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AMERICAN Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1881.

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TURNING THE SCALE.

NELSON :—Well, this is strange; I could have sworn I was the heavier.

BEAUDRY :—Mais—my dear friend—you 'ave forgot zis leetle make veight here.

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, \$1.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

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

THE WEEK ENDING
March 6th, 1881. Corresponding week, 1880

	Max.	Min.	Mean.		Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	40	24	32	Mon.	42	33	37.5
Tues.	38	21	29.5	Tues.	33	14	22
Wed.	25	10	17.5	Wed.	30	11	20.5
Thur.	40	12	26	Thur.	42	19	30.5
Fri.	41	33	36.5	Fri.	41	35	38.5
Sat.	39	28	33.5	Sat.	40	25	32.5
Sun.	41	27	34	Sun.	32	20	26

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MISCELLANEOUS.—The Seat of Government—Carlyle on the Woman Question—Review and Criticism—Our Illustrations—News of the Week—The Fish—May Women Wear—Varieties—A Most Remarkable Will—The Case of Carlyle—A Law of Nature—Completed—The Genius of Genius—The Case of Mrs. Buxton—How the Children Play in Japan—Necromancy—Hearth and Home—Musical and Dramatic—Amusements—Our Chess Column.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Mr. J. H. Gould is at present on a tour through Ontario in the interests of the NEWS, and is now in Toronto, where we trust that he will meet with a good reception from our friends that are and those that are to be.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,
Montreal, Saturday, March 12, 1881

THE WEEK.

A satisfactory evidence of the progress of taste on this continent is the increasing care bestowed upon the artistic get-up of works which do not directly appeal to the most educated classes. Among these we may reckon the children's literature, which, a few years since, was invariably associated with careless typography and villainous illustrations. The mistake of allowing children to form their first ideas of art, at a time when the mind most easily retains its impressions, from the grotesque caricatures which still obtain in many even of our school-books, is of a piece with the shortsightedness which thinks any piano good enough for a child to practice on, and ruins the musical ear of a pupil by forcing him to accustom it to false harmonies, in place of cultivating to the utmost that delicacy of perception which alone can make a musician. Very much has been done in the States in the way of most artistic treatment of child-life subjects for the little ones, and a recent addition to the list of children's magazines deserves special recognition. In "Our Little Ones," the Russell Publishing Company are circulating a work which, for elegance of typography and perfection of wood engraving, might claim a place in many an art library, while, unlike a number of so-called children's books, its tales are really fit to read out word for word in the nursery.

APROPPOS of this serial, we cannot resist publishing in full the notice of a contemporary, which, for true Canadian patriotism, self-satisfaction and, shall we say, pig-headedness, deserves a place by itself in literature. "Our Little Ones" is a new periodical for very small boys and girls in the United States, and is published at Boston, a city in Massachusetts, one of the States of a Republic south of the Dominion of Canada; which Dominion is the largest country in America, though the Yankees—that is, the people who live in the United States—arrogate to themselves the name American, and delight to speak of the continent of America as one nation, while every little boy and girl in the excellent public schools of Canada knows that there are and always will be several nations on this continent. Canada is not only a great nation within herself, but is

part of the glorious and free British Empire, which, among very many other things, is famous for excellent and cheap publications for little ones. And if any Canadian boy or girl is seeking for a magazine or book, we recommend him not to purchase a foreign one, for the 'Boy's Own Paper,' 'Girl's Own Paper,' or a score of other British publications, are better and cheaper." The moral of which is—the more geography the less wit.

HOWEVER, if we do not sufficiently appreciate the States, we can have no reason to complain of a similar want of courtesy on the part of the Yankee press, if we are to take the following as a specimen: "Lady Tilley, one of the Court ladies at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, gave a grand ball last week, and no wine was served, an unusual innovation at a table of an English nobleman."—(Chicago Tribune.) Our prediction of the future of Canada in the nobility business is being rapidly carried out, and the Canadian House of Lords may be almost said to be a *fait accompli*. How will Lord Cartwright feel, however, at this unfair prominence accorded to Lord Tilley! And after that Budget, too.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

In spite of the failure of Mr. JACOB BRIGHT in his visionary schemes of female emancipation, the so-called "Woman's Right" movement has had a marked effect in calling attention to a real evil existent in our midst, and paving the way for its practical settlement. Like many other crucial questions of a similar nature, the long continuance of the evil made the reaction the more violent when it came, and there was danger lest a movement, perfectly justifiable in its protest against the neglect and dishonour of a class, should by force of sympathy with its wrongs outrun the measure of moderation, and persuade a nation to stultify itself by way of atonement for the sins of past neglect.

The danger is past, but the effects of the movement have not perished. Men's eyes have been opened to the real claims of the weaker sex, and once those claims have been stripped of the absurd pretensions which accompanied their original putting forward, they have found supporters enough among all lovers of fair play, to say no more. The subject has been brought into special prominence now by the report of the committee appointed to examine into the claims of the women undergraduates at the great English universities. The committee advise, and there seems little doubt that their advice will be followed by the Cambridge authorities at all events, that women be admitted to the Tripos examinations on the same terms as men, subject to the ordinary conditions of residence at Girton or Newham. Practically this has been done for some years past *sub rosa*, the women having done the papers by permission, and being privately informed of the place they would have held in the list, had they been counted in. The present arrangement merely contemplates allowing them to occupy legally the position to which their scholar-ship entitles them, and seems the natural outcome of the steps already taken. So far, then, as a University education is concerned, the cause has been won, and women may hope to aspire to the honours of Senior Wrangler, or, presumably, even Chancellor's medallist.

Up to this point, we may believe, there are few who would grudge the sex the opportunity of availing themselves of that education, their claim to which they have successfully carried through the courts of Public Opinion. But with all this, a note of warning needs to be sounded. That there are some women to whom a University education may be most suitable, to whom a position in the honour list may be a help in their life-work, we are far from wishing to deny. But there is danger, we believe, lest in the present excitement over the question, women be tempted to forget the true end of their existence. Education, be it remembered, is not in

itself an end, only a means to an end, and upon the ultimate position of the student in life depends the course of training which it is wisest for him to pursue.

In another column we publish a letter of Carlyle's, which expresses in better words what we would impress upon our readers as the true solution of the problem. With him, and with another kindred spirit, the late Charles Kingsley, we believe that the higher end of a true woman's career is to fulfil the sacred duties of wife and mother. If this be so, the training most needed for our young girls is that which best shall fit them for this position; and such training, we may believe, is not altogether compatible with a University curriculum.

There is nothing, however, so repugnant to the natural order of creation as waste of whatever kind, and there are many women, no doubt, so constituted by nature, or so impressed by circumstances that for them this higher womanly life is not. It is for these, then, that another career needs opening, and we may believe that the present temper of society in England is in favour of their obtaining fair play for their talents, which under the old system would have gone to waste. Women have done, and women will yet do, great and good work in literature, in art, in music and a hundred widely dissimilar paths of life; and, whatever have been their disadvantages in the past, the opening of the Cambridge examinations to them seems to have removed the last of them, as far as educational facilities are concerned.

As to the other, perhaps greater question, whether, granted that women who are to live alone from choice or force of circumstances should have perfect freedom in their selection of proper educational *media*, there are not better fields for them than the Universities, we shall have more to say another time. Enough that that field, amongst others, is open to them, or will shortly be, without restriction and without favour. It will be for the next generation to judge of results.

THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, March 5th, 1881.

The business in Parliament last week has not given rise to any very serious debating, but a number of measures have been advanced a stage; and some progress has been made with the estimates. The feeling among the members is that this month should end the session; this, however, is one of the things which no person can state with certainty. The result very frequently depends upon contingencies which Ministers themselves cannot control. It is to be noted, however, that the time for receiving reports of private bills was on Monday extended ten days, which does not necessarily imply extending the session; but has for object to give as much time as possible to this kind of business.

The Manitoba Boundaries Bill may be specially referred to in this connection. Its fate was for some days suspended, there being an understanding that the French members were very much opposed to the measure Mr. Norquay desired to pass. It is, however, now understood that an agreement has been made to pass a bill with a little different adjustment of boundaries from that proposed by Mr. Norquay. To do this requires another Act of the Manitoba Legislature; and it is proposed to make a formal prorogation of that body, recalling it and passing another act before the close of the present Dominion Session. This, of course, will be rather quick work, and may be prevented if their should be any obstructive feeling manifested in Manitoba. But Mr. Norquay, the Premier, remains here confident that nothing of this kind will take place; and, in fact, the interest of Manitoba to have more extended boundaries seems so great, that one would scarcely expect any opposition for the mere purpose of party or faction. The new proposed Western limit, I understand, goes as far as Range 29 West, which takes in all the recent English speaking settlements in what is called the Valley of the Little Saskatchewan. The proposed eastern boundary will be the western boundary of Ontario, whenever it shall be defined. It will also go up some forty or fifty townships north; the whole of which will give an area many times as large as that of the present province.

In the Senate on Monday, on the second reading of the Amendments to the Consolidated Railway Act, Sir Alex. Campbell read an extract from resolutions passed by the Pacific Railway Co. on their first meeting in Montreal, respecting running powers over their railway to Callander station to any Company building a railway east from Lake Superior, River St.

Mario, or Lake Huron on such equal terms as to set at rest another of the cries. The Senate was occupied both Tuesday and Thursday with the Railway Act which was finally reported with some trifling amendments.

In the House on Monday, Mr. De Cosmos took the opportunity of moving for some papers to apply some pretty uncomplimentary names to Mr. Trutch, calling him "a Government spy." Sir John Macdonald warmly defended Mr. Trutch as a man of high standing and exceptional character; who, in consequence of his very great experience has been asked to act as a confidential agent of the Government, and said he would bring down any correspondence that was not confidential; but not one paper it was against the public interest to bring down.

Mr. Longley moved a resolution that the Speaker should be requested to issue an order prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks in the House. Several members objected to the terms of the resolution as casting a slur on the character of the House. Mr. Kirkpatrick moved an amendment that the order should be to close the bar within the precincts of the House for the sale of intoxicating liquors, which was carried by a vote of 56 to 46. Mr. Burpee moved an addition that strangers should be excluded from the refreshment-rooms of the House to which Mr. White of Cardwell, added "unless accompanied by a member," which was also carried, and the House adjourned at half past ten. On Tuesday, Hon. Mr. Langevin moved the House into Committee of the whole, to consider certain resolutions, granting facilities and advantages to any company establishing telegraphic connections with Asia; and proposing that Mr. Sanford Fleming, who has submitted a plan which has met the approval of the Governor in Council, shall succeed in forming a company for this purpose, and apply before the 1st October next for letters patent incorporating it, letters patent may be issued giving the exclusive privilege of landing a telegraphic cable or cables on the Pacific coast for twenty years, on condition that telegraphic communication between the two continents be completed within five years and be regularly and efficiently maintained, the rates for messages to be moderate and to be approved by the Governor in Council. Mr. Langevin stated that Mr. Fleming had ascertained a powerful company could be incorporated if Parliament would give the charter and privileges asked for. It was proposed to start the line from Nanaimo, going as far north-west as Qualicum, one of the extreme points of Vancouver, and thence in a direct line as possible to Walvis Bay, Japan, perhaps touching at the Aleutian Islands. The Company asked for no subsidy, but merely for certain privileges. The Japanese Government had given their consent to the cable being landed in Japan. Several members objected to the granting of exclusive privileges, and others wished for delay. On the motion of Mr. McArthur, the debate was adjourned.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, and passed the items for penitentiaries, some protests being made by several members against the tendency to "place a premium on crime" by too great indulgence to the convicts. On the Immigration and Quarantine items some complaints were made of emigrants to the North-West being induced by land agents to settle in the United States. Hon. Mr. Pope thought the percentage of these was small. He did not anticipate a large emigration from Ireland this year. Negotiations were, however, in progress between the Imperial and Dominion Governments to promote it. It was proposed to see Irish emigrants settled on lands in the North-West, and before the titles of their lands were given settlers that the Government should see that the money spent in bringing them out was repaid to the parties loaning it. He expected the Syndicate would succeed in getting a large German emigration, as they could take steps which our Government could not, in consequence of the jealousy of the German Government. Several members spoke of the beneficial effects of two visits of the Tenant Farmer Delegates, as having influenced a superior class of emigration, which was likely to be increased this year.

On Thursday, Sir John Macdonald introduced a bill amending the Dominion Lands Act, diminishing the size of the roads west of the present survey from 100 feet to 66 feet, enabling the Governor-in-Council to make sales in special cases, so that a settler might buy land in addition to his homestead and pre-emption, and providing for the entry of lands in advance of settlers immigrating. At present, a settler in Europe had no security. The Germans, who immigrated to the United States, generally sent out an agent in advance to locate the lands, and this provision was to enable *bona fide* immigrants, within reasonable limits, to have their lands ready for them, so that the community need not be broken up on their arrival in this country. A provision was made allowing agents of immigrants to give in their names for a location before their arrival in this country, and also to enable parties who assisted emigrants to agree with the emigrants that the advance made to bring them out should be a charge on the homestead.

Sir Leonard Tilley moved the House into Committee to consider some resolutions respecting savings banks, enabling the Governor-in-Council to fix a less rate of interest than four per cent. to be paid to depositors, and making better provision as to the payment of dividends out of the profits, and to continue the charter until the 1st day of July, 1891. The resolution was passed through Committee.

Hon. Mr. Bowell moved some resolutions amending the Customs Act. The first was to remedy a deficit in making allowances on invoices of goods which had been damaged while crossing into the country by rail. The law at present only made an allowance on goods coming by water; and it also provided a better mode of these damages. It was also proposed to provide for the better valuation of goods. The oath to be only administered by the Collector, Sub-Collector, Surveyor and Chief Clerk. The final adjudication which was now in the hands of the Collector, to be taken from him, and the evidence referred to the Commissioner of Customs, the Collector to be given power in case of goods having fallen in value, to reduce the invoice price. A penalty to be inflicted on any official who allowed goods to pass from any of the warehouses or from the custody of the authorities without the duties having been paid. This amendment would prevent the constructive bonding by which a large amount of revenue had been lost. Any whole package to be allowed to be taken out of the warehouse and exported if desired. There were several other amendments which were passed through committee and a bill introduced.

The House went into Committee of Supply. On the item for the conversion of the Government workshops into Supreme Court buildings, Mr. Langevin said it was proposed to arrange a picture gallery in the workshops when transformed of pictures bequeathed to Dominion. The present Supreme Court would be used as an addition to the library, and the Judges rooms open for the accommodation of members. Hon. Mr. Blake hoped they would be kept for the use of members, and not given to officials.

The Railway Committee have been occupied all the week with the Ontario and Quebec Railway.

The Banking and Commerce Committee have reported the two Credit Foncier Bills with amendments; and most of the clauses of the Credit Foncier Company of the Dominion of Canada Bill have been passed.

The Immigration Committee had two sittings during the week, at one of which it appeared from the evidence of the Secretary of the Department of Agriculture that 118,000,000 copies of publications were issued during the year at a cost of about \$25,000. The exodus question was also still further discussed.

In the Public Accounts Committee, Colonel Dennis was called upon to explain the publication of a speech of Mr. Plumb by the Department of the Interior. Col. Dennis said he thought the statistics given in it were of great value and importance in advertising the North-West, and got 5,000 copies of the speech from the publisher of the *Herald* for \$125.

On Friday, Mr. Anglin found fault with the Government for the distribution of the Irish relief vote. But the answer of Sir John was perfect. The Government did act promptly and wisely and were guided by the best and most responsible advice. Some measures, but not of public importance, were advanced a stage.

MR. CARLYLE ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

The following highly characteristic letter, which appears for the first time in a Scottish newspaper, published on the 8th ult., was sent by the late Thomas Carlyle to a medical student who was a prominent supporter of his candidature for the Lord Rectorship of Edinburgh, in reply to a request for his opinion on the woman question in general, and especially in regard to the entrance of women into the medical profession. It is dated, 5 Chyne Row, Chelsea, 9 Feb., 1871. DEAR SIR.—It is with reluctance that I write anything to you on the subject of female emancipation, which is now rising to such a height, and I do it only on the strict condition that whatever I say shall be private, and nothing of it gets into newspapers. The truth is the topic for five and twenty years past, especially for the last three or four, has been a mere sorrow to me, one of the most afflicting proofs of the miserable anarchy that prevails in human society, and I have avoided thinking of it except when fairly compelled. What little has become clear to me on it I shall now endeavour to tell you. In the first place, then, I have never doubted but the true and noble function of a woman in this world, was, is, and forever will be, that of being a wife and helpmate to a worthy man, and discharging well the duties that devolve on her in consequence as mother of children, and mistress of the household duties—high, noble, silently important as any that can fall to a human creature—duties which, if well discharged, constitute woman in a soft, beautiful, and almost sacred way the queen of the world, and which by her natural faculties, graces, strengths, and weaknesses are every day indicated as specially hers. The true destiny of a woman therefore is to wed a man she can love and esteem, and to lead noiselessly under his protection with all the wisdom, grace, and heroism that is in her, the life presented in consequence. It seems indubitable that if a woman miss this destiny, or have renounced it, she has every right before God and man to take up whatever honest employment she can find open to her in the world. Probably there are several or many employments, now exclusively in the hands of men, for which women might be more or less fit—printing, tailoring, weaving, clerking, &c. That medicine is intrinsically not unfit for them is proved from the fact that in much more sound and earnest ages than ours, before the medical

profession rose into being, they were virtually the physicians and surgeons, as well as sick nurses, all that the world had. Their form of intellect, their sympathy, their wonderful acuteness of observation, &c., seem to indicate in them peculiar qualities for dealing with disease, and evidently in certain departments (that of female disease) they have peculiar opportunities of being useful. My answer to your question then may be that two things are not doubtful to me in this matter:—

1. That women—any woman who deliberately so determines—have a right to study medicine, and that it might be profitable and serviceable to have facilities, or at least possibilities offered them for so doing.

But 2. That for obvious reasons female students of medicine ought to have, if possible, female teachers, or else an extremely select kind of men; and in particular, that to have young women present among young men in anatomical classes, clinical lectures, or generally studying medicine in concert is an incongruity of the first magnitude, and shocking to think of to every pure and modest mind. That is all I have to say, and I send it to you under the condition above mentioned, as a friend for the use of friends.

Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

MR. BLACK'S last novel (1) which most of us have caught passing glimpses of in more than one periodical, has just been re-published in book form. The leading incidents cluster around the members of a certain Secret Society, and the plot, like all of Mr. Black's, is cleverly worked out. Of course there is a lady in the business, who as the daughter of the arch conspirator entices her lover into its toils, and ultimately saves him from the consequences of her father's treachery, an act on her part which nearly costs her father his life, a sufficiently "strong" incident for any drama. However it may be some relief to our readers to know that the father too is saved by the self-sacrifice of a humble adorer of the heroine's. For the rest, we recommend lovers of a genuine novel to read it for themselves. It is well worth the trouble, even if it is a little blood-curdling for the nineteenth century reader.

DR. MARTIN'S Essays on China and the Chinese which have appeared from time to time during the last twenty years are conveniently collected into one volume in the book before us. (2) With the appendix they present an exhaustive study of the condition of China with respect mainly to education and religion. From his position Dr. Martin has been permitted probably a closer insight into Chinese manners and customs than any other European, and is enabled moreover to speak of the language itself as one who has mastered its supreme difficulties and can appreciate those beauties of style the possession of which many more superficial students have denied it. Especially interesting in these days of competitive examinations, and discussions as to their value, is the accurate description of the Educational system, the great competitive system of the world, in which the whole training of boys from the first is directed towards one end, the obtaining a place in the great competitions of the Empire. The rigid course of study under which the intellectual faculties are forced, to the absolute neglect and even repression of the mental powers, is graphically described, and may be said to be the foundation of the intense conservatism of the Empire. "The land of uniformity," says Dr. Martin. "All processes in arts and letters are as much fixed by universal custom as is the cut of their garments or the mode of wearing their hair. The students all tread the path trodden by their ancestors of a thousand years ago, nor has it grown smoother by the attrition of many feet." In truth the system of the Chinese is as different from our own as can be well conceived, and its results are seen in the absolute ignorance of the educated Chinese mandarin of all or most of what we require from a boy in the fourth or fifth book. But we should be wrong if on that account we were to despise his education. His absolute ignorance of geography or modern history is only equalled by his extraordinary intellectual powers and actual culture according to his own standard.

"In knowledge, according to our standard, he is a child; in intellectual force, a giant. A veteran athlete, the victor of a thousand conflicts, his memory is prodigious, his apprehension quick, and his taste in literary matters exquisite."

We have quoted thus much to show that to a careful study of his subject Dr. Martin brings a matured judgment and a power of analysis which enables him to present his readers with a critical view of the condition of the Empire which may be honestly recommended to all students of this wonderful people.

We have received an *Edition de Luxe* of the Illustrated Catalogue of the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia, on toned paper, and adorned with numerous plates and photographs, from the press of J. B. Lippincott. Apparently

(1) "Sunrise," by William Black. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.
(2) The Chinese, their Education, Philosophy and Letters, by W. A. P. Martin, D.D., LL.D., President of the Tungwen College, Peking. 1881. New York, Harper & Bros.; Montreal, Dawson Bros.

locomotive purchasers have aesthetic tastes which must be cultivated by producers.

THE MARCH MAGAZINES.—The *North American Review* contains several noteworthy articles on current topics of the day. The question of how far Biblical instruction is to be retained in the Public Schools, and in what manner, is ably discussed by Bishop Coxe, and from Capt. Eads we have a practical account of the proposed ship railway, which we illustrated some time since in *News*. The difficulties which have been forced upon the South by the Negro Suffrage are the theme of a sympathetic article by Judge Chalmers, while Mrs. Philbrick and John Fiske are also represented, the latter as the exposé of Mr. Joseph Cook's charlatanism.

The most important article in the *March Atlantic* is the "Story of a Great Monopoly," by H. D. Lloyd, which gives an account of the origin and growth of "The Standard Oil Company," revealing the steps by which, from insignificant beginnings, a power has been grasped which is able to purchase legislatures and courts, and seems almost equal to defying the authority of the government. Mr. Grant Allen, who is well known as an English writer on philosophical subjects, contributes an article on "The Genesis of Genius" in reply to an article by Mr. William James on "Great Men, Great Thoughts, and their Environment" which appeared in the *Atlantic* for October. Richard Grant White continues his series of papers on English life and manners, and the Contributor's club is unusually full of readable chat.

Lippincott's Magazine contains several interesting articles, notably that on "The Diamond-Mines of South Africa," by E. B. Biggar, which brings down the history of these remarkable discoveries to a recent date, and depicts, with the aid of illustrations, the present mode of working the mines, the aspect of the settlements, and the mixed character of the population. "Moose-Hunting," by "Canuck," also illustrated, is a vivacious account of the sport as practised in Nova Scotia. "My China Boys," by Fanny Stevenson, is not only very amusing, but presents some types of Chinese character not familiar to more casual observers. Phebe D. Natt gives an account of "The Paris Art Schools" which must interest many readers. Dr. Charles W. Dulles discusses the "Physical Uses of Pain," and Charles Burr Todd describes "The American Newgate," an underground prison in Connecticut, once famous, but now known only to the local antiquary. Several short stories and the serial "Lilith" conclude the number.

Scribner contains its usual budget of good things. The engravings illustrative of "In London with Dickens" are delightfully suggestive of quaint nooks and corners of the metropolis; and this department is even more noticeable for the never before engraved portraits of Charles and Mary Lamb. A second paper by Mrs. Oakey on "Recollections of American Society" is as pleasantly written as its predecessor, and Theodore Thomas' musical article also deserves special attention. For the rest "A Fair Barbarian," Schuyler's "Peter the Great" and "Glimpses of Parisian Art" are continued, and the last concluded in this number.

The most striking things in the *March St. Nicholas* are Mrs. Oliphant's admirable paper giving the touching story of "Lady Jane Grey" (to be followed in April by the companion article on "Mary Queen of Scots"); an illustrated account of two sturdy Icelandic boys and their desperate "Encounter with a Polar Bear"; "Mary Jane Describes Herself," an illustrated autobiography of a Sunday-school scholar; an incident of Adeline Patti's childhood, when travelling in the United States, in 1854, with Ole Ball and Maurice Strakosch; and the four serials, Rossiter Johnson's story of "Phaeton Rogers," Dr. Oswald's "Adventures in Nature's Wonderland"; Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement's "Stories of Art and Artists," and the anonymous "Mystery in a Mansion: a Story of an S. S." There are more than fifty illustrations, a page of music, and an Anglo-Chinese story for the boys and girls to interpret.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR cartoon this week deals with the municipal elections in Montreal. Our readers will be aware that the scale was turned by the Irish vote in favour of Beaudry, and with this slight cue the illustration will tell its own story.

THE war between Chili and Peru has been the subject of so much discussion for the past few months, that, at its conclusion, a few illustrations from the victors' country may interest our readers. The national museum is built in the grounds attached to the agricultural college, at Santiago. The building is the one that was erected expressly for the exposition held in 1875. Not only the native ranches, but the dwellings of the wealthy classes, are built one story in height, and occupy considerable ground area. Earthquakes are of such frequent occurrence, that tall structures of stone or brick would be both dangerous and very expensive. The half-breed descendants of the Spaniard and the Indian find the life of a *huaco*, on horseback, the most agreeable, either in the open country or the suburbs of the leading cities.

The farms of Chili are usually very large, frequently comprising several thousand acres. The *haciendados*, as a rule, reside in the cities, leaving their plantations under the care of a *capataz*, or overseer. Smaller estates are called *chacarras haciendas*, and also *haciendas*; and the small farms are known as *quintas*. The bridge of Cal-

i-cante crosses the river Mapocha, and unites Santiago's centre with the suburbs of the Recoleta and Estarupa. It was built in the time of the Spaniards, and is so massive in its construction, and was so costly, that Queen Isabella once inquired if it was being built of silver dollars set on edge.

Of late years the Chilians have been more active in commercial, industrial and educational matters than the Peruvians; and to this enterprise is doubtless due the wonderful prosperity of the country even during an expensive war as shown above.

The sketches from Red River Territory are in continuation of the British Columbian items which have pleased our subscribers so much. The artist has drawn a comparison between the old and new modes of sleigh driving, rather to the disadvantage of the old as far as "style" is concerned. Another page too gives a humorous sketch of the dangers attendant on indiscriminate bathing in the far West.

THE most remarkable feature of the recent fire at Nordheimer's Hall was the appearance of the building after the fire had been extinguished. The night and morning were unusually cold, and the water thrown by the firemen upon the walls and pillars crystallized upon them, covering the ruins with an icy fringe most beautiful to see. From the balcony hung suspended three rows of this beautiful fringe, and the wreck of the scenery, the piano and all the other fittings were festooned with ice. The firemen must have had a rather rough time of it. The thermometer was 20 degrees below zero, and they worked excellently regardless of the cold. Said one of the men of No. 2 station, "when I came down from the Skinner ladder, I was enclothed in such a coating of ice that I could not reach a glass of brandy to my mouth, and you may be pretty sure I tried very hard."

THE illustrations of the grand Carnival at the Victoria Skating Rink, which took place on Friday, the 15th ult., have been somewhat delayed, in order to obtain the assistance kindly offered by Messrs. Notman and Sandham, of their photographs of costumes, etc. The page now presented contains over eighty figures representing nearly all the most noticeable among the costumes worn, though we have decided to suppress the mention of any in particular by name. The carnival was probably the most successful affair of the kind ever seen in Montreal. Nearly 800 skaters in costumes of every shade and colour glided over the ice, while the side of the rink and the galleries were crammed with spectators to the number of nearly 4,000. No pains were spared in the decorations of the Rink, the most noticeable among which was the beautiful ice temple which rose about the fountain in the centre. Four pillars of solid ice, 14 feet high, supported a light wooden roof, and the effect of the lights upon the transparent columns and the splashing water within was very beautiful. The Rink was lighted by two electric lights which made the scene literally as bright as day. We hardly realized how bright until they were lowered for a short time during the illumination of the fountain itself, when the ordinary gaslights which were all we had to depend on, seemed to emit scarcely one-half of the usual splendour.

As a pendant to this scene we present a copy of Dalbono's picture of the Carnival at Naples, the quaint humours of which have become quite historical.

AN ARREST OF STUDENTS AT MOSCOW.—There was a serious disturbance amongst the students at Moscow, arising from the expulsion of four of their number from the University for making a disturbance in the lecture-room while Professor Sernoff was demonstrating. Thereupon four hundred and sixteen students held a meeting, and despatched a deputation to the Rector, requesting an interview to state their grievances. This was refused, and the students then assembled in the courtyard of the University. The Chief of Police, who had been despatched by the Governor, Prince D'gorukoff, next appeared upon the scene and ordered them to disperse. This they declined to do until the desired interview was granted, whereupon they were surrounded by a detachment of police and gendarmes, and marched through the streets under a strong guard to the convict prison outside the town. Intense excitement was aroused by such a remarkable procession of prisoners and their guards, which traversed nearly the entire length of the city. The students, however, were not kept in duress vile for any length of time, as next day all but six were released.

AMUSEMENTS.

The French Company of whom I spoke a few weeks since have returned to Montreal after a short tour in the Province. They seem to have readily grown in public favour, the best possible test of their excellence, and on the two nights on which I was present this week I noticed a very fair sprinkling of English people, while the house on both occasions was well filled before the curtain rose, and with an orderly and respectable audience. *Madame de la Seigliere* was well put on on Monday and Thursday and Tuesday was what our friends call a *soirée de gala*; a sort of *pot-pourri* of comedy, opera bouffe and concert in which I did not think the company showed to as much advantage as in the ordinary comedy dramas in which they have before appeared. I am bound to say, however, that my opinion was by no means shared by the audience who applauded MM. Claude and Dudley to the echo. MUSCUS.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE COLLEY.

The news of General Colley's death and the almost entire extinction of the 58th regiment under his command, has produced a most depressing effect in England. There are few modern commanders of whom more favourable results have been prophesied; and the shock to those who expected, in spite of the reverses which he had already met, that the Commander-in-chief was on the point of satisfactorily ending the war in Natal has been great.

Sir George Colley was the son of the late Hon. George Francis Colley, and grandson of the third Viscount Harberton. He entered the army in 1852, became Captain in the 2nd Regiment of Foot in 1860, Major in 1863, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1872, and Colonel in 1874. He was engaged in the Campaigns on the Cape frontier in 1858-9 and 1861, and was twice thanked by the Government for his services; throughout the China War of 1860, for which he received a medal and two clasps; and in the Ashantee War of 1873-4; after which he was made a C. B., and was awarded the medal with clasp. From 1876 to 1879 he was in India with Lord Lytton as Private Secretary to the late Viceroy, and in 1879 he was appointed chief of the Staff to Sir Garnet Wolseley in Natal. He was created a C. M. G. in 1878, and a K. C. S. I. in 1879. Almost immediately after the outbreak of the revolt in the Transvaal Sir G. P. Colley, without waiting for reinforcements from England or India, started from Newcastle with his little army of 1,300 men to relieve the beleaguered garrisons of Pretoria and Botchefstroom, and it will be fresh in our readers' recollection that he received a decided check at the hands of the Boers when attempting to force his way through a pass in the Drakensberg at Laing's Nek, his losses being

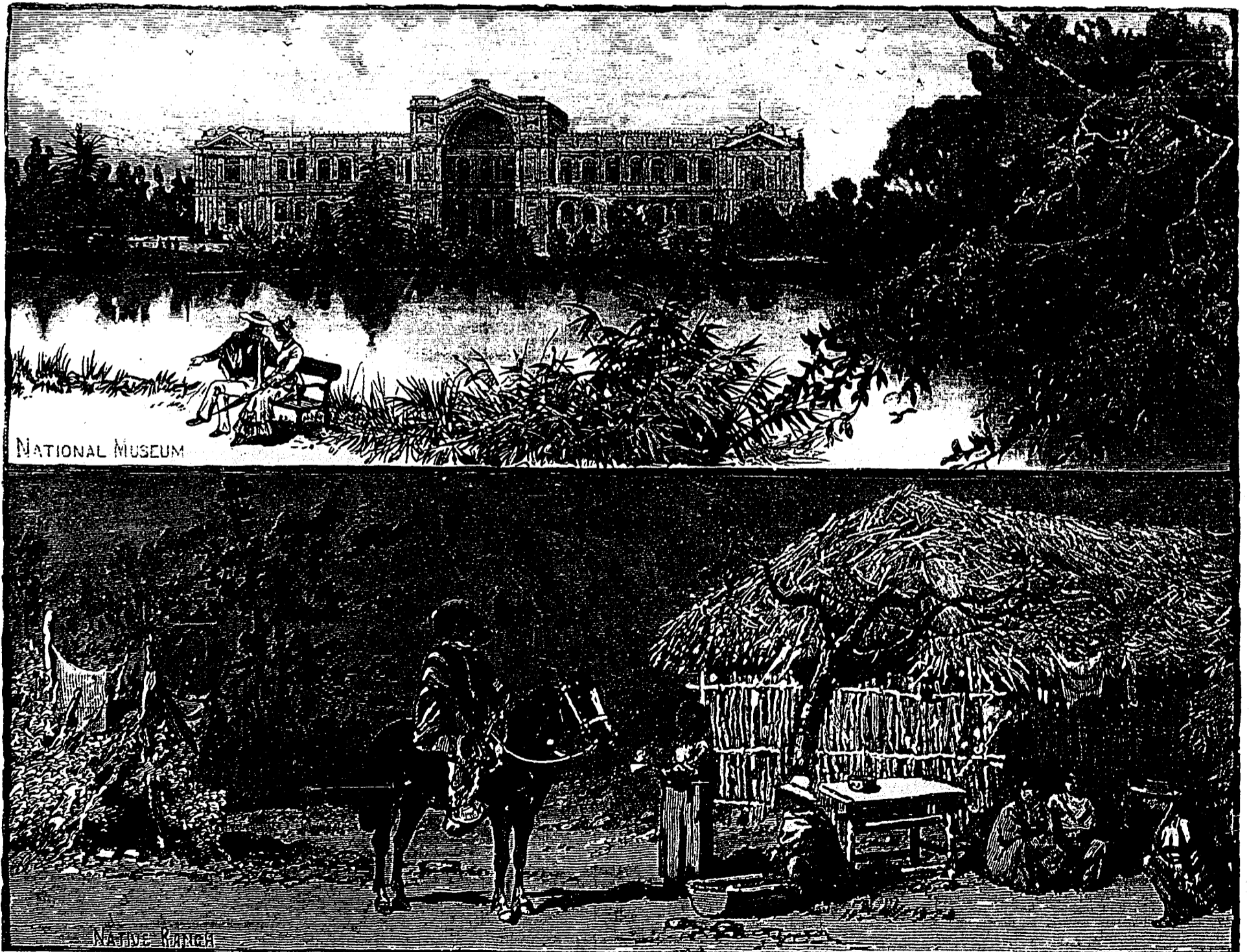


MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE POMEROY COLLEY, K.C.S.I.

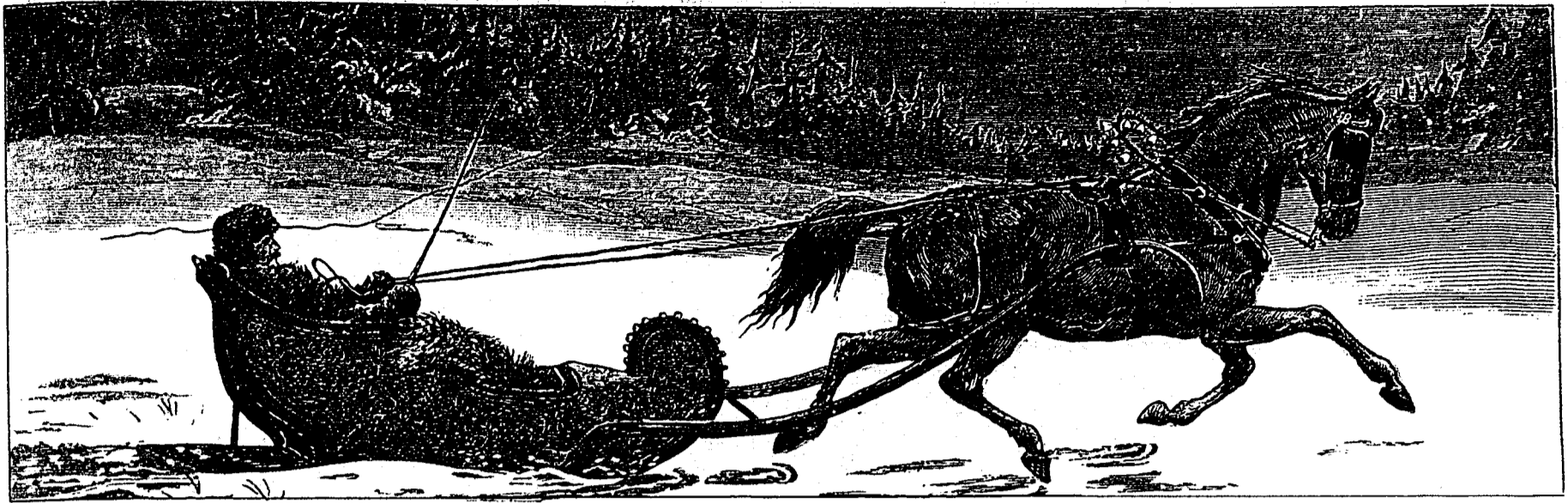
195 officers and men killed and wounded. A few days afterwards Sir G. P. Colley had another almost equally disastrous engagement with the enemy on a plateau near the River Ingogo, in which he lost 150 men and eight officers killed and wounded.

In spite of this however, it was generally believed that the Boers were upon the point of capitulating and that the war would speedily be at an end, when all England was electrified by the telegram which announced the catastrophe of Sunday week. Imperfect details only have as yet reached us of the struggle, but the accounts agree in the fact of the almost entire extermination of the gallant 58th, only seven members of which escaped, and they more or less seriously wounded. The battle commenced by the attack of the Boers in Magela mountain, which had been occupied by Sir George Colley with apparently too weak a force. For a time the enemy were repulsed, but their fire was most deadly, and when after a desperate resistance the ammunition of the soldiers began to give out the slaughter became terrific. Shot down mercilessly by the advancing enemy the men made one attempt to break the line, Sir George leading them, when a bullet struck him in the head, and as their commander fell, the remnant of his force turned and ran.

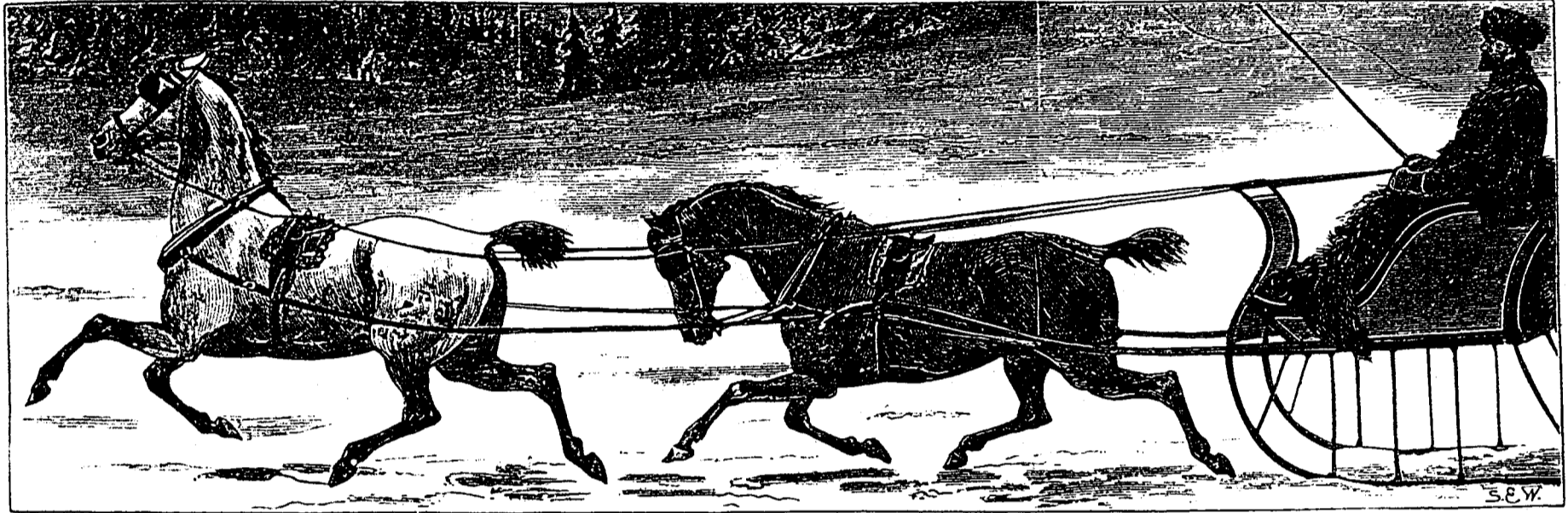
General Sir Evelyn Wood is in temporary command of the forces, while General Roberts, the hero of Candahar, is on his road to take command, and the War Office has ordered the Admiralty to get the troop-ship *Orontes* ready to embark the 9th regiment at Bermuda, the *Euphrates* the 85th regiment at Bombay, and another steamer at Colombo to take the 106th regiment and 2nd regiment to Durban, with the greatest promptitude.



S. AMERICA.—SKETCHES IN CHILI, THE VICTOR IN THE LATE WAR.



RED RIVER TERRITORY.—SLEIGH DRIVING, OLD STYLE.



RED RIVER TERRITORY.—SLEIGH DRIVING, NEW STYLE.



BRIDGE OF CAL-I-CANTE

S. AMERICA.—SKETCHES IN CHILI, THE VICTOR IN THE LATE WAR.

TWO FISHERS.

One morning when spring was in her teens—
A morn to a poet's wishing,
All tinted in delicate pinks and greens—
Miss Bessie and I went fishing.

I in my rough and easy clothes,
With my face at the sunshine's mercy;
She with her hat tipped down to her nose,
And her nose tipped—vice versa.

I with my rod, my reel and my hooks,
And a hamper for luncheon recesses;
She with the bait of her comely looks,
And the seine of her golden tresses.

So we sat down on the sunny dyke,
Where the white pond lilies reter,
And I went to fishing like a quaint old Ike,
And she like Simon Peter.

All the noon I lay in the light of her eyes,
And dreamily watched and waited,
But the fish were cunning and would not rise,
And the baiter alone was baited.

And when the time for departure came,
The bag was fat as a flounder;
But Bessie had neatly hooked her game—
A hundred-and-eighty pounder.

MAY WOMEN WOO!

It is generally supposed to be a dreadful thing for a woman to "set her cap at"—in other words to woo and win—a man. Those who air the cheap philosophy of the time, and consider that there is no law so supreme as etiquette, while they hold the supposed decrees of the omnipotent Mrs. Grundy in deep reverence, seem to imagine that it is the duty of a girl to hide from herself the fact that she has a heart until some unexceptionable suitor discovers it to her, and ardently protests that it is the one great thing in the world necessary to his happiness. If she ventured to hint that she was so anxious for the affection of some male that she would do anything, within reason, to secure him for her lord she would be accounted unmaidenly, bold, and what not; and it would in all probability, be urged that she might be expected to come to a bad end, and serve as an awful warning to all members of her sex who were inclined to be undisciplined. But there is nevertheless, only too much reason to believe that female human nature is so weak, and wayward and impervious to the concentrated wisdom of the ages that the emotions which lead to matrimony do not always have their origin in the bosom of impassioned beaux. Now and then, it is solemnly recorded in shocked tones, and under the veil of secrecy, so that the terrible fact obtains almost as much publicity as if it were proclaimed by the town crier, and has a peculiarly delicious flavour imparted to it, that Mrs. Brown actually committed the enormity of making love to Mr. Brown, if she did not in plain terms invite him to become her husband. It is comparatively unimportant that she and her mate appear to be as happy and to get on as well together as they would, in all probability have done if he had been the first to feel the stab of Master Cupid's dart, and had warmly taken the initiative in the courtship. It seems to be held that the only plea which may appropriately be urged in extenuation of her conduct is that she rejoiced in the possession of an abundance of pelf and a certain position, while his social status was as low as his purse was light; and even this plea has to be handled with adroitness if it is to become effective. Indeed, at a critical moment when they have all the touching details of the exceptional matter before them they will not hesitate to speak in terms of withering scorn of the frail female who is so much the slave of her heart that she is acting as if she desired to bring to her feet a man who, from bashfulness or some other cause, would not, seemingly, get there but for her stimulating influence. If she fails they rejoice over her downfall, and feelingly declare that she will merely meet with her deserts if she degenerates into a neglected and petulant old maid, while if she succeeds they vigorously discount her triumph, on the ground that it is one of which any well-regulated female would be thoroughly ashamed. The members of her own sex, who, when they cultivate the power of introspection and are becoming mature, should know how to make excuses for her, are invariably her most virulent critics. Even men, however, are disposed to show her no mercy, and there is, probably, no more lofty and virtuously indignant creature than the being who feels that he has been "angled" for, but flatters himself because he has not been caught by the bait which has been so temptingly placed before him. He would almost appear to fancy that he should, on account of the way he has escaped the snares which have been spread for him, be placed on the roll of the world's heroes. Novelists are the most venturesome of beings, and they have a fondness for flouting conventionality, but there are bounds beyond which they dare not go, and they perceive how hazardous it would be for them to outrage popular prejudice by depicting heroines who took the initiative in love affairs. A queen of England is at liberty to make an "offer" to a prince—indeed, it is not etiquette for a prince to make an "offer" to her—but she occupies quite an exceptional position, and the fact is one which need not be further considered in reference to the subject, especially as her marriage may generally be deemed to be largely influenced by State considerations. Thus, everything is against the woman wooer, and it is not surprising that she remains something of a *rara avis*, and when her heart proves too strong for her sense of proprieties, often works in cunning and crooked ways, as if she were bent on deceiving herself and not letting her left hand know of

the doings of her right. Yet there is, after all, a good deal of reason and common-sense on her side; so much that it is surprising the advocates of the "women's rights" movement have yet to energetically take up the cudgels on her behalf. It is absurd to suppose that affection must inevitably begin with the man. It is equally absurd to suppose that he alone should be at liberty to win the being whom he believes to be necessary to his life's happiness. The individual who allowed a rich prize to elude him because, through some mistaken notion of what people in whom he was in no way interested and for whom he did not care a jot would think, he would not stretch forth his hand and grasp it when it was well within his reach would, very properly, be accounted a fit subject for Colney Hatch or Rainhill. Why, then, should a woman be debarred from doing her best to stir the sluggish nature of the being whom she has, with the natural perversity of her sex, fallen in love with, and who would, she has every reason to believe, be worthy of her? She may say that if she will hold out her hand he will take it, but that if she gives no sign he will pass on, and their lives, which she fondly thinks would be so exquisite, if blended, in the future lie far apart. Will it not be merely elementary wisdom for her to come down from the uncomfortable pedestal, where all her energies and emotions are cruelly cramped, on which artificiality has set her? We do not believe in the popular impression that the well-directed maiden only discovers that she has a heart when the right man asks for it. On the contrary, we are of opinion that many girls long, with all the intensity of fresh and ardent souls, for certain men as consorts, when no word of love has been whispered in their ears, and when no token of affection has been tendered them, and that not a few become broken-spirited because the chance of their bright dreams being realised vanishes. At present, a woman frequently forfeits her possibility of bliss, from the circumstance that she, owing to her surroundings and sense of what is expected from her, feigns a coldness which she is far from feeling when the man whom she loves, while fearing to take the final plunge, evinces some desire to win her favour. Many would-be husbands hesitate to say "will you marry me?" only because they dread that their query will be answered in the negative and they shrink from incurring what they would regard as a keen humiliation. Of course it may be urged that such cravens are unworthy of woman's love; but the women have to be considered as well as they, and the fact remains that, notwithstanding their obliquity of vision and cowardice and the clumsy manner in which they mismanage their amours, they would frequently make true, and excellent husbands. It is a pity, then, for all parties that their short-sightedness and stumbling should be permitted to lead to such disastrous consequences, and their sweethearts might very well be allowed to help themselves. Men have the whole world to choose their wives from, but women may, under the most advantageous condition of things, only select their mates from the comparatively limited number of men who seek their society and deign to look on them with favour. Of course, it may be urged that the existing rough-and-ready system of natural selection leads to fewer evils than might be anticipated—some enthusiasts may still maintain that marriages are made in Heaven, notwithstanding the fashion in which female humanity is hampered, and the ridiculously one-sided state of things prevailing, on earth—but that it leads to gigantic mistakes is certain, and it is time the weaker sex were given to understand that, under certain conditions, they may help themselves to gratify their legitimate and natural longings.—*Liberal Review*.

VARIETIES.

A MAN OF INORDINATE STOMACH.—An official of the Paris *retroi*, while walking in the Rue de Rivoli, met a very thin gentleman whose face seemed familiar to him, though he had always associated it with a body of unusual obesity. The official was somewhat puzzled, but thought nothing more of the circumstance until the next morning, when, on duty at one of the gates of Paris, he saw the identical gentleman approaching in the direction of the town, but this time endowed with a most redundant figure. The wary officer stopped the phenomenal gentleman, and, requesting him to step into the office, asked for an explanation of the extraordinary alteration in his proportions. The individual thus brought to task tried to run away, but was arrested and relieved of a large india-rubber false stomach, containing twenty quarts of alcohol, which he was endeavouring to smuggle into Paris free of *retroi* duty.

A REMARKABLE DOG.—There is a dog at Brighton, England—a remarkable dog—a large Maltese. Sometimes that dog has a purple body, with a yellow head and a green tail; sometimes he is scarlet and puce. He is a kind of rainbow dog. The fact is he belongs to a dyer in the town, and being naturally white he takes any other colour easily, and now he gets a dip in one vat, and now in another, and he forms a sort of canine advertisement. It is fun to see this dog, who is quite unconscious of his distinguished condition, come up to other dogs wagging his yellow head and green tail, and the way that those dogs, after regarding him out of the corner of their eyes a minute, tuck their tails between their legs and "scoot" is a caution. Some time since a friend who had occasionally been a victim of the "old complaint" was go-

ing down to Brighton for the race week in great health and spirits. When driving from the station he suddenly came on this dog. "Hallo, hey! What's that! Hey! hey! what! a purple dog with a green tail! Oh, lor! I got 'em again!" and he turned round and went back to London, firmly persuaded that he was again a victim to D. T.

For some time past a humorous controversy has been carried on in the columns of a vivacious Parisian newspaper, its subject being this delicate question—"If a man find himself at one and the same time in the society of his wife and his mother-in-law, to which of these ladies should he offer his arm for the purpose of conducting her home?" On the one side it is contended that preference in this regard should be accorded to the mother-in-law; for, should she, lacking support and protection while in charge of her daughter's husband, slip down and break her leg, or haply be run over at a crossing, her son-in-law could scarcely fail to be saddled with the cost of repairing her—a contingency which no married man can contemplate without a shudder. Another writer upon this issue observes that "even admitting the mother-in-law's prior claim to be established by some *lex non scripta* of polite manners, exception must be taken to it during the honeymoon, when the prescriptions of etiquette are bound to give way to the dictates of the heart." A battered worldling exhorts his married readers to offer their arms to their young wives, leaving mothers-in-law to take care of themselves. "For," he argues, "if your wife walk alone, who knows what amatory whispers may reach her ears, and with what effect; whereas your mother-in-law is shielded from these insidious molestations by her greater experience." The expert appointed by the *Figaro* to sum up the arguments on both sides and pronounce judgment upon the original question gives his decision in the following characteristic terms—"A mother-in-law enjoys priority of right to her son-in-law's arm, but upon the sole condition, to which no exception will be tolerated, that she be older than her daughter."

A MOST REMARKABLE WILL.

Profane laymen believe that, when the cloth is removed at a lawyer's dinner, the oldest member of the profession presents a case, and solemnly proposes, amid enthusiastic applause, this solemn toast—"The man who makes his own Will." The story has, at any rate, the merit of being well invented; for most assuredly that man has a feel for his client in a double and treble meaning of the famous saying about men who are their own lawyers; and it is true enough, and I, an old lawyer, say it, with all respect for that science of common sense popularly called "the law," that the people who find their way into court, and learn what costs mean, have mostly got into the predicament through having too strong an antipathy to lawyers and their bills. But I think it is even worse than common folly when a testator, mostly out of self-conceit, leaves a Chancery suit instead of an inheritance to his heirs. Women are not, in this respect, quite so criminally imbecile as men are, because they are mostly free from the little knowledge which is at the root of most bad wills. But then they are apt to make a more thorough hash of things when they make any at all. On the whole, I should place makers of their own wills in the following order of badness, taking the extreme type in each degree of comparison: Positive—Bad, Elderly Gentlemen. Comparative—Worse, Elderly Ladies. Superlative—Worst, Lord Chancellors. But not even a Lord Chancellor ever managed to draw up so extraordinarily bewildering a will as Miss Bridgita Molloy. She could have taught something even to the late Lord W.—y. As the case never actually came into court, the details will probably be new to most of my readers; but I heard them all at the time, and have the clearest recollection of them—and no wonder. On this occasion there is no harm in giving real names. And that is fortunate; for the story could not possibly be told without them. It simply defies invention.

Miss Bridgita Molloy was a maiden lady of royal descent, who lived at an English watering-place—I really forget whether at Bath, or Chilton, or Cheltenham, or Malvern, or Leamington, or Buxton; but it was at some such place, and luckily the name of the town is the one detail which does not matter. For the sake of avoiding blanks and dashes, I will call it Chatterbury, as more or less applicable to them all—at least, in Miss Molloy's time. She was a little eccentric in trifles; but, in all essential things, as notoriously whole-minded, and strong-minded too, as any lady of sixty in the whole king dom. I must enter a little into her family history; but only so far as is needful. She had been the second of three beautiful sisters, the daughters and co-heiresses of a gentleman of large estate in Ireland. They were much run after in their girlhood, and had once been known as the three pocket-beauties—less in allusion to their size than to their reputation—then somewhat uncommon in Dublin—of being worth marrying for something more lasting than beauty. Well, to cut a long story short before it is well begun, the eldest, Miss Lucia Molloy (a quaint first name; but it always struck me as a singularly pretty one for a pretty girl), eloped with a gentle-

man, also descended from royalty—so far descended, indeed, that there was scarcely a further social depth left him to descend to—named Fitzgerald O'Birn; and the youngest, Miss Judith, went off with a foreign refugee, a sort of Hungarian-German Polish dancing-master Count, named Ferentz Steldl. Ferentz is the Hungarian for Francis, I believe; Steldl, I fancy, is Bavarian or Tyrolese. Both marriages turned out miserably—so miserably, that Miss Bridgita foreswore romance, and even matrimony, and actually kept her vow.

She also kept more than her vow—she kept her fortune. When the creditors got hold of Mr. Molloy's great estates, he left the very handsome surplus left him in cash and consols absolutely to his one wise daughter. Not a penny went into the pockets of Count Steldl or Mr. O'Birn. It was a bitter disappointment to both gentlemen; and I believe they avenged their wrongs upon their wives after the manner of their kind.

So while poor Madame Steldl suffered and starved all over Europe, and poor Mrs. O'Birn starved and suffered in the larger and darker continent of London, Miss Molloy lived alone and in dignified opulence at Chatterbury. She was a first-rate economist, and her patrimony had prospered. She used to amuse herself by speculating in stock—always shrewdly and cautiously. By the time she was sixty, it was reckoned that her income could not amount to less than a safe twelve hundred a year, of which she saved at least five.

Now what in the world was to become of all this money if Miss Bridgita Molloy ever happened to die? I have been thinking of the best form in which I can tell the story of what did happen shortly; and I think it best, on the whole, to undergo a transformation, and multiply the result by two. That is to say, I will henceforth speak as if I were myself Miss Molloy's solicitor, my old friend, the late Charles Lake of Chatterbury; and I will, in addition, use the privilege accorded to authors and to counsel of speaking after the facts, and so of putting them into clearer and more readable form than if I followed them in order of detail. So, for the present, instead of being your correspondent, Mr. Editor, Mr. Thomas Key, formerly of Burgham, I will, for the nonce, write to you in the person of Mr. Charles Lake of Chatterbury, a very dry matter-of-fact man of business indeed, who told the tale as it was told to me.

II.

One afternoon the mail-coach from London set down two gentlemen at the Old Swan, Chatterbury. Both had remarkably little luggage for those days, when men could not run from York to London and back again in a few hours. Both ordered a bed, both walked into the coffee-room, and one of them rang the bell. When the waiter answered it, one of the gentlemen ordered cold brandy, the other hot whisky. And the waiter's report at the bar was not favourable to either. But with that opinion lack of luggage may have had something to do.

There were other resemblances between the two men. Both were well past middle age; neither looked like one of the hunting men, or officers on half-pay, or rheumatic patients, who formed the bulk of the male visitors to Chatterbury. But there all likeness came to an end. He of the whisky was a long lean man, with fierce untrimmed whiskers, a shiny bald head, bloodshot blue eyes, and a toll-tale nose, dressed in the height of the fashion, with a tendency to overstepping it into loudness. He had ordered his grog in a thick rich brogue. He of the brandy, on the other hand, was short and squat, with a dirty sallow complexion, thick grizzled hair, and twinkling black eyes. He wore the then unusual ornament, if ornament it be, of a moustache; and, for the rest, was clean, or rather half-shaved, and there was something Frenchified about his costume.

"Waitther!" said the Irishman. "If anybody calls here to-day or to-morrow for Major O'Birn, I'm Major O'Birn!"

The other started for a moment, and laid his glass down.

"Shall I comprehend, Monsieur," he asked, "that you give your name?"

"Me name I and why wouldn't I give me name?" said O'Birn, with a little leap in his chair. "'Tis none to be ashamed of, anyhow. I'd like to see the man with a name to his back as good as O'Birn!"

"One hundred thousand pardons, Monsieur. I am glad that I know—that is all. Eh, but one thousand thousand pardons, Monsieur Fitzgerald O'Birn."

The Major's jaw fell, and all his face, save his nose, grew suddenly pale.

"Sure, now, ye're not goin' to tell me ye're one of them blagyard Jews!" cried he. "'Sure 'twould be too cool an' all, when I've come down to see my own wife's sister, that's rollin' over and over in jools an' gold. An' ye've followed me all the wee down here; an' this is a free country! An' bad luck to the country where an officer an' gentleman mustn't see a visit to his wife's relations without being hunted by all Jerusalem in full cry! Come, Moses, ye'll give me another dee."

"Aha! So you think no one shall know your name but the people which shall hold your bills, Monsieur O'Birn? I hold not your bills; I am not fool. You come down to see Madlle. Bridgita, then, I shall comprehend?"

"Sure, then, 'tis the divvy ye are! But that's better, anyhow, than bein' what I thought ye—"

"You shall not be so sure, Monsieur. I shall know your Christian name, and I shall know the Christian name of the sister of your wife, because I am Ferentz Stedl, Monsieur O'Birn! Aha! you shall have the tremblement perceptible, Monsieur O'Birn!"

"What!" cried the Major, leaping to his feet, with a shout and a glare. "Ye sit there in cold blood, and ye tell me, Major Fitzgerald O'Birn, ye're that—miscreant—that blagyard—that snake in the grass—that drinkin', swindlin', mane-spirited, uthder-handed, slandering, murderin', onrespectable thief of the whole world, Ferentz Stedl? And ye think to escape from the fist of a gentleman this dee?"

"Patience, patience, *mon beau-frère*," said Stedl, without the slightest change of tone. "Fine words shall not butter what you call the *panais*. It is you who shall escape from me. You shall leave this town, I shall guard Mlle. Molloy, sister of my wife, aunt of my son, from you. For that I am here."

Something in the significant calmness of his foreign brother-in-law calmed the Major down. He returned to his chair, shifted his glass on the table, and said,

"An' 'tis for that I'm here too," said he. "I'm here to defend me own sither, an' me wife's sister, an' me girl's aunt, from all the Counts out of Hungary, an' the Siven Dyles. An' ye'll move from your sate if ye dare."

"I shall not desire," said Stedl. "I am well where I am. I desire to have the eye on you, my *beau-frère*. While you shall sit there, I shall sit here, if it shall be to the death, Monsieur O'Birn. It shall be the duel *à la mort*, Monsieur, and we shall fight with the bottoms of the chairs."

"Then, faith, I'll sit like the hen of Banagher—an' she sat till the sod uthder her began to crow. So ye think Miss Biddy'll open the crack of her door to the likes of you?"

"Why not! She is sister of my wife, and aunt of my son."

"Aunt of my daughter, ye mane. Poh! what'd she know of a son of yours?"

"You mock of yourself, my *beau-frère*. Have she not buy my son Ferentz the commission of the Foot, and keep him, so long he sees not me?"

"Then ye lie in your throat, Ferentz Stedl! 'Tis me own daughter, an' her own goddaughter an' niece, Lucis Bridgita, that she's kept at school at her own charge, an' keeps in pocket-money as long as I don't see her more than woont a year."

"She do that for your daughter! Impossible, Monsieur!"

"She do that for your son? Mr. Stedl, ye lie!"

The way in which these two gentlemen quarrelled, without showing the least sign of coming to blows, gave the waiter, who was not far off, an altogether fresh view of the possibilities of human nature. Obviously there was a world in which gentlemen cared more for their physical than their moral skins.

"Take yourself off, my *beau-frère*. In effect, she adopt Ferentz, my son. She leave all to him."

"Ye're a fool, Stedl—that's what she's been makin' of ye, the old screw o' the world! As if she'd lave a penny to any but her own niece Lucis, alther doin' all she has for the darlin' child!"

Stedl was the sort of man who would be given to shrugging his shoulders, like a Frenchman in a play; so he no doubt did so now. "She cannot have done so much for Miss Lucis, or I shall have hear. I know not till now she have done so much for the daughter of the black sheep; but what shall a school bill be, after all! Bah!—a bagatelle. But a commission in the Foot—ah, that is another shoe! And you consent not to see your own flesh and blood for the sake of a bill of a school!"

"I'm a better sort of a father than to stand in me own child's wee of a fortune. And ye sit there an' tell me she's spent the price of a commission on your son—unless 'tis in the Marines, where they'll believe the tale."

"*Parole de gentilhomme*, Monsieur O'Birn, I am father of Ferentz Stedl, lieutenant of King George."

"And I of Lucis Bridgita O'Birn, that'll be in the shoes of Miss Molloy."

The two fathers emptied their tumblers, and the Major rang for more. Neither meant to lose this sitting match if he could help it, that was clear.

"If I didn't know," said Stedl slowly and impressively, "there is no school in the land who shall teach for no pay, I shall not believe. But she shall but toss one bone to one hungry dog—that shall be all."

Now Major O'Birn, though he had never met his brother-in-law in the flesh before, was a citizen of that world which knew that the refugee had taught fencing in his time, and had won several bets that he would make a bullet mark out a pack of cards. So, instead of retorting with a charge of hot whisky into his brother-in-law's yellow face, he contented himself by saying, with an angry grin,

"An' what'll ye say when I tell ye my wife is with her own sither this very dee, as thick as bees in a hive?"

The Irishman, though he had kept his temper the worst, won the match after all. Stedl leapt from his chair with a volley of language that proved his own temper to be no deeper than the thinnest part of his skin.

"Your wife, you fortune-hunting Irish beggar! Your wife with Miss Molloy! So that's why you've been keeping me here!" He threw

the rest of his liquor into the fire, and sent a blaze up the chimney. Then he buttoned his coat defiantly, saying, "I will see Miss Molloy."

"An' that's what I call mighty waste of good drink," said Major O'Birn, gulping down the remainder of his own. "Yes, ye may go, Stedl. I won't bother even to see her door shut in your face—though, faith, it would be fun."

"And I tell you, Monsieur," cried Stedl, raising his voice into a sort of scream, "that it is my wife which is now with Miss Molloy!"

The two husbands glared at one another fiercely. And, short of running the risk of being knocked down by the other, that was all left them to do. Words had done their worst; and they were evidently not men of deeds.

"No; Miss Bridgita Molloy had not turned out a bad sister after all. She would never even acknowledge so much as the existence of the Major and the Count, and had an odd way of speaking of the married Miss Molloy as if they were widows; but she did not visit the sins of the fathers upon the children. At a very early age, too early for them to make a deliberate choice between their father and their fortunes, she had sent both the little Ferentz and the little Lucis Bridgita to good schools, and, as they grew bigger, sometimes had them to Chatterbury for the holidays to meet their mothers, who accepted the arrangement more reasonably than mothers always will. For that matter, neither Count nor Major cared to be bothered with a baby, nor always with a wife, so that the two young children were removed from evil influence as much as lay in Miss Molloy's power. She was a very strict aunt and a terribly exacting patroness; but she meant to be kind, and was really kind in her own way. I never saw much of the children, but I liked what I did see. Ferentz was a fine, frank, high-spirited young fellow, without any of his father's vices, as is often the way with the sons of prodigal fathers, and Lucis was almost as pretty as her mother had been when she eloped with the Major. Rather a quiet girl. I used to think, but amiable and with a dash of her aunt Biddy's good sense about her way of speaking. But it was one of Miss Molloy's caprices that the left hand which she held out to one sister should know nothing of how the right hand was held out to the other. Neither mother, neither child was ever her guest at the same time as the other mother and the other child. I doubt if Ferentz knew that he had a cousin Lucis, or she that she had a cousin Ferentz. Most assuredly each of the mothers believed that she alone was favoured with her sister's bounty. That reserve was one of Miss Molloy's very strongest foibles, if one may properly call a foible strong. She would never tell even me, her lawyer, more than she thought absolutely necessary about anything; and so of course even she, with all her good business qualities, would sometimes make little mistakes out of which I found it difficult to help her."

And the same course that she pursued with her lawyer she followed with her doctor too—that is too say, with a certain doctor who happened to be a personal friend; for she used to boast that she had never had a medicine-bottle in the house but once, and that she had thrown out of window. She often said that she had nothing of a coffin about her but the strength of its nails; and yet the very first time she was compelled to send for her medical friend in a professional capacity, he found that she must have been suffering for years from a most painful internal and organic disease, and a fatal one. How do hungry relations always hear such news! Had she made her will? If not, would she recognize the fact that the nature of her disease admitted of no delay? And so, for the first time, Mrs. O'Birn and Mrs. Stedl, at the expense of their husband's creditor, flew on the wings of sisterly affection, and met together at Miss Molloy's bedside. And with the instinct of vultures, the Count and the Major had been unable to keep from hovering, as near as they dared, within the shadow of a death that meant so much to them. Neither, I firmly believe, had until that meeting the faintest suspicion that, if only a proper will were made, he would not become the father of Miss Molloy's sole heir. That discovery that her generosity had not been monopolized by either must have been a deservedly bitter moment for both the greedy blackguards. And, for all their brag, each knew that he dared no more knock at Miss Molloy's door than he dared commit assault and battery; while, for aught each could tell, the other might be high in the favour of the poor lady who was dying a few streets away.

It was—for it must have been—a strange meeting between the two forlorn, faded, worse than widowed, half-childless woman by the deathbed of one who to them had for many years represented strength, health, comfort—all that they had wanted since they were girls together long and long ago. There they had to sit, one on each side of the bed, conscious of a question she had been commanded by her tyrant to ask, conscious that the other was similarly burdened, unable to ask it in the other's presence, not daring nor knowing how to ask it had she been alone by the bedside. For I declare that even myself would sooner have led a forlorn hope than have asked Miss Molloy what she meant to do with her money. I like to think of the dismay of the two husbands, but I don't in pity like to think of what the two poor wives must have suffered in silence that afternoon.

I had already—I need not tell anybody who knows places like Chatterbury—been put in the

position of being able to report the conversation between the two gentlemen in the coffee-room. They had not spoken in whispers, and the Old Swain had key-holes and its waiter had ears. So I was not very much surprised when, in the course of the evening, I received a summons to attend Miss Molloy.

"Ah!" said her doctor, who was dining with me when the summons came. I report the exclamation, because it was meant to mean a great deal.

"I hope and trust I find you better, Miss Molloy," said I, when I was shown into her bedroom, which she had not left for some weeks now.

"No, Mr. Lake, you don't," said she. "I didn't believe I was a dying woman three hours ago, but I do now. Don't say anything stupid. I've not lived such a bad life that I'm afraid; and I've never been afraid to face anything in my life, except marriage, and I'm not going to begin now." She was right; with all her little oddities she had been a really good, if somewhat hard-mannered woman, and always a singularly brave one. "I know I'm dying, because the hawks and kites are abroad. We used to keep a shanshee in the old time, and it's something between a Count and a Major. Those poor silly sisters of mine have been here bothering me to make my will. And if you don't know what that means, Mr. Lake, I do. It means death, as sure as I'm lying here."

"You mean to say that your sisters have mentioned such a thing?"

It was really not a case for common phrases. Miss Molloy was—Miss Molloy.

"Not in words—no, poor things. But there they sat and cried, and there was nothing but will—will—will, in every tear. 'Tisn't them I blame, though 'tis not nice to be cried over that way. 'Twas as much as I could do not to say won't—won't—won't; but I've always had the wit to hold my tongue. Ah, Mr. Lake, since then I've been thinking how maybe 'tis better to have somebody to drop a real tear over your own self, if 'tis half brandy, and from a Count or a Major, than to have lived in peace only to die all alone. But that's fool's talk; and I didn't ask ye to talk like a stupid that ye might listen the better to a fool."

"Surely," said I, "you are not alone. Lieutenant Stedl—Miss O'Birn—"

"Pooh! who remembers a dead aunt for a whole day, I'd like to know? Would I want to make a boy and a girl cry before their own troubles come? 'Tis business I sent ye for. There's pens and paper. I am going to make my will."

"I am sure you are right in that. I am entirely at your service, Miss Molloy."

"Then," said she, "I want you to draw my will now. No instructions, mind, to be drafted to-morrow. I might be dead by then—who knows? My pain's almost left me; and that's a bad sign, if death's a bad thing. It will be very short and very simple. Take a sheet of the big foolscap—that'll be plenty. Now write, this is the last will and testament of Bridgita—mind ye spell it with a ta, not a da; and with only one t, mind; for I'm particular about that way, for 'tis the way my mother spelt it, right or wrong—of Bridgita Molloy, of Chatterbury, in the county of—whatever it was—spinster; praise glory for that, anyhow! But ye needn't put that in—the glory, I mean.—Spinster: I give and bequeath to Rachel Andrews, my housekeeper, the sum of three hundred pounds, free of legacy duty, and I request her to take charge of my dog Dash, knowing that she will fulfil my request according to the intention wherewith I make the same. I give and bequeath to every person who shall have been in my service for one month preceding my decease the amount of one year's wages. I give and bequeath to my friend John Kirwan, of Chatterbury, Doctor of Medicine, the sum of five hundred pounds, free of legacy duty. I give and bequeath to my brother-in-law, Ferentz Stedl the elder—is it all right, so far?"

"Quite. But how do you spell Ferentz?" asked I.

"F-e-r-e-n-t-z—Ferentz Stedl. The boy's name is Ferentz, with an i. I won't have him bear his father's name.—My brother-in-law, Ferentz Stedl the elder, the sum of one shilling, free of legacy duty, to buy a mourning ring. I give and bequeath to my brother-in-law, Fitzgerald O'Birn, the sum of one shilling, free of legacy duty, to buy a mourning ring. I give and bequeath to my dear nephew, Ferentz—with an i—Stedl, lieutenant in the Army, the sum of one thousand pounds. I give and bequeath to Lucis Bridgita O'Birn, my niece, the sum of one thousand pounds. And all the residue of my property, whether real or personal, I give, bequeath, and devise to—"

She paused. Up to this point she had not needed my help, so expert she seemed in the art of the testator.

"Devise to," echoed I. "Well, Miss Molloy? The residuary legatee was to be the important personage; for he or she would come in for at least twenty-five thousand pounds, and perhaps a good deal more, after all debts and legacies were paid."

But still she paused. All the rest had been mere child's play.

"Mr. Lake," she said at last, "I may be dying, but I'm not an old woman, and I might live for years. Now my sisters are gone, I feel less like dying than I did when I sent for ye to make my will. I've done all the justice I need do; and I don't want a handsome property split up—that would be a sort of a shame. Neither Ferentz nor Lucis has any expectation of getting what I leave, whatever others may. It's for the sake of the property that it must go into one

hand. And, Mr. Lake, I daren't trust the very walls of my bedroom with the name I choose. If I was to ask you to write the name in my will, I should have to speak it to you, and for aught I know the Count or the Major may have bribed the nurse to listen at that very door."

"Write it down for me, then; here is the pen."

"No. The paper might get dropped about, and—no; I'd rather you wouldn't know the name. It isn't that I don't trust ye, but ye might say it out in a dream, and your wife might hear it, and she might let it out by chance to somebody who might talk about it in a place like Chatterbury, and then the Count or the Major would get at the secret as sure as ye're alive. And then there's no counting the villainies that wouldn't be done; they'd be trying to get me shut up in a mad-house, and forging and murdering some one maybe; anyhow, there'd be no comfort in living, if I am to live any more. I've thought of a way to keep off all danger, and to make it everybody's interest to support the will, and to save every bit of bother. I'll write the name myself in the will with my own hand, and then cover it over while you write the rest, and ye'll give me your word of honour ye won't try to see what I've written till I'm dead and gone."

The whim was a stupid one, I thought, for a testator who was in other respects proving herself so clear-headed; but there was certainly no apparent harm in indulging her. "But," said I, "as you wish to take such extreme precautions, does it not strike you that it is easier for an expectant heir to overhaul a will than for a solicitor to break confidence in a dream?"

"I've thought of all that," said she. "Of course they'll try to overhaul, and where there's a will there's a way—but there's more ways of killing a dog than hanging him. I'll manage so that if every servant in the house is in the Count's pay or the Major's, they shall earn their money for nothing at all. So I'll take the pen, if ye please, and the will; give me a dip of ink, and any scrap of paper ye find handy."

I gave her all she asked for. She first of all, very slowly, wrote down upon the scrap of paper what was presumably a rough draft of what she was going to enter in the will. Then she copied it into the document, dwelling upon every letter. Her hand must have grown feeble before her brain, or else, like all testators of this fussy sort who look on will-making as a solemn function, she could not bring herself to let a paltry minute settle the destination of five-and-twenty thousand pounds. I have known men and women who would have made the labour of writing the two or three needful words last the better part of a day.

She thrust the scrap of paper on which she had made her first memorandum under her pillow, and then carefully folded the will itself so that I could see nothing without deliberately breaking my word. Dr. Kirwan and myself were appointed executors; and the execution of the will was witnessed by the nurse and a neighbour. There was certainly nothing remarkable about Miss Molloy's will so far but the excessive care she had taken that its principal provision should not even be guessed at until she died.

Nor did Miss Molloy die quite so soon as everybody had expected. The Count and the Major, finding a protracted stay at the Old Swan beyond their means, had parted, deadly enemies—all the more deadly because each inspired the other with a feeling of mortal terror. I am very much afraid that both Mrs. Stedl and Mrs. O'Birn had to bear, each at her husband's hands, the burden of punishment for the sins of her brother-in-law. But, however that may be, the day came at last when I heard from Dr. Kirwan the long-expected news that my client, Miss Bridgita Molloy, was alive no more.

"She couldn't have lasted another week," said he. "But, all the same, I might have kept her going for another day or two, with care. Would you believe it, but the obstinate old lady, only the night before last, gave her nurse the slip, and, weak as she was, went all over the house to see if everything was in order! Death was a relief to her, and she was a queer old lady in some ways—and the worst patient in all the town—but I'm sorry she's gone."

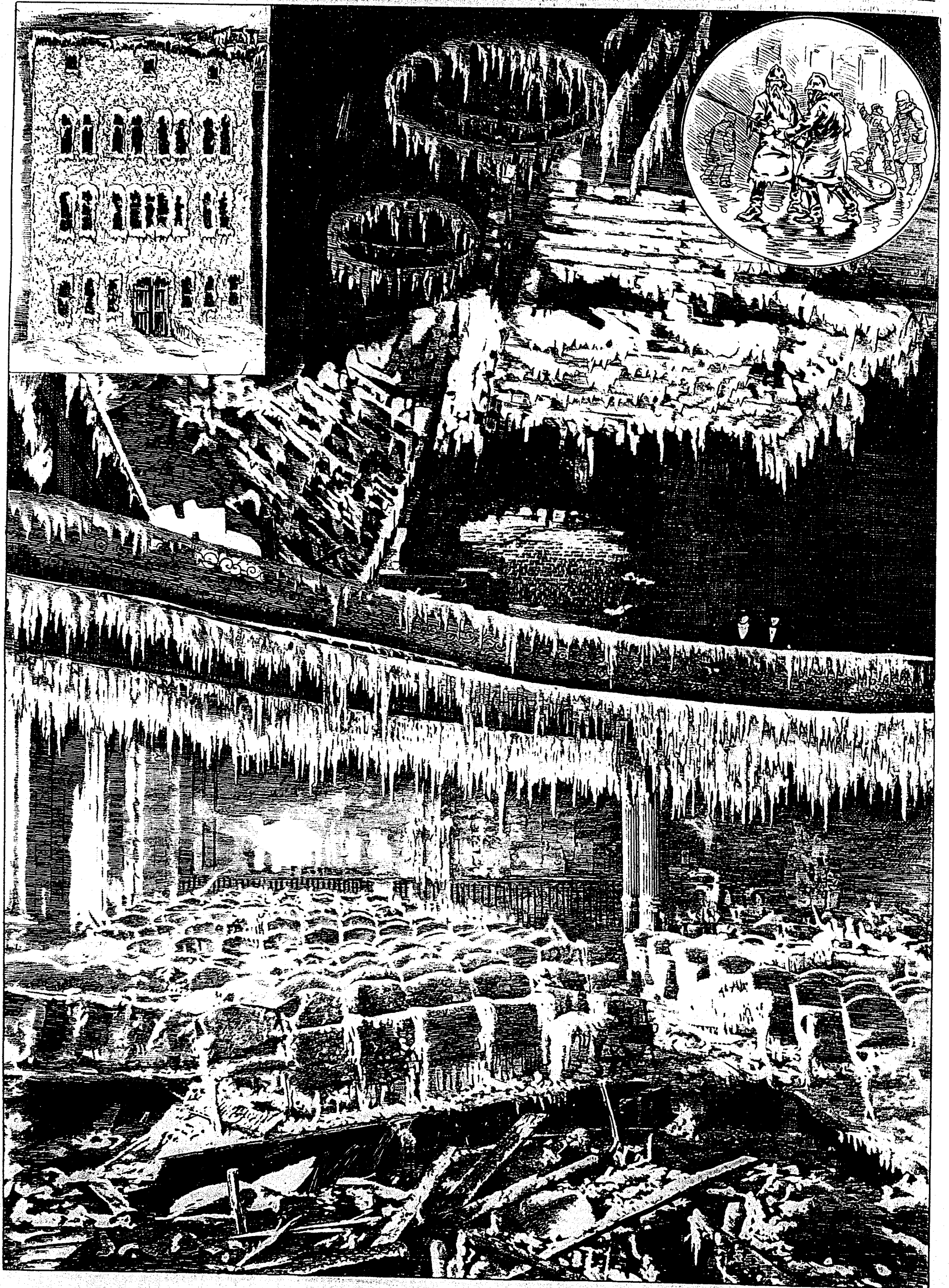
And that, I am afraid, was the only note of honest mourning which Miss Molloy, with all her many virtues and her singularly few weaknesses, was privileged to receive. She had always hidden her good qualities out of public sight; and hardness of manner, like clarity, covers a great deal.

To the last she had stuck to her will. It was found under her pillow when she died, sealed up in a large blue envelope, and endorsed "My Will—B. M." I own that it was with some curiosity that I opened it; for she had made such a mystery of what should have been a very simple piece of business, that I had some misgivings lest she should have disinherited niece and nephew alike, and made her dog Dash or some Anti-Matrimonial Society her residuary legatee. My own sympathies were with Miss Lucis; my wife's with Lieutenant Ferentz Stedl. That was a little matter of human nature; as a matter of reason, we felt that they had equal claims, and that twenty-five thousand pounds would have borne equal partition very well.

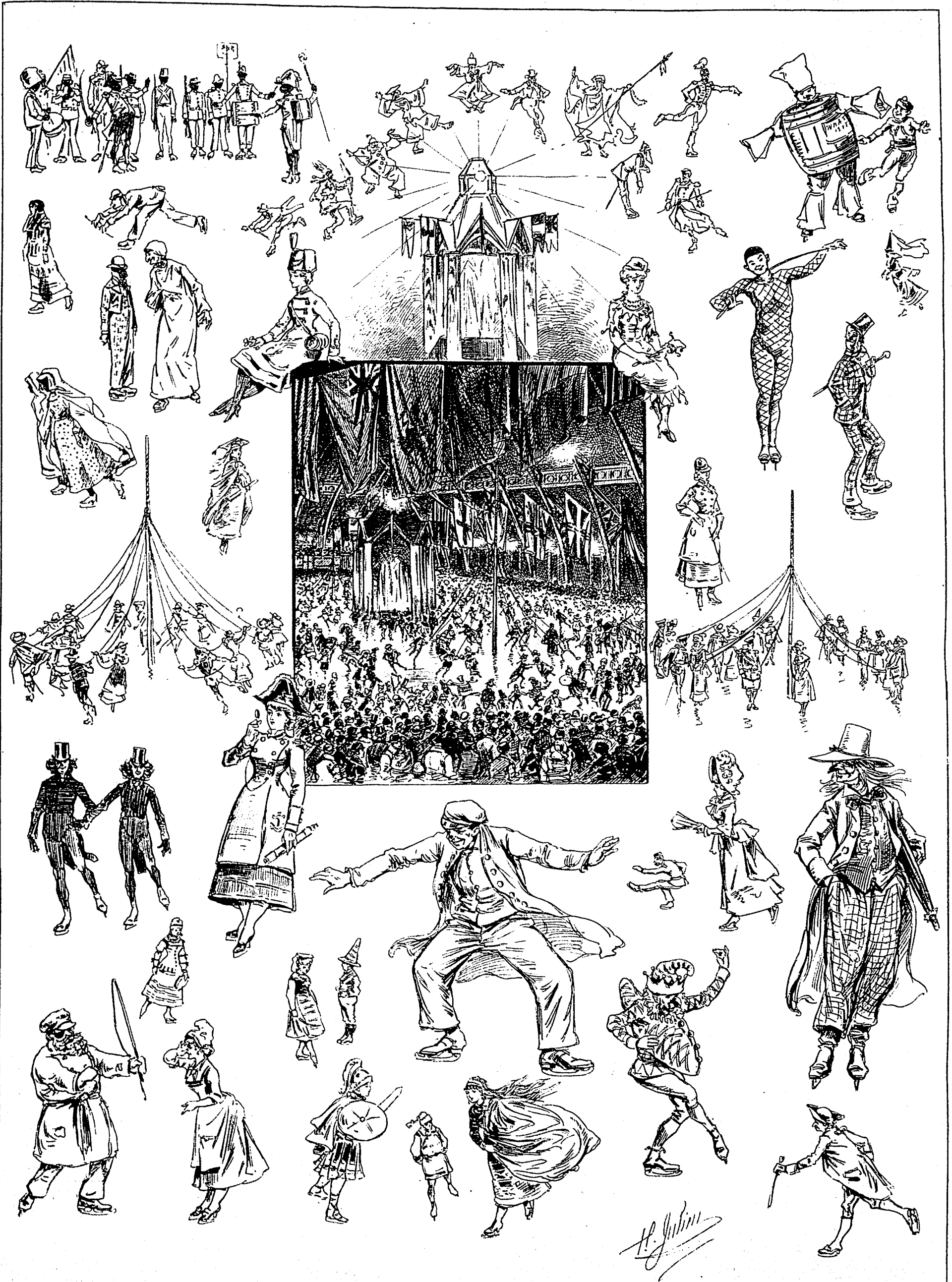
So I broke open the envelope, unfolded the will, and read:

" And all the residue of my property, whether real or personal, I give, bequeath and devise to G R X D N W M Y B D O V J W D M I H T I D Z X Z."

(To be continued.)



SKETCHES IN NORDHEIMER'S HALL AFTER THE FIRE.



THE GRAND FANCY DRESS CARNIVAL AT THE VICTORIA SKATING RINK, MONTREAL.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

BORN 1795. DIED 1881.

Shut fast the door! Let not our vulgar din Vex the long rest of patriarchal age.

How they will greet him! When he nears the home Where dwell the deathless spirits of the dead—

Out from the unknown shore, the heroes past— Cromwell of England, Frederick the Great—

What will his message be, from life to death Grand hero-worshipper of years ago!

To this indictment he must pledge his word— What warrant else could an historian sign!

Perchance the revolution and the shame That like black shadows crossed the Commons' floor,

A LAW OF NATURE.

I.

WHAT KITTY SAYS.

What does she think I asked her here for, if it wasn't to fall in love with him!

I've no patience with such stupid people. Don and I met, fell in love, and were married inside of three months.

They look so well together, too,—a regular pair of Saxons. Even their names match, and I had set my heart on it.

They are such a lovely match. Don and I don't match; we contrast, which is just as well. He is Spanish-looking, which is one reason why everybody calls him Don.

She doesn't think about such things. Luckily, though, she is one of the people whose clothes look as if they had grown on.

I've always loved her. She's so strong and steadfast I like to be with her. She could never be "popular," though I don't know why.

I felt so low-spirited I had to go to town; and I have only just got back. I feel better now. I have bought the loveliest pale-green dress of some gauzy, shimmery stuff, and yards of the most perfect ribbon.

Decked with flags and streamers gay—

Perhaps I could have got along without the dress, for I have a good many. We are not rich, and so I thought as long as I had bought the dress I'd be economical, as I always am now, and cut it myself.

Then he and Don came home, and Don came running up to find me. He always does that the first thing, though we are an old married couple. We have been married nearly a year now, and we have never had a quarrel and never shall.

And then I told him all about it. "It's all her fault," I said. It is such a comfort to have a husband to tell all your woes to.

Don whistled. I wish he wouldn't; I don't think it is quite respectful. And just then I looked out of the window and saw that Mike hadn't raked the driveway.

He is stupid about some things, I'm afraid, for my statements are always very clear. Then I told him that the minute he had asked him down I made up my mind he was the man she ought to marry.

Don laughed again; then he said, "They would snit each other admirably. But there's no hope if you pursue your maddening tactics any longer."

"I—know—it," I said disjunctively. "And she always has a letter to write if they're left alone."

"I don't wonder at it," said Don decidedly. "I suppose you think you could do better," said I, and I don't care if I was cross.

"Then try it, try it! I wash my hands of the whole affair. I'll have nothing more to do with them."

"Never mind, my dearest Kitty. With the best intentions in the world, it would not be difficult to read you. Also, that treacherous memory of yours would upset my deepest plans."

"Very well, Don," I replied in a dignified tone; and I can be very dignified indeed when I choose. "I shall ignore everything. I will never ask a question or try to understand your plans."

"And I will wager season tickets for the opera next winter that in two weeks they are an engaged couple."

"And if they are, I will get the tickets," I cried.

Don laughed again. I could not understand why. Sometimes I fear that Don is hopelessly frivolous.

II.

WHAT ARTHUR SAYS.

I am aware it would have been unmanly, but I should have run if Mrs. Blake had kept it up any longer. But, thank heaven! she has at last given it up as a bad job.

Miss Arklay is the last person I should ever be smashed over. She is not the style of girl I could care for, though she is everything I most admire—in theory.

At last, after six weeks of unmitigated misery, Miss Arklay and I are left in peace. We are no longer hurled at each other's heads in the evening.

"Pretty the moon looks." "Very pretty," fervently. I think she is laughing, and it makes me more out of temper than ever.

"He quite turned my head with his beauty," answered Dr. Sheffield gravely. "His charms and the moonlight were fast getting too much for me."

Thank heaven, it is over, and I am free to enjoy the delicious country, with the stimulating sea breeze; to row in the evening till there are miles of moonlit water about me.

Don evidently admires Miss Arklay. Even if I were so inclined,—which I am not,—it would be difficult to get a word with her.

"Miss Arklay is charming to-night," I said. "Don evidently finds her so. What a comfort it must be to you, Mrs. Blake, to have your husband and dearest friend so well disposed toward each other!"

"How stupid of him!" she said,—no, she snapped. I was astonished. I never knew Mrs. Blake to be out of temper before.

"He does. I'm not pale. My head doesn't ache," and there was no doubt she was in a downright passion as she got up and flew into the house.

Mrs. Blake has not much power of self-repression. If she were hurt bodily or mentally, she would always cry out. Presently Miss Arklay went in too, and Don proposed our usual stroll and smoke.

"Oh, it's all right," he said in his easy, light way. "You've set my mind at rest. A poor doctor hampered with a wife and family is a pitiable object."

"I'm not exactly a pauper." "You've no business to marry for years. Have another cigar! and we may as well go round the cliffs."

I glanced back at the cottage. The curtains were not drawn, and I could see plainly through the broad, low window. Mrs. Blake was moving about, arranging or disarranging everything on the mantel and tables.

"Let's go in, Senior Don," said I.

III.

WHAT ELEANOR SAYS.

I was thinking of Dr. Sheffield,—or rather of his looks. I have always had a fancy that people grow to fit their names, and I should anywhere have guessed his name to be Arthur.

He came toward the piano, to my surprise, for it has been a mutual case of Dr. Fell, and he made me think more than ever of King Arthur, in spite of the absurdity of it.

"So you flee to where there is neither moonlight nor—"

Blocked in.—The train had run into a snow-drift, and the engine was butting its head in vain against a six-foot bank.

Dr. Sheffield obediently went, while Mr. Blake took his place.

I like Mr. Blake, but just then— I do wish Kitty would not lose her things so!

"What would Kitty think of that sentiment?" raising my voice so she could hear. I like to see the dimples come in her dear little baby-face.

"Oh, I'm different. Sheffield is a bigger man, but he's just the fellow to be swamped by a woman,—like Lydgate, you know."

"It would be a bad thing for her, too. Doctors rarely get rich, and the wife of a poor doctor has an unenviable lot."

"The wife of a poor doctor!" he went on meditatively. "What a cramped, wretched life it would be!

"I am tired, and think I will say good-night," I said, and took particular care—it was simply to show him I resented his well-meant but mistaken counsels—to say good-night as sweetly as I could to King Arthur.

IV.

WHAT DONALD SAYS.

It was the anniversary of our wedding-day. Kitty did not speak of it. Of course I could not let the day go by unnoticed.

"Forgotten!" she repeated; "I have been thinking of it all day."

"Do you like it?" I asked, for she did not say a word about the cross, only sat looking at it; then she looked at me, and, to my astonishment, her eyes were full.

"It's a year ago, Don," she began in a breathless, earnest way. "Have you ever regretted it? If it were this time a twelvemonth ago, would you still say to me what you did then?"

"Why, Kitty?" was all I could say, and for a moment I thought the hot weather had affected her brain.

"If it is so, oh, Don dear, believe me, I would bear it. She is so much more worthy your love than I, and how could you have helped caring for her? My only prayer would be for your happiness, for the happiness of you both, and that I might die to give it you."

"Kitty, Kitty!" I cried, half-frightened at this solemnity from Kitty, whose dimples are never absent, even though I could not understand her.

"Then you don't love Eleanor?"

"Love Eleanor!" and then the utter absurdity of the idea burst upon me, and, though I did my best to keep serious, I could not speak for laughter.

"No farther than the beeches. Eleanor was in the hammock there."

"Oh, Don," she began with her eyes wide open, "you don't mean—"

"I think I do," and if my tone was a trifle complacent, it was but natural.

"No farther than the beeches. Eleanor was in the hammock there." "Oh, Don," she began with her eyes wide open, "you don't mean—"

And just then who should appear coming across the lawn but Arthur and Eleanor, both looking supremely happy—and guilty!

ESTHER WARREN, Lippincott's Magazine.

Blocked in.—The train had run into a snow-drift, and the engine was butting its head in vain against a six-foot bank.

COMPLETENESS.

Because it is fair, shall the rosebud keep
Its possible loveliness folded up?
Would you have the pride of the forest sleep
For fear of spoiling the acorn cup?

Nay. The bud has dreams of the perfect flower;
The acorn thrills with divine unrest;
The bud must blossom when comes its hour—
The acorn follow its high behest.

True, they do perish. 'Tis ever so.
This law unerring all nature knows.
The bud and the acorn are slain; but lo!
The pride of the forest, and lo! the rose.

THE GENESIS OF GENIUS.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Shakespeare and Newton, and Clive and Hampden, and even Henry VIII., have done much to make England just what she is for good and for evil; but the ordinary law-loving, stubborn, hard-headed, solid, energetic Englishman has done a great deal more. What we English now are we owe a little to William the Norman and Henry the Angevin, to Cromwell and to Wellington, to Wickliffe and to Wesley, to Darwin and to Spencer; but we owe it a great deal more to the nameless pirates who peopled Kent and East Anglia, to the hunted Celts who hung on to life and liberty in Wales and Cornwall, to the unknown yeomen and artisans of the Middle Ages, to the forgotten Puritans, the buried merchants, the manufacturers and inventors and toilers of later times. What you Americans now are you owe in part to those noble men who gave you your constitution, and to those great workers and soldiers who preserved the Union; but you owe a thousand times more—you above every nation upon earth—to the average American-citizen, and to his predecessors, the average colonists of the older days, and the average European settler of the present time. After Mr. Galton there is little need to demonstrate that great men themselves are but slight deviations from a general level of intelligence or taste, just as fools are slight deviations on the other side. Except in a generally mechanical race, you will not find a Watt or an Edison; except in a generally literary race, you will not find a Shakespeare or a Goethe; except in a generally æsthetic race, you will not find a Lionardo or a Beethoven. We never see an in-lionardo at Memphis discovering all the laws of perspective offhand; we never see an original Channing or Howard springing at once into existence amongst the head-hunting Dyaks; we never see an incongruous Newton hitting suddenly upon the law of gravitation in some Zulu village. The great problem for our solution is this: How did Athens, or Rome, or mediæval Italy, attain its general character? and then we can easily answer the further question, how did they turn out from time to time a Plato, a Pompeius, or a Michelangelo?

Every race possesses a certain mean of character, intellectual, emotional, moral and æsthetic. From this mean variations arise in every particular on either side; and how they arise we shall inquire further on. But for the present it is sufficient to point out that the variations always bear a certain general proportion to the mean; they seldom very largely deflect from it in either directions, and never very largely in the direction of higher or increased powers. The average Englishman has a certain fairly fixed moral, intellectual, and æsthetic nature. Even our deviating are not extreme. A bad Englishman is not usually a cannibal, like the Fijians; a stupid Englishman is not, as a rule, unable to count five, like the Bushman; a Philistine Englishman does not habitually beat a tom-tom or smear himself with putrid fat, like the Hottentots. On the other hand, our upward variations are likewise in a certain proportion to our mean. Even a Darwin or a Spencer stands at a comparatively measurable distance from the average run of our naturalists and philosophical thinkers; even Mr. Morris and Sir Frederick Leighton are in the same category with our average water color painters and decorative artists. We shall, I hope, see reason hereafter to think that these exceptional individuals are traceable to the convergence of certain special lines of descent; and as such convergences must, on an average, occur, in a settled number of births, a settled number of times, it may fairly be said that the exceptions are necessary products of the mean. And as only, but with the average men of each such exception vary only within modest limits—as the exceptional Hottentots and Digger Indians are at bottom Hottentots and Digger Indians still, while the Platons and Cæsars and Schillers are at bottom Hellenes, or Romans, or Germans still—it may be fairly said to follow that whatever accounts for the mean accounts for the variations as well. For this reason it seems to me that the geographical Hellas—to take a concrete example—not only produced the average Athenians and Syracuseans, but also equally produced the Aristotles and Euclids and Archimedes whom the prior existence of the average Athenian and Syracuse alone made possible. *Atlantic Monthly.*

BROILED TRIPE.—Cut up honey-comb tripe into pieces from three to four inches wide; rub a little oil or melted butter over them, dredge them in flour, and broil over a charcoal fire; and squeeze a little lemon-juice over each piece, and serve. Never broil tripe over a hard-coal fire; the gases arising from the coal spoil the flavor of the tripe, making it indigestible and unpalatable.

THE CASE OF ELIZA BLEYLOCK.

SHERWOOD BONNER IN "HARPER'S."

Captain James Peters, riding home from a raid into the moonshine counties stopped at Jared's store, and asked for a drink. A jug was taken from the shelf, and a finger's-length of clear yellow whiskey poured out.

"No moonshine in this sto', you see, Captain," remarked Mr. Jared.

"Humph!" and the Captain's keen eyes glanced toward the loungers in and about the store. "Reckon if I took a notion, I could unearth some moonshine, an' spot some moonshiners not fur off."

"No moonshine in this sto', you see, Captain," remarked Mr. Jared. "Humph!" and the Captain's keen eyes glanced toward the loungers in and about the store. "Reckon if I took a notion, I could unearth some moonshine, an' spot some moonshiners not fur off."

"Captain, you mustn't be so suspicious. 'S'picious! Reckon I shouldn't earn my pay 'f I wasn't. S'picion's mighty good thing for a man-hunter. My game's shy. But I've my eye on mo' than knows of me. Some folks'll find thar b'ilers smashed when they dunno I'm aroun'."

Silence. Some of the young men shrugged their shoulders. One drawled out at last that he "didn't know as anybody keered three jumps of a louse fur Jim Peters or his threathenins."

"Come, come," said a cunning-looking old man; "don't let's have no words. We're all peaceful folks, Captain, in this here settlement—powerful peaceful. Ter be sho', we don't like nobody a-foolin' round our business. We come from Carliny more'n a hundred ye's ago, an' here we've lived peaceful an' orderly ever sence—a-livin' an' a-dyin' an' a-marryin' an' a-breedin'—"

"An' a-learnin' th' use of th' shot-gun," interrupted Dick Oscar, quietly.

"I'm a Tennesse man myself," said Captain Peters, "an' I ruther think I know how 's use a shot-gun. An' I've got a rifle—that's a sixteen-shooter."

There was a general movement of interest. "Let's have a look at it, Captain."

"It don't go out o' my hand. But you can look much's you please. Ain't she a beauty, now?" They crowded around, patting and praising the gun as if it were human. And there was a general murmur of assent when old man Welch exclaimed, "Ain't it a pity, boys, ter see such a rifle as that throwed away on a damned gov'ment officer?"

Captain Peters only laughed. He was very good-humoured, this mountain terror, except when as they would say, his blood was up. Then it was as safe to meet a starving tiger.

"Seems to me 's if the Captain had somethin' on his mind," remarked Mrs. Riggs that same evening.

The Riggs' lived at Bloomington, and the Captain and his family were paying them a visit, preparatory to settling in the same place. Mrs. Riggs was a bustling young woman, "born in quite another part of the State," as she would tell you, with an air; "no mopin blood in me." She was the third wife of her husband—a sanctimonious old chap, with his long white beard, the ends of which he used to assist meditation, as a cow chews its cud.

"James Riggs," his wife had said, when he courted her, "it's my opinion you talked them two previous women to death; but if you get me, mark one thing, you'll get your match."

And he had. The Riggs' were extremely sensible of the honour of having Captain Peters in their house. Dom Pedro and Cetywayo rolled into one could not have been watched with more solicitude. Had not his name been in every paper in the Union, and his portrait in a New York journal? That the eyes of the nation were fixed upon him, Peters himself did not doubt; and it was asserted through the county that he was in close correspondence with the President.

"Jim's been a-broodin'," said Mrs. Peters—a moon-faced woman with dull blue eyes—"ever sence he went inter this business. I've wished time 'n' agin he'd stuck to blacksmithin', for I've suffered a thousan' deaths with him off a waggerin' over the mountains."

"He was called of the Lord," said Mr. Riggs, "and his hand must not be stayed. The iniquity of men shall be put down in the land."

"Ye-es," drawled the Captain, "I'm a-goin' to bust up the stillin' business in Tennessee. But I'm plagued about them Jared boys. I can't ketch 'em nohow."

A knock at the door, and a young fellow came in and shook hands eagerly with the Captain. His name was Maddox. Captain Peters had picked him up in Nashville, and employed him "on trial."

"I was jest a-speakin' of the Jareds," he said. "I'm pretty sure they've got a still somewhere. They look me in the eye too powerful innocent to be all right. Now I've got a notion in my head—if I only had anybody I could trust—"

Maddox drew himself up, alert, watchful as a listening sentinel. "What can't be done one way, must be done another," said Captain Peters, slowly.

"And rightly you speak," said Mr. Riggs, as he spat out his beard; "it's the Lord's work, an' be done it must, with every weeping known to man."

"I knew it! I knew it, Captain!" cried Mrs. Riggs. "I knew you had somethin' on your mind. You're a-schemin' somethin' great. I see it in your eye."

It remained in the Captain's eye, as far as Mrs. Riggs was concerned, for the Captain took Mr. Maddox out of doors, where they talked in whispers, and Mrs. Riggs berated her lord for having driven them away with his tongue.

A few days later, a pedlar stopped at Bleylock's and asked for a drink of water. Old mother Bleylock sent Eliza to the spring for a fresh bucketful, and the peddler, after refreshing himself opened his pack.

"Pears 's if we outghtn't ter trouble you," she said, "cause we can't buy a pin's wuth."

"Jest for the pleasure ma'am," said the gallant peddler.

The pack was opened, and three pairs of eyes grew big with delight.

"F you'll wait till par comes, I'll make him buy me that collar," said Janey, the younger of the Bleylock girls.

"P'raps Dick Oscar'd buy you a present 'f he was here," suggested Eliza.

"If 'tain't makin' too free, I'd like to say I admire Dick Oscar's taste," said the peddler, with an admiring glance.

"Janey responded with, 'Oh! you hush!' and a toss of her head; and old mother Bleylock said, 'The boys most generally always paid Janey a good deal 'f attention.'"

She possessed a bold prettiness, this mountain pink. Brown-skinned, black-eyed, red-lipped, and a way of dropping her head on her swelling neck, and looking mutiny from under her heavy brows. Eliza was a thin slip of a girl, with a demure but vacant look in her blue eyes, and a shy, nervous manner.

"I'll tell you the truth, ma'am," remarked the peddler to the mother, "you could take these girls o' yours to Nashville, an' people in th' streets would follow them for their good looks. An' that's the Heaven's own truth. All yo' family, these two?"

"Lor no; I've got three boys."

"All at home farmin', I s'pose?"

"Yaas."

"Long road to take their crops to market."

"I ain't never heard no complaint."

"Now 'bout these goods o' mine," said the peddler; "if you could put me up for a few days, we might make a trade. I'm 's tired 's a lame horse, and wouldn't want nuthin' better'n to rest right here."

"I'd like nuthin' better'n to take you. But th' ain't no use sayin' a word till pa gets home. He ain't no hand for strangers."

"Well, I won't be a stranger longer'n I can help," said the agreeable peddler. "My name's Pond, Marcus Pond—Nashville boy; but a rollin' stone, you know. I've peddled books an' sewin'-machines, an' no end of a lot of traps generally. Fond o' travel, you see; but jest's steady as old Time. Never drink when I travel; promised my mother I wouldn't."

"'Tis a good thing," said mother Bleylock, with energy. "I do despise to see a fuddled man. Whiskey ain't fit fur nuthin's but ter fatten hogs on."

Father Bleylock came home, and beyond a stare and a silent nod, took little notice of the peddler. He was a tall man, thin, taciturn, and yellow, and with a neck so small that his head presented the appearance of being stuck on with a pin.

He lighted his pipe, and after a soothing interval of smoking, "Peddler'd like to stop over a period," said his wife.

"Puff, puff. 'Don't see any objection. Puff, puff."

And a gentle hilarity agitated the bosoms that yearned over the peddler's pack.

Mr. Pond, as he had promised, soon ceased to be a stranger. The old man discoursed on the grievances of taxes, and the old woman, after the manner of mothers, talked about her daughters.

"My gals is eddicated," she would say—"been over t' Cookville months an' months a-schoolin'. But, lor! thar's some folks you can't weed the badness out'n, an' Janey's a spitfire, she is. Seems 's if Dick Oscar wants to have her, but he acts kinder curious about it—blow hot, blow cold. Dunno. Now Lizzy is different. Can't tell why, less'n 'tis that I went to camp-meetin' an' perferred a while befo' she was born. Somehow she's always been delicater an' quieter like 'n any of my children."

The Bleylock boys, easy, rollicking fellows, treated the peddler very much as if he had been a harmless though unnecessary cat about the house, and were surprised when Dick Oscar, dropping in one evening, informed them that they were a pack of fools for "takin' in a stranger so free and easy."

"Why, I ain't paid no more attention to th' man 'n if he'd a-been a preacher," said Sam Bleylock; "seem 's if th' ain't no harm t' him."

"He's a very God-fearin' man," said Eliza, softly, "an' a powerful reader o' the Bible."

"F you'll take my say so, you'll git quit of him," said Dick Oscar.

"He's got such beautiful taste!" said mother Bleylock. "It's a good 's goin' to th' city to look at his things."

"I see he's been a-dressing you up," said Oscar, with a sneer at the new ribbons the girls wore round their necks.

Janey sprang up. Her face reddened. In an instant she had torn off the ribbon, and stamped her foot on it. "That's how much I care for him an' his ribbons!" she cried.

"Don't fly quite off the handle," said Mr. Oscar, coolly. Evidently he shared her mother's opinion that Miss Janey was a spitfire.

Poor Janey! She had hoped to please her lover by the scorn of the peddler's gift, but she was coming to the conclusion that he was a hard man to please. She was a passionate young animal, and she had thrown herself into his arms with a readiness that robbed herself of her graces. He liked to sting and stroke her alternately, and was about as unsatisfactory a lover

as Janey could have found on the Cumberland. But she liked him, saw with his eyes, thought with his thoughts. Naturally she turned against the peddler, and from this time set herself to watch him.

The harmless young man in the meantime was doing what he could. He wandered about the country, selling such little things as the people could buy, "pumping" the Bleylock boys, and making love to the Bleylock girls. The pumping process was rewarded with about as much success as would attend fishing for a soul through the eye of a skeleton. In the love-making there was more hope.

Janey was accessible to flattery, and encouraged him with little looks of fire. But there was something in her eyes he did not trust, and he was a wary man, the peddler. Besides, she slapped his face when he tried to kiss her. But he soon grew to believe that Eliza—simple, unconscious, serious—would be as clay in his hands.

Chance favoured Miss Janey. She was bathing one warm day, in the creek that ran out from the spring, when she saw Eliza and the peddler coming, like Jack and Jill, to fetch a pail of water. Being naked, Janey could not get away; but she slid along to a cool inlet overhung with tree branches, and so hidden, waited for them to do their errand. Of course they stopped to talk.

"That pink ribbon becomes your black hair mightily," said the peddler.

"Eliza blushed. "We're just country girls, you know, Mr. Pond; we don't have many pretty things. Seems 's if the boys don't have any money left after buyin' the sugar an' flour an' molasses an' things."

"Meat, I s'pose," said the practical peddler.

"No; we raise our own meat. Pa has a powerful lot o' hogs."

"So!"

"But I expect you don't take much interest in country life, Mr. Pond?"

"Why, my dear"—and Mr. Pond slipped his arm around Eliza—"I'd like the best in the world to settle down in a country just like this. A fellow gets tired trampin' about. But I'd want two things to make me happy."

Eliza looked at him with happy confidence.

"First, a little wife 'at was gentle in her ways, an' a good religious girl, an' one with black hair to set off the pink ribbons I'd buy for her, an' a fleet foot, and a red mouth."

Here Mr. Pond came to a full stop with a kiss.

"And the other thing?" with a bright blush. The peddler grew practical again. "Well, it's nothin' more'n some way to make a livin'."

Now, say I married a sweet girl up the Cumberland, and made a little crop. It's too far to get it to the market. I might turn it into whiskey, but lately gov'ment's turned meddler, an' 's a-breakin' stills right an' left through the country."

"They do hide 'em sometimes," said Eliza, in a half-whisper, "so't a blood-hound could hardly scent 'em. An' a very good business it is, an' the hogs live on the mash."

"Do you know of any such stills, my little darlin'?"

But she drew back a little. "Ef I do know of any," she said, "I've promised not to tell o' 'em."

"Not to the man as is going to be your husband?"

"Not to him until he is my husband." And blushing, but resolute, Eliza filled her pail, and started for the house.

Under the water Janey clinched her hands. "Dick was right," she thought; "and I see his game. He's a spy, and Eliza's a fool."

She knew that she had heard enough to justify her lover in his suspicions, enough to put them all on their guard. A passionate exultation fired her blood as she thought of the service she should render Dick Oscar, his praise, the reward of his rude kisses.

But, alas for Janey! something had ruffled her sweetheart's temper when next they met. Before she could approach the subject of which she was full, stinging words had passed between them.

"Dick," said Janey, hoarsely, "d'ye mean that you're goin' back from your word, that you ain't a-going to marry me?"

"Marry h—ll!" said Mr. Oscar. And he walked off.

"I want to speak t' you," said Janey that night to the peddler. "Can you get up in th' morning befo' th' folks is stirrin'?"

"Of course I can, when it's to meet a gal like you."

Privately he wondered at her pallor and lurid eyes.

Morning came. As the stars were drowsily getting out of the sun's way, Janey and the peddler met by the spring.

"You needn't lie to me," said she, harshly. "I've found you out. You're up the Cumberland spyin' for wild-cat stills. I'll take you to one."

"But, my dear, is this a trap? I'm nothin' but a poor harmless peddler."

"Come, then, my harmless peddler," said the girl, with a sneer, "an' I'll show you somethin' t' make your mouth water."

She struck through the woods, and he followed, alternately blessing and wondering at his luck. What thread led her he knew not. Fallen logs lay in the way, thickets opposed, foliage dense as the massed green in Dewing's "Morning" hid all signs of path, but on she went, easily as if she were illustrating the first line of prepositions in Lindley—above, around, amidst, athwart obsta-

cles of every kind. And finally, girdled and guarded by trees and rocks, was the hidden still, where the "dull cold ear of"—corn was changed into the flowing moonshine that maketh glad the heart of man.

The peddler could hardly keep back a shout. He had won his spurs. It was a much larger concern than he had expected. Some hogs were rooting about the sodden earth. The monotonous dripping of water mingled with the grunts of these poetic animals.

Janey leaned against a rock, breathing heavily. The peddler thought he would about as soon touch a wild-cat as speak to her. Nevertheless he did.

"B'long t' your folks?" he said.
 "T b'longs to Dick Oscar, an' you know it," said the girl, fiercely. "Now I'm goin' back home."

"You don't know of any more such," said the insatiate peddler, "lyin' round loose up here?—pearls among swine, so to speak."

"I've done enough. An', look here, keep your tongue between yo' teeth. Tell that I fetched you here, an' you won't see many more sun-ups with them spvin' eyes."

Mr. Pond was a tolerable woodsman, and he led Captain Peters and his scouts to the mountain still without trouble. They were all there, the Bleylock boys, the father, and young Oscar. They were hard at work, and, surprised, were

their fate; but Janey was still, brown lids veiling the dull fire of her eyes.

"Janey, my girl," said Oscar, drawing her apart, "I spoke up rough to you t'other day. But don't you mind it. 'Twarn't nuthin' but jealousy."

Her eyes softened. Mountain pinks, as well as some fine ladies, consider jealousy as a tribute to their charms.

"Perhaps I'll never come back," said he.

She seized him by the arm.
 "Dick, what can they do t' you?"

"Dunno. Most likely I'll kill somebody tryin' to git away, and be strung."

Janey burst into tears.
 "Shouldn't wonder 'f you married one o' the Jareds," he said, piling on the gloom.

"Dick Oscar, I promised to marry you, an' I don't go back from my word."

"No, an' I don't," cried Dick. "There ain't as pretty a shaped girl as you on the Cumberland; an' if ever I do git back—"

He whispered the rest in Janey's ear, and she clung to him, blushing a deep, deep rose.

"S jest one thing I want to know," said old Bleylock, as they tramped to Nashville: "how'd you find us?"

The Captain laughed.
 "Been entertainin' a peddler, haven't you? Which



"THE PEDDLER COULD HARDLY KEEP BACK A SHOUT."



"SHE LEANED HER HEAD AGAINST A TREE."

handcuffed without the firing of a gun.

Who so crest-fallen as the toiling, moiling moonshiners? Who so jubilant as the long-whiskered Captain? He would have sung a psalm had he known how. As it was, he chewed a great deal of tobacco, and unbuttoned his flannel shirt for expansion.

The prisoners were halted at the Bleylock cabin for baggage and good-byes. They were to be taken to the penitentiary, and would need a change of socks.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza wept and moaned

in a courteous manner that gentleman listened, struck by her figure, her full voice, and passionate eyes. He promised to use his influence with the President to procure a pardon for Dick Oscar, and Janey was allowed to go to the prison with the cheering news.

The mountain girl was heard of in high cir-

cles. Hearts beat warmly in lovely Southern bosoms, and they made a heroine of Janey.

"Why don't you marry here?" said a beautiful enthusiast, who had called to see Janey, and kissed her, "because she knew so well how to love."

"Marry here, and I'll give you a wedding dress."

"So we will," said Dick Oscar, when he was out of prison.

And Janey went home a wife, as if the stars had been diamonds, and strung like a larkspur chain for her neck—father, brothers, husband, sheltering her in their love.

Mrs. Bleylock and Eliza ran to meet them. Eliza thought perhaps some one else would come with them. Had not her lover left her with a kiss and a promise to come back with a gold ring?

The pink ribbon was round her neck. Her lips were parted in a happy, vacant smile.

The old chap whose head looked as if it were stuck on with a pin was in advance. He thrust out his arm as Eliza drew near. "Don't you speak to me!"

"Pappy!"

"Damn your tattlin' tongue! Keep away from my hands!"

The smile had gone; the vacant look spread over the face that turned helplessly to her brothers.

"You ought to be whipped like a nigger," said Sam Bleylock. "What you tell that peddler 'bout

Oscar's still for? Might 'a known he was foolin' you."

"I didn't tell where the still was."
 "Hoh! you lie too." And her father, passing by, struck her with the back of his hand.

"Shame on you, pappy!" and Janey ran to her sister, over whose lips blood was pouring.

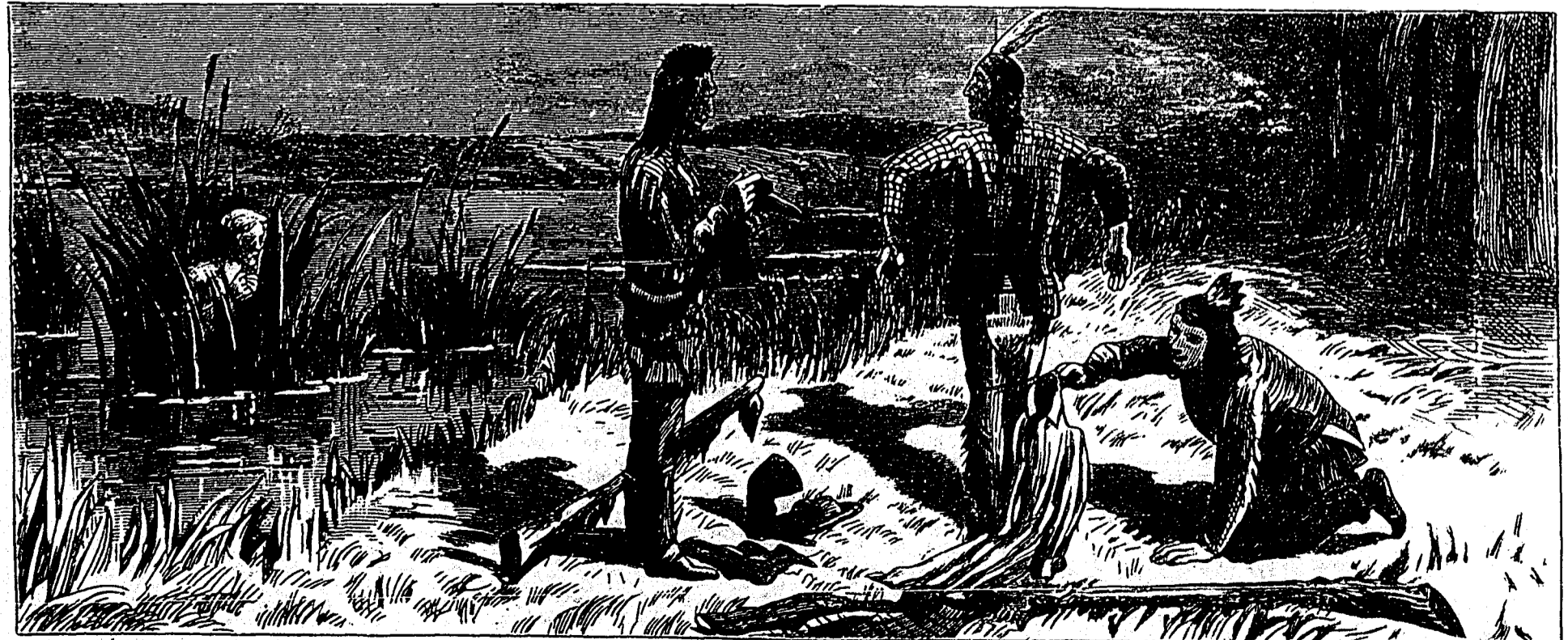
Her husband drew Janey away. "Don't touch her," he said, with a look of disgust; "she ain't fit."

A wild, terrified look swept over Janey's face. Should she grasp at the wind blowing in the tree-tops above her? She caught Dick Oscar's arm, holding it fiercely. Here was something to clasp, to cling to. Her soul's rivelled in her ardent body.

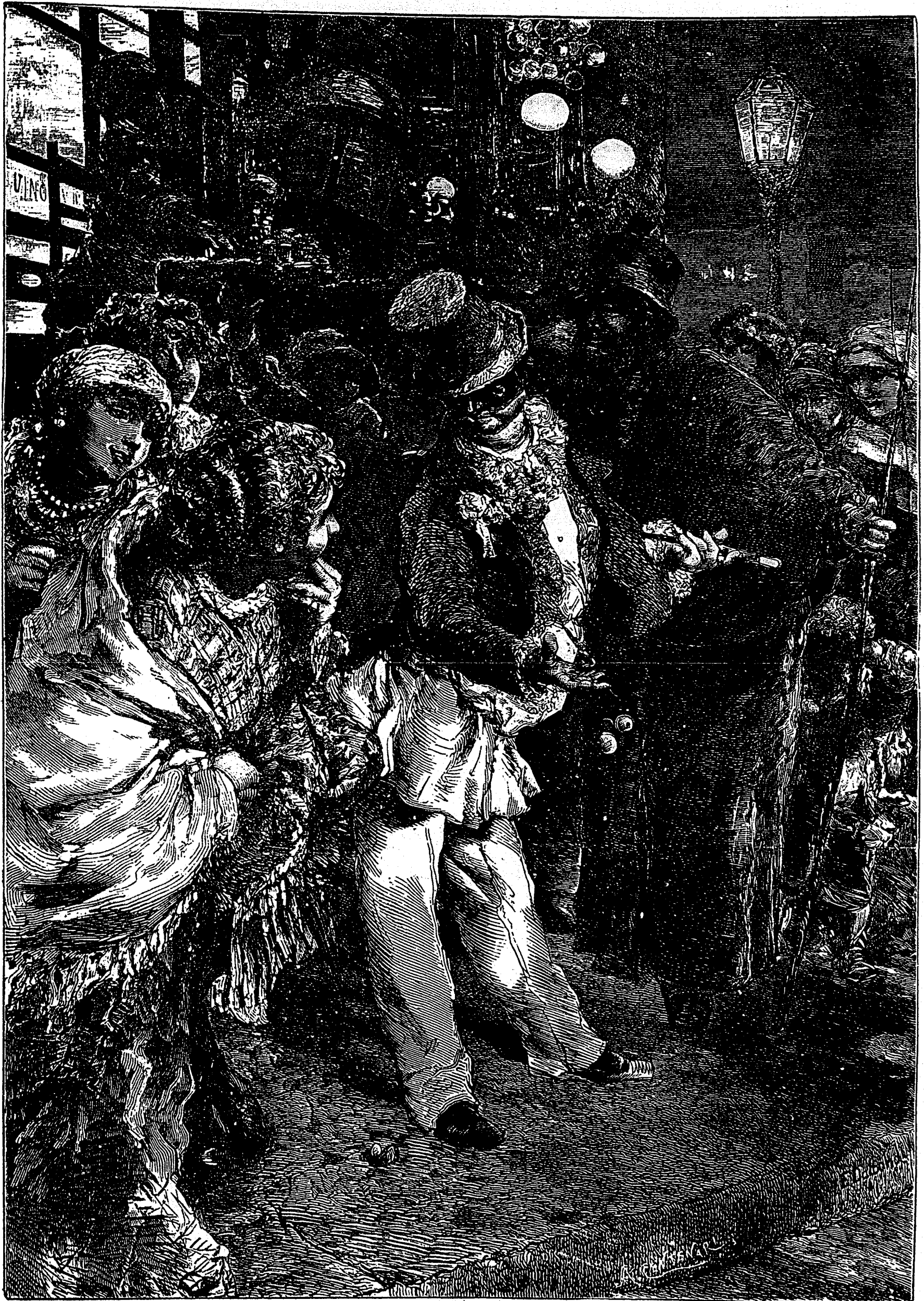
Afterward Eliza Bleylock seemed to wither away. She repeated her denial of having been a traitor, but no one ever believed her. She worked hard, and was used roughly. She had never been strong. Sometimes she stole away and nursed Janey's baby, that seemed to love her. But never when Dick Oscar was at home.

One day, sitting by the spring alone, too weak since a long while to work, she leaned her head against a tree, and with one moan, too faint to startle the singing-birds, she died.

Her mother and Janey dressed her cleanly, and tied about her neck a pink ribbon that they found in her Bible. And she was buried, with very little said about it, in the valley.



BRITISH COLUMBIA.—TAKE CARE WHERE YOU BATHE.



THE CARNIVAL AT NAPLES.—FROM THE PICTURE BY E. DALBONO.

HOW THE CHILDREN PLAY IN JAPAN.

BY E. WARREN CLARKE.

The most interesting sights are the games and sports of the children. The Japanese believe in enjoying themselves, and the young folks are as bright and merry as the children of other climes.

They play in the open street, sometimes forming a circle of half a dozen or more, and sending the flying shuttlecock from one to the other.

The boys have wonderful kites, made of tough paper pasted on light bamboo frames, and decorated with dragons, warriors and storm hobgoblins.

Sometimes the boys put glue on their kite strings, near the top, and dip the strings into pounded glass. Then they fight with their kites, which they place in proper positions, and attempt to saw each other's strings with the pointed glass.

Sometimes I met boys running a race on long stilts; at other times they would have wrestling matches, in which little six-year-old youngsters would toss and tumble one another to the ground.

On the fifth day of the fifth month the boys have their Fourth of July, which they call the "Feast of Flags." They celebrate the day very peaceably, with games and toys.

The girls have their "Feast of Dolls" on the third day of the third month. During the week preceding the holiday, the shops of Tokio are filled with dolls and richly dressed figures.

I once bought a large doll baby at one of the shops to send home to my little sister; the doll was dressed in the ordinary way, having its head shaved in the style of most Japanese babies.

In going along the Tori I would often see a group of children gathered around a street story-teller listening with widening eyes and breathless attention to the ghost story or startling romance which he was narrating.

Street theatricals can also be seen, and traveling shows with monkeys, bears, and tumbling gymnasts, who greatly amuse the children.

A showman will put a piece of camphor on a tiny medal of a duck which he floats on a

shallow dish of water, and as the children look on in wonder, the dissolving camphor gum sends the duck from side to side, as though it were alive.

The boys delight in fishing, and will sit for hours holding the line by the moats and canals, waiting for a bite. I have seen a dozen people watch a single person fish, when there would not be a bite once in the half-hour.

There are few vehicles in Tokio, excepting the jinrikishas; and most of the people walk in the middle of the street. When riding on horseback it is impossible to go at a rapid rate without endangering the youngsters who sprawl about in the street.

SOMNAMBULISM.

A Paris despatch to the London Standard says:—The Court of Appeal in Paris yesterday (Jan. 27th) was the scene of a most curious and remarkable spectacle. Last August a young man named Didier was arrested for an offence in the Champs Elysees and sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

Didier suffers from a most remarkable nervous affection. He lives in a state of constant somnambulism, the attacks of which can be provoked at will. The numerous doctors who have watched him at the hospital have proved that he is entirely destitute of any will of his own, and submits to all injunctions in the most automatic manner.

The prisoner, who is about 22, appeared in court, accompanied by his counsel and the doctors. His appearance aroused great curiosity, and all eyes were turned on him as he tottered rather than walked to the bar.

"Dr. Mottet, followed by the magistrates and the prisoner, retired into a side room. Here, by the usual means of rapid passes of the hand before his eyes, and a strong fixed gaze, the unhappy victim was mesmerised. Didier was then left in charge of two of the Municipal Guards on service, the doctor and the judges returned to the court and the door of the room was shut.

in his turn, now operated on the prisoner. Having mesmerized him, he ordered him to write from memory a letter addressed to him while in prison. Didier replied, 'I cannot; because I am in prison.' The doctor insisted, whereon the prisoner sat down to a table, and wrote, word for word, the letter in question, without a single mistake.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

PRESIDENT HAYES has vetoed the Funding Bill.

RENEWED shocks of earthquake have occurred at Agram.

THE conspirators in the Kolapore affair have been found guilty.

A PARIS cable announces the death of M. Dulhuys, the French statesman.

A GENERAL raid on gambling houses is being made throughout Spain.

LONDON despatches say the certainty of war between Greece and Turkey is generally admitted in diplomatic circles.

THE boat race between Oxford and Cambridge will be rowed on Friday, April the 8th. Oxford is slightly the favourite in the betting.

AT the general meeting of the Panama Canal Company in Paris recently, M. de Lesseps said the canal would be completed in 1888.

THE Speaker has again suspended Mr. Dillon in the English House of Commons for making a very violent speech.

EXPERIMENTS are being made in Paris with an electric reporting machine which it is intended to introduce into the Assembly.

THE Princess Augusta Victoria of Holstein Augustenberg, and Prince Frederick William, eldest son of the Prince Imperial of Germany, were married in Berlin last week with great splendour.

DESPATCHES from Durban bring news of a disastrous reverse which has overtaken the British under Sir George Colley. That officer had occupied Magela mountain, overlooking the enemy, on the night of the 26th ult., with 20 officers and 627 men.

HEARTH AND HOME.

To keep seeds from the deprecations of mice, mix some pieces of camphor with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury.

WOODWORK strongly impregnated with tungstate of soda or silicate of soda—by treatment in strong aqueous solution of these salts—will be found to be quite unflammable.

WHEN putting away the silver tea or coffee pot which is not used every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow the fresh air to get in and prevent mustiness; the article will then be ready for use at any time, after having been rinsed with boiling water.

BEEF-TOP SPINACH.—The top of young beets, if treated in the same way as spinach, but boiled for half an hour instead of ten minutes, will be found very similar to spinach, and quite as good.

OAT-MEAL AND BEEF-TEA.—I find this quite useful to give strength to weak patients; take two tablespoonfuls of fine oat-meal and make it perfectly smooth in two spoonfuls of cold water; pour into this a pint of strong beef-tea; boil it eight minutes; keep stirring all the time; it should be very smooth; if lumpy pass through a sieve.

TO SETTLE COFFEE.—To settle coffee without eggs, put the ground coffee—two tablespoonfuls or more, according to the size of the family—to soak over night in a teacup of water. In the morning add more water, and put it on to boil, boiling fifteen or twenty minutes; then fill in what water is necessary, and put the coffee-pot on the stove. In fifteen minutes it will be as clear as amber.

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OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 310. E.D.W., Sherbroke, P.Q.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 317.

THE CANADIAN CHESS CONGRESS AT OTTAWA.

In our last Column we endeavoured to give the most important particulars connected with the Ninth Annual Meeting of the Canadian Chess Association, held at Ottawa a few days ago, and subjoined will be found a table of the games played in the Tourney.

It ought to be a satisfactory circumstance to Canadian players that altogether the gathering was a successful one, and we trust that it will be the means of infusing new life into an Association which may do much for the advancement of a scientific recreation in the Dominion of Canada.

To the gentlemen who had the management of the business of the meeting, too much praise can be given, and the arrangements of the Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. T.D. Phillips, M.A., added much to the comfort of the competitors. The generous gift of a silver cup, as first prize, by the President, T. Le Droit, Esq., of Quebec, as a matter of course, excited more than ordinary interest in the results of the Tourney, and we must not forget to state that the presence, among the contestants, of Mr. Schull, a gentleman who has in the mother country a high reputation for skill in the game, added greatly to the excitement of the battle, besides enabling our Canadian friends to form, to some extent, an estimate of their own standing as chessplayers.

The Rev. T. D. Phillips informs us that members of Senate and Commons, ten in number, had arranged with an equal number of the Ottawa Chess Club to play a match on Saturday, the 5th inst, but we have not yet heard the result of this contest. We may add that this encounter has been brought about by the recent Dominion Chess Tourney, and is an indication of the interest taken in our noble game by our combined legislative wisdom.

TABLE OF GAMES PLAYED.

Table with columns for Competitors (J. Barry, G.W. Casey, J. Henderson, S. Jarvis, F.X. Lambert, D.R. MacLeod, T.D. Phillips, L. Schull, J.W. Shaw, G.H. Taylor) and Scores (0, 1, 1/2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8). Includes a 'FOURER' column at the bottom.

1 signifies a game won. 0 Game lost. 1/2 Game drawn.

THE WINNERS.

J. W. Shaw, 1st prize, 8 points; L. Schull, 2nd do, 7 points; J. Barry, 3rd do, 6 1/2 points; T. D. Phillips, 4th do, 6 points; J. Henderson, 5th do, 5 1/2 points.

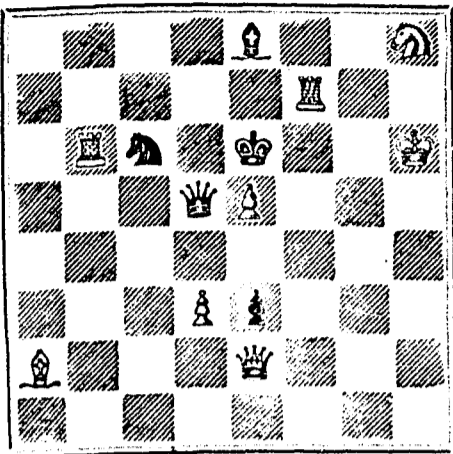
In our last week's Problem No. 318, a black Pawn should stand on Black's Queen's Bishop's second.

PROBLEM No. 319.

By F. C. Collins.

(From his forthcoming Book of 100 Problems.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 446TH.

Consultation game played 20th February, 1871, pending the Tourney at Ottawa, of the Dominion Chess Association, by Messrs. John Barry and John Henderson, of Montreal, on one side, against Mr. L. Schull, of Guelph, and Mr. E. Pope, of Quebec, on the other.

(Giucos Piano)

White. Black.

(Messrs. Barry & Henderson.) (Messrs. Schull & Pope.)

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to B 4
4. P to Q 4
5. Kt to Q B 3
6. P to K R 3
7. B to Kt 5
8. B to K 3
9. Q to Q 2
10. Kt to K R 2
11. B to Q R 4
12. B to K 3
13. Kt to K 2
14. Castles
15. P to K B 4
16. P to K B 5
17. Kt to Kt 3
18. Q to K 2
19. Kt to Kt 4
20. P takes Kt

Black's 18th move is of a questionable character, and seems to influence the continuance of their game unfavourably.

The commencement of a succession of fine moves on the part of White.

- 21. Kt to B 2
22. B to Q 2
23. R to R 1
24. R to R 2
25. Q R to R 1
26. Q to Q 1
27. Q to Q B 1
28. P to Q R 3
29. B to R 2
30. R to R 5
31. B takes Kt P
32. R takes B
33. K R to R 5
34. P to Kt 5

This and the following three moves are very embarrassing to Black, and almost assure the game to White.

- 35. P to K B 6
36. R takes P (ch)
37. R takes Kt (ch)
38. P takes Q
39. Kt to B 5
40. P takes B

Black gallantly fight an up-hill game, seemingly, still having confidence in their array of pawns, and which they play with consummate skill.

- 41. K to Kt 1
42. Q to Q 1
43. B to Q 5
44. B to K 4
45. B takes Kt P
46. Q to K 2
47. Q to B 3
48. B to Q B 8
49. K to B 1
50. B to Q 7
51. Q to R 5 (ch)
52. B to K Kt 4
53. Q to K 5 (ch)
54. B to B 3
55. Q takes Q B P
56. Q to R 7 (ch)
57. Q takes B P
58. Q to Kt 5 (ch)
59. P to R 4
60. Q to Kt 8
61. P to Q Kt 4
62. P to R 5
63. Q to B 7 (ch)
64. Q takes R (ch)

Mr. Schull here desired to give up the game, and Mr. Henderson insisted upon giving up the Queen for the R as an experiment.

- 65. P to R 6
66. P to R 7
67. P to R 8 and Queens
68. B takes R
69. B to Q 5
70. K to Kt 1

Up to their 64th move, White played a strong, beautiful and faultless game, but to the error they then made, they now add a more serious one by their 70th move, which degenerates a win game into a miserable draw. Black might well exult at their unexpected escape from disastrous defeat.

- 71. K to B 1
72. K to K 2

And the game is abandoned as a draw.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 317.

White. Black.

- 1. Q to Q Kt 8
2. Mate acc.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 315.

WHITE. BLACK.

- 1. P to K 4
2. R to K B 7
3. R mates

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 316.

White. Black.

- K at K 6
Q at Q sq
Kt at Q 4
Pawns at K B 2, and Q Kt 3

White to play and mate in two moves.



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Arrive at Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	1.10 p.m.	9.55 p.m.
Leave Ottawa for Hochelaga.....	12.10 a.m.	8.10 a.m.	4.55 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	10.30 a.m.	12.50 p.m.	9.35 p.m.
Leave Hochelaga for Quebec.....	6.00 p.m.	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Quebec.....	8.00 a.m.	9.55 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Quebec for Hochelaga.....	5.30 p.m.	10.10 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	6.30 a.m.
Leave Hochelaga for St. Jerome.....	5.30 p.m.		
Arrive at St. Jerome.....	7.15 p.m.		
Leave St. Jerome for Hochelaga.....	6.45 a.m.		
Arrive at Hochelaga.....	9.00 a.m.		
Leave Hochelaga for Joliette.....	5.00 p.m.		
Arrive at Joliette.....	7.25 p.m.		
Leave Joliette for Hochelaga.....	6.00 a.m.		
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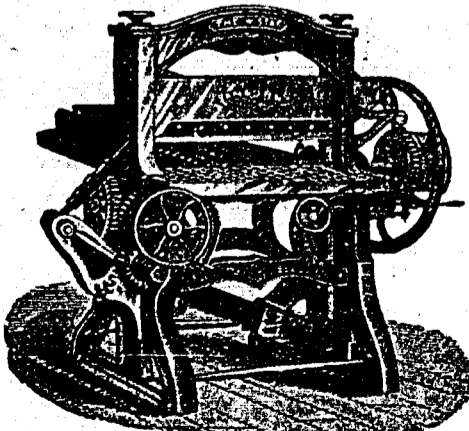
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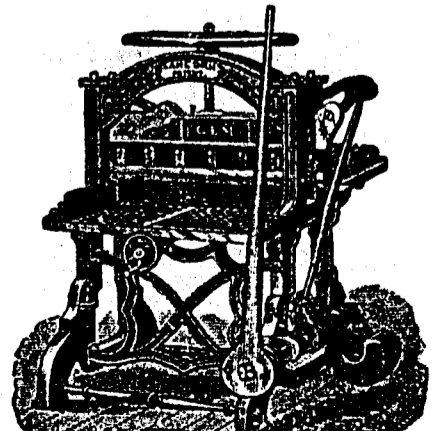
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