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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1877.

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THE FIRST DECADE OF CONFEDERATION.

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NOTICE.

In the next number of the
CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS
will appear a series of sketches, illustrating the arrival of the

PAPAL LEGATE

in Montreal, the great procession of last Sunday, the magnificent illumination, and the torch-light procession.

NOTICE.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 9th, 1877.

THE FIRE IN GRIFFINTOWN. MONTREAL.

Troy within the walls would seem to have been a city of very moderate dimensions, but it raised its head in an heroic age, and had a Homer to sing its trials. The records of civic life on this continent, at the present day, are not very prosaic, if we decide by the often startling character of their incidents. But there is almost always such an element of insouciance about the causes, as to dissipate romance in some such conclusions as: "How much better we should be able to live, if we could only recognize that wood burns, and that contiguity increases danger!" Insurance must be considered a fine economic development, and it saves much misery in the aggregate, but it also fosters recklessness, and draws the mind away from careful material calculations and the study of chymic forces into reckonings that have only dollars and cents for their basis. The Civic Governments should rise above these petty conceptions, and be conscious that all destruction by fire is a loss to somebody, and a shrinkage of the means of the world, and its power for carrying forward the work of civilization. Doubtless corporations do act upon this view in some degree, while the press does its best to infuse better ideas into the constituent body. The buildings in all progressive countries should be becoming more fire-proof in their aggregate in every month that passes, and the next generation could not then have this constant drawback to progress, at all times threatening their quiet. To be fire-proof in most contingencies—what we may call reasonably fire-proof—a house does not need to be built entirely of incombustible materials. Fire-proof walls and roof-coverings, and tiled floors and stairs, would do wonders, if we would only adopt them, while out of the manufacture of the tiles we should obtain a new industry; but the venerated walls are evidently a bad arrangement, as too dangerous, and will doubtless find

fewer advocates in the future. Considerations of expense may be balanced against insurance charges. We believe a tiled floor would earn its keep. Even in the absence of contiguity, cities will not often longer permit framed timber walls. One fault they possess is that from their shrinkage it is most difficult to keep them weather-tight. For the country, when detached, they will still be in requisition, and we may one day have a word to say about keeping such houses impervious and fit receptacles of a proper system of ventilation and heating. The St. Ann's ward, in Montreal, more commonly known as Griffintown, has a first-rate business location from its close proximity to the Railway and Lachine Canal. All it needs is a renewal of buildings and some adjustment of levels to make it a great commercial quarter. But there would also, unless the whole area were raised, have to be included a system of river embankments, such as are frequently enough seen in Europe, in which earth banks are made to fend off inundations, such banks being carried back from the river far enough to enclose the entire district intended to be kept dry. The sewer outfalls would need floodgates, the use of which, during all extra risings of the water, would keep the ground perfectly dry. A fine example of such work, as old as the Roman occupation of the island, will be found on both banks of the Thames, extending from the neighbourhood of London almost to its embouchure at the Nore. The Romans, in the mere budding of practical science, had grand ideas in engineering, water-supply, road-making, and domestic heating, and public baths, and must have had great command of labour to have carried them out so efficiently. It would strike one that the great difference between themselves and us might lie in the absence of slovenliness in the earlier people.

The immediate question is the relief of the families who are thrown, by the late conflagration, upon the aid of their kind neighbours and fellow-citizens for present sustenance. It is a source of thankfulness that the sufferers are not so numerous on the present occasion as in several of the later fires in this Province.

FOOD AND MEDICINE.

A man has died, so the telegrams inform us, from taking in excess a medication known as Vinegar Bitters. We are not acquainted with the qualities of the nostrum in question, but he was, doubtless, only one out of many who are risking health and life by the want of judgment with which they resort to medicines which might sometimes prove of good avail if properly administered, and in doses regulated as to quantity and frequency. A medicine, we suppose, even when good as a specific for a form of disease or special group of diseases, is a dangerous implement in the hands of the ignorant and thoughtless. In the case of what are known as patent medicines, there is certainly the inducement of prospective circulation and profits to make them as good as possible—though we should be rather bold to say that the result was always in accordance with so rational an object. Quantity being known to be as important as quality, small doses have of late years been widely advocated by unbiassed minds. Camomile, Phosphites, Quinine, Sarsaparilla, &c., when sold over the counter, are accompanied by instructions, but the best medicines, gifts of a good Providence as they are, offer no inherent security against overdosing. We do not believe it possible for any printed instructions to dictate the quantity suitable for particular cases. Either the patient or his doctor will have to determine such details by practical attention to symptoms and results; and how careful and constant the observation needed to arrive at true conclusions! In the case of serious disorder any sensible man would call in his physician at once. It may be a painful statement for some minds, but the very condiments we use with our meals are

medicines, and ought to be taken with the moderation and palate sense that their qualities call for; for good digestion will depend very much upon a due balance of different principles in what is taken into the stomach. The sheep and cattle are certainly in advance of us here, for they turn away at once from what will disagree with them. It would seem we have half lost a natural sense. For healthy and unworn constitutions the diet can hardly be too simple, in the sense in which beef and mutton, maize and potatoes, celery and fresh vegetables are simple. Fresh fish and dairy produce are not inaccessible in Canada, and good cooking here, as everywhere, with sufficient change of diet, are very agreeable aids to healthy digestion.

For any lack of the usual variety in the reading matter of the present issue, the indulgence of the reader is craved on the ground of the serious indisposition of the editor throughout the week. We refer particularly to the second paper on the History of the War, which was due in this number, but which will have, perforce, to be postponed to the following one. Similarly a full review of the late Musical Festival, which reflects so much credit on Dr. MacLagan and all his associates, must be omitted.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

BY K. CHAINERS, CAMPBELLTON.

Campbellton is pleasantly situated sixteen miles west of Dalhousie, or eighteen miles from the mouth of the Restigouche, on the New Brunswick side of the river. It was laid off in streets in 1823, by the late Robert Ferguson, Esq., of Athol House, who named it in honour of Major-General Sir Archibald Campbell, then Governor of the Province. At one time Campbellton was a lively little place and carried on a considerable business in lumbering and ship-building; but after these branches of industry failed, it progressed but little for many years. The building of the Intercolonial Railway, however, gave employment to a large number of its citizens, infused new life into its business, and materially increased the wealth and population of the town. At present, it has about 150 houses with a population of 600. It has fifteen stores, four hotels, three churches, a Temperance Hall, and a Superior School with three teachers. The Repeating office of the Montreal Telegraph Co. is also located here. Three-quarters of a mile west of the town stands the station, engine-house, car-shed and workshop of the Intercolonial Railway, the two former imposing brick structures. One end of the station building is occupied by a branch of Melson's Bank which was established here last October. The head office of the Northern Division of the Intercolonial, as well as the Paymaster's and Cashier's offices are situated here.

The scenery around Campbellton is novel and beautiful. Immediately behind it is a mountain glorying in the name of Sugar-loaf, which, though only about 950 feet high, yet from its isolated position is quite imposing. It is composed of trap or highly altered felsite rock, and since it has been denuded of its trees, is suffering much from the wear and tear of atmospheric agencies, huge boulders continually breaking away and rolling down its steep sides. The view which it commands is exceedingly fine, embracing the very heart of the Restigouche valley for a distance of 25 miles, viz: from the mouth of the river to the head of the tide, hemmed in by mountains from 700 to 1000 feet in height, whose long sweeps of outline and multitudinous domes mingling with the clouds form a picture of surpassing grandeur.

The geological character of the hills in the neighbourhood of Campbellton is trap, felsite and sandstone, the latter being the newest of the series, and occupying a trough, or basin in the river valley extending from Dalhousie to the head of the tide, six miles above Campbellton. Sandstone of an excellent quality for building purposes has been found at Bourdon, where a quarry was opened during the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, and large quantities of this stone excavated and used for building bridges, culverts, &c.

The name Restigouche, meaning "river that divides like a hand," is of Indian origin, and is derived from the fact that it has five leading tributaries. It is about two hundred miles long, and has its source near Lake Temiscouata. Between Campbellton and the village of Croix Point, on the opposite side, it is only 3100 feet wide, but its average width in the estuary is about two miles. The depth of the river opposite Campbellton, at low tide, is 20 feet, and the harbour is safe and commodious.

The Restigouche is famed for its fishing, and especially its salmon; trout also of an excellent quality are caught here in abundance. In the estuary, salmon are caught in nets, usually in large quantities; above that, there is excellent red-fishing, especially on the main river and Metapédic, and every summer, numbers of sportsmen come from different parts of Canada

and the United States to enjoy it. Excellent hotel accommodation is to be found at Mr. Fraser's, Metapédic, where there is a station on the Intercolonial Railway.

The Restigouche is also a place of historic interest. Three forts were erected by the French when they occupied the country, viz: at Point La Garde, Pt. Battery, and La Petite Rochelle, the latter place now called Bourdon, from General Bourdon who commanded it at the time of its capture by the English. The story regarding them runs as follows:—

When, in the autumn of 1760, the French were driven from Acadia, or Nova Scotia, the ships in which they sailed were hotly pursued by the British, and instead of making their "desired haven," which was the river St. Lawrence, they accidentally entered the Bay of Chaleurs. The British pursued them as far as the mouth of the Restigouche; but as winter was nigh at hand, the pursuers abandoned the chase and went to England, while the pursued ascended the river, and built themselves cabins upon the shore, as well as the three fortifications already mentioned. Early in the following spring, the British fleet, commanded by Captain John Byron, of Louisbourg memory, returned from England, sailed up the Restigouche, and with one blow totally destroyed the habitations, batteries and vessels of the French. Several skeletons of the destroyed vessels—which numbered some twenty-two in all—may be seen in the bed of the Restigouche at the present day, and other memorials of this "great victory" in the shape of French cannon and swords, pistols, cutlasses, military buttons, spurs, gun-barrels, bayonets, &c., may be seen in the possession of the older inhabitants. A number of iron-balls may be seen in the garden of Mr. Bastedo of Bourdon. La Petite Rochelle is said to have had about two hundred straggling buildings, remains of which are occasionally met with on the spot where it stood.

The writer begs to acknowledge his indebtedness for many of the facts in the above sketch, to the kindness of Adam Ferguson, Esq., of Athol House, and to Mr. Bastedo, of Bourdon. The history of the fight between the British and French is taken, with some alterations, from a work entitled "Adventures in the Wilds of the United States and British American Provinces," by Charles Lumsden.

SCENES ON THE INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.
1. CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—Very near the centre of this picture, is the wharf which the Government built to assist in carrying on the works on the Intercolonial Railway. Near the wharf, a little to the right of the centre, is the Presbyterian Church. To the left, on the hill top, is the Roman Catholic church. Between the hill and the one behind it, is a deep ravine, through which flows a stream called Mill Creek. To the extreme right, standing by itself, is the Presbyterian manor. The Methodist church in the village is not represented, as it cannot be seen where the view was taken.

2. CAMPBELLTON STATION, SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.—In the centre is the station which is built of brick. To the left, above the snow-fence, are seen the tops, first, of the coal-shed, and next of the engine-house. The round building, near the extreme left, is the tank. In the distance is what is commonly termed "Sugar-Loaf Mountain," its peculiar shape from which it is so called is not seen from where the view was taken, but only at certain points. Its form in the picture is carefully copied from nature. The name "Sugar-Loaf," it may be remarked, does not correctly describe its peculiar shape, which is rather that of an Egyptian pyramid or Indian wigwam.

Both views were taken from Cross Point, Que., on the opposite side of the river. While the river is open, the two sides are connected by a ferry consisting of a row boat, in which a sail is hoisted when it is deemed expedient to do so. When the gallant bark is about to set out on her voyage, notice thereof is given by a blast on a cow-horn.

For a fuller account, both of Campbellton and the station, we would refer our readers to a paper published elsewhere which Mr. Chainers, schoolmaster at Campbellton, has written expressly to accompany our illustrations. Mr. Chainers, we may say, is an enthusiastic mineralogist and botanist. Should any of our readers who are like-minded visit Campbellton, we recommend them to call on him when he is disengaged. They will spend a while very pleasantly examining his stores.

LITERARY.

THE Queen has expressed her desire that some adequate provision should be made for the Misses De Foe, the lineal descendants of the author of "Robinson Crusoe," and Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to direct that a pension of £75 per annum should be granted to each of these three ladies.

MR. BROWNING'S translation of the "Agamemnon" of Eschylus, will be out in a few weeks. It is extremely liberal. Mr. Browning having rendered the original almost word for word, it is said, and even endeavored to preserve, as far as possible, the exact order of words.

ONE evening at Edinburgh, there was a bet of a copy of "Paradise Lost" between Macaulay and Jeffrey as to a certain line of that poem. The next morning Macaulay came with a handsomely bound volume. "There," he said, "is your book; I will not; but I have read it through once more, and I will make you another bet that I can repeat the whole." Jeffrey took him at his word, and put him on to passage after passage without once finding him at fault.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING.

This building, which forms the subject of one of our illustrations, stands on the north-west corner of Front and Scott streets, Toronto, and is now approaching completion. In style of architecture it is purely *renaissance*. The two fronts are similar in design. The whole exterior is bold and effective, and rich in detail, being elaborated with highly ornate columns, pilasters, cornices, enticed windows and other appropriate adornments, and is not surpassed by any building in Canada.

The frontage on Front street is 84 feet and on Scott street 104 feet. The building is of five storeys, including basement and mansard; the two fronts being of Ohio stone. The Company's General Office will be an exceedingly handsome room of 30 feet by 56 feet, and 16 feet high, on the ground floor on the corner. The Board-room will be on the first floor above, the remaining space on that and other floors above, as well as the basement, being handsomely and comfortably fitted up as offices. There are also two warehouses of 22 by 104 feet each, which are being furnished with superior hydraulic hoists. A new feature in Toronto will be a passenger elevator for the use of tenants occupying offices on the upper floors.

The building throughout will be warmed by steam.

The Company deserves great praise for its enterprise in erecting so magnificent a structure. The architect, Wm. Irving, Esq., is also entitled to great credit for the design, and the contractors for the superior workmanship displayed in all parts of the building. The contractors are for stone and brick work, Messrs. Brown and Love; carpenter work, Mr. Geo. Gall; plastering, Mr. Duckworth; painting and glazing, Mr. O'Connor; iron work, Messrs. Hamilton & Son; galvanized iron work, Mr. Ringham; slating, Mr. Rennie; safes, Messrs. Taylor; heating and plumbing, Messrs. John Ritchie & Son; elevators, Messrs. Wm. E. Hale & Co., Chicago and New York.

We learn on enquiry that the British America Fire and Life Assurance Co. was incorporated by Act of the Parliament of Upper Canada, passed February 13th, 1833, being in the third year of the reign of William IV. Sir John Colborne, afterwards Lord Seaton, being Lieut.-Governor at the time.

The Corporators of the Company were Wm. Maxwell, Jas. Meyers, Jno. G. Culverwell, David Browne, Richard Northcote, Richard Crispin, William Ware, Alex. Dixon, Thos. Wallis, Richard H. Oates, William Steunett, Alex. Fiskine, Geo. Monro, Wm. Proudford afterwards President of the Bank of Upper Canada, James King, Alex. Wood, the late Bishop Strachan, Thomas Mercer Jones, James Cull, Hon. R. B. Sullivan, A. H. Hart, Gamble & Birchall, Hon. Chris. A. Hagerman, Wm. K. Jarvis, Hon. Jno. Rolfe, E. A. Parker, Sam'l P. Jarvis, Watkins & Harris, E. C. Ferrier, S. Washburne, John Ross, J. Baby, J. M. Strange, Jno. Kitson, S. Cockburn, S. P. Hurd, J. C. Chewitt, Hon. Jno. H. Dunn, B. W. Bonycastle, G. W. Haughton, Thos. Bell, M. McNamara, James Such, Geo. A. Barber, Alex. Hamilton, Peter Deihl, John Bishop, Senr., Hon. B. L. Boulton, C. J. Baldwin, and Hon. John Eimesley.

The capital of the Company was \$400,000, all of which was subscribed, and \$100,000 called in. The paid up capital was subsequently increased to \$200,000. The Hon. Wm. Allan having become a shareholder, was elected the first Governor of the Company, and Mr. Thos. Wm. Birchall was appointed Managing Director.

The Company was authorized to transact a Fire and Life business at its incorporation, and on October 12th, 1842, power was given to extend its business to Marine Insurance. The name of the company was subsequently changed to the "British America Assurance Company." The powers conferred in the charter for a life business have never been acted upon, the company having, during the first nine years of its existence, confined itself to fire risks, and for the last thirty-five years to fire and marine.

In April, 1862, the Managing Director, Mr. Birchall, was compelled by failing health to relinquish the duties of his office, and Mr. G. Pevical Ridout, the then Governor, assumed the general management of the Company's affairs. In August, 1871, Mr. Birchall was allowed to retire from the office which he had held for thirty-eight years. It was not determined to appoint a successor until March, 1873. Mr. Ridout died on the last of June, 1873, and Mr. Peter Paterson succeeded him in the office of Governor.

The present manager, Mr. Fredk. A. Ball, was appointed early in July, 1873, and entered on the duties of his office on the 14th of that month.

The report of the Company shows that on the 1st July, 1873, the paid up capital amounted to \$200,000, and the gross assets to \$330,250.26. During the year 1874 arrangements were made for extending the business of the Company into the United States. Subsequently the capital was increased to \$500,000, which we understand is now all paid up; and we find on reference to the returns of the Superintendent of Insurance for the year 1876, that the assets of the Company had been increased to \$1,034,082.40 on 31st December, 1876.

Miss NELSON has a diamond weighing thirty-one carats, and valued at ten thousand dollars—the largest ever worn on any stage in the United States, they say.

RIGHT REV. DR. HANNAN.

We present our friends in Halifax and throughout Nova Scotia with a portrait of the successor of the lamented Dr. Connolly. The elevation of Dr. Hannan to the See of Halifax was a foregone conclusion from the first, and he was pointed out by public opinion for the dignity. The choice was also confirmed by the committee appointed to make nominations, and without loss of time the selection was approved of at Rome. It is a very unusual thing that a simple clergyman should rise at once to the highest position above other prelates older than himself, for the Archbishop of Halifax has jurisdiction over a number of other dioceses, but in the case of Dr. Hannan the precedence was eagerly acquiesced in by all parties. From all the accounts which we have read, Dr. Hannan will walk with honor in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor. His consecration was a brilliant event. A large number of prelates from different parts of Canada were present, and the ceremony was performed by Right Rev. Dr. Conroy, the Papal Ablegate.

THE GLEANER.

THE death is announced of "Grand Bourbon," the finest tree in the Orangery of Versailles, at the advanced age of 445 years.

THE greatest novelty of the season is the chameleon bouquet. It blushes or turns pale at every variation of the atmosphere.

IN Paris monograms in the centre are among the novelties for window curtains. This is a step in the direction of the abolition of brass door-plates.

PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH has been recently making a tour of the Italian cities, examining especially the remains of ancient art and painting. While Professor Smith was in Italy, Mrs. Smith remained in Paris. They will return to Toronto in July.

THE promoters of the consumption of American beef have received a valuable coadjutor in the person of the Duke of Wellington. It is stated that he has given up the roast beef of Old England, finding the roast beef of Young America to be better as well as cheaper.

CHARITREUSE, the well-known liqueur made by the monks of the French Carthusian Monastery, near Grenoble, is still manufactured according to the original recipe of 300 years ago. This recipe is kept carefully sealed up under a stone of the high altar, and is only removed from its hiding-place when a fresh Superior is elected. The head of the Order having lately died, the new "General" will shortly go in grand procession to unseal the stone, and formally read the directions.

It is said there is not now living a single descendant in the male line of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Cowley, Butler, Dryden, Pope, Cowper, Goldsmith, Scott, Byron, Moore, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Raleigh, Drake, Cromwell, Hampden, Monk, Marlborough, Peterborough, Nelson, Stratford, Ormond, Clarendon, Addison, Swift, Johnson, Walpole, Belingbroke, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke, Grattan, Canning, Bacon, Locke, Newton, Davy, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Hogarth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, Edmund Kean or Schiller.

SOME few gentlemen in the British Press gallery of the House are going, after the 1st of July, to give a practical solution of the difficulty of a verbatim report, about which so much was heard in the course of the debate a few weeks ago. Several of the most prominent members of the House have lent their names to the scheme, and, if only sufficient money can be raised, it will be carried out as from the 1st of July. The proposal is to raise a guarantee fund of £1,000, by means of subscriptions among the Members of Parliament, and, in consideration of this, to send to every subscriber by breakfast-time each morning a verbatim report of the previous day's proceedings.

A GENTLEMAN has just died in Paris who owed most of his celebrity to the quaint manner in which he managed to disembarrass himself of his creditors. No sooner did a dun present himself than he was ushered into a room hung round with a variety of mirrors, some convex, others concave, &c. In one the unfortunate creditor beheld himself, with a head as flat as a flounder; in another his features were nearly as sharp as a knife; in a third he had several heads; in a fourth he was upside-down. Here he had the broad grin of a clown, there the long-drawn visage of an undertaker. On one side of the room he saw himself all head and no body, on the other side it seemed as if a dwarf had put on the boots of a giant. No applicant, however pressing, was known to resist this chamber of horrors for more than a quarter of an hour.

VARIETIES.

THEY were sitting on the front porch, enjoying the evening air, and gazing at the canopy of heaven, thickly studded with glittering stars. "How incomprehensible," exclaimed Mr. Posonby, "is the vastness of nature! Each glittering orb of the myriads we now behold is a sun more glorious than our own, and the centre of a grand planetary system, and their centres in their turn revolve around other centres still more magnificent. How wonderful are the

eternal laws which hold this universe of worlds in their unchanging orbits, and—"Yes," said Mrs. Posonby, "and the man didn't bring us half enough ice to-day, and I'm just certain that salt beef will spoil before morning. Did you order those mackerel?"

WHAT is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days. I believe some great poet has said the same thing. But, bless you! the birds have sung it every summer morning since the world began; so it is doubly true and doubly new—for the very truest and newest thing in the universe is the glad note of a bird when summer comes.

There is something that your Jack loves nearly as well, though, and that is the laugh of a happy young heart.

So laugh out, my children—laugh and be happy, in these sweet, warm days; and when the flowers nod brightly to you, as they will, and the grass whispers brightly, and the whole earth seems to smile and sing, remember Jack's words: Be glad, glad, glad—and keep your hearts in tune!

MANAGING YOUNG GIRLS.—Why is it that gentlemen have such a poor opinion of young girls? As a rule, they think them very pleasant to pass an hour with, provided the girls let them make as many foolish speeches as they like, and repay them with interest. And who is to blame for that? Surely not the girls. Their great ambition in life is to be loved by and become the wife of some good man, and, say what you will, it is a noble one. With this end in view, it is, of course, natural that a desire to please the lords of creation should be uppermost in a girl's mind. If men will not be interested when you talk sense, what can you do but talk nonsense? Men complain that girls have nothing to talk about except their last flirtation, balls, and parties, yet, if they converse with them for an hour upon philosophy, metaphysics, or even the last new book, you are bored, called a poor girl who has worried her brains for your entertainment. Women were made to please, not to lecture one like a trained professor, and you wonder what she did it for. No, no. What is it you want? If you were to lay down your rules, there is not one girl in a thousand but would gladly obey them, ridiculous as they would surely be. Try it, and see. If you have a lady friend, whom you could like so much if it were not for this or that little fault, tell her so, and if she cares anything for you she will correct it. Treat women more like human beings; then prophesy a speedy change for the better.

THE STANDARD OF THE PROPHET.—The Standard of the Prophet, of which there has been so much talk recently, is about 9ft. long by 7ft. broad, and is dark green in colour. It is formed of a portion of the curtain which hung before the door of the Sultana Aicha, the favourite wife of Mahomet, and which has been preserved under peculiar circumstances. The Prophet was on his deathbed, and the leaders of his army came to receive his dying orders. The sultana tore down the curtain, threw it to them, and called on them to preserve it as a rallying point in the combats for the faith of Islam. When after the death of Solomon II. the power of the Osmanlis began to decline, the standard of the Prophet was often carried in front of the Ottoman armies, and in 1683 the historic banner floated over the walls of Vienna. It is thought that in the present war the Holy standard will again be raised, and in that case the ceremony will take place in Constantinople, and be accompanied by extraordinary pomp. It will be unfurled by Abdul Hamid, who will then hand it to the Scheik-ul-Islam. That functionary, mounted on a richly-equiparisoned horse, and having at his side the Sultan, also on horseback, and with bared swords, and surrounded by an escort of *oulemas* charged with the proclamation of the holy war, will go in procession through the streets of Constantinople. The standard will then be sent to the headquarters of the army of the Danube, whither it will be borne by the Scheik-ul-Islam. What its effect will be in stimulating the exertions of the Mahomedan soldiers remains to be seen.

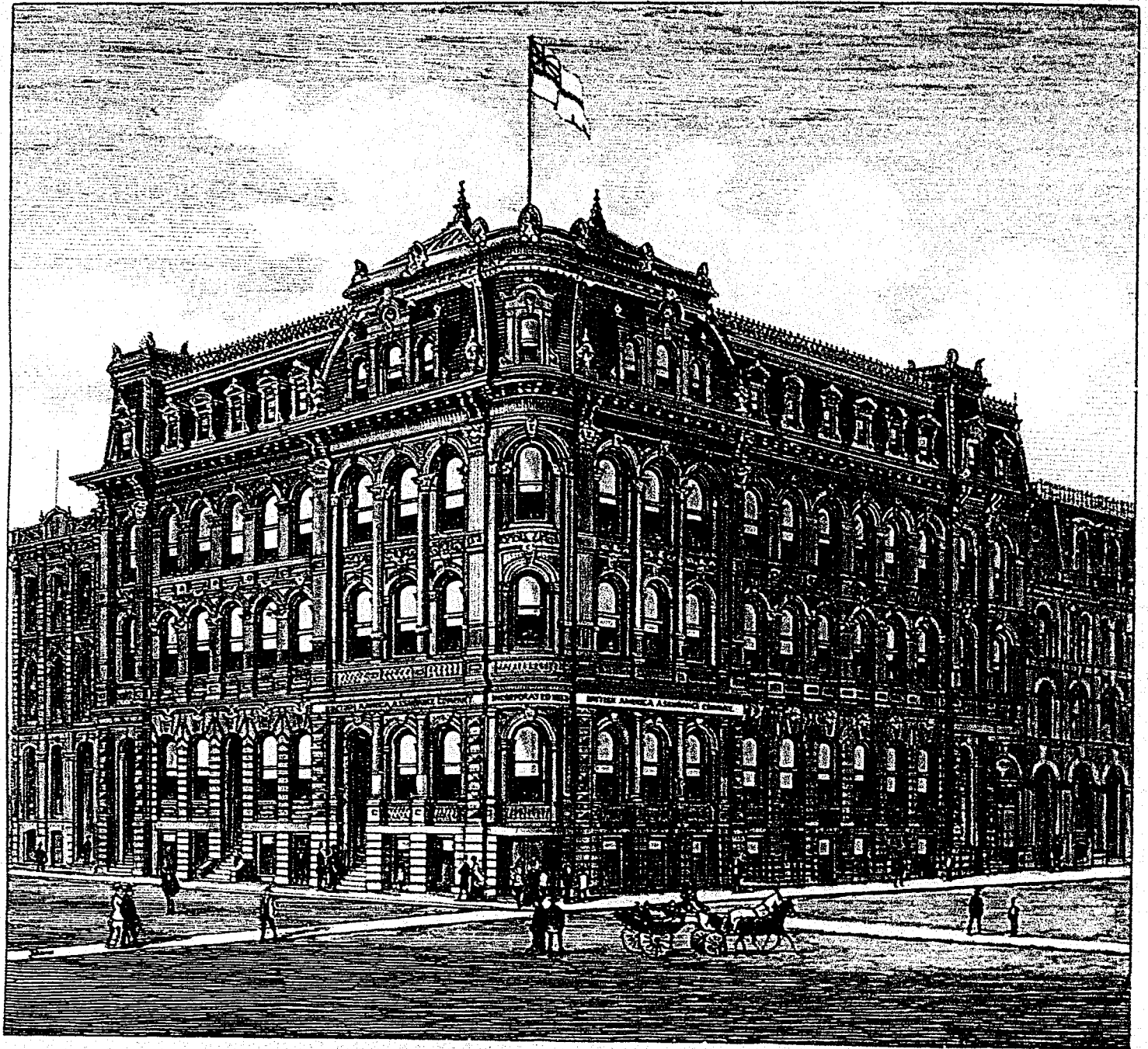
THE NUMBER THREE.—When the world was created, we find land, and water, and sky; sun, moon, and stars. Hoah had but three sons; Jonah was but three days in the whale's belly; our Saviour passed three days in the tomb. Peter denied his Saviour thrice. There were three Patriarchs—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Abraham entertained three angels. Samuel was called three times. "Simon, lovest thou me?" was repeated three times. Daniel was thrown into a den with three lions, for praying three times a day. Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego were rescued from the flames of the oven. The Ten Commandments were delivered on the third day. Job had three friends. St. Paul spake of faith, hope, and charity—these three. Those famous dreams of the baker were to come to pass in three days; and Elijah prostrated himself three times on the body of the dead child. Samson deceived Delilah three times before she discovered the source of his strength. The sacred letters on the cross are I.H.S.; so also the Roman motto was composed of three words, "In Hoc Signo." There are three conditions for man—the earth, heaven, and hell; there is also the Holy Trinity. In mythology there were the three Graces; Cerberus, with his three heads; Neptune, holding his three-toothed staff; the oracle of Delphi cherished with veneration the talpod; and the nine

muses sprang from three. In nature we have male, female, and offspring; morning noon and night. Trees group their leaves in threes; there is the three leaved clover. We have fish, flesh, and fowl. What could be done in mathematics without the aid of the triangle? Witness the power of the wedge; and in logic three premises are indispensable. It is a common phrase that "three is a lucky number."

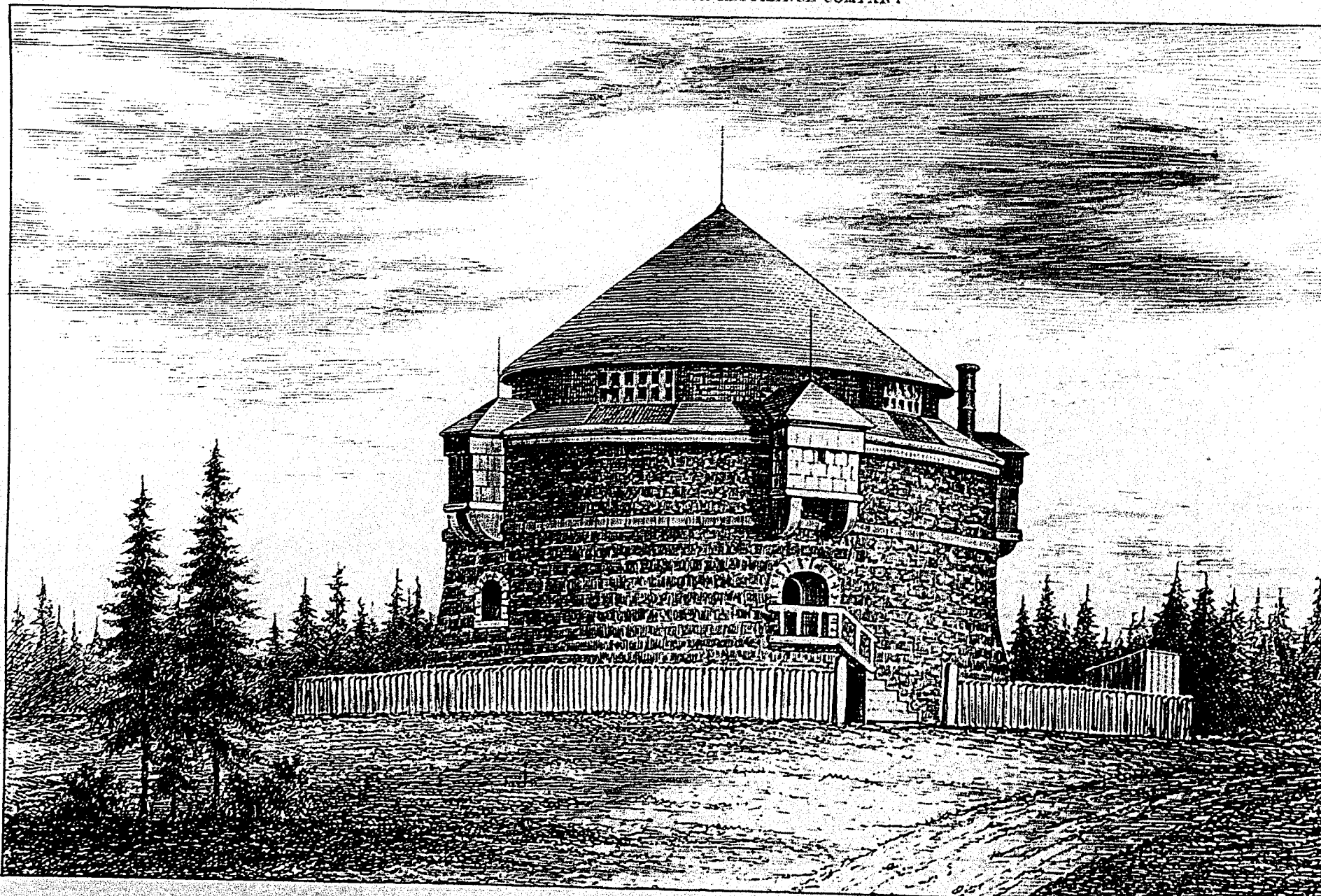
TWO PICTURES OF DISRAELI.—It is very interesting in looking over the periodic literature of any time to mark the growth of the fame of men. The changes in the tone of the newspapers and magazines from year to year are very noticeable in Mr. Disraeli's case. The number of "Fraser's Magazine," May, 1833, from which our first picture is taken, contains also a little essay upon him, which opens as follows: "O reader dear! do pray look here, and you will spy the curly hair and forehead fair, and nose so high and gleaming eye of Benjamin D'Is-ra-el-i, the wondrous boy who wrote 'Alroy,' etc., etc. This was supposed to be in the style of "Alroy." But in 1847, after Disraeli had become a member of the House of Commons, and his attacks upon Peel had turned the eyes of the country upon him, we find a writer in the same magazine speaking of him in a very different strain. Contrasting the keenness of the man to all going on about him, which is evident in his speeches, his writings, and his acts, with the torpor of his appearance, he says: "See him when you will, he glides past you noiselessly, without being apparently conscious of the existence of externals, and more like the shadow than the substance of a man. When he is speaking he equally shrouds himself in his own intellectual atmosphere. You would think he paid no regard to the thought of whom he was addressing, but only to the ideas he was enunciating in words. Still with downcast eyes, still with what may almost be called a torpor of the physical powers, he seems more than an intellectual abstraction—a living man of passions and sympathies. If some one of his friends interrupts him to offer a friendly suggestion, or to correct a misstatement of facts, the chances are that he will not notice him at all, or if he does, that it will be with a gesture of impatience, or with something like a snarl. This singular self-absorption betrays itself even when he is in a sitting posture. You never see him gazing around him, or lolling back in his seat, or seeking to take his ease as other men do in the intervals of political excitement."

THE GREAT WAGERY.—An officer, Verdier, was celebrated in his garrison for winning every bet. None of his comrades could ever boast of having been victorious, and at last no one cared to enter a bet with him. One day Verdier was transferred to another regiment, but the fame of his peculiar luck had already spread before him. After a supper tendered him by his new comrades on the evening of his arrival, and when champagne made its appearance, General B. called out:—"Is it really true, Verdier, that you win every bet?"—"So it is, general."—"But how the deuce do you do it?"—"Oh, very simple. I am a physiognomist, and bet only when I am quite sure."—"You are a physiognomist. Well, then, what can you read now in my face?"—"I can see," said Verdier, promptly, "that your old wound on the back is broken out again."—"Nonsense," thundered out the general, "but—"—"No 'but' after I assure you, sir. Perhaps you do not like to speak of it; perhaps a duel."—"Le Diable! you won't believe me. What will you bet?"—"Anything you please, general."—"Five hundred francs?"—"All right, 500 francs."—"The gentlemen present are witnesses." With these words the general at once proceeded to divest himself of his coat, waistcoat and shirt, and a scrutiny by all present revealed the fact that there was no trace of a wound by sword or ball. "You've lost the bet, Verdier!" shouted the general, packing himself up again. "I have lost indeed this once. Men may err sometimes. Here are your 500 francs." The general put the money with a chuckle into his pocket, and after he arrived home he at once wrote to his old chum, the general commandant of Verdier's former regiment:—"Dear Friend,—The story about Verdier's luck is all humbug! He just made a bet that I had a wound on my back, for 500 fr. and of course lost it." The answer came back:—"Your *naiveté* is truly charming! Your winning of the 500 francs cost me 2,000, which Verdier bet me on the day of his leaving that he would make you, on the first evening of meeting, take off your shirt in the presence of your officers, and that you yourself would inform me of it."

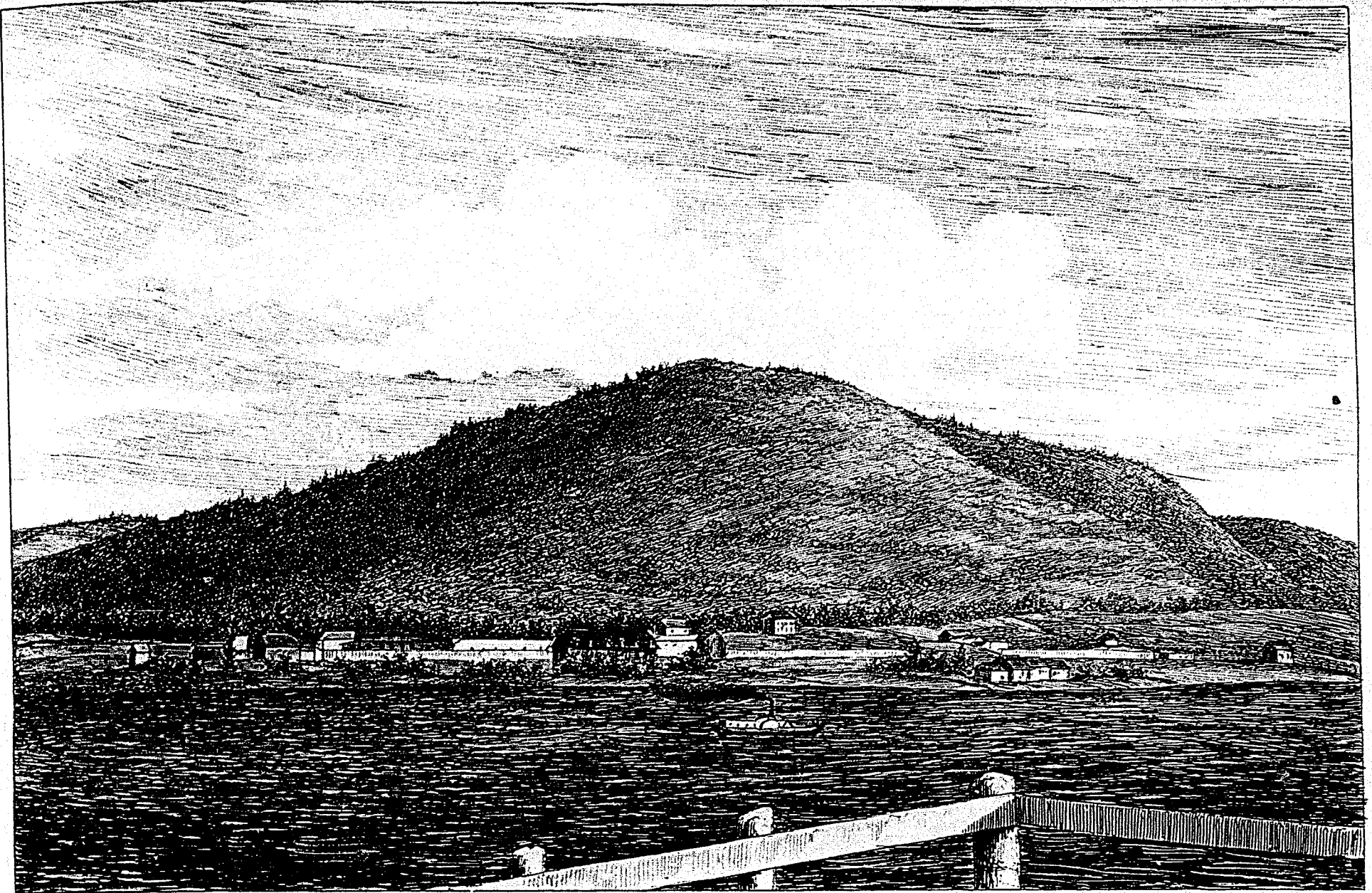
"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.



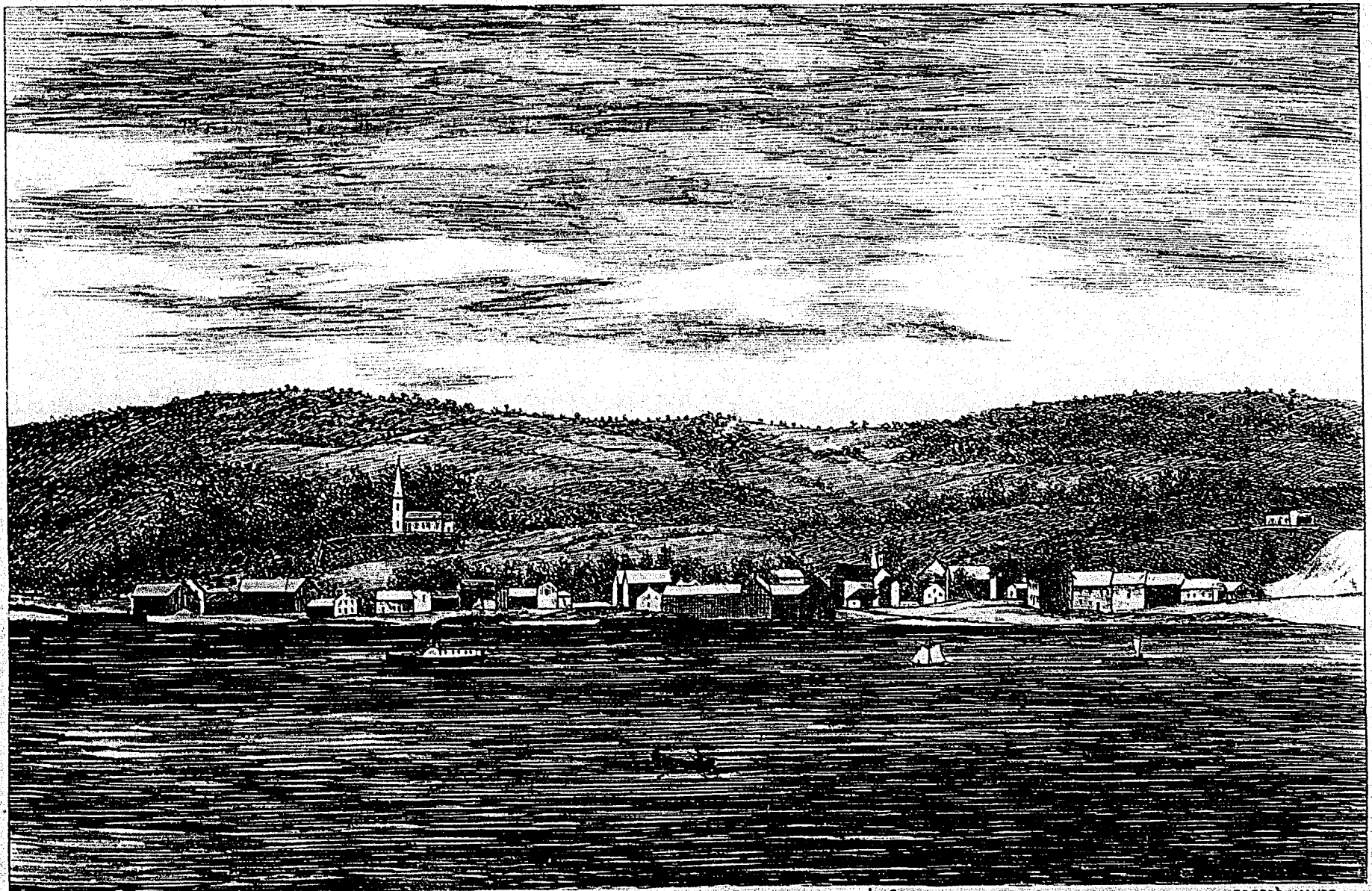
TORONTO.—BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE COMPANY



HALIFAX.—PRINCE OF WALES' TOWER, AT POINT PLEASANT.—FROM A SKETCH BY R. W. RUTHERFORD.



CAMPBELLTON STATION.—SUGAR LOAF MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.—SKETCHED BY REV. T. FENWICK.



COVERNT WHARF.

R. C. CHURCH.

PRESB'N CHURCH.

PRESB'N MANSE.

CAMPBELLTON, N. S.—SKETCHED BY REV. T. FENWICK.

JUNE.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

On gentle gales, up-blowing from the West,
She comes! like long-expected friend, of whom
I oft have said, "She cannot come too soon,
So long'd have I to press her to my breast."
How sweet her breath, that falls upon my cheeks
Like odorous incense from a thousand flowers!
Her gentle voice, like song from elfin bowers
In tones mellifluous to my spirit speaks;
I gaze enraptured on her azure skies,
I feel the pressure of her hand so fair,
As tenderly I part her golden hair,
And give my look of love to her blue eyes.
Then grief steals o'er me, thinking oh! how soon
The halcyon days will pass of my beloved JUNE.
Montreal, 1877.

THE FRIEND OF THE HERO.

I.

THE BRUTAL LIFE.

"What would the world be without passion?" asked Thomas.

"A better place," said Orlando, "and a healthier, as it would be without champagne."

"And romance?" asked Thomas, plaintively.

"Romance is to passion as the morning soda-water to the champagne of the evening. We should be better without either."

"Thank heaven I don't take the rough view of the world," said Thomas, hotly.

"The brutal life for me," said Orlando, rolling over on the inn lawn. "I have had enough of culture for this year, and enough of society. Now I shall eat when I am hungry and always have room for my elbows, dance when I feel light-hearted and always have space for my legs, burn my white ties, free my neck from the collar, and, above all, breathe air."

Here Orlando filled his capacious lungs and stretched his long limbs, which were covered with spotless white flannel.

Thomas looked at his friend with an expression of disappointment and perplexity.

"Let us be brutal for a change," continued Orlando, with an air of moral earnestness; "or vegetable, and drink in sun and air. Waiter, a pot of ale."

When he had refreshed himself with a draught, he sprang to his feet, and said, "And now let us be off."

"I hope you won't think I am annoyed," said Thomas, anxiously, "but I think I should like to walk to-day, and join you this evening, if you don't mind sculling the boat down alone and taking my bag."

"I shan't expect to see you," said his friend, shaking his head with much solemnity. "In an hour you will be settled under a hedge with one of the ten volumes of 'A Placid Existence,' or 'Thoughts of a Suburban Grandmother,' or 'Gayer Moments of an Upper Tooting Curate,' or 'Gentle Dreams for Gentle Souls,' or—but enough. You see the effect of forcing such food upon me. I am suffering from a reaction. I am wedded to the brutal life." Then he laughed aloud, shook his friend playfully by the shoulders, and betook himself to the boat.

Thomas watched his friend as he rowed away with an expression half admiring, half pathetic. It seemed very sad to him that so glorious a creature should be so hard of heart, strong, bright, and as cold as a diamond. And yet he could not find fault with one who swung so grandly forward, filling his broad chest and straightening his shapely arms, and then with scarce an effort of strong back and thighs sent the boat flying along the water. Orlando shouted a fare-well, and Thomas sighed and smiled, went indoors and paid the bill, and so started on his journey.

It was still early morning, and the dew was on the grass; the sky was not a pitiless blue, but tender and made softer by little fleecy clouds; and about the low green hills in the distance a wayward shower was sweeping. An April day had come to freshen the close of a thirsty June. The heart of the young wayfarer grew light, and his lips began to babble of little joys. Surely before the close of such a day something wonderful must happen. The fitful air was full of vague promises; each scent, as it grew fainter with the growth of day, hinted a memory too sweet for a regret. Thomas stepped out as gay as troubador. The hours seemed endless before him, each moment a new joy, and surely somewhere a great surprise to crown the day. He thought with pity of Orlando, for whom no wonderful thing was reserved. He was full of whimsical thoughts, laughing and blushing now and then at his own absurdity. He pulled off his hat to the honeysuckle in the loose grown hedge, and stepped aside from the path of a beetle magnificent in green: he stopped to whisper to the sweet-brier rose, and to hear the sage counsel of a pragmatical finch. He lingered by the cottage porch if haply some little damsel might step out to fasten the loose spray of roses. He watched a light cart come jogging towards him, and wondered who was in it: till lazy Sally was jolted by in the sunlight, and he began to wander as she had a lover. While his thoughts were yet busy with Sally, and he was humming some words to a girl, who was no lady or beautiful, and who knew she ought not to walk with a gentleman; while he was musing on dairies and daisies and cool pastures and three-legged stools, and fancying the Corydon with ribbons at his knees, and Bob Hulker in corduroy; and when day was still young,—he heard the quick feet of ponies behind him, and before he had time to

imagine a lovely driver, she had passed. Only a vision of soft fair hair, a face half curious, half shy, but very sweet shadow; and yet the young man thought that something remarkable had happened. He stood still and stared with the murmured song hushed on his lips. Away went the ponies, sleek, round, and sure of foot, happy in the thought of corn and in the light hand of their lady. Thomas pushed through a gap in the hedge, and ran up the sloping field, whence the hay had just been carted. From the high ground he looked far down the road, till the little carriage was but a speck in the distance. Then he signed and solemnly shook his head, and then he looked across the country with a new sense of its loveliness. Fields of ripening corn stretched away from his feet to the bank of the delaying river. The wheat was scarcely stirred, and the hazy hair was murmurous with the hum of insects. Beyond the river lay meadows where cows were lazily feeding—meadows which far away rose slowly and softly into grassy hills. The sky was tender as the memory of an old love-story—everywhere was rest; and the impressionable Thomas, staring upward with wide eyes, gave himself up to dreams, and, dreaming, slept.

When Thomas woke the sun was high, and the charm of morning had passed away. He stretched himself rubbed his eyes, and wrinkled his eyebrows plaintively. Then he stared down the road, and was absurdly disappointed because he could not see the pony-carriage. There was nothing but hot and dusty miles laid out before him, plain and monotonous as the path of every-day duty. He gave a great sigh, and braced himself for the work. As he plodded on, he began to think himself a very unfortunate young man. Nothing ever came up to his expectations. How different the day would have been, if those pampered ponies had taken fright, and he had flung himself at their heads! So his imagination busied itself with that which might have been. He fancied Beauty in distress and Heroism flying to the rescue. It did not occur to him that he might have been run over; but he was sure that he would not have minded a slight injury. Suppose, for instance, that he had sprained his wrist, and that she had bound it with her own handkerchief. Suppose—but, after all, life was a poor affair; and romance was of the dark ages; things never happened exactly right; and the day had grown oppressively hot.

For uneasy thoughts there is no cure like walking. Abuse of the age sank gradually into a mechanical accompaniment of the footsteps, and finally vanished before a growing consciousness of hunger.

When Thomas entered the low porch of the village inn he was tired and hungry, but the burden of the day was gone. He found Orlando lying on another lawn, and breathing the evening as he had breathed the morning air—a little browner and a little stronger, but otherwise unchanged. He had ordered a stupendous dinner, and had tried the beer.

"A good day?" asked Thomas, throwing himself on the ground by his friend.

"Great," said the other; "and you?"

"Yes," said Thomas, doubtfully; "good enough."

"By the by, I fished out a woman."

"A what?"

"I pulled a woman out of the water."

"You have saved a woman from drowning?"

Thomas felt a sinking. He had left Orlando for a day, and on that day Orlando had had an adventure.

"An old woman?" he muttered.

"I should guess about twenty."

"Dark?" Thomas thought he should not mind so much if she were dark.

"Fair, tall, and—"

"Beautiful?"

"Women don't look pretty when they have just fallen into the water; but I think—"

"You think she was handsome."

"Yes. Come and dine."

"Tell me how it happened first."

Thomas listened eagerly, while his friend told his story as quickly as he could.

About two hours previously he was drifting lazily down the stream, when he heard a cry. He drove his sculls through the water, turned the corner, and saw a boat floating, bottom upwards, in the middle of the stream. He pulled off his shoes and flannel coat, and stood up. Then he saw a woman struggling in the water trying to reach the boat, but hampered by petticoats and weeds. Of course he plunged, and of course he pulled her out without the least difficulty. Indeed, as he was careful to explain to his friend, the girl kept her presence of mind so well that it was quite unnecessary to hit her on the head, or seize her by the ears, or adopt any of the authorised means of saving drowning persons.

Thomas shuddered at the idea of seizing a young lady by the ears.

"And now to dine," cried Orlando.

"Who is she?" asked his friend.

"She is Jeanie. Her father is a Mr. Dorian, and his place is one of the nicest on the river. The bore is, that I must scull up there in the morning. I never should have got away from the paternal gratitude if I had not promised."

"And what shall I do?" asked Thomas, feeling painfully unimportant.

"Oh, I told them about you, and they said I might bring you."

"And you are a hero," thought Thomas as he followed his friend's broad back to the shoulder of lamb. Then he thought of himself as the friend of the hero, and sighed once more over the good behaviour of those ponies.

I.

"Here's flowers for you."

The next morning, after an early swim and a great breakfast, the two friends turned their boat's head up stream, and set out for Raynham Farm.

Orlando, overflowing with delight in oar, and stream, and summer air, burst ever and anon into conventional expressions, uttered in a fine tone of mockery. "May I ask for a dance?" he shouted. "Where are we to sit? When do you ride?" and then with a great burst of laughter he hazarded the observation, "I think I know your brother."

Thomas, swinging steadily behind his friend's broad shoulders, could not keep his eyes from the bank, gracious with river-flowers—the iris standing tall, strong, and graceful in the stream, or crowned with gold among the meaner reeds; the forget-me-nots nestling by the dimpled water; the fair, white water-lilies withdrawn shyly into shadowed nooks; and loose strife frequent in the more common crowds. The boat passed on by cows standing deep in the pool; by the swan-mother busy in a stately fashion among the rushes, while her mate sailed near, proud as a king, and ready ruffled for war; by grand clusters of trees, and creeks half hidden in the tangled thicket; by trim gardens and wild hanging woods. So the rowers moved from beauty on to beauty, with ears charmed by the gossip of birds, and soothed by the rushing of the far-off weir. So they bent to the oar, and were not aware of rowing when they came to the smooth shelving lawn of the sweetest of river-side places. And on the lawn fair girls were moving gladly, and they tossed the ball from one to another. Now when they saw the two young men run their boat carefully by the old water-steps, and ship their oars, Letty and Jo, who were young girls, and still in the schoolroom, shrank back, and began to whisper together, and to glance, and Jo almost to giggle; but Jeannie, although she paused for a moment like a startled deer, and let the ball lie idle at her feet, came presently forward with her head up, and looking with open honest eyes. She came neither quickly or slowly, giving the young men time to fasten their boat, before she met Orlando with a little sun-burnt hand outstretched. "Please let me thank you again," she said, "and don't be angry."

The young man laughed somewhat sheepishly. "It was very hot," he said, "and I was glad of a plunge."

"But I might have drowned you."

"Not much fear," said he in the pride of his strength; "and besides, you behaved so well, and kept your head. It was nothing; and I feel such a fool when I am thanked."

Now, while these two were talking, Thomas was thinking many thoughts, as his custom was, and had all sorts of feelings; for the girl whom his friend had saved in the afternoon was she who had driven the ponies in the morning. All in a moment he was preposterously glad and absurdly wretched. It was a great thing that wonders should happen in an age when miracles are announced by telegram; but how might they not shatter a sensitive and sentimental man!

When Jeannie looked at Thomas, she wondered why his face had so many expressions, and what they all meant. She thought he was shy, and so when Orlando said, "This is Thomas, my friend," she smiled very kindly, and held out her hand. Then she explained to her guests that her father had been obliged to go to town, but would be back in the afternoon; that they were to dine and sleep there; that they might remain in flannel; and finally that their rooms were ready.

Before the friends had time to expostulate they found themselves and their bags being conducted by a servant to the house.

"What a wonderful little manager!" said Orlando, in a voice which he believes to be low.

"What a perfect child!" said Thomas to himself.

When they came back to the lawn Miss Dorian was alone, having sent her younger sisters to the schoolroom. She played the hostess with strange simplicity, and showed them all the small beauties of the place without a doubt of their interest. Orlando was unusually gentle, and Thomas thought of Una and the lion as he watched the pair before him.

Nor was the young woman unmindful of the shy man. She made many little remarks to him, and sometimes turned to look at him with sympathetic curiosity in her eyes. She laughed at something which the big Orlando said, and betrayed by the sound of her laughter a delight in fun which thrilled the hearers. When Una laughed, the lion roared with laughter; and so laughing and talking they went to see the shrubberies, the copperbeach, the monkey-puzler, the hollow tree with the peep-hole towards the river, the old kitchen-garden half filled by intrusive flowers and sturdy lavender-bushes, the field with the new haystack, and the farmyard where the pigeons sunned themselves on the dull-red and the geese walked in procession, and the sweet-smelling stalls were ready for the heavy cows. Orlando talked of his admiration at every corner, but Thomas said little until they came to the stables.

"These are my ponies," said Miss Dorian with pride.

"I saw you driving them yesterday morning," said Thomas briefly.

"Did you?" asked she, kindling with interest. "How strange! It must have been you

I passed walking alone close to Darley Court. I remember wondering if my ponies would take fright."

"I wish they had," said he.

"You wish they had taken fright?" she asked, round-eyed with surprise.

"No, no. I beg your pardon. I meant something else."

He laughed uneasily as she still looked at him with frank curiosity. She thought him a mysterious young man.

When everything else had been duly admired the attention of the guests was called to the merits of the house, so roomy yet so modest, so near the river and so free from damp, with its old brick weather-stained and laced, but not strangled, by ivy, and its deep veranda cool all day long. Indeed it is in all respects what a house by the river Thames should be.

At luncheon Miss Jeannie Dorian presided with perfect self-possession, now checking her youngest sister with a glance, which it was equally impossible to defy and to resent, now encouraging that of meekest governesses, Miss Tubb. It was clear that this lady regarded Miss Dorian, who was at least ten years younger than herself, with extraordinary deference. When she ventured on a remark, she seemed to plead for her approval, and she put to her a series of chance questions, which had evidently been rehearsed in private. She blushed a good deal at finding herself in the society of two strange gentlemen, and was driven into desperate conversation by the eyes of her two pupils. She was painfully conscious that a new chapter would be added to the false history of her life, on which Jo, most imaginative of biographers, was always engaged. For many years romantic incidents had been growing round her uneventful life, and Jo would have long since raised her to the rank of the most heroic heroine that had ever been, had she not been checked by the chastening criticism of the more prosaic Letty. This romantic chronicle was the great delight of the schoolroom, and, on the whole, a not unpleasant torture to the victim. Yet when Orlando suggested a glass of ale or Thomas handed the strawberries, Miss Tubb trembled to think what was passing in her pupil's mind; while Jo shook her curly head at the governess, and burst out laughing at the surprised expression of Thomas. This contemplative young man was still more surprised when Miss Jeannie, who had been indulging herself with trifling talk, began to question him with becoming gravity about the Oxford colleges. Was not this too fast, and that too slow? She must find one where exactly the right amount of encouragement was given to athletics. Could a man row and read? Could he read and hunt once a week? When Thomas had answered several questions of the kind, Orlando began to laugh and ask her if she were going to the University.

"No," she said, sedately, "but I have a brother at Eton between me and the girls."

"The girls!" muttered Orlando under his breath—and presently asked her, almost diffidently, if she arranged everything.

"Yes," she answered, raising her eyebrows a little: "I am the eldest, and I have to do things."

Then she turned to the governess, and asked her if she and the girls would join them later on the lawn. Miss Tubb murmured her thanks, blushed under Jo's eyes, and looked appealingly at Letty, who got her out of the room.

"She is quite invaluable," said Miss Jeannie, gravely, to the young men; and then a sudden flush came over her face, and her mouth was round as a child's as she said, "Oh, do you play lawn tennis?"

In a few minutes she was ready, clad in a suitable gown, and armed with her favourite racquet, and was quickly absorbed in a tremendous struggle with Orlando. She laughed when the genial young giant reached strokes which seemed impossible, and he laughed twice as loud admiring her skill and quickness, her eager looks, and all the beauty which seemed nothing to her. Thomas, watching the players, thought how much alike they were, and yet how different, and how very quickly they had become friends. For some reason he could not feel their gaiety, and his thoughts wandered off with sympathy to Miss Tubb, who had of course been disappointed in life, as anybody could see.

This was one of these rare summer days which seem to have no end. Each is a life as happy as uneventful, and its chronicle must be tedious as the biography of a maiden aunt. Yet they are the great slumberous flowers of that garden where memory loves to wander in idle hours, as the laden bee goes back, and cannot have enough of sweetness. This long day was scarcely old when Mr. Dorian came home. He found his family drinking tea in the veranda; and Miss Jeannie, who had run to meet him like a child, came leading him by the hand towards the young men. This father was evidently the kindest of men, for Letty proudly claimed his other hand, Zoe flung herself upon him, and Miss Tubb expanded in his presence. He had been all his life in business, and had made constant efforts to believe in the wickedness of the world, but to no purpose. There were tears in his eyes as he held out his hand to Orlando, and said, "I must thank you again for what you did yesterday. I don't know how to say—I don't know how to think of what might have been," and he put his arm round his eldest child as he spoke.

"Please don't speak of it," cried Orlando in a great hurry, "it was nothing: I could not have done less for a cat."

Hereupon Miss Dorian burst out laughing,

and caught Thomas's eye and stopped. She introduced him to her father, and looked at him curiously. She was puzzled and almost troubled by him, wondering what he thought about so much.

"A splendid place!" said Orlando that evening, as he breathed the night air in his friend's room.

"I never believed in maiden simplicity before," murmured Thomas, whose old enthusiasm for romance seemed rather stale to him.

"She is like an awfully nice honest sort of boy," said Orlando, with the air of one inspired. Thomas shuddered. There seemed to him a certain profanity in the remark.

III.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

The days went slowly by, and the two friends did not leave the farm by the river. They had not refused to send for their luggage, and, after all, the place was a good central point for lovers of the Thames. Thus it happened that a great change came over the family, who were converted with wonderful ease to Orlando's theory of life. Mr. Dorian took a holiday. He had read "Wilhelm Meister" when a boy, and there was a half-choked spring of romance beneath his ample waistcoat. He was now suddenly possessed by a conviction that wisdom was to be imbibed with air, and that health and happiness were incompatible with a shirt-collar. He began to row with tremendous energy, to lead his family to distant spots, and to wonder in the solitude of his own room why exercise made him stouter. In the school-room lessons were forgotten. Jo added a stupendous chapter, in which was related the tragic story of Miss Tubb's attachment to the bargeman, by whose side the Farnese Hercules was a puny whisper; and Miss Tubb herself, after many years of possible improprieties, invested secretly in a little manual of training. The headlong zeal and superb example of Orlando inspired the community. Early rising, though cynically regarded by the servants, became a custom; and to greet the rising sun with a shout, assumed the character of a religious observance. To ride, to shoot, to speak the truth, seemed once more the whole duty of man, and the hardy Norseman found a home upon the gentlest of rivers. The courage of the men was matched by the endurance of the women, who made an exercise of hair-brushing, and scorned to shriek at the split point of a chair-pin. Simplicity was the fashion, and practical Letty manipulated her bed with so much dexterity, that she could almost lie in it as she had made it. All things began to be viewed with the eye of the athlete. It was observed for the first time that the butler was beginning to stoop, and it was suggested that he should for the future carry the tray of coffee-cups on his head. Miss Tubb fell into feeble ecstasies over the wing-muscles of the birds, whom she had previously regarded with merely sentimental interest as feathered songsters of the grove; and the very sunlight, which had been little more than a caress, gained new interest as a tremendous species of force. Thomas alone was cold. He congratulated his friend somewhat dimly on his successful preaching of the brutal life.

"Brutal life!" cried Orlando; "I wonder that you can use such coarse expressions."

"Why, it was your own word," said the other, staring.

"Say simple life, or Greek, Homeric, heroic," said the prophet, whose voice grew louder with each epithet. Thomas smiled as he recognised the refining influence of the despised sex. He was acquiring the habit of smiling sadly. He took part in the common occupations, but often moved away into solitude. Sometimes he was discontented among the eager crowd, and having left them, was more discontented still. He hovered on the borders, hearing a little and imagining much, half actor, half spectator, as comfortable as a hypochondriac jammed in a draughty doorway. One eye observes the sweet treacherous moonlight without, the other a warm, wide sofa within, but the draught on the neck is undeniable. So was Thomas dissatisfied with the world and with himself, as he interpreted the words and actions around him according to his theory of the situation, his tale of the hero who saved the lovely woman from the water. So, too, it happened that when Miss Dorian, who preserved a becoming moderation even in this new life, came, as she often did, to ask his advice about some book or some subject for the pencil, he was infinitely touched by so much thoughtfulness and courtesy, and made great efforts not to damp her joy. At her request he read to her in his most dulcet tones, but stopped at the bottom of every page to make sure that she was not bored. He received her kindness with diffidence, and perplexed her by smiles which were at once pathetic and intelligent.

"I can't understand your friend," Miss Jeanie said one day to Orlando, who had been telling her anecdotes about him. "He seems to be always thanking me and forgiving me at the same time, and both for nothing." Orlando laughed, and declared Thomas to be a preposterous but delightful person, deeply tainted by medievalism and incapable of classical simplicity; and so, shouting a sonorous line of Homer, he betook himself to his hollow boat.

"You think us very foolish," said Miss Jeanie to Mr. Thomas, with a little nod of decision, as he drew near with a book under his arm.

"No, indeed I don't," he answered, eagerly. "I envy you, and—and I think you wonderful.

You keep the whole thing straight, and yet you don't offend the enthusiasts."

"It is fun, if it is silly."

"But it is not silly. I know you think me a pig, and I daresay I am. Orlando is a much finer fellow. I envy him, and—"

Here he broke off, and thought within himself how he had envied his friend the chance of a fine deed and the favour of a fair lady. He thought that he would give much for the opportunity of risking his life. As they talked, they had strolled across the farmyard, and the young man's gloomy thoughts were interrupted by a cry of the maiden. Was it possible that his chance had come! He looked quickly at her face, followed the direction of her eyes, and saw the turkey-cock. He could not be mistaken; it certainly was not a bull. Yet, bird as he was, he knew the one weak point in Miss Dorian's character. He stood terrific, in ruffled plumes as the fretful porcupine, scratching the stiffened wings, blushing ever more fiercely red about his chaotic countenance, and sounding notes of war, such as are heard when some apologetic gentleman gulps thick soup at a railway station, and the bell clangs, and the light porters are hustled together.

"Don't turn," cried Jeanie; "he will fly at our backs; oh, pray go first."

Thomas stepped forward, but there was bitterness in his soul. He had no stick; so he pushed his foot somewhat clumsily at his opponent, and said, "Get out!" The bird gave way a few inches, threatening war, Jeanie slipped quickly by, and the young man followed her. He could not run, but he was conscious that the bowl was close at his heels; he was therefore obliged to proceed in a crab-like manner, now and then pushing his foot out sidewise at the pursuer, and well aware that the action was far from graceful. In this way he drew near to the farmyard gate, and was aware of Jo shaking on the top bar, and stifling her laughter at the risk of her life. Had that turkey been a bull, Thomas had rent him with his bare hands. However, he was only a turkey.

Miss Jeanie, when on the safe side of the gate, was ashamed of her fears, and inclined to be angry with Jo for laughing at her defender. Indeed so vexed was she, that she straightway remembered that music was too important a thing to be neglected, and marched off her youngest sister to the piano.

Thomas, as he lay under a tree and stared at his book, was soon marching to marches which quickened unexpectedly, waltzing to tunes which whirled him in all sorts of circles, and polking to others which breaking off suddenly left him with one leg in the air. He had a sensitive ear, which rebelled against Jo's playing, and he wondered at the virtue which kept Miss Dorian near the instrument. At last the music came to an end, and the musician leapt through the window like an india-rubber ball, and vanished in the shubbery. Thomas turned to look at the house, but her sister did not follow her. Then he fixed his eye sternly on his book and made up his mind to become absorbed in constitutional history. After some time he found himself repeating with a frown the word "Witanagemot," and wondering whether his hostess was better by daylight or candle-light. Another half-hour had gone, when he awoke to the fact that he had not turned a page. A minute insect was busily surveying the word "Witanagemot," which still stared the reader in the face; but the reader's thoughts had wandered thence to the House of Lords, thence to the Eastern question, thence by an easy transition to the farmyard. If but for one short hour that bird had been a bull!

When Thomas had closed his book in despair, he saw that the sun was already low in the sky. From the new order of things dinner had disappeared, and supper, a charming institution in the country in summer, had taken its place. It was growing late. The young man was turning towards the house when he felt a light fluttering touch on his arm, and looking down beheld Miss Tubb, terrified by her own audacity.

"Pray, excuse me," she gasped, glancing nervously round in her great fear of her youngest charge. "I daresay I am very foolish—"

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Oh, I daresay it is nothing—only my fears;" and Miss Tubb showed wavering signs of drifting away.

"What is it?" asked Thomas.

"Oh, only Miss Dorian."

"What?" cried the young man, so sharply that the governess gave a convulsive leap, and remained quivering as though she would melt into air. He put out his hand to support and detain her.

"Only your friend Orlando—I mean Mr—"

"Orlando!" cried he, and again the governess jumped.

"He came," she went on trembling and in a great hurry—"he came, and I was sitting behind the copperbeech, and said something about its being already, and having brought the boat to the steps, and—"

"But why did you say that?"

"I didn't say anything. I couldn't think what to say till afterwards. I did say 'Athen!' but they didn't hear me."

"They! Who?"

"Why, Mr. Orlando and Jeanie—Miss Dorian," said Miss Tubb, mildly exasperated.

"Orlando and Miss Dorian!" repeated Thomas, with a sensation of sinking.

"Yes. He said that the boat was ready; and she asked if something was safe; and he only laughed, and then she said that she was not afraid with him."

"She was not afraid with him!" echoed Thomas again.

"Yes; and I think they are just going. And it is too late for the water; and I am so frightened: though of course it is nothing; and I hope you will excuse me."

Thomas made no answer. An awful suspicion was taking shape in his mind. Was this to be the end of the romance? What might not his wild friend attempt? Was he playing the barbaric Norseman or the Homeric hero? Would he snatch a maiden from the hearth? And she had said that she was not afraid with him. With himself she had trembled before a turkey-cock.

Trifles light as air came thick upon him, as he assured Miss Tubb that it was nothing; and his heart beat quick as he darted to the landing-place. He was too late, and he saw them travelling down the stream. He shouted, and Orlando, as he answered, seemed to quicken his stroke. He looked for the Dorians' gig, but it was not in its place. He was sure that he had divined the truth. It was the necessary end of the story. He trusted his fancy as an inspiration. As he started down the river, Mr. Dorian came gliding in his boat from above. "Come in," cried the elderly athlete, cheerily; "take the other sculls and get an appetite for supper."

"All right; quick; down stream!" cried Thomas; as he stepped in. With a great effort he kept his awful suspicion to himself. He would spare this new Lord Ullin as long as possible. "Orlando is just ahead," he said; "let us try to catch him—just for fun, you know."

"You are hurrying the stroke," said Mr. Dorian, who prided himself on his Oxford swing. The younger oarsman was sculling his strongest with his head over his left shoulder.

"Quicker!" he cried, or "we shall be shut out of the locks."

"Steady," said Mr. Dorian, making gallant efforts as became his character of athlete, and growing hot with the ardor of the race. They were flying along, when Thomas gave a sudden cry and stopped in amazement.

"What is it?" gasped the veteran, as his sculls rattled against his friend's.

"They are going down the weir stream," Mr. Dorian felt a glow. Wealth was a little thing; the responsibility of the father of a family was nought; all his youth rose from the depths of his being, and flashed from his lips in the words, "If he shoots the weir, we will too. Come on."

Thomas replied by a stroke, and the boat leapt forward. He saw that it was their only chance of hindering this folly. The runaway match must be stopped, even if it spoiled the story. On flew the boat, and crossing the end of the lock-out swept through the gathering shadows towards the rapids. They had gained on the fugitives, and Thomas, looking around, could see Miss Jeanie sitting upright and guiding the boat steadily to the open part of the weir. In an instant it flashed from his sight.

"Sit firm," said he, in a low voice. As he spoke, he felt an unexpected current catch the boat and sweep it towards the stakes. He rowed fiercely with his right hand, and wrenched the bows round to the open space. They were clear of the wood-work, but the rushing stream hurled them on before their craft was straight. She seemed to pause on the brink, then jumped like a horse; and Thomas felt a cold wave on his back, as she righted herself with a convulsive effort below. Clear above the rush of the rapids rang the inextinguishable laughter of Orlando. Thomas was dumb with amazement. Close beside him was the classic robber resting harmless on his sculls, and the hapless maiden was radiant with excitement.

"Oh, papa," she said, "how could you be so rash?"

"Dear me! What are you doing here?" asked her father, surprised.

"But why did you stop? I mean, what did you do it for?" asked Thomas.

"For fun," said Orlando; "we have been discussing it for the last week."

Thomas said no more. He was silent while they went through locks, and even when the veteran spoke of supper. He sculled mechanically, and wondered why his life was a tissue of delusive excitements, and why, if the world of romance was a fool's paradise, it was always his lot to be the fool.

"Wrong as usual," he muttered, as he tied up the boat, and as his eye caught the flutter of a gown he added, "Thank heaven." It was clear that the tale must find some other end.

(To be continued.)

THE Grand Duke Nicholas is credited with the remark that he intends to float the double eagle standard along the streets of Constantinople before his legions return to their northern homes, that there is no intention of holding that, but that the Turk cannot be made to feel that he is crushed until his capital is in the possession of his conquerors.

HENRY WATTERSON says upon his honor that he believes that the assassination of Abraham Lincoln is lamented in the South hardly less than in the North. When Henry talks on his honor it is customary to take off the hat and remain with the head bowed and uncovered during the space of two minutes and a half.

The Boston woman who was sent to prison was cruelly refused permission to take her piano with her, and took her two pet cats instead. The strained official ear delights in scientific mew-sick.

FUGA MUNDI.

"Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalloped play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
Thus runs the world away." *Hamlet.*

Like snowy lilies, fleet as fire,
Whose fragrant course is run;
Like dewdrops on the eglantine;
Like frost-work in the sun;—
So vanish youth's delightful dreams;
So beauty's charms decay;
For nothing is, but only seems:
Thus runs the world away!

Like foam upon the billows bright;
Like sunbeams' gorgeous dyes;
Like moonbeams shedding silver light
Over the jewelled skies;—
So swiftly from our vision glide
Hope's plans and projects gay;
Alone we roam at eventide:
Thus runs the world away!

Of friends whom ruthless Time destroys
We're day by day bereft;
The spectres of our perished joys
Are all the comrades left.
Love's chain is broken link by link;
We sing this mournful lay,
Forlorn upon the river's brink,
"Thus runs the world away!"

CHARLES J. DUNPHY.

BURLESQUE.

THE DEACON'S CONUNDRUM.—"Boys!" said Deacon Green—according to a writer in the last St. Nicholas—to a group of red-cheeked fellows, the other day, "I never see a healthy, go-ahead crowd of young folks like you, that I don't say to myself, 'here's a chance for practical religion, do you know the reason?'"

"Is it a conundrum?" asked three of the boys in a breath.

"Yes," said the Deacon, with the air of a man who had intended to make a speech, but had suddenly decided to keep it to himself. "It is a conundrum."

Then the Deacon, gave a pleasant nod, and walked off.

"Now, what did he mean by that?" said one of the fellows.

"I know," cried Bob King. "He meant that some folks think that religion is intended only for Sundays and for sick people, and the Deacon would like to see more well people trying it on week-days, that's all."

"Humph!" said John Salters. "You know a heap—you do!"

"The Deacon does, anyhow," answered Bob, meekly. "You can't get around that."

SHE MEANT BUSINESS.—Alderman Sam Wood sat contentedly in his easy chair, dozing the pleasant hours away. Business—Well the magistrate rolled up his ears at the thought, not a decent case for two weeks. He was suddenly awakened by a clatter as of an army rushing up the office stairs, when the door flew open and a little stuffy woman, having in tow a big six footer of a countryman, waltzed in.

"I suppose you hitch persons up here?" spoke up the little woman, while the fellow gaped in open-mouthed dismay at the perfect sang froid of his companion.

"Yes, if by hitching up, you mean getting married," replied the astonished magistrate.

"Come, John, step up like a little man until the justice makes us one flesh," said the little woman coolly, but John grew very red in the face, shuffled his feet uneasily, shifted his hands, stared at the woman, then at the ceiling, and acted very unlike a happy prospective bridegroom.

The woman surveyed him carefully, her under lip became firmer, and a look of sternness lit up her eyes as she ironically said to the magistrate, "You must not think hard of John, dear felly, he always was timid and out of sorts when from the farm. Besides I am older than he is and have been married three times, but I am a lone widow now, all three died, and when I saw John wanted a wife, I spoke to him and we made up our minds to hitch, didn't we, dear?"

"Wa-all, ya-ass I s'pose so, if the Justice be willing, slowly stammered the bridegroom elect coloring up fiercely.

"Now take hold of hands and face me. No, not that way," said the Justice as the fellow confusedly turned his back to the woman.

"I say, Jeedge, what be the charges for hitching up, times be pesky hard—"

"Never mind his prattle, Judge, tie up and be quick about it, and I'll pay you," interrupted the woman pulling a small United States Treasury note from the folds of her dress.

"How much be there, Sally?" eagerly inquired John, his eyes lighting up like the headlight of a locomotive.

"Indeed I shan't tell, it's all mine now," and then insinuatingly, "but when we are married—"

"All right, Jeedge, tie us up as fast as the law will let you, we're ready," broke in John excitedly.

In three minutes, city time, the twain were made one. As they were going down the stairs the breezes wafted to the ears of the magistrate these words, "Neow, Sally, how 'bout that ere money."

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MILITARY COLLEGE SKETCHES.

About a year ago we presented to our readers a picture of the Military College, Kingston, as seen from Fort Henry. The admirable institution was then only in its incipency. We now present a picture of the College as it will appear upon the completion of the work which is now in progress under the superintendence of Mr. Gage, architect, Kingston,—Mr. John Erving being the contractor. The series of sketches surrounding the centre view illustrates different scenes noticed by our artist on his visit to the College. Up to the present date, the building situated on the right hand of our picture has been used for all the purposes of the institution, and has barely sufficed to accommodate the teaching staff, cadets, and attendants; and in view of the anticipated growth and importance of the establishment, the two additional buildings as shown in the picture are being built, and when finished the Canadian Military College will be one of the most complete and convenient in the world. Situated in the heart of one of Canada's finest military strategic points—in close proximity to the beautiful city of Kingston—with the broad bosom of Lake Ontario on one side and a picturesque country on the other, it combines all the necessary attributes for health, and the fostering of that martial spirit and manly vigor which will form an important feature in the high education of the cadets. We have already given our readers a sketch of Colonel E. O. Hewitt's military career previous to his appointment to the position of Commandant to the Military College at Kingston, as also his able coadjutors, Capts. Rideout and Kensington, and Professor Fergusson. Under these distinguished gentlemen the affairs of the College have been brought to a high state of discipline, and so far the cadets have made a very rapid advancement in the different branches of study. Indeed, a very marked improvement in the mental and physical condition of the first cadets has been noticed by their friends. The easy going, round-shouldered lad, with awkward gait and unpolished address, has entirely lost his identity under the military metamorphosis. He now walks erect and his bearing is dignified, manly and affable. There is no doubt but that the strict enforcement of the laws of etiquette at the Military College will make the cadets distinguished for that politeness and refinement so necessary for a youth's advancement in the world; and which, alas! there is a sad lack of in the rising generation.

There are at present thirty cadets at the institution, among whom are some very promising young men. The next examination for admission into the College will take place on the 3rd of July, and will be held in the different military districts of the Dominion. There will be fifteen admitted at this examination. In January, 1878, another examination will take place for the admission of fifteen more, and after that there will be a semi-annual examination at each of which there will be vacancies for fifteen cadets.

The cadets who joined at the opening of the College in June, 1876, will have completed their course of instruction in June, 1880. The course embraces all the branches of a military education, physical and mental, to fit them for any arm of the military profession, and the course being very comprehensive it will also fit the students for employment in any department of civil life. Nothing is omitted that can possibly be of benefit to the cadet in after life. Even riding, swimming, cricket, foot-ball, gymnastics, boating, skating and snow-shoeing have



THE MOST REV. DR. HANNAN, ARCHBISHOP OF HALIFAX.
From a Photograph by Notman.

their allotted places in the programme of weekly studies, which also embraces drawing, painting, chemistry, electricity, signalling, etc. Music, also, though not officially recognized as a study, is fostered in the leisure hours.

The neighborhood of the College is splendidly adapted for the pursuance of the various games and amusements which tend to develop the body—having the lake on the one hand, and a large area of level ground on the other. His Excellency the Governor-General, with his usual liberality in advancing all worthy objects, has been pleased to offer three medals—one being of gold, one of silver, and one of bronze—to be awarded to the respective cadets who prove themselves to

be most proficient in combined mental, moral and physical qualities. The bronze medal will be competed for in June next. The silver one in June, 1878, and the gold one in June, 1879.

The final year of each cadet will be devoted to instruction in civil engineering. It will be the lot, no doubt, of the Military College graduates to superintend the future gigantic engineering achievements of their country, as it has been the lot of West Point graduates to control the great American works. The establishment of this College by the Government has been an important step in the right direction. Narrow minded individuals whose intellect cannot grasp the immense future that lies in store for Canada

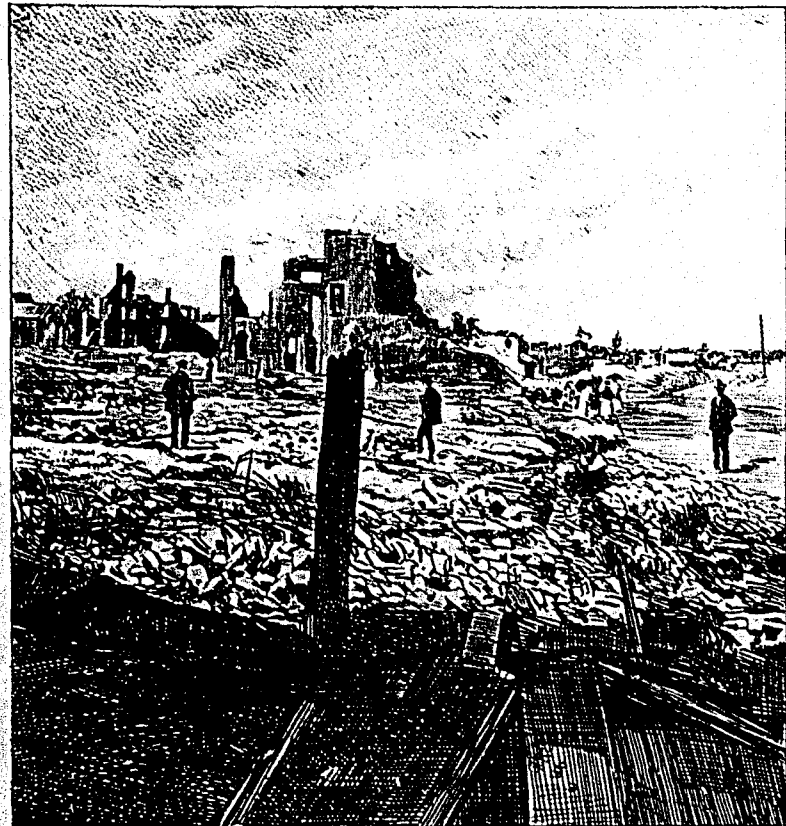
may raise objections to the outlay, but the wise man, as he watches the march of events throughout the world, cannot fail to comprehend that, in order to keep pace with civilization, our rising generation must have the opportunity of becoming educated to the very highest standard. It is intellect and not brute force that will make nations great in the future. Hitherto the cost of obtaining a classical and scientific education in Canada precluded worthy aspirants from undertaking it. Now, the Government has wisely smoothed the path of such; and for the trifle of \$200 the first year, and \$150 each succeeding year, a boy may be boarded, uniformed, fed and educated to the highest point of excellence. Indeed we question if there is among the great middle classes any youth whose board and clothing does not cost more than the above sum at home.

And then while these youths at the Military College are storing their minds with knowledge, which will make them leading members in society in after years, it is assuring to know also, that every time a cadet finishes his course the country is the richer not only by a man of science, art and literature, but, if occasion requires it, a man thoroughly versed in the art and science of war, and ready to take his place where duty calls.

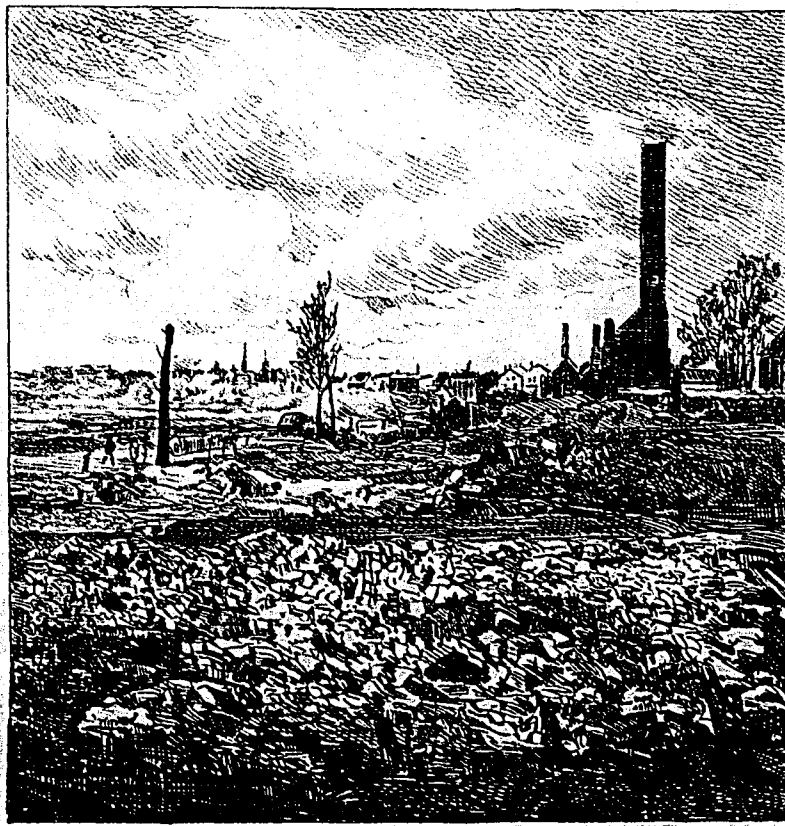
THE LION IN THE SCOTTISH SHIELD.—Antiquaries have found considerable difficulty in settling at what precise period the Scottish nation began to assume armorial bearings, although the obscure records of tradition assure us that they were first granted to the Scottish Kings by Charlemagne. One thing is sufficiently certain, that none of the predecessors of William, who began to reign in the year 1165, adopted a coat armorial, and that it was that sovereign who first assumed the cognisance of a lion on his banners, from which circumstance, as well as from his gallant bearing, he was termed *William the Lion*. We are told that the king of the beasts was anciently the cognisance of the Celtic nations, yet it is conjectured by George Chalmers that William did not assume the red lion on that account, but rather because it was already the armorial bearing of the earldom of Huntingdon, and as such the cognisance of William's father. The lion is first seen on the shield of Alander III., and appeared on gold coins in the reign of Robert III. It is said by Nisbit that the double tressure (or border) was anciently used on the royal shields to perpetuate the various leagues betwixt the French and Scottish monarchs. In the reign of James III., when an English faction predominated in the country, Parliament was induced to ordain "that in tyme to cum thair suld be nadouble tressour about the kingis armys, but that he suld ber hale armis of the lyoun, without ony mair." Yet the double tressure seems to have maintained its place in the armorial bearings of Scotland, even to our own times.

It is said to be a fact in the history of silver production that wherever in any part of the world silver mines have been worked, they are worked now, unless arrested for some explainable cause. The mines of the Andes have been worked for three centuries, those of old Spain from the Middle Ages, and are in working condition now. In Hungary the same mines worked by the Romans before the birth of Christ still yield their steady increase. Those of Freiberg in Saxony, worked from the eleventh century, know no diminution.

THE GREAT FIRE AT ST. STEPHEN, N. B.



RUINS OF FIRE FROM RESIDENCE OF N. MARKS, WATER STREET, LOOKING EAST.
From a Photograph by W. H. Edward.



RUINS OF FIRE FROM P. BRANNIFFS, LOOKING WEST ALONG WATER STREET.
From a Photograph by W. H. Edward.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Beloved Sovereign! Most Gracious Queen,
We, thy devoted subjects in this distant land,
To God do pray
That ever, as on this Natal Day!
He would his choicest gifts still pour
Around thy life! granting thee hour by hour
Token of His great love for thee.
Thou art His own!
Thy spirit bows submission at His Throne,
While thou o'er thy great nation rulest all alone.
Like Solomon, thou art endowed with wisdom from on High;
Riches and honors too are thine, and yet thou art not proud.
Nor lifted up thine own power to boast.
But ever lookest to the Lord as leader of thy host.
So thy victorious armies nobly onward move,
Guided by Him, whose name alone is Love.
Long mayest thou live o'er loyal hearts to reign!
And may the blessing of the Lord—thy power and might sustain.
And when, in life's far distant time
Thy days shall near their close,
Oh! may that loving heart of thine
On memories sweet repose,
As when the sun's reluctant orb
Sinks in the golden west,
And o'er the hills a rosy hue
Comes from his bed of rest,
So, may the evening of thy days
In Heaven-like peace be passed,
And glorious hints of well-spent hours,
Around thy life be cast!

THE RUSSIAN PRIEST'S SON.

In the June number of the *Lippincott's Magazine* occurs this fine story. About twenty years ago I was visiting my aunt's many estates while acting as her agent. The different village priests whose acquaintance I thought it my duty to make, seemed to be a monotonous set of men, all cut on the same pattern. But finally, in the last village I had to inspect, I came across a priest who was very unlike his colleagues. He was a very old man, almost decrepit, and had it not been for the urgent entreaties of his parishioners, who loved and respected him very much—a rare thing in Russia—he would long before that have resigned.

Two things struck me in Father Alexis, for that was this priest's name: in the first place, he not only asked nothing for himself, but told me at once that he really needed nothing; and secondly, I do not remember ever having seen on a human face a sadder expression, one more completely detached from outside matters: it was what is called an expression of living death. His features were uninteresting and of the rustic type: his forehead was wrinkled; he had little gray eyes, a large nose, a pointed beard; his skin was red and weather-beaten. But the expression! In its dull indifference there lingered but a vague, sad trace of life. And his voice was dull and heavy.

I fell ill, and was obliged to keep my bed for some days. Father Alexis came to see me every evening—not to talk, but to play *douraki* with me. He appeared to take more pleasure in the game than I did. Once, when he had just beaten me several times in succession, I turned the conversation to his past life and the griefs of which traces were so manifest. Father Alexis did not comply at once with my wish, but at last he told me his story. I must have pleased him in some way or other, for certainly he would not have been so open with every one.

I shall try to give you the very words he used. Father Alexis talked very simply, clearly and logically, without any of the pompous expressions one hears at the seminaries and in the provinces. I have often noticed that those Russians who have had a hard experience of life, and become resigned to everything, use very simple forms of speech, whatever their social condition may be.

Father Alexis began: "I had a good, sensible wife. I loved her with my whole heart, and she bore me eight children, but they almost all died in infancy. One of my sons became an archbishop; he died not long since in his diocese. My other son, James—I am going to tell you about him.

I put him in the seminary of the city of T—. Soon I began to hear the most favourable reports about him: he was first in every class. While a little boy at home he was noted for his diligence and quiet, never uttering a word all day, but sitting quietly reading a book. He never gave either his mother or me the slightest uneasiness. He was a good little fellow; only sometimes he had strange dreams, and his health was very delicate.

Once a singular thing happened. He was just ten years old. He went out from the house at daybreak on the vigil of St. Peter, and stayed out all the morning. At last he came back. My wife and I asked him where he had been.

"I went out to walk in the woods," he said, "and I met a little green old man who talked a good deal with me, and gave me some little nuts which are very good to eat."

"Who was the little green old man?"
"I don't know," he said: "I never saw him before. A very little old man, with a hunch on his back, who sprang about and laughed all the time. He was green—as green as the leaves."

"What! was his face green too?"
"Face, hair and eyes."

Our son had never told a lie, but at this his mother and I began to have our doubts.

"You fell asleep in the woods, the sun shone on your face, and you dreamed about the old man."

"I did not fall asleep; and besides, since you don't believe me, here is one of the little

nuts which was left in my pocket." And with these words James drew the nut from his pocket and showed it to us. It was round, like a chestnut, but downy, and unlike ordinary nuts. I took it to show it to the doctor, but afterward I could never find it.

Then we sent our boy to the seminary, as I have already told you, and he delighted us by his success. We often said, my wife and I, that he would become a great man. It was a pleasure to see him when he came home for vacation, he was so pretty and well behaved, and kind to everybody, so that everybody praised him to us. Only his body remained very weak, and he seldom had a good healthy color. When he had entered his nineteenth year, and had nearly finished his studies, suddenly we received a letter from him. It was thus he wrote to us: "Do not be angry with me, my parents. Give me leave to enter a secular life. My heart is opposed to spiritual duties; I dread the responsibility; I am afraid of sin; doubts have risen within me. Without your consent, without your blessing, I shall not make a decision; I am afraid of myself, because I have begun to think."

Oh, what pain the letter gave me, my good sir! It showed me that I should have no successor to my office. My eldest son was a monk and this one wanted to abandon a spiritual life. This news was the more cruel to me because for two centuries all the priests of our parish had belonged to my family. Nevertheless, I said to myself, "Why knock my head against a stone wall! His destiny controls him. What sort of a shepherd of souls would he be who had doubts?"

I consulted my wife, and wrote to my son to this effect: "Oh, my dear James, reflect well: consider this step carefully before you take it. The difficulties and troubles of a secular life are great—cold, hunger and the contempt that is felt for the sons of priests. Be warned of this in good time, and know that no one will hold out to you a succoring hand. Do not expose yourself to the risk of regretting later what you will have no chance of taking up again. But if you have doubts about your calling, and your faith is really shaken, I must not compel you. God's will be done! Your mother and I do not refuse you our blessing."

James answered at once with a grateful letter: "You have filled me with joy, father, and I intend to devote myself to professional studies. I have friends, and I shall enter the university. I shall take a degree there, for I feel a grand interest in scientific studies." I read this letter of his, and was only made sadder by it. And soon I had no one with whom to share my grief, for my poor wife about this time took a cold and died. Was it on account of this cold, or from pity for her that God took her from this world? How often I had burst into tears, widower as I was, and quite alone! Yet what was to be done? Such was my fate, and at the same time I was expecting my son, for he had promised me a visit before his departure for Moscow. Indeed, he came home soon, but he did not stay long. Something seemed to be weighing upon him; he appeared to long for wings to fly more quickly to the university. I questioned him about his doubts, but got only vague answers. He had but one thought in his head.

When he left for the university he took hardly a penny with him, only a few clothes. He had great confidence in himself, and naturally. He passed the entrance examination very well, was matriculated, and arranged to give lessons in private houses, for he was very strong in the ancient languages. Would you believe it? He even sent me money. I was gratified not on account of the money, which I sent back to him with a scolding letter, but because I saw he would make his way. Alas! my joy was of brief duration.

He came home for the first vacation, and, strange to say, I did not recognise my James. He had become so sad and taciturn that it was hard to get a word from him. He seemed ten years older. Formerly he was timid, and at the slightest provocation he blushed like a girl, but when he raised his eyes one saw how clear his mind was. But now it was timidity no longer, but a sort of wolfish savageness that he showed: he kept his eyes cast down. When I questioned either he was silent or he lost his temper. "Doesn't he drink?—Heaven help him!—or has he been gambling, or has he got into trouble about some woman?" At his age such temptations are strong, and in a large city like Moscow there is no lack of bad example and opportunity. And yet nothing of the sort was true of him; he drank nothing but small beer and water; he did not even look at women, and he did not associate with young men of his age.

What pained me most was that he lost his confidence in me; he showed absolute indifference, as if everything had become insipid to him. I tried to talk to him about his studies and the university, but even on these subjects he gave me no answer, or at least no satisfactory answer. Nevertheless, he went to church, though with a certain strangeness: everywhere else he was silent and savage, but when there a slight smile never left his lips. He lived at home in this fashion for six weeks; then he left for Moscow. I wrote me from there several times, and I fancied I saw the traces of better feelings in his letters. But imagine my amazement when suddenly in the dead of winter, a few days before Christmas, James appeared before me! Why? how? for I

knew very well there was no vacation at that season.

"You have come from Moscow?"

"From Moscow."

"And the university?"

"I left it."

"Left it?"

"Yes, I have."

"For good?"

"For good."

"James, are you ill?"

"No," said he, "I am not ill, but don't torment me with questions, or I shall go away from here, and you will have seen me for the last time."

James told me he was not ill, but his face frightened me. It was terrible, that face—gloomy, barely human. The hollow cheeks, the projecting cheekbones, nothing but skin and bone, his voice sounding as if it came from a barrel, and his eyes—merciful Heavens! what eyes they were!—threatening, sullen, restless, impossible to catch, and his eyebrows scowling till they met. And his lips were for ever twitching. Ah, what had become of my James, the innocent little fellow! Hasn't he lost his mind! I sometimes thought. He wandered about like a spectre, did not sleep at night, would suddenly look in a corner and grow rigid, so that your blood would run cold. He had threatened to leave the house if I didn't leave him alone, but after all I was his father. My last hope was shattered, and I was to keep silence! Oh no! So one day, having chosen my time well, I began to entreat my James with tears in the name of his departed mother: "James, tell me, as your actual and spiritual father, what ails you! Don't make me die. Tell me your secret; unburden your heart. Have you not injured some one? In that case confess it."

"Well, father," he burst out—and this conversation took place about midnight—"you have moved me: I am going to tell you all the truth. I have injured no one. My soul is perishing."

"How so?"

"I will tell you," and then he raised his eyes to mine for the first time for four months.

"For four months—" he began. But at this point his voice failed him and he breathed un- easily.

"Four months, do you say? What else? Speak! do not keep me waiting."

"It is now four months that I keep seeing him."

"Him, whom?"

"I mean him whom one don't like to mention when it's growing dark."

I grew cold from head to foot and began to tremble. "What him?" I asked. "Do you see him?"

"Yes."

"Do you see him now?"

"Yes."

"Whom?" At the same time I was afraid to look around, and we both talked in a low tone.

"There, over there," and with his eyes indicated the place—"over there."

I made a mighty effort and looked at the place: there was nothing there. "But, James, there is nothing there. For Heaven's sake—"

"You don't see him, but I do."

I looked again, but there was still nothing there. I then remembered the little old man of the woods who had given him a chestnut.

"What color is he? green?"

"No, not green—black."

"With horns?"

"No. He is like men, except that he is all black." While speaking his upper lip was drawn above his teeth, he had become as pale as death, he leaned against me, and his eyes seemed starting from his head.

"But that is only an apparition," I said. "It is the darkness of some shadow you see, and you mistake it for a man."

"No, indeed it isn't. I see his eyes. There he's moving them; he's raising his arm, making a sign."

"Stop, stop, James! don't give way to this. I'll burn incense, pray and sprinkle you from head to foot with holy water."

James stopped me with a gesture: "I don't believe in your incense or your holy water; it's all not worth a farthing. I shall never be free of him. Since he first came to me one day, one summer's day—accursed day!—he is my continual visitor, and I can't get rid of him. Understand this, my father: don't be surprised any longer at my conduct, and don't torment me any more."

"What day was it he first came?" I asked, continually signing my son with the cross.

"Was it not the day you wrote me about your doubts?"

James pushed aside my hand: "Leave me. Don't make me angry, lest something worse should happen. It would not take much to drive me to desperation."

You can imagine, sir, what I felt in hearing that. I remember I wept all that night. "O Lord God!" thought I, "how have I incurred thy wrath!"

At this point Alexis drew from his pocket a great chequered pocket handkerchief, and while blowing his nose tried to dry his eyes with a corner of it.

Very sad—he resumed—was the life that then began for us. I had but one thought: "If only he do not forget himself and lay violent hands on himself!" I watched him all the time, but I took care not to say a word. We had at this

time a neighbour, the widow of a colonel—Martha Savishna. I had a great respect for her because she was a sensible, quiet woman, although young and good-looking. I often went to see her, and she had no contempt for my condition. Driven by grief and suffering, not knowing what to do, suddenly I told her how things stood. She was at first alarmed, and then an idea came to her. She wanted to make my son's acquaintance and to have an interview with him.

I returned home and tried to persuade James: "Come, my son, come and see the widow of the colonel."

But he, stretching his arms and legs, cried out, "No, I shall not go. What could we have to talk about?"

However, I finally persuaded him, and having harnessed my little sleigh I carried him to the widow's house; then I left him as we had agreed. Three or four hours later my son returned.

"Well," I said, "how did you find our neighbour?"

He made no answer, but I was not discouraged.

"She is a virtuous lady," I went on, "and certainly she has been very kind to you."

"Yes, she's not like the others."

Then, seeing him gentler than usual, I ventured to ask him, "And the temptation of the devil, eh?"

James gave me a look which produced on me a feeling as if I had received the cut of a whip, and he became silent again. I did not torment him any longer, but made my way to my room. An hour later, approaching his door, I looked through the keyhole, and—would you believe it?—my James was asleep. He was lying on his bed fast asleep. I prayed to myself at least twenty times: "May God, send all sorts of prosperity to Martha Savishna! She, dear God, has known how to touch his hard heart!"

The next morning I saw James take his hat without saying a word. Should I ask him where he was going? No, indeed. He is surely going to call upon her. And in fact he went there, and remained longer than the day before. And the next day and the next he went again. I felt myself taking fresh courage. I saw there was a change in my son, and indeed it was possible to catch his eyes again. There were signs of sadness still, but none of that former despair and alarm. Alas! I was not long happy. Soon everything went wrong. James became sullen again: as before, it was impossible to go near him. He locked himself up in his room, and there were no more visits to the widow. "Can he have offended her?" I thought, "and can she have forbidden him her door? No, will a he is, he cannot have forgotten himself to that point."

I could not restrain myself—I asked him: "Well, James, and our neighbour! It seems to me you have quite forgotten her."

"Our neighbour!" he cried like a madman. "Do you want *Anna* to make fun of me?"

"What?"

And James, clenching his fists, roared: "He used in old times to be always crouching there; now he has begun to laugh and show his teeth. Go away! leave me!"

I did not know exactly to whom these words were addressed. My feet could hardly carry me from the room.

I went that same day to Martha Savishna, and found her very melancholy; she had even become thin. But she did not want to talk about my son with me; she said that one thing: "No human aid will be of any use; you must pray."

Oh, great God! as if I were not praying day and night!

At this point Father Alexis again drew forth his handkerchief and wiped his eyes—this time without making any effort at concealment. And after a moment's rest he resumed: "Then James and I glided toward our fate like an avalanche on a mountain. We both saw clearly the abyss below, but to what support could we cling? And concealment was no longer possible; everything in the parish was in confusion; it began to be whispered that the son of the priest was possessed, and that it was time to tell the authorities; and they would have done so had it not been that they felt pity for me. Meanwhile, winter had passed and spring had come. And the great lord had sent a pleasant, clearer spring than the oldest persons had ever seen. The sun shone all day long; there was no wind, and the air was neither hot nor cold. Suddenly an idea came into my head—whether I might not persuade James to undertake a pilgrimage with me to St. Mitrophanos of Vorony."

If this last plan failed there would be nothing left but death. So one evening I was sitting on the steps of my house; the sunset still shone in the sky, and some larks were still singing; the apple trees were in blossom. I was seated, and wondering to myself how I could tell James my intention, when suddenly he came out of the house, stood surprised for a moment without stirring, and sat down by my side. I was almost frightened I was so glad. But hush! He sat there looking at the sunset without saying a word. It seemed to me as if he was moved. His eyes grew slowly clearer; a trifle would have brought tears. "Noticing this change, I ventured to try. 'James,' I said to him, 'listen to me without anger.' And I began to tell him my plan at length—how we two should start for St. Mitrophanos on foot, with knapsack on back; and from our house to Vorony was about one hundred and fifty versts;

and how agreeable it would be to walk in the early spring morning on the tender, green grass—to walk all the time; and how, once there, if we should prostrate ourselves humbly and make really sincere prayers on the saint's tomb, who knows?—perhaps he would intercede for us, and the great God would take pity on us, and cure my son James. Such a thing was not unheard of.

Oh, imagine, sir, my joy when James said suddenly, "Very well, I agree; let us go."

I was stupefied. "My friend!" I stammered, "my little pet!"

And he asked, "When do we start?"

"To-morrow, if you want to."

In fact, we did start the next day. We put our knapsacks on our backs, took our big walking sticks, and set off. We walked for seven whole days. And during the whole time the weather was miraculously pleasant—no rain and no excessive heat. James grew better every hour. I must tell you that even before this James did not see *him* when he was in the open air, but he always felt him and heard him walking behind him, or else he saw him gliding along the ground like a shadow, which tormented him more than anything. This time nothing of the sort happened. Even in the inns where we slept nothing of the sort happened. We talked little, but how happy we were! and especially I, for I saw my child getting better. At last we reached Voroney. We washed ourselves and made our way to the church. For three days we hardly went out of it. How many masses we had said! how many candles burned! And all went so well—holy days and peaceful nights. My good James slept like a child.

It was he who first spoke of the thing. "Father," he asked me, "you don't see anything?" And while he said that he smiled.

"I see nothing," I said.

"Well neither do I."

What more could be asked? My gratitude to the saint knew no bounds.

Three days passed thus, and I said to James,

"Well, my boy, we must start away again. There is only one thing to be done: you must confess, receive the communion, and then we shall go home, if it please God. Then, when you have rested and given up household labors to get back your strength,—then we shall have to look about and get you some employment. Martha Savishchina will certainly come to our aid."

"No, no," said James, "we must not trouble her." But he agreed to all the rest.

The next day we went to church, my boy went to confession, and after having prayed—with what fervor!—he prepared for the communion. As for me I kept a little to one side; I did not feel the ground beneath my feet. Angels in heaven are not more happy.

But while I am looking at him, what is happening! James has partaken of the sacramental bread, and is he not going to dip his lips in the cup of warm wine, as every good Christian does who has just received the body of Christ? He turned his back to me: I went to him and "Well, James, you don't drink it."

He turned round suddenly. Oh, sir, I sprang back from terror. His face was terrible to see. It was that of a brute—pale as death, his hair straight, his eyes crossed. My voice failed me with fear. I wanted to speak, but could not. He hastened out of the church, I after him. He ran straight to our inn, threw the knapsack on his back and started off bareheaded.

"Where are you going, James?" I cried.

"Stop! stop!"

But he made no answer; running first to one side, then to the other, and there was no way of catching him. Without losing a moment I returned to the inn and hired a belega: at the same time I trembled in all my limbs, not ceasing to murmur "O God! O God!" for I could not understand what had happened. I started back home, for I thought he would certainly have run there; and in fact, six versts from the town I overtook him, walking with great steps along the road. I came up to him, and jumped down from the belega: "James! James!"

He stopped short, turned halfway round towards me like a soldier, his eyes lowered, his lips tightly closed, and whatever I could say he stood stock-still there like an idol. Then he continued his journey. What could I do? I followed behind. Oh, what a journey that was, sir! Our return from Voroney was as terrible as the walk there had been pleasant. If I spoke to him he snapped his teeth, with his head on his shoulder, like a tiger hyena. I have never understood how I did not lose my wits. Finally, one night in a smoky peasant's hut, he was sitting with his legs hanging, looking slowly at the things around him. I fell on my knees and besought him: "Don't kill the poor old man who is your father. Tell me what happened to you."

"Listen! You want to know the truth. Well, here it is: When I was receiving the sacrament—you remember when I had the wafer in my mouth—suddenly I saw *him* in the church in full light—him before me as if he had risen from the earth—and he whispered to me 'Spit it out, and trample it under your foot;' and I did as he said: I spat it out and trampled it under my foot; and now I am damned for all eternity, for all sins can be forgiven except the sin against the Holy Ghost."

Having said these horrible words, my son fell back, and I too fell to the ground.

Father Alexis was silent for a moment. He wiped his eyes with his two hands. Well, he

continued, I need not distress you or myself any longer. We managed to reach home; and the end soon came, and I lost my James. He neither ate nor drank the last few days. Almost all the time he was running up and down the room, saying his sin could not be forgiven. But he never saw *him* any more; and why should he have come, since he had finished the destruction of my boy's soul? And as soon as James took to his bed he lost consciousness, and without confession, like a miserable worm, he left this world for the next. However, I don't like to think that the Lord has judged him severely; and this is why among other reasons—because he was so handsome in his coffin. He seemed to have grown younger. He looked as he used to when he was a little boy—his face so smooth and calm, a soft smile upon his lips. Martha Savishchina came to see him, and she had the same idea. She had him surrounded with flowers, and it was she too who had the stone put up at his grave.

As for me, I have remained alone; and now you know, my dear sir, the cause of the great grief you noticed on my face. It will never pass away—it cannot!

I wanted to say a few words of consolation to Father Alexis, but I could think of nothing, and we parted in silence.

IVAN TOURGUENEFF.

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE LOSS OF A WIFE.—In comparison with the loss of a wife, all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven; she who busied herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her; bitter is the tear which falls on her cold clay. You stand beside her coffin, and think of the past. It seems an amber-coloured pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glitteringly overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered save those your hands have unwillingly planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all purity, all beauty. But she is dead. The head laid upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded beneath the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now over her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful. There is no white arm over your shoulder, no speaking face to look up into the eye of love, no trembling lips to murmur, "Oh, it is too sad!" There is so strange a hush in every room; no light footsteps passing around; no smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes—it was such music when she could hear it. Now it seems to knell on the hours through which you watched the shadow of death gathering on her sweet face. And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth, too—of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel—oh, how often!—that the grave cannot keep her—that she will live again.

MARRIED LIFE.—Oh, ye husbands and wives, deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life—a small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together, and sit idle. "Laziness is the devil's cushion." Do not run much from home. One's own heart is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like a rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-vreath. And why? Because the married pair neglect to be as well-pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavour always to please one another. Consider, ye daughters, what the word "wife" expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to entrust the key of his heart, as well as the key of his eating room. His honour and his home are under her keeping—his well-being in her hand. Think of this! And you, ye sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

MANNERS OF HUSBANDS.—The honeymoon cannot last for ever; and to all men there comes a point in their lives where they have to decide whether the amenities, and courtesies, and sweetness, which characterized the early days of their affection, shall be continued, or whether it shall be given up, and harsh sentiment, and speech, and thought, and feeling shall pervade the life. To some of us, perhaps, this time has come, and we have not decided rightly, and harshness has crept into that which had been perfect melody, and there has been chronic discord in our family circle. Reform your conduct, husbands, if you have lapsed from that sweet era. Forbearance is the keystone of married life. There can be no discord, there can be no large divergencies from tunefulness, so long as the husband forbears and the wife forbears. The temper should be kept under perfect control.

OUR OTHER SELVES.—The influence of constant companionship over character is immense. If we have a dear friend, that friend unavoidably exercises a certain power over our thoughts and actions. Yet there is an intimacy more close, constant, and powerful in its effects than that of an acquaintance or friend, however near or dear. We are all conscious at times of a sort of dual ourselves, we prove or condemn ourselves, we understand or mistake ourselves.

The very words, self-acquaintance, self-love, self-respect, self-defence, self-control, all take for granted this quality. Who and what then is this boon companion, this familiar friend, who is conversant with every secret of our souls, whom we can never deceive, and from whom we can never escape? The influence of all other associates, however great, sinks into insignificance before the all-prevailing away of what may be described as self-hood—what many term conscience.

ABOUT FEELING OLD.—No healthy mind in a reasonably healthy body ever feels old. To feel old is to be tired of living. Wise men, whose years point that way, afraid of being caught feeling positively young, sometimes betray a sort of affectation in their assumption of the conventional worn-out, life-weary, septuagenarian tone; while in their hearts they say with the old divine that life is too brief a thing to feel old in, and "time itself but a novelty, a late and upstart thing in respect of the Ancient of Days." They thus pay a tribute to common sense, and acknowledge a brotherhood with the herd of men, so disarming criticism.

MARRIAGE.—One might as well condemn the existence of the elements because certain people are struck by lightning, because certain ships are wrecked at sea, because certain houses are overwhelmed by earthquakes or avalanches, as marriage because certain people are unhappy in it. It is the people who are to blame, not marriage. The same people would have found the snake in Eden. It would indeed be the daily working of a miracle if men and women who allow their selfishness, their ill-temper and irritability, and their appetites to get the better of them, did make life altogether heavenly to each other. We do not see how it would better the case if they were free to leave each other and begin the same career over again with somebody else, and make the person perhaps regret the day the first hand was severed; and it seems to us the safest, best, and only way to "fight it out in the union," best in the general results to the family and the world, and altogether best as regards its results upon one's own character.

MANLY BOYS.—Boys who have no sisters are to be pitied. The refinement which comes occasionally to boys from the society of their sisters at home, is, we think, of incalculable advantage to them in after life. Nobody wants a boy to be what is sneeringly called "soft." Neither would we have them well-dressed, precocious bullies and ruffians, ignorant of, and indifferent to, the amenities of life. We are glad when we see a boy carrying his little sister's satchel to school for her, or performing any other act of courtesy like this, as a stepping-stone to that gentleness of manner which we regard as inseparable from true manliness.

A GOOD APPETITE.—What an excellent sauce is hunger! The poor man who brings to his plain meal of meat and potatoes, or pork and beans, a sharp appetite whetted by vigorous toil, gets manifold more enjoyment from it than the luxurious epicure who must be tempted by dainties. The labourer feels the re-inforcement of food in every muscle, in every drop of his blood; the epicure gratifies in a languid way merely his sense of taste, while from his fastidiousness he suffers a thousand annoyances the other, with his heartful craving for food and his normal enjoyment of it, knows nothing about. The man who lives within bare walls and on rugged fare is often happier than he who knows not what it is to want for anything.

"JOLLY" PEOPLE.—They may not amount to so much, in some ways, as their graver neighbours; but they fill a special place in the world, notwithstanding. The truly merry man knows nothing of care. Life itself is a joke to him. What a happy disposition it must be that can thus bid defiance to all the painful vicissitudes of the world, and smile even at pain as nothing but a relief from the monotony of a perpetual ease! We envy such people. And yet a constant laugh cannot be so enjoyable as one that comes occasionally, well matured, and in all the luxuriance of a heartfelt appreciation of humour. "Too much of a good thing is good for nothing," says the proverb; and why not too much mental quietude? At any rate, it is well to console ourselves that if we are not sometimes wretched, it is only because that wretchedness enhances the requisite enjoyment of those hilarious moments that follow after it. That's true philosophy!

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A YORNE English lady at a party wore a plain pink dress so tight that when she sat down she appeared like a statue in ice cream.

"WHAT is the true purpose of clothing?" asks an exchange. So far as the gentler sex is concerned, we should say the purpose of clothing is simply to make the wearer as happy and all other women as unhappy as possible.

A KANSAS paper chronicles the arrival of a pair of twins, and inquires "What comes next?" Don't know how such affairs are conducted out that way, but here the nurse would be looked for.

WHEN a fond wife decides to accompany her husband to a soda water fountain, and while she says "sarsaparilla" and he leans over to whisper to the attendant, the syrup he takes comes from under the counter and looks like thin molasses.

WHEN a woman drinks soda she hoists the

glass at an angle of eight degrees, bends over, holds in her dress, and as she looks out of the corners of her eyes, seeming to be in an ecstasy of appreciation, a little drop of soda runs down off her chin and goes like a pearl plummet to the floor.

WOMAN'S lack of confidence in business transactions is amply illustrated in the fact that she can never muster up sufficient courage to ask for a spool of cotton twist until she has examined every piece of dress goods in the store so as to get on speaking terms with the clerk.

A NOVEL mode of advertising for a wife has been adopted by an inhabitant of a provincial town. A photograph of the gentleman is placed in the window of a shopkeeper, and underneath is the following notice:—"Wanted, a female companion to the above. Apply at the office."

AN old bachelor was courting a widow, and both sought the aid of art to give their fading hair a darker shade. "That's going to be an affectionate couple," said a wag. "How so?" asked a friend. "Why, don't you see that they are dyeing for each other already?" was the reply.

It is at a party. The room is close, and all the females are energetically waving their fans. The men wipe their brows with their handkerchiefs, and lean out of the windows for the purpose of sniffing a breath of air. Yet, notwithstanding all this, a young lady goes to the piano and begins to sing, "Out in this cold world!" Tableau, during which the lady at the piano faints from the heat.

HUMOROUS.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend."—"Yes, I have been straightened by circumstances."

KENTUCKY has a sheriff that will hang you for six dollars. This is better than doing it yourself and spoiling the job.

It embarrasses a boil to have the wearer strike against something in two places at the same time. It takes a lively boil to get around and hurt in both places, but it is done sometimes.

AN old citizen of this place, aged eighty-four, says that in his pilgrimage through this world he never saw a rich man who could sing. He is no doubt right, for no man can get rich who wastes his notes.

THE cucumber season has set in and a man is waked up at two o'clock in the morning, after dreaming that an elephant is sitting on his equator, to experience a violent regret that he has not attended church more regularly in his youth.

It is a singular fact that the man who don't believe in advertising, does believe most profoundly in getting himself and business mentioned in the local paper every time he gets a chance without costing him anything.

A GOAT got tangled among the legs of a necktie peddler, in B— village Saturday, and for a time it seemed as though the wrongs of an outraged community were about to be avenged, but the peddler escaped alive.

A FAST youth asked at a city restaurant, "What have you got?" "Almost everything," was the reply. "Almost everything? Well, give me a plate of that." "Certainly. One plate of hash," yelled the waiter.

RECENT experiments have demonstrated the fact that it takes five adults properly to escort one child to the circus. This fact should be borne in mind, and no adult should shirk a manifest duty.

ALREADY the old cow of the country farmer feels that this world is hollow, and its joys uncertain, for the old man has begun to dock her feed and thin her down to killing point, for there is a prophecy of summer boarders in the gentle air of May.

THE growing custom of putting the choir at the pulpit end of the church has the very serious drawback that it prevents a man from turning around and looking up at the organ in a critical manner just before the contribution box approaches his pew.

SPRING is here. Every morning the painter who agreed to have your house all painted by the tenth of May, comes around and sits in the front yard and holds a paint pot between his knees, and stirs paint till three o'clock in the afternoon, and then says he believes he will go down to the shop and get a brush and see if there is a ladder there.

MUCH has been written against the accordion, but the first evening after a young man who practiced on one moved into the second floor of a house on Union Avenue, a smile lit up the face of an aged citizen who lay in sickness on the floor above. He said that he was now reconciled to death.

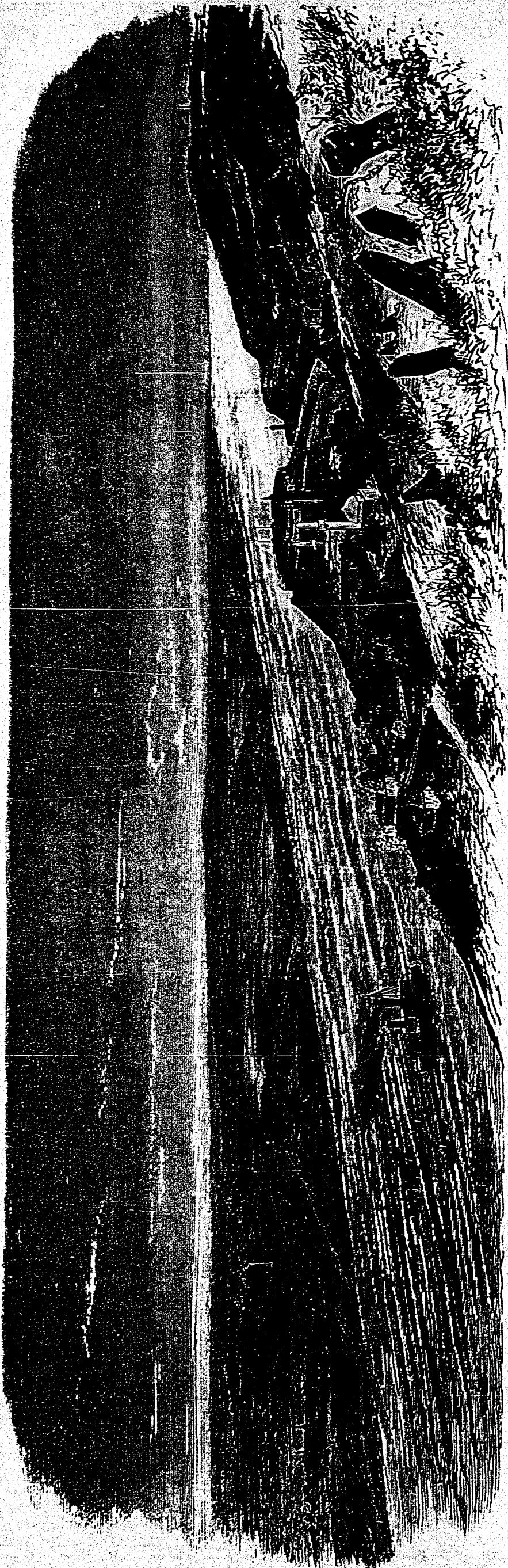
THE warm weather brings one relief. The manufacturers have withdrawn the advertisements and the reader of the newspaper no more sees staring him in the face the startling lines: "Consumptives Beware! A little cold will lead to death!" and so on. The cough medicine is now put up in other bottles, and is sold as a first-class hair-dye.

"To play billiards as billiards can be played requires the energy of a life. Here and there a man has the leisure and the intellect, and in the absence of a higher ambition, he devotes his life to elucidate a game. We admire his ingenuity, but we do not think very much of his career."

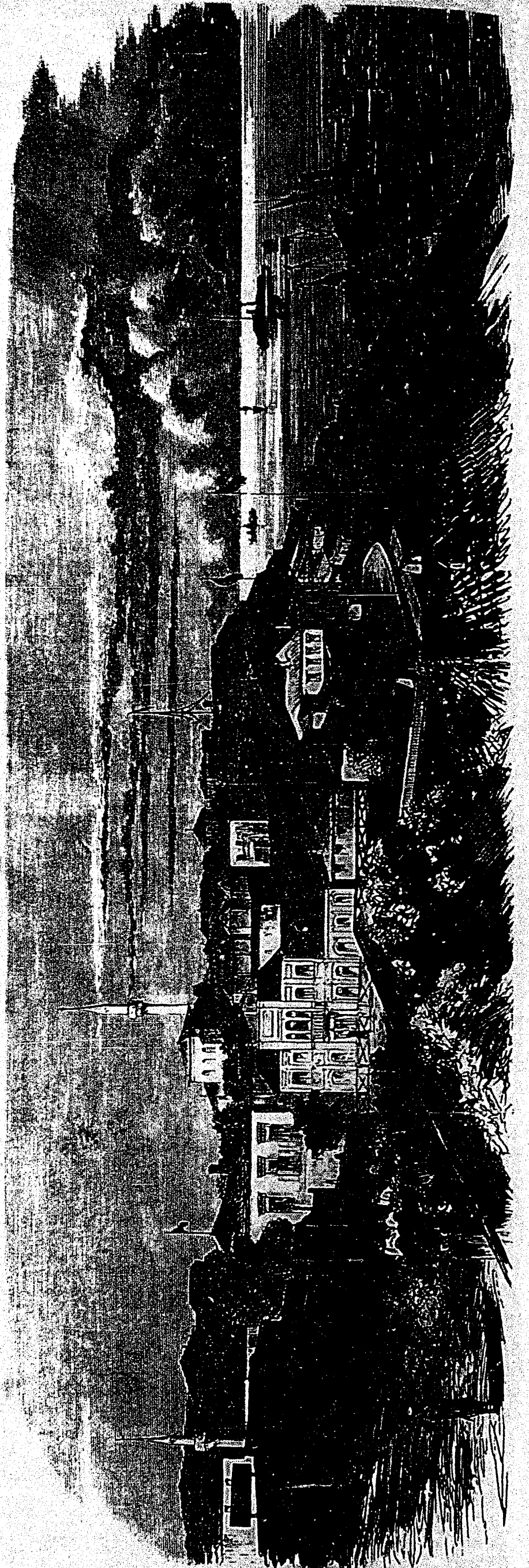
A KENTUCKY dentist undertook to plug one of the back teeth of a favorite mule. He bored and bored until the drill struck something that seemed to lift the animal's soul right off its hinges. That's the way the coroner explained it, and since then a wild mule has been galloping up and down the country seeking for fresh worlds to conquer.

THE enterprising chromo manufacturer has an eye to business. His latest dodge is to touch up those beautiful pictures of last year called "A Winter Scene in Switzerland," put them upside down in their frames, and then to sell them to libraries and other public institutions as "The Scene of Dr. Schlemmer's Excavations in Ancient Troy," from photographs taken on the spot.

THIRTY years ago young men did not go into barber shops; they would not be seen in one unless they had become of age. How changed is all this; how much are we indebted to civilization. The moment our Young America of to-day discovers, through the aid of a reflector and a powerful microscope, the distant approach of one hair, he mounts the barber's chair, and the chair of state as well, and expresses his opinion publicly upon the political situation and the man he has elected to be his future father-in-law.



VIEW OF THE TURKISH FORTRESS OF RUTSCHUK ON THE DANUBE.



VIEW OF THE TURKISH FORTRESS OF NIKOPOL ON THE DANUBE.



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

MY NEIGHBOUR'S WIFE.

BY FREDERICK LOCKER.

Hark! Hark to my neighbor's flute!
You powder'd slave, that ox, that ass are his.
Hark to the wheezy pipe; my neighbor is
A worthy sort of brute.

My tuneful neighbor's rich—has houses, lands,
A wife—(confound his flute—a handsome wife!)
Her love must give a gusto to his life.
See yonder—there she stands.

She turns, she gazes, she has lustrous eyes,
A throat like Juno, and Aurora's arms—
Per Bacco, what a paragon of charms!
My neighbor's drawn a prize.

Yet, somehow, life's a nuisance with its woes,
Sin and disease—and that eternal preaching.
We've suffered from our early pious teaching—
We suffer—goodness knows.

How vain the wealth that breeds its own vexation,
Yet few appear to care to quite forego it!
Then weariness of life (and many know it)
Isn't a glad sensation:

And, therefore, neighbor mine, without a sting
I contemplate thy fields, thy house, thy flocks;
I covet not thy man, thine ass, thine ox.
Thy flute, thy—anything.

ANGELA'S PRAYER.

BY LYNN WOOD.

I.

It is night in the streets of a fair Italian city and the lonely queen of night is passing gently as a pure and sorrowful lady over the sleeping heedless children of the South, casting a veil of obscurity over all that is unlovely, and arraying in snowy vestiture the tall shafts and broad walls of marble that rise here and there, quivering and spectral, from a bed of darkness.

The great bell of the cathedral sounds forth one solemn quavering note into the still blue night. The sick and the watchful mark the iron tones, and pine at the leaden feet of Time. Sweet sleep, the boon so freely bestowed on the thousands around, is not for them. Lagging lovers, homeward returning, chide the clanging voice which records the swift passing of those precious scanty hours, fleeting as minutes, to their charmed hearts.

At the base of a broad flight of white steps a young man stands, holding in a parting embrace a beautiful girl, whose dark upturned eyes receive in languid acquiescence the passionate gaze of her supporter. Again and again he presses her to his bosom, ere with a sudden effort she springs from his arms, and, tripping lightly up the steps, is lost from his transfixed gaze in the darkness of the portico. The closing of a heavy door disturbs for a moment the sleeping echoes, and the young man turns upon his heel, and paces slowly down the narrow street, casting many a backward glance at the massive insensible walls which so effectually guard his precious jewel. This street led into a wide piazza, on one side of which rose the noble pillared facade of the beautiful theatre. One hour since the piazza swarmed with the gay and noisy throngs which poured into it, like tumbling waters, from the enormous building. Snatches of melody and fleeting gusts of choruses rise now and again into the clear night air, intermingled with bursts of merry and mischievous laughter and the continuous buzz of many wagging tongues. Now solemn silence reigns, and the great theatre sleeps wrapped about in a broad cloak of shadow. Now methinks might the fairy world have disported itself in mazy dances, fearless of human interlopers about the glorious statue of Apollo, which graced the centre of the piazza, bathed in the fullest splendour of the moonlight. Answering beams appeared to stream from the kingly countenance of the god, lending to it a semblance of life that was at once beautiful and fearful. In such guise did it present itself to a pale slender girl who crouched, scarcely perceptible, at its feet. The poor upturned face which Beauty had passed by wore an expression of utter dejection most mournful to behold. The grinding hand of poverty had no part in this, as her rich, though quiet, attire testified. She rises, and fixing her gaze on the statue, says, in low moaning tones.

"Knowest thou not that I am Angela, poor silly Angela, thou beauteous one, that thou lookest with such gracious eyes upon me? Other men look and smile and jest with me, poor silly Angela, as with one who is without the pale of womanhood. And why? Because I am not handsome as my sister Sylvia. Because I cannot charm them with sweet songs as she does. Because I cannot smile and jest and laugh as she does. Yet am I not a woman, O thou beauteous one? Could I not love as other maidens love? Ay, thou knowest! From henceforth I am thine! Thou art not light and scornful with me, like to other men, or to my sister Sylvia. Thou wilt love the poor outcast Angela whom they despise."

As the sad girl spoke these words she flung her arms about the feet of the god, and knelt there in prostration.

"Long have I prayed the blessed Virgin for the power to sing, even as my sister Sylvia sings; but she hears me not. Thou, thou canst bestow that gift! Thou shalt, or I will never rise again!"

Now did the dark Italian eyes lose their languor and blaze with the intensity of the passion which wrung her slender frame and caused her to tremble from head to foot. Was it not sufficient to animate even the cold marble? What is it she sees and hears that causes her to rise

with a wild articulation, and clasp her hands upon her bosom with a fervid violence that bruises the tender flesh?

The strains of a love-ditty, sung in a high tenor voice by some one at no great distance, warned Angela to forsake her shrine and flee. Scarcely, however, had she departed six paces from the statue when, in her heedless haste, she fell into the hands of the man whom she would escape.

"Well, my pretty-night-bird, hast thou found a nest?"

"O Antonio, is it thou?"

"Angela! What, Angela!" exclaimed in his turns the gay Antonio, as he withdrew his arms from about the trembling girl. "Is it well done," he continued in reproving tones, "for a young girl to wander at large these dangerous hours of night?"

"Nay, dear Antonio, fear not for me. Who will molest the poor Angela?" and she laughed a low secret laugh. "Give thee good-night, dear Antonio." Like a shadow the girl flitted noiselessly across the piazza, and was lost in the darkness of a narrow street.

II.

Signor Antonio conceived extremely well of himself as he lounged luxuriously in the *impresario's* chair. Had not the great singer departed for England, that foggy home of wealth, and did not Antonio reign in his stead? Therefore in every sip of his matutinal chocolate he sucked satisfaction, and in every whiff of his cigarette blew blessings on that careless light-hearted Italian world, with whom he so sympathized, who acquiesced so heartily in him, their illustrious first tenor.

Leisurely and daintily he looked through his correspondence, making here and there a careless note for the guidance of his writer. At length, over a blank sheet, the delicate white hand lingered, and with many a hasty erasure, and many a contemplative perusal of the painted ceiling, he traced the following lines:

"O Sylvia, by thy soft dark eyes
Antonio lives, Antonio dies:
Held ever captive by one tress
Of the silken loveliness."

In vain he gnawed the luckless quill; the Muses were refractory. His roving glance now fell upon a white scarf that lay neglected at his feet. He raised it with tender enthusiasm to his lips, exclaiming, "How earnest thou to fall so low, my precious relic? Would not my gracious little saint recall her favour if she knew how it lay neglected on the floor?" Again and again he bathed his face in the soft whiteness, and thus relieved the feelings he was unable to pour out in verse. Antonio's passionate phase gradually calmed, and he at last found himself gazing with an intensely absorbed air at the bottom of the bit of porcelain, from which he had drained the last drop of chocolate, his mind being engaged in endeavouring to elucidate the, to him, very unpleasant phenomenon of Sylvia having such a sister as Angela. "If we but knew how to dispose of the poor thing, I might this night hold their matchless sister in my arms. What greater delight does this bright world contain? A dewy light was in his eyes, and he roved in that paradise, indeed, albeit yeleft the fool's. A tap on the door from without, and the quick paternal wish caused the colour to mount and the eyes to brighten and the ready voice to utter blithely,

"Enter, and right welcome, my Syl—"

"It is but poor Angela, Signor Antonio. Forgive me if I intrude. Sister Sylvia hath sent me to thee with a message."

"Still art thou welcome, Sylvia's sister. Say, quickly, what commands hath she to her slave?"

"She craves the deputy *impresario's* forgiveness that she is unable to come herself this morning, as she promised yesternight."

"What hindereth, my Angela?"

"Sister Sylvia is indisposed, and fears she will be unable to sing to-night."

"Indisposed! Not sing to-night! Maria Madre!" Antonio's countenance expressed the wildest consternation. Here was a pretty beginning. Truly an *impresario* lies not on a bed of roses.

He exclaimed, not to Angela in particular, but taking every article in the room to witness.

"Is not this distraction? How shall I find a substitute for my peerless *prima donna* in less than eight hours withal? The town will be in an uproar."

"Be not troubled, good Antonio," said Angela in quiet assuring tones, even as one who speaks the words of truth and soberness; "I will sing for Sister Sylvia this night."

Antonio answered, with a gentle smile,

"Ay, my poor Angela, thou wilt sing as thy sister Sylvia sings, and this night also, if this night the all-wise God seeth fit to make good thy baptismal name."

Angela also smiled, and as gently.

"That may be; and blessed be God and the Mother of God if it be. Yet will I sing before thee—even as my sister Sylvia sings—this night."

Antonio gazed in amazement at the insignificant little woman's form as, with a slight inclination of the head, she glided from his presence. Poor fellow! He was not accustomed to the vicissitudes and cares of office. The previous night he had left his Sylvia apparently in perfect health, the fairest thing beneath the moon; and lo, in the morning comes this little dark bird of ill-omen, with its bit of bad news and crazy consolation. One thing must be done,

and that at once—namely, to see or hear from Sylvia herself what the probabilities were of her appearance this night. Accordingly he dashed off, and was met in the portico of her dwelling by her attendant, who handed him a little scented capricious note, stating, with many protestations of regret, his mistress's utter inability to appear. This was conclusive. The next thing to be done was to pour his grief lavishly, and with much passionate gesticulation, into the ears of his many sympathisers, and to telegraph to a brother *impresario* at Rome to rescue him, for the love of Heaven, from his difficulty, and send him the first *prima donna* he could lay his hand upon. To his exuberant delight, news arrived shortly that the great Signora L— had graciously consented to appear.

III.

The sun, which has burnt at white heat all the livelong summer's day, now nears the horizon, and his burning finger is laid with a lingering touch on the lofty cathedral spires above, as if loth to leave playing in amongst their matchless tracery; while the gay laughing lower world turns out in the refreshing coolness, enjoying the bare fact of living as only Italians can. The broad piazza before the theatre swarms once more with merry expectant throngs, all bound in the same direction.

It was not in the time of Paul the Apostle that people began to spend their time in nothing but telling and hearing some new thing; and his preaching did not end it. Curiosity to hear the new *prima donna*, notwithstanding the pride they took in their own unrivalled native songstress, had brought the people together in unusually large numbers. They pass on in apparently endless streams, and are lost in the vast interior of the theatre.

The cathedral clock is within a hair's-breadth of the hour at which the opera is to commence, when two figures, the very opposites of each other, pass in quick succession over the now almost empty piazza on their way to the theatre. The first, a veiled and demure little woman, pauses for a moment with bowed head by the statue of Apollo, then enters the building. Her follower, a handsome man in evening dress, pauses also at the same spot; and as he lifts his head, upon his countenance is visible an expression in which indignation and despair strive for the mastery. Our *impresario* entertains serious thoughts of putting an end to an existence in which such days as he has this day experienced are possible. Now, at the last moment, a telegram has arrived, conveying the distracting news that the Signora L— has suddenly been visited with severe indisposition, and is consequently unable to appear. He enters at the private door, and is at once assailed by a dozen excited inquirers: "Is the signora coming?" "What is the matter with her?" "Who will sing in her absence?"

The orchestra, in happy ignorance of the smouldering mine, are now bringing the introduction successfully to a close; and before the maddened Antonio can tear himself away in order to present his apologies to the house for the unavoidable absence of the *prima donna*, and the consequent necessary postponement of the opera, the curtain has risen, and the soft music which introduces the first appearance has commenced. A slight pause ensues, and a thousand pairs of eyes are fixed upon the spot where the heroine of the evening shall appear. To his intense astonishment Antonio finds, on reaching the side scenes, a lady fully attired for the part, with her back to him, and in the act of entering upon the stage. To his still greater bewilderment a voice, musical and clear as to transcend even the voices of the most ecstatic dreams, rises over the hushed crowds. His being was so paralysed by this wonderful apparition that he scarcely wondered when, upon the songstress turning, he discovered the pale little face and great burning eyes of Angela.

Here he remained during the whole performance, hearing and seeing things which were burnt in upon his mind with such a fiery vividness, and in all the years to come those great dark eyes, full of an awed enthusiasm, and those unearthly sweet tones, never lost one tittle of their reality; and no sooner was this chord of memory touched than the world would recede for a time, and his whole being would become entranced, as at this moment.

The rest of the company sang through their parts according to their respective abilities; but it was evident that that great assembly saw and heard but one.

At length came that wonderful passage which is at once the climax and the end of the opera—where the young heroine, torn from the bosom of her murdered husband, and with all hope fled, rises before her vindictive and exulting persecutors, and, in a torrent of impassioned song, calls upon Heaven to destroy the inhuman murderers. In sharp and wringing tones, each of which was the throe of an agonised heart, she utters the impassioned cry for vengeance, until, at a fresh sight of the prostrate form of her idolised husband, her voice changes, and in a few low heartrending tones she tells that her heart is broken, and sinks with a sigh upon his bosom.

The curtain fell; and whilst the storm raged without, Antonio and the others rushed upon the stage, in order to express to the no longer "poor Angela" their wonder and astonishment. Why do they all suddenly stop short, and look upon each other with startled and fearful eyes?

The murdered husband has risen; but the prostrate form of Angela gives no sign of life. Angela has kept her word: she has sung before the *impresario* as never woman sang before; but her voice is hushed on earth for ever. Angela is she now in very deed.

BOOKS AND BABIES.—An amusing incident occurred recently. The clergyman desired to call the attention of the congregation to the fact that, it being the last Sunday in the month, he would administer the rite of baptism to children. Previous to having entered the pulpit he received from one of the elders, who, by the way, was quite deaf, a notice to the effect that, as the children would be present that afternoon, and he had the new Sunday-school books ready for distribution, he would have them ready to sell to all who desired them. After the service, the clergyman began the notice of the baptismal service thus:—"All of those having children, and desiring to have them baptised, will bring them this afternoon." At this point the deaf elder, hearing the name of children, supposed it was something in reference to the books and, rising, said, "And all of those who have none, and desiring them, will be supplied by me for the sum of sixpence."

KISCHENEFF.—Speaking about the war the other night he told his girl that the Russians had been making Kischeneff their headquarters; "and" he added, "that reminds me that I am somewhat like the Russians, myself."

"Why, how so?"

"Well, ain't this my headquarters?"

"Oh, Pasha! Charles."

"Oh, yum, yum."

"There, there, Turk care!"

"Can't Serbia me that way, Mollie."

"Polish! Polish!"

"* * * m'ym, there, you'll think this is Kischeneff before I leave."

She was Gladova it all the while, too, and was ready for a permanent engagement immediately after the skirmish that night. That'll be a Matchin a short time—see if it won't.

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

The dreams of youth must pass away
With children's hope and fears;
The aspirations of to-day
Fly with the fleeting years.

But tho' all pleasures know alloy,
Yet there is ever found
Some clear bright stream of purest joy,
Where all our cares are drown'd.

Such then is friendship on this earth,
The never failing source
Of happiness, and peace and mirth,
Along life's chequered course.

Though in our path some thorns be strew'd,
Though Fate our lives should sever,
We oft may think with hope renewed,
True friendship lasts for ever.

P. E. Island.

M. E.

ARTISTIC.

THERE is a legend current in the art circles of Paris of a young American damsel who went to call on Gustave Moreau, and who, finding him at work on a painting, was so good not only as to tell him what he ought to do next, but actually to take the brush out of his hand and add the necessary touches herself. The friend who accompanied her, was, of course, overwhelmed with confusion, but the good-natured artist only laughed.

M. THIERS' portrait, by Bonnat—one of the great attractions of this year's Salon—was not seen even by the sitters until the artist felt satisfied with the likeness. Madame Thiers tried to get a sly peep, but was sternly refused. M. Thiers gave the painter eleven sittings, and when Bonnat wished his model to assume a pleasant and natural expression he turned the conversation on the affairs of the Empire, or on former artistic exhibitions, two pet subjects with the ex-President. M. Thiers has a marvellous memory, and has not forgotten a single picture of mark exhibited since his youth.

"By their Works ye shall Know them."

The Irishman who thought the druggist stingy because the emetic was so small, is only surpassed in his parsimonious drollery by those who persistently adhere to the use of those nauseating, disgustingly large and drastic pills, while Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, which are sugar-coated and little larger than mustard seeds, will, by their gentle and steady action on the liver, correct all torpidity, thus permanently overcoming constipation. In South America they have almost entirely superseded all other pills, and are relied on fully by the people, and often used as a preventive of the various affections of the stomach, liver, and bowels, so prevalent in that climate. Pierce's Pocket Memorandum Books are given away at drug stores.

SMYRNA, Aroostook Co., Maine,
Nov. 6, 1876.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D.:

Dear Sir,—I write to inform you that I have used your Pellets for some time, and find them to be the best medicine that I ever used. I have also used your Favourite Prescription in my family with entire satisfaction. I have seen your People's Common Sense Medical Adviser and think that it is the best thing that I have ever seen.

Yours truly, C. SHERMAN.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

M. J. M. Quebec.—Letter received. Many thanks. Solution of Problem No. 123 received. Correct. H. A. C. F., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 123 received. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 124, received. J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter received. We have availed ourselves of your kindness as you will perceive. We have, also, taken advantage of your solution of Problem No. 123. You certainly did not over-rate this fine composition.

CHESS AT QUEBEC.

The noble game of Chess appears to meet with much favour at Quebec. A succession of Tournaments has been played by the members of the Club of the ancient Capital, and the excitement has brought together at the rooms of visitors. This must result in multiplying the number of Chess amateurs in the city and neighbourhood, and we congratulate the members of the Club on their success in their recent endeavours to promote the cause of their favourite game.

The members of the Club in dividing themselves into two divisions, in order to carry on their Tournaments, have adopted singular titles, but what is in a name? "Ours" and "Ius," "Bats" and "Owls," and now we subjoin the score of the fight between the "Frogs" and the "Mice," which, as appears, resulted in favor of the former. The battle was fought on Friday and Saturday, the 18th and 19th inst.

The Tournay to follow is to be between the Greeks and Trojans. Should the next be confined to the Greeks alone, there will, indeed, be the "lug of war."

SCORE.

Table with columns for "Frogs" and "Mice" and rows listing names and scores.

* Drawn game.

By the magic wands of chiefs D. R. McLeod and R. Blacksten, the "Frogs" and "Mice" have been metamorphosed into Greeks and Trojans, between whom a tremendous war will wage on Friday and Saturday next.

Our present problem (No. 123) is the joint production of two children of a member of the Montreal Chess Club, the elder of whom is only twelve years of age.

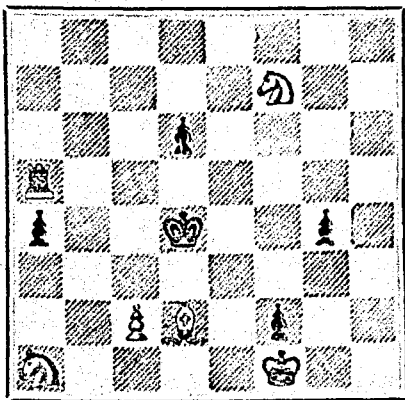
Game 123rd, as will be seen, is one played between Mr. Norton, Iowa, U. S., and his son, the latter only nine years of age when the contest took place. The score and remarks, sent to us by a kind correspondent, are taken from the Glasgow "News of the Week," and we feel sure that they will be interesting to our Chess friends who will not begrudge the space we give them in our Column.

We are glad to call attention to the fact that Chess is rapidly becoming associated with home and its connections, and in this way will be infinitely more beneficial than when confined to the limited influence of the Club room.

PROBLEM No. 123.

By Miss and MASTER SAUNDERS.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 123RD.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

(From the Glasgow News of the Week.)

Last winter we alluded to the rising young player, Frank Norton, Iowa, U. S. A. We have the pleasure now to give our readers a game (hitherto unpublished) between father and son. The son was only nine years of age when it was played. He has lately received an invitation to visit a gentleman in Keokuk, 170 miles from home. It is probable that during his stay in that city his Chess skill will be tested. We hope to hear of his achievements. We are gratified to know Celtic blood runs in his veins; his maternal grandfather is a Highlander.

WHITE.—(Mr. D. P. Norton.) BLACK.—(Master Frank.)

Remove White Q R.

- 1. P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3
3. B to B 4
4. P to Q K 4
5. Kt takes P
6. P takes P
7. Castles
8. P to Q 4
9. B to Q R 3
10. B takes R
11. P to Q B 3
12. Q to Kt 3
13. R takes B
14. R to Q sq
15. R to Q 3
16. Kt takes K B P
17. K to R sq
18. B takes Kt
19. R to K 3
20. R takes Q
21. B takes Kt
22. Kt to Kt 5
23. P to K Kt 3
24. Kt takes P
25. Kt to Kt 5
26. Kt to R 3
27. Kt to B 4
28. B to K 6
29. Resigns.

"See!" with united wonder, cried
The experienced and the sage,
Ambition in a boy supplied
With all the skill of age."

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 123.

- WHITE. 1. Q to K Kt sq
2. Q to Kt 7. Mate.
3. Kt to Q 5. Mate.
4. Q to Kt 7. Mate.
5. Q to Kt 5 or 7, accordingly. Mate.
6. Q to Q B 5. Mate
7. K to Q 3 (best)

We give a full solution of the beautiful problem, No. 123, as furnished us by our kind correspondent J. W. S., who kindly sent to us the position in the first instance.

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 121.

- WHITE. 1. Kt takes Q P (ch)
2. Q to K 8 (ch)
3. R takes P (ch)
4. Q to Q B 6 (ch)
5. Q mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 122.

- WHITE. K at K B 5
R at K 4
B at K 6
B at K 3
Pawns at K R 3, and K B 7

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works: 547 Craig St.

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CAUTION.—A great many Gentlemen buy their Shirts ready-made with a view to economy. If you really wish to study economy, the best way is to order your Shirts, which will cost no more and will keep clean longer than ready made. Printed instructions and price list sent free. Address: A. WHITE. 15-23-25-26 65 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

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This VALUABLE MONTHLY MAGAZINE has been much improved during the past year, and now embodies within its pages the most Recent and Useful information published connected with Science and the different branches of Mechanical Trades, selected with particular care, for the information and instruction of Mechanics in Canada. A portion of its columns is devoted to instructive reading, suitable for the younger members of a family, of either sex, under the title of the

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SUCH AS FLORAL CULTURE, NATURAL HISTORY, POPULAR GAMES AND AMUSEMENTS, LADIES' FANCY AND NEEDLE WORK, AND SHORT PLEASING STORIES.

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F. N. BOXER, Architect, Editor.



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USE DR. J. EMERY CODERRE'S EXPECTORATING SYRUP, Infants' Syrup & Tonic Elixir, 64, ST. DENIS STREET, Corner of Dorchester. AND FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 15-19-34-225

BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A Dividend of Six Per Cent.

upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half-year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city, on and after

FRIDAY, the FIRST of JUNE next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive. The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Bank on

MONDAY, the FOURTH of JUNE next.

The chair to be taken at One o'clock.

R. B. ANGUS, General Manager.

Montreal, 20th April, 1877. 15-17-6-236

OTTAWA RIVER NAV. CO'S STEAMERS BETWEEN MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

assengers by Day boat leave Montreal and Ottawa every morning at 7 a.m.

By Night boat leave Montreal and Ottawa at 5 p.m., except on Saturday. Baggage checked through.

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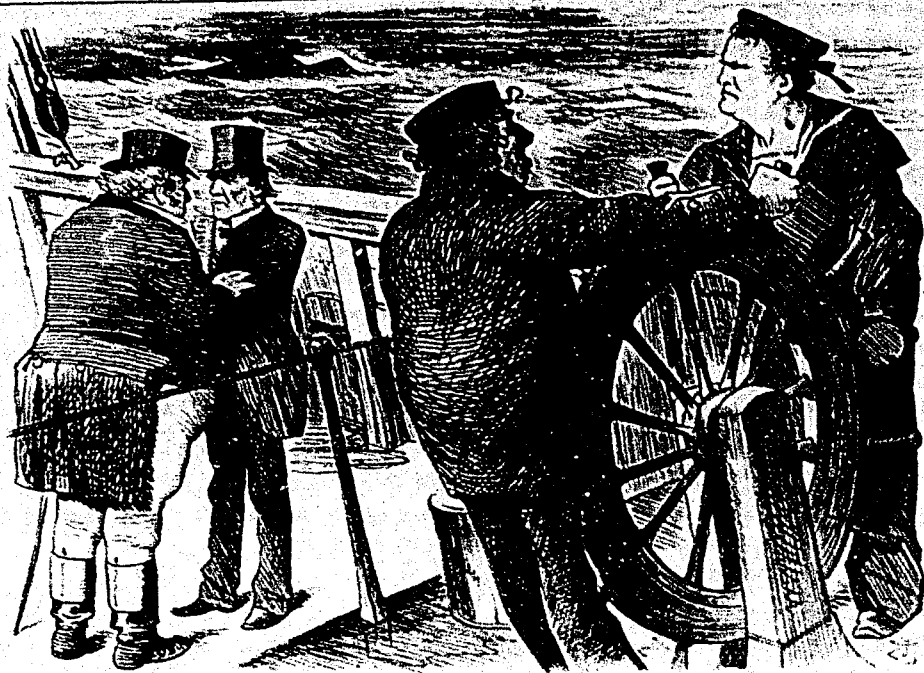
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sumption and a *Premature Grave*, all of which as a rule
are first caused by deviating from the path of nature and
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Druggists everywhere. 14-2-52-136

THE ADAMS TOBACCO COMPANY.
The ADAMS TOBACCO COMPANY will apply to
the Legislature of Quebec for authority to borrow money
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already effected.
By order of the Board,
G. G. MACPHERSON,
Secretary-Treasurer.
Montreal, 25th April, 1877. 15-17-9-237

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by any other flavor.
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YORK,
ENG.
15-9-26-214

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applied to your agent, Mr. Bell, Berkeley, for the above-
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valuable pills I was quite restored to my usual state of
health. Please give this publicity for the benefit of
those who may thus be afflicted.—I am, Sir, yours truly,
HENRY ALLPASS.—To the Proprietors of NORTON'S
CAMOMILE PILLS 14-6-52-e2w.



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Mr. Bell: "QUITE RIGHT, WILLIAM! IT WAS A CASE FOR SPEAKING TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL!"

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OCULIST AND AURIST.
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BRUSH WORKS! It is 18
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postals. Address A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N.S.
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SAUCE, and without which none is genuine.
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ASSETS, OVER	\$16,000,000
Unlimited Liability of Shareholders.	Agencies in all the Principal Cities and Towns.
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