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# Wholesale News

Vol. VIII.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



ITALIAN TYPES—LOUISA.

## THE COMING WEEK.

SUNDAY,	Sept. 21.—	Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
MONDAY,	" 22.—	London: Provincial Agricultural Association's Annual Exhibition.
TUESDAY,	" 23.—	London: Provincial Exhibition.
WEDNESDAY,	" 24.—	London: Provincial Exhibition.
THURSDAY,	" 25.—	London: Provincial Exhibition. Belleville: Regatta on or about this day.
FRIDAY,	" 26.—	London: Provincial Exhibition.
SATURDAY,	" 27.—	Quebec: SS. "Samaritan" for Liverpool.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1873.

The question of transportation from the Western grain fields to the Eastern seaboard has risen to the dignity of a problem. And a crucial problem it is, both on account of the immensity of the trade and of the gigantic railway monopolies against which shippers have to battle. The question has reached such alarming proportions that at the last session of the American Congress a committee of the Senate was appointed, with Hon. Mr. Windom as chairman, to study it in all its bearings during the recess, and make an elaborate report upon it. That committee met this week in New York, and the chairman came on to Montreal to take the opinions of our leading merchants. During their sitting in New York, the committee were confronted with the disagreeable fact that whereas there is at present a decline in the price of gold, the increased demand for an advance in the rates of foreign exchange will neutralize the effect which this decline would otherwise have on the market. Furthermore, though the European demand for cereals should cause an advance in ocean freights and in the price of American grain, it does neither. This anomaly is due to the startling fact that rates of freight on several of the great Western lines have suddenly increased. So long as railway kings are allowed the monopolies they now enjoy, they will continue to trifle with the best interests of the country. The transportation is one which interests Canadian dealers in a very high degree, and it is to be hoped that they will by their energy help toward its solution.

A contest for the gubernatorial honours of a State is usually invested with little interest for dwellers outside the limits of that State. But in the case of the late campaign in Massachusetts, it may be said that the whole American Republic was more or less implicated. This was due to the fact that General Butler was one of the candidates and that his candidature was based on a distinct endorsement of the Back Pay vote of the last Congress. Furthermore it was given out, not without some show of reason, that the Federal Administration supported his claims. As the whole of the great West had repudiated the increase of Congressional salaries, there was a keen curiosity to know whether Massachusetts would stand by her sister States in the denunciation. The Bay State had also been a foremost foe of centralization and her friends were anxious that she should stand bravely by her record, when Federal interference was brought home to herself.

When the Republican Convention met at Worcester, on the 10th inst., the feeling of the delegates seemed about equally divided between Gen. Butler and his opponent, the present incumbent, Governor Washburne. But as the business of the meeting progressed, the tide took a decided turn adverse to the Essex Statesman, and on the second day, it became clear to Gen. Butler's own friends that he would be defeated

on the first ballot. Fears were entertained for a time, that he would refuse to accept the situation, but if he ever had such an idea, he thought better of it, and resigned just before the voting began. Governor Washburne was then nominated by acclamation. Not satisfied with this substantial success, the adversaries of Butler went further and proposed a series of resolutions pointedly condemnatory both of the Back Pay and of Federal intervention in the internal policy of States. To the amusement of the whole Convention, Butler was ostentatious in his advocacy of these resolutions. By acting thus, he broke his fall very cleverly, and his admirers predict, that like Antaeus, he will spring from the ground as strong as ever and prepared for another struggle in better times.

A STRANGE COLLOQUY.—In illustration of it we extract the following:—

"It seems that nearly one hundred persons die annually in London from starvation. The late case of this kind recorded is that of Elizabeth Burnett and her child, who were both found dead on a pallet of straw in an upper room at Peckham. The coroner and his jury discovered the body in a state of putrefaction, so advanced as to make an inquest *super visum corporis* offensive, and to render a post mortem examination dangerous to the operator. Drink did not bring her to death; she was a teetotaler. Idleness did not slay her; she worked hard at needlework. She and her baby died of hunger. She was asked to go to the poor house, but she declared she would sooner die on the bare boards than go to people who were harsh and cruel. And she did so, exclaiming, not unnaturally, "Thank God! I am dying at last."

We are not to conclude after such an afflicting recital as the above that there is any abatement of that generous good feeling in England which ever rushes forward to relieve distress. Not in the least. Only a sad wretched want of system. The English people should now again be as they were in the times of the Tudors, the best fed people in Europe; for a christian economy is once more beginning to prevail, and to overcome the effects of many modern changes in the life of peoples, resulting from population, enterprise, and a certain over-devotion to great objects. We trust its onward progress may not be greatly hindered either by the want of that systematic visitation which has been so ably described of late in British journals and reviews—nor by the drinking habits and the absence of systematic saving among the people at large. The excess of females over males in Britain we are told approaches a million. (By the way will not some worthy editor in Canada give us the general heads of the British census?) How gratified we should all be to see Miss Emily Faithful establishing a Guild or Firm for woman's work, in which the sewing machine would be aided by the water-powers of the noble river at Sherbrooke! We are sure that a multitude of kind hearts in Canada—and worthy ministers amongst them—would be but the prompters of as many good right hands of fellowship in aid of the excellent endeavour.

England has attained her vast commercial supremacy by the operation of silently working causes which in the aggregate have made her what she is. She has doubtless in her long career been too much in the habit of disregarding the sound conclusions of Ethics, in her earnest and animated views of what might be accomplished by skill and accumulation combined. Wealth is the power that has dominated, and although without a measure of Christian teaching among the people at large, it could never have accomplished what it has done, its possessors would have consulted their merely material interests far more wisely, if in the past they had cultivated with more heartiness and conscience the moral and physical natures of those they employed. Man is a wonderful machine, but he is a good deal more than this, and it is difficult to exonerate the ruling classes from blame for the state of ignorance amongst the working people that has led them to place the main dependence of themselves and their families upon the disastrous agency of strikes. As Montaigne says, philosophy is more serviceable than mere grammar, and ought at least to accompany it; so the workpeople in their youth might, with much less difficulty than now, have been imbued with those truer principles that really concern the general welfare; they would then have learned that though it is well to ransack the world for its stores, they cannot have more than there is; and that it is skill, capital and discipline that alone can develop what there is. But there has been too much greed on all hands, and employer and employed alike have divested their minds too much of the grand idea of a great indivisible interest, in a true commercial commonwealth. The hard teachings of necessity may now come in aid of the new Renaissance to which England is beginning to look forward—and a practical partnership may yet come to be acknowledged as better for all than serfdom, and mere license and ineptitude. In the meantime the great iron and coal interests on which so many other interests depend for existence, might surely be considerably relieved by pursuing still further the plans of the new enterprises in this Dominion, which promise to continue to supply North and South American wants by means of British capital and skill. We have great undertakings already established by our British brethren for working coal in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and iron at St. Paul's Bay in this province. Both the iron and the coal are of very high quality. Wood and peat are also abundant; and it ought surely not to be difficult to find additional workers among a population whose only complaint is the want of the

requisite capital to stimulate their endeavours. Will not a few more of these able and monied firms turn to with a will and maintain a hearty effort to retain an eluding market?

## ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

The Italian journals relate that the environs of Catanzaro, Calabria, are infested by a band of brigands under the command of a young woman. She is only twenty years of age, and of great beauty. Her name is Maria, the widow of Pietro Monico, a bandit chief, who was killed in an encounter with the gendarmes. At his death she seized his carbine and swore to avenge him. Some time after, a young man, the son of a wealthy farmer, fell in love with her, and joined the band in order to be able to prosecute his suit. He was, however, peremptorily rejected, and in order to revenge himself he betrayed her to the authorities. She was arrested, tried, and sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment. While undergoing her punishment, a warden became enamored of her, favoured her escape, and accompanied her, but was stabbed to death by her orders immediately she had rejoined her band. Since that period she has become still more redoubtable, her audacity and activity having redoubled, and she has made herself the terror of the country. She burns farms, carries off cattle, and levies forced contributions. The slightest disobedience to her orders is punishable by death. Her troop is numerous, and always well informed by the peasantry, through dread of vengeance.

Advices from Constantinople state that an understanding has been come to between the Sultan and the Shah upon the questions pending between the two countries. It has been arranged that the question of the frontiers shall be settled by a Turco-Persian Commission, the Governments of Great Britain and Russia undertaking to act as umpires with regard to any matters upon which the Commission may be unable to agree. With respect to the extra territorial rights claimed for Persian residents in Turkey, it has been arranged that Persians shall be treated on the same footing as subjects of the most favoured nation, but in criminal cases shall always be dealt with by the Ottoman tribunals.

On the 12th of April, 1606 the Union Jack—the flag that has waved in so many bloody and victorious battles by sea and shore—first made its appearance. From Rymers "Fœdera," and the Annals of Sir James Ballour, Lord Lyon King of Arms, we learn that some differences having arisen between ships of the two countries at sea, his Majesty ordained that a new flag be adopted, with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George interlaced, by placing the latter fimbriated on the blue flag of Scotland as the ground thereof. This flag all ships were to carry at their main-top; but the English ships were to display St. George's red cross at their sterns, and the Scottish the white saltire of St. Andrew. The Union Jack, however, was not adopted by the troops of either country till their Parliamentary union in 1707. In Munro's account of the expedition with Mackay's regiment in Denmark, he states that in 1626 the Scots in the Danish army persisted in carrying their national flag, and refused to place the Danish cross upon it.

The late Duke of Brunswick, despite his noble birth, his high connections, and his wealth, was a failure both in London and in Paris. The absurdities of his conduct attracted some derisive attention. The notorious length of his purse made him the mark of impostors. He was, perhaps, more hardly treated in France than he was in England. Englishmen were merely amused when he insisted upon his dinner being served in locked dishes; Frenchmen were indignant. His frequent declamations against the injustice of the popular movement and the political decree which expelled him from Brunswick attracted more notice in France than in England. It may be that English loyalty refused to canvass a decision to which an English King, the uncle of the dispossessed Duke, had publicly declared his assent. It may be that the charges brought against the Duke of Brunswick in this country, which he courageously repelled in our Courts of Law, alienated from him a people among whom he resided for many years. He was not much more fortunate in Paris, where, if his diamonds were popular, he himself was not. With the Empire, to which he hung on, though the Court of the Tuileries never liked him, the Duke of Brunswick vanished from France and betook himself, as it appears, to Geneva, where he has bequeathed his large fortune to strangers. His testamentary dispositions are marked by the perversions of mind which ruined and degraded a life that might have been ennobled by its opportunities, and might have obtained a place of honour in the world's history.

The *Challenger* expedition concluded its third section of the Atlantic on July 15 last, when the ship anchored in the beautiful Bay of Funchal, Madeira. The *Challenger* left Bermuda on June 12 and proceeded to Fayal, in the Azores. In this, as in the previous sections, the results obtained are of very great value, from a scientific point of view; and when the *Challenger* has finished her three years' work, and the entire results can be examined at leisure, the legitimate deductions made therefrom will, no doubt, be worthy of the attention of all who take an interest in the advance of scientific knowledge. On July 1st the vessel passed into the narrow channel between Fayal and Pico, in the Azores, and anchored in the roadstead of Hortos. To the great disappointment of the members of the expedition, after their long cruise, small-pox was found to be prevalent in Fayal, and as Capt. Nares considered it imprudent to give general leave, one or two of the staff only landed to pick up what impression they might of the appearance of the place. The ship left on the following morning for San Miguel, and on the evening of July 4 stopped abreast of Ponta Delgada, the capital of the island, where she lay-to for the night, secured to a buoy. Next morning, as it was found, greatly to the satisfaction of the expedition, that the town was considered free from any epidemic of small-pox, the ship steamed into the anchorage, and cast anchor in thirteen fathoms. The *Challenger* remained in San Miguel until Wednesday, the 9th. From San Miguel the *Challenger* sailed for Madeira. When the staff turned up on deck on the morning of July 16, they found the ship already at anchor in the beautiful Bay of Funchal, and, looking at the lovely garden-like island, full of anticipations of a week's ramble among the peaks and "carrals," and the Summer "quintas" of their friends—anticipations which were doomed to disappointment. From Madeira the *Challenger* went to Cape Verde Islands, which she left on Aug. 2 for Bahia.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LOLLIPOP GIRLS.

BY

A

At one time I could never enter a confectioner's establishment without being profoundly impressed with the young ladies behind the counter. Such sylph-like creatures, such pretty innocent faces and what wonderfully complicated styles of coiffures! When I saw the whiteness of their shoulders, *ut e l'aria formatum marmore signum*, gleaming through the muslin which covered but did not conceal them, I peered for the incipient wings which I knew must be budding there! Such delicate creatures must be nymphs or angels and one day they must cross their white hands on their palpitating bosoms and rise above cakes and sweetmeats to their native sphere. In my innocence I imagined they could eat nothing grosser than syllabubs and jellies and an occasional French *bondon*, and I scouted with indignant scorn the calumny that they leave the whipped cream and such delicacies and enjoy a rump steak, and, *mirabile dictu*, wash it down with a glass of porter!

Oh, that cruel maxim *experientia docet*. Beautiful day dreams, one after another have vanished before it and in due time I had to yield up the lollipop girls. How many *lustra* ago was it? I forget; but what signifies the date to you, Sir or Madam? My waist was slim in those days and my head less resembled a billiard ball. I had my chambers, second floor front, in the lodging house kept by Mrs. Snuxley, and Mrs. S., true to the profession, was a widow. She had one daughter, the graceful Maria. Sweet girl, how often have I drawn the blind slyly aside to see you trip down the street, and how often have I visited the establishment of Jelliby & Co., to receive from your gentle hands the sparkling soda water! What lustrous curls, what a delicate complexion, what a tiny little waist, that I would have given worlds to have clasped for one short moment. At Jelliby & Co.'s you were called Marie and you affected French airs, picked up from Mlle. Dupont of that establishment, and made little *moues* and smiled at the snips of clerks as they hurried by the window. Why was I ever deceived, why was I fated to see you at home *en deshabille*? You recollect that fatal evening? I met you on the stairs. You had a dirty old gown on, your slippers were down at the heels, your hair was done up into tight little knots of black rags, and your complexion—well it was not delicate. Mrs. Snuxley, your respected mother, was calling her "Mariar" to come down to supper, and what a smell of onions! The illusion was over—the girl who eats onions is lost to her place in romance! That one scene, Maria, made a *tabula rasa* of my former poetry. Could I help the suggestion—all those sylph-like little dears are draggle-tailed Mariars at home? *Experientia docet—hinc illa lacrimae*.

Nor is it only the lollipop girls who are different when on exhibition and when *en famille*. Did you see Mrs. Frumpton the other night? She was the admiration of the men; what style and elegance; yet her husband complained to me while mixing his—well, perhaps it was his third tumbler the following night, that his Julia is a guy at home. The flowing *chevelure* is hung up after the party, and her ragged wisp of hair does not call for admiration; the *couche* of glycerine and powder is washed off and there are ugly lines and sallow patches, and much of her finely-moulded form is laid aside with her dress. It is very sad. This deception cannot be carried on in the domestic circle; the valet and the maid see through the hollow sham!

Nor is it our fine dresses only that we lay aside when we come home. The wit who keeps the table in a roar is a dull fellow to his own family. Miss Rosabel does not possess that radiant smile all during the day, and those little rosebud lips drop more than honey at times. The sympathetic Mrs. Terri-berry, who listens so kindly to your tales of troubles, that you long for such a gentle helpmate, has a sick husband at home, and Mrs. Smelters, who takes your daughter on her knee and kisses the little pet so affectionately, has a strange habit of dismissing her own children to the nursery. I tell you, Sir, we all play parts and when we get home we throw our wig into one corner and kick our buskins into another and tie a bandanna round our bald pates and slip our feet into slippers. We cannot always go *en grande toilette*. Do you think Pechter or Charlotte Cushman speak nothing but blank verse?

Shall we join in with the moralists and call this inconsistency and deception? Let those throw the stone whose habitations are not of glass; but my hand is stayed. We cannot always run in the same tracks. We want relief, we require change. I cannot go through the world continually laughing and making merry—headache comes after wine, tears often follow laughter. The brightest sunlight often casts the deepest shadow, and the contrast to the parts we play in society is naturally at home. It is not that Mrs. Frumpton does not love her husband, that she lays aside her *chevelure*, but her poor brows ache, and where can she find relief except at her own fireside? Abroad she has a character to sustain and the corset has to be drawn tight and the deception kept up; but what a cruel thing not to give her a little ease by her husband's side. The wit cannot always be dropping *bons mots*; he has to be a dull fellow to his wife and children; and are they to blame that if they are to appear their best that it should be in public?

What brave coats some of our officers and public men have got, what gold lacing and epaulets and frogging, and are they to blame that they show the best side? We all know that this fine toggery has seams and ugly stitches and perhaps frays, but these are only seen by their valets. Am I to show all the world the little blemishes in my character? Shall I not rather fold my cloak about me and strut down the street like a hero? But when I get home am I to sit in my easy chair in my brocade or shall I not shuffle into a dressing gown?

I do not blame the lollipop girls that after their exhibition is over they should take a little ease. They fig themselves out and smile and look angelic, and those who go to them for their soda water enjoy it all the more because Marie smiles and looks charming, and shall she not have her ease? *Allons*, I am old and soda water disagrees with my liver; but a habit of former times is strong upon me, and as I pass Jelliby & Co.'s and leer through my spectacles and see those sylphs among the cakes and *bondons* I am better pleased because they are pretty and innocent looking. You cannot charm me, little dears, as you did of old. I think of Marie and *ab uno disce omnes*, but for the sake of that Long Ago I would strike down the sneering brat who breathes one word against your purity! Go home at night, darlings, and take a mother's kiss on your lips. Though you had to smile at a crowd of empty

headed fops and stand their "chaff," and exhibit your charms and attract custom, God forbid that I should believe that your hearts are not in the right place. You have to smile a good deal and look pretty in public, and I hope your mothers and brothers will forgive you if you are a little dull and untidy at home.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE ENGLISHMAN IN AMERICA.

There are all sorts and varieties of Englishmen to be observed on this side of the water, with all shades of character, and yet they may be said to invariably have some traits in common. Let us look at them as a class.

I will say nothing about their disposition to growl at everything they see, and make invidious comparisons between our own institutions and those of the mother land. This is a mere natural quirk which is a part of the full-blooded Briton's nature. And when we reflect for a moment upon the wonders of London, and the beauties of every rural spot—the wealth, intelligence and greatness which is everywhere discoverable throughout the whole island, we may, perhaps, pardon our transatlantic friend if he looks lightly on the results of our hundred years' progress. The genuine Englishman invariably speaks proudly and boastingly of his own country. He thinks that there is no place in the world fit to live in besides England, if one is only blessed with a thousand a year. The mention of any place in the kingdom, or even of a street in London arrests his attention at once, and if the reference be made by a stranger, he turns gruffly upon him, as much as to say, "be careful, sir, I know all about that," or, "what do you know about Piccadilly!"

The majority of the Englishmen permanently settled in Canada have come hither in the exigencies of pride, in other words, poverty. If there be one misfortune more grinding than another in an Englishman's eyes—if there be one crime more unpardonable than another—it is poverty. No Englishman is happy short of a thousand a year. No Englishman is ashamed to boast of wealth. And so it is, when a man who has belonged to a good family wakes up some morning to find that his means are unequal to the dignity of his position, he forthwith informs Mrs. McCawber that they must go to America. He can endure poverty, but not in England, among those who have formerly known of his family's grandeur. And Mrs. McC. who will "never desert McCawber," quietly acquiesces, and then comes the emigration.

Comparatively few of the more intelligent and educated of the English flourish on Canadian soil. Our go-a-head propensities, and our fertility in expedients are quite contrary to all their theories of life. Renouncing trade, as a rule, feeling this to be vulgar, the first concern is to procure a farm. The idea of a "respectable yeomanry" clings to the high-minded Briton. It is amusing to watch him in his selection of a homestead. His chemical analysis of the soil, his examination of what he is pleased to call "boulders," (we call them rocks and stones), his desire to obtain a pond of water near the residence, perhaps for fowl, perhaps for the gratification of the English notion of a park, and his earnest, o'er-mastering wish to become located near an "English church." At length he is satisfied, or as near this state as an Englishman can be supposed to be, and he settles down on his farm. Then, indeed, are his next movements intensely ludicrous. He has leading ideas in his mind: first, he intends to farm "scientifically;" second, he intends to be a "gentleman." Now any of us know how incompatible are these ideas with anything like profit or success in this country.

He forthwith wanders round his premises, dreaming of all sorts of grand developments, which, strangely enough, are never realized. He scans the operations of his next neighbour, Farmer Grimes, who does not know the difference between loam and alluvial, a clayey soil from sandstone, but who is making money systematically every year by the exercise of a little shrewd common sense. He is shocked at the unscientific method of Farmer Grimes, and such like, and he chuckles to himself that in a short time he will teach them a thing or two which will surprise them.

He first proceeds to purchase his stock, and will give enormous prices for most inferior cows, if they only happen to be a favourite "breed." "Good blood" is as essential to the brute creation, as to the human race. He next invests about \$400 in bone dust, which he employs a small army of men to scatter over his pasture. This must needs have a telling effect. Farmer Grimes scratches his head and laughs. "It'll make the ferns and blueberry bushes grow well," is his cynical observation. Our scientific Englishman then proceeds to turn a good part of his meadow-land into pasture, by which means he reduces his hay-crop about one third. He awaits the English mail to consult some infallible agricultural paper, published, say, in Paternoster Row, and edited by some broken-down barrister, and this leads him to thoroughly "reorganize" his orchard. He forthwith procures a barrel of tar, and a set of augers and proceeds to bore holes through the trunks, and plaster the latter with the tar. Instead of planting corn and potatoes, wheat, barley, and oats, or something that will sell in the market, he devotes a few acres to turnips, carrots, and the mangell wurtzel, which same, if not quite destroyed by flies and worms, are on his hands in the autumn, to be fed to his cattle. Nice for his cattle, but hard on the revenue.

By this time he is out of money, and proceeds to borrow some of his opulent neighbour. This is the way he goes about the business.

Proceeding to the residence of Farmer Grimes, saying to himself, "Gad, I'll wager he has a good hundred or two by him this very minute," he enters into an easy conversation during which he becomes peculiarly lofty. He talks flippantly of the "splendid possibilities in the way of accumulating endless wealth, if the people would only do the right thing." He speaks with great confidence of the inevitable results of his own improved method, and then descants at large about the gigantic way "they do things in the old country."

Grimes, all the while, inwardly pitying the poor man's blindness, is pretty gruff and dubious. At length our English friend begins to clear his throat:

"Hum—haw—I stepped over a bit to-day, to—ah—ask a little favour. I was quite struck up the other day about getting no letter by the English mail. I was expecting a heavy remittance from home, and in the meantime, I am—aw—little hard up. I thought if I could get the loan of a few pounds for a day or so—it would set me right again. I have plenty on the way to me now, but—aw—I would be glad to get ten pound ten, just as a momentary accommodation, you know."

Farmer Grimes who is a cautious man, considers a bit, but

it is likely, as he is naturally obliging, he lets him have the money. And then—well, it is truly wonderful to contemplate the mistakes, misunderstandings and unaccountable delays in connection with that remittance *per* English mail. We are prepared to offer Farmer Grimes our heartfelt congratulations when he next clutches that "ten pound ten."

Meanwhile our English friend's affairs are growing worse each year. He has tried all sorts of expedients in the way of regaining his fortune. He has started wonderful enterprises in poultry. He bought four hundred hens at one dollar a pair; he expended about \$350.00 in grain to feed them; he disposed of about seventy dozen eggs for which he received the handsome sum of \$9.50, and in less than a year he arrived at the conclusion that "poultry won't pay," and then sold these four hundred hens for one third their original cost, being then just \$500.00 out of pocket on the hen speculation.

He wrote a series of articles for the local paper. In the first of these he proved to the satisfaction of any unbiassed mind (but all his fellow citizens' minds happened to be biassed) that great results might be expected to follow the extensive cultivation of the dandelion, for the purpose of manufacturing beer for the Norwegian market. His second article demonstrated beyond all doubt that the extensive cultivation of strawberries would prove more remunerative than potatoes. In his third he advocated with great force and ability the formation of a joint stock company having for its aim the preparation and exportation of hemlock bark for the French tanneries.

Still his fortunes grow darker and darker. His wife, as a last resort, starts a private seminary of learning for young ladies. She does her best, poor woman, but the institution is doomed never to become popular, and is at length abandoned as a failure. Our McCawber is very proud of his wife, and whispers in your ear with a knowing wink that "she is well-connected, and is niece of Sir Thomas Toodles, ex-Mayor of Portsmouth."

It is touching to notice Mr. McCawber's carriage as poverty pinches harder and harder. He has one respectable suit, and this he invariably wears, the coat buttoned up to the chin. His beaver hat is a little rusty, but he carefully smooths it thrice a day. He holds his head high, and intimates that he stands on his dignity, as a "gentleman." He even smiles at you patronizingly, and tacitly warns you not to trifle with his high-minded assumptions, and, finally, he button-holes you, and asks with all the stateliness of a prince, "if"—oh speak it not—"if you could oblige him with the loan of eighteen pence."

Our emotions have overcome us, and we must finish our portrait at another time.

JOEL PHIPPS.

Scraps.

Napoleon I.'s house at St. Helena is to be sold.

The Blind Congress at Vienna has just closed. It meets again at Dresden in 1876.

Crab racing on the sea-shore is the last "sport" among French visitors at Trouville.

The works of construction on the new forts around Paris were to commence on the 15th inst. The forts 27 in number, will it is expected, be completed in ten months. It is stated in competent military circles that they will render any future siege of Paris impossible.

A bird-hotel, where people going away for a time can leave their feathered pets to board, is a Boston institution.

It is said that the King of Dahomey, accompanied by a suite of his Amazon guards, will visit England shortly.

One of the best bowlers of the Liverpool (Eng.) Middle School Cricket Club is Prince Jumbo, son of Oka Jumbo, King of Bonny.

The nuptials of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie will be celebrated at St. Petersburg in January next. The Queen will probably be present.

The Prince of Wales recently replied to a wearisome Corporation address with "Gentlemen, I thank you very much for your kindness."

The 67th Regiment of the British army now stationed in Burma, possess a "regimental newspaper," the editors, printers, and publishers of which are all attached to the regiment.

The universities of Göttingen and Heidelberg have resolved not to admit any female students.

A prudent clergyman, unwilling to accuse a citizen of lying, said he used the truth with peaurious frugality.

Mr. Frank Buckland thinks that lobsters cultivated privately and confidentially in private sea-water might be reared to be sold at twopence each.

A Chicago railroad has provided its passenger trains with Bibles, securely chained and marked, so as to prevent their being stolen. This, of course, says a contemporary, is to prepare its patrons for the death which inevitably awaits them.

"Ale: This English word, which means all, designates," says Alexandre Dumas in his recently published *Gastronomic Dictionary*, "for the English, a liquid which, according to them, can replace all others."

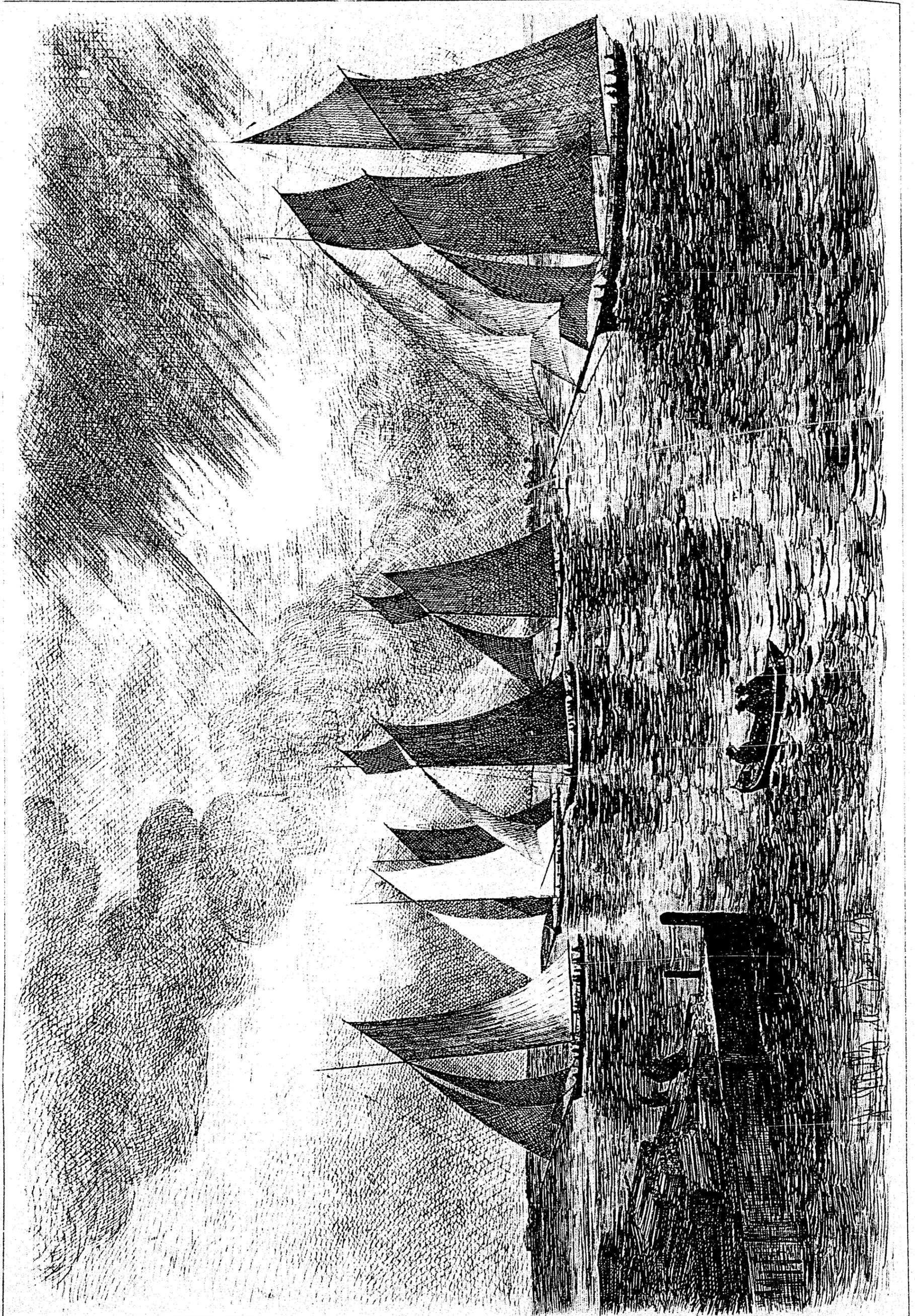
The University Press at Madison, Wis., in publishing the course of study at the State University, printed "comic lectures" in the list of studies for the first term of the Sophomore year, where the professor had written "comic sections."

An old soldier is Sir John Forster Fitzgerald, colonel of the Eighteenth Royal Irish regiment—the oldest in the British army, if not the oldest soldier in the world. He is now the senior general, and has seen eighty years of service, his commission as ensign bearing date October 29, 1793.

A huge fungus, as much when packed as two men could carry, was found parasitically growing upon some pitch pine joists at the Bank of England. The largest piece was no less than 6ft. 3in. in circumference, 7in. thick, and weighed 32lbs., growing upon a piece of joist weighing 6lbs. The wood of the joist was completely destroyed.

Some one says: "Insects generally must lead a truly jovial life. Think what it must be to lodge in a lily. Imagine a palace of ivory or pearl, with pillars of silver and capitals of gold, all exhaling such a perfume as never arose from a human censer. Fancy, again, the fun of tucking yourself up for the night in the folds of a rose, rocked to sleep by the gentle sighs of the summer's air; and nothing to do when you awake, but to wash yourself in a dewdrop, and fall to eat your bedclothes."

The following is the latest contribution to the Pacific Scandal literature; it is said to have been produced by Sir Francis Hincks during a severe fit of dyspepsia consequent on his examination before the Committee. The Grits say his evidence turned acid on his stomach:—What is the difference between a Patent Candle Company and the Grits? One manufactures Specific Candles and the others Pacific Scandals.

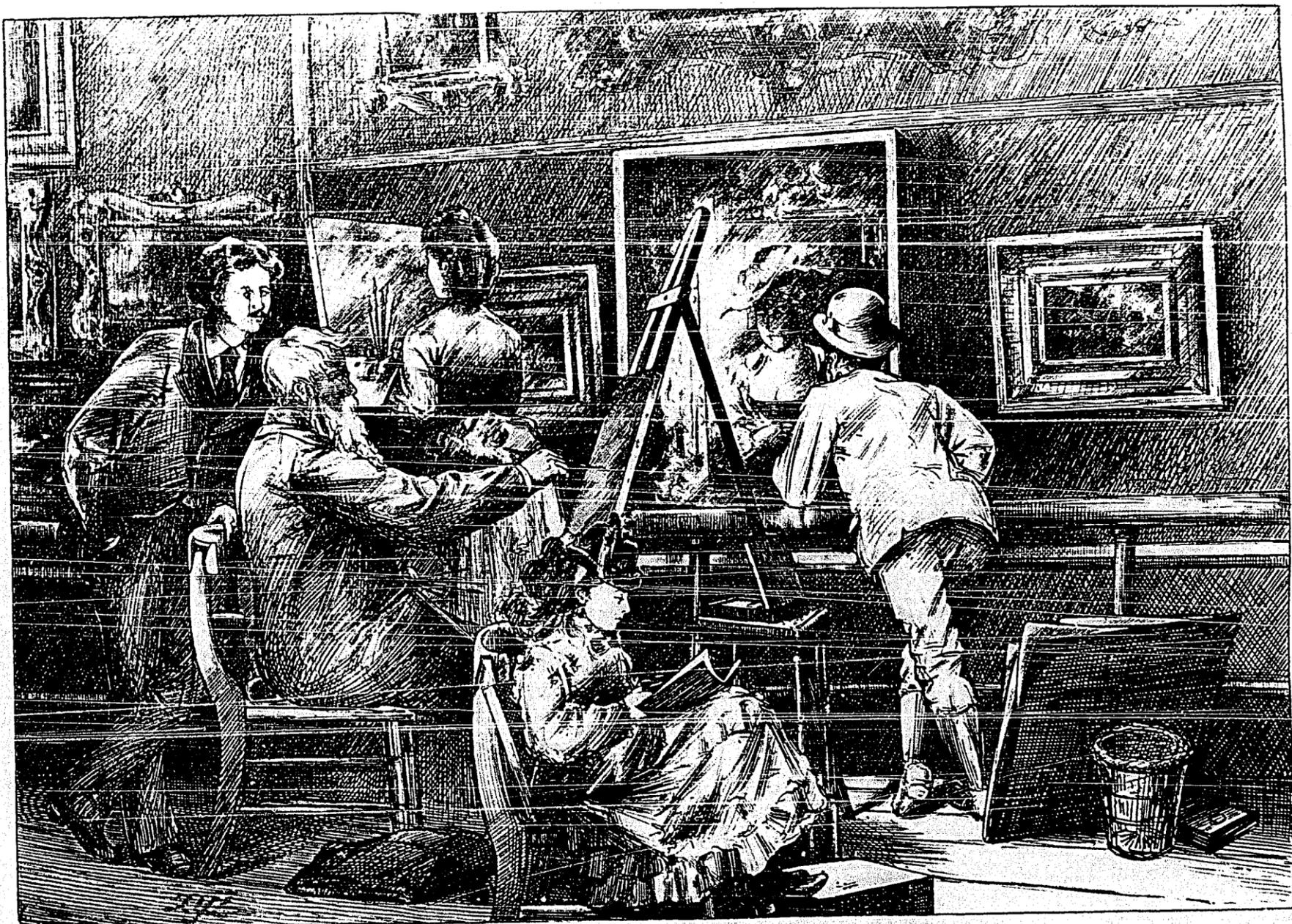


Toronto.—THE INTERNATIONAL REGATTA.—THE START OF FIRST-CLASS YACHTS.

W. M. J. [unclear]



GEORGE WASHINGTON McMULLEN.



LONDON, ENG.—STUDENTS' DAY AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## THE LONG, LONG AGO.

Our first kiss was of sorrow  
In the long, long ago,  
On the eve of that to-morrow  
Down-laden with our woe,  
Which robbed away the blisses  
From the tender clinging kisses  
In the long, long ago.

Then we were heavy-hearted  
In the long, long ago;  
But even as we parted  
There came a sudden glow  
From the love-enkindled lips  
That has suffered no eclipse  
Since the long, long ago.

Oh, sweet was the returning  
After years of aching pain,  
And the holy fire burning  
Brought lip to lip again,  
And love's enraptured kisses  
Are laden with new blisses  
Which know no thought of pain  
Since the long, long ago.

C. W. A. DEDRICKSON.

TORONTO.

(Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.)

## TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

## A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &amp;c., &amp;c.

## CHAPTER III.

IN MR. HOPLING'S ORCHARD.

There was a flutter of many coloured flags in the sunshine, and the braying of a brazen band in Hedingham by noontide on the festival day; a combination which, to the inhabitants, seemed all that this world can give of splendour and excitement. The tents glimmered whitely through the fine old elms that screened Mr. Harper's meadow. The tea-tables were already ranged under the old apple trees in Mr. Hopling's orchard, where ruddy cherries and young green apples contrasted pleasantly with the more sombre tints of the foliage. Very few of these ripe cherries would remain to Mr. Hopling after set of sun; but a man must do something for his parish, and Mr. Hopling was a native of Hedingham, who had made money as a butcher in Monkhampton, and retired to his ancestral fields a wealthy man. That orchard had belonged to his great grandfather, and represented his patrimonial estate, and Mr. Hopling was beyond measure proud of it. He liked to be asked for the loan of it for the school feast; he liked to think that without his aid the children could hardly have had their tea drinking at all; and he endured the loss of his cherries with calm magnanimity, having taken care to thin the fruit as much as he could before this annual festival. The trees were ever so old and gnarled, and crooked, and encrusted with a pale sea-green parasitical growth, which was born of the salt breeze that swept over that tranquil valley, as if Amphitrite herself had wreathed her wet arms around those rugged old trunks and sinuous old branches.

Wherever a flag could be stuck conveniently, or inconveniently, a flag appeared; and those patches of lively primitive colour showed brightly against the cool green of the verdure, or the warmer blue of the cloudless summer sky.

People were congratulating one another upon the splendour of the day—"So lucky, when it might have taken a turn this very day, after such a long spell of heat and dry weather." There had been a short service in the old church—the only cool resort in Hedingham on such a day; for those solid walls and deeply recessed windows admitted little sunshine, while the dense black-green of cypress and yew cooled the eye that wandered to the prospect outside the open casements. At two o'clock the children were to march in procession to the orchard; at two o'clock the fancy fair was to begin. The country people would arrive a good deal later no doubt, for it would be beneath county people to be early. The Monkhampton people, less exalted, and more eager for amusement, were likely to assemble much sooner. Already the Hedingham damsels were decking their stalls, running to and fro—chattering, giggling, interchanging small secrets and delicate insinuations, admiring one another's dresses, all new for the occasion. What a variety of pink and blue, and peach, and cherry colour, and primrose. Sylvia's soul sickened as she watched them from the orchard gate, where she was waiting for the coming of the children—those tiresome, perspiring girls and boys, whom it was her duty to keep in order and amuse—at the risk of being lamed for life by their hobnailed boots.

"And I am to be poor always," she said to herself with a sigh, as she contemplated those bright, fresh dresses in the field. There were the white grenadines Mary Peter had made for the Miss Toynbees; spare and somewhat angular damsels, who seemed all grenadine flounces and blue satin quilting.

"They look as if they were dressed for a ball," thought Sylvia. "What a dowdy creature I must seem beside them. And Mrs. Standen will be here, I suppose, to stare at me with those odious, cold blue eyes."

Mrs. Standen, her arch enemy, whose injustice had dashed the cup of hope and joy from her lips. Could she be mortal and not detest Mrs. Standen? She was altogether mortal, and she hated her lover's mother most heartily.

Dress, however, has so strong a hold upon a girl's mind, especially upon that of a girl bred in a village, that in the contemplation of her better clad sisters, Sylvia for the moment forgot her own beauty. She forgot that she started with an advantage which all the arts of millinery could not counterbalance. She had dressed herself in white—a plain white muslin gown, with no embellishment save a narrow frill of lace round the throat, with no vestige of coloured ribbon to contrast its purity. She had laid aside her hat, for she was to be in the shady orchard all day, and a hat would have been only an encumbrance. She wore no gloves, for her hands were to be busy by-and-by cutting cake and bread

and butter. The golden glory of her rich auburn hair crowned her head, and gave her a nobler air than any coronet of gems and gold that was ever fashioned by the hand of man. She had the art of twisting the long massive plaits—which would have transformed her into Goethe's Margaret at once, had she let them hang down—into a perfect coronal, surmounting the ivory forehead, and giving added height to a form that was already tall.

"What a gawk that girl looks in her long, straight gown," said Miss Toynbee to Miss Palmer, the doctor's daughter—"and she's as vain as a peacock—gets herself up to attract attention. See what a lot she's made of her hair."

"And it's as red as it well can be," replied Miss Palmer. "But the gentlemen all admire her. I suppose it's because she looks like one of those horrid pre-Raphaelite pictures," added the young lady, who had no enthusiasm for art.

A rustic beauty who does not know her position is apt to be a stumbling block in the way of young ladies of standing like the Miss Toynbees; and there was a prevailing idea in Hedingham that Miss Carew did not know her position. In the first place she was a great deal too pretty for a village schoolmaster's daughter. It might be argued that for this she was hardly responsible. But the Hedingham young ladies complained that she made too much of her prettiness, set herself up as a lady, and drew upon herself the attention of mankind by all manner of arts and subtleties. In short she was just the kind of young woman who in a more Conservative age would have been burned as a witch.

Nor did her delinquencies end here. It had been rumoured of late that she had been seen walking in the meadows and lanes at dusk with Edmund Standen, really the most eligible young man in Hedingham society.

"Carew had better look after that pretty daughter of his," said the men. The women whispered about it to one another, and held themselves a little more aloof from Miss Carew than before. Those who had favoured her with their condescending notice withdrew it all at once—passed her by with blank, vacant looks, as if there were no such person between them and the empty air.

Sylvia perceived the change, and smiled to herself bitterly—with all that bitterness which some natures acquire—the school of adversity.

"I suppose they think a Monkhampton banker's son could not possibly marry me," she thought. "There will be some pleasure in making them all savage by-and-by."

To-day, standing at the orchard gate, she felt herself very much alone. Edmund Standen was not to come till later in the afternoon, and was to escort his mother and Miss Rochdale, and there could be little chance of his giving much time to her. It would be but a look, a hand-clasp, a few whispered words, perhaps, for the eyes of their little world would be upon them. She had begged him to keep the secret of their engagement; yet, with a woman's inconsistency, she felt it hard that they could be together so little to-day. He would be in his place among the great ones of the land; she in a lower world and looked down upon by his people. Her father, upon the plea of indifferent health, managed to creep out of the business altogether.

"You have plenty of young people who know how to amuse the little ones; I should only be in the way, and the schoolmaster's presence might be a damper," he said to the Vicar. "Let Sylvia and the other girls manage it all."

So to Sylvia, Mary Peter, Alice Cook, and such of the gentry who cared to assist in this philanthropic task, the business of the children's entertainment was left.

The juvenile revellers came whooping in presently, all breathing hard, after their manner. Half-a-dozen elderly young ladies accompanied them, led by the Vicar. His daughters had a stall in the bazaar, and thus, as they said themselves, got out of the school treat.

The day's festivities were inaugurated, as the reporter of the *Monkhampton Courier* afterwards stated, by a distribution of new penny buns, as a light refreshment appropriate to a hot day. An unauthorized old man was driving a brisk trade in lemonade and ginger beer and ripe gooseberries, outside the orchard. The buns discussed, the young revellers proceeded at once to the unwholesome sport of "taggy, taggy, touchwood," and being fairly set going, would require little more than general supervision until tea time, which festive period was three hours off.

Sylvia noticed that the ladies about the Vicar had that air of being unconscious of her presence which she had observed in other ladies of late—in a word it was a clear case of taboo. The Vicar, good, easy man, addressed her with his usual familiar kindness. The whispers of scandal were slow to reach those charitable ears. She felt the sting of those cold, unseeing looks, though she had hated the patronizing graciousness she had enjoyed till lately from the same people. It seemed a hard thing to be judged thus, and misjudged, only because her father was poor; a hard thing that all Hedingham should deem it impossible for Edmund Standen to mean well by her.

"Edmund is right," she thought; "these people ought to know of our engagement."

"Will he ever have the courage to own me before them all?" she wondered afterwards, when she had walked slowly away from the children and their patronesses to a quiet corner of the great straggling orchard, a corner where there were plum trees so old that they grew nothing but gum. "It was all very well to talk bravely last night when we were alone together under the chestnut, between sunset and moonrise, and seemed all the world to each other; but will he really defy his mother, and renounce his fortune, for my sake, and own a schoolmaster's daughter for his plighted wife before all these stuck-up, purse-proud people, whom he has lived amongst all his life?"

This corner of the orchard was on a higher level than Mr. Harper's meadow, and Sylvia could survey the bazaar as from a platform, without running much risk of being seen herself, unless anyone should happen to look up to the spot where she stood, framed in foliage, looking across the tangled hedge of wild apple, oak sapling and honeysuckle.

She had looked forward with some pleasure to this small festival—for the Vicar had given her a ticket for the bazaar, and she and Alice Cook and Mary Peter were to have gone into the field together, and seen the county people, and the stalls with their dainty merchandise, and watched the seductive arts by which country-bred young ladies assail the well-filled pockets of country gentlemen; and behold here she was watching the scene by stealth, as it were, from her shady corner, lacking courage to go in among the gentry, in the face of that taboo, to which she had been newly subjected. She

keenly felt the injustice of the whole thing, she profoundly despised the people; but she couldn't face those unconscious stares, she could not stand before that little world quite alone in her bloom of youth and loveliness.

"If ever I can pay them out for their insolence, the payment shall be tenfold," she said to herself, looking down at the simpering damsels arranging their wares with delicately gloved hands, trying to develop stolid young gentlemen with their hands in their pockets, or the knobs of their canes in their mouths, into purchasers of baby's socks or embroidered smoking caps.

"But I never, never shall have such an opportunity," she thought. "What glory is there in marrying a disinherited man. It sounds very romantic, like a story one reads; but what will people say of my husband? I can fancy their sneering pity for 'Poor Edmund Standen, who married so much beneath him and offended his mother.' How are we to live without money? Will Edmund be obliged to turn village schoolmaster, I wonder, like my father? He talked about being a clerk in the city; but that seems almost as bad. I cannot see anything before us except misery. But how good and true he is, and how dearly I ought to love him."

Her face softened at the thought, and a lovely smile crept to the soft, full lips. The whole character of her beauty, which had been curiously cold and hard just as she thought of that little world which had set itself against her, changed as she thought of her lover. The face grew youthful and innocent again, childlike almost, with childhood's tender trustfulness.

"I do love him with all my heart," she said to herself. "The first sound of his voice, when we meet after the briefest parting, makes me tremble. The lightest touch of his hand makes me forget everything, except that I love him. Why should his mother try to separate us? He could never find anyone to love him as well as I—good, and brave, and true and handsome as he is. It all comes from living in such a place as Hedingham. Because Edmund is good-looking, and his father was rich, Hedingham has set him up as an idol—and his mother believes there is no one good enough for him; or perhaps she wants him to marry Miss Rochdale, who is like her adopted daughter, and has money, and never misses the early services, and is preached about by every body in Hedingham as a model of all that's good and proper."

The fair face hardened again with the thought of Esther Rochdale. Hers doubtless was the influence that had made Mrs. Standen so cruel, so unjust to her son. Miss Rochdale was in love with him herself, no doubt.

"It's almost wicked, when they've been brought up together like brother and sister," Sylvia said to herself. "She ought to have a sisterly affection for him, and wish to see him happy. But those quiet girls are always artful."

The field was filling fast, carriages driving up to the gate, gaily-dressed people alighting, a continual exchange of salutations; county gentlemen all talking very loud, as if they meant all Hedingham to hear them; the chiefs and heir-apparents of county families bawling at one another with a curious mixture of heartiness and arrogance.

Sylvia saw the Standen party come in at the gate, Mrs. Standen leaning on her son's arm, Esther Rochdale on the other side, but not upon his arm. Edmund's mother was a tall woman of about fifty, a woman with a fine face, regular but somewhat large features, blue-grey eyes, and iron-grey hair, smoothly bandaged on the broad intellectual-looking forehead. Miss Rochdale was of medium height, a slim fragile-looking figure, a delicate face, a pale olive complexion, and soft dark eyes—a young lady whom her friends called interesting, and whom strangers sometimes spoke of as "foreign looking," but whom no one had yet called pretty. Yet that small pale face, those large soft eyes, that pensive mouth, were not without a tender poetry of their own. If there was beauty there, it was the kind of beauty which the mass of mankind is apt to disregard—a subdued and subtle charm, like that unpretending loveliness Wordsworth loved to sing.

A hand was slipped through Sylvia's arm as she stood watching these latest arrivals, an unpleasantly hard-breathing saluted her ear.

"I've been all around the orchard hunting for you," said Mary Peter. "Aint you coming into the field? You've got your ticket, you know."

"I shan't use it. I'd rather watch the people from here. What's the use of walking up and down among a lot of people one doesn't know?"

"I never knew anyone so changeable as you, Sylvia. As to not knowing the people, I don't suppose I know many more of them than you do, except customers, and it's very few of my customers will give me so much as a nod in such a place as this; though perhaps they'll come begging and praying of me to-morrow, as if I was the queen. Do, Mary, now, try to oblige me with my dress by next Tuesday, even if you have to sit up a night or two to finish it. I assure you it's most important, and I shall be so much obliged." They don't think of the way they've humiliated themselves when I meet them out of doors. Come along, Sylvia."

"I'm not coming. You can go yourself. I don't want you here."

"How disagreeable you are, to be sure. But I'll stay a bit to keep you company. I dare say you feel extra dull-like, seeing Mr. Standen over there, with his Mar and Miss Rochdale, and Miss Peter, out of the fullness of her heart, put a caressing arm around Sylvia's slender waist."

"I wish you wouldn't do that," exclaimed the schoolmaster's daughter, releasing herself from the friendly embrace. "I'm sure it's warm enough without that kind of thing."

"Well, Sylvia, you really are the most —! Doesn't Mrs. Standen look nice? That's the last black silk dress I made her—fifteen shillings a yard I should think, and such lace on the body and sleeves. Nobody in Hedingham wears such silks and laces as Mrs. Standen, and yet she isn't an extravagant dresser; never wastes her money on cheap materials, and never wears anything but black silk. There's Miss Rochdale; she doesn't look bad, does she? I made her that white muslin; isn't it sweet?"

"Yes," said Sylvia, glancing from the daintily trimmed costume, with its pillow-lace frillings and pink ribbons, to her own poor gown. "She can afford to wear good dresses, with five or six hundred a year to do what she likes with. There, go and enjoy yourself with the rest of the people down there, Mary. You only vex me with your frivolous talk."

"I'll leave you till your temper improves, Miss Carow," answered Miss Peter, with dignity, and Sylvia was once more alone in the shady corner under the century-old plum trees, much to her own satisfaction. Was it not just possible that

Edmund might slip away from his party and find her in this green retreat, with its perfume of clematis and honeysuckle?

She watched the little party make the round of the stalls. Mrs. Standen stopped to buy something of the Vicar's daughters, and Esther Rochdale also took out her purse. "Just to show people how rich she is," thought Sylvia, with an envious pang; and there was business transacted to the gratification of all parties. Edmund left the stall laden with parcels. Sylvia saw him speak to his mother, and then go out of the field gate, to put his parcels in the carriage, no doubt. Would he take this opportunity of slipping round to the orchard? He could come by a little lane without returning to the field. Sylvia's heart quickened its beating, as it always did at the thought of Edmund's approach.

"Shall I go to the gate and watch for him?" she asked herself. "No. This is such a quiet spot for us to meet. If he loves me as much as he pretends he will find me here. I think I could track my way to him if he were to hide in the heart of a great forest. Love would guide me."

Love guided Mr. Standen to the corner by the old plum trees. Certainly Mr. Hopling's orchard was not a large domain—five or six acres at most.

He came to her, and took her to his heart as he had done last night, with those strong arms which seemed powerful enough to shield her from every harm.

"My dearest, I thought I should find you in some quiet nook like this, where we might have five minutes' talk away from the eyes of the world. How lovely you look, Sylvia."

"In this dress?" she exclaimed, incredulously, "when everyone is dressed so beautifully."

"Dress!—Pshaw. I see a lot of silly finery, but no one who can compare with my Sylvia. I had a wakeful night, darling, thinking over all we had talked about, but got up this morning in excellent spirits. I have made up my mind as to the future. I shall try to get a situation in the old bank—my father's bank, you know. It is a joint stock business now, you know, and has been wonderfully extended since the company bought my father's interest. There are branches all over the county. I know my father's name will stand me in good stead with the directors, and I shall rise to a managerial position much sooner than any other man could hope to do. As manager of one of the branches I should have five or six hundred a year, and on that we can get on capably, and make a happy home for ourselves and our children. I have thought it all out, Sylvia, and am quite resigned to my mother's decision."

"How good you are!" said the girl, with a shade of scorn in her look and tone, "you dance attendance on your mother, like a dutiful son, knowing that she means to cheat you out of your just due."

"You mustn't use such hard words, Sylvia. There is no question of cheating;—my mother has a right to dispose as she pleases of money that was left in her control."

"I can't see that," cried Sylvia, impetuously. "It was meant for you; your father saved it for you, or the bulk of his fortune at any rate; and now you are to toil and slave to earn a pittance. It is shameful."

"If I can forgive my mother you must forgive her too, Sylvia. Or I shall think you care more for my father's money than me," said Edmund, gravely.

It was the first time that he had spoken to her with anything approaching reproof.

"Forgive me," she said; "I love you with all my heart. I am not afraid even of poverty with you."

"It shall not be poverty, dearest, if I can help it."

"And now you had better go back to your mother and Miss Rochdale."

"They can amuse themselves very well without me, for a while. Let us talk of the future, darling, for I don't mean to wait long before you and I begin the world together."

"You mean our marriage to be soon," she said, looking up at him wonderingly, "in spite of your mother's decision?"

"In spite of everything: I am not afraid of the battle of life."

"I am glad it is to be soon," said Sylvia, thoughtfully. "The Hedingham ladies look at me as if I were an outcast, only because you and I have been seen together."

Mr. Standen muttered something not complimentary to the Hedingham ladies.

"People must be told of our engagement at once, Sylvia," he said, after that brief interjection. "My mother knows, and everyone else must know. I'll speak to your father to-night."

"I'm afraid he'll be as much against our marriage as Mrs. Standen."

"But why, darling?" asked Edmund, surprised. Was not he Edmund Standen, even without a fortune, a good match for a parish schoolmaster's daughter?

"Because of the change in your prospects," answered Sylvia. "My father has suffered so much from poverty that he is more afraid of it than you are, Edmund, and he has some vague idea that I ought to make what he calls a good marriage."

"Meaning that you are to marry a man with plenty of money, I suppose."

"I think so."

"I should hardly think a father would sell his only daughter to the best bidder."

"It isn't quite so bad as that. Papa only thinks I ought to marry some one with a settled income. But you needn't tell him that Mrs. Standen means to disinherit you," she added, with a bright look. The suppression of a truth never troubled Sylvia's conscience.

"What, ask his permission to marry you under false pretences? I am sorry you should think me capable of such a thing, Sylvia."

"Would it be very wrong? Well, you must do as you please about it; only I know if papa hears the truth he will oppose our marriage with all his might."

"I can endure his opposition, if you will be loyal, dearest. We are not bound to sacrifice our happiness to his prejudices, but we are bound to tell him the truth. He has been kept in the dark too long already."

"Tell him then," answered Sylvia, with a sigh. "I must endure his grumbling and lamentations as well as I can."

"You need not endure long, Sylvia. I'll have our banns given out next Sunday. You're under age, so we must be married by banns."

"I am glad of that," said the girl. "All Hedingham will hear our names given out. Edmund Standen, bachelor of this parish, and Sylvia Carew, spinster, also of this parish. I dare say some of the Hedingham ladies will feel inclined to start up out of their seats, and forbid the banns. And your mother,

how will she sit quietly by to hear that announcement three weeks running?"

"My mother has made up her mind to oppose me in the dearest wish of my heart, and she cannot complain if that decision brings some pain to herself," said Edmund Standen, with a resolute look which Sylvia knew very well. "I accept the punishment she chooses to inflict upon me, but I refuse to sacrifice the happiness of my future life. I have been an obedient son up to this hour, but there has come a time when submission would mean imbecility. Every man has a right to choose for himself when it comes to the choice that must colour his whole existence. Even if he is to make a mistake, let it be at least his own mistake, and not somebody else's."

The young man spoke rather as if he were arguing out a question which he had been for some time debating with himself. The girl listened eagerly, and looked up at him with fond admiration. Yes, this was something like a lover—a man who would stand firm in opposition to all the world, if need were, for her sake; verily a shield against calamity, a rock of strength in the day of misfortune. Never till this moment had Sylvia felt so proud of him.

"Are you quite friends with your mother?" she asked.

"I hope that I know my duty as a son. There were some bitter words between us the other day; such words as are not easily forgotten. But I could never be wanting in respect to my mother. I have striven to show her that I still love and honour her, although I take my own course in this matter."

"And has she been kind?"

"If possible kinder than usual. Yet there is a cloud between us, and I know she is unhappy. We can but trust in time. She will forgive me by-and-by, when she learns to know you better."

"That she will never do. She has a rooted dislike to me. I have seen it in her face. But don't let us speak of that, Edmund. What need I care so long as you love me? But tell me how Miss Rochdale takes our engagement. Is she as angry as your mother?"

Mr. Standen's expression softened at the mention of Miss Rochdale. "Esther Rochdale," he said, with a half-careless tenderness, that affection of custom which grows up in the narrow circle of a peaceful home, "Oh, she is the dearest girl in the world, and would be the last to disapprove of anything that involved my happiness. But I don't suppose she knows of my engagement. I haven't said a word to her about it, and I daresay my mother has been equally silent. You need fear no unpleasantness from Esther, darling. I feel sure that she will be your friend—and a true one."

Sylvia looked doubtful, but said nothing.

"And now, dearest, I must run back to them," said Edmund, looking at his watch. He had been a quarter of an hour instead of his intended five minutes. How swiftly the moments had flown in that quiet corner screened by the mossgrown plum trees. Would all his life to come glide past him like that, in a dreamlike rapture too sweet to seem quite real. No, there would be his work-a-day life—a stern struggle with fortune. Home and love would be like some magic Isle, towards which he would steer his bark at set of sun, across the heavy seas of worldly work and worldly contest—a blessed haven from the storms of life.

"So soon, Edmund!" said the girl disconsolately.

"My own one, I've stayed longer than I intended already. My mother will soon be tired of that crowded meadow and the glare of the sun. I must be ready to take her home."

"You might come afterwards, and see the children at tea."

"I should like it of all things. But the Toynbees are to dine with us at six. I shall have to sit at the bottom of the table for a couple of hours—just the nicest time in the evening—making believe to enjoy myself. Good-bye."

So with a kiss they parted, Sylvia sorely discontented with Fate, which seemed inexorable. She had hoped that Edmund would assist at the tea drinking.

CHAPTER IV.

BLIND MAN'S BUFF.

Sylvia speedily left her corner, tired of watching the little groups of people stop to shake hands and talk to one another for five minutes or so, as if the world held no greater affection than the love that bound them, and then separate and stroll away, to exchange the same enthusiastic greetings with other groups. A bird's-eye view of the Hedingham school bazaar conducted somewhat to the idea that there was something hollow in polite society. People smiled so incessantly, and seemed so inexpressibly glad to see one another; yet Sylvia saw some of those very enthusiasts yawn rather drearily when the gaze of society was off them.

She went back to the middle of the orchard, where the children were playing blind-man's buff. They entreated her to join this sport, nay besought her with such earnestness—the Vicar himself being, as it were, master of the ceremonies, and some of the elderly young ladies joining in the juvenile play with gushing vivacity—that she could hardly refuse. She yielded reluctantly, but with a tolerable grace, and very soon afterwards was seized upon by a hulking boy, who put his rough hands over her face and head, fastened his claws triumphantly upon her coronet of shining plait, and bawled out that he had caught Miss Carew.

Upon this the handkerchief was bound over Sylvia's eyes, and after being asked some absurd question about her father's horses, she was twisted round three times by the Vicar's friendly hand, and told to catch whom she could. She did not enter into the game with much spirit, so the elderly young ladies remarked to each other maliciously. Such simple sports had no attraction for Sylvia Carew, they said, since there were no young gentlemen to admire her.

Sylvia did indeed glide about somewhat listlessly among the gnarled trunks of the apple and cherry trees, more fearful of wounding her face against the crooked branches than eager to capture one of the revellers. She stretched out her arms now and then feebly, and tried to pierce the folds of the handkerchief, and even raised her head to look under it, but the Vicar had made the bandage secure. Justice herself was not blinder than Sylvia Carew.

Presently the girls and boys grew quieter. There was less screaming and bawling at every doubtful step she took among the trees. She fancied she heard strange voices—the voices of gentry talking at a little distance, one voice with a low languid tone that was new to her, and different from most of the Hedingham voices, lacking that fine hearty loudness which distinguished the natives of the land.

She groped on wearily, giving her head more than one bump against the rugged branches, whose rough bark caught and dragged her hair, but reaching nothing with her out-

spread arms except those interlacing boughs which seemed to encounter her everywhere, dense as the undergrowth of that dreadful forest where the torn trees rained blood. She was beginning to be very tired, and to long for the summons to prepare the tea tables; anything so that she were but released from this hateful game, when some one came plump into her arms.

She clasped the some one eagerly, and was immediately saluted by a great hurrah, in which the vicar's voice joined heartily, as if she had done something wonderful in catching this person. It was neither boy nor girl belonging to the parish school. No starched cotton frock, no corduroy jacket encountered her curious fingers, but the finest, smoothest broadcloth, the soft velvet collar of a gentleman's coat.

Was it Edmund Standen? Her first thought was of him; her light fingers trembled upon the garment which they wandered over. No, it was some one who was neither so tall nor so big as Edmund. Her lifted hand touched his thick and wavy like Edmund's.

"I don't know who it is," she said helplessly, disappointed at discovering that it was not Edmund Standen, although after what he had said she had no reason to expect him. But love and reason do not always go hand in hand.

"Then you must pay forfeit," cried the shrill voice of a bold big boy; the kind of boy whom nothing can abash.

"And what is the forfeit?" asked the voice of the prisoner—the same low languid tones Sylvia had noticed a few minutes ago.

"A kiss!" bawled the irrepressible boy.

"Then I venture to claim my privilege," said the gentleman, and a moustached lip touched Sylvia's very lightly. It was the reverential salute of a courteous knight.

A gentle hand loosened the bandage, and she found herself standing, almost in the centre of the orchard, face to face with an elderly gentleman; the vicar, the boys and girls, and elderly young ladies all looking on.

The gentleman was a stranger, a man of between fifty and sixty, nearer perhaps to the latter decade than to the earlier, a man with a certain elegance of bearing and appearance that was new to Sylvia, a man with a long oval face and that regular caste of features which seems to bear the stamp of high blood, a face not unlike the portraits of Charles the First, or rather that kind of face grown older, with smooth silver grey hair parted on the high narrow forehead, and a long drooping moustache shading the thin lips. The eyes were blue, and looked kindly at Sylvia, nay, more than kindly, admiringly. That admiring glance brought a vivid blush into the girl's fair face. She was not sorry that the little world of Hedingham should see her admired by this stranger, who seemed a person of distinction.

"Fairly caught, I think, Sir Aubrey," said the Vicar chuckling.

Sylvia gave a little start, and looked up at the stranger with those splendid hazel eyes that had bewitched Edmund Standen—eyes which were lovely enough to subjugate even those colder critics who depreciated the schoolmaster's daughter. She looked up at the elderly gentleman with unconcealed surprise. This was Sir Aubrey Perriam, then, and it was his presence which had caused that flutter of excitement in the orchard, an alertness in the manner of the Vicar and his little band of spinsters, a respectful hush among the children, who stood in a wide ring, staring their utmost, and breathing harder than ever.

"Fairly caught," repeated the Vicar, pleased that the great landowner should join so pleasantly in these village sports. It would lead doubtless to a handsome subscription to the school fund.

"Fairly caught, I admit," said Sir Aubrey's softer tones, as he bent down with a chivalrous air and kissed the little hand that hung helplessly at Sylvia's side. This touch of old-world gallantry thrilled her with a new sense of triumph. She wished that Mrs. Standen had been by to see Sir Aubrey's notice of her.

"Come," said the Vicar briskly, "now for the tables. It's almost tea time."

It would not do to waste any more moments in the contemplation of that little group which formed the centre of the circle. Sylvia, blushing and downcast, yet with a pleased look in the half-veiled hazel eyes and on the smiling lips; Sir Aubrey Perriam looking at her with courtly, elderly gentlemanlike admiration; the two making a graceful picture against that background of sunlit orchard. It was all proper and pleasant enough, a great country gentleman admiring a beautiful villager, and so on; but Mr. Vancourt, the Vicar, felt that any prolongation of the little scene might have been unclerical. He clapped his hands sharply, as if to dispel some subtle magic lurking in the air, called to his votaries, and set the teacups and saucers rattling in such a way as to awaken a deeper dreamer than Sir Aubrey Perriam.

Sylvia went to her duties, much better pleased with life in general than she had been half-an-hour ago. Sir Aubrey Perriam had admired her, and her little world had seen his admiration. That must have been a stab to the hearts of those proud Christians who had cut her remorselessly a little while before. Mary Peter and Alice Cook had also witnessed her brief triumph, and though she considered those associates of her girlhood infinitely beneath her, she liked them to behold her success. She jingled the cups and saucers gaily as she ranged them along the narrow deal table, with its shining white cloth. She laboured cheerfully at her task of bread and butter cutting, though it promised to be endless.

"You remind me of the heroine of a famous romance," said a voice very near her, and she looked up with a sudden blush. Sylvia's complexion was one to which blushes are natural, a word or a look brought the quick bright roses to that delicately pale face.

It was Sir Aubrey, who was walking up and down the clear space between the tables with Mr. Vancourt. He had made a brief round of the fancy fair, spent a few sovereigns at one of the stalls, and had come to the orchard to see the school children at play, just five minutes or so before he was captured by Sylvia. Perhaps he had put himself a little in the way of this capture when he saw the white-robed figure coming towards him with outstretched arms.

Once in the orchard, Sir Aubrey seemed to prefer its rustic attractions to the fascinations of the fair stall-keepers in the adjoining field.

"The glare of the sun yonder was more than I could endure," he said, as if to apologise for this preference. "Now here, these fine old trees give a delightful shade, and the turf is softer. I should like to see those young people at tea."

VIEWS IN CANADA

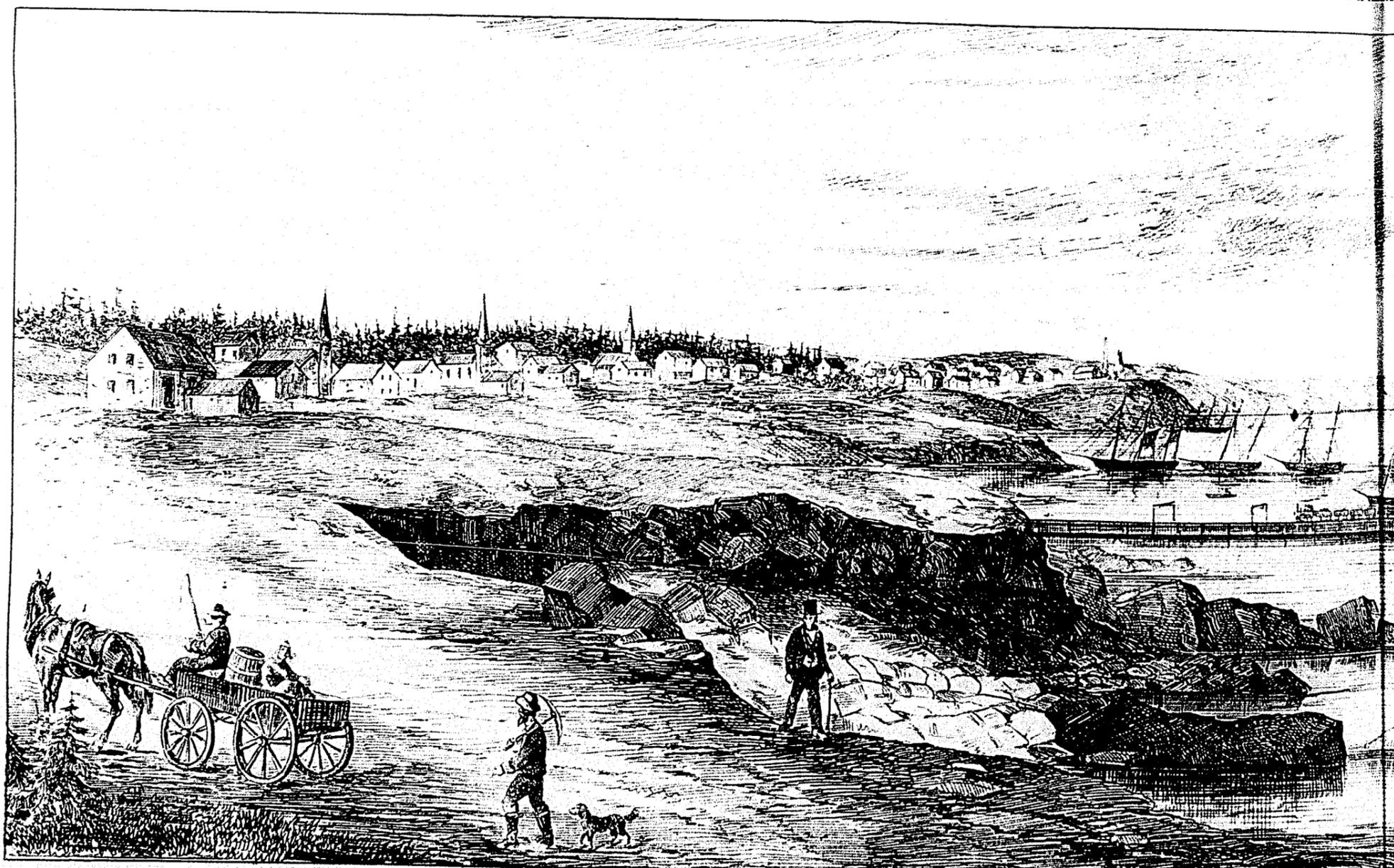


*Train of Coal for Sydney from International Colliery.*

*Lingan Bay.*

*Mines - Flung*

*VIEW OF LINGAN AND THE INTERN*

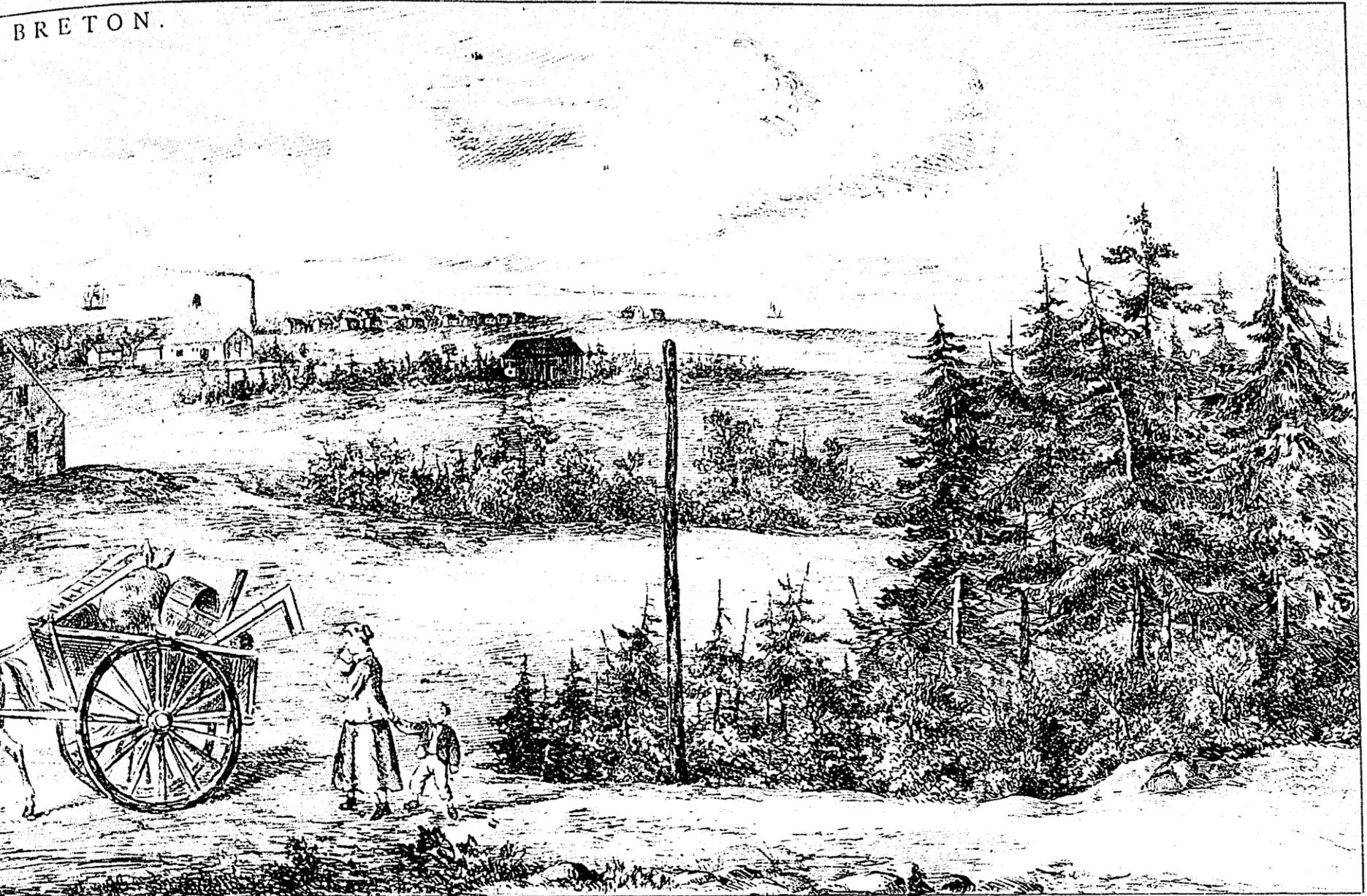


*Block House Mine.*

*Gourie Mines Shipping Whar*

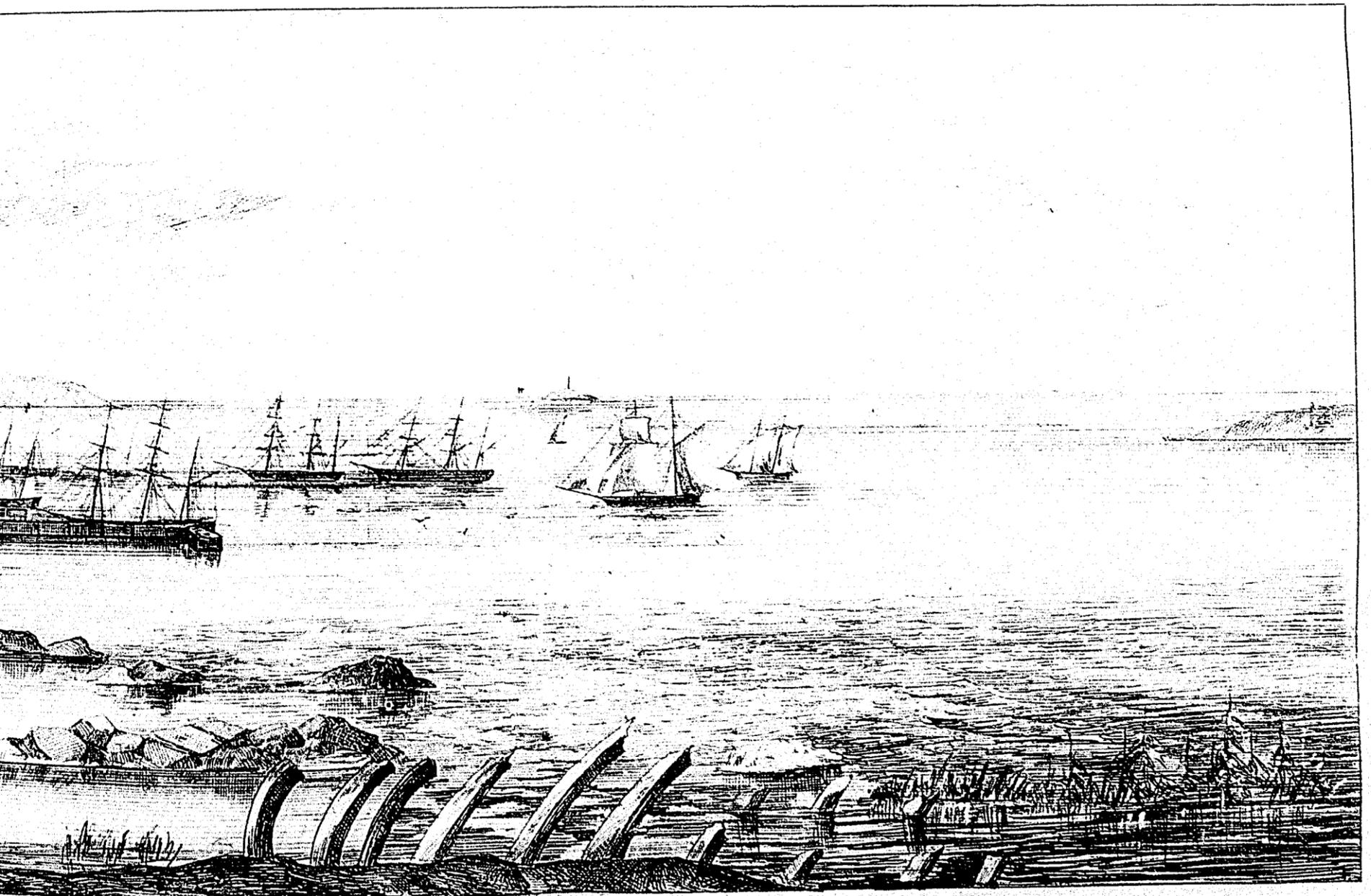
*COW BAY, SCENE OF THE RECENT*

BRETON.



International Colliery. Miners' Village. Manager's House. Atlantic Ocean.

NATIONAL COLLIERY.



Breakwater. Flint Island and Light-House. Atlantic Ocean. South Head Colliery.

NT FEARFUL STORM.

The Vicar whispered so one of his faithful adherents, and five minutes afterwards, as if by magic, a comfortable garden arm-chair, the most luxurious thing in garden chairs, was placed near the head of the table for Sir Aubrey Perriam's accommodation. It had been brought from the Vicarage on the spur of the moment. Mr. Vancourt was resolved that if Sir Aubrey was well disposed towards the schools, there should be nothing to damp his ardour.

Sir Aubrey sank into the garden seat with a contented air, and looked about him benignly while those hungry children were fed. Sylvia and the other ladies went up and down with heaped-up plates, and administered to those devouring scholars. Piles of currant cake, innumerable buns, mountains of bread and butter, vanished before those youthful consumers. Sylvia had hard work. Sometimes she was at the head of one table pouring out tea, ready milked and sugared—for individual tastes could hardly be considered among so many—from a huge white pitcher; sometimes at the bottom of the other table cutting up a fresh cake. The supplies had been liberal, but the demand equalled them.

Sir Aubrey surveyed the whole proceedings with evident interest; but those among the Vicar's lady friends who had time to watch him closely observed that his eye seemed to wander after Sylvia Carey wherever she went. If she vanished for a few minutes from his sight, his glance grew listless, and it seemed to brighten when she reappeared. Whereupon the Hedingham ladies put him down as a wicked elderly gentleman. They had no good opinion of any one who admired Sylvia Carey. To be caught by that showy beauty was the mark of an inferior mind. Edmund Standen was supposed to be on the road to ruin directly he was seen walking with Sylvia Carey. And now, behold, Sir Aubrey Perriam—to whom all Hedingham paid homage, as in duty bound, for was not Hedingham, with the exception of a few odd acres here and there, as much Sir Aubrey's property as the Cambric handkerchief with which he perfumed the summer air—seemed about to enter upon the same ruinous path.

More than once had Sylvia herself met the glance of those mild elderly eyes. It was a glance that set her thinking curiously of what might have happened had she not loved and been beloved by Edmund Standen.

To be continued.

#### How Milk is Manipulated in Chicago.

This is the way the Chicago Milkmen "fix" their lactial wares: They skim the milk, taking from every eight gallons from two to four quarts of cream, which they sell at the rate of one dollar per gallon. They then put about a tablespoonful of brown sugar in liquid form to every eight-gallon can of this skimmed milk, and this restores the rich, creamy colour to such an extent that the most experienced dairy-woman would be deceived. They also add a trifle of salt, which improves the taste, and the fluid is then ready for sale. All this on the authority of an indignant milkman, who contends that the public will not pay enough for pure milk, and goes on to expose the tricks of the trade.

#### The British Forces.

A return ordered on the motion of Mr. Vernon Harcourt, M. P., shows the number of regular forces maintained for service in the United Kingdom for each year since 1800. The century was commenced with 70,745 men of all arms, a number which, decreasing to 50,000 odd in 1803, rose from 101,000 in 1804 to 133,265 in 1808, the largest number of men we have had on the books during the period over which the return extends. In 1831 the number had sunk down to 42,915, but rose again to about 60,000 in 1844, and to 63,659 in 1854, the year of the outbreak of the Russian war. In 1857 we had 96,000 men; in the following year, 64,000, below which number we have never since gone. The number set down for 1872 is 101,145; for this year, 98,719.

#### The St. Simon Stylites of the Period.

The *Northeast Georgian*, of Athens, notes the prevalence of a report in that city that, a Sunday or so ago, a man living near Scull's Shoals, about twenty miles below Athens, went fishing, seating himself on a rock. Not returning home at night, search was made for him, and he was found seated upon the rock; and upon the party requesting him to get up and accompany them home he told them that the Almighty had set a judgment upon him, and he had become a part of the rock and could not move. His friends, thinking that he was only jesting, took hold of him and attempted to move him, when he commenced screaming at the top of his voice, and asked them not to attempt to lift him up, as it would murder him. He further informed them that he had been informed by an unseen presence that, as a judgment for his profanity and Sabbath-breaking, he would never be severed from his present seat, but would remain fastened to it all his days, and that he would be made to preach his own funeral. It is said he talks quite freely, and is visited by immense crowds.

#### English Tea-Gardens.

M. H. B., writing to the *Missouri Republican* of her English experiences, says: "The more enterprising proprietors of tea-gardens send out their handmaids as runners, who nab you as you pass the boundaries of the garden and give you a card inscribed: 'Mrs. Crumpet's World-famed Tea Garden, No. 10 Rose Cottage. Tea and shrimps 1 shilling, Tea and cresces 10 pence.' The runners secured me, of course. I went to Rose Cottage first. You pass through a little porch whose stones are whitewashed every morning, through a tiny hallway to the back yard, ten feet square, and a perfect wilderness of shrubs and creepers. Tiny trellis partitions divide off little arbors, in which the tea is served. It is very nice tea, by the way, and with it you get a plate of butter, a big loaf of bread, that fills up most of the arbor, and the beautiful little boiled cockroaches so dear to the British tea-drinking female. I had no sooner emerged from this place than the runner for the next cottage seized me. It was useless to tell her I'd had my tea; she knew how many cups a woman could bear, and she toted me right into her garden. There were twelve cottages in this row, and I drank tea in every one of 'em. Finally, however, beginning, like Dickens' fat boy, to swell visibly and feel uncomfortable, I waited in the last den to which I was lured till the shades of evening fell, and under cover of the night I fled, escaping that most awful of fates, drinking myself to death."

#### American Drinks at the Vienna Exhibition.

The special correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph* at Vienna, writing on Aug. 11, after a week of very hot weather,

says: "The American bars, three in number, drove a roaring trade. The Austrians have taken to cobbler and juloos with a heartiness bordering on enthusiasm, although, those nectarian compounds being somewhat expensive, the native consumer seldom goes in for a whole drink all to himself; and there are few quaint sights in the big building, crowded as it is with extraordinary objects, than three heavily-bearded and spectacled Viennese sitting round a small marble-topped table, on which stands one amber-coloured sherry-cobbler, their three straws plunged into its cool depths, their three heads in close proximity, their powers of suction strained to top pressure, lest any one of the three should get the better of his co-investors in the beverage to the extent of half a teaspoonful. Under the influence of this virtuous emulation, the cobbler vanishes like the card of a conjuror's trick, after which each competitor imbibes a huge draught of cold water, for which there is no charge, and pockets his straw. The straws are immensely popular here. I have seen persons of both sexes sucking up beer, coffee, and "plain soda" through them with an evident sense of exquisite and refined enjoyment. The bar-keepers tell me that the Austrian and German ladies generally carry them away in their hair, through the frizzy masses of which they stick them in the manner of pins. The bar in the Rotunda started with a stock of 300,000, but has been obliged to renew its supplies twice since commencing business. About a hundred different drinks are made at this bar; but the only one that seems to have hold of the Austrian public is the cobbler. Ten cobbler are drunk for every julep, cocktail, sling, smash, fix, or champarello. The drinking kiosques outside the building—English and German—have found it to their interest to provide cobbler for their insatiable customers."

## Our Illustrations.

Our Italian type this week is hardly such a beauty as those of her sisters who have already made their bow. She possesses, however, a strikingly characteristic face, and one which we might associate with Baptista's daughter, Katharina, that "hiding of a devilish spirit" whom Petruchio converted into a gentle, loving, and dutiful wife.

The recent International regatta at Toronto was unfortunately a poor success. It has, however, furnished us with a subject for an excellent illustration. A yacht meeting always makes a good picture, and in this instance, Mr. F. M. Bell Smith's sketch possesses many good points over and above the average.

We are indebted to Messrs. Notman and Frazer, of Toronto, for a very excellent photograph of George Washington McMullen, whose connection with the "Pacific Scandal" has earned him from the Ministerial press the title of "the notorious." From this photograph we reproduce our portrait, which will doubtless be eagerly scanned by many a curious eye.

Remarkable among our illustrations this week for its very excellent drawing is the scene at the National Gallery on Students' Day. The central figure in the illustration represents the ideal artist, a veteran of the brush, who, judging from the ease and mastery of confidence of his bearing, has long ago carved his name in the temple of Fame. The young man behind him, evidently a dandy, is watching with a mixed expression of countenance the progress of the work, having dabbled sufficiently himself in the profession to become a flippant critic. The artist, however, entirely ignores his presence, and has a supreme contempt for his opinion, whatever it may be. The third figure, a visitor with no pretension to knowledge of Art, is absorbed in that much-abused picture of Rubens, the "Chapeau de Paille," with its execrable neck and imitable colouring. However, he observes no inconsistency and is sweetly ignorant that it is at once the admiration and ridicule of all connoisseurs. The little lady engaged in reading some fairy tale has probably come on an errand of kindness, bearing her sister company, and now and then relieving the monotony of continual study by an occasional chat.

The great storm on the night and morning of August 24th and 25th will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Nova Scotia, especially those parts exposed to the north-east gales of the Atlantic sea-board. It was unparalleled in its severity; as far as the memory of the oldest inhabitant can be used as a reference, no such gale of wind with damages to correspond ever visited its shore. Its greatest fury seems to have been spent on the harbours of Cape Breton and those of the County of Guysborough. It could not have selected a worse place in which to vent its awful fury. The harbours of Cape Breton that are exposed to a north-east blow are generally at this season filled with vessels seeking coal freights. Cow Bay, Glacé Bay, Langan and Sydney, are especially exposed to the north-east, and as a matter of consequence suffered heavily. The shores of Canso and Guysborough are the homes and resort of fishermen both foreign and provincial. The amount of destruction in this vicinity is something fearful. Fish houses, nets, boats and even dwelling houses and churches have been swept away. \$200,000 will scarcely repair the loss among these hard "tollers by the sea." The wonderful expansion to the coal trade of the Dominion within the last two years—renders that branch of industry a subject of national importance. The fleet that annually visits Cow Bay and other exposed inlets of the Atlantic to load "black diamonds" must in case of a north-east storm, if they cannot hold, go ashore. Cow Bay, the subject of one of our sketches, is the outlet of two important collieries, the Gowrie and Block House. A very extensive breakwater has been erected in the harbour or roadstead which affords some protection to vessels, but in the case of a heavy gale the sea breaks over it. It is to be hoped that so important an industry will ere long receive a far greater amount of Dominion Government assistance than it has hitherto enjoyed, and harbours like Cow Bay will be placed in a comparatively secure condition by additions and improvements in the shape of sea walls, forming secure places of refuge from blasts similar to the one that recently placed its fleet at the mercy of the storm king. The village of Cow Bay does not present a very pleasant prospect. It is entirely devoted to the residence of those connected with the mines and a few store-keepers, and like all mining villages extremely untidy, uncomfortable and slipshod in its appearance. Three places of worship, viz., a Presbyterian, Baptist, and Roman Catholic supply the spiritual requirements of the place. The two "swell" residences are those of Messrs. Archibald and Belloni the respective managers of the Gowrie and Block House mines.

Our second view takes in the works of the International Colliery, undoubtedly the most complete colliery in Cape Breton. Formerly this establishment shipped its coal in the open roadstead, delivering the coal in open barges. This system was hazardous in the extreme. They have overcome this difficulty by the construction of a splendid piece of broad gauge railway of 17 miles length, which connects the workings with Sydney harbour. There the coal is delivered from a well constructed pier of 600 feet in length, capable of loading 5 or 7 large vessels at one time. An engraving of the structure appeared in the *News* in 1871. The railway which is a fine example of engineering skill was

built by Hugh McDonald, Esq. of Montreal. Langan basin with collars at anchor, and Langan surface works form the subject of our back ground. Miners in general are a very migratory race, and ten cents per diem is a great inducement for a "flitting." In the mining district it is no uncommon sight to see on the high road a cart containing the miner's household goods and his entire family "flitting" to a new home. Ten cents per diem caused the breaking up of this establishment, involving a change of residence, and breaking up of family ties, which ordinary citizens outside of mining districts particularly dread.

Our view of the Look-Out Station, the highest peak of the rock of Gibraltar, is furnished by our well-known art correspondent, W. O. C., with whose production the readers of the *News* are familiar.

The picture of the unfortunate youngster entrusted with a squalling restless child will appeal at once to the sympathy of anyone who has ever found himself in the same predicament.

The Château of Frohsdorf, the temporary home of the Comte de Chambord, possesses special interest at the present time when everything seems to point to the speedy return of Henri V. to the throne of his ancestors. It is situated about fifteen miles south of Vienna, near the town of Wiener Neustadt. The château is a huge square building, the great porticoed gateway of which leads through to an interior courtyard, surrounded by arcades. The principal *salon*, a very handsome and finely proportioned apartment, is hung with family portraits, among which is a beautiful one of Marie Antoinette. On the coverings of some of the arm-chairs are bands of tapestry work, made by the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Next to this *salon* is the billiard room, where the Duchesse d'Angoulême used regularly every afternoon to play a game with the Duc de Lévis. The Comte de Chambord plays there now but very little, and with neither his aunt's dexterity nor interest. The *salon à manger* is perhaps the plainest to be found in any good château of France, and almost the same can be said of the simply-furnished apartments of the Comte and Comtesse. But constant care and improvement are bestowed on the rooms converted into dispensaries, where all the sick and infirm persons of the country resort and medicines. The principal beauty of the estate lies in its flower garden and grounds. One portion of these is laid out with water, grass slopes, and trees of every variety, in the picturesque style called *jardin anglais*; and elsewhere stretch large conservatories and parterres, where flowers brought from France, and planted in French earth, are cultivated with the greatest care. There is a fuchsia there which used to grow in a child's garden which the Comte de Chambord once owned at the Tuilleries.

## Art and Literature.

M. du Chailly is said to be writing a book of travels in Sweden and Norway.

Two new editions of Jean Ingelow's poetical works are announced for this fall.

Lee & Shepard are about to publish a volume of the hitherto uncollected papers of Douglas Jerrold.

Mr. Longfellow's new volume of poems, "Aftermath," will, it is said, contain another series of "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

Mr. S. Wells Williams, Secretary of the United States legation in China, has completed his dictionary of the Chinese language. To that work he has contributed the labour of forty years. It contains explanations of 12,500 Chinese characters.

A bric-a-brac dealer in the Rue Drouot has sold a document to which passing events lend a curious interest. It is the license granted by the Commune of Paris to Louis Philippe Joseph Bourbon, *ci-devant* Duke of Orleans, at his own demand, and to his posterity, to bear the surname of Egalité.

George Routledge & Sons of London will publish Dr. Holland's story and one by Mr. Aldrich, and Bro. Hart's "Episode of Field-town." They also announce the novel Mark Twain and Mr. Charles Warner have written together.

The Shah of Persia was the recipient of one present from the city of Paris which would gladden the heart of any connoisseur in books, viz: Mr. Alphand's "Promenades de Paris," a magnificent work, published by M. Rothschild, upon the production of which 700,000 francs were expended. It is a large folio, bound in exquisite style by Lenégre.

A forthcoming volume by Chevalier Ernst Hansen on the Chronology of the Bible, which is to be issued simultaneously, not only on both sides of the Atlantic, but in four of the leading languages of Europe—English, French, German, and Italian—will present some features of extraordinary interest. One of the most startling, and on the whole most novel, of its eccentricities will be the calculation which assigns to Jesus Christ the age of 19 years at the time of his crucifixion, an event which, according to this theory, took place in the year 45 of the common era.

Here is a list of the Fine Art prizes awarded to the various European countries exhibiting at the Vienna Exhibition. For painting, Germany will receive 150 medals; France, 138; Austria, 89; Belgium, 76; Italy, 47; England and Russia, 29 each; Hungary, 14; Switzerland, 9. For sculpture the order is as follows: France, 34 medals; Italy, 30; Germany, 23; Austria, 18; Belgium, 8; England, 7; Russia, 6; Switzerland, 5; Hungary, 4. For architecture France receives 26 medals for 80 exhibitors; Russia, 12 medals; Germany 9 for 18 exhibitors; Austria has prizes for more than half her 26 exhibitors; Hungary, 6 medals; Italy, 5 for 26 exhibitors; England, 2. In the section for graphic arts France obtains 19 medals; Germany, 16; England, 11; Italy, 7; Belgium, 4; Hungary, 2. The 600 German exhibitors receive about 200 medals. France obtains the largest aggregate of prizes, namely: 217. Italy has won 90; Belgium, 89; England, 19; Russia, 18; and Switzerland, 19.

FIRE AND BURGLAR DETECTIVE.—One of the latest inventions is the night watchman detector, exhibited at Messrs. Nelson & Lefort's, 66 St. James Street, Montreal. It consists of a marine clock, having a centre disk composed of forty-eight cranks corresponding with the dial and revolving with the hour hand. Each crank represents a quarter of an hour, a hook is attached to the lower portion of the clock, and by pulling this the watchman reports himself, so that if he misses a quarter of an hour or more he may be detected next morning, where all his calls are recorded. The contrivance is ingenious and simple, and the whole apparatus is silver plated, thus rendering the object as much ornamental as useful. The "detector" can be also used in day-time as an ordinary time-piece. The clock is generally placed in a position that is difficult of access, and by the means of a patent lock and a bell-pull, the watchman is duly reported when on duty. We understand that this article takes a heavy circulation, and has already reached a well-deserved success.

Jacobs' Rheumatic Liquid Cures Diarrhoea.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)  
SONNET.

Once said I, "All is over."—Nevermore  
Can I have joy or hope or anything.  
I care not what the coming years may bring  
Unless they do my life of life restore."  
That day a vessel bore me from the shore  
Where stood she whom I loved. A little while  
And she was gone. The sweet, sad loving smile  
Had vanished, and my heart was clouded o'er.  
Ten years have passed away since that farewell,  
And still my lone heart shuts its gates on joy—  
Ten years the Greeks were warring around Troy  
Before the city fell; but then it fell.  
What if my bliss, returning, now be nigh?  
Or must I wait while all my years glide by?

JOHN READE.

Miscellaneous.

A Settler Settled.

"I have come," said a Scotch farmer to a neighbour laird who was just dying; "I have come to settle about that bit of land." "Settle!" cried the old wrangler; "how will you settle?" "Your father couldna settle, and your grandfather couldna settle, and the fifteen couldna settle, and how will you settle?" "Oh," said the rival claimant, "I'll let you have it altogether." "But I'll no tak' it," cried the stout old litigant, and turned his face resolutely to the wall.

A New Departure.

The exceeding zeal and intelligence of the prefect as an officer of great importance in France has just been illustrated in the Department of the Drome, which is governed by a functionary too conservative to permit even a revolution in the phenomena of nature. The prefect there has just appointed a commission, composed of a general, several engineers, a judge, and priest, for the purpose of studying the shocks of earthquake, which have been very frequent of late, and of suggesting some remedy.

An International Programme.

The internationalists publish the following proud programme of the aims of the coming Congress at Geneva: 1. "Definitive constitution of a pact of solidarity between the different Federations of the International." 2. "Revision of the general rules of the association, so as to guarantee perfect liberty of action to each Federation." 3. "Strikes, general and local; the creation of a universal strike fund." 4. "Organization of universal trades unions, and the classification of the statistics of labour." 5. "Propaganda."

A Moral Pointed with Thistle Seeds.

A story is told of a woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle-top, and told her to go out in various directions and scatter the seeds, one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, and then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement, he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and when she objected that it would be impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all evil reports which she had circulated about others.

Distinguished Visitors.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway, sends to the Chelmsford Commercial the following incident at the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's church, in London:—"Just before the services two distinguished Americans—one a former official, and intimate friend of the late Daniel Webster—had been shown into a pew. Presently the pew-opener came and requested that they would take a seat just behind, as a distinguished gentleman and lady had to be placed in the pew they occupied. The two Americans at once complied, and beheld the gentleman and lady escorted to the vacated seats—both black as the ace of spades."

An Imperialist Prophecy.

The Gaulois recently published a sensation picture, which represents the restoration of the Empire with Napoleon IV., under this title, in large letters—"Fête de l'Empereur IV., 15 Août, 1873." The anticipated history runs thus:—Henry V. comes to the throne, which ends in a revolution, and of course street fights. M. Thiers is taken to a barricade by the mob and there killed. Then comes the abdication of the King, and M'Mahon is once more Dictator. Soon after l'appel au peuple, when the following is the voting:—Empire, 5,700,000; République, 3,000,000; Versailles, 500,000. Napoleon IV. enters Paris, accompanied by Marshal M'Mahon; great rejoicing; universal happiness; general amnesty. August 15, 1873, fireworks.

A Wonderful Escape.

In the wreck of a steamboat on the Ohio River recently there was a lady passenger who was separated in the confusion from her infant child and was herself safely conveyed on shore with some other passengers who were saved; but it was supposed that the baby was drowned. The following day, when men went out to the half-sunken vessel to recover the bodies of the drowned, they discovered in the cabin, which was filled with water nearly to the ceiling, a floating mattress, upon which lay a little boy, sleeping as peacefully as if nothing had happened. His bed was not very dry, but it still sustained its living freight. In due time the child was sent to Shawneetown, where the other passengers had been landed the evening before, and its arrival made an excitement among them, for several had lost children by the disaster. The scene when the mother recognized the child she had mourned as lost for nearly twenty-four hours was a very touching one.

Bridget as a Topic.

There is one reason why we should regret to have the present troubles with domestic servants ended. It is because women derive so much pleasure from discussing the subject. Place two young women together, and it makes no difference where the conversation starts from, it will be perfectly certain to work around to the hired girl question before many minutes have elapsed. We have seen an elderly housekeeper, with experience in conducting the talk in the right direction, break into a discussion of Pythagoras and the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, and switch off the entire debate with such expedition that an unsophisticated listener would for some moments have an indistinct impression that the conversation referred to the inefficiency of Pythagoras as a washer and ironer, and to the tenderness of that heathen philosopher to take to Thursdays out every week. And when a woman has an unusually villainous hired girl who burns up the coal, wastes the butter, mixes her hair in the biscuit, and stuffs her relations with the sugar, it is interesting to observe how she glories in the superiority of her sufferings to those of her neighbours, and how, as she tells of them, she gloats over her misery and feels good about it. A woman who has really a competent servant is always in a condition of abject wretchedness on such occasions.

Ventriloquism Easily Acquired.

A writer in the Chicago Advance says that the ventriloquist's art is as easy to learn as rolling off a log. He maintains that there is no difficulty in acquiring the power. In the first place

he says, speak any word or sentence in your own natural tone; then open the mouth and fix your jaws fast, as though trying to hinder any one from opening them further or shutting them; draw the tongue back in a ball; speak the same words, and the sound, instead of being formed in the mouth, will be formed in the pharynx. Great attention must be paid to holding the jaws rigid. The sound will then be found to imitate a voice from the other side of the door when it is closed, or under a floor, or through a wall. To imitate a sound behind a door partly open, the voice must not be altered from the original note or pitch, but be made in another part of the mouth. This is done by closing the lips tight and drawing one corner of the mouth downwards or towards the ear. Then let the lips open at that corner only, the other part to remain closed. Next, breathe, as it were, the words out of the orifice formed. Do not speak the words distinctly, but expel the breath in short puffs at each word, and as loud as possible. By so doing you produce the illusion in the minds of your listeners that they hear the same voice which they heard when the door was closed, but more distinctly and nearer on account of the door being open. The lips must always be used when the ventriloquist wishes it to appear that the sound comes through an obstacle, but from some one close at hand.

Chaffing a Discoverer.

The Gaulois mercilessly chaffs M. Schlemann who professes to have dug up King Priam's treasures from old Troy. It says:—"At the moment of going to press a person who has just come from Nineveh by rail informs us of a fresh discovery, evidently destined to counterbalance in public favour that of M. Schlemann. In lifting up, in the midst of the ruins of that celebrated city, a large stone having belonged without doubt to the dressing-table of Semiramis, a learned man, whose name we bitterly regret not having remembered, perceived buried under a dense layer of earth a small coffer covered with Assyrian characters. With the assistance of a chisel he prised off the lid, and the sight which presented itself to the eyes of the indefatigable explorer was well calculated to repay him a hundred fold for all his past discouragement. The box was divided into two compartments: on the one closed by a new hinged lid, of exquisite workmanship, this word was to be seen—Gloves. The inscription on the other had been unfortunately effaced, but in the interior, amongst the numerous toilet articles, having evidently belonged to the Queen, such as a comb, a nail-brush, a real artistic marvel, and a perfumed sachet, a kind of small square stone was found, hardened by time, on which were embossed the words Windsor Soap. Before her death, the Queen, desirous that her dressing case should not be used by any one after her, had ordered that it should be buried in the deepest part of the palace, and this was the object which this gentleman, whose name we deeply regret not having retained, had just discovered after so many years, thanks to the Assyrian inscriptions reproduced above."

Music and the Drama.

The Schumann Festival took place at Bonn on the 18th and 19th ult.

Emile Vauret, the violinist, is playing in London. Mme. Nilsson arrived in New York from England last week. Fraulein Teresa Liebe, the violinist, is about to return to America.

Signor Serazzi, the new tenor, is filling an engagement at Dublin.

It is said that the Abbé Liszt has nearly completed his new oratorio, "St. Stanislas."

It is rumoured in English musical circles that Sims Reeves intends leaving England in November for a six months' tour on this continent.

One of the mysteries of Shakespeare's life is at length solved. Some time ago Mr. J. O. Halliwell had the good fortune to discover a remarkable and unique series of documents respecting the two theatres with which the poet was connected. They included even lists of the original proprietors and sharers. Shakespeare's name does not occur in those lists. Mr. Halliwell has now furnished the texts of those passages in which the great dramatist is expressly mentioned, notices far more interesting than anything of the kind yet brought to light. The sons of James Burbage are speaking in an affidavit. They tell us that, after relinquishing their theatrical speculations in Shoreditch, they "built the Globe with summas of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeeres, and to ourselves wee joyned those deserving men, Shakespeare, Hemings, Condall, Phillips, and others, partners in the profits of that they call the House." As to the Blackfriars they say, "our father purchased it at extreme rates, and made it into a playhouse, with great charge and trouble, which after was leased out to one Evans that first sett up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell;—In process of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, it was considered that house would be as fit for ourselves, and so purchased the lease remaining from Evans with our money, and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakespeare, and Richard Burbage." These important evidences contradict all recent theories and opinions respecting Shakespeare's business connection with the theatres.

Mlle. Anna Walter, a dancer at the Vienna Theatre, was burnt to death when preparing to enter on the stage. Going too close to a light, she let her dress catch fire, and in her fright she rushed along the corridor, enveloped in flames, so that when assistance was rendered she was found to be dreadfully injured. She expired the next day.

It is said that Dion Boucicault is engaged with Bret Harto in preparing for the stage the latter's famous sketch of the "Luck of Roaring Camp."

From London we learn that a dramatized version of Byron's "Manfred" has been produced at the Princess's; at the Alhambra Mr. Burnand's adaptation of "La Belle Hélène" has been brought out; at the Adelphi "The Wandering Jew" was, at the close of the month, long past its hundredth night; at the Vaudeville "The School for Scandal" was close upon its three hundred and fiftieth representation, and at the Olympic "The New Magdalen" past its eightieth.

Sir William Sterndale Bennett has composed a sonata for the pianoforte on the theme of "The Maid of Orleans." It was written for Madame Arabella Goddard, and is spoken of by the London Globe as follows:—"The performance of the entire work will tax the powers of the most enduring and thoroughly prepared pianist; but two of the movements, the first and the third, are physically within the reach of those performers whose fingers occasionally fail in doing justice to their tastes and intentions. On the whole, so important a work, of whatever class, has not for a long time come under our notice. In its own line, it would be hard to name any living musician who could produce its equal."

The great Italian tragedian, Tommaso Salvini, opened his engagement in New York on last Tuesday, the 16th. The play was "Otello."

Gueymard, the former tenor of the Grand Opera, is about to leave Franco, having signed an engagement for New Orleans with the impresario Canonge.

A company of English tragedians played an engagement at the Théâtre de l'Athénée, Paris. They obtained only scant appreciation.

Mr. John Leycey has just finished a new Irish legendary and pastoral drama, in three tableaux acts, entitled "Cushla-ma-Cree; or, the Fairies of Castlecomer."

A dramatization of Eugène Sue's "Wandering Jew," is being played at New York with success.

Miss Lillie Eldridge played so successful an engagement in Montreal week before last that she was retained for another six nights.

A French company, headed by Mlle. Nathalie of Paris, gave a series of opera bouffes during Exhibition week at Montreal.

Madame Marchési, professor of singing at the Viennese Conservatorium, has received the Cross of Merit from the Emperor of Austria.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The work on the Royal Commission is progressing steadily and without intermission. Important witnesses have been heard, including several of the Ministers. It is expected the Commission will continue its sittings till the end of the week.—A clue is said to have been found to the theft of the Pope-Macdonald letter. A reward of \$500 has been offered by the P. O. Department for the offender.—Hon. Mr. Windom, Chairman American Transportation Committee, was received and lunched on Tuesday afternoon, by the Montreal Board of Trade and Corn Exchange.—Three new judges have been appointed for Quebec. A. B. Routhier, Q.C., for the Saguenay District, Senator Olivier for the Joliette District, and Thomas McCord for Bonaventure.—The Provincial Exhibition of Quebec took place in Montreal on the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th inst.—The Drummond Colliery relief fund has reached \$22,598.—At the Provincial Synod held last week, Archdeacon Faugler, of the diocese of Huron, was elected Missionary Bishop of Algoma.—Mr. Joseph Arch, the representative of the agricultural labourers of England, arrived at Quebec on Saturday last. He was accompanied by Mr. Arthur Clayden, one of the Committee of the Labourers' Union, and Mr. Henry Taylor its Secretary. He will spend a few weeks in Canada before visiting the United States.

UNITED STATES.—Gen. Butler gave up the contest for Governor of Massachusetts.—The "Graphic" Balloon burst while inflating and the transatlantic voyage is postponed.—The Merchants of N. Y. join the farmers of the West in demanding cheap transportation by rail and canal.—Local travellers are quarantined at New Orleans.—The Geneva award has been paid into the treasury of the U. S.—The Stanley expedition has had two successful encounters with Indians on the Yellowstone.—The back pay was emphatically denounced at the late Massachusetts Republican Convention, held at Worcester.—Gen. Sherman places the blame of the destruction of British cotton in Columbia, S.C., on the Confederate soldiers.—The "Tigress" discovered the camp of the "Polaris" on Littleton Island. The "Polaris" was broken up, and two boats had been constructed out of portions of her timbers. The crew wintered on Littleton Island, and sailed away from there in June. It is hoped they have been picked up by whalers. All the papers of the expedition have been found and secured.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—Further changes are reported as imminent in the British Cabinet.—A couple of elections lately held have resulted in favour of the Conservatives.—The Bank of England swindlers have all been sentenced to transportation.—Three most serious railway accidents have taken place. Stringent laws are called for in the premises.—A despatch from the commander of the steam sloop "Daphne" announces the capture by that vessel on the Indian Ocean, near Fiedell Islands, of a slave ship, upon which there had been horrible suffering. The small-pox had raged on the ship, and out of the 300 slaves taken on board, 250 died; the remaining 50 were horribly emaciated from disease and want.

FRANCE.—Pilgrimage to the different shrines still continues.—The Bourbon-Orleans fusion seems to have at least a partial existence.—Verdun was evacuated by the German troops on the 13th inst. Immediately after they had left, the streets were filled with rejoicing residents, and numberless French flags were displayed from the buildings.—The trial of M. Rane is postponed till after that of Marshal Bazaine.

GERMANY.—The Prussian Government has decided to recognize Bishop Reinkens. Baden and Bavaria will follow the example of Prussia.—The visit of the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany to Copenhagen has caused much excitement in Denmark. In the fifth article of the Treaty of Prague, Prussia distinctly promised that the people of the Northern district of Schleswig, if by free vote they expressed a wish to be united to Denmark, should be ceded to that country. Hitherto Prince Bismarck has found it convenient to ignore this clause. The Crown Prince's visit has excited the hopes of the Danes that at last they are to receive justice.—The Kaiser will visit the Vienna Exhibition about the middle of next month.—The ecclesiastical war is still prosecuted.—Prince Bismarck has not yet emerged from his rustication at Varzin.

SPAIN.—Castelar has been elected President of the Republic. He has obtained extraordinary powers and the levy of 650,000 men. He is resolved to crush the Carlists and the Intransigents.—The insurgents made a sortie from Cartagena, captured a number of pieces of artillery and burned the factories of the Government forces.—It is reported that Don Alphonso, brother of Don Carlos, has left his command and returned to France.—Several of the insurgents at Alcoy have been tried and condemned to death.—The insurgent men-of-war which sailed for Toreviga have returned to Cartagena without making a landing.—Salmeron has been elected President of the Cortes, and urged all parties to rally around Castelar.—The various bodies of Republican troops in the North are about to take united action against the Carlists.

TURKEY.—Steamers from Marseilles undergo strict quarantine at Constantinople, on account of cholera.

CUBA.—Subscriptions for the relief of the sufferers by the late conflagration already amount to \$200,000.—Two hundred insurgents attacked the eastern fort at Vesla Hermosa on the night of the 9th inst., but were repulsed.—Skirmishes are reported lately between the troops and insurgents near Colorado, Mucal and Gibas.—Rival meetings of planters, to discuss the propositions to be submitted to the Government of Madrid for the abolition of slavery in Cuba, will be held on the 15th inst.

RUSSIA.—A St. Petersburg telegram announces a considerable increase on the Russian military estimates. For 1874 they will exceed those of 1873 by 5,000,000 roubles, and in the four succeeding years the increase will be doubled. It is no time, says an English writer, for the naval and military forces of England to be diminished when Russia is increasing her strength, even though the Duke of Edinburgh is to be married to the daughter of the Czar in January next.

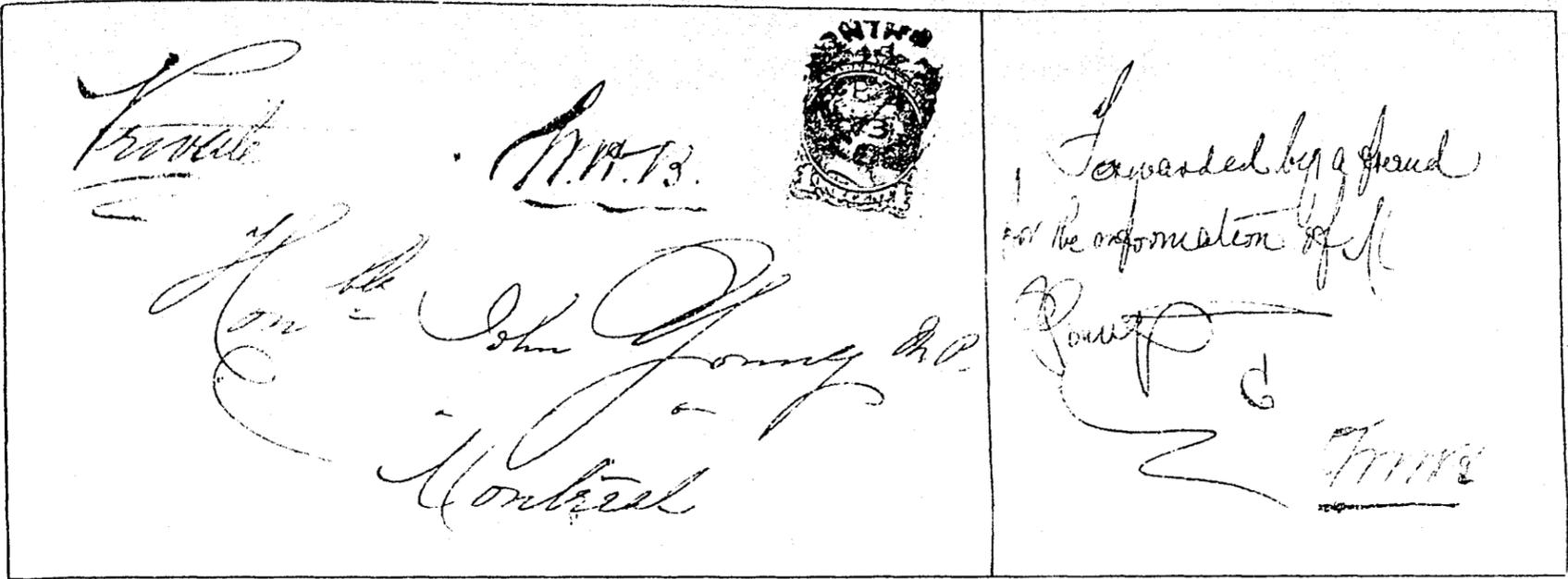
CHINA.—It appears from a letter published in the Osservatore Romano from Monsignor Longuillot, Vicar Apostolic of Nankin, that religious pilgrimages are beginning to be as fashionable in China as they are in France. On the 1st of May a procession went to the mountain of Seo-Se, on whose summit there is a temple dedicated to the Virgin, under the title of "Auxillum Christianorum." Seven missionaries and a great number of Europeans, including upward of seventy of the most eminent inhabitants of the town, took part in the procession. The total number of persons present was upward of 15,000.



LOOK-OUT STATION, GIBRALTAR.



"HURRY UP, MOTHER."



### \$500.00 REWARD.

POST OFFICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE.  
MONTREAL, 10th September, 1873.

FAC-SIMILE is herewith subjoined of the address of an Envelope which, on the morning of Tuesday, the 3rd of September instant, the Hon. John Young found in his Drawer in the Montreal Post Office.

Inside the Envelope was a slip of paper on which was a written memorandum, fac-simile of which is also shewn,—and, enclosed in this slip of paper, was a private letter from the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald, addressed to the "Hon. J. H. Pope, Montreal."

The letter in question, in its original envelope, had been mailed in Ottawa, on the evening of Monday, 1st September and was due in Montreal by a Mail that reached the Montreal Post Office at 10:45 o'clock on the following Tuesday morning.

This letter ought to have been delivered to the Hon. Mr. Pope who called for it, at the General Delivery Wicket, on Wednesday morning, shortly before the time that it would seem to have been passing into the possession of the Hon. Mr. Young.

There is reason to think that the letter duly reached the Montreal Post Office on Tuesday, 2nd Inst., at 10:45 A.M., and that the substituted envelope, addressed to the "Hon. John Young, M.P.," containing said letter, was posted in Montreal before 10 o'clock the same evening.

The Post Office Department is naturally desirous of discovering under what circumstances the letter in question failed of proper delivery: how it reached the hands of the person who enclosed it to the Hon. Mr. Young. To this end it is of course important to ascertain, if possible, who is the writer of the address on the envelope for Mr. Young, and of the memorandum enclosed therein.

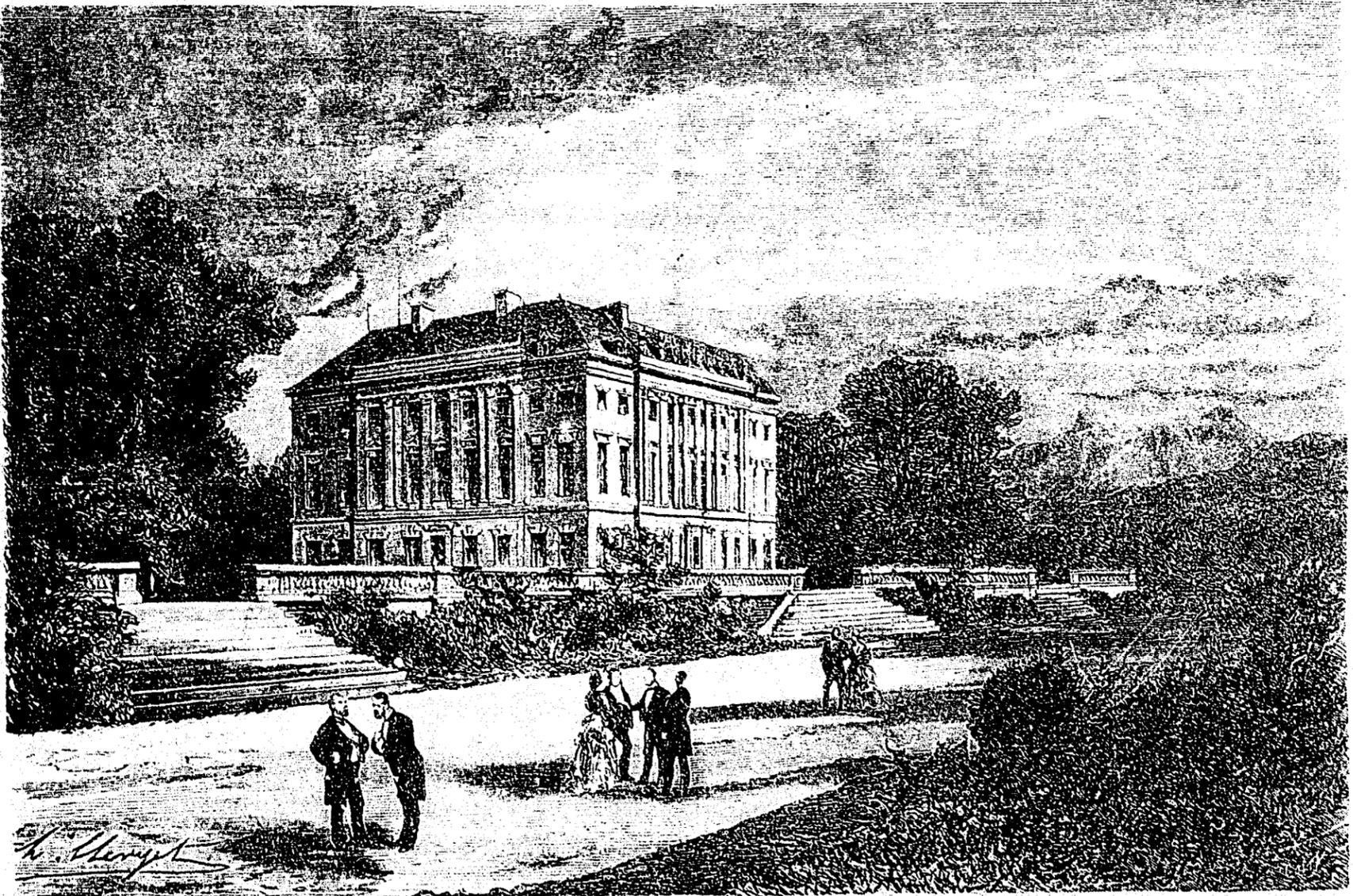
The present purpose then is to invite public inspection of the Fac-Similes herewith given of the writings indicated, so that should any one find himself able to identify the handwriting he may, in the public interest and as a matter of duty, give information accordingly to the Post Office.

It seems probable that the writing on the memorandum is by a feigned hand, as indeed so may be that on the envelope itself, although this is not so apparent. Thus those who may interest themselves in this matter should not be satisfied with merely a superficial look at the writing, but examine it more closely, in view to the possible detection in it of minute but marked characteristics which may strike them as peculiar to some handwriting with which they are familiar.

Any one now giving to the Post Office Department information leading directly to the discovery of the writer of the Address and of the memorandum in question will be entitled to receive, from the Department, in compensation, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

By Authority of the Postmaster-General,

E. F. KING, Post Office Inspector.



AUSTRIA.—VIEW OF THE CHATEAU OF FROHSDORF, RESIDENCE OF THE COUNT DE CHAMBORD.

Courier des Dames.

Our lady readers are invited to contribute to this department.

New Note Paper.

Brown tinted note-paper is now the fashion in London. The note sheet is cut in legal shape, and turns at the top instead of at the side. The novelty will soon be the rage here.

An Old Head-dress Revived.

A new hat has appeared in Paris. It is a tall Leghorn, and cut round, the centre rising on the top of the head and the front forming a shady flap. The back is upturned above the chignon; it is trimmed with very large loops of ribbon and lace. The strings were crossed behind on the neck. It is your grand-mama's to a nicety.

A Mother Speaks to the Shah.

The perseverance of woman has received a new illustration in the instance of an English lady, who hunted the Shah from London to Brindisi, and at every town where he stopped implored the members of his suite to obtain for her an audience, until she prevailed on a Persian diplomatist to present her. She modestly, on entering the royal presence, explained that she was a sort of Cornelia, and had brought up three sons, whose energies required a wider field than overcrowded Europe could afford. What she wanted was that the Shah should take them out with them to Persia, and open careers for them, assuring him that the money so spent would be well invested, for he would find in the youths resolute and able defenders of his throne and dignity.

Second Love.

A South Carolina journal discourses at some length upon "second love," in a quaint sort of way, being of the opinion that new things are not always the best—that "many a second-hand thing, although somewhat battered and bruised, is more highly prized than its tawdry, flashy neighbour, which will fall to pieces as soon as any strain is put upon it. "There is," the writer goes on to say, "a Dora and an Agnes in well-nigh every life. Is the first novel, or the first song, or the first poem as likely to live as the ripe production of later years? Not it. There are men who became famous by a single speech, or by a single verse; so there are men, perhaps, who have had but one love. There are not many, and 'tis better so. The world would soon come to a standstill without the help of second-hand swains!"

Mischief Caused by Use of Perambulators.

In one of his recent feuilletons, the Medical Times and Gazette observes, M. Latour calls attention to the mischief which may arise from the now almost universal employment of perambulators for the transport of children. He chiefly dwells upon what happens to young infants, who in place of resting on the nurse's arm and gradually bringing the muscular system which supports the trunk erect into use by exercise, and accustoming their senses to the perception of surrounding objects, now lie recumbent and somnolent in a state of dangerous quiescence. Woman, he believes, is thus abdicating yet another of her functions, which in all eyes but her own render her attractive; and although she may relieve herself of some fatigue, it is at the risk of the welfare of her child. "Certain I am that an enfant à équipage is a retarded infant; it will walk later, talk later, and smile later."

A French View of American Women.

A French correspondent appears to be dissatisfied with New York and its inhabitants. The fair ladies of that city especially fall under his animadversions. He says that American women are singularly ungracious and disdainful to the rougher and inferior part of the creation. "They treat and speak of men as they might of horses," accepting little services with perfect unconcern and absence of thanks, or commenting unblushingly upon any beauty of person in the opposite sex that may chance to strike female fancy. Thus the correspondent, to his horror, overheard a young lady saying, "Oh, Mr. X—is so handsome! and he is one of the best shaped men I ever saw!" An English girl would not have used the same words. But the bare idea of anything approaching it is enough to shock your prudish Frenchman. The correspondent goes further and is still more astounded. A respectable (?) inhabitant of San Francisco, he says, having discovered that his young daughter of sixteen was giving herself strange licence of conduct, brought her before a magistrate to get her shut up in a reformatory. His demand was about to be granted when the damsel stopped proceedings by informing the court that she had been married two years previously. Of course nothing remained but to hand her over to the protection of her spouse. Happily the world is pretty well aware of the fact that French journalists are, generally speaking, romancers.

Fashion Hints from Paris.

Feather trimmings are very popular on dresses, particularly the new style, made of flat shiny feathers, which form a fringe. I have recently seen some of these novelties in feather trimming at the Maison Vignon, which were used with successful effect on dressy mourning toilettes. Waistcoats made of black St. Julien and embroidered all over with jet are exquisite both for mourning and grey faille dresses. Poplin is in demand for mourning toilettes, and looks well made as follows: Skirt slightly trailing and mounted all round the waist in flat plaits; between each flat plait, and commencing from the waist, a row of insertion embroidered with jet. Bodice with large basques, and the waistcoat striped with jet insertion; a similar ornament borders the basque. Sleeves full to the elbow, and with a revers below. A white crêpe lisse fichu is worn indoors over this dress or else a large square collar. If the dress is not a mourning one, a collar of old guipure is substituted, and for out of doors a poplin pelerine, with lace hood, all of lace, worked with jet, and watered ribbon bows is added. Bodices that are not made with waistbands have usually a small embroidered gusset at the side for the chatelaine or fan hook, as both these articles are now considered most essential accessories. Fans have so increased in size, that in many instances they are legitimate objects of ridicule. For full dress the Trianon fan is the favourite; it may be either silk or satin, and has a spray of flowers painted in one corner, with a long branch, diminishing in size gradually towards the opposite corner. The sticks are fine lacquered wood, to match the silk in colour; black satin leaves, with gold sticks, are also popular. Clusters of roses, with butterflies, and scarlet geraniums, with white daisies, on a grey ground are favourite contrasts. Japanese fans of thin light paper, painted with characteristic designs, and mounted on sandalwood sticks, as well as Russian leather fans ornamented with monograms, are all fashionable. Chatelaines are now worn sufficiently long to permit the fans to be used without detaching them.

Among the number of lecturers who will appear in Montreal during the coming season, under the auspices of the McGill College Literary Society, are Goldwin Smith, Mr. Jenkins, author of "Ginx's Baby," Gerald Massey, Willie Collins, Hopworth Dixon, Prof. R. A. Proctor, and the Rev. H. Newman Hall, and Henry Ward Beecher.

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. S. B., Montreal.—Your solution of Problem No. 97 is correct. See next week's number for an answer concerning the Knight's Tour.

Two more games of the match by telegraph in 1865.

QUEBEC V. MONTREAL. Evans' Gambit.

- MONTREAL. White.—Mr. J. G. Ascher. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. P. to Q. Kt. 4th. 5. P. to Q. B. 3rd. 6. Castles. 7. Kt. to K. Kt. 5th. 8. P. to K. B. 4th. 9. Kt. takes K. B. P. 10. B. takes R. ch. 11. P. takes P. 12. Q. to R. 5th ch. 13. Q. takes Kt. 14. B. to Q. R. 3rd. 15. P. takes Q. P. (a) 16. Q. to K. 2nd. 17. Q. to Q. B. 4th. 18. P. to K. Kt. 3rd. 19. R. takes Kt. (b) 20. Q. takes B. 21. Q. to K. sq. 22. Q. to K. B. 3rd. 23. Q. to Q. 3rd. 24. Q. to K. 2nd. 25. Q. to Q. 6th ch. 26. P. to Q. 6th. 27. P. to K. sq. 28. P. to Q. 4th. 29. Kt. to Q. 2nd (c)
QUEBEC. Black.—Mr. E. Sanderson. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th. 4. P. to K. 5th. 5. B. to Q. 3rd. 6. Castles. 7. P. to K. R. 3rd. 8. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. 9. B. takes Kt. 10. Kt. takes P. 11. Kt. takes B. 12. Q. takes P. 13. Q. to K. sq. 14. Q. R. to K. sq. (d) 15. B. to K. B. 6th. 16. Q. takes P. ch. 17. R. to K. 4th. 18. R. ch. 19. R. takes Q. ch. (e) 20. P. to K. 6th (f) 21. P. to K. 7th. 22. R. to K. sq. 23. Q. takes Q. P. 24. Q. to K. 6th. 25. R. to Q. sq. 26. R. to Q. 5th. 27. Q. to Q. 6th wins.
(a) This game was published soon afterwards in the "column" of the Illustrated London News, but as it will be new to the great majority of our readers, we reproduce it with the one below accompanying it. (b) The correct play, instead, would have been—3. B. ch. and 9. P. to Q. 3rd. (c) B. takes P. strikes us as better. (d) The attack now changes hands rapidly. (e) R. to K. B. 4th seems preferable here, as White might afterwards have been enabled to develop the Queen's pieces in time to retrieve his game. (f) The ending is in first-class style by Black. (g) The Queen has been in peril for several moves, and it has now become impossible to save her; the battle was fought out, however, up to the 47th move.

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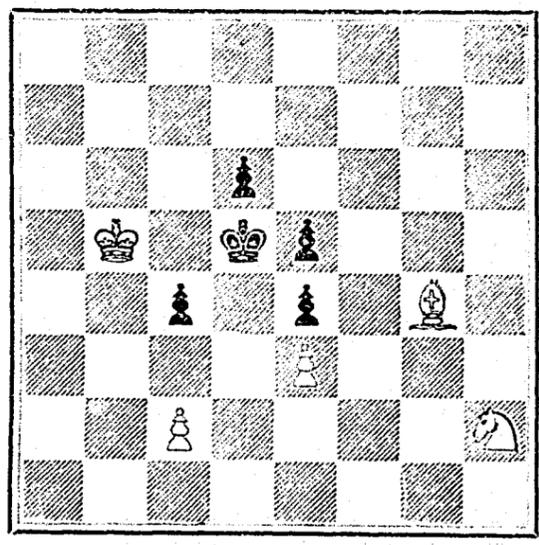
Petroff's Defense.

- QUEBEC. White.—Mr. E. Sanderson. 1. P. to K. 4th. 2. K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 3. B. to B. 4th (a) 4. P. takes P. 5. Kt. to K. 5th. 6. P. to Q. 4th. 7. B. to K. Kt. 5th. 8. B. to K. R. 4th. 9. P. to Q. B. 3rd (b) 10. P. takes B. 11. Q. to Q. 4th. 12. B. takes Kt. 13. Q. takes Kt. 14. Castles. 15. K. to R. sq. (c) 16. P. takes B. (e) 17. K. to Kt. sq. 18. Q. takes B. P. 19. Q. to Kt. 3rd. 20. R. P. takes Q. 21. Kt. to Q. R. 3rd. 22. K. R. to K. sq. 23. Kt. to Q. B. 2nd. 24. Kt. to K. 3rd. 25. Q. R. to B. sq. 26. B. to Q. B. 2nd. 27. Kt. to K. Kt. 2nd. (d) Kt. takes P. is more frequently played. (e) White gets an inferior game after this move; his correct play, instead, seems to be—4. Kt. takes Q. Kt. and 19. Kt. to Q. 2nd. (f) Leaving his Q. B. P. defenseless; the capture of it would have subjected White to considerable embarrassment, but not necessarily to severe loss with a correct defense afterwards. (g) White should have brought out his Kt. here. (h) This leaves black with a forced won game. (i) The conclusion is in brilliant style, and decided in the fewest possible number of moves.

PROBLEM No. 98.

By Mr. R. H. Ramsey.

BLACK.



WHITE.

- White to play and mate in three moves. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 95. White. 1. R. takes P. 2. Kt. to K. 5th. 3. P. to K. 4th mate. Black. 1. P. takes R. 2. P. takes P. 3. K. takes Kt. P. 2. Any move. SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 96. White. 1. Q. to K. 5th ch. 2. Kt. to B. 3rd ch. 3. Kt. to Q. 4th ch. 4. B. to B. 7th mate. Black. 1. K. takes Q. 2. K. to K. 3rd or (a) 3. K. to K. 4th. (a) 2. K. to B. 5th 3. K. to Kt. 5th

Fun.

"Well, Pat, which is the way to Burlington?" "How did you know my name was Pat?" "Oh, I guessed it." "Thin, be it howly pokers, as ye are so good at guessing, ye'd better guess the way to Burlington."

Tipkins aroused his wife from a sound sleep the other night saying he had seen a ghost in the shape of an ass. "Oh, let me sleep," was the reply of the irate dame, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

A man who was discovered asleep among a lot of tombstones in a stonecutter's yard, said, on being awakened, that he had come in to buy a monument for himself, and having picked out one, made up his mind that he would try it one night before purchasing.

Said an Irishman to the telegraph operator, "Do you ever charge anybody for the address of a message?" "No," replied the operator. "And do ye charge for signing his name, Sir?" said the customer. "No, Sir." "Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know I am here," handing the following: "To John McFlinn—at New York—[signed Patrick McFlinn]." It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

It seems that it is not always safe to buy your fish even at the sea-side, for proximity to the briny waves does not assure freshness. Here is an incident from a well-known watering place. The vendor of soles called a visitor's attention to his stock in trade, but found that the stranger would not deal, for the reason that the last fish purchased of the vendor was so fat that it had to be thrown away. "Well, marm," was the defence. "It was your own fault, not mine; for I was calling them sole in front of your house for three days before you'd buy 'em."

We are surprised to read in an exchange that "the corn of Mr. Redman of Lymeing county is seven feet high." We pity Redman. We cannot imagine how he gets his boot on over such a corn as that. It is hardly likely, we should think, that Redman himself is more than six feet high, and if that is the case that solitary corn of his must tower above his head, of course Redman cannot enjoy himself in hot weather. We hope Redman will never have a bunton. A man who grows such monster corns would certainly develop a bunton the size of a flour barrel.

A Long Branch correspondent writes the following incident: A lean-looking boy, all wrapped around in blankets, and rolling perspiration, like an egg-plant filled with dew, is proceeding at a brisk, gasping trot up and down before my chair on the lawn of Monmouth Park. As he runs, he switches his shins with a riding-whip. "Hab, what, in the name of the consociated authorities of New Jersey, are you doing in that locomotive steam box? What ails you? Have you committed larceny on somebody's bedding?" "No," says the boy, "I hain't. I've got to ride next week at eighty-five pounds, and I'm sweating down to it." "How much must you sweat off?" "Eleven pounds." "What do you do it with?" "Water, and blankets, and fasting—" "And prayer?" "No," says the boy; "but, never mind, I'll take it out of the 'orse yet!'"

According to a Detroit paper, a "gammun ob color" in that city, having long admired a colored widow living in the next block above, but being afraid to come out boldly and reveal his passion, went to a white man of his acquaintance, the other day, and asked him to write the lady a letter asking her hand in marriage. The friend wrote, telling the woman, in a few brief lines, that the size of her feet was the talk of the neighbourhood, and asking her if she couldn't pare them down a little. The name of the coloured man was signed, and he was to call on her on Sunday night for an answer. A few days after the writer of the letter met the negro limping along the street, and asked him what the widow said. The man showed him a bloodshot eye, a scratched nose, a lame leg, and a spot on the scalp where a handful of wool had been violently jerked out, and he answered in solemn tones, "She didn't say nuffin, an' I didn't stay dar more'n a minute!"

The Danbury News man writes: "Don't be afraid of having a little fun in the family. A merry disposition is a God-send to a home. There's the case of a man on Nelson street, for instance. Saturday he went into the kitchen ahead of his wife, and seeing two huckleberry pies steaming on the table he hastily concealed them in the ice-chest, which stood open in the back hall. Then he went down town chuckling to himself, and ten minutes later the ice-cart drove up and the ice-man brought in a fifty-pound cake, and started for the ice-chest, followed closely by the fond wife expatiating upon the "muss." He put the cake upon the edge of the chest, and gave it a push over, and when it came down on those two steaming pies, a huckleberry geyser followed, and the ice-man, with eyes and face full of the discharge, tumbled completely over the woman, and disappeared out of the door. The wife recovered her balance as speedily as possible, and catching up a broom went after the ice-man, but he escaped her; then she came back and looked in the ice-chest, and down at the oil cloth, and up at the ceiling, and around on the walls. The men at the store who were let into the joke by the facetious Nelson street man are anxiously wondering how it turned out."

"That boy of Coville's has been in trouble again," says the Danbury News. "He went playing in Mrs. Coney's yard, next door, right after dinner, Thursday. He had Mrs. Coney's dog harnessed to a wash-boller, and was driving up and down a cobble-walk, when that lady came out with a finger in each ear, and told him he must clear out, as she expected company at two o'clock, and his noise was altogether too much for the occasion. His obedience was more prompt than she had any reason to expect or even desire. In fact, he left at once, first giving the boller a kick that nearly decapitated the dog at both ends. Mrs. Coney was obliged to unhitch the dog herself, which she did after catching him. It appears that the bell at Mrs. Coney's door is somewhat stiff in the spring, and rather difficult to sound. This fact was well-known to young Coville, and while Mrs. Coney was chasing the dog, the youthful miscreant stole in the house, and with the help of a file fixed that door-bell so it would pull easy. At two o'clock promptly, the pastor of Mrs. Coney's church came up on the stoop of Mrs. Coney's house, and being aware that the bell-pull required considerable muscle, gave it a sharp twitch, and immediately left the stoop head first, with the bell-knob clutched in his hand, and six feet of wire swinging above him. In the descent he split his coat the whole length of the back, broke down the gate, completely ruined his hat, and seriously bruised both elbows. Mrs. Coney, who was looking through the blinds all the time, was very much shocked by the accident, but promptly led the gentleman into the house, and as promptly dressed his wounds. An examination of the bell revealed that it had been trifled with, and as Mrs. Coney was quite confident Coville's boy had done it, she reported to Mrs. Coville that she actually heard him say the other day that he would 'fix that bell.' The fall term of school commenced yesterday, but Coville's boy was not there."

Dr. Colby's Pills are recommended for Billiousness.

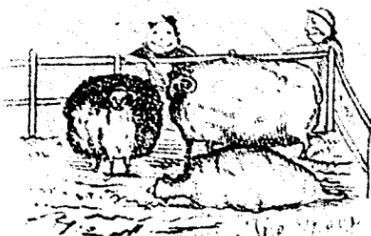




The Horse



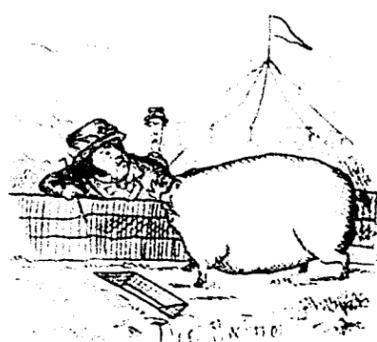
The Cattle



The Pig



The Turkey



The Sheep



The Rider



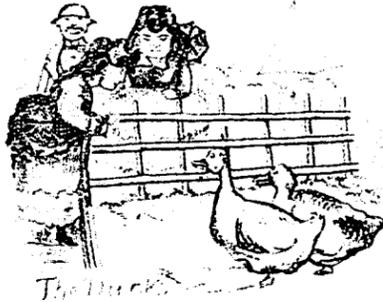
The Spectator



Viewing the Elephant



The Judge



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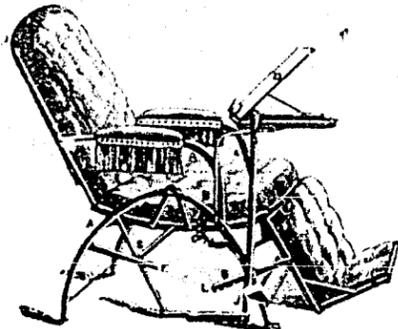
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