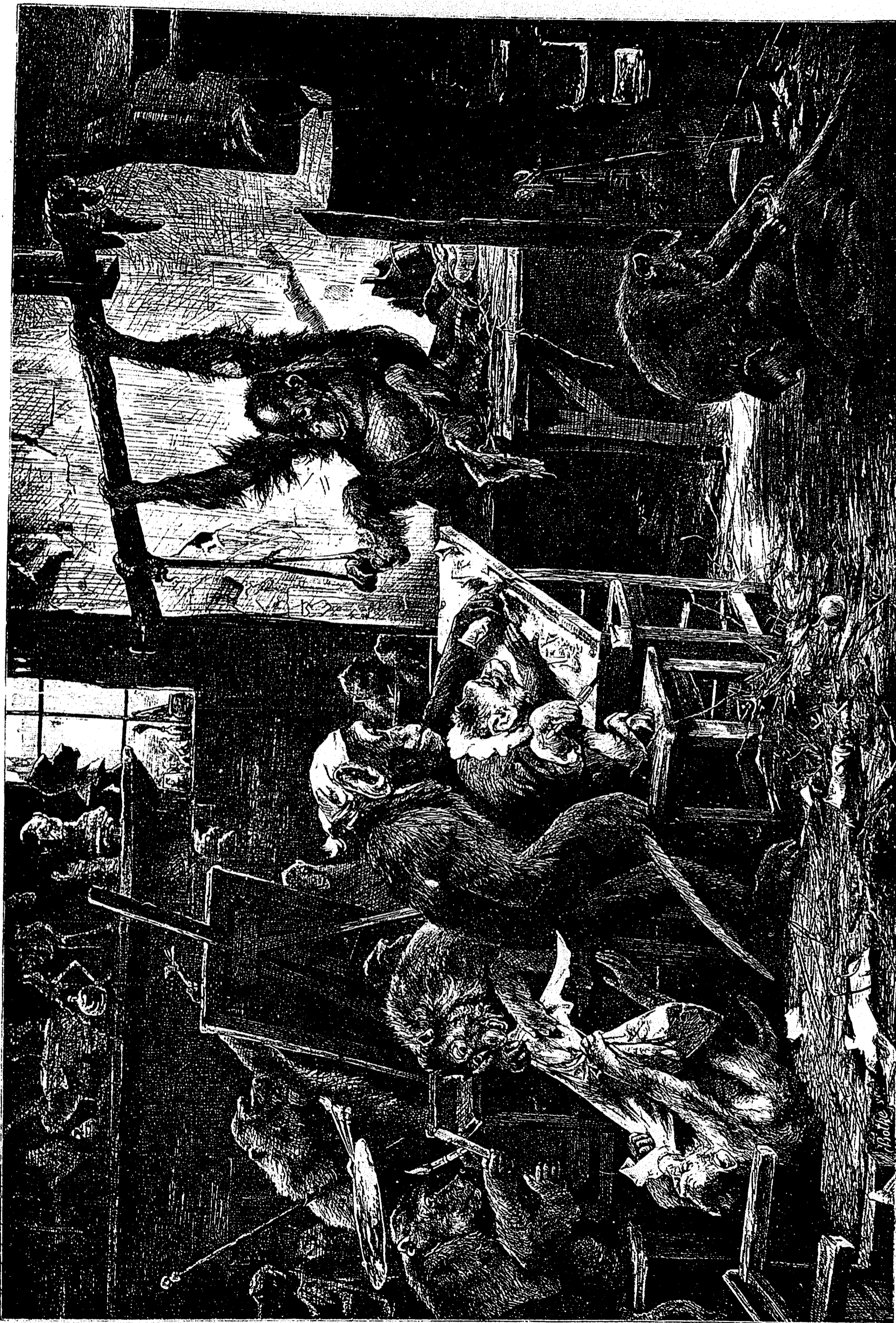
Only two people knew what it meant, but they
were the two for whom that marriage rite united
hearts as well as hands, and before whom the

All the Year Round.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mackay, while on their
recent tour through Northern Europe stopped
for some days at the Hague. The landlord of the



HOW WE MAKE OUR BOW.—DRAWN BY CARL STAUBER.



THE APES' ACADEMY.—FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL MEYERHEIM.

INCREASE OF SORROW ALSO.

BY NED P. MAH.

Whom the gods love die young; to them life's page seems fairly traced and stainless. At their age they cannot read the terrible truths that lie hidden in words, we learn to dread to die.

IN PRAISE OF IDLENESS.

A visitor from another planet where people still live in the state of Eden would probably wonder at the hard words we use concerning the mere ceasing from productive labor and a little folding of the hands.

It is a misfortune, and an injustice to our language, that from the very nature of things the term "idleness" has been ill defined by the industrious.

... calm languor which, though to the eye idleness it seems, hath its morality.

Most people unhappily will not perceive the morality of this sublime idleness; but the poor negro, who splits a great gourd and seats himself in one half of it with the other half inverted on his head—that hemisphere the only object in a direct line between himself and the too fervent sun, which is the cause of activity and idleness alike—the negro knows the virtue and wisely feels the delights of soothing idleness.

The word indolence, if we consider how oddly we use it will reveal to us something of what is obscure in the matter of idleness. Now, indolence, which meant at first—and means now in strictness—the freedom from pain, has got to be a name for one of the favorite vices; yet it might strange that not to be in torment should be appear wrong, even though the virtuous be often fatigued by their excellencies.

And, as no worthy person at once confutes the questioner, we may imagine that the poet did not see his way to a triumphant negative. The rights of the matter are indeed obscured because good actions are commonly performed by those who suffer from restless and unquiet consciences.

not true to say, "Nous avons tous assez de force pour supporter les maux d'autrui." There are some so weak that wrongs ten centuries old importune them to weep. Surely it is hard that indolence, which denotes only a state of being, like whiteness or smoothness, the negation of darkness and of rugosity—that the absence of anguish, the presence of comfort, should be turned into a quality, and condemned for a bad one.

It must be questioned whether perfect indolence is compatible with the doing of anything whatever—beyond breathing, which consists with sleep and even with the article of death. For he who feels the necessity of putting one leg before the other, or of turning on to his left side when he has lain long enough on his right, must, it would seem, experience some slight discomfort in the position he would change for another one.

"But if a little exercise you chuse, Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here."

The indolence of that castle was evidently mixed, like that of all the world. How complete and absolute indolence is compatible with the occurring of the necessity for "some zest for ease," were difficult to explain, except on the hypothesis that indolence is like repletion, and wears off. This indolence, it is plain, is, after all, but a sleepy pleasure, though a perfect one.

Here nought but candor reigns, Good-natur'd lounging, sauntering up and down: They who are pleased themselves must always please: Nor heed what happens in hamlet or in town: Thus, from the source of tender indolence, With milky blood the heart is overflowed, Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social sense; For interest, envy, pride and strife are banish'd hence.

From "the source of tender indolence" we draw idleness—a better possession, though few there be who know how to use it.

Ah, gentle Idlesse! how many rich and rare gifts do not we owe to thee, which Industry—more hurried in her walk, and more concerned to arrive at her appointed field of work than with enriching herself on the road thither—which Industry, I say, had never stopped to gather for us! Condemn thee who will, I will praise thee and acknowledge thee as the rightful owner and occupier of Leisure, thine own domain—where thou dost permit and welcome us to stray. If thou appointest there no tasks for us, thy "Fais ce que tu voudras" is yet a command not to go wholly unemployed; for at least we must live—and, should we do no more, have not we there an occupation sufficient for most of us!

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. H., Montreal.—We will send you a copy by post.

The consultation, telegraphic chess match recently fought between Toronto and Detroit has attracted much attention from its international character, and on that account we are glad of an opportunity of furnishing fuller particulars in our Column to-day, than we were able to give last week.

It appears that in the match there were three boards used, named respectively A, B and C. At board A, Messrs. Northcote and Clark of Toronto, were opposed to Messrs. Keeler and Punchedard of Detroit; at board B, Messrs. Gordon and Littlejohn of Toronto, to Messrs. Bell and Rosenfeld of Detroit, and at board C, Messrs. Lee and Phillips of Toronto, to Messrs. Allen and Richter of Detroit.

The contest lasted three evenings, and ended in a decided victory for the Toronto players. The following is the score:—

Table with columns TORONTO and DETROIT, showing scores for Board A, Board B, Board C, and Total.

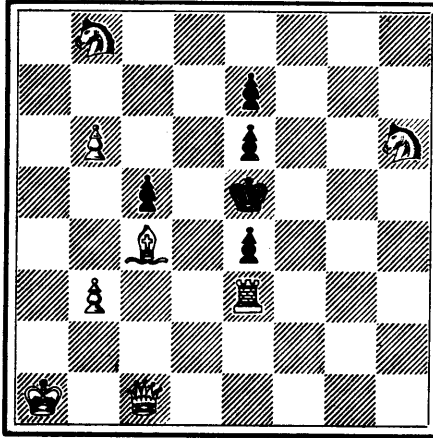
We have seen it stated that Mr. Blackburne is about to publish, in a small volume, the games which he won in the recent Berlin Tourney. The price is to be one shilling sterling. Such a collection of games would be invaluable to the chess student, would prove a means of improvement during the coming winter evenings, and amply repay any outlay in the way of time and labour.

To a large number of our Canadian players who have been heartily engaged in correspondence chess play during the last three or four years the following extract from the Chessplayers' Chronicle may be of some interest:

"Through the kindness of one of our subscribers, who has offered as a prize an article of not less value than one guinea (to be selected by the winner), we are enabled to announce to our readers the prospect of a Correspondence Tourney in connection with the CHESS-PLAYER'S CHRONICLE. In doing so, we wish it to be understood that this announcement must be considered as of a preliminary character. We think that in order to make such a contest completely successful, the support of several of our friends should first of all be secured. For ourselves, we are quite willing to contribute to a prize fund a kind of proportion or per centage on the total subscription, and although it is hardly our wish to make any appeal to the general body of our readers, we would urge on intending or likely competitors the advisability of working harmoniously together, so as, at all events, to secure a prize of a character worth striving for. The manner in which this should be done, whether by payment of an entrance fee, or otherwise, we must leave for them to decide. All we can do at present is, to thank the friend who has made the proposition, and assure him and others interested that we will do what

lies in our power to make the tourney, if started, a success. We may add that in such a case we should like to give, each week, the moves made in the several games, in the same way as was done at the time of the Liverpool-Calcutta match, although we may not always be able to spare the space for diagrams. We are convinced that this form of chess is destined to become more and more popular as increased facilities are provided for its practice; in evidence, we may mention that during the past few weeks upwards of fifty players have been introduced to each other through us, and in answer to the notices inserted from time to time in these columns."

PROBLEM No. 357. By J. Thursby. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 484TH.

An excellent game played at the Berlin Congress. (Sicilian Opening.)

Chess game record showing moves for White (Herr Winawer) and Black (Herr L. Paulsen) from 1. P to K4 to 32. QR to KB sq.

NOTES.

- (a) A hazardous move. (b) Leading to a brilliant termination.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 355.

Solutions for Problem No. 355, White and Black moves.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 353.

Solutions for Problem for Young Players No. 353, White and Black moves.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 354.

Problems for Young Players No. 354, White and Black moves.

White to play and mate in two moves.

HE HAD THEM ON.—In one of the Bureaux de Police Correctionnelle, recently, a hardy son of toil, accused of stealing a pair of trousers, was discharged by the sitting magistrate, after a long and patient investigation of the case, on the ground that the evidence brought forward against him was insufficient to establish his culpability. He continued, however, to keep his seat on the prisoner's bench after his acquittal had been formally pronounced. The lawyer who had conducted his defence, observing that he did not move, informed him that he was free to go about his business, if he had any. He shook his head slightly, but did not budge. By this time, no other case being on hand, the Court was nearly empty. Again addressing him, his defender inquired with some irritation, "Why the deuce he did not get up and go!" "Step this way a moment, please," replied the steadfast sinner, "and let me whisper in your ear. I can't go till all the witnesses for the prosecution have left the Court." "And why, may I ask?" "Because of the stolen trousers—don't you understand?" "Most assuredly I do not understand. What about the trousers?" "Only this. I've got 'em on!"—London Daily Telegraph.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table

NOVEMBER, 1881

Large table with columns DELIVERY, MAILS, and CLOSING, listing various routes and times for Montreal Post-Office.

Mails leave for Lake Superior and Bruce Mines, &c. Mails for places on Lake Superior will leave Windsor on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

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Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in 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,  
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upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution, have been declared for the current half-year and that the same will be payable at its Banking House, in this city and at its Branches, on and after THURSDAY, the 1st day December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November next, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

Montreal, 21st October, 1881.

W. J. BUCHANAN,  
General Manager.

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Principal and interest payable in gold coin of the present standard weight and fineness,—the Principal in Montreal, Canada, and the Interest on 1st April and 1st October, at the option of the holder, either in Montreal or New York; or in London, England, at the rate of 4s. 1½d. Sterling for each dollar.

Bonds in denominations of \$1,000 and \$500 each. Principal payable in October, 1931, unless previously tendered in payments of lands and thereby cancelled; or, redeemed by the Trustees, out of the proceeds of sales of land, either by purchase at the current market prices, or by drawings, at ten per cent. premium.

## TRUSTEES FOR THE BONDHOLDERS.

CHAS. F. SMITHERS, Esq., *President of the Bank of Montreal.*

HON. JOHN HAMILTON, *President of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.*

SAMUEL THORNE, Esq., *Merchant, of New York.*

The Bonds are secured by a Mortgage Deed of Trust to the said Trustees, which confers upon them, under the express authority of the Charter, ample powers for enforcing payment of the Bonds, Principal and Interest, and effective means for securing to the Bondholders the entire net proceeds of the lands. Before its execution the Deed was submitted to the Government, which has since accepted the \$5,000,000— to be held by it as security for the completion of the contract in accordance with the provisions of the Charter.

The Mortgage, thus created, constitutes a first charge upon the entire Land Grant of the Company, amounting to 25,000,000 acres of the finest farming lands, situated in what is known as the "The Fertile Belt" of the Canadian North-West, which is now admitted to be the largest tract of uniformly rich land suitable for growing the best quality of wheat, &c., to be found on the Continent of America, and the Company may locate its entire Land Grant exclusively in this tract, rejecting all sections unfit for settlement.

The Bonds will be accepted by the Company in payment for lands at 110 and accrued interest.

By the Mortgage Deed the Company expressly undertakes to pay the interest on the Bonds, semi-annually, when it becomes due, and the principal at maturity. The net proceeds of all Land Sales must be handed over to the Trustees to be held by them, in the first place to secure the performance of the Company's obligation to pay the interest on the Bonds, and, so long as that obligation is punctually performed, to be applied to the purchase of Bonds for cancellation, provided the price does not exceed 110 per cent. and accrued interest; but if the Bonds cannot be bought at or under that price, then the Trustees are authorized and required to designate by lot, from time to time, as funds accumulate in their hands, the bonds that shall be presented for payment and cancellation at 110 per cent. and accrued interest.

This Contract provides that the whole issue of Land Grant Bonds shall, in the first instance, be deposited with the Government, and that the proceeds of all sales thereof shall also be deposited with the Government, and only be paid to the Company as construction proceeds. The interest, at four per cent. per annum, upon the amount remaining in the hands of the Government is, by the Deed of Trust, expressly pledged for the payment of the interest on the Bonds and cannot be applied to any other purpose.

It will be seen by reference to the accompanying official statement, made by the President of the Company, that the Directors are aiming to have the line of Railway to the Pacific Ocean completed and open for traffic, without availing themselves of their right under the Charter to issue Mortgage Bonds on the Road; and that they fully expect that all the additional capital required to complete the contract, and equip the line, can be obtained by the issue of Common and Preferred Stock. In that case, the only fixed charge on the revenue of the Company will be the interest on these Land Grant Bonds, taking precedence of any Dividend on both Common and Preferred Stock.

These Bonds will be taken by the Receiver-General on deposit from insurance companies under the Act 40, Vic., Cap 4.

Provision is made for the Registration of the Bonds at Montreal, New York and London.

Copies of the Act of Incorporation of the Company may be inspected, and copies of the Mortgage Deed of Trust, the President's Statement and the Prospectus may be obtained at the offices of any of the undersigned.

These Bonds are now offered to the public by the undersigned at par and accrued interest, the right being reserved to advance the price at any time without notice.

Applications for the Bonds may be addressed to:—

**THE BANK OF MONTREAL, Montreal,**

Its Branches in Canada, and its Agencies, U. S., and at 9 Birchin Lane, London, England.

**J. S. KENNEDY & Co.,**

63 William Street, New York, or

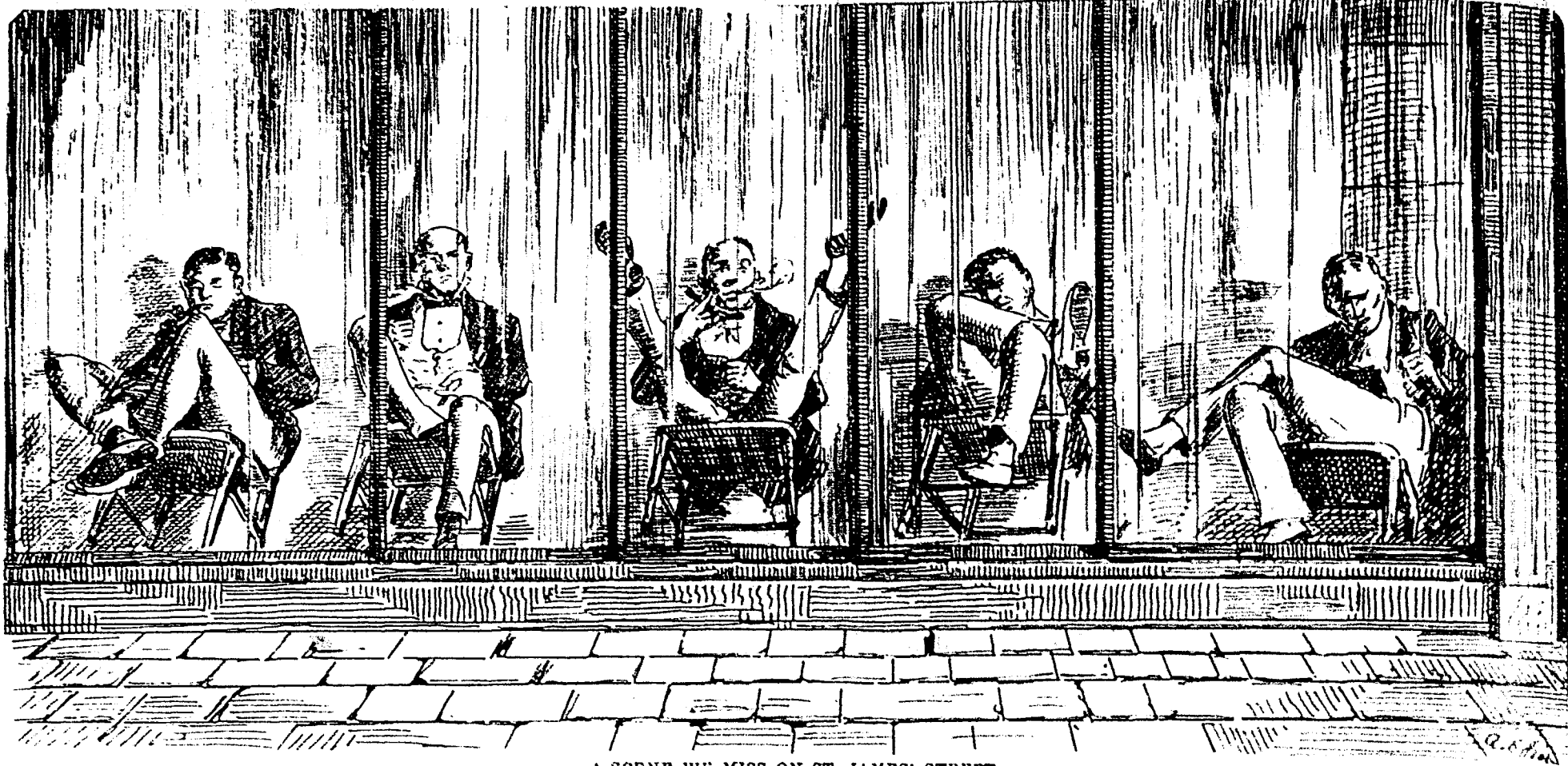
**W. WATSON & A. LANG,**

Agents of the Bank of Montreal,

59 Wall Street, New York.

Montreal, 25th November, 1881.





A SCENE WE MISS ON ST. JAMES' STREET.



**FURS** We are now offering the most elegant and stylish assortment of Ladies' Gentrymen's and Children's FURS to be found in the city.

We invite inspection.

**R. W. COWAN & CO'S.**  
THE HATTERS AND FURRIERS,  
CORNER OF  
Notre Dame and St. Peter Streets.

**CANADA PAPER CO.**  
Paper Makers and Wholesale Merchants,  
374, 376 & 378 St. Paul Street.  
MONTREAL, P. Q.  
—AND—  
11 FRONT STREET,  
TORONTO, ONT.



FOR  
**LAUNDRY,**  
BATH  
and  
**TOILET,**  
USE

**STRACHAN'S GILT EDGE SOAP.**  
BEATS THE WORLD!

**THE ALBERT TOILET SOAPS**  
ARE PURE AND THEIR  
PERFUME CHOICE AND LASTING.

**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. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

**THE COOK'S FRIEND**

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,**  
17-25-36  
55 College Street.


**LIEBIG COMPANY'S**  
*J. Liebig*  
EXTRACT  
OF MEAT  
FINEST AND CHEAPEST  
MEAT-FLAVOURING  
STOCK FOR SOUPS,  
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility.  
"Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."  
—See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.  
To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.  
Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only) G. David & Co., 45, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label.

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**

In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—

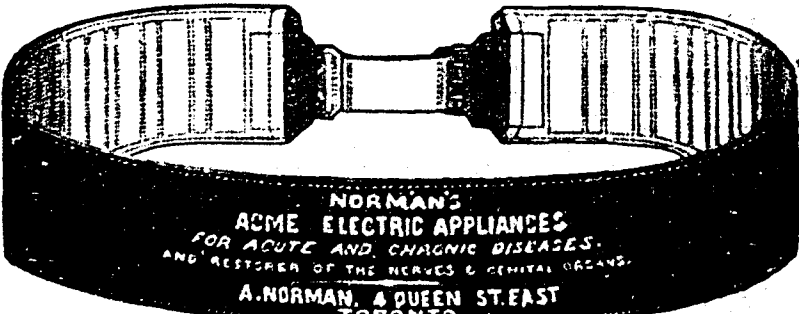


without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Cross and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

To be obtained of  
MESSRS. J. M. DOUGLASS & CO., MONTREAL; MESSRS. URQUHART & CO., MONTREAL.

**NORMAN'S ELECTRO-CURATIVE BELT INSTITUTION.**  
(ESTABLISHED 1874.)



**NORMAN'S ACME ELECTRIC APPLIANCES**  
FOR ACUTE AND CHRONIC DISEASES  
AND RESTORER OF THE NERVES & CEREBRAL ORGANS.

**A. NORMAN, 4 QUEEN STREET TORONTO.**

**A. NORMAN, Electrician,**  
4 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

CONSULTATION FREE. Large Circulars, with Testimonials, may be had on application.

**CASTOR FLUID** (Registered.)

A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.


**HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,**  
Sole Manufacturer,  
144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

40 CARDS, all Chromo, Glass and Motto, in case name in gold & jet 10c. West & Co. Westville, Ct.

CARDS. 10 Lily and Imported Glass, 10 Transparent, 20 Motto, Boroli & engraved. (In colors) in case, & 1 Love Letter, name on all 15c. West & Co. Westville, Ct.

**Gray's**  
**SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM**

Sold By  
ALL DRUGGISTS



**Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY.**  
**Change of Time.**  
COMMENCING ON  
**Monday, July 25th, 1881.**  
Trains will run as follows:



|                                     | MIXED.     | MAIL.      | EXPRESS |
|-------------------------------------|------------|------------|---------|
| Leave Hochelaga for Ottawa.....     | 8.30 a.m.  | 9.15 p.m.  |         |
| Arrive at Ottawa.....               | 1.10 p.m.  | 9.55 p.m.  |         |
| Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....     | 8.10 a.m.  | 4.55 p.m.  |         |
| Arrive at Hochelaga.....            | 12.50 p.m. | 7.35 p.m.  |         |
| Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....     | 3.00 p.m.  | 10.00 p.m. |         |
| Arrive at Quebec.....               | 9.55 p.m.  | 6.30 a.m.  |         |
| Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....     | 10.10 a.m. | 10.00 p.m. |         |
| Arrive at Hochelaga.....            | 3.00 p.m.  | 6.30 a.m.  |         |
| Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome..... | 5.30 p.m.  |            |         |
| Arrive at St. Jerome.....           | 7.15 p.m.  |            |         |
| Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga..... | 6.45 a.m.  |            |         |
| Arrive at Hochelaga.....            | 9.00 a.m.  |            |         |
| Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....   | 5.00 p.m.  |            |         |
| Arrive at Joliette.....             | 7.35 p.m.  |            |         |
| Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....   | 6.00 a.m.  |            |         |
| Arrive at Hochelaga.....            | 8.30 a.m.  |            |         |

(Local trains between Hull and Aylmer.)  
Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later than Hochelaga.  
Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.  
Trains to and from Ottawa connect with Trains to and from Quebec.  
Sunday Trains leave Montreal and Quebec at 4 p.m.  
All Trains Run by Montreal Time.  
GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMEES.  
TICKET OFFICES:  
13 Place D'Armes, } MONTREAL.  
302 St. James Street, }  
Opposite ST. LOUIS HOTEL, Quebec.  
L. A. SENEGAL, Gen'l Supt.

**Private Medical Dispensary.**

(Established 1840), 25 GOULD STREET TORONTO, ONT. Dr. Andrews' Paralytic, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases, can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circulates Free. All letters answered promptly, without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address, R. J. Andrews, M. B., Toronto, Ont.

**"NIL DESPERANDUM."**  
**GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE.**  
TRADE MARK. The Great English Remedy. An unfailing cure for Seminal Weakness, Spermatorrhoea, Impotency, and all Diseases that follow as a sequence of Self-Abuse; or loss of Memory, Universal Lassitude, Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all druggists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing

**THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,**  
Toronto, Ont., Canada.