

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

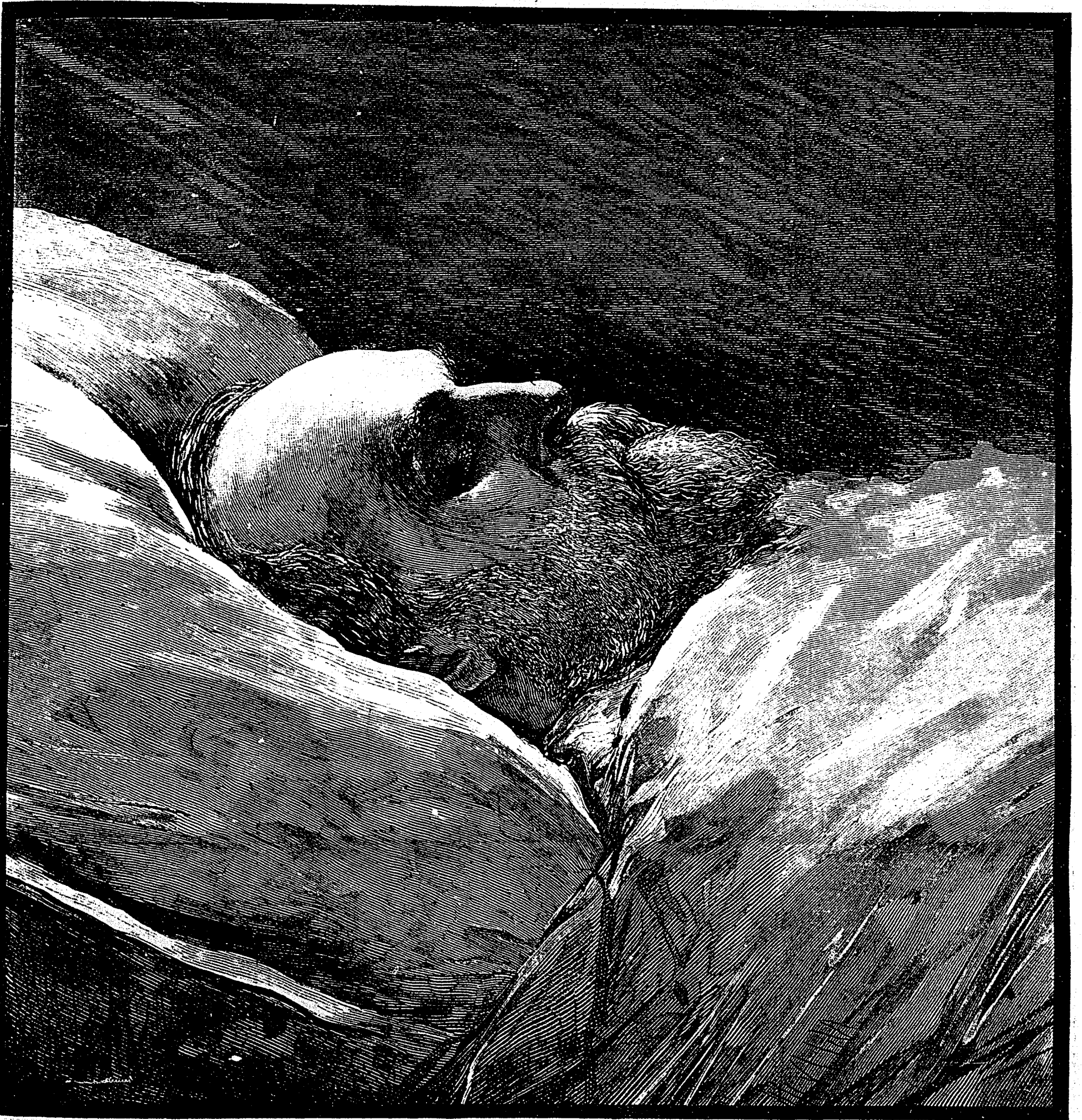
- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

AMERICAN Whistleblower News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1881.

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



THE LATE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A SKETCH TAKEN AFTER DEATH.

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (Sept. 25th, 1881) and corresponding week (1880), showing Max., Min., and Mean temperatures for each day of the week.

CONTENTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The late President Garfield after Death—The Visit of the Troy Citizen Corps to Montreal—The Burning of the Exhibition Buildings at Kansas City—The Dory "Little Western"—The Study of Electricity in the South—The Dominion Exhibition at Halifax—Exhibition Notes in Montreal—Army Signalling at Aldershot—The New York Stock Exchange—Lady Montford and her Children.

THE WEEK.—The President's Funeral—The New Chief Magistrate—The Outlook in the State—The End of the Show—"Apropos des Bœufs"—About Mr. Stanley—Lady Digby's Supposed Death—"And no Questions Asked."

MISCELLANEOUS.—The President's Case—New York Stock Exchange—Our Illustrations—News of the Week—Good-Night—That Little Catty—Satisfaction by Arms—Miscellany—Mollie's Answer—The Fatal First—A Little Common-Sense—How He Built the Dog's House—The Wild Heather of Scotland—The Mad-Stone (Ill)—The Wife—Musical Culture in Canada—Climbing the Alps—Echoes from London—Literary and Artistic—Humorous—Summer Gossip—Review and Criticism—Chiffon Gossip—Musical and Dramatic—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Oct. 1st, 1881.

THE WEEK.

WHILE we write the minute guns are booming that mark the passing away from the earth of JAMES A. GARFIELD. He is gone and all eyes are turned upon ARTHUR, almost before he is laid in his grave. "Le roi est mort—vive le roi."

So far as we can judge at this early date the new President seems likely to have the support of all parties to a degree which hardly could have been anticipated. A New York paper says that CHESTER A. ARTHUR is to-day the most popular man in the United States. "Le roi est mort, vive le roi" expresses a state of feeling which ensures the stability of the form of Government in whose favour it is exercised, and, happily for the country, the people at large have transferred to the new President no small share of the loyal feeling and personal devotion with which they watched by the death bed of his predecessor. In spite of sinister predictions, the Chief Magistrate will, we believe, be supported in the grave responsibilities upon which he is entering by the good wishes of a people who will honour and obey him as President however they may have opposed him in his private capacity.

Of course there is speculation enough and to spare as to what will be the new President's line of action. So far the only document of any importance which ARTHUR has given to the country is his acceptance of the Vice-Presidency, and out of that we must glean such ideas as we may of his scheme of political action. In his recent interview with the late President he acknowledged that as a practical politician he could see no way to achieve the success of his party but by admitting them to a share of the patronage of the State. To this extent at all events he stands committed to the Stalwart programme, though, to judge from his attitude since taking the oath, he is in no hurry to disturb existing arrangements. On more general grounds, President ARTHUR is an acknowledged mono-metallist. His expressions there are not to be mistaken, and we may believe that he will make use of his position and influence to endeavour to get rid of the bi-metallic standard, and confirm the coinage system of the States to the gold unit of other

nations. The new President moreover is in favour of a revision of the tariff. Such a revision is loudly called for throughout the States, and its successful carrying out would be a feather in the cap of the new Government. Such is to a casual observer the gist of the situation. Meanwhile the overflowing Treasury at Washington seems to indicate that the principal task which the next Congress will have to deal with will be a series of schemes for spending the nation's money, in which Ex-President Grant and his followers may be expected to take the lead. Altogether the new President may be congratulated on the prospect of a remarkable state of prosperity. The process of funding the National Debt is practically complete, and the Treasury officials are really at a loss to know what to do with the surplus received from Customs and Inland Revenue. With a full Treasury and a strong tide of popular favour turned in his direction the indications are that the new President is a lucky man.

THE Exhibition has closed, and the roulette table men and the car drivers are counting their profits and regretting that Exhibitions, like Christmas, come but once a year. In many respects the show may be pronounced to have been a success. The attendance on the whole was considerably larger than last year, and in many departments the exhibits were fully up to the mark, although the appearance in the early days of the opening was a good deal spoiled by the delay and failure of exhibitors to get their goods into position until long after the appointed day. This past week, however, the scene has been very gay, and the weather, with the exception of Friday, most tempting. Amongst the exhibits the most satisfactory, though perhaps not the most interesting to ordinary sight-seers, were the cattle, upon whose merits however we forbear to dilate, from the same reason. Suffice it to say that all the classes were well represented.

Apropos des bœufs a contemporary calls attention to the official guide published for the instruction of the judges at agricultural fairs, in which the description of the points appertaining to the different breeds of Hereford, Devon, Jersey, etc., are given on different pages in identical terms in each case. The simplicity of the instructions given cannot be cavilled at, and readers of the pamphlet in question may consider themselves after a short course of study as eligible for the post of judge at any forthcoming show. At the same time when after reading three paragraphs worded precisely the same, we came to the characteristics of the Jersey heifer, and found them described in the words we know so well, as characteristic of the Devon, Hereford and Durham, we were reminded of that anecdote of MARK TWAIN'S, which relates how the passengers on the overland stage route were driven nearly mad by the repetition by each fresh passenger who entered the stage as it proceeded on its journey, of one and the same anecdote. But when in a deserted mountain pass the travellers came upon a wayfarer, stripped and left for dead upon the road by a band of highwaymen, and when after being clothed and fed, and generally made comfortable, the unhappy man essayed to prove his gratitude by relating to them the identical story from which they had suffered so long—the passengers rose en masse and ordered him to proceed at his peril. It was getting too monotonous. And to any one who shrinks from monotony we do not recommend the official guide in question.

THE news that Mr. H. M. STANLEY, the great African explorer, is lying dangerously ill near the mouth of the Congo will be received with general regret. There is still some hope that the story of his illness is the invention of some deserter from his party, and further intelligence will be anxiously awaited. Mr.

STANLEY has already proved himself to be a most successful and daring explorer, and his loss in the prime of life would be a great misfortune, and a serious loss to the cause of civilization.

If the reported death of "Lady Digby" be true, the East has lost a figure which filled something of the place in this generation that Lady HESTER STANHOPE did in the last. The career of Lady Digby was by no means so strikingly romantic as that of Lady HESTER STANHOPE, and in many ways it was wilder and more eccentric, but the two women had in common a long connection with the East and a peculiar and intimate acquaintance with Eastern life. Lady Digby was the divorced wife of the late Lord ELLENBOROUGH, and after a somewhat reckless career she married some five-and-twenty years ago a Damascus Sheikh when she herself had attained her fiftieth year. Whatever her youth may have been her old age was peaceful and beloved, and her end at least was agreeably in contrast with that of Lady HESTER STANHOPE. The gifted and noble ELIOT WARRINGTON, whose brave death was the fitting close of a brilliant career, has told, as only he could tell it, the desolate end of the strange woman with whom LAMARTINE and KINGLAKE had interviews, and who was said to have been crowned by the Arabs at Palmyra as Queen of the East. The moment she died all her people abandoned her, and her dead body was left alone in the great dwelling which had been given to her by the Pacha of Sidon, until the English Consul at Beyrout and an American missionary came and buried her in the grove of myrtle and bay trees which she dearly loved in life. As for Lady Digby, she has died deeply regretted by the Eastern people about her, whose affection she won by her kindness and her unflinching charity.

A serious evil of the present day is the growing tendency to compromise crime for the sake of personal advantage, as shown by the numerous advertisements offering large rewards for stolen property "and no questions asked," which are daily to be seen in the New York papers. From one of them we clip the following:—

"One thousand dollars reward, and no questions asked, for the return of the watches, diamonds, gold enamelled, diamond, ruby and emerald sets, snuff box, sapphire and diamond bracelet, etc., stolen at Atlantic City. If the thieves have already disposed of the goods and they cannot be returned I will give any one of the thieves a reward of \$500 cash if he will inform me who the "receiver" is, and guarantee the thieves no prosecution.

N.B.—I want these goods back and will stand the loss of the \$1,000 cash if returned by the 15th of September, after which date these goods will be more graphically described and more strenuous means taken to recover them."

At least this is plain speaking. The advertiser makes no secret of his desire to get back his property, and his entire indifference to the moral iniquity of the offence which has been committed, which he estimates entirely at the value of his own personal inconvenience. In the same issue from which the above is taken there were six advertisements offering rewards of from \$5 up to \$1,000 for the return of stolen property, in each instance the owner intimating that he would ask no questions concerning the theft, but the advertisement quoted above surpasses any of its predecessors in its utter disregard for judicial authority. The advertiser seems to say, "If I cannot get my property back by unlawful means, I shall have to go to law, but I prefer infinitely to pay the thieves a little for their trouble and get my property back without any bother." It is hardly necessary to point out that this is in fact placing a premium upon crime. As it is, in London the profession of dog-stealing is largely carried on by a gang of men in many instances well known to the police, who never risk exposing their victims to sale, or attempt in any way to dispose of them when caught. They simply wait for the reward which is sure to be offered within a day or two, to

restore to the owners arms the lost treasure, pocket their fee "and no questions asked." A reward itself for the recovery of stolen property may be legitimate where it is offered with the intention of prosecuting the thief as well as recovering the booty, but the offer of a large sum of money for the return of the spoil on the condition of taking no further steps in the matter is simply receiving money to compound a felony, an offence punishable by law, and one which should be recognized as such. It is time we left off paying professional thieves to rob us and we do not thank our neighbours who selfishly encourage robbery by their eagerness to recover what they have lost, heedless of what they may ultimately cost others, perhaps themselves, by fostering the crimes which prey upon society, and live by its weaknesses as well as its gold.

THE PRESIDENT'S CASE

On July 2nd President Garfield was shot and a wound inflicted which was generally, by physicians and laymen, expected to kill him in a very short time. On that day the telegraph reported him to be "dead," "dying," "sinking fast," "beyond hope of recovery," half a dozen times. When the sun of the "glorious Fourth" dawned once more upon the country, everyone expected it to be a day of extreme sadness, such as had turned out to be a day of hope and confidence. The bulletins said that the President was better, and, if nothing extraordinary happened, such as the secondary hemorrhage, which was surely "to be expected on the tenth day," according to the Washington authorities, or general peritonitis, which was "almost inevitable," the President had a fair chance of recovery.

It is true, other authorities, such as Erichsen, for example, speak of secondary hemorrhage being likely to occur between the sixth and twentieth days after the injury, but Washington's celebrities had fixed it for the tenth, and it was so fully expected then and there. It did not come; neither did the threatened peritonitis, nor any other unfavorable symptoms, and the country breathed more freely; the physicians were happy, proud of their diagnosis, which was not verified by events; proud of their treatment, which soon had to be changed essentially; and the official bulletins declared the President to be on the "sure road to recovery." This statement was repeated again and again up to a few days before his death. It is true that the fever was constantly high; the temperature rose and sank and the weakness increased, but he was "convalescent" in spite of all. Several operations had to be performed which gave temporary relief. Other physicians of national repute had to be called in, by the expressed wish of Mrs. Garfield and the Secretary of State, and they remained alternately or together in Washington. They declared the treatment to be "all right," but changed it immediately, and they signed the bulletins, either one or both of them, even those which reported that the President had slept "sweetly."

Before the first operation was performed, the facts reported in the official bulletins alarmed the country—even the lay part of it—but the President's condition was declared to be "satisfactory." Four physicians did not see or know that something had to be done and quickly, or, if they knew it had to be done, did not dare to do it! After it was done, they were reported to have known it all the time, but had preferred to wait. The second operation was performed immediately after an official bulletin had reported the President to be all right! All right, with a rebellious stomach, a temperature of 101, pulse above 100, a loss of fifty pounds in weight and an alarming general weakness. There was such a constant, almost ridiculous contradiction between the official bulletins and the facts otherwise reported, that one had to come to the conclusion that there was something to be concealed. Striking examples of such contradictions can be found in almost any daily paper of the last six weeks.

On August 15th, for example, the President was officially reported "to be doing well and resting quietly," without much fever, but at that time he was known to have vomited and to have been "in great distress," as reported in another part of the same paper. In the meantime, the bulletins and the treatment had been sharply criticised and attacked by professional and unprofessional pens. It does not require a very scientific mind to know that a man with a leaden bullet in his body, with wounds daily discharging ounces of pus, and scarcely able to keep any solid food on his stomach, is not in a very satisfactory condition. Everyone knows that a high pulse and a high temperature cannot go on for any length of time without imperilling the life of the person afflicted. If all this were clear to laymen, it was more than natural that a physician should shake his head and dread worse things than those officially admitted. Medicine is not yet an absolutely exact science, and physicians, like other human beings, are easily influenced by their hopes.

Where the possibility of a mistake cannot be denied, the right of doubt and criticism cannot be denied either. If the physicians in charge meant their bulletins for their professional brethren—as Dr. Bliss once said—they ought to

have taken good care not to mislead them. But at another time Dr. Bliss said "bulletins were a concession to the public." Still, if they were merely meant to inform the public how the President was progressing, they need not have given daily accounts of pulse, temperature and respiration, of which the people at large cannot possibly have a real understanding. If the bulletins had stated the case simply and plainly there could have been no dispute about it, and it was an ominous sign that whilst the people were allured into confidence by official medical bulletins, the Secretary of State telegraphed to London: "The President's case is rather critical." In this country everybody thinks for himself and the belief in authorities is somewhat small; and in this case the trouble was not that the public did not understand the bulletins, but that they understood them too well. And so with professional men. Instead of bowing down before the expressed opinions of men ever so well known and ever so highly esteemed, they use their own judgement and express it, if they see fit and feel competent to do so.

Thus physicians and the public were more than surprised when, in the course of time, unmistakable symptoms of pyæmia began to appear. Dr. Bliss continued to declare, "The President is convalescent." Yet he was growing daily weaker and weaker; with suppurating wounds all over his body; with constant never-ceasing fever; too weak to speak except in a whisper; too weak to sit up; troubled day and night with a cough—and this man was declared to be "convalescent."

The future publication of the history of the whole case may enlighten us on this subject. But this much is sure to-day that, during a period of over eleven weeks of unheard-of excitement and anxiety produced by the sickness of the head of the nation, the public was treated to a series of official bulletins, which were contradictory in themselves and were not borne out by facts. Such a thing has never happened before. Monarchs in Europe have been sick, and daily bulletins have been issued but they stated to a sympathizing population the naked facts.

The results of the autopsy show that the physicians were mistaken in many particulars. As an illustration of how wrong it was for the doctor in charge to be so very positive in all his assertions, it is proper to mention that the ball was not found where it was so often asserted to be. The channel of twelve inches was found to be a pus channel. A large abscess in the region of the liver was never so much as suspected, as far as the bulletins show. The pyæmia, so often denied by Dr. Bliss, is clearly proved to have existed. And the location of the ball seems to indicate that, if it had been cut out soon after the wound had been inflicted, the President might have lived.—*The Hour.*

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.

When in 1865 the New York Stock Exchange erected its building on Broad and New Streets, just out of Wall, the members thought that they had made ample provisions for the future. They had a five-story building, with a frontage on Broad Street of forty-five feet and a depth of eighty-eight feet, with a T on New Street eighty by sixty-eight feet. This building was divided into suitable rooms, the most important being the Board Room, which was fifty-three feet wide and seventy-four feet long. This seems a large enough room. There were in the Exchange then 100 members, and although the price of a seat in the Exchange was but \$3000, it was not expected that in sixteen years the membership would be nearly three times as great. But to-day there are 1,100 members of the Stock Exchange, and the price of a seat has risen steadily, until \$34,000 has been recently paid. This increase in membership, and consequent increase in resources, led the members to think of increasing their facilities for doing business. The old building was daily proving inadequate. Not only was it not large enough to accommodate the members, but it was not large enough to accommodate the hundreds of telephones, telegraph instruments, and "tickers" that have so multiplied within the last ten years.

It was decided to enlarge their quarters. A building committee, composed of Donald Mackay, President of the Stock Exchange, A. M. Ferris, Vice-President of the Stock Exchange Building Company, Howard Lapsley, and Frank Sturgis, took the matter in hand. The committee bought on Broad Street, adjoining the Stock Exchange Building, a lot twenty-four feet wide and eighty-six feet deep, and on New Street they bought a lot sixty-eight by seventy-two. This increased the frontage on Broad Street one-third, and doubled the New Street frontage. Then began the work of adding to the old building, and making of both new and old one symmetrical and convenient whole. It was a work requiring considerably more architectural skill than to build a new building. James Renwick was the architect to whom the work was given. An inspection of the building as it stands to-day, shows just how successful he has been. The old Broad Street front was taken down, the interior changed in many particulars, and now the Exchange has a building that is apparently very complete. Work was begun in June, 1880. To-day the painters are putting the finishing touches on the walls and woodwork of the interior. The Broad Street front is sixty-nine feet in width, and from the sidewalk to the top of the cornice of the fifth story the distance is 102 feet, and to the top of the French roof 120 feet. The front is of marble, elaborately carved in the French Renaissance style. The portico

of the first story has eight polished and carved red granite columns flanking the three windows and two doors. The key-stones to the windows and doors are richly carved, with the heads of Fortuna and Plutus in bas-relief surrounded by foliage, flowers and fruits. The portico projects four feet from the front, and bears in large letters the word "New York Stock Exchange," cut in the frieze. The central pediment has a very richly carved tympanum. The four stories above the first have each five windows, and in the central tympanum of the fifth story is a carved shield, with the monogram of the Exchange cut upon it. The work on the building has now cost \$275,000, and will reach nearer \$300,000 when everything is completed.

Entering by the right-hand door, one passes into the Long room—a department devoted to telegraph desks, messengers' desks, and seats for subscribers. There has been no change made in the Long Room, which is forty feet wide by sixty-nine feet long. Parallel with this, and entered both from the street by the left-hand door and from the Long-room, is a large apartment, thirty-two feet wide and sixty-six feet long, elegantly finished in black walnut, elaborately frescoed, and which will be very carefully furnished for it to be the smoking and lounging room of the members of the board, and none but a member will be admitted to its pleasant precincts. The attractions of this room are two huge fire-places of yellow Echalou marble, carved in the most approved Renaissance style. From flourishing foliage drop coins, and over the head of Fortuna a bear and a bull rampant contend in battle.

Back of these two rooms runs at right angles a long passage to Wall Street. It is twenty-four feet wide here, and gives ample room for scores of telephones that hang in rows along the walls. From this passage many swinging doors open into the great Board Room, the room of the building. There is not such another in this city certainly. It is 140 feet long, fifty-four feet wide, and from the floor to the lofty panel of the iron ceiling is fifty-five feet. Two tiers of windows open upon New Street, and give abundant light. Under these windows run railings, behind which messengers wait in business hours. At each end of the room is another railing behind which subscribers can congregate, and communicate with the brokers upon the floor. On each side of the huge room rise ten great red granite pilasters, with marble bases and bronze capitals. These pillars are thirty-five feet high, and from the cornice over them the ceiling is grained for twenty feet, as far as the centre panel. The effect is good, for there is the appearance of strength and gracefulness combined. At each end of the room is a gallery, from which visitors can look down upon the conflict between bull and bears in the arena below. The President's desk is on the east side of the room. The Board prefers to retain the old one which is massive, and dark with age. The walls and ceiling are painted in the richest and most elaborate style of Renaissance decoration. Blue and gold are the predominating colours, but by no means the only colours: for in painting the arabesques of flowers and foliage, and the fabulous beasts of the Renaissance, all the colours of the rainbow are used, and some not in the ordinary every-day rainbow.

Having paid his \$34,000 for a "seat" in the Exchange, the member finds that he has no seat. The floor of the Board Room is destitute of seats, save a few here and there around the walls. There is nothing to impede the course of the members in their struggle with fortune, save a row in the centre of six small iron posts seven feet in height, each bearing the name of some stock which is dealt in. For instance, one post bears on one side the name "Western Union"; on the other "Wabash Common." Then at different points on the walls are cards with the names of other stocks upon them. These are guides for the members. If one wishes to deal in Western Union, he sees on entering the room the card, and near he finds the men who are dealing. He hurries up to the group which may be idly talking at that moment, and shouts the figure that he will give for 100 shares. Instantly there is a commotion. Half a dozen men yell at him the figure that they will take; other join in bids. They shake their fists at each other; they reach after each other's hands; they crowd and push, and yell and vociferate. Such a scene in such a group the artist has depicted in the illustration upon page 221. He gives the action well, but he can not reproduce the noise. But multiply this group by ten, fifteen, or twenty, and then imagine the noise that goes up among the blue and gold and fruits and flowers of that gorgeous ceiling on a "lively day in the street." Visitors lean over from the galleries and wonder at the tumult below. They can not catch a word that is said, nor can they see a reason for the tumult. They see two men who are gesticulating in a throng grasp each others outstretched fingers, then suddenly subside, step back, mark upon a small pad, tuck the memoranda in their pockets, and then perhaps rush over to another group, and go through similar operations. That simply means that Mr. Bull has sold, say 200 shares of Wabash Common to Mr. Bear for 482, or whatever the price may be, and that each has made a memorandum of the transaction. At such a time the floor of that big room presents a remarkable sight. Crowded with struggling men, some with blanched faces as they see their fortunes slipping from them, a hoarse tumult of discordant cries goes up with a cloud of dust raised by the shuffling feet. The floor is white with bits of paper—torn memoranda or notes of

reference or instruction. Messenger boys, gray-coated and white-capped, dart hither and thither through the throng. Anxious messengers and subscribers hang over the railings endeavouring to catch the eyes of struggling brokers. There is nothing elsewhere like the scene.

Formerly there was another element added to the confusion. A broker being wanted by a subscriber, a messenger walked through the room, calling his name in a tremendous voice. The effect was curious, this monotonous, steadily repeated cry arising amidst the tumult of the brokers. Now this is done away with. In front of each visitors' gallery are series of disks of iron painted black. They are on hinges, and when they fall on their hinges they disclose under them numbers in white that may be read the length of the room. To each broker is assigned a number; this number corresponds to his name. The disks are worked by electricity, by an operator outside of the room. Say that President Mackay's number is 10. A messenger wishes to communicate with him. He goes to the operator of the disks and makes known his wishes. The operator touches a button, and in the Board Room a falling disk reveals a big white 10 on a black ground. President Mackay sees it and knows that he is wanted at the railing. This simple arrangement will do away with much of the noise of the room.

There is nothing above the Board Room but the roof. It occupies all of the New Street frontage. The remaining stories of the building are in the Broad Street Building proper. On the second floor is the Government Room, a fine large apartment, forty by seventy feet, hung with crimson cloth, amphitheatrical in arrangement, furnished with massive leather-cushioned chairs, where government bonds are sold. Besides this, there are the President's and Secretary's rooms. The three other stories are divided each into six committee rooms. The halls and rooms are finished in ash, frescoed finely and well lighted. In the basement are safe-deposit vaults, rooms for messenger boys, and complete steam and ventilating apparatus.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR front page this week is devoted to a sketch of the late President Garfield, taken on the spot immediately after his death. The face was so changed by his long illness that it is said that many who had not seen him since he was shot were unable to recognize the features upon which they looked.

THE visit of the Troy Citizens Corps, to our city was cut short by the unhappy event which plunged the country in mourning and made it impossible for loyal citizens of the States to participate in any festivities whatever. The visitors arrived on the evening of the 19th, and were met at the Station by a large concourse of people, who, with a guard of honor of the 6th escorted them to the Windsor Hotel. On the way a halt was made at Victoria Square to witness the illumination of the fountain, and the hotel was reached after a march which was a triumphal procession. When they reached the hotel, the visitors halted in the grand hall and formed square, when Mr. Swett, the manager of the hotel, came forward, and in a few words announced the President's death. This announcement is the subject of our illustration on another page. Its effect upon the proposed festivities was of course very marked. The ranks broke up shortly after, and a meeting was held to decide upon their future course. The meeting decided unanimously that they must forego their anticipated pleasure and return by the first train home to share in the general mourning of their country. While all were sorry to lose them, there was no man who did not respect their decision, and so after many expressions of good will on either side the strangers departed by the early train on the morning of the 20th.

THE DOMINION EXHIBITION.—Last Thursday the buildings of the Halifax Exhibition were informally opened to the public, but as usual on such occasions, the space was but partially filled, and to-day (Monday) will see the first real commencement of the Exhibition, as by this time all is in place. The main building is this year utilized for industrial products, in place of being devoted, as last year, to the horticultural exhibits. It is, though detracting a little from the beautiful appearance of the building is on the whole a far more satisfactory arrangement. On the whole the exhibits are not so numerous as was expected. There are various reasons for this. The late day at which the prize list was issued and the want of sufficient advertising, together with want of confidence in the energy and ability of the gentlemen managing the Exhibition were among those reasons, but the greatest cause of all is the tremendous rush of business at all the manufacturing. Our illustration gives a general view of the main building and grounds.

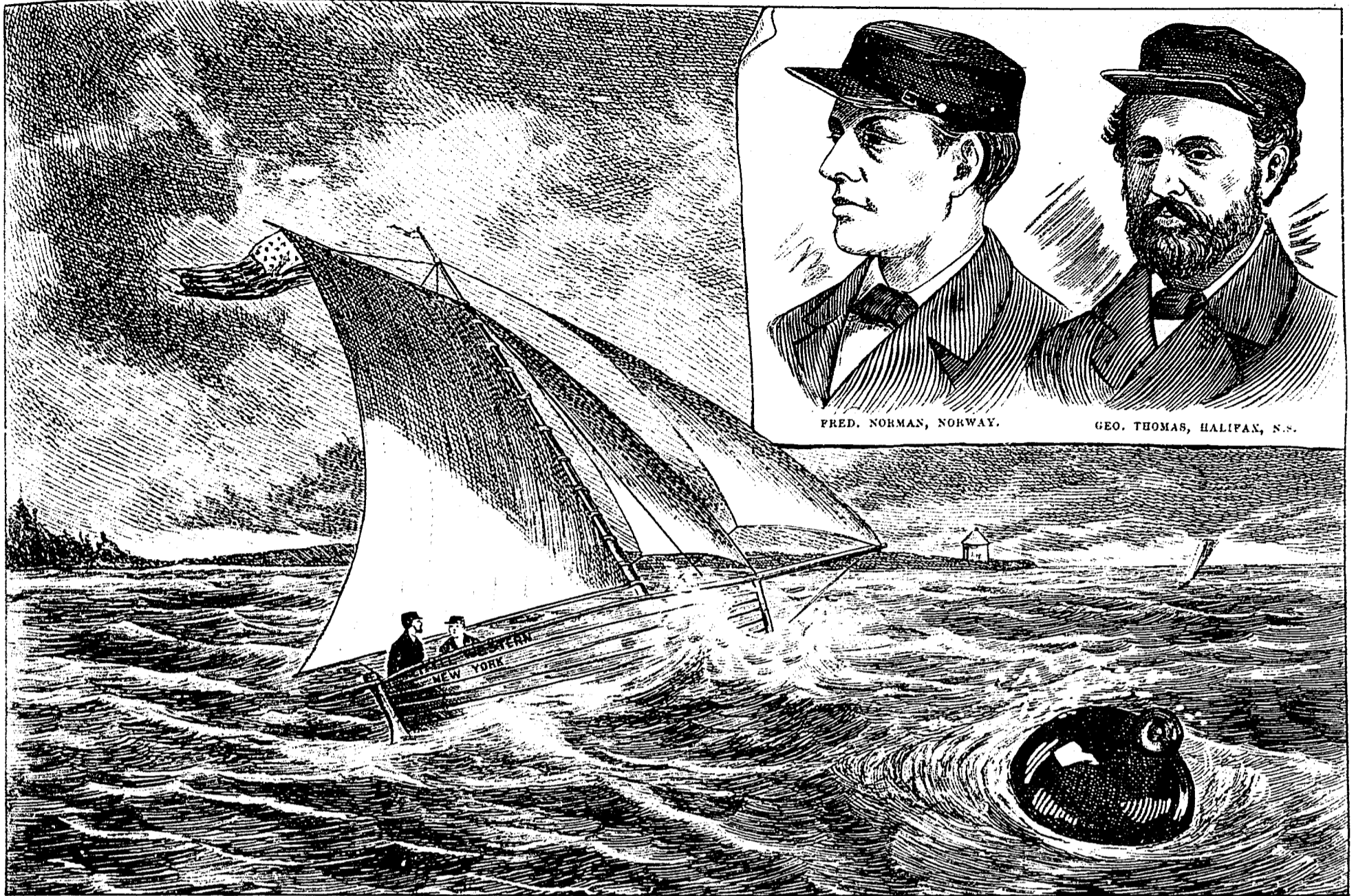
A FURTHER instalment of our artist's sketches of the Montreal Exhibition appear on another page. The central illustration represents the Firemen's procession on the night of Sept. 22nd, passing up St. James street. Round about the central drawing are several incidents upon the ground—the arrival of the Lieutenant-Governor, the horse-racing, etc. In the left hand upper corner may be seen a mounted official's method of keeping back the crowd, which, on this occasion, proved highly effective, while the figure on the right, with the bouquet in his hand, is too well known in our streets not to be easily recognized.

ARMY SIGNALLING AT ALDERSHOT.—In a military camp we are always "making believe" to be in the presence of the enemy; and the maxim that practice makes perfect is habitually acted upon. The manual exercises, musketry drill, sentry posting, marchings and counter-marchings, and other purely military evolutions are all interesting enough in their way, but signalling (perhaps because of the modicum of scientific mystery which it possesses) is especially attractive to spectators. In the old fashioned system of flag signalling the motions of the flag correspond to a code of brief military phrases, and as the flag is discernible at a greater distance than its manipulator, it may be easily understood how Tommy Atkins, jun., with the aid of a stick and a coloured kerchief occasionally contrives to have some stirring fun, for which, however, he has to pay rather dearly if caught by the orderly sergeant. In heliograph signalling, when a couple of men have been sent off a distance of several miles on a blazing hot day, the temptation to have a nap instead of working the mirror is sometimes irresistible, it being known that the officers at the other end will in all likelihood think that a cloud is interfering with the operation. Officers and gentlemen are always polite to ladies and contemptuous of eads, so that it is not surprising that they should address them in very different ways when they happen to stroll across the line of sight, as shown in two of our sketches.

THE DORY "LITTLE WESTERN."—The accompanying illustrations of the American dory boat "Little Western" which recently made the passage from London to Halifax in seventy-eight days, will be of interest to our readers. The crew consists of but two men, their names being Geo. P. Thomas, of Halifax, and Fred. Norman, of Norway, both naturalized Americans. The "L. W." is of the following dimensions:—16 feet long; 23 feet keel; 6 feet beam; 2 feet 6 in. deep from deck. She is a centre-board sloop, built of pitch pine and cedar at Gloucester, Mass., a year ago last May. Since leaving London, she has experienced a succession of westerly gales, lost drogue, cable, square-sail yard, fore hatch, and other articles too numerous to mention. Has been in collision with the steamer "Surry" (which wanted to pick them up) and smashed the tiny craft's mast. They were given a new one, and also provisions from the "Surry." They told the captain of the "Surry" that they would reach New York if they had to paddle the craft. Had the main boom carried away three times in gales, split sails and lost her jib-boom. Ran into a Norwegian barque and broke the stem; only had pen-knife, saw and nippers to work with; notwithstanding all this we managed to fix it and proceed on our voyage. Their craft leaked at the rate of four inches per hour for over a month, and they were compelled to keep pumping all the time. On Sunday night last, while being short of bread, and becoming found it necessary to put into Point Michéau, Cape Breton. Set sail Monday for Halifax: thick fog came on and wanting to fill with water, put into Liscomb next morning. Left there next day and put into Maria Joseph, Wednesday, 2 p.m., and arrived in Halifax harbor at 11 this morning.

The "Little Western" had fine weather from the Banks to Cape Breton. The two men were wet all the time; kept the same clothes on since they left London without changing. Their feet and hands are sore and they are now pretty well used to the hard-ships of tempestuous weather. The "Little Western" left New York a year ago last June for London and is now bound home on her return voyage.

BURNING OF EXPOSITION BUILDINGS AT KANSAS CITY, MO.—A fire broke out on the afternoon of the 14th instant, at the grounds of the Exposition Association at Kansas City, Mo., which precipitated a panic, destroyed a large amount of property, and, strange to say, left fully 20,000 people unscorched. The flames started in the west end of the main hall, a large wooden structure covering over half an acre. The hall was densely crowded, and at once a panic seized upon the multitude. All efforts to quiet the excited and terror-stricken people were of no avail, and in their confusion they rushed hither and thither, trampling each other down, while shrieks and groans filled the air. A strong wind was blowing, and the fire spread with wonderful rapidity, quickly communicating to the surrounding buildings. In an almost incredibly short space of time the main building, with all its contents, was an unsightly heap of ashes. The flames leaped across the avenue to Newspaper Row, quickly swallowing up the buildings of the *Times*, *Journal* and *Mail*, the secretary's office and a number of refreshment stands in that vicinity. They next attacked the grand stand, in which no less than twelve thousand people were seated at the time watching the races. Corbin's Bashaw had just won the second heat in 2:25 race in 2:19, when the alarm reached that point, and, quicker than it can be told, a rush was made for the track. As the fire was coming from the west, and the flames and smoke were blowing directly upon it, the jockeys had no time to remove their horses from the track by the usual way, and fences were quickly broken down, and horses, jockeys and struggling men, women and children rushed, a huge mass, towards the eastern part of the grounds. There were no facilities for extinguishing the fire at hand, and it did not stop until there was no more material for it to feed upon. The Fire Department went to the grounds, but could not reach there in time to be of any service.



THE DORY *LITTLE WESTERN*, LEAVING HALIFAX FOR NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. HENDERSON.



THE INTRODUCTION OF THE STUDY OF ELECTRICITY AMONG THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTH.

(For the News.)

GOOD-NIGHT.

(From Korner.)

Good-night!
Rest ye weary from your pain,
Silently the day is dying
Ended now your care and sighing
Till the morning break again.
Good-night!

Rest awhile!
Let the weary eyelids close!
Over all a stillness falleth—
Hearken, 'tis the watchman calleth!
Night hath solace for our woes.
Rest awhile!

Slumber now!
Dream a dream of happy meeting!
Thou who art by love forsaken
Shalt in fancy re-awaken
To the loved one's greeting.
Slumber now!

Good-night!
Slumber till the break of dawn;
Slumber till you hear the warning
Whispered by the breath of morning.
God is watching; slumber on!
Good-night!

GOWAN LEA.

THAT LITTLE CUTTY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford."

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Ay, ay, my lamb, that's just what it is," said the nurse in her croon, "thy father has wrought her great annoy.—She's just a poor sacrificed lamb herself! my bonnie, bonnie bairn; and eh, if she but kent what's happening the night, or the morn's morn—Baloo my boy, thy mother's joy—oh, if she but kent what's happening the night, or the morn's morn—"

Here Jeanie leapt upon the woman like a young deer, and seized her by the arm—"Janet, what do you mean? What is going to happen that I ought to know!—tell me, for I will hear!"

"Miss Jeanie—I'm meaning Mistress Sinclair, my bonnie lamb; oh, my dearie, take you care or you'll waken the bairn!"

Jeanie grasped her arm violently—"What is it, what is it?" she cried, "that is happening to-night, or the morn's morn!"

"Oh, my bonnie darlin'," cried the nurse, "it was an auld sang I was singing; and, there you see, you've wakened the bairn!"

"What is the bairn to me?" cried Jeanie wildly, "what is that is happening to-night, or the morn's morn?"

"You maun satisfy her yersel' mem," said the nurse, turning to Mrs. Pillans, who came into the room in alarm. "I canna look in my bairn's face and tell her lees about her man, no me! and I have this innocent to look to—you maun satisfy her yersel'."

Jeanie turned upon her mother like a wild creature, seizing her by both her hands. "What is it about Edward, mother. He's ill—he was like a ghost when he went away—or you know something that has never been told me. What do I care for baby or anything! Dinna speak to me, dinna speak to me about the bairn!—Edward—what is happening to Edward?—oh, it's cruel, cruel, to keep it from me!"

"My darling," said Mrs. Pillans, "my bonnie Jeanie; that is what I always said. I would not have done it; but, my pet, it was for our good, to save you a sad, sore parting—it was to save you—it was for your good."

"Parting!" Jeanie cried, with a shriek. The poor little girl was half crazed. She pushed her mother away from her, and flew out of the room without another word. As she did so, she ran almost into her father's arms. Edward would have reached Kinghorn; he would be crossing the Firth by this time, Mr. Pillans thought. His heart smote a little for what he had done, but he said in his heart, as his wife was saying, that it was all for her good. Far better for her to remain safe in her father's house, than to sail away in a miserable troop ship to the end of the world, following a regiment. He meant to come in very quietly, and slip away to his room, and pretend to be very busy with his papers—for he did not feel that he could confront the poor little victim to-night.

But there she was, wild with despair and fury, clutching him with her two little strained hands. "Edward!" she cried, "where is my Edward, father?—I'll not be parted from him—I am going with him—I am going after him—I am going to my husband. No, no! I'll not hear a word—you have cheated me already. And where's my Edward, where is he? Good-bye to you all, for I'm going away."

"Jeanie," cried her father, grasping her in his arms, "what is it you have heard about Edward? There is nothing wrong with Edward. If he has not told you, it was not our place to meddle—"

"Patrick!" cried his wife, in a tone of warning. "Oh, my darling, come back, come back to your darling baby! Listen to him, awakened and crying for his mother. Come back to your little bairn!"

"But Jeanie would hear no more. She struggled with her father, twisted her slender frame out of his grasp, with the strength of passion.

"Oh, what do I care for my baby?" she cried. "I am going after my husband. You've

cheated me, and blinded me, and I will never trust you more. Let me go, father, let me go! I'm not going to stay with you, nor with HIM, nor anybody but my husband. No, I want no clothes; I want nothing. I'll not wait the night. Do you think I could sleep, and Edward away? Oh, what would you say, mother, if it was you, and they had taken your man from you! Dinna speak to me!—Good-bye to you all—I'm going after my husband!" she cried, bursting from her father's hold, and flying out wildly into the road.

Poor Jeanie was distraught. She rushed along, her hair flying behind her, along the road to Kinghorn; and it was not till the first impulse had failed her, and her steps began to flag, that, in her passion and terror, she became capable of thought, and reflected that she could not run all the way to Kinghorn. And she met some of the village people, who stared at her, thinking her mad. And then the poor little girl stopped breathless, and tried to think and to recollect herself. She had almost started off again, when she saw her father close behind her.

Mr. Pillans was a humbled and broken-down man.

"Do not shrink from the sight of me," he said. "Jeanie, you'll never get to him like that; come back and we'll think what's best to be done."

"I'll not think," cried Jeanie; "no, no! I'll not think, nor go back; unless you promise me to get a chaise this moment, and take me after him—this moment or I'll walk all the way. I'm strong enough and I'm not frightened for the dark and I know it's not more than ten miles, and a straight road to Kinghorn."

"Jeanie! Jeanie! Will you break your mother's heart? and think of your baby. There's no boat to-night. Come in and go to your bed, and the night will bring counsel. You shall do what you like, I give you my word, in the morning."

"Jeanie looked at him indignantly, with her blue eyes blazing.

"The morning," she said, "when Edward's gone! I am going now! I'm a married woman; I can get a chaise for myself, and I need nobody to take care of me. You'll maybe let Janet bring me my bonnet and shawl to put about me. The folk would think me daft if I crossed the Firth without a hat upon my head or a thing on my shoulders. Good-bye father; you need not trouble yourself any more about me."

There was nothing for it now but to yield. It was not difficult to engage a boat to make the passage. Jeanie sat in the bottom of the boat with her shawl wrapped round her—for it is cold on the Firth in the middle of the night, even in July—and fixed her eyes upon the lights opposite, never moving, scarcely answering when her father spoke to her. They reached Leith in the first gray of the morning, just in time to see the embarkation of the regiment, which was going to London first, no small voyage of itself. On the pier young Sinclair was standing, very pale, shivering, and disconsolate, watching his men as they marched on board. He turned round at the first sound of Jeanie's voice, and clutched at her with a cry of joy.

"I never believed you would let me go," he cried, with a confidence which made the angry, downcast father feel as if he had received a blow. What good is it to be a father—to be a mother—to love your children and bring them up so tenderly? the first stranger that takes their fancy is more to them than father and mother. This was what Mr. Pillans said to himself, as, with a very brief leavetaking, he went away.

CHAPTER III.

It may be supposed that this was a night of much agitation in the little sea-side house which had been deprived so suddenly of its chief inmate. Mrs. Pillans was in a state of indescribable commotion. A kind of cruel satisfaction was in her mind which wounded her, yet gave her a certain pleasure. She had known it would be so. She had never approved the plan or believed in it. Deception could never come to any good, she said a hundred times; and in her heart she could not help a painful approval of Jeanie, and sympathy with her; though how she could leave the baby was incomprehensible to the mother. And though she thought it impossible that she could sleep, she still did so, with the baby in her arms; and the morning was not so dreadful to her as she expected when she woke, and all the events of the night returned to her mind. In the forenoon Mr. Pillans came back, very gloomy and depressed, to give her the news of the sailing of the transport with Jeanie on board. The regiment was bound for Chatham, or some such place; thence to be drafted to another ship, and take its way across the seas.

The parents sat and talked it all over mournfully enough. "Did she never ask for HIM?" Mrs. Pillans said. "Never a word," replied her husband. This was the one thing the mother could not understand. "She is young—not much more than a bairn herself," she said apologetically; and then she took her husband by the arm and said, "Come ben and see HIM. He'll have to be yours and mine, Patrick, since he's deserted, poor lamb." In truth the situation was cruel enough for the poor baby; but HE was none the wiser; he crowed at them in his nurse's arms, and a thrill of pleasure ran through their wounded hearts. Jeanie had left them her representative, and if ever there was a child assured of love to shield and care for it,

Jeanie's deserted baby was that child. They went back to Brunsfield very shortly after, the reason for their absence from home being removed by Jeanie's flight, and there the baby grew and flourished, suffering no harm from its mother's departure.

The voyage to the Thames was a good one, but the sea did not continue to be like glass all the way, and even in this respect Jeanie was miserable enough. As long as she could keep upon deck, clinging to her husband's arm, the case was bearable; and Edward, poor fellow, did everything he could to make up to her for the want of all ministrations but his own. When Jeanie, however, saw the poor soldiers' wives—fornal enough, poor souls, though they were the privileged women of the little band, permitted to accompany their husbands—with their babies (and they all seemed to have babies)—the sight was more than she could bear. She would disappear again almost as soon as she had come on deck, and throw herself into her little narrow berth, and cry till her pretty eyes were blurred out of all shape and colour, and her very heart sick. She made a heroic effort to hide from Edward what she was suffering, and so long as he was with her it was possible to keep up; but he had his duty to do, and when she was alone the poor little thing broke her heart unreservedly, and was as miserable as ever a girl of her years was. "Oh, my baby! Oh, my bonnie little man! Oh, my bairn—my little bairn!" the poor young creature would moan. When they got to their destination it turned out that there would still be weeks to wait before the transport was ready, and the battalion was one while at Chatham and another at Portsmouth lingering and weary, till it received final orders to embark. Perhaps the novelty of these movements helped her to conquer herself, and it is certain that she made a heroic effort to represent to herself that HE would be better off—far better, with her mother, now that he had lost his natural food. How was a baby like that to support a long voyage? Edward was very soon brought to this view of the case. He had been very proud of his child, and delighted with him; but to have Jeanie back again with no divided interest, able to go with him wherever he went, without leaving half her thoughts behind was a still greater happiness to the young fellow.

And he acquiesced with a philosophy which instantly woke in her the germs of rebellion. They had been sitting talking of HIM. "My mother," Jeanie was saying, with a quiver in her voice, "has no reason to complain. If I've come away, I've left her something better than myself. Oh, my bonnie little man! He was taking much notice! If I only passed him he would laugh to me and put out his bonnie arms; and never so happy as when I took him. I think I feel him, with his wee head down close, and his cheek like velvet.

"My darling!" said Edward, "but think, we owe your mother something for your running away. He will be all to her that he was to you. He will be like her very own. She will have all his bonnie little ways to cheer her."

"But he's not her very own!" cried Jeanie, with a start. "He's my bairn—nobody's in the world but mine. Oh, my little baby! She's only his granny, after all."

"Yes, my own love," said Edward soothingly; "but think what a comfort to her; and it will be far better for him—the quiet and the good air, and the cow; fancy! instead of our long voyage and no comforts. If you were taking him with you, my darling, and doing everything for him, it would make me wretched—it would wear you out."

"Make you wretched! to have your own son—your own bairn! Oh, men are not like women," cried Jeanie, springing to her feet. "I thought different once; but now I see my mother's right, and Janet and everybody. You're no like women; you've no heart for your children. Edward, I canna live without him! Oh, my little baby—my own little bairn! I cannot live without him! I will go out of my senses if I do not get back my boy!"

And when this agony had once burst out there was no stopping it. Edward had as little power over the mother's passion as Mr. Pillans had over the impetuous despair of the young wife; and to tell the truth, it was not difficult to reawaken in his own boyish bosom a longing for the baby, which had been so delightful a toy, and so great an object of pride. The two sat down and wrote an imploring, commanding, beseeching, threatening letter requiring that the baby should be sent or brought at once to his longing parents.

But, instead of Mrs. Pillan's arrival with the child, which Jeanie had made sure of—which she had even posted herself at the window to watch for, while Edward, still more sanguine, went to the coach office to wait the arrival of the coach—there came a letter—the kindest, most tender and loving of letters, but Jeanie thought the most cruel missive ever sent out by a tyrannical parent. Both the father and mother wrote to say that the child was far better in their hands; that Jeanie would have enough to do to take charge of her own comfort on the dismal journey—that to care for her child besides would be to kill her, and a hundred arguments more. Jeanie read this with a white and rigid countenance—with cries of fury and pain. She was transformed into a little angel—or, if you prefer it, demon—of passion. When Edward, poor fellow, tried to soothe her, and to echo the arguments (which had been her own arguments) about the advantages to the child of remaining at home she flung away from him

with a blaze of indignation. He was almost glad that he had to leave her for his duty though he went to that with a heavy heart. He did not know what might be going to happen to him that day when he went back to the lodgings, which had been a little paradise as long as Jeanie was there.

His worst fears seemed to be realized when he went in. A little travelling bag stood on the table, open, crammed with things thrust into it anyhow; and Jeanie's cloak was thrown over a chair. She met him with a pale and resolute face. Poor Edward did not know what to do. It seemed to be his to take the passive part, to endure, as women generally have to do. Something swelled in his throat, so that he could scarcely speak. "I have brought it all upon you," he cried piteously. "I cannot forbid you though I am your husband. Are you going to give me up?" the young man exclaimed with a bitter cry.

Then she began to cry in her excitement. "Give him up! Me leave him! oh, do ye hear him speaking! that's all he knows. I'll never give you up, Edward, if I was to be cut in little pieces; but you must not say a word—not a word—you must let me do it or I will die. I am going to bring my boy.

"Jeanie! you! and I cannot get away; a journey like that, days and days! you cannot do it, it will kill you! Jeanie, Jeanie do you mind how young you are, and how delicate? No, no, I cannot let you kill yourself—you must not do it!"

"But I will!" said the girl. She looked about fifteen as she stood beside him in her simple frock, with her fair hair knotted up for the journey, and her blue eyes blazing; but Edward, proud of her even in this bold rebellion, thought she looked like a general ready for some daring expedition.—And what was there more to be said? Jeanie carried out her intention.—There was not in any of these people who loved her strength enough to subdue the energy and the force of this passionate nature. That evening, with many fears, Edward went with her to the coach and put her in, anxiously looking for some female fellow-traveller who would have a care of her.—But Jeanie scorned all such preparations. She feared nothing. "I will be back in a week, and I will bring HIM, and we'll never be parted more," she said.

The household at Brunsfield did not know what was happening, but, without knowing it, they were very uneasy. When they read in the papers that the regiment was to set sail on the 20th their hearts were in their mouths, as Mrs. Pillans said. What if they might be driving their own child to despair? As soon as a step of this kind had been taken the mind begins to rebel against it—to suggest a hundred evils that may follow. "Oh, how dare I, how dare I take pleasure from my own lassie!" Mrs. Pillans said to herself, when she sat with the baby on her knee.

And so the days went on; they were terrible days to everybody concerned. No sooner was his wife gone than Edward heard, with unspeakable terror that there were good hopes that the transport might be ready sooner than was anticipated. Good hopes! The young man was more miserable than can be described. He would desert, he thought, like one of the men, if Jeanie did not arrive in time. And the parents, though they knew nothing, were excited and anxious, wondering if their decision would make their child wretched—compunctious and remorseful, longing, yet terrified for the next letter. The weather had changed, too, to make things worse; it rained persistently day after day, as sometimes happens in autumn, and from being warm became at once unreasonably cold, damp, dark and miserable.

The letters were delivered late at Brunsfield. It was in the afternoon that they came, and Mrs. Pillans had been watching at the parlour window for a long time before the hour on the day of the return post, her heart sick with her thoughts of what Jeanie might say. She left the parlour and went to the cheerful fire-lighted room which the baby inhabited, feeling at once the wrong of depriving her child of it. As she looked out at the side window in passing, she saw a little figure in a cloak, dragging feebly along the back way through the garden in the darkness and the rain. Her heart was touched by the feeble step, the drenched clothes, the forlorn appearance altogether. She stopped for a moment at the kitchen door as she passed. "Turn nobody from the door this miserable night," she said; "if any poor body comes give them a warm drink and a seat at the fire. There's somebody coming by the green walk now. If you cannot be happy yourself, it's aye a comfort to make some poor body happy." Mrs. Pillans added to herself, as she went into the warm nursery, where the firelight was leaping in happy reflection about the walls, and the child drowsing in his nurse's arms. She folded back her gown and took the baby on her knee, and forgot for a moment her anxieties and troubles. "Look till the bairn, mem—how he turns his bonnie eyes to the door," cried old Janet, "ye would think he was looking for somebody." At this Mrs. Pillans recollected herself, and gave a heavy sigh.

Oh, how it rained! pouring down from the muddy skies, pattering on all the leaves, bowing down every bower and bush, turning the gravel into something like a wet and glistening beach; and oh! how the poor little limbs ached that had been imprisoned in a coach for so many days and nights. Jeanie, more discouraged by her loneliness and her youth and helplessness than she could have thought possible, had

scarcely ventured to creep out of her corner even to take needful food; and though her spirit never failed her, so far as her enterprise itself was concerned, yet it had failed her altogether for own comfort. And along the whole glistening length of Prince's street, when she tumbled down out of the coach, feeling as if her feet did not belong to her, but were somebody's else, there was nothing to be seen that could help her to her home—nothing for it but to walk through the rain. Half stupefied as she was Jeanie pulled herself together bravely. She was scarcely aware where she was going, what she was going to, when she made her way up the green walk behind Bruntfield House, while her mother glanced out of the window. They did not know each other. Mrs. Pillans was but a shadow to Jeanie, and Jeanie "a poor body" to the tenderness of parents. But the bewildered girl still went on. She pushed open the kitchen door, feeling the warmth and light flash over her with a sense of revival, and hearing vaguely the cries of alarm and remonstrance with which she was followed, as she stumbled across the bright, warmly-lighted place, pursuing her way. "Where are you going, where are you going, poor body?" cried Mrs. Fogg, the cook, who was rather blind, and saw nothing but the outline of the drenched figure. The housemaid, who met her in the passage beyond, shrieked, and running into the kitchen, fell down upon her knees. "Oh, the Lord forgive us sinful folk. Miss Jeanie's dead, and I've seen her ghost," shrieked the woman. Jeanie neither heard nor saw. She pushed the doors open before her, groping with her hand, holding fast by every aid that presented itself. Then another sudden burst of cheerful light flashed before her eyes—her mother sitting full in the firelight with the baby. Jeanie made a rush and a clutch at them, with a last despairing effort. "I'm come for my boy," she said; and then tumbled down helpless, overdone, on the carpet, at her mother's feet.

The commotion that arose in the house need not be described. She was raised up and her wet things taken from her, and she herself laid in the fresh soft sheets, and her baby laid by her. When Jeanie came to herself, she was in a little paradise of comfort, if she had not been aching still, aching all over, with fatigue, and cold, and excitement. But her mother was by her with every care, and by next morning she sat up, smiling, and covered the boy with kisses, and would not let him be taken out of her arms. Jeanie, it is to be feared, was still occupied with herself and her own concerns. She consented to stay in bed and rest that day, but the next she was bent on returning, taking HIM, as she said, to his father, and making no account of Mrs. Pillan's bereavement. Her mind was absorbed in her own new family, thus formed—herself, and Edward, and HIM. Bruntfield had fallen a long way back into the shadows. The parents gave each other many a wistful look when this became apparent, but they were people of sense and would not fight against nature. The very next afternoon a letter came from Edward, announcing the hastening of the embarkation, and entreating his wife to lose no time in returning. She jumped out of bed on the spot, and rushed to the baby's drawers to pack up his little wardrobe. What could the parents do? They started at 6 o'clock next morning, with their daughter and their grandchild, in a post-chaise. They were thrifty people, but they could spend what it was necessary; and thus, once more, travelling night and day, took Jeanie and her boy to "the South," that she might go away from them and leave their hearts desolate. She would not show them money for so much as a day.

Mr. Pillans stayed in London, and sent the others on. He had taken a great resolution. A determined man can do much when his heart is set upon a thing. He had been muttering to himself all the way, "What a blessing it was that it was only Botany Bay Edward was going to, and not a place where fighting was going on"—a thankfulness which somewhat exasperated the ladies. "Do you think Edward would fight with the best?" Jennie cried, indignant. When he had sent the ladies on, without saying a word to them, he went to one of the public offices, at the head of which was a great functionary with whom he had sat on the same bench in the High School of Edinburgh, and stood shoulder to shoulder in many a "bicker," and for whom he had fought with mind and body to secure his election when he began to be a great man. These were the days of interest, when it was everything to have a friend in office, when your influential acquaintance inquired what you meant to do with your fine boys, and sent you a writership for India, or a pair of colours, under a frank, by the next post. Happy days; if, perhaps, they had their drawbacks; there was much to be said for them. Mr. Pillans marched in upon the great man with the fresh Edinburgh air about him. He said briefly: "If ever I was of any use to you, serve me now." You may be sure it was a nuisance to his friend; but still friendship was friendship; and the High School reminiscences did not go for nothing. After a great many comings and goings a solution was found to this troublesome question. "The Lord be praised that he's under orders for a place where there's no fighting," Mr. Pillans once more devoutly said.

He was two days in London. When he got down to Portsmouth by the coach the embarkation had not yet begun; but the little party at Captain Sinclair's lodgings were very melancholy, perceiving the horrors of the separation as they had never yet done. Mr. Pillans walked in among them with a heartless cheerfulness.

"I suppose, Edward," he said, "as there's no fighting, it would be nothing against your honour to go back to Leith to the garrison, and let the rest go their gait?"

"You might as well ask me if it would be against my honour to go to heaven, sir, and just about as likely," poor Edward said with a groan.

His father-in-law gave vent to a chuckle, and took the baby out of Jeanie's arms.

"And how's n' with you, my braw lad?" he said. "So you're to be a little Botany Bay bird, and no a Scots laddie after all?"

"Patrick," cried his wife, "I desire you'll hold your tongue, and not break all other hearts. We're eerie enough, without saying cruel things like that."

The others were all on the verge of weeping, while the grandfather, with the child on his knee, chirruped and chuckled. At last he brought forth a bundle of papers out of his pocket.

"I saw Sandy Melville in Downing street, as I came through, Margaret. He's one that owed me a day in harvest, as the proverb says. And here's a present to you, Jeanie," said her father.

The sorrowful party began to perceive there was meaning in this untimely cheerfulness. "If there had been fighting, they could never have done it, and you could never have done it," said Mr. Pillans. "The Lord be thanked, Edward, my man, that it's only Botany Bay."

It was a happy family that returned to Scotland, leisurely, a few days after this, taking pleasure in their journey, after the battalion sailed. The papers which her father threw into Jeanie's lap secured a permanent appointment for Edward in the Leith garrison. And thus, after the storm which had swept over their lives, peace came back. But Jeanie was never quite sure that she did not regret the escape which transferred her young life out of heroism and suffering, back again into the tranquil warmth of home.

"The little cutty! It would have been more diversion to her to make us all miserable," Mrs. Pillans said.

SATISFACTION BY ARMS.

When Captain Bourbassot, the bully of the 15th regiment of French Cuirassiers, publicly slapped the face of young Dr. Paindoux at a cafe, calling him a dog of a Communist, because the latter had emitted some rather extreme Liberal opinions in talking quietly with a friend over a cup of coffee,—when the Captain had done this, the Doctor was prevented from retaliating, because a number of people interposed between the two combatants. It was, perhaps, lucky for the Doctor that he did not retaliate. Bourbassot was a hulking fellow, who could have broken all the teeth in his head and killed him afterwards. "Besides," as his friends remarked, who hurried the excited Paindoux out of the cafe, "you'll get all the satisfaction you want out of the fellow tomorrow. He has thrown you his card, and we will act as your thirds."

Dr. Paindoux had picked up the Captain's card, and he twisted it mechanically in his fingers as his friends spoke. He was no coward, though he was a slight, nervous man, physically weak; but he was asking himself how a duel with a man who had brutally assaulted him would give him satisfaction? His cheek tingled when the Captain had struck him, and at that moment he would have liked to exterminate the man like a mad dog; but his sense was not so blinded by passion that he was unable to calculate the risks he would run by fighting a duel; and also the expense, which he could ill-afford. Dr. Paindoux was a poor and struggling man, who had only just begun to get a practice. He had his mother to support, and he had latterly been put to great expense in furnishing his house, so that he literally had not at his disposal the few pounds that were necessary to enable him to avenge his honour according to the social customs of his country.

A duel could not be fought on French soil unless all the parties were prepared to undergo the chance of being fined and sent to prison; therefore it would be necessary to go to Belgium, and Paindoux would have to pay for three first-class return tickets from Amiens, where he resided, to the first town over the Belgian frontier. He would also have to pay for refreshments by the way, a breakfast and dinner, and possibly a night's hotel bill for three persons; then, supposing he got wounded in Belgium, and had to linger for weeks in an hotel, on a sick-bed, how should he earn his living during that time? What would become of his practice? and how would his mother shift for herself? Then, again, if stricken down, he would not be able to escape from Belgian justice, and would have to stand his trial for duelling, with the almost certain result of being sent to gaol, and having to spend a large sum of money in fines and law-courts. As these reflections passed through his agonized mind, the poor doctor's rage cooled, and gave way to blank dismay. If he had dared, he would have pocketed the affront he had received. Yes; though Bourbassot was a rascal, who had molested him without any just cause, Paindoux, on account of his miserably straitened circumstances, would have foregone the luxury of vengeance. But, practically, this was out of the question, for public opinion, represented by Paindoux's two friends, Labassu, a cheese salesman, and Cocardaille, a half-pay infantry lieutenant, would not hear of compromise.

"You must fight," said the valiant Labassu, who had never handled a pistol in his life, except for purposes of recreation in fairs, where he had shot at dolls for macaroons.

"And we will give you the choice of weapons, as you are the insulted party," chimed in Cocardaille. "This must be a duel to the death, Paindoux; no stopping at first blood, eh? What weapon do you prefer, man?"

"Fois," answered the wretched young doctor. He was not an expert fencer; but he remembered that he had a pair of old foils, whereas if he chose fire-arms, he should be obliged to hire pistols from an armorer. "By-the-bye," added he, wistfully, "don't you think the duel could take place privately here in France? You might let us fight in your garden, Cocardaille?"

"Won't do," demurred the old lieutenant, shaking his head. "The affair will be known all over the town, and we should be prosecuted. Bourbassot wouldn't like that. You see, if we go to Belgium, five at least out of the six of us will be able to get back across the frontier before the police get wind of the affair."

"Oh, yes, better go to Belgium," concurred Labassu. It has just occurred to this worthy that if he could take a little journey to Belgium at his friend Paindoux's expense, he might combine business with pleasure by selling a few cheeses at Mons or Charleroi.

"Very well; do as you like," said Paindoux, and he walked home by himself, sick at heart, whilst his two friends went off to regulate the conditions of a meeting with Bourbassot's friends.

It was a sight most piteous, and would have touched any man who had been aware of the facts, to see Dr. Paindoux steal out of his house that evening to go and borrow five hundred francs from his patron, Dr. Brigouille, the chemist. Brigouille, who was not sorry to place the young Doctor under an obligation to himself, lent the money readily enough upon receipt of a bill bearing seven per cent. interest deductible in advance. He guessed why Paindoux wanted these funds, for the quarrel between the latter and the Cuirassier was already being talked of everywhere; but he comforted himself with the thought that if the doctor were killed, the five hundred francs would doubtless be repaid out of the proceeds arising from the sale of his effects. So as Paindoux left the shop, the chemist cried after him: "Courage, Doctor! show that braggart fellow that Esculapius is a match for Mars;" and he grinned, for he was pleased with himself, thinking he had said a good thing.

The next day but one after that, in a field near Mons, at seven o'clock in the morning, Dr. Paindoux and his two seconds met to settle what was called their affair of honour. They had arrived in Belgium overnight, for Labassu and Cocardaille had insisted that Paindoux should sleep soundly before risking his life. Labassu, by-the-bye, came on the ground in high spirits, for he had coaxed an important order for cheeses out of the proprietor of the hotel where they had alighted. Bourbassot's seconds were military men, who smoked their cigars while the preliminaries of the combat went on. The ground having been chosen, the weapons were produced, and the officers smiled to see the poor, rusty, crooked foils which the Paindoux party had brought. Bourbassot had a much finer pair—long, bright steel blades, light in the hand and of faultless temper. They suggested that these should be used, and this was agreed to. Then the combatants took off their coats and waistcoats, and were placed opposite one another in their shirt-sleeves, each holding a sword. The contrast they offered was almost ludicrous. The Cuirassier, a tall, broad-shouldered fellow, who handled his sword according to the most correct rules of the fencing-school, appeared as a giant overtopping the sickly young doctor, who fidgetted with his weapon as if he did not know how to manage it, and held it turn-about as a whip, an umbrella, a toasting-fork and a fishing-rod.

At length the signal for combat was given. "Allez, messieurs!" said one of the officers, after he had put the points of the two swords together, and stepped back, lifting his hat. Thereupon the attack commenced.

From the first it was seen that Bourbassot held the life of his antagonist at his mercy, but it was also perceived that he did not mean to use his advantages to the full. He wished to wound, not to kill. Paindoux, who could not even fall properly into guard, began with a series of wild pokes at his adversary, and finally made a lunge which left his chest uncovered. Bourbassot had only to straighten his arm, and a large spot of blood instantly dyed the Doctor's shirt. The luckless fellow staggered forward, and fell on his face. He had lunged with such impetuosity that he had well-nigh spitted himself, and the foil had penetrated much deeper than Bourbassot had intended. A lunge had been touched. Paindoux felt at once how badly he had been hit; but, placing a hand to his wound to staunch the flow of blood, he struggled to his knees and exclaimed pathetically: "Oh, it's nothing—I—I—can go back to Amiens to-day."

This appeared to be his only preoccupation. His seconds made him lie still whilst a surgeon, who had come with Bourbassot's party, gave the wound the first dressing; but Paindoux kept on repeating in accents which grew fainter and fainter:—"I can go back to Amiens, can't I? I must go back to France." And when he saw from the expression on his friends' faces

that this would be impossible, he began to cry like a child.

Meanwhile the victorious Bourbassot, having put on his coat and waistcoat, approached, hat in hand, to perform the customary courtesy of saluting his victim. Proffering his right hand to the fallen man, he said:—"I am sorry for what has happened sir; but you behaved like a man of courage, and I trust we shall be friends henceforth."

"No, sir; I behaved like a fool and you like a knave, for you have ruined me!" cried the despairing doctor, gathering up all his energies to launch these words; "Oh, help me, I'm stifling"—and he swooned.

"Mon Dieu, ces medecins sont gens bien mal élevés," was Captain Bourbassot's only comment as he turned on his heel and left the ground with his friends.

Poor Doctor Paindoux remained six weeks ill at an hotel in Mons, and when he was recovering, the doctor who attended him told him (dismal mockery) that he must spend three months at Nice or Mentone before he could be quite cured. Meanwhile the Belgian authorities, having heard of the duel, sent a Procurator-Royal to question the sick man, so that as soon as he could stir out of doors, Paindoux had to appear before the Court of Correctional Police to answer a charge of having broken the peace. The judges were very kind to him, and forebore to inflict imprisonment on him; but for example's sake they fined him a thousand francs, and condemned him to pay the costs of his trial, which amounted to about five hundred francs more. Madame Paindoux, who had come to Belgium to nurse her son, and who had been beside him during the trial, read despair in his pallid face as they left the court together.

"Oh, mother, I'm ruined!" he exclaimed in a heart-rending tone. "How can I ever raise money to pay this fine and the expenses I have incurred during my illness? We shall have to sell all our furniture."

"Never mind, dear boy," said the unhappy mother, trying to cheer him; "things will come right some day, for God will be good to us."

Well, it may be that things will come right some day with poor Dr. Paindoux, but there have been no signs in this direction yet. On his return to Amiens, the Doctor had to sell his house and furniture to satisfy his creditors; then, as he continued to spit blood, and was unequal to discharging his professional duties, he had to go to Nice.

And there he has remained ever since, earning nothing, and living on his slender capital. His duel has cost him his health, his fortune, and his hopes for the future.

However, he has this consolation, that, in the language of the duello, he obtained "satisfaction" for the slap on the face which Captain Bourbassot gave him.—*Truth.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Garfield fund amounts to \$257,500.

KING Kalakaua arrived at New York on Friday.

A DESTRUCTIVE gale has visited the Danish coast.

A BREAKAGE has occurred in the new American cable.

THE labour troubles still continue at Savannah, Georgia.

A WASHINGTON despatch says the personnel of the Cabinet will not be disturbed at present.

PRESIDENT Arthur says he does not see any necessity for calling an extra session of the Senate.

NEWS from Panama says the Monteros have surrendered the city of Chosica.

DR. AGNEW says he had no hope of the President's recovery from the fist.

A PANAMA despatch reports numerous murders and outrages at Santander.

THE Pope, through Cardinal Jacobini, has cabled his condolence to Mrs. Garfield.

VICE-PRESIDENT Arthur was formally sworn in by Chief Justice Waite in the Capitol at Washington on Thursday.

BISMARCK recommends great caution and moderation in international measures against the Nihilists.

FIRING was going on on Friday at Savannah, Ga., between the police and the striking ship-laborers.

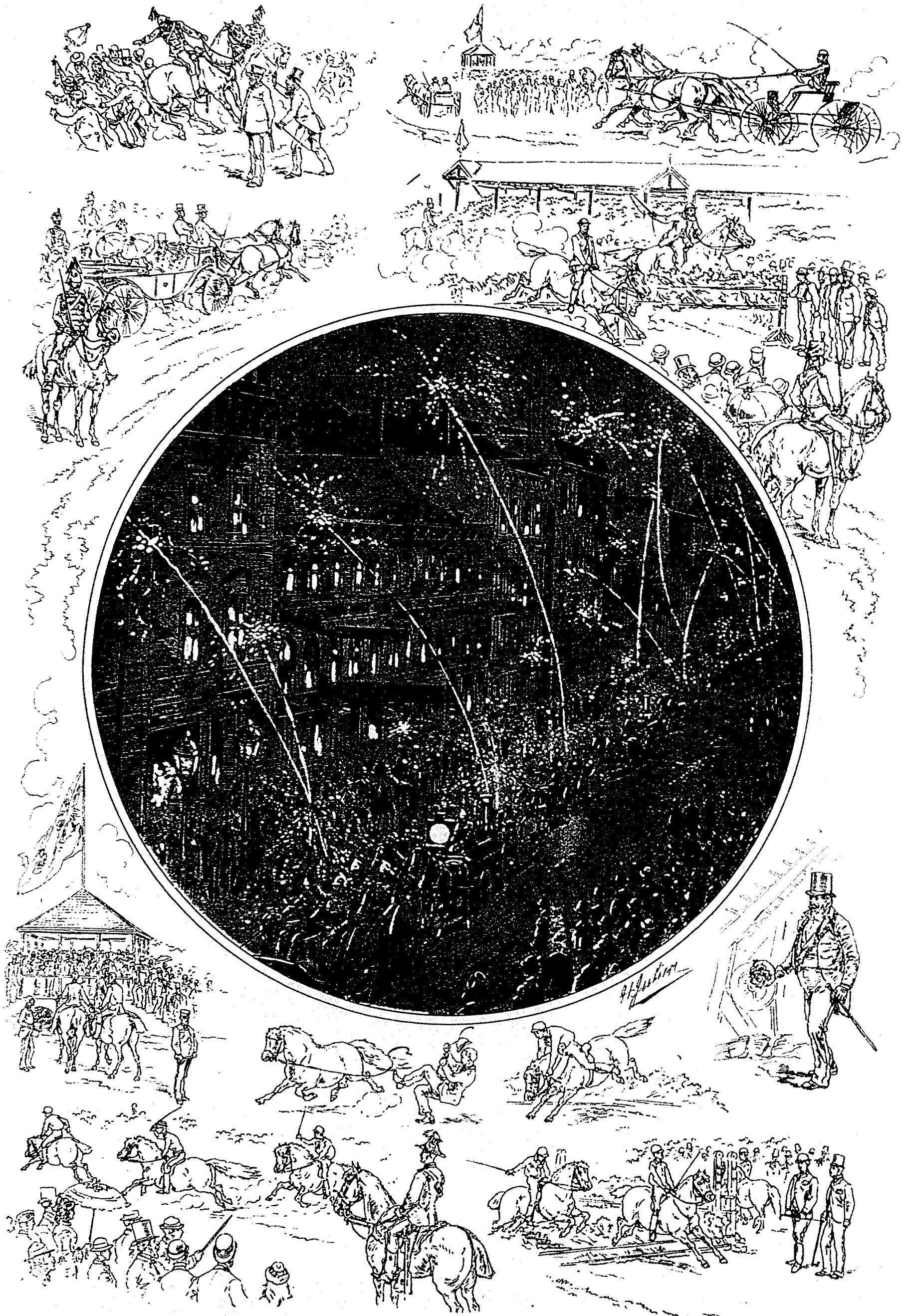
A SALT LAKE, Utah, despatch says the Mormons have supplied the Ute Indians with over \$200,000 worth of arms and ammunition.

THE Court of inquiry into the cause of the Teuton disaster find that the Captain was to blame.

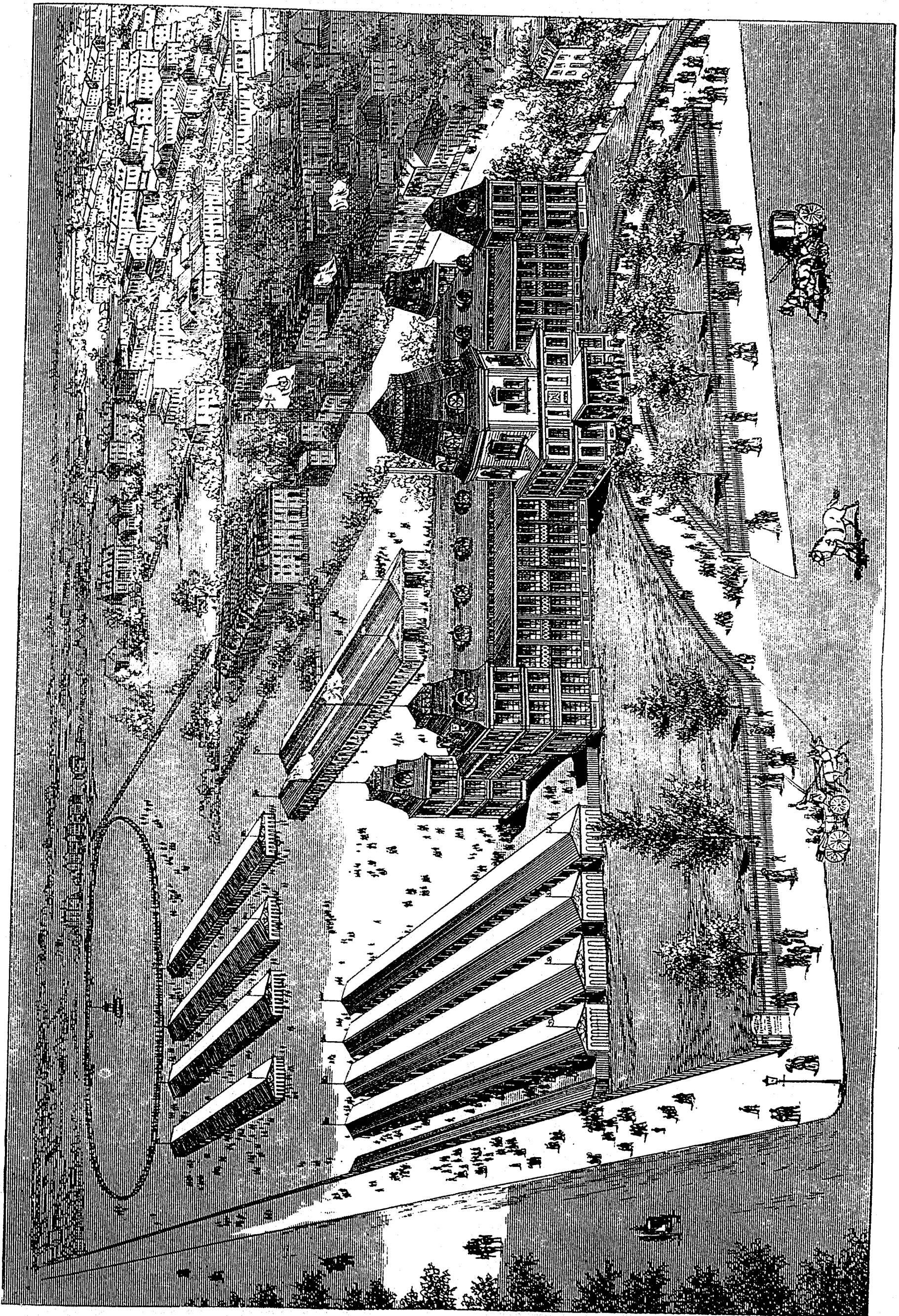
ONE hundred thousand persons have emigrated from Germany for America during the present year.

THE English Court goes into mourning for a week out of respect to the memory of the dead President.

DELAYS ARE DANGEROUS.—And none more so than to neglect the incipient stages of bowel complaints in infants or adults. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is the most prompt and pleasant remedy to administer, and is always reliable to cure cholera infantum, dysentery, cholera, cramps, and all summer complaints. For sale by all dealers.



THE EXHIBITION IN MONTREAL.—THE FIREMEN'S PROCESSION.—WITH SKETCHES ON THE GROUNDS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE DOMINION EXHIBITION AT HALIFAX.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. W. RUTHERFORD.

[For the News.]

MOLLIE'S ANSWER.

O Mollie dear! before you leave me,
Ere yet your slumbers you begin,
I have a question, sure to whither,
That troubles all my peace within.
I hope to make a benefactor
Out of your own sweet self, as there;
You'll be a darling, if you'll only—
Only say yes, and nothing more.

Ye know the little stream that's windin'
Adown the shady glen below,
Ye know how winter's cold can chain it
Stiff and dark, and stay its flow,
Until the blessed Spring comes smilin'
All fresh and bright, (like you, as there.)
And breathing o'er its icy prison,
Gives to it life and voice once more.

Well Mollie, you must now imagine,
Just suppose a little while
That I'm the chained-up, frozen river,
Waiting Spring's sweet, welcome smile.
Bound soul and body, captivated,
Chained by— Ah! sure yourself can guess.
I'm not myself, but you'll restore me,
If—if you'll only answer yes.

Marrone! I see your answer comin'.
Not set in words, but sure 'tis known.
That Love can talk without pronouncin',
Having a language of its own.
Ah! 'tis your heart that's speakin' Mollie,
Speakin' through your eyes as there.
The Spring is come, the ice is broken,
And Mollie I'm myself once more.

E. A. STURTON.

Quebec, 16th September, 1881.

THE FATEFUL FIRST.

"Died, on the 1st of September, Ernest Frederick Walters, aged thirty-one." The announcement caught my eye amongst a string of similar funeral details in the column of the *Times*, and raised some curious reflections. He was dead, then, my schoolboy and college friend, whom I had not seen for six years, and who, the very last time we met, had told me, laughingly, that I should probably be reminded of him in a few years by seeing his name in print. A strange bizarre character, with much natural mirth and a rich vein of humour; but overpowered by the one sombre mastering idea that he was born to be the victim of some hereditary Nemesis. For his father, whom he had never seen, had killed his dearest friend in a duel—of course for a woman's sake—and had shot himself through the head the same day; and his grandfather had perished in some wild eastern war, in which he had madly plunged to forget the too terrible fascinations of a cold-hearted and treacherous girl. "It will be a bad day for me when I fall in love," he used to say. "We do not indulge the tender passion in our family harmlessly." "Well, it can be avoided, surely," I answered. He merely shrugged his shoulders. "We shall see. I worship the old Greek goddess, *Προνοια της Αδελφιας*."

Six years ago I found him at an hotel at Nice, terribly altered, a mad gambler, a careless, furious libertine, living from hand to mouth, with all the sunshine gone out of his life, and the visible imprint of his Nemesis on his brow. And there he told me his tale. Seeing his name in the paper to-day brings the very words he used back to me; for I shall not easily forget his eyes, and his shaking hand, and that tumbler, so often emptied, so often replenished, on the table by his side.

"Are you a sportsman? Well, then, when you worship at the shrine of St. Partridge, remember me. I worship at another shrine: I worship *Adrasteia*, as I used to tell you in college days. But the day on which I offer my libations is the day on which you and others start for the stubble. It is the 1st of September. You won't forget me, now; for here is a link easily remembered. When the 1st of September comes round, think of Ernest Walters."

"I have told you often of my father, have I not? And of my grandfather? Well, they were both born on the 1st of September: so was I. Most of the males of my family have that natal day; it is the sign and seal of their predestination. My elder brother was the only exception; and he is, or rather was, a lucky man. He was, I say, until my cursed fate crossed his path. Then, as evil is always stronger than good, my fate swept him down. You had better leave this hotel to-morrow; perhaps even yet my companionship may have the power to harm you." Here he stopped and looked hard at me; then, with a sigh, he turned his hand to the familiar glass by his side. I tried to smile and shake my head, mutely to reassure him that to me, at least, he did not appear contagious. But I could not speak. There was a strange fascination about him which compelled my silence till his tale was finished.

"Soon after you left college," he resumed, "I went down into Somersetshire to read for my final schools. It was at my brother's recommendation that I went to that region; for he told me that to him Somersetshire was the best of counties, for it had given him the girl whom he was going to marry. The news of his intended marriage surprised me; for we are not a fortunate family in love affairs. But, then, he was not born on the 1st of September."

"To me, at all events, Somersetshire presented few attractions. I read a little, I wandered much over the Quantocks and the borders of Exmoor, and I bored myself a great deal. Then came the opening of the hunting season, with meets of the stag-hounds at Cloutsham and Hawkcombe Head and Eggesford. Mounted on a rough nag, lent me by the innkeeper at Porlock, I felt all the inspiration of Whyte-Melville and 'Lorna Doone'; and the hunting fra-

ternity of the neighbourhood got accustomed to see a man, who couldn't ride, and was villainously mounted, tumbling up and down as best he could the coombes and precipices of Exmoor. My reading, it is true, did not prosper; but I had postponed that to a more convenient season, and I felt happier than I had done for years.

"The day, I remember, was miserably wet and cold, and for that reason, or some other, I did not join the hunting-party. At four in the afternoon I threw aside my Plato—do you remember where Socrates prays that he may not incur the vengeance of *Adrasteia*?—and sallied out through the drooping lanes and over the miserable bedabbed moor. Wandering aimlessly, I at last struck upon one of the lanes which led down to the little village of Porlock, intending to return to my Greek philosopher. Suddenly there smote upon my ears a cry, the voice of some woman in distress, shrieking for assistance, at first far away, then gradually coming nearer to where I stood; then, as I ran to meet the voice, there showed itself for a moment clear against the sky the figure of a girl clinging to a horse, which was madly careering down the hillside, her habit flying in the wind, hatless, with hair streaming behind her, and with wild eyes seeking some help or refuge from her only too probable fate. A rush, a wild leap, a shriek, and a dull crash. The horse had leapt into the lane, and had fallen prone fifty yards in front of me. Underneath, as it seemed to me, was a motionless heap—black habit, gold hair, and white face all mixed in a horrible confusion of death."

He stopped again to moisten his dry lips, and shadowed for a few moments his eyes with his hands. I listened, still spell-bound.

"Was she dead? No. I carried her in her death-like swoon, painfully and slowly, into Porlock. I carried her into my own room in the inn, with the white hands hanging down so piteously; and for six weeks she lay there on my own bed, hovering between death and life, saying never a word—a mute suffering angel, with only the innkeeper's wife, her old father, and myself as her nurses. And so the time passed, with my books neglected, and my vacation spent in hanging about the room of a sick girl and talking to her father. To him I seemed to be her saviour. (How horribly he smiled as he laid his hands once more on the tumbler of spirits!) "Yes, I was indeed her saviour! And she thought so too when she slowly crept back again from the dark valley into the borders of the light of day, and when she first could leave her bed, and when she first could venture ever so little a way out of doors with a man's arm to help her. Saviour and preserver, she said, to whom she owed her life and everything. Everything except her happiness. For, as our confidence grew, and she knew how much I loved her, she told me many things of her own past life, of her foolish passion for riding when the doctors told her she was suffering from heart-disease; above all, did she tell me of a still more foolish passion for a man, to whom she had last year become engaged, almost before she well knew what love was. So she said, and I believed her; for there was that in her eyes which told me that she knew love now. How do these things grow, old friend! Contiguity, curiosity, proximity under special circumstances, ambition, vanity, selfishness—what nonsense the philosophers talk! Love is unanalysable in its essence, and unanalysable. It is itself, like honour and sorrow and all-powerful primitive feeling. Every one knows it ere he dies, but nobody can tell what it is. To define it is like trying to define God."

His voice had a tenderer sound, and his eyes a softer look. But only for a moment, and the gentle benign gleam vanished before the habitual cynical bitter smile. Once more I tried to speak, but I could not. I could only hold out my hand, which he refused to take with a deprecatory gesture.

"O, it was a long struggle! If it had not been, it would not have been worth the winning; but I triumphed at last. What woman does not yield when she feels the pressure of her fate day by day, and herself owns the rebellious inclination of her heart? She loved me; I loved her. There are the premises, and the conclusion, albeit unknown to Aristotelian logic, is rigorously drawn. She left her father and her home, and fled with me. It is done, statistics tell us, over and over again; but some do it because they are under the guidance of a baleful destiny. They cannot help or avoid their fate. It is greater than they are, like the stars and the vault of heaven, which hear and disdain our prayers."

"We went together far from Somersetshire, happier than I can tell, leaving sorrow and ruin behind us, but ourselves full of a strange delirious joy. We would not think, we dared not remember, we shut our eyes to the future. O, the mad infatuation of those days!"

He stopped abruptly, and for a long time there was silence. The candles flickered in their sockets, stirred by the rising night wind. Far away the cry of some bird came with a weird sound through the open window. I could not help a shudder. At length he began again:

"Why do I pause? Well, I love the tale, and hate it, all at once, and now I have nearly done. Here is the last scene. On the Yorkshire coast you may know the long reef of rocks which runs out above the town of Pile. Beyond one may see on a clear night the twinkling lights of Scarborough. Here we were wandering together, still lapped in amatory slumbers; and the waves were beginning to smite the rocks and leap over their heads, and on the horizon the

clouds were gathering in sombre masses. The day had been fine, but at sundown the weather showed signs of change. It was the night of the 1st of September. There he came, climbing over the ridges of rock, that figure which we had been watching with idle curiosity—a tall, well-set figure of about the same height as myself, but broader and stouter and better made. At length he was only twenty yards from where we sat, but the darkness which was gathering fast prevented me from seeing his face. Then a sudden gleam of wild moonlight shot across the rock; I saw her look with strange eagerness at the face of the stranger (did I tell you her name?) it was Helen; I saw him start and glance first at one, then at the other, of the pair of lovers before him, and in a moment I knew and recognized the whole tragedy. I had my arm round my brother's affianced bride!"

How nervously he drank his glass, how wet was his forehead with cold drops of perspiration, will never be obliterated from my memory. I remember, too, how a puff of wind extinguished our candles, and how I could hear the flapping of a bat's wings circling round our heads. Some scenes one remembers down to the smallest detail. The words seemed torn from him as he spoke.

"We stood there, we two, brothers of the same father and mother, looking in each other's faces, each of us knowing exactly what had happened, with the fair Helen, with her frightened eyes and imploring hands, standing mute by our side. And I struck him there as he stood, my own brother, and we closed to grapple on the slippery rocks; and neither of us, so fierce was our present hate, thought of the poor girl whom we had both loved, and only one of us possessed. And as we struggled close and hard, there was a cry and a spring and a falling form, and we both knelt over a dead body. Her heart had broken, and one of us and both of us were her murderers."

"That is all," he said roughly, and went away in the darkness, six years ago. His death is now reported in the paper under my hand, on the 1st of September. *Προνοια της Αδελφιας*."

THE GOOD EFFECTS OF A LITTLE COMMON-SENSE.

The other day, you will remember, it rained in a drizzling sort of way from morning until night, and froze as it fell. The next morning everything, especially back stoops, was covered with ice. One of our neighbours went out early into the back yard with a pan of ashes in his arms. The instant he stepped from the door upon the stoop that foot flew out from under him in a flash, and he went down the steps with the same foot sticking straight ahead and the other sticking straight out behind, with the pan still in his arms. It was a great wonder he wasn't killed; as it was, he was so fearfully wrenched through the hips that he had to be lifted up and carried into the house, being almost blinded, too, by the ashes. I understood that nearly one hundred persons went off their stoops in a similar unpremeditated way that morning. My wife said to me, on hearing of our neighbour's mishap,—

"It will learn him to use his head after this. There was no need at all of his falling off that stoop, and if he hadn't been so stupid it would not have happened."

"It was a stupid performance," I said, dreamily.

"Of course it was," she went on. "He knew it rained all day yesterday, and he knew it froze, and he knew that everything was a glare of ice last night, and so it must be this morning. And he ought to have had on rubbers when he went out there, or been careful where he stepped. And if he had that he wouldn't have made such a spectacle of himself, and hurt himself so, and be laid up, perhaps, for several days. I haven't myself got any sympathy for him, or for any one that ain't got any more sense than to do that."

Upon that my wife went back to the kitchen to her work, and I fell to musing upon what she had said. I confess there was some wisdom in it. The spectacle of a hundred people in a New England town—that New England so well known for its hard, sterling sense—sliding off back stoops, pans of ashes in their arms, and screaming and swearing in their rage, is not a pleasant one to contemplate, especially when, as my wife says, the performance could be avoided by the exercise of a little common-sense. And yet how many casualties could be saved by this same exercise! It is not only by stepping from back stoops, but in a hundred matters a little wisdom would—Great heavens, what is it!

It is nearly half an hour since this writing was interrupted at the exclamation and even now I cannot understand, I can scarcely comprehend, what has happened.

There was a short, sharp scream from a woman. It came from the rear of the house. I went into the kitchen, thence to the back door, and—well! You would not believe it, but there at the feet of the stoop, struggling to get on her feet, and with an overturned pan of potato parings about her, was my wife.

I stood transfixed by the sight, with all the power of motion gone from me, and while I stared at her she reached her feet, and marched deliberately up the steps, and by me into the house, with the lines of her face drawn tight and hard. I mechanically followed.

"How on earth came you down there?" I managed to ask.

"How do you suppose I came there?" she retorted.

"I'm sure you didn't run there, because you were just talking about that, and you said—"

"For heaven's sake stop your noise," she angrily cried. "You are enough to drive a saint mad with your talk. I fell, and you know I fell, and if you had any gunption about you, or cared for me one bit, you would have shovelled the ice from that stoop an hour ago."

And then she darted out of the room, shutting the door as if it required all her strength to do it, and I came back to this writing, and am trying my best to reconcile the several elements of the situation.

HOW HE BUILT THE DOG'S HOUSE.

It was about nine a.m. when he began. At that hour my wife directed my attention to the fact that something was going on next door, and I went to the window. The man, with a hammer in his hand, was there, and so, also, were the boy and the dog. The boy is about fourteen years old, small for his age, with a face so white as to lead the casual observer to infer that he is an invalid. But he isn't. Not by a long sight. He got the dog the day before. The animal was a shaggy-haired dog, that incessantly wagged its tail, and crouched low to the ground when spoken to, and turned over on its back when patted. It was a very propitiatory dog.

The Man Next Door was in the best of spirits. He patted the dog, and laughed, and his whole expression was one of great satisfaction. He had a hammer, and a saw, and a saucer of nails. It was the regular family collection of nails—four straight ones and forty crooked ones.

He had plenty of material for the building of the dog-house. There were two dry-goods boxes. He knocked them apart, and was careful in doing it to save the nails. After he had got the pieces thus separated, he began to lay out the plan for the house. It was going to be quite an elaborate affair, judging from the care with which he shut one eye, and the number of times he stepped back and looked at the plan. Once, when he stepped back, he stepped on the dog, and the dog yelped and verged so suddenly and so unexpectedly that The Man Next Door lost his balance, and abruptly sat down on the saucer of nails. He got up without smiling, and mechanically looked around for the dog, with the hammer still in his hand. The dog had continued to verge, however, and was now out of sight, the boy being in sympathetic pursuit. Pretty soon The Man Next Door ceased to rub himself, and returned to the work of construction. He worked vigorously. He drove four stakes into the earth, and built up four walls to them. He called for his wife, and she came out ostensibly to hold the boards as he nailed them, but really to tell him how to do it. He knew how to do it himself, however, and lost no time in convincing her of the fact. Still she didn't let go of her idea. She held two boards for him, and was holding the third, when a carriage drove by, in which was a woman that had on a new kind of dolman. The wife of The Man Next Door was so startled by this appearance, which must have been entirely unexpected to her, that she dropped the end of the board she was holding to run out to the other side of the house, where a much better view could be obtained. It was an unfortunate time to select for the purpose. He had a nail partly set, and was about to give it a climaxing blow—in fact the hammer was already descending—when she dropped her end.

I wasn't exactly where I could see the whole performance. I saw the hammer go down, however, and then I saw it some thirty feet in the air travelling in a circle, and The Man Next Door was bending over and straightening up again, and holding on to one hand as if it was all he had on earth.

I could see by the movement of her eyes that she was talking to him, and I looked at his lips to see if they were moving in response, but they were not. They were tightly clinched; and after he had kicked down what he had built up, and jumped up and down on the saucer of nails until he had driven them into the earth, he went into the house.

Later in the day my wife saw his wife, and asked her what was the matter. She said her husband hit his thumb with the hammer, and that he ought not to drive nails anyway, because he didn't understand how to do it.

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

VIRTUE ACKNOWLEDGED.—Mrs. Ira Mullholland, Oakville, writes: "For several years I have suffered from oft-recurring bilious headaches, dyspepsia, and complaints peculiar to my sex. Since using your Burdock Blood Bitters I am entirely relieved."

THE WILD HEATHER OF SCOTLAND.

BY GEORGE W. PETTIT, PHILADELPHIA.

You ask for a sprig of Scotland's wild heather,
Which blooms in the Spring-time, but fades in the Fall,
Not dreaming I woe, that the chill of the weather,
Has stolen its colours, and blackened its pall.

Far from the land where it grew I have wandered,
Where broad oceans roll, and the cataracts roar;
Seen the track where adown the avalanche thundered,
And heights above, where the proud eagles soar.

Its bright purple flowers again I saw blooming,
Far over the mountains that slope to the sea;
Again I can hear the bluebells low ringing,
The songs of the Highlands, the "Bonnie Dundee."

Adown the deep glen the bagpipes are droning;
And brightly the ribbons float over the glade;
How gaily they march to the "Campbells are Coming,"
How sadly sigh over fair "Glenconnel's Maid."

I know that the rose, the shamrock and thistle,
Still bloom here, the emblems of Britain's fair isles;
But give me the land where the gloomy winds whistle,
And the bluebells repeat the bright unto of the skies.

You see your request has made me a dreamer;
Again in the Highlands I've wandered along,
But only could find in the path of the gleaner,
These few withered flowers to twine with my song.

THE MAD-STONE.

BY J. ESTEN COOKE.

I.

"Then you don't believe in the mad-stone, my dear Wolfgang?"

"Certainly I do not."

"Still, the facts are undoubted; my statements are susceptible of proof."

"Nothing is susceptible of proof which is impossible, dear friend Langley."

The conversation took place on a day of summer, in a country house on the Lower Tappahannock, in Virginia. The friends exchanging views with each other were Henry Langley, a young country gentleman, and Dr. Wolfgang, from Göttingen, a man of about thirty, like himself. Langley had made his acquaintance some years before in Europe, and had found him a delightful companion, and Wolfgang having visited America, came and made a long stay at the Reeds, Langley's place. He spoke English fluently, was a great favourite with Mrs. Langley, and the only objectionable trait about him was his dogmatism. On this morning after breakfast they were smoking in the drawing-room, and reading the papers. The sensation of the moment was the terrible prevalence of hydrophobia in the city of Brooklyn, and this had brought on an obstinate discussion.

"Dear friend Langley," continued Dr. Wolfgang, "the whole thing is absurd—incredible. What is it you tell me? You tell me that a gentleman in this country possesses a small green stone, which, applied to the wound inflicted by the bite of a dog labouring under rabies, sucks the virus from the incision, and prevents the occurrence of hydrophobia."

"Yes, there is no doubt of it," said Langley, smiling. Dr. Wolfgang rang his fingers through his beard and shrugged his shoulders.

"Is that what your English writer, Sir Thomas Browne calls a vulgar error?"

"The fact has been proved on a dozen occasions."

"It has never been proved. A dozen occasions have never proved. Do you know the percentage of cases of hydrophobia in a population?"

"I do not."

"Then I will tell you. I have studied this special subject, and can give you the figures. In France, with a population of thirty-six millions, there were in five years one hundred and seven cases; that is, only one to every two million inhabitants."

"That may be in Europe. Here it is different."

"No. In the city of New York, with a population of more than one million, there have been in forty years only ninety-four cases. So you see your famous mad-stone could not have been applied 'on dozens of occasions' in your little country here with its handful of people."

"I used a figure of speech. What I meant was, frequently. The fame of the mad-stone is not confined to Essex County. Its virtues are known far and wide; and no sooner is any one bitten by a mad dog anywhere in this region of the country than his friends either bring him to Mr. Fortescue, the owner of the stone, or, if that is impossible, they bring the stone to him."

"Helf Himmel!" cried Dr. Wolfgang, relapsing into his native tongue: "was ever such talk! and to a man of science, a doctor of physiology! Dear friend, it is all what you call bosh in your good English. Describe to me once more this wonderful mad-stone."

"I have told you all I know of it," said Langley, laughing. "It is about two inches long, and perhaps an inch thick, rounded at the edges, and of a green colour, resembling cop-
peras."

"Protosulphate of iron," said Dr. Wolfgang; "so far I understand."

"I don't know," replied Langley, "as I'm not a great chemist like yourself. I only know its properties. When the stone, or protosulphate of something, is applied to the wound

made by the mad dog, it adheres closely to the flesh for about half an hour. During this time the stone may be seen turning greener and greener—"

"*Similia similibus!*" muttered Dr. Wolfgang, with a grim smile.

"That is the poison going into it," continued Langley, taking no notice of the interruption. At the end of an hour at the farthest, the stone drops off."

"Ah! the stone—this famous mad-stone—drops off, does it?" said Wolfgang, satirically.

"Yes; you see the work is done. The poison is all sucked up, and the wound is completely cleansed of the mad dog's venom."

"And the patient is safe?" said Dr. Wolfgang, shrugging his shoulders.

"Entirely safe—the bite is no longer a thing of any consequence."

"And the stone, what becomes of it? It seems to me that the stone is poisoned now, and, according to sound reasoning, ought itself to poison the next patient."

"Not at all; it is easily cleaned."

"In what manner?"

"By plunging it into fresh milk. After remaining there an hour or two, the milk turns green, and the stone is washed—it has discharged the venom into the milk."

Dr. Wolfgang got up from his seat, and threw his meerschaum on the table.

"Was ever such moonshine!" he cried, and he burst forth into German expletives, *Donner und Blitzen*, and other expressions of wrath and wonder. Langley laughed aloud.

"You obstinate fellow, there's no doubt of the truth of what I tell you!" he said. "A case occurred last fall in this very neighbourhood. A man who cuts timber on the river, named Carpenter, was bit by a dog that was raving mad, and cured by the mad-stone. He lost no time in hurrying to Mr. Fortescue and applying it. It acted like a charm, and he is now perfectly well."

"The dog was not mad!" cried Dr. Wolfgang.

"You are wrong. He bit a horse and two other dogs, and they all died. Two days afterward the dog was dead himself."

Dr. Wolfgang knit his brows.

"You have an answer for everything," he said. "Where does this Carpenter live?"

"On the river, near the high-road running to Tappahannock, about a mile from Mr. Fortescue's."

"Very good. I will go and see him. He will be dead now."

"Who will be dead?" asked a laughing voice.

II.

The words were uttered by a young lady, who came into the room at the moment. She was about twenty-three, and had one of those faces which seem to bring the sunshine with them when they appear. Her figure was slight, and she was dressed in exquisite taste. In her arms she carried a lap-dog—a mass of shaggy curls, with nothing but his long ears to indicate where his head was.

This was Mrs. Langley; and it was easy to see from her husband's expression that she was the light of his eyes. They had been married for two or three years, but the honey-moon was still shining. That was plain from the glances they exchanged as the young lady entered. It was equally plain from the sudden softening of Dr. Wolfgang's satirical expression that he too was under the spell, and had conceived a warm affection for his friend's wife.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Langley, coming up to them, and showing her pearly teeth. "I am afraid you are quarrelling, as usual."

Dr. Wolfgang made a courtly bow and said, smiling, "Your good husband is so obstinate, dear Madame Langley!"

"Well, old fellow," said Langley, laughing, "you are a pretty person to charge other people with obstinacy! Of all the hard-headed, dogmatic, opinionated, pertinacious— But I'll spare you this time. All I have to say is that the man who tries to argue you into anything—"

"What in the world were you arguing about, my dear?" interrupted Mrs. Langley.

"Wolfgang and myself were discussing the mad-stone. He refuses to believe in it."

"I certainly do. Am I wrong, dear Madame Langley?"

"I am afraid you are, doctor," the lady said. "I have heard of so many cures it has performed, that I think there can be no doubt of them."

"A good specimen of female reasoning!" growled Dr. Wolfgang, *sotto voce*.

"Only a few months ago a Mr. Carpenter was cured by the stone."

"Carpenter again! I'll see this Carpenter before I'm a day older," muttered Dr. Wolfgang.

"So you believe in the mad-stone, madame?" he said to the lady. "Yes or no?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Langley, smiling. "If I'm ever bitten by a mad dog, I hope they will send for it."

As the young lady spoke, she fondled the little lap-dog in her arms, caressing the shaggy head with her small white hand covered with rings.

"Poor Remy," she said, addressing the dog in the tone of a person speaking to a baby, "did they think it would ever grow mad, and bite people? Remy is too good to be bad, and snap and snarl—"

Suddenly Remy snapped and snarled.

"What is the meaning of that?" said Dr. Wolfgang, stopping all at once as he was applying a lighter to his meerschaum. Langley turned his head.

"I did not notice what you refer to," he said.

"Why is that lap-dog snarling?"

Mrs. Langley uttered a ringing laugh, and pointed under the centre-table. They looked and saw a large black cat, with her back erect and her yellow eyes blazing. She was gazing with fiery eyes at the lap-dog, and "spitting."

"It is that cat," said Mrs. Langley, holding the lap-dog close to her bosom, and soothing him. "She and Remy hate each other. It is a wild cat, as the servants say; that is, it does not belong here."

Dr. Wolfgang looked thoughtful.

"I hope nothing is the matter with the dog," he said, looking at him keenly.

"The idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Langley. "You gentlemen must have talked yourselves into a nervous state; that ought to be left to the weaker vessels. To fancy that anything was the matter with Remy! Even if he was raving mad, he would never hurt me. He loves me too much. Poor Remy, did they go and abuse him?"

She smoothed the dog's curls, and he closed his eyes, nestling down, and apparently falling into a doze.

"Well, perhaps you are right, madame," said Dr. Wolfgang. "I have no doubt it was my fancy, and nothing ails the animal. But you must let me say one thing: I never see one of your charming sex fondling one of these creatures without thinking two things—one, that he is not worth it; and the other, that if ever he be attacked by rabies, the hand fondling him will be the first he will bury his teeth in."

Having uttered these words in a tone of the utmost gravity, Dr. Wolfgang had recourse to his usual bow, after the fashion of his country; and then reminded his friend Langley that he had promised to show him the American system of budding peach-trees. Langley assented at once, and they went in the direction of the peach orchard, Mrs. Langley having seated herself, with Remy on her lap, and opened the last magazine.

As the friends went across the lawn toward the inclosure containing the peach-trees, Wolfgang said, in a thoughtful voice, "Do you know, my dear friend, what I would do if I were in your place?"

"What do you mean—what you would do?"

"I would wring that lap-dog's neck."

"Wring his neck!"

"Or, if that seems too violent a proceeding, I would purchase five or ten grains of strychnine, and quietly administer it."

Langley looked at his friend with surprise, and said, "You don't mean—"

"I mean that I don't like the looks and ways of that charming animal. I do not say he has rabies, or is going to have it; but I am perfectly familiar with the symptoms from my stay in the veterinary school at Lyons, and I say—I don't like his appearance."

"His appearance!"

"I will explain what I mean. The vulgar opinion is that hydrophobia—that is, hatred of water—is the main indication of canine rabies. That's all a blunder. Neither a mad dog nor the person bitten by him hates water: he only cannot swallow it. Instead of hating it, he craves it; but the muscles of the throat contract violently, and prevent deglutition, hence he ejects it violently. The real symptoms are sleepiness, restlessness, uneasiness, snapping and snarling at trifles, or at nothing."

Langley looked a little uneasy, but made no reply.

"To be plain, this dog which Madame Langley holds in her arms and caresses may or may not have incipient rabies. Watch him, and you will soon discover. If he goes under sofas or into corners, as if to hide himself, and turns round frequently, or changes his position, or snarls at nothing, or looks up in the air—wring his neck! That last symptom indicates hallucination, and hallucination means incipient madness. The brain and nerves come first; when they are fully affected, the venom forms. It forms on the gums at the base of the canine teeth, and soon pervades the saliva. Then a bite is mortal. The teeth make the incision, and the poison enters. Then, in ninety cases in a hundred, death follows, mad-stone or no mad-stone."

"You frighten me."

"I mean to do so. You are my friend, and your wife is an angel. I have said, Watch this dog, and if you observe the symptoms I have mentioned, knock out his brains. Don't go near him."

As Dr. Wolfgang spoke, a cry came from the house.

"Helf Himmel! what is that!" he cried.

"Can it be—"

And he began running towards the house, followed by Langley.

III.

Dr. Wolfgang and his friend rushed into the drawing-room side by side.

Mrs. Langley was standing erect in the middle of the floor, looking very much agitated. Her right hand was tightly clasped around her left arm just below the elbow.

"What has happened?" cried Doctor Wolfgang, hastening toward her.

"Remy bit me," faltered the young lady, with a nervous tremor in her voice and frame.

"Bit you? Oh, my God!" cried Langley, remembering his conversation with Wolfgang. He ran to her and threw his arms around her.

"Oh, my own! my darling!" he moaned, utterly unnerved.

A strong hand thrust him back without ceremony, and Dr. Wolfgang confronted the young lady. His manner was in vivid contrast to that of his friend. He was perfectly cool, and spoke with the utmost deliberation and calmness.

"Be good enough to take your seat in this arm-chair, Madame Langley," he said.

The young lady fell into the chair, and Dr. Wolfgang quietly sat down beside her.

"I understand you to say that your lap-dog bit you?" he said.

"Yes, doctor—who would have believed it!—here, on my arm."

"Allow me to see it."

He pushed back the sleeve, and saw two semi-circular rows of incisions where the teeth had entered.

"It is nothing," he said; but you will permit me, as a mere matter of form."

So saying, Dr. Wolfgang placed his lips on the wound, and sucked with all his force.

"A novel mode of bleeding," he said spitting out the blood. "Now what has happened?"

Mrs. Langley informed him in a few words. As soon as the friends had left the room, Remy had leaped down from her lap; then he had gone under the sofa; then he had come out again; had turned round and round, looked uneasy and restless, gazed up into the air, and snapped, showing his teeth; finally, he and the "wild" cat had fought with fury, and while she was trying to separate them, the dog had bitten her violently in the arm.

"Is that all?" said Dr. Wolfgang, tranquilly.

"Then you don't think he is mad?" exclaimed Langley.

"Certainly not."

"Where is he, darling?" he cried.

"I don't know; he ran out of the room," she replied.

"Poor fellow! he is very sorry, I have no doubt," said Dr. Wolfgang. "It was merely an accident; but if you wish, I will go for your mad-stone."

"Oh, if you only would!" cried the young lady, in terror.

"Let me go!" cried Langley; but Dr. Wolfgang vetoed this. He knew the road to Dr. Fortescue's, and his friend had better stay with his wife.

"It is absolutely nothing," he said; but I would like to relieve your mind. Shall I do so?"

"Oh, I wish you would, doctor!" the young lady cried.

"Bring me a little gunpowder, my friend," said Wolfgang to Langley. It was brought in moment, and the doctor poured a tea-spoonful from the flask upon the wound.

"Why, my meerschaum has gone out!" he said. And taking a match he struck it as though to light his pipe. Instead of doing so, however, he turned round quickly and touched it to the powder. A puff of smoke and a sprit of flame rose; the young lady uttered a cry of pain.

"Now, even if your dog was mad, there is no danger; but I will go for your famous mad-stone," he said. Langley was going to order his horse.

"No," said Dr. Wolfgang; "I will attend to that."

He went out to the stables, and saw the ostler rubbing down his favourite riding-horse. There was thus no delay, and in five minutes the horse was saddled.

"Have you seen your mistress's dog, my friend?" he said to the ostler.

"Yes, sir—under the corn-house; something strange about him."

Dr. Wolfgang took up a short heavy stick from the ground, and concealed it behind him. Then he quietly drew near Remy, who was lying on the ground looking up intently into the air. The dog did not stir; he seemed unconscious of all around him. Dr. Wolfgang thereupon lifted his club suddenly and beat out his brains.

"At least he won't bite any one else!" he muttered; and taking his horse from the astonished servant, he mounted, rode quietly away, and soon lost sight of the house. No sooner, however, had he done so than he pushed his horse to a gallop, and, following the river road, disappeared.

Two hours afterward Dr. Wolfgang returned, his horse going nearly at a walk. This was no doubt to allow him to cool off, as he had been going at full speed. He dismounted, and entered the house, where Langley was seated by his wife, holding her hand and looking at her with tears in his eyes.

"Well, I've brought your famous mad-stone as you insisted on having it," said the doctor, smiling. "Perhaps, after all, there's more virtue in it than one thinks."

He drew from his pocket a small green stone about two inches long, with rounded edges.

"Will you have it applied madame?"

"Oh, yes, yes," cried the young lady.

The doctor looked at the wound, and said, "An eschar has formed, I see. A moment!"

And with a quick movement he tore the shrivelled skin, burned by the powder, from the wound. Mrs. Langley cried out with pain.

"It is done, madame; and now for the mad-stone," said the doctor.

He placed the stone flat on the wound, and, strange to say, it adhered firmly. Dr. Wolfgang seemed astonished, and raised the arm so that



"WHO WILL BE DEAD?"

Six months after these scenes, Dr. Wolfgang left his friends to return to Europe. The parting was a sad one, for he had greatly endeared himself to both Mr. and Mrs. Langley.

"I am so very sorry!" said the beautiful young woman; "we shall miss you so much!" "You are sure you will not forget me?" said Dr. Wolfgang, trying to smile.

"How could I? You saved my life by bringing the mad-stone so promptly."

Dr. Wolfgang did not smile this time; he chuckled.

"I regret to depart without ever laying my eyes on that wonderful object," he said.

Langley looked at him with some surprise.

"Without laying your eyes upon it, my dear fellow?" he said.

"I have never yet seen it."

"Never seen it?"

"I observe you are very much surprised."

"I certainly am. Assuredly you brought the stone, and it struck, and colored the milk with the green poison—the mad-stone."

"Copperas," said the doctor, with great enjoyment; "gum-arabic and green paint effected the rest."



"DR. WOLFGANG PLACED HIS LIPS ON THE WOUND."

the stone, if an ordinary substance, must have fallen off. It still clung to the wound, and the doctor muttered, "That is very strange."

Half an hour passed, and not a word was uttered. "It is visibly growing greener! Can it possibly be the poison?" said the doctor.

Another half-hour passed, almost in complete silence, when the doctor touched the mad-stone with his finger, and it fell off.

"Very strange indeed! A little milk, if convenient, my friend."

The milk was brought, the stone plunged into it, and in five minutes the milk turned green.

"Helf Himmel!" cried the doctor: "can there be something in this curious mad-stone, after all? It seems—it must be so. Yes, this wonder exists—seeing is believing. There is the very poison sucked out of your wound, madame. I confess I did not believe it was a real case of hydrophobia. I was wrong. But then you are as good as well, thanks to this wonderful mad-stone."

The doctor examined the arm carefully.

"It is just as well to adopt every precaution," he said. "Some of the virus may still linger in the bottom of the incision, and mingle with the tissues. That is always the danger in cases of rabies. A sac is formed, which months afterward bursts, and discharges the venom into the blood."

"What are you going to do, doctor?" said Mrs. Langley, nervously.

"Oh, don't be afraid; I will only touch the incisions with this stick of nitrate of silver."

But Dr. Wolfgang did not touch them only. He dug down to the very depths with his stick of lunar caustic, turned it about in the incisions, persisted in a thorough operation, and then said: "Now, my friend, offer madame your arm, and escort her to her chamber. She had better lie down. In ten minutes I will mix an opiate, which it would be better for her to take."

Langley put his arm around his wife, and they went out of the room. The doctor fell into a chair.

"Helf Himmel!" he muttered; "is she going to die? I don't know, but I have done my best to save her."



"THE YOUNG LADY UTTERED A CRY OF PAIN."

Langley and his wife looked at the doctor with extreme astonishment.

"What on earth do you mean, my dear Wolfgang?" said his host. "I mean this, my dear friend," said the doctor. "From the moment when madame told me how she had been bitten, I was satisfied that the lap-dog was mad. Unless I acted promptly, her death was as sure as anything earthly could be; so I did not lose time. The first thing was to tranquillize her nerves; nothing is more fatal on such occasions than nervousness. I told her a lie, as all physicians are justified in doing, namely, that the dog was not mad, and there was no danger. Then I went for your mad-stone."

"I thought you said—"

"Listen. I really did go to your friend Mr. Fortescue's house, meaning to procure the stone. Madame believed in it, and that was an important point."

"I understand, of course."

"Mr. Fortescue was absent, and the stone was locked up. But a mad-stone was necessary, so I went on to the village of Tappahannock, where I purchased a lump of copperas, some gum-arabic, green paint, but more important than all, nitrate of silver."

"Then the mad-stone—"

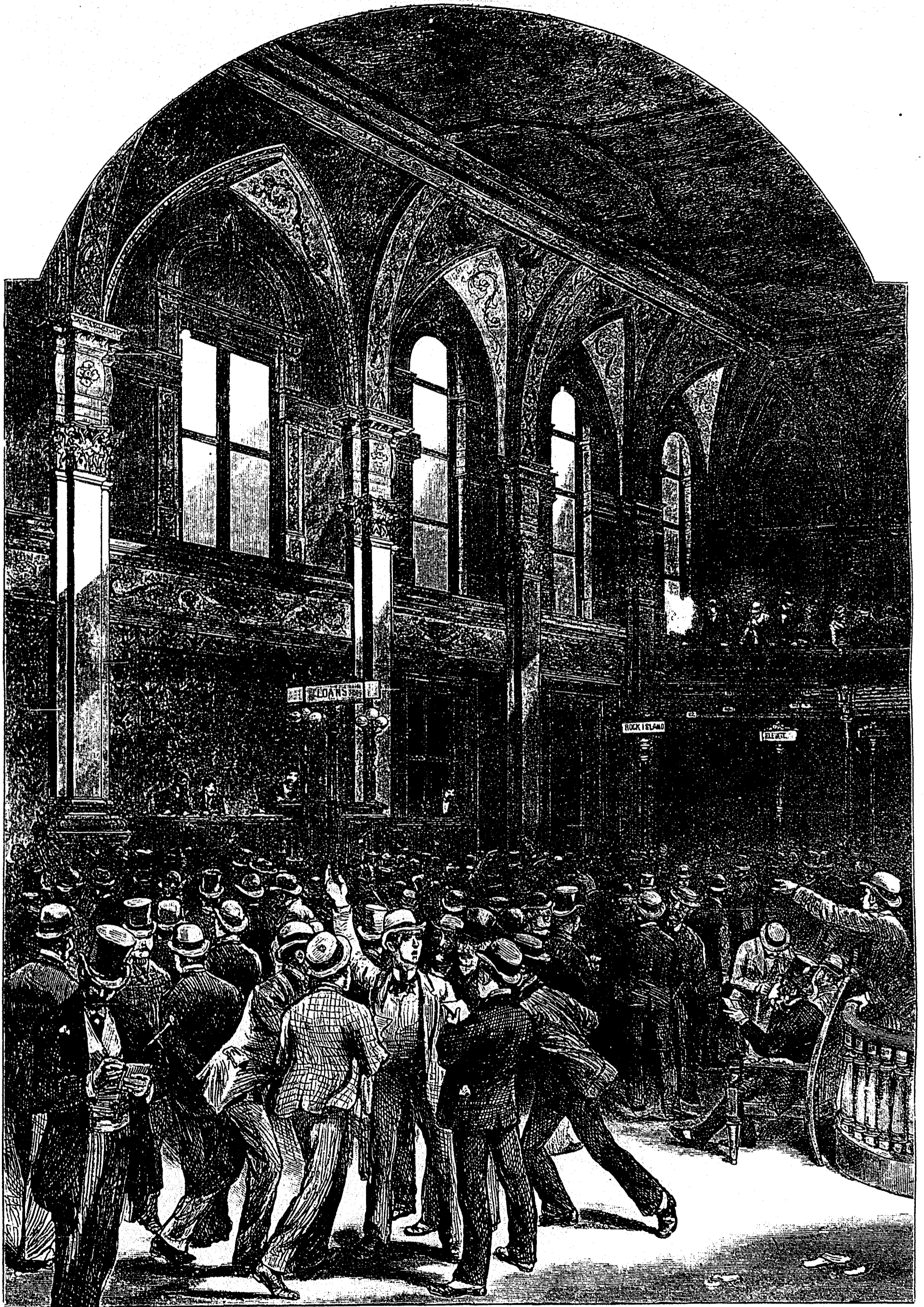
"A few words will finish this interesting narrative," said Dr. Wolfgang, smiling. "I shaped the copperas into the form of the mad-stone with my penknife, smeared one side with the gum, and the other with the paint, and when applied to madame's arm, it naturally adhered to that charming object, and afterward colored the milk a deep green."

"Then, after all—"

"I have never, as I said, seen the famous mad-stone. I really have no curiosity about it, dear Langley. The man Carpenter, whom it cured, you said, died last week, you know, in all the agonies of hydrophobia; and your wife would as surely have died, for she was unquestionably bitten by a mad dog. What cured her was cauterization; it was not the mad-stone. Moral—cauterize! And now, friends, farewell." With which words Dr. Wolfgang departed.



THE GRAND STAND AT THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, KANSAS CITY, DESTROYED BY FIRE, SEPTEMBER 14TH.



THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.—(SEE PAGE 211.)

THE WIFE.

BY PERCY RUSSELL.

The good wife ever is the keystone strong
That binds the arches of the social state;
It is her quiet counsels that create
That solid virtue and endurance long.
That give the victory to those who wait.
Unto the husband and the son belong
The harvest of her works; she maketh straight
Each crooked path, and arms us for the strife,
But with the sickle of Religion true
Cuts down the tares that choke the better life.
Without her, who, unscathed, can struggle thro'
Soul-solling labours! Her affection's dew
Keeps green the promise of our higher fate,
And is that love which must be wisdom too!

MUSICAL CULTURE IN CANADA—A FEW WORDS ABOUT AMATEURS.

BY GRETCHEN.

Any one with cultivated musical taste cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that our amateur music in Canada requires much renovation. I do not mean to say that plenty of sound is not heard almost everywhere, but *quality* and not *quantity* is what is so greatly needed in order to raise the present musical standard.

Why should this dearth of really good amateur music exist in a country which has made such rapid strides in other directions? Twenty or thirty years ago, there was, perhaps, some excuse—music teachers were scarce—and indeed—in many places—not to be obtained at all. Now, however, there are but few Canadian towns of any importance which do not overflow with teachers—and surely there must be thousands of intelligent young people, willing and able to take full advantage of musical instructions! Yet—what awful trash do we constantly hear! What wild scamperings across the long-suffering piano! What silly, sentimental stuff is wailed forth by some of our "very musical" young ladies! I cannot blame them—for how can you expect people who have never, perhaps, heard one note of good music in all their lives—to perform and appreciate what they cannot understand! There are many, of course, who possess that natural refinement of ear which instinctively separates the gold from the dross in music, as a painter's eye distinguishes the true from the false coloring—but these are the exceptions—and I speak of the average. Who, then, is to blame? *Chiefly the teachers.* Not that class of know-nothings who flood the country (and about whom I shall write at a future time)—but those who do know what is right—and yet do not insist upon their pupils discarding at once all the wretched apologies for music to which they have been accustomed—and endeavor to inculcate in them a taste for pure art. *These are the teachers who are to blame—and that heavily.* There are, I am fully aware—many pains-taking music teachers in Canada who have done—and are still doing much to create this pure musical taste. I know others, however, who do not strive for this good end. Teachers who are really competent—but who do not care to take the trouble.

Teachers have much to contend with, I grant. In many instances bad habits have already been formed—often past all redemption. Young ladies come for "a quarter's lessons—just to finish!" when in reality, their musical education is not even commenced—with such pupils it is most difficult to deal, for they must simply be put back to the commencement by any conscientious musician. There are but few pupils, however, who would not be very grateful for the putting back—that is, if they have any real love for music—any honest desire to learn. Those who do not possess this musical mind, had far better cease tormenting themselves and their instructors by continuing to learn—or rather to hear what is told them, but not to *learn* at all—and here let me make a remark which applies not alone to Canada—by any means. Why will parents insist upon their children learning music after it is once discovered, that they have neither taste nor ear for it—or do the infatuated papas and mamas never believe that such can be the case?

Within the pure art range of music are all styles—grave and gay—simple and difficult. I have frequently met people to whom the term "classical music" meant something heavy, intricate and uninteresting, yet who were surprised and chamed upon hearing the ever lovely "Lieder ohne Worte," of Mendelssohn, portions of Beethoven's "Sonatas," and many of the works of Chopin, Schumann, Heller, etc., etc. "Is that classical music?" say they—"why that is not dry at all."

It is astonishing how a girl will scramble through a set of (brilliant!) variations, regardless of time and wrong chords, or sing a rapid song (playing vilely the accompaniment, the while), when she might, with one half the trouble she has expended on all this trash, charm her audience with some simple melody within the pure art range, thus elevating her own taste and that of her friends.

In this short article I have merely dealt with one influence which lies in the power of teachers to exercise upon the youth of the country—as so much depends upon that influence. If all true musicians, all really anxious to further refined taste, would take a stand and work with one accord to exclude all the miserable Brummagen tinsel with which the name of music is insulted, what a revolution should we perceive in the musical culture of Canada, and that before very long!

Do not let my readers misunderstand me. I do not mean to say that a girl is never to play

so-called "light music." There are many charming pieces which do not exactly come under the head of "Classical," but which are exceedingly pretty and taking. These will do no harm, so long as *all* practice is not devoted to them. Again, every young lady who can play at all, ought to know a little dance music, so that she can contribute to an evening's enjoyment by obliging in this manner, when there is dancing. A girl who can play, but is above playing a waltz for her young friends' benefit does not appear in a very good natured light, especially if she is not above dancing herself to others' playing. All this, I say, will do no harm, so long as refined taste is being cultivated, instead of being allowed to become so dulled that a pupil—with even a decent ear for music—cannot tell a really pretty graceful piece from the veriest rubbish. There are at this moment, pieces which are simply a mass of bangs, scampering arpeggios, and prolonged shakes, (over the latter most girls invariably founder.) Yet these pieces have an enormous sale, and there are but few young ladies' music cases in which they are not to be found.

I know well that it is useless to hope for a total exclusion of bad music, or for a "garden of girls" with sweet voices, nimble fingers and perfect "ears," but I also know well that a widely different musical standard to what now exists can be attained, if only the earnest lovers of music, (professional and amateur) will work together to achieve it.

CLIMBING THE ALPS.

ON THE RIFFELBERG.

I came up here yesterday from Visp, a little village on the railroad from Brigne to Geneva. There is only a bridle path for half the way, so I had to come on horse back. When I ordered the horse and guide in Visp I expected to ride a charger, with my guide, a young mountaineer, on another, and that we should come over in fine style. Imagine how I was "let down" when an apparently decrepid old man led a tame old horse up to me with a rope tied around his head, and when I had mounted led the horse through the town as if I had been a bag of meal, the people all looking on, but not in surprise. I found that my guide was to go on foot all the way to St. Niklaus, and at all the difficult places he took hold of the bride. When I found how unsafe in appearance many places were I was very well satisfied with our very prosaic way of getting along. The old man proved to have stout legs and plenty of strength, so that he walked as fast as I could have gone anyway. Our path led up the valley of the Visp River. The first nine miles took us four hours or more to accomplish. Then after dining and resting two hours we took, toward three p.m., a rude buggy and drove to Zermatt, at the upper edge of the Visp gorge. The town of Visp, or Viège, as the French call it, is at the lower end. There we were, just where four or five glaciers converge from the ravines of the surrounding mountains. My greatest delight was experienced when just before we got out of the Visp gorge the lofty, sharp peak of the Matterhorn pushed into view above on the right. It appears to be such a sharp and lofty pinnacle of dark rock rising from a high mountain at its base that snow can scarcely rest on it at all and its glacier begins far below. I looked at it with incessant wonder that any one should have been bold enough to scale it, yet it is now done every day and often by women. Last night I saw a light half way up the pinnacle and was told it was from a cabin where climbers rest at night, it being not feasible to ascend to the summit and descend in one day. This morning with a telescope from our hotel I saw four men crawling or rather walking slowly over the apex and others cautiously coming down. The way they do it is by tying the whole party together by a strong rope so that if one falls the others save him. But some years ago the first party that ever reached the top had started to come down (and it is almost like coming down the side of a house) but had not gotten far before one slipped; the jerk carried the next off his feet, then the next and the next, while the rope snapped between him and the two last above. These were saved, but the unhappy four shot down over the precipice four thousand feet on to the snow below. Their bodies were found and their graves are in the churchyard at Zermatt.

Stopping at Zermatt to telegraph up the top of the adjacent mountain, the Riffel—where we could see the hotel perched, as it were among the clouds, I learned that they could give me a bed on the floor. So I mounted again and had a long and weary ride partly after dark, up through the pine woods and then along horrible precipices till we gained the hotel, where the good lady, to reward me perhaps for my good nature in seeming glad to get even a bed on the floor, presently found a nice room for me. I went to bed soon and slept soundly under a half feather bed, which was comfortable enough in this cold air. I woke this morning to find a bright day. It was glorious to look from our elevated position on the ring of snow-clad peaks around us as the sun brightly touched them. After breakfast, having made the acquaintance of an English clergyman, a great mountain lover, we clubbed in and got a guide—a bergsteiger—and went up on the ridge a few thousand feet above the hotel, on the south, called the Gornergrat, whence we had a view, which has become famous. South of us was the beautiful Monte Rosa covered almost entirely with snow, and very little lower than Mount Blanc. To the right of that was the mountain called

the Lyskamm, then two peaks called Castor and Pollux, then the broad white shoulder of the Breithorn. Farther to the right was the little Matterhorn. Then came a snowy mountain gap called Matteredgösch, then the broad expanse of the Theodule glacier leading the eye around to the west, where sprang up the triangular pyramid of the isolated Matterhorn—monarch of the circle—followed in quick succession as the gaze ran round to the north by Dent Blanche-Gabelhorn, Rothhorn, Weisshorn, Bruneck, horn and the Mischabel. The first and last being the highest—over fourteen thousand feet.

Then we clambered down a steep descent until we stood on the great Gorner glacier, one of the greatest—the second in Switzerland—which winds like a great white snake from Monte Rosa down nearly to Zermatt, and which is the only one I have seen that really comes down into the valley, the rest ending high up these ravines and giving place to torrents of whitish, muddy water, which issue from the glacier's bottom and rush down most wildly to the valleys. The Gorner is the main trunk into which empty five large glaciers at different points in its course. The glacier ice is not pure and clear, but lumps of ice frozen together, and the surface has a whitish rough appearance and is easily walked over, though fatiguing from its unevenness, having hills and hollows and great crevices reaching down hundreds of feet. The surface is dirty, from dust blown on it, and along the sides are piles of stones, the lateral moraines. My friends and I had long canes, like a hoe handle, with iron spikes in the bottom (called Alpenstocks), and occasionally the guide would give us a hand. We jumped over the crevasses and pitched big stones down them. These were deep funnel shaped hollows in the surface of the glacier, and one of them, about fifty yards across, was filled with clear ice water. The glacier is perhaps three quarters of a mile or a mile wide and is very high in the middle. All about on it were big rocks, and they all, when single, were poised on ice, forming tables, while every little stone and pile of gravel were always sunk in and lying at the bottom of sometimes deep holes, filled with water. Both things are made by same cause, viz.: the rocks get hot faster in the sunshine than ice, because they absorb heat better. Hence, if the rock is thin, it makes the ice warmer than the naked ice around, which thus melts faster, and so a hole is made. On the other hand, if the rock is very thick the heat travels so slowly through it that its bottom does not get warm in one day, so that it protects the ice under it, while the naked ice around gradually melts away and leaves the stone on top of a column. Now then there ought here and there to be a rock neither too thick nor too thin which would neither sink nor rise. Such is the fact and I saw some on the surface. We finally got round to the side of the glacier again and reascended the Gornergrat by a different path and came back to the hotel.—*Home Journal.* F. H. S.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

THIS is hard luck. Mr. Laycock, M.P., who died the other day, a fortnight before his death inherited a fortune of 40,000*l.* a year. His enjoyment of this large sum was sadly and singularly brief.

A GENTLEMAN named Hirst was telling the meeting of the British Association recently that he was eighty-one years of age, and had never been an abstainer, when he was greeted by the exclamation (which brought down the house), "You would have been a hundred by this time if you had."

A STATIONER advertises "Christian note paper," whatever that may be. The explanation that it is stamped with "a series of seven art outlines, representing a Christian as portrayed by Bunyan and Shakespeare, illustrating the Common Prayer for each season," which does not make the matter much clearer.

A CURIOUS experiment, it is stated, is being tried in several corps of the Russian army. This consists in the introduction of dogs in lieu of men as sentries. For this duty the wolf dog of the Ural Mountains is found most suitable, as this animal will growl at the presence of an intruder, instead of barking outright, and thus inciting all the dogs in camp to do likewise.

LEICESTERSHIRE must be the farmers' Elysium just now, provided he has no objection to his fields being occasionally ridden over by the various "hunts" which so greatly affect the country, for farms are to be had for an old song, if not for the bare asking. One farm in that county, which was formerly let at 35*s.* per acre, has been reduced to 12*s.* Another large farm, once occupied by one of the first agriculturists in the county, has had to be let under the following conditions: The tenant to pay nothing during the first two years, and at the expiration of that time to commence with a small rent.

ANOTHER revision of the Bible is in progress. The cheap edition of the Scriptures which seven years ago was printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society for the Malagasy is now about exhausted, and communications have been entered upon for a reprint which shall have been revised. The revision is slowly taking place in Mada-

gascar—the Protestant missionaries of the Church of England, the London, Quaker, and Norwegian Societies joining in the work, which will yet take some years. In the new edition of the Malagasy Bible it is intended to adopt the new translation as far as it has been accomplished.

THE jubilee meeting of the British Association makes York crowded for a time. The Treasury of the old Minster will be shown to the visitors, and some of its contents are treasures of curiosity as well as of value. One is shown, namely, a horn by which important lands were held for the Dean and Chapter. The tenure consisted in blowing the horn, and perhaps—unless a Court of Equity would interfere—no musical instrument in England could be more valuable. If the horn were stolen the lands were gone. In the library of Trinity College, Dublin, there is at present another horn by the tenure of which certain tracts of land belong to the Kavanagh family. But as land in England differs from land in Ireland, so does the method of service, where apparently, and certainly nominally, the tenures are the same. The Englishman has to prove his ownership by blowing through his horn. The Irishman proves his by emptying it. It is a tall narrow flagon, the cubical contents not very formidable. It is only fair to say that in Ireland the capacity of emptying drinking vessels extend to the tenants, and perhaps has led as frequently to the loss of land as to its tenure.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

A COMPLETE catalogue of the manuscripts in the Dresden Library is in preparation.

IN the cathedral of Ulm a fresco covering an entire wall has been newly discovered. It is a representation of the Last Judgment.

THE translation by M. Golenischeff of a most interesting Egyptian hieratic papyrus, relating romantic adventures in Punt or Somal, probably in the thirteenth dynasty, will shortly appear.

THE Queen has commissioned Miss Chaplin, whose models of animals in terra-cotta have attracted favourable attention both from artists and the public, to execute a portrait of one of her colliers.

IT is proposed to remove the modern structures abutting upon the Tower, and also the present law courts that fringe one side of Westminster Hall, so that the two most ancient and historic buildings in London will, before long, be visible for the first time in their proper simplicity.

AN important discovery of ancient silver coins is reported from Tarasco, Province of Lomellino, Piedmont. A countryman found a vessel containing 600 silver coins, mostly belonging to the first Roman epoch.

THE Antwerp Museum has lately added to its collection another picture by Rubens—*"The Venus"*—bought from an Antwerp family for 100,000 francs; also paintings by Teniers, Brauner and Weenix, and a fine portrait of the Dutch school by a master unknown.

DR. G. W. LEITNER, of Lahore, intends to return to England next winter in order to compile a catalogue raisonné of the Græco-Buddhist sculptures and other collections which he has lent to the South Kensington Museum.

MR. Walter Brown, of Great Portland street, will shortly publish a collection of about ninety woodcuts by Thomas and John Bewick, printed mostly from the original blocks. The work will be issued in imperial quarto. The subscriptions are limited to one hundred copies, at a guinea each.

A FINE life-size marble statue, broken into several pieces, which, however, were put together without any difficulty, was discovered during the course of some recent excavations on the site of Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli.

HUMOROUS.

A MEDICAL writer says that children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

"MALAKIA," said the Old Orchard landlady, "well no, we haven't got it; folks hasn't asked for it, but we'll get it for your family."

SOME one wrote to Horace Greeley inquiring if guano was good to put on potatoes. He said it might do for those whose tastes had become vitiated with tobacco and rum, but he preferred gravy and butter.

CANADIAN CHOLERA.—This terrible disease is but little less fatal than real Asiatic cholera, and requires equally prompt treatment. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry will cure it as well as all other forms of bowel complaints of infants or adults if used in proper time.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office

NOT A HALF-WAY CURE, but positive, permanent relief, soon experienced, follows the use of Thomas' Electric Oil for coughs, colds, sore throat and chest, rheumatism, neuralgia, piles, sores and diseases of horses and cattle. Indorsed by professional men of eminence; inexpensive and popular, it in every case proves itself worthy of the general confidence reposed in it. The ingredients which compose it are the purest and most effective medicinal oils; no alcohol impairs its strength by causing evaporation, and it can be used as an outward application or an internal medicine. No lotion or ointment can compare with it either in efficacy or purity. As it is sometimes imitated by unprincipled dealers, purchasers should see that each wrapper bears the fac-simile signature of S. N. Thomas, and the firm name Northrop & Lyman blown in the bottles. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, Ont.

SUMMER GONE.

The milkweed bursts its silken pod,
The ripe and downy grasses nod;
The golden rod is blossoming;

The winds are sighing o'er the sea,
And woods catch up the threnody;
The homesick robin sings no more,

Alas, something from my life hath flown
Than Summer, sweeter, dearer grown;

Doth sleeping Summer ever dream
Of bare brown woods and fettered stream?

FANNY FALES.

MISCELLANY.

THE contents of the North American Review for October cannot fail to arrest the attention of all readers. Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, considers "Some Dangerous Questions." Among them, that of the succession to the Presidency in case of the inability of the elected incumbent.

M. Naudin, the well-known author of so many beautiful works on hybrid plants, urges the culture of fruit trees in pots either as a pleasure or a source of profit.

THE Belgian Congress devoted to the study of school-hygiene concludes, that every pupil ought to have at least 32 square inches of superficial space: the classes not to be numerous; the water closets to face the south; plant trees in the play ground, and secure there for each pupil a space equal to six square yards; and 1 1/2 yards space under the shed: the pupils ought not to remain longer than one hour at a time in class without some bodily recreation; each child ought to have 10 to 20 cubic yards of air, and the latter to be renewed twice or thrice daily; the stores should be placed near the external walls; the window stool ought to be higher than the heads of the pupils, so that the light can fall on them at an angle of 45°.

CHIFFON GOSSIP.

Pedestrianism is just now in vogue amongst the maidens and the more active matrons of the Northern States. To camp out in the Adirondacks and to bring back from that fashionable wilderness the trophies of a sunburnt face and a pair of bronzed hands are accounted as correct in point of social etiquette as to play the part of decorative wallflower at a Newport festivity.

not born with a taste for the open air, or with a passion for horses and row-boats. The virtuous Sarah, of Jewish record, held spinning in higher estimation than athletic occupations, although her own energies seem to have been spent in arousing the damsels committed to her charge before the light of day, and in setting them to their diurnal task with distaff and spindle while the lark was still hesitating over the choice of carols for his morning concert.

To spend one's time sitting under a verandah, in a graceful attitude clad from head to foot in the latest fashion, is an apparently simple occupation, but one which cannot be successfully maintained without an assured revenue.

As it is generally conceded that ladies may and even must follow the mode of the hour, it is singular to meet with the assertion that, at Saratoga, ladies wear diamond brooches at breakfast, with diamond buckles on their shoes and flounces of Duchesse lace on their gingham dresses.

Not claiming to be jewels, they are still used as buckles for the belt and for the shoes. Combs, buttons, stars, daggers, and miniature frames may be made of these pebbles, which no experienced eye confounds with diamonds.

THE steamer Columbia, of the North-Eastern Line, while on a voyage from Chicago to Collingwood, was caught in a gale and foundered. Sixteen persons were drowned.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

The Berlin Congress and Tournament will be important events in the history of chess during the present year, and we hope that the whole of the games played at this important gathering of chess celebrities will be published shortly for the benefit of those who take an interest in such encounters.

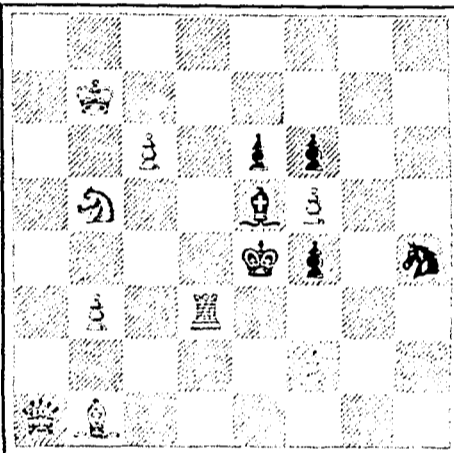
The latter gentleman, in securing the highest position in a contest with such players as the whole world could produce, has done nobly, and his countrymen may well be proud of him.

The following, taken from the excellent Chess Column of the Glasgow Weekly Herald will be read with pleasure by all who have given their attention to the events in the recent struggle. After giving the list of the competitors, the writer says: "This is indeed an array of talent such as has never been got together before, and the one who succeeds in coming in first will have reason to be proud of his achievement."

PROBLEM No. 348.

By Dr. Ryall.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 476TH.

Played between Messrs. Zukertort and Winawer in the Master-Tourney, at Berlin, Aug. 9th, 1881.

(From the Field.)

Muzio Gambit.

- White.—(Mr. Winawer.) 1. P to K4, 2. P to KB4, 3. Kt to KB3, 4. B to B4, 5. Castles, 6. Q takes P, 7. P to Q3, 8. Q takes P, 9. Q to K Kt5, 10. P to K5, 11. P takes B P, 12. B takes Kt, 13. B takes B, 14. Kt to B3, 15. Q R to K sq, 16. Q takes Kt, 17. R to B4, 18. Q to K7, 19. Q takes Q ch, 20. R from B4 to K4, 21. R to K8 ch, 22. R takes R ch, 23. P takes B, 24. R to K4, 25. R to Q Kt4, 26. P to Q R4, 27. R to KB4, 28. R to K4, 29. R takes P, 30. P to R4, 31. R to Kt7, 32. P to Kt4, 33. K to Kt2, 34. K to Kt3, 35. P to Kt5, 36. K to Kt4, 37. R to B7, 38. R to B2, 39. P to Kt6, 40. R to K Kt2, 41. K to Kt5, 42. P to R5, 43. P to Kt7, 44. P to R6, 45. R to K2, 46. K to B6.

Drawn game.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 346.

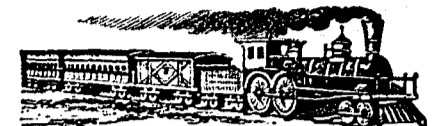
- White. 1. Q to QB5 (ch), 2. Kt to K7, 3. K to Kt8 ch, 4. P takes Q, 5. P Queens and mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 341.

- White. 1. R takes P, 2. K takes P, 3. R mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS No. 345.

- White. K at KR6, Q at K sq, R at QR5, B at QB5, B at QB8, Kt at KB6, Pawn at KR2, K B2, K Kt5.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY. Change of Time.

COMMENCING ON Monday, July 25th, 1881.

Table with columns: MIXED, MAIL, EXPRESS. Rows list train routes between Ottawa, Quebec, and Montreal with departure and arrival times.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all Day Passenger Trains, and Sleeping Cars on Night Trains.

GENERAL OFFICES—13 PLACE D'ARMES. TICKET OFFICES: 13 Place D'Armes, 202 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

Has become a Household Word in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY in every family where Economy and Health are studied.

THE COOK'S FRIEND

SAVES TIME, IT SAVES TEMPER, IT SAVES MONEY. For sale by storekeepers throughout the Dominion and wholesale by the manufacturer.

The Scientific Canadian MECHANICS' MAGAZINE

PATENT OFFICE RECORD A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Devoted to the advancement and diffusion of Practical Science, and the Education of Mechanics.

THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC CO.

OFFICES OF PUBLICATION, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal. G. B. BURLAND General Manager.

TERMS: One copy, one year, including postage... \$2.00. One copy, six months, including postage... 1.10. Subscriptions to be paid in ADVANCE.



Hats, Caps and Furs

OPENING of the FALL AND WINTER CAMPAIGN.
New styles in Men's, Youth's and Boys Hats. Scotch and Felt Caps in great variety. "Olivette," the new Corduroy Hat, at

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

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

BURTON'S
ALL HEALING TAR
AND
GLYCERINE SOAP
Cures all Diseases of the SKIN
in MAN or BEAST. Makes the
hands soft and smooth.
ASK FOR BURTON'S.

STTI a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free.
Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

CRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE
TRADE MARK. The Great English REMEDY. An un-
failing cure for Seminal Weakness, Sperma-
torrhoea, Impotency, and all Diseases
that follow as a se-
quence of Self-Abuse;
as loss of Memory,
Universal Lassitude,
Before Taking Pain in the Back, After Taking
Dimness of Vision, Premature Old Age, and many
other Diseases that lead to Insanity or Consumption and
a Premature Grave. Full particulars in our
pamphlet, which we desire to send free by mail to every
one. The Specific Medicine is sold by all drug-
gists at \$1 per package, or six packages for \$5, or will be
sent free by mail on receipt of the money by addressing
THE GRAY MEDICINE CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Canada.

British American
BANK NOTE COMPANY,
MONTREAL.

Incorporated by Letters Patent.
Capital \$100,000.

General Engravers & Printers

Bank Notes, Bonds,
Postage, Bill & Law Stamps,
Revenue Stamps,
Bills of Exchange,
DRAFTS, DEPOSIT RECEIPTS,
Promissory Notes, &c., &c.,
Executed in the Best Style of Steel Plate
Engraving.
Portraits a Specialty.
G. B. BURLAND,
President & Manager

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.
AUCTION SALE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is given that, under instructions from the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, there will be offered for sale, by PUBLIC AUCTION, Messrs. Shaw & Gowdey, Auctioneers, in the City of Montreal, on WEDNESDAY, 19th October next at ten o'clock a.m., that property situated on line of Saint Gabriel Street and Fortification Lane, in the said City of Montreal, known as the Geological Museum property, on which are erected a stone building, heretofore known as the "Geological Museum," a brick building, "Keeper's Residence," and various outbuildings in rear of same; the said property being designated on the Cadastral Plan of the City of Montreal and Book of Reference thereto as No. 142, Centre Ward, measuring 61 feet on St. Gabriel Street, and 153 feet on Fortification Lane, more or less, said to contain 2,011 feet, superficial area, all English measure.
The property is in close proximity to the Court House and City Hall. The whole to be sold in one lot. Title perfect.
Terms, 50 p.c on execution of deed and balance in two equal annual instalments, with interest at 6 per cent. Promises may be visited on application to the auctioneers.
Sale to take place on the grounds.
By order,
F. H. ENNIS,
Secretary.
Ottawa, 14th September, 1881.



LADY MONTFORD AND HER CHILDREN.
FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S
EXTRACT
OF MEAT
FINEST AND CHEAPEST
MEAT-FLAVOURING
STOCK FOR SOUPS,
MADE DISHES & SAUCES.
CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with
fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signa-
ture in Blue Ink across Label.

An invaluable and palatable tonic in all cases of weak digestion and debility.
"Is a success and a boon for which Nations should feel grateful."
—See Medical Press, Lancet, British Medical Journal, &c.
To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers and Chemists.
Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only) G. David & Co., 48 Mark Lane, London, England.

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

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

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

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

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

Smoke Gold Flake Cigarettes.

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

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

Gray's
SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
FOR CURE OF COLDS

South Eastern Railway
AND
Montreal and Boston Air Line
THE DIRECT AND BEST ROUTE
TO
White Mountains,
Concord, Manchester, Nashua, Lowell,
Worcester, Providence.
BOSTON

and all points in NEW ENGLAND, also to the EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

On and after MONDAY, JUNE 27th, South Eastern Railway Trains will run to and from Bonaventure Station as follows:—

LEAVE MONTREAL

DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8.30 a.m., with Parlor Car.
LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Stations this side at 5.00 p.m., on Saturdays at 3.00 p.m., instead of 5.00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8.25 a.m. instead of 9.15 a.m.
NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6.30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Canton, West Farnham, and Cowansville, between St. Lambert and Sutton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.

ARRIVE AT MONTREAL

NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 8.25 a.m.
LOCAL TRAINS from Knowlton and Way Stations at 9.15 a.m., on Mondays at 8.25 a.m., instead of 9.15 a.m.
DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8.45 p.m.

Express Train arriving at 8.25 a.m. will stop daily at Riobelleu, Chambly, Canton and Chambly Basin.
The most comfortable and elaborate Sleeping Cars run on the night trains that enter Bonaventure Station.
ALL CARS AND TRAINS run between Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and Boston WITHOUT CHANGE. Baggage checked through to all principal points in NEW ENGLAND.
BAGGAGE PASSED BY THE CUSTOMS AT BONAVENTURE STATION, thus saving all trouble to Passengers at the Boundary Line.
For Tickets, apply at 202 St. James street, Windsor Hotel and Bonaventure Station.

BRADLEY BARLOW,
President and General Manager.

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

THE BURLAND
LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY
(LIMITED)
CAPITAL \$200,000,
GENERAL
Engravers, Lithographers, Printers
AND PUBLISHERS,
3, 5, 7, 9 & 11 BLEURY STREET,
MONTREAL.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT has a capital equal to all the other Lithographic firms in the country, and is the largest and most complete Establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada, possessing all the latest improvements in machinery and appliances, comprising:—

- 12 POWER PRESSES
- 1 PATENT LABEL GLOSSING MACHINE,
- 1 STEAM POWER ELECTRIC MACHINE,
- 4 PHOTOGRAPHING MACHINES,
- 2 PHOTO-ENGRAVING MACHINES,

Also CUTTING, PERFORATING, NUMBERING, EMBOSSEING, COPPER PLATE PRINTING and all other Machinery required in a first class business.

All kinds of ENGRAVING, LITHOGRAPHING, ELECTROTYPING AND TYPE PRINTING executed in THE BEST STYLE
AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING and LITHOGRAPHING from pen and ink drawings A SPECIALTY.
The Company are also Proprietors and Publishers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, L'OPINION PUBLIQUE, and SCIENTIFIC CANADIAN.
A large staff of Artists, Engravers, and Skilled Workmen in every Department.
Orders by mail attended to with Punctuality, and prices the same as if given personally.

G. B. BURLAND,
MANAGER.