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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1882.

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{\$1 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



AMERICAN WAR NEWS.

JONES (of Fleet Street):—"Hang it, man, you surely don't mean to call *that* a British defeat!"

BROWN (of the American Associated Press):—"Bet your life! My orders are to kick the British lion whenever I get the chance! Besides, we *must* have sensation!!"

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is printed and published every Saturday by THE BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY (Limited), at their offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, Montreal, on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum, in advance; \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BURLAND, General Manager.

TEMPERATURE

as observed by Hearn & Harrison, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING

Sept. 10th, 1882.			Corresponding week, 1881.		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon. 80	63	71.5	Mon. 75	60	67.5
Tues. 76	63	69.5	Tues. 74	65	69.5
Wed. 75	56	65.5	Wed. 85	73	79
Thur. 79	63	71	Thur. 89	75	82
Fri. 69	49	59	Fri. 74	56	65
Sat. 64	49	56.5	Sat. 72	58	65
Sun. 70	59	64.5	Sun. 72	56	64

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LETTER-PRESS.—The Week—Quebec and its Historic Past—About Popping the Question—Our Illustrations—Annual Picnic of the Bank Note and Burland Lithographic Companies—Medical Mysteries—Clarence Murphy—Hearth and Home—News of the Week—Jilted!—The Colonel—An American Editor's Advice on Dressing—A Couple of Culprits—"Noblesse Oblige"—The Marquis de Hyacinthe de St. Palays—Charming Simplicity—Huff and Tiff—The Hunter—The first Architect since Wolsey—London Solitude—Humorous—The Black Point—Courtship—Won and Widowed—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Sept. 16, 1882.

THE WEEK.

MR. TRACY TURNERELLI's penny subscription for that unfortunate wreath with which Lord Beaconsfield, following the precedent of Julius Caesar, refused to crown his brow, has had a pendant in these days in the one cent per share subscription out of which the shareholders of the Montreal Telegraph Company have presented to Mr. Erastus Wiman a copy of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Unlike his illustrious prototype, however, Mr. Wiman has received the offered testimonial with pardonable gratification as being de facto evidence of a considerable unanimity amongst the shareholders in the matter, a principle which Mr. Turnerelli vainly endeavored to impress upon the Prime Minister.

MR. JOHN JAMES JONES, the director of the Canadian Labor and Employment Agency has just returned to England from his second trip to Canada this season, and takes back with him an enthusiasm for his work and for the future of Canada, which finds vent in an interview in one of the daily papers. Though he thinks highly of Ontario for farming purposes, Mr. Jones is in raptures over Winnipeg and reiterates Horace Greeley's advice to all whom he meets. He emphasizes particularly the superior position of workmen in this country and the treatment they receive from their employers. This is simply the truth and should in fact be thoroughly understood at home. Canada is without doubt the paradise of the labouring man. In no other country does he at the same time receive wages which enable him to lay by, and in many cases to lay the foundation of a fortune to be made in speculation or business, but in addition should he succeed in rising above the rank to which he was born, he enters quite naturally into a society in which the honest labor of his youth is not a thing to throw in his teeth.

THE week's events in Egypt include a second engagement at Kassassin, the locale of the fine charge of the heavy cavalry ten days ago. The attack came as before from the enemy and is described as having been exceedingly well carried out, so much so that the position of the English force and camp was at one time considered extremely critical. The eventual rout of Arabi with considerable loss, and the capture of four guns will probably do much towards establishing the absolute superiority of the British arms, and hasten we may trust the beginning of the end. So far his usual success has pursued General Wolsey who has quietly but firmly pushed on his forces, waiting until the time shall come—

and it cannot now be far distant—which will enable him to strike a decisive blow.

A new work by the author of "Ecce Homo" is necessarily worthy of consideration, and "Natural Religion" is especially so, as an endeavour to establish a harmony between orthodoxy and the votaries of art and science upon the minimum basis of a faith without a personal God and without miracles, such a faith does not, it appears from the last few pages of the work, actually commend itself to the clever author, but in the interest of Religion which is threatened with the fate of Poland, owing to its constant quarrels and dissensions, he feels that some such compromise as the following was to be effected. Looking to the three great gospels of the present day, the gospels of Science, of Art and of Humanity—he pronounces them to be altotypic forms of medieval theology, of Greek paganism and of primitive Christianity respectively. Each is to some individuals a faith in itself, because it lifts them above materialism, above conventionalism, above the ordinary run of men, in short above what the author calls boldly-Atheism. But the religion of the future must combine all three. In the individual the results will be practically equivalent to Culture, in the aggregate to Civilization. The ideal of the antiquity was one of separate nationalities with separate religions; the idea of the middle ages, an infidel state and a Catholic church. The two will be combined in the State and Church of the future. The Church will be missionary carrying its faith to the uncivilized Asia and Africa, it will be undogmatic, it may even be without a temple, but it will not be without worship, for worship is defined as "habitual admiration"—and for this we have objects in Nature, Man and Art. Many points in the book are interesting taken by themselves, and the author is well served by his comprehensive grasp of the world's history, but perhaps the neatest thing we remember to have read is his answer to Mr. Mallock's query: life, he says, may not be worth living but it will be always interesting. The work is hardly epoch-making, but it is suggestive and well written.

QUEBEC AND ITS HISTORIC PAST.

We insert the notes prepared by the President of the Literary Historical Society Mr. James McPherson LeMoine, together with a few explanatory remarks at the Harbour excursion and lunch given to the Delegates of the American Association on their recent visit to Quebec.

Notes prepared by J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C., for the information of the Delegates of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, on their excursion to Quebec, 26th August, 1882.

Jacques Cartier landed on the banks of River Saint Charles, Sept. 14	1535
Quebec founded by Samuel de Champlain, July 3	1608
Fort St. Louis built at Quebec	1620-4
Quebec surrendered to Admiral Kirk	1629
Quebec returned to the French	1632
Death of Champlain, the first Governor, Dec. 25	1635
Settlement formed at Sillery	1637
A Royal Government instituted at Quebec	1663
Quebec unsuccessfully besieged by Admiral Philipps	1690
Count de Frontenac died Nov. 28	1698
Battle of the Plains of Abraham, Sept. 13	1759
Capitulation of Quebec, Sept. 18	1759
Battle of St. Foye—a French victory, April 28	1760
Canada ceded by treaty to England	1763
Blockade of Quebec by Generals Montgomery and Arnold, Nov. 10	1775
Death of Montgomery, 31st Dec.	1775
Retreat of Americans from Quebec, May 6	1776
Division of Canada into Upper and Lower Canada	1791
Citadel of Quebec built by Imperial Government	1823
Insurrection in Canada	1837
Second Insurrection	1838
Union of the two Provinces in one	1840
Dominion of Canada formed, July 1	1867
Departure of English troops from Citadel	1870
Second Centenary of Foundation of Bishopric of Quebec by Monseigneur Laval Oct. 1st, 1674	1874
Centenary of Repulse of Arnold and Montgomery before Quebec, on 31st Dec., 1775, 31st December	1875
Dufferin Plans of City embellishment, Christmas day	1875
Departure of the Earl of Dufferin, 18th Oct.	1878
Arrival of the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, 20th Nov.	1878
Dufferin Terrace named, 9th July	1879
City Gates, St. Louis and Kent, erected	1879

Mr. LeMoine, as it was growing late, added the following brief remarks:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—The annals of this vast dependency of Great Britain, which we are proud to call our country, vaster even in extent than the territory of your prosperous republic, are divided into two distinct parts. The first century and a half—1608 to 1759—represents a French domination. Though totally different in its aims and aspirations from the succeeding portion, it has nevertheless for Quebec an especial charm and enduring memories. It was the memorable era of early discovery, missionary

zeal and heroism, wealthy fur trading companies—shall we call them monopolies—incessant wars with the ferocious aborigines and sanguinary raids into the adjoining British provinces. When the colony expanded an enlarged colonial outfit called into existence more powerful machinery and more direct intervention of the French monarch, a Royal Government in 1663, to save and secure the cumbersome system based on the Seigneurial Tenure in land; a mild form of feudalism was implanted in Quebec by the *Grand Monarque*. It would take me far beyond the limits I have prescribed myself, were I to unravel the tangled web of early colonial rule or misrule which until the conquest by Britain in 1759, flourished under the lily banner of the Bourbons, on yonder sublime cliff. Let us revert then, to that haunted dreamland of the past; let us glance at a period anterior to the foundation of Jamestown in 1607, even much anterior to the foundation of Ste. Augustine. On the northern bank of the river St. Charles, about a mile from its entrance, Jacques Cartier wintered in 1535. What a difference in the tonnage of the arrivals from sea in September 1535; the "Grande Hermine," 120 tons; the "Petite Hermine," 60 tons; the Emerillon, 40 tons; and Captain Vine Hall's Leviathan, the "Great Eastern," in 1860, of 22,500 tons! What terror the shipping news that morning of September, 1535, must have caused to Donnacona, the king of the Indian (Iroquois or Huron) town of Stadacona: the first wave of foreign invasion was surging towards the Indian wigwams which lined the northern declivity of the plateau on which Quebec now stands (between Hope Gate and the Coteau Ste. Genevieve). Of course you are aware this was not Cartier's first visit to the land of the north; his keel had, in 1534, furrowed the banks of Newfoundland and their eternal fogs, and in 1541-2, he had wintered a few miles higher than we now are—at Cap Rouge—west of Quebec. Then there occurs in our annals of European settlement a gap of close on half a century. No trace, no descendants on Canadian soil of Jacques Cartier's adventurous comrades. The wheel of time revolves, and on a sultry July morning (3rd July, 1608), the venerated founder of Quebec—Samuel de Champlain—equally famous as an explorer, a discoverer, a geographer, a dauntless leader, and what to us all, I think, immeasurably superior, a God-fearing Christian gentleman—with his hardy little band of Norman artificers, soldiers and farmers, amidst the oak and maple groves of the lower town, laid the first stone of the "abitation" or residence, so pleasantly, so graphically described by your illustrious countrymen, Parkman & Howells. Ladies and gentlemen, I have promised you the briefest of discourses, but if, instead of pointing out to you all these historical spots, brought under your notice in the course of our excursion, it were my lot to address, as a Canadian annalist, such a distinguished audience as I see here, what glowing pictures of soldier-like daring, of Christian endurance, of heroic self-sacrifice, could be summoned from the pregnant pages of Champlain's journal, and from that quaint repository of Canadian history, the relations of the Jesuits, you would, or I am much mistaken, be deeply moved with the story of the trials, sufferings and devotion to king and country of the demizens of the old rock; you would feel interested in the fate of that picturesque promontory—sometimes seemingly very dear to sunny old France. One occasionally would be tempted to forgive her for her cruel desertion of her offspring in its hour of trial.

From the womb of a distant past would come forth a tale of deadly struggles with savage or civilized foes—a tale harrowing but not devoid of useful lessons. The narrative would become darker, more dreary, when to the cruelty of Indian foemen would be added, as often was the case, the horrors of a famine or the pitiless severity of a northern winter. A transient gleam of sunshine would light up the picture when perchance the genius of a Talon, the wisdom of a Colbert, or the martial spirit of a Frontenac succeeded in awaking a fleeting echo on the banks of the Seine. In those narrow, uneven streets, the forest avenues of Montmagny and Tracy, which now resound to no other noises but the din of toil and traffic, you would meet a martial array of gay cavaliers, plumed warriors hurrying to the city battlements to repel the marauding savage or the foe from Old or New England, equally objects of dread. From the very deck of this steamer, with the wand of the historian you could conjure the grim spectacle of powerful fleets in 1690 and 1759 anchored at the very spot where we now lie, belching forth shot and shell on the devoted old fortress, or else watch flotillas of birch bark canoes laden with tattooed and painted warriors, landing on that beach, bearing presents to great Oaonthio. Varied, indeed, would be the panorama which history could unroll—finally, cast a glance on that crushing 13th of September, 1759, which closed the pageant of French rule on our shores,—when all the patriotism of the Canadian *Gentilhommes*—the Longueuils, Hurtels, Vaudreuils, De Beaujeux, &c., was powerless against the rapacity and profligacy of Bigot and his fellow plunderers and parasites. These were the dark days of the colony under French rule; a glimpse of the doings in those times suffices to explain why French Canada, deserted by France, betrayed by some of her own people, accepted so readily as a *fait accompli* the new regime, and why, having once sworn fealty to the new banner implanted on that citadel by the genius of William Pitt, it closed its ears and steeled its heart even against the blandishments of the generous Lafayette—

held out in the name of that grand old patriot and father of your country, George Washington."

ABOUT POPPING THE QUESTION.

We are cooler people now than our grandfathers were, less impetuous in pursuit, more patient under disappointment. The hot-blooded lover of the good old school, who was ready at the shortest notice to shed his blood—and that of every unoffending individual whose notions of beauty didn't coincide with his own—in honour of his mistress, is an extinct species.

Have we any love at all in the world, outside the covers of novels? I suppose so—and a poor devil who gets his living by writing has no business with love, except in suppositions. But if there be, it is as different from the old love as—as a soiled collar from a clean one. The one was pure and firm, unyielding—even aggressive. The other is a wishy-washy counterfeit, an ill-defined, shapeless thing, with no backbone in it, with an all-pervading limpness and an adaptability to circumstances that admits of its being folded up and stuck in one's pocket when not wanted, destitute of self-reliance, anything but clean. It is too weak to stand alone without the support of avarice, ambition, or some kindred feeling with more inherent stiffness than there is in its own semi-inanimate organism. Confronted with poverty it collapses, and is straightway discarded by its prudent owner, who thereafter seeks consolation in a "vegetable love," and finds it less exacting and much more economical.

Not that he needs much consolation, being trained in love as in all else to the stoicism which we call breeding, which the Greeks called philosophy, and the Indians, no plagiarists, called manliness. The system is epitomized in an Irishism: "Nothing is worth getting, and still less worth keeping." *Voilà tout!* It is a very good system for those who are sincere in it, but too many of its votaries are shams. "That repose which stamps the caste," &c., &c., is a stamp easy enough to counterfeit, and if the pretence of indifference to all sublunary things be accepted as the salient characteristic of good breeding, it is not wonderful that the disciples of this school are so numerous. But it is for the most part pretence. Given good dinners, unlimited credit at one's tailor's, and sufficient loose cash to pay for hansom and tip servants, any man can be a stoic in respect of wealth, beauty, and honour—lacking industry to strive for the first, manliness to please the second, talent to win the third. In the sun of prosperity the lotus-eater calls himself a stoic, but the first breath of adversity sweeps away his borrowed robe and shows the skeleton of spiritless indolence beneath. It isn't easy to be stoical on an empty stomach.

It is while the sun is still shining, however, that "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"—matrimony. They may turn that way from many reasons, perhaps because he thinks, or his friends think, it is time for him to marry, perhaps because he is poor, and perhaps because the girl's mamma so wills and contrives it. There are instances, I believe, on record of a young man—a young man in society—having married a girl as poor as himself for love; but they are very few. Some of them have been known to go down upon their knees, to swear that the happiness of their lives was hanging in the balance—and mean it; to tremble with excitement; to—it is said—shed tears.

This is all very foolish, and we, I hope, know better. We argue the question philosophically before going to put our fate to the test. First, do we want to marry at all? This question is difficult of solution, and is generally left unanswered. It is sufficient that we have made up our minds to do so if the lady consents. Second, if the lady consent, shall we feel glad or sorry? We ought to feel glad, surely. The proud consciousness that a pure young girl has given into our hands herself, all her glowing, sentient loveliness, the freshness of her maidenhood, the glory of her innocent youth, her liberty, her independence, her love, and perhaps no considerable amount of the golden dross that we despise, but still find so useful—all this should make us feel glad.

Of course it may be that this description is like that of the lobster which Cuvier objected to—a very good description with the exception that the loveliness is half art and half imagination, that the innocence and youth must be taken on trust, that the surrender of liberty and love has no existence save in the marriage service, and—worst of all—that the golden dross is so bound down and fenced round and locked up by unconfiding trustees and guardians that we become modern editions of Tantalus, bound back from it, in the primitive fashion, with strips of skins—of parchment, at six and eightpence a folio.

There is still, however, cause for rejoicing, is there not? Our life has been hitherto selfish, incomplete, lonely. It may have been useful enough, but the life of an unmarried man is imperfect. We are now about to leave the ranks of the butterfly egotists who have none to care for but themselves, no debts on their minds but their own, to be purified and elevated by the daily contemplation of feminine virtue, to have our faults corrected by the gentle admonition of an angel guardian in petticoats, to have, in course of time, little guardian angels, with an equally clear perception of our faults and an even more conscientious—if sometimes inopportune—determination to tell us of them, prattling round our knees, to be respectable mem-

bers of society instead of irresponsible idlers. We are, in short, about to give up scampering round the paddock and to learn the sober jog-trot along the high road which befits double harness.

These are good reasons, and still—still—somehow a rejection will not lacerate our feelings very cruelly. Domestic felicity is a thing to be regretted, of course, and a beautiful girl would have been a pleasant object to have in the house with one, and a large dowry is not a to be given up lightly, and a married man is of more account in the economy of the universe than a single one, and children are surely enviable possessions, and altogether we shall have missed a great blessing.

But then there are other considerations which may enable us to bear the loss with equanimity. Domestic felicity in the abstract is very nice, but it isn't always attainable. We have certainly heard of ill-tempered wives, whose tea-cups and candle-sticks and other light garniture of the table were sometimes, in moments of irritation, put to uses other than those for which they were originally intended; of extravagant wives, whose ideas of money were vague, and whose seal-skins and jewels and little games of cards have caused their husbands' names to appear in a certain corner of the "legal intelligence;" of delicate wives, whose doctors' fees were things to dream of, and whose nerves and coughs and aches were unremitting enough to prevent one dreaming of that or anything else. If the lady of our choice be beautiful, we shall have more to console us for failing to win her than the stereotyped platitudes about perishable charms—written to soothe rejected lovers in the days when there were no probable fashions of golden curls and ivory teeth, no possible deceptions in the matter of pearly skins and graceful figures; when a beautiful wife to a certain extent belonged to her husband, and did not consider his claims subordinate to those of a score of friends and a million of photographers; before jealousy had become an extinct emotion, and marriage settlements were framed with a view to possible future exigencies resultant from the mediation of Sir James Hannen.

After all, most men do not indulge in such elaborate reflections as these. The whole question is compressed into a much smaller compass. "It is probable that she won't have me, that if she did have me she wouldn't stay with me long, and that if she did stay with me I should soon be tired of her."

Is it likely that a man whose views of matrimony are of this sort will feel any of the nervous tremors which are supposed to befit an expectant suitor? Even when one does like a woman, and would feel glad to be accepted by her, there are so many things to console one for a rejection. We have the sympathy, the condolences—that are scarcely valued congratulations—of all the jolly fellows, from whose friendship matrimony would isolate us. Our importance in the eyes of the mothers and ball-givers remains undiminished. The many little indulgences, endeared by long habit, which we had been teaching ourselves to give up, gain a zest from past abstinence. We can back a horse or a colour without conscience suggesting that this may be robbing a potential daughter of her marriage portion; we can join again in the nightly—or matutinal—libations to Bacchus and Venus, that the flesh loveth but the spirit had deemed unfitting an intending Benedict.

But about popping the question!

Well, that is a thing that no one can write about but a man who has tried it, and which one who has tried it generally prefers not to write about. Few men have done the thing more than once or twice, and how can one gather experience! This is the age of progress and newspapers correspondents, however, and we shall live in the hope that those pioneers of the press who have faced "peril in the imminent deadly breach" may, in the absence of a miniature war in Africa or a baby rebellion nearer home, devote their energies to the acquisition of this sort of knowledge. To them we relinquish the glory and the attendant danger in an equally risky "breach."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE subjects of our illustrations this week will need only to be briefly touched upon. The war in Egypt has been followed so clearly through its various stages that we need only really recapitulate the engravings which we reproduce in the main from the English papers. Among them will be found the arrival at Alexandria of the Scots Guards whose departure from Southampton we pictured last week, a Council of war on board H. M. S. Helicon, the vessel in which the Duke of Connaught sailed, and a spirited sketch of the reconnaissance of the 5th of last month, wherein the marines behaved so well.

THE picture of the Australian cricketers will be welcome to many in the event of their possible visit to this continent. Their successes in England have shown that the colonies can profit by their early education, and that the pupil has here outstripped the master. We wonder whether Lord Kimberly would tell the Australians to mind their own business if they ventured on a word of advice to the M. C. C.

WE have, on several occasions recently, spoken of the work of Richard Wagner, and this week we give a fine portrait of the *maestro*. We hope at a better date to speak somewhat fully of his last achievement, the *Parsifal*.

ANNUAL PIC-NIC OF THE BANK NOTE AND BURLAND LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANIES.

The second annual pic-nic of the employees of the British American Bank Note Company and the Burland Lithographic Company took place at Cushing's Grove, on the 2nd inst., and passed off with the general good feeling, spirit and success that characterized their first gathering last year.

The steamer *Dugmar* was specially chartered for the occasion, and the "Harmonie Band" furnished the music. As the respective families reached the boat they were cordially received by the members of the committee, who were indefatigable in their endeavors to give every aid to ensure the comfort of all on board.

Shortly before 9 o'clock the start was made, and dancing was at once commenced, which was kept up until the arrival at the Grove, when the ropes, stakes and distances were quickly placed in position.

The list of games excited keen competition, and were well contested. The tug of war was won by the Bank Note Company team. While these were in progress, many indulged in dancing, singing and quiet flirtation. Throughout the whole the arrangements including the refreshments provided, reflected great credit on the special committees in charge.

About 5 p.m. the homeward move began, and when finally safe on board, the distribution of the prizes was made by Mr. G. B. Burland, with personal congratulations on the individual success achieved. The interest displayed was great and the lucky ones were loudly cheered by their friends.

The wharf was reached about 9 o'clock, and the happy crowd dispersed to their respective homes, with the most pleasurable recollections of a delightful and pleasantly spent day.

The following is a list of those who generously contributed prizes for the various games, races &c.:

- Mrs. G. B. Burland.
- Mrs. Gillelan.
- Mr. J. H. Burland.
- G. Lafreicin.
- C. Garth.
- W. McLaren.
- R. Thompson.
- M. E. Field.
- R. Reinhold.
- C. Robert.
- F. X. Beauchamp.
- Jas. Cunningham.
- E. Morgan.
- Thos. Waddell.
- Messrs. R. D. Miller, Son & Co.
- McFarlane, Austin & Robertson.
- Ewing & Cunningham.
- McArthur, Corneille & Co.
- Wulff & Co.
- J. Battray & Co.
- Mocton, Phillips & Bulmer.
- Cuthbert & Son.
- Loze & Co.
- Dawson Bros.
- Canada Paper Co.
- Dominion Type Foundry Co.

MEDICAL MYSTERIES.

Not so long ago a case of a peculiarly painful and suggestive kind was tried at Lewes before the Lord Chief Justice. Two well-educated men, a surgeon and a chemist, of Brighton had been resorted to by an unhappy woman to save her from the natural effects of her own sin and folly. The desired result was attained, but the patient died. A few years ago a man who had been convicted a second time for a similar offense was condemned and executed. It is noticeable that his crime, according to Sir Fitzjames Stephens's system of codification, would not be punishable by death; but no one found fault with the infliction of the full penalty, nor yet with the heavy sentences of penal servitude which were passed on the above-mentioned case. But the disagreeable reflection arises that, if this case was detected, how many are there which escape detection! And, if they are common in one class of society, is there any reason to suspect their frequency in other classes! We hear a great deal at the present day of the confessional and its secrets. Doubtless the confessional has its secrets and its mysteries. But the consulting room of a physician in large practice is also a true confessional. With a decorous garb, bland manners, and measured accents, a physician often carries with him a weight of mystery and responsibility. There is reason to believe that there prevails throughout the country a diminished sense of the sacredness of human life. The thought of infanticide no longer gives any serious concern to women of a low type, and the lawyers have long ago abandoned the pretence of treating it as murder. There is often a disagreeable scent of murder in the air. An eminent toxicologist who was examined at Palmer's trial made the statement in the witness-box that there were many vegetable poisons which left no trace. He was asked to name them; he refused to do so, and the judge approved his silence. This eminent professor has since stated that he received hundreds of letters asking for information respecting these untraceable poisons, but, after assigning a certain percentage to enlightened, scientific curiosity, he confesses that the majority of cases left a very painful impression on his mind. It must be said in fairness that many people appear to be

as reckless of their own lives as of the lives of others. We are making a distinct approximation to the institution of "the happy dispatch." Some years ago a medical student was convicted and sentenced for elaborately explaining to a correspondent how she might most easily lay aside the burden of life. The simple means suggested was the somewhat popular plan of cumulative doses of the hydrate of chloral. The nature of this drug is well known, and it is to be feared, is sometimes turned to practical account. It is not easily disengaged from the system; for a succession of nights a large dose may be taken with impunity, but at the last dose the cup overflows, the body is drenched with poison, and death ensues. There is often to be heard in clubs the line of conversation of the Stoics, who considered that life might be laid down at pleasure, and discussed the most satisfactory means of doing so. As a matter of courtesy to surviving relatives, juries returned the stereotyped verdict of "temporary insanity," but often enough no previous act of insanity can be alleged, and, according to a formulated philosophy, self-destruction may be the highest act of sanity.

The subject of euthanasia is one that is clearly discussed, both in medical and other circles. When prolonged life means prolonged torture, patients have speculated whether they may not take the anodyne which will make a speedy *quibus* to all their troubles. Some doctors have expressed a decided assent to the theory, and we have known of others who have admitted that they have done something like it in their practice. Any such act in a legal point of view would be murder, but some Acts of Parliament are elastic, and others are state-born.

CLARENCE MURPHY.

A freckle-faced girl stopped at the Post Office and yelled out:

- "Anything for the Murphys?"
- "No, there is not."
- "Anything for Jane Murphy?"
- "Nothing."
- "Anything for Ann Murphy?"
- "No."
- "Anything for Tom Murphy?"
- "No."
- "Anything for Rob Murphy?"
- "No; not a bit."
- "Anything for Terry Murphy?"
- "No; nor for Pat Murphy, nor Denis Murphy, nor Pete Murphy, nor Paul Murphy, nor for any Murphy—dead, living, unborn, native or foreign, civilized or uncivilized, savage or barbarous, male or female, black or white, franchised or disenfranchised, naturalized or otherwise. No; there is positively nothing for any of the Murphys, either individually, jointly, severally, now and for ever, one and inseparable."

The girl looked at the postmaster in astonishment and said:

"Please to look if there is anything for Clarence Murphy."

HEARTH AND HOME.

THE most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived that he may perceive our advice is given not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

HE that does not fill a place at home cannot abroad. He goes there only to hide his insignificance in a larger crowd. You do not think you will find anything there which you have not seen at home! The stuff of all countries is the same. What is true anywhere is true everywhere. And, let a man go where he will, he can find only so much beauty or worth as he carries.

SO long as dress does not violate the principles of beauty or the laws of health, so long as it is made conformable to position, use and circumstances, so long is it to be encouraged, not only as a source of enjoyment, but as the fulfilment of a serious duty—for the love of dress, which is to the body what language is to thought, is as true an instinct as is the love of what is beautiful or good.

NO trait of character is more valuable in a female than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night, wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten.

DR. JOHN HUNTER, the eminent surgeon, adopted a rule, which may be commended to all. When a friend asked him how he had been able to accomplish so much in the way of study and discovery in his busy life, he answered, "My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the work is practicable. If it be not practicable, I do not attempt it. If it be practicable, I can accomplish it if I give sufficient pains to it; and, having begun, I never stop until the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success."

THE KITCHEN.—No lady of the highest talent or accomplishments need feel that she demeans herself by giving her most earnest attention to the beauty and comfort of her home, and the

most careful ordering of everything connected with the kitchen department. Low down as foolish ideas of gentility have been accustomed to place that department, it has much more to do with the comfort or discomfort, the peace and happiness or the discord and evil temper of the whole family than can be gained from elegant or fashionable parties and all that etiquette demands in fashionable life.

ABOUT SENSATIONS AND EMOTIONS.—Sensations and emotions are valuable servants, but ruinous masters. To ignore or despise them is to slight a large and important part of our nature; but to dwell contentedly under their sway, to be satisfied with them as a finality, is fatal to a good and useful life. All our sensations point to some good object beyond themselves to be attained. If we discover what this is and pursue it, they will have fulfilled their mission to us, and we may safely enjoy the incidental pleasures they bring with them; but, when we pander to them for their own sake, we frustrate their value, we waste their enjoyment, and we foster the long train of evils which ever follows sensationalism in all its forms.

COMMON RESPONSIBILITY.—It is the people themselves who are constantly deciding upon the quality of the art which is to prevail in the country by the selection they make and the patronage they give. Each one of us bears a share in this responsibility. Whether we buy a chromo or fill a picture-gallery, whether we select a simple ornament or decorate a mansion, whether we read a novel or help to stock a library, whether we listen to a lecture or establish a whole course, whether we frequent the concert-room or the theatre once or twice a winter or once or twice a week, we are in every case, by the choices we make, doing our part to elevate art or to degrade it, to purify or to corrupt it, to make it a handmaid of morality and religion or to make it minister to the vices and follies of humanity.

A RUSE AT A RESTAURANT.

IT is an awkward thing to be absent-minded. The story is told of a certain Philadelphia gentleman who discovered this at his cost. It so happened the other day that the dining-room of the club which he frequents was quite full, when a man who chanced to know his particular failing came in very hungry. The waiter told the newcomer there was no room at present. Spying our absent-minded friend comfortably seated and reading the newspaper, a brilliant idea struck the hungry man. "Has Mr. A. dined yet?" he questioned. "No, sir," replied the waiter. "Well, never mind, take him his bill and tell him he has had his dinner." The waiter hesitated a moment, and then appreciating the situation, went over to Mr. A. and handed him his bill. "What is this for?" quoth the poor fellow. "For your dinner, sir." "My dinner—ah! Have I really had it?" "Yes, sir," rejoined the waiter in all innocence. "Dear me, I had an idea I was waiting for it. What a curious mistake." And with a contemplative smile Mr. A. sauntered out of the room, leaving his table for the use of the genius who had profited by his absent-mindedness.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Bedouin Chief Aben Hassen has collected 6,000 men and joined Arabi.

THE Sultan's proclamation declaring Arabi a rebel was issued this week.

PREPARATIONS are being secretly made for the Czar's visit to Moscow.

A LONDON cable announces the death of the Dowager Countess of Rosebury.

OVER 600,000 shares of the Panama Canal Company have been applied for.

ARABI has received 40 more guns from Cairo for the fortifications at Tel-el-Kebir.

INFORMATION obtained from most reliable sources estimates Arabi's army at 93,000 men.

SIR GARNET has notified the War Office that the formation of a third army corps is unnecessary.

TWO French officers of high rank were arrested while making sketches during the military manoeuvres at Breslau.

SEVENTY-SEVEN persons were injured during the riots in Dublin on Saturday and Sunday. One woman has since died.

MR. MONTAGUE BERNARD, one of the High Commissioners for signing the Treaty of Washington in 1871, is dead.

DE LESSERS declares Sir Garnet Wolseley said to him that England accepted the responsibility for damage and obstruction to the Suez Canal.

AN unsuspecting member of the Indian contingent built a fire in the camp at Kassassin over an unexploded shell, and was blown sky high for his ignorance.

THE British troops in Egypt are suffering to an alarming extent from the effects of the heat. The medical staff is said to be taxed to the utmost.

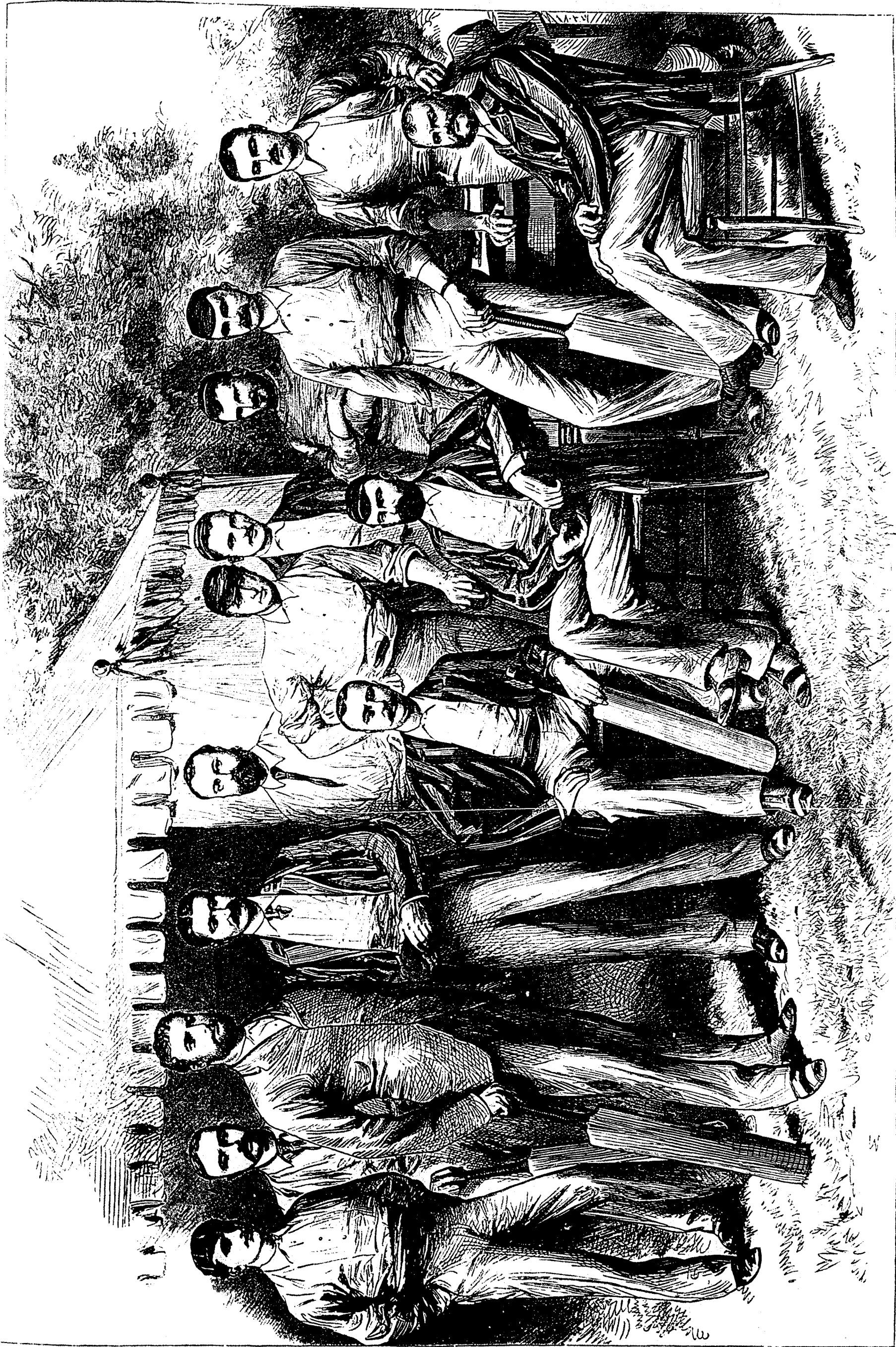
THE Ministry has proposed to the foreign Consul the appointment of a Commission to settle claims of Alexandria inhabitants for indemnification for loss by the burning and pillaging of that city.



RICHARD WAGNER.—FROM A HAUIRELIEF BY PROF. GUSTAV KIEZ.



A PLEASURE TRIP.—PICTURE DRAWN BY G. PREVIATI.



S. P. Jones. A. C. Bannerman. C. J. Bonner.

F. R. Spofforth. G. J. Bonner.

J. McCarthy Blackham. G. Eugene Palmer. W. L. Murdoch.

G. Gillen. T. W. Garrett. H. F. Boyle.

H. H. Massie. Percy S. McDonnell. T. Horan.

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

JILTED!

HER VERSION.

"Who is Ned? Why I thought that you knew... We were once engaged for a year! Oh, but that was before I knew you— That was ages ago, my dear."

HIS VERSION.

Ned, who is that overdressed lady? You greeted so warmly to-day? What is it you're keeping so shady? What is she to you anyway?"

THE TRUTH ABOUT IT.

'Twas the old story repeated: Two young hearts that once beat as one: Their twin aspirations declared: Two young lives for ever undone."

THE COLONEL.

I met the Colonel one fine autumn evening mid-way across St. George's Channel. We were on board the 'Adriatic,' one of the marine hotels which form the White Star Fleet, and were steaming swiftly but quietly towards Queenstown. The multitude of passengers had been shaken down into their respective berths, and had had their places at the dinner-table appointed for them by the purser, a big burly good-natured fellow, who in an earlier development of being had been a Newfoundland dog."

At dinner the engrossing subject of conversation had been 'one of the richest men in the world,' who, we learned with a thrill of satisfaction, was on board this very steamer. It was distinctly and emphatically asserted that he was 'worth a pound a minute.' I don't know who first put forth this assertion, or, indeed, who made the statement in general terms that we had on board with us 'the richest man in the world.' That was the formula before dessert was put on the table. With the soup our fellow-passenger had been 'one of the richest men in the world.' Now he had reached the highest rank, and was inaccessible by any single member of the Rothschild family. He was 'the richest man in the world.'

I think it was in course of dinner that the precise estimate which fixed his income at one pound a minute was reached. It was very difficult to trace the original authority, though, when the investigation had been carried back through a dozen people, the Purser was confidently named. The Purser had mentioned it when allotting seats at the table, evidently dropping the remark with intent to imply that this was the table at which one of the richest men in the world was to sit.

On comparing notes in the smoke-room, it was discovered that various persons, seated at divers tables, had had their complaint of undesirable situation softened by this remark. As it was clear that, how rich soever a man might be, he could sit only at one table at a time, some doubt as to the Purser's bona fides began to circulate. The richest man in the world might after all be a myth, part of the stock-in-trade of the exceptionally well-equipped White Star Line. Perhaps there was one of the richest men in the world for every ship, and passengers just now sailing out of Sandy Hook, and disliking the position assigned to them at the dinner table, might be deluded by this whisper that they would have for companion 'the richest man in the world'—income a pound a minute."

Only think of it! Fifteen pounds richer whilst you are swallowing your soup; ten pounds whilst plates are changed; another fif-

teen pounds whilst you eat the cod fish; a five-pound note whilst you are looking for an oyster in the sauce; and, to sum up, at least ninety pounds richer whilst you have been idling over your dinner, and have even incurred certain responsibilities in the matter of wine.

A feeling of gloom fell upon the smoke-room at this discovery of reckless statement on the part of the Purser. A sentiment of general distrust was generated, and on the whole the place got so uncomfortable that I left it, and went out on deck.

Watching the ghostly figures moving to and fro in the twilight of the upper deck, I noticed one that would have attracted attention wherever met. The stranger was over six feet in height. He was dressed in black clothes, save for an enormous white felt hat which covered his head. I could not then see his face, but as I had many opportunities of looking into it subsequently, I may say here that it was singularly handsome. His eyes were dark brown, looking from beneath arched eyebrows with grave, sad, questioning gaze. His complexion was olive-tinted, nose aquiline, cheeks slightly sunken. Perhaps his face was something of the Spanish cast, and in his deliberate movements, and slow grave courtesy, there was much else to call to mind the Spanish grandee.

After walking up and down two or three times, he sat down by me on the bench, and made some remark on the fineness of the night. There was nothing startling in the observation, but there was something notable in the manner in which it was uttered. The stranger spoke in a decided American accent, doling out his words as if he were literally weighing them, or were in search of a contraband monosyllable which he had reason to believe was somewhere near the tip of his tongue with design to escape. This customary prelude led to a conversation into which the stranger threw the charm of high-bred courtesy, quaint expression, and a quite unusual wealth of original thought. He was evidently a man of birth and culture, but what was most remarkable was the curious and unadulterated poetry of his speech. He illustrated every idea with the imagery of common things. If you could imagine a little child suddenly brought to man's estate, having been to college, read everything, seen everything, and yet preserved the freshness of the child-mind, its wonderful delight in nature, and its unconventional view of all things, you might get some idea of the kind of man the stranger was.

The ice broken, he talked with a frankness and a friendliness that knew no bounds. He was evidently a surpassingly keen observer. Nothing passed within range of those dark, grave eyes that was not instantly detected—seen right through, as Mr. Scrooge saw through Marley's ghost, recognising the brass button at the back of its coat. As we sat at dinner eating and drinking, and calculating the growing income of the richest man in the world, this tall, grave stranger, speaking to no one, and none presuming to speak to him, had been studying the company, as he informed me he always did. His memory was as retentive as his eyes were keen. He told me more than ever I knew about some people sitting at the table where I dined, and with whose peculiarities I had previously thought myself pretty well acquainted.

I never heard a man talk like this one, more particularly when his interlocutor was a stranger whose face could not be seen in this solemn twilight. Yet he frankly discussed people, laying bare all their weaknesses and prejudices as if he were operating upon dead bodies. Moreover, there was an indescribable contrast between his unconventional speech and the evident restraint of his manner. It did not seem natural to him to speak thus slowly, weighing his monosyllables and paying out the polysyllables bit by bit, as if he were by no means sure of them.

Once, when he warmed a little with his subject—he was describing the effect of dolphins gambolling in the phosphorescent sea—I was startled to hear interpolated a horrible oath. There was no particular call for the expletive. It was not needed as an emphasis, but was just dropped in as, during his more slow enunciations, he had used an ordinary adjective. The oath having slipped out, the stranger stopped, and, bowing his head with grave courtesy, said, 'Excuse; kotation,' and then went on describing the sultry night, the still sea, and the rainbow flash of the dolphins, in words as simple as are found in the Old Testament, and with scarcely less graphic force. He had not got far when out came another oath of the lowest and vulgarest kind, used, as in the former case, not with any intention to emphasize; but as if it were an ordinary and acceptable part of speech. Again stopping and bowing his head, the stranger said as before, with drawing delivery of the syllables, 'Excuse; kotation,' and continued in the same level grave voice. As far as I could see in the dim light, there was not the quiver of a smile on his countenance. There certainly was no laughter in his voice. He was thinking of nothing but the scene he had witnessed, and was glad to find some one who had not seen it to whom he might tell how beautiful a thing it was.

Presently the 'kotations' became more numerous, flashing into the conversation as the dolphins' fins had burst above the sultry summer sea, though with quite a different effect. There was a considerable variety of oath, but no variance in the manner of their introduction, or of solemn formal apology which interrupted the narrative. Presently the stranger

rose, and, raising his hat with stately courtesy, bade me good night and went to his berth.

It was now eleven o'clock, and the lamps were put out in the saloon. The passengers had all turned in, thankful to have got thus far on their journey in comfort. The deck was silent and tenantless, save for a solitary figure walking up and down on the port side. When the stranger left, I perceived a red light moving along the deck at the height of about six feet. As it came nearer I became conscious of a large figure looming immediately behind it, and when hailed by a hearty voice, knew that this was the Purser with a cigar in his mouth.

'Well,' said he, 'you're in luck. He has not spoken to a soul since he came on board. Sat at dinner mite as a marling-spike, and then you get him all to yourself, chatting with him by the hour, as if he had known you all his life and had named you in his will.'

'What's all this about?' 'Why, the richest man in the world! A pound a minute, sixty pounds an hour, two hundred and forty pounds a watch on deck, and the same sum per watch below!'

'Was that him?' I asked, feeling quite a new interest in my strange companion.

'That's him, and no other,' said the Purser, 'and a strange fish he is. He neither drinks nor smokes, and, until he came alongside you, didn't seem to talk. You are in luck, I tell you. Have a cigar!'

I certainly was in luck, and this was the beginning of it. I was not the rose, but I had lived near it, and here was the Purser already offering homage in the shape of a cigar—a real cigar, not one of those dried-up things we smoke in England, but a regular green one, fresh from Havannah, good for three-quarters of an hour's steady and sedative enjoyment.

I smoked it all before I went to bed, walking up and down the deck, thinking of my new friend with a pound a minute, and his oath every tenth sentence, for in the closer companion-lap of our protracted conversation he had gone even to this length. I saw him at breakfast the next morning, sitting bolt upright, eating prodigiously and drinking water. He recognised me with a bend of grave courtliness, which had the most remarkable effect, not only upon the guests, but upon the stewards. Everyone knew now that this taciturn stranger was the richest man in the world. He had not readily been found, because the particular table at which he sat was obscure and in ill favour. The Purser had seated him at the captain's table, as befitted his chronologically swelling affluence. But coming in at the sound of the dinner-gong, and looking round the tables, he had sat himself down there at the lower end, where the swell was greatest and the swells fewest.

But he was known now, and having recognised me, I became an object of embarrassing attentions. The steward whipped off my chop before I had fairly commenced it, protesting that it was cold and that I must have a hot one. The portion of the table before me was covered with relays of the choicest delicacies. The head steward, who had made advances towards the stranger, and had been warned off courteously, but with unmistakable decision, began to look after me. I was 'the man whom the king delighted to honour,' and Mordecai the Jew had not quite such a good time in the reign of King Ahasuerus as I had on the passage between Liverpool and Queenstown.

The dear old Colonel! I came to know him better by-and-by, and understood how these things pained and embarrassed him; how his simple nature, pure and true as gold, revolted from forms and ceremonies, and how he shrunk from the consequences which gossip brought buzzing about his ears. I call him 'the Colonel,' as other people on board called him 'the richest man in the world,' probably because he was neither. He certainly was very rich, and he had during the American War raised a ragged cavalry regiment, which he equipped and trained himself, and with which he did memorable service after an irregular fashion. To himself, and for those who would accept his style from him, he was plain John Bradshaw, a ranchman from Texas, where his flocks and herds covered the prairie for hundreds of miles.

He told me all his history in simple graphic language, that, I am grieved to say, increasingly abounded with strange oaths. He had been over to Europe on a business enterprise, not without national interest in this country. Away in Texas the herds, ever multiplying, had become to him an embarrassment of riches. He did an enormous trade through St. Louis, and the market could not be said to be overstocked. Still, the demand lagged languid behind the supply, with the natural result of keeping down the prices. Communications had reached the Colonel from England on the part of some enterprising capitalists who wished to consider how this surplus cattle might be got over to this country, and whether the Great Eastern steamship could not be turned to account in that direction. The Colonel had at their invitation come over to England to go into the matter. But since his arrival a telegram received from Kansas had caused him to throw the whole thing up and rush back as fast as train and steamboat could take him. He had the telegram with him, carefully wrapped up in his pocket-book. It was worn with folding and refolding, and had, I had reason to know, been wet with tears. It only said:— 'The boy is dead; Kitty ill.'

But that was enough to shake this iron frame, and make this grave, resolute face tremble, and

flush as if it were a maiden's. An infinite tenderness came into the Colonel's voice as he spoke the word 'Kitty.' Kitty was his life, his light, his fullest realization of what angels in heaven are like. Yet she was, or had been, only a poor schoolmistress, riding fifteen miles a day over the Texan prairie to teach hopeless little half-breeds, and the scarcely less improvable progeny of ranchmen, the scum of population that settled in these outskirts of civilization.

Kitty had dropped into the Colonel's life in the oddest possible way. He had, of course, not always been the richest man in the world, had, on the contrary, been one of the poorest and most ill-kempt of its waifs and strays. He had had a father and mother, doubtless; but beyond this elementary fact, all was dark. He had commenced life very early as herd boy to a ranchman. For companion he had had a lad of his own age and equal raggedness, whose name was Organ. Why Organ, he was no more able to say than was David Copperfield's mother prepared to answer when Miss Betsy Trotwood, hearing the name of her husband's residence, asked, 'Why Rookery?' One had been Organ and the other Bradshaw, and probably, for any connection this nomenclature might have had with their parentage, it would have been just as well if the one had been Bradshaw and the other Organ. They were very smart youths; though, so far from knowing how to read, they were not even aware of the existence of the alphabet—a fact which in later years dawned upon the Colonel with strange, sad interest.

I don't know at what period they entered service. But the Colonel had not yet reached the mature age of twelve when it occurred to him that he was doing a great deal of work chiefly for the benefit of another man. Why should not he and Organ go into business for themselves, and set up, if not as ranchmen, then as ranchboys? They had carefully hoarded their slender incomes, and had between them sufficient to buy a few cattle. This was not much in Texas, but one advantage of having commenced young was, that they could afford to wait. They waited till their stock increased, and by the time they had begun to grow beards they were already comfortably established. They did their work with their own hands, spending long days in the saddle and caring for their herds as no hireling cares.

It was during one of those long rides that Organ fell sick. This was quite a new experience to the young ranchmen, who had never had an hour's illness during their lives. They did not quite know what it was, only grasping the fact that Organ swayed to and fro when he got up in the morning and sat in his saddle, and that he presently fell off when he stubbornly insisted on going about his business. The Colonel rigged up a tent for his comrade, got a cow-boy to look after him, and appointed him a dog as his body-guard. These arrangements scarcely fulfil the prescriptions that a European doctor might give in a bad case of fever. It was all the Colonel could do, and having done it he set out on the ride on which Organ should have accompanied him. It was strange that Organ should be struck down in this way, and should lie helpless in a tent, when he ought to be on horseback. Probably the Colonel would have sent for a doctor had there been one handy. But the next street was at least five hundred miles away, which of course limited the doctor's custom. So the Colonel made the tent all snug, left his sick comrade in charge of the cow-boy and the dog, and rode off to look after the cattle, believing that Organ would follow him on the next day.

His round took him three or four weeks, and when he came back he found the tent, the dog, and the patient in the place where he left them, only the cow-boy being missing. Externally nothing was changed, but matters inside the tent mystified the Colonel. The appearance of the little room was entirely changed. It had a new and strange neatness. The tin cup which served Organ and himself in common at breakfast, dinner, and tea, was filled with flowers, and the more graceful stems of prairie grass. Also, there was a thing lying on the table that looked like a box, only the Colonel discovered on taking it up that it had no sides. In fact, it was a book, an article which the Colonel beheld for the first time in a pilgrimage already twenty-eight years long.

All this was odd, but it was nothing to the metamorphosis that had come over Organ. The fever had left him, and he was far advanced on the way to convalescence. Prostration of body might in some manner account for his unwonted quietness and comparative repose of manner. But beyond all that might reasonably be expected from this source, he was gentle and subdued to a bewildering degree. After much cogitation and observation, the Colonel came to the conclusion that he was mad, 'and,' he added, with a solemn gravity that gave a touch of the ludicrous to much that he said, 'I was going to tie him up.' You see, at this time all the Colonel's notions were derived from the business that engrossed his attention throughout the day. If a bull or a cow showed signs of a disordered imagination, it was lassoed and tied up till the paroxysms were over. I have not the slightest doubt that the Colonel would have tied up his unfortunate companion, with a dim notion that by-and-by he would come round as the cows did. Probably he had openly made preparations for the friendly act when the explanation was forthcoming.

Organ was mad, truly. He was madly in love. Whilst the Colonel had been away

tracking stray oxen, a vision had dawned on the sight of poor Organ, the like of which he had never seen or dreamed of. When on rare occasions he had been to St. Louis on business, he had seen a few women, some in the streets dressed in gay colours, others at the liquor bars, and worse places. Outside the city he had met an occasional woman among the half-breeds or the greasers. On the whole, he had not given much attention to woman, and what measure had been devoted was not favourable to her as an institution. But whilst he lay in his lonely tent, weighed down by a strange heaviness, and consumed by a fire that burned throughout his body and parched his throat, he one day became conscious of a gentle presence and a sweet voice, both things hitherto wholly unknown to him. This was Kitty. I despair of any success in an attempt to describe Kitty, and will not rashly court failure. I know her very well, for has not the Colonel talked with me for hours, and even more frequent than the appearance of an oath in the Colonel's conversation is reference to Kitty. What Kitty said at such a time, what she did on such an occasion, and how she looked at particular junctures of the world's history, go far towards completing the sum of the Colonel's more familiar talk.

On matters of detail I was not able to gather more than the facts that Kitty had brown eyes, that she was five feet one in height, and was plump. There is not much material here, but sufficient for the well-trained imagination to construct a charming little woman. Kitty, like everyone else on the prairies save the greasers, worked for her living. Some of the older and better established ranchmen, deploring the Cimmerician darkness of their own ignorance, had taken counsel together and decided that their progeny should not be in similar plight. Accordingly they rigged up a little shanty, got the children together, and then began to look out for a teacher. Kitty was forthcoming and was duly engaged, riding fifteen miles a day backwards and forwards to the school.

It was on one of these journeys that she discovered on her track the little tent with its attendant suite of dog and cow-boy. Kitty found Organ in bed in a raging fever. The cow-boy had fled affrighted by his delirium, and only the dog, tied by a stake at the door, remained to join its melancholy howl with his purposeless shouts. Kitty took in the whole situation at a glance. Here was a poor forlorn ranchman down with the fever, and no one to attend to him. Kitty's first duty was to her school, whither she presently rode off. But returning she did what was possible for the sick man, and was out very early the next morning, so that she might have time to attend to his needs, still keeping up her full time at the school. She brought with her such simple remedies as were within reach, and, with infinite care and most womanly tenderness, nursed the rough ranchman through his fever.

Organ had known nothing like this. When he was a lad, he had been kicked; when he had grown up, he had kicked others. His hand was ever ready for his revolver, and he thought no more of shooting a man (particularly a greaser) than we in the foremost ranks of time should hesitate about flicking off a troublesome fly. He had only known one law—the law of might, and here was a little woman whom he could crush with one hand taking possession of him, wrestling with the fever that had cast him down, and coming out victorious!

The fever had seemed a strange thing to Organ when it began to creep over his body, weakening his limbs, and making his head giddy. But it was quite a commonplace affair compared with the new sensation that now seized him. Brought up amid the advantages of civilization, he would have known that he was in love. Brought up as he had been, he had never heard the word, and had not felt the slightest tremor of the mighty fact. He had never loved or been loved, and was not able to generalize from ascertained conditions. All he knew was that the world was very bright to him, and life very sweet, when Kitty was in the tent; and that when she was gone, darkness and the dumb pain set in.

It was the Colonel who helped Organ to a solution of the mystery that possessed him. Being convinced that his comrade, though obviously demented, was not mad, the Colonel bent the full strength of his virgin mind upon this new problem, Organ having given up as hopeless the quest for a clue. One evening after Kitty had gone, as usual carrying light and life with her, the Colonel suddenly jumped up and said,—

"Organ, you and the gel must be hitched up together."

To do Organ justice, he instantly recognised the true solution of the difficulty. The Colonel, in his matter-of-fact way, had not only found out the nature of the secret disease that was sapping his energies, and ruining him as a ranchman, but had hit upon the only cure. The Colonel undertook to consult Kitty on the matter, Organ being too hopelessly deglutinised to take any step. Kitty fortunately saw matters in the same light, and as soon as Organ was well enough the 'hitching up' was happily accomplished.

It was a strange companionship for this gentle woman. Under the rough untanned cow-hide the Colonel wore for his only suit, there must always have beaten the heart of a gentleman. He was a diamond of the purest water: but at this time an exceedingly rough diamond. We sometimes have cast up on the strand of our

police courts little waifs and strays who, in accordance with the usual formula, have no knowledge of the meaning of an oath, never heard of God, and never conceived a picture of Heaven. This, only much worse, was the mental condition of these ranchmen. They were not many degrees removed from the status of the herds they tended. Even in appearance they must have been repulsive, with matted hair growing over face and head, and with skin hideous from scrupulous neglect of the use of water. Yet Kitty's brown eyes saw through all this outward shield of abomination, and discerned the manly hearts, and (certainly, as far as the Colonel is concerned) the noble nature, which lived beneath.

She took the two big men in hand without wasteful delay. The very day after the new establishment was set up, lessons began. The Colonel had long since been tamed, and was as gentle as a child, or as a ma-tiff-dog, in the hands of the plump little woman with her sixty-one inches of height, and her two brown eyes. I fancy Organ did not get on so well at his lessons, the impression being gained from the circumstance that the Colonel was reticent on the point. If it had been possible for him to say that Organ threw from an educational point of view, I should have heard all about it. But he was too loyal to his comrade and Kitty's husband to say a word to his detriment. As for the Colonel himself, his advance was simply phenomenal. He learned the alphabet in a single day, and in a week was able to read in books of two syllables. I suppose this will read like a vain imagining. But it is easy of understanding by those who might hear the affirmation from the Colonel's lips. Kitty wanted him to know how to read. That was enough. If Kitty had shown any desire that he should hang head downward, supported by his toes clinging to the parapet of the roof of the highest house in St. Louis, the Colonel would quietly have walked upstairs, got out on the roof by the attic window, and would presently, in the natural order of things, have been discovered shooting towards the pavement head first.

He brought to his new task a mind of great natural power, undimmed by use. It was a piece of white paper ready for the stylus of the teacher. Kitty taught him much more besides the alphabet. She taught him never to lie, never to steal, and, as far as possible, not to swear. These two first conditions, though strange when formulated, came easy enough to the Colonel. He was unaware of any law, human or divine, current on the Texan prairie, why a man should not lie if he pleased, or steal if he could. But Kitty said it was not to be done, and that was enough. Kitty attempted to enforce her injunctions by reference to a Big Ranchman who lived somewhere up in the sky, and had strict notions of these matters. As far as the Colonel was concerned, however, the Big Ranchman was a supererogation in argument; for if Kitty said it must not be, that was enough for him. Oaths presented more difficulties. Ranchmen swear just as a parrot might. Their everyday language is made up of oaths. It is their vernacular, and a man who went through a day's social intercourse without introducing an oath in every sentence would be regarded as in England we should a man who talked Hindostani. He would merely be using a foreign language. The Colonel lost a good deal of flesh in wrestling with oaths. Even now, as has been seen, he was not free from domination of the habit. The hopeful thing is that he now knows an oath when he gets it between his teeth, whereas formerly he did not.

The Colonel's advances towards the ways of civilization were slow but steady. Kitty had not lived long amongst them, when one of the herdsmen died. A year ago, a hole would have been dug, he would have been dropped in, and there an end of it. But graver thoughts had opened up in the mind of the Colonel. He was always thinking what would please Kitty, and he had heard from her that there were certain little ceremonies at a grave which in cases like this were desirable. So the Colonel went off in search of a Bible-man, much as he would have taken up his lasso and gone in search of an ox that had strayed. He found one and brought him home in triumph, doubtless after a manner that greatly perturbed the clergyman. Arrived at the grave, the Bible-man (according to the Colonel) put on a calico thing, and presently knelt down with his eyes shut. This was too much for the Colonel. In the pleasant place where his lot was cast, for a man to shut his eyes within rifle-range of a fellow-creature was certain death. All the barriers that Kitty's care had raised against the flow of bad language were swept away. I cannot write down here the precise terms in which the Colonel addressed the reverend gentleman on his knees. They were strong rather than to the point. But being responsible for seeing the thing through, the Colonel whipped out his own revolver, and, standing over the kneeling figure of the reckless Bible-man, looked out, prepared to exact deadly revenge in the quarter whence he was certain a bullet would presently come. He could not conceive the possibility of a greaser's slighting the opportunity of a man on his knees with his eyes shut.

The Colonel himself was always ready for emergencies of this kind. Travelling one day on the cars on the line beyond St. Louis, he was awakened from dreams of Kitty by the appearance of a man standing before him, apparently demanding something. Without moving a muscle he watched the man, and saw his hand go round to the pocket where a ranchman

usually keeps his revolver. In an instant the Colonel had his revolver out, and covering the intruder, ordered him to throw up his hands or he would fire. There is no mistake in the Colonel when he speaks, even on the smallest matter. He always means exactly what he says, and the trembling wretch, recognising this fact, promptly did as he was bid. It was some time before the Colonel's fellow-passengers could persuade him that it was only the conductor come to punch the tickets. Kitty improved the occasion when he went home and told her about it, warning him against the habit of too great readiness with his revolver.

He was always making mistakes, but Kitty, whilst putting him right, never laughed at him—not even when she sent him some miles off to the next store for a nutmeg, and he, thinking they were to be boiled for dinner, brought home half a sackful. Nor did she laugh when the Colonel, being in an hotel at St. Louis, walked right through a mirror, never having seen a looking-glass in his life, and thinking it was the next room. Kitty tenderly bound up his wounds, and told him all about a looking-glass, where it was made and how.

Never was there a better teacher nor an apter pupil. When I met the Colonel, two years had not elapsed since he was first embarrassed by the problem of Organ's madness, and now he was well dressed, gentlemanly in appearance, courteous in manner, with only this welling-up of strange oaths to mark his former condition. He had left his home in the west, with the promise of a new joy. Kitty was about to become a mother, and all the tenderness and unused stores of love in the man's nature went out to meet the little one as yet unborn. Before leaving St. Louis he had made his will, leaving the whole of his money to the child. A telegram followed him swiftly across the Atlantic, informing him that Kitty had a little boy, and that it was to be named after him. This filled the cup of his joy, and he went about his work with a light heart, filling up the intervals of his business engagement with travel throughout England, looking with grave earnest eyes into all the marvels that civilization had wrought in a country whose superficial area was scarcely more than that covered by his own herds in Texas. Favoured by those powerful introductions at the disposal of the richest man in the world, he was even honoured by a command to visit the Queen. In connection with this, two matters of infinite satisfaction dwelt in his mind. One was, that he had not startled Her Majesty with the utterance of an oath; the other, that he had touched her hand, which seemed to him marvellously soft—softer even than Kitty's, he said, going back to the beginning and end of all points of comparison.

It was whilst he was in Paris that he received the telegram mentioned above—

"The boy is dead; Kitty ill." His determination was taken in a moment. The business of stupendous interest on which he had crossed the Atlantic instantly became of smallest account. By quickest means he would go back, trembling with apprehension lest he might never see Kitty more. Did he? I know not, but greatly fear. He was to have written and told me how the peril had ended. I have never had the promised letter, but, if this should meet the eye of the Colonel, he will know that the interest in him and his teacher is not dead, and that the letter would be welcome.

American papers, please copy.

H. W. Lucy.

AN AMERICAN EDITOR'S ADVICE ON DRESSING.

"Is the gentleman who knows everything in?" stammered a vision of golden hair and sea-blue eyes, as she stood timidly beside the managing editor's desk. "Everything about what?" asked the editor, clawing around under his desk for his shoes, and trying to hide his stocking feet under him. "Upon which particular branch do you seek information?" "I don't exactly know what to do," pouted the strawberry lips. "Pa says I can only have one dress this spring, and I don't know how to make it up. I thought the gentleman who answers questions could tell me." "H'm," muttered the managing editor. "He has gone up to Maine to find out why geese always walk in single file. An 'Anxious Inquirer' wants to know. What kind of a dress had you thought of getting?" "That's what I want to know. I want something that would look well with terracotta gloves." "Yes, yes," murmured the editor. "Then you should get one of those green things with beads that turn all kinds of colours, and some fringe and fixings of that kind." "Would you have it cut princess or wear it with a polonaise?" she inquired, looking at him searchingly. "You might have it princess around the neck and a row of polonaises at the bottom," suggested the editor. "That's going to be very fashionable, and a couple of hip pockets would set it off royally." "I don't know," murmured the beauty. "I haven't seen any of that style. Do you know whether panniers are worn bouffant this season or whether the skirt is tight?" "Oh, certainly!" replied the editor. "They are made with all the bouffants you can get on 'em. Some have even sixteen-button bouffants, and there was a lady in here yesterday who had a pannier that came clean up to her neck. I should have it pretty bouffant if it was my dress." "Well," stammered the blushing blossom, "would you

box plait the skirt or shirr it?" "Shirr it, by all means," exclaimed the editor. "Shirr it straight up and down, and fasten it with these loops of black tape." "You mean frogs?" asked the beauty. "No, no. These big loops that slip over two buttons. That sets off the shirrs and gives a sort of *tout* to the *ensemble*," and the editor leaned back and smiled superior. "Don't you think revvers of a lighter shade would look pretty?" she inquired. "They'll do to fix up the back, but I wouldn't put 'em on the front," answered the editor sagely. "Revvers are very well to trim a hat with, but they don't set off a dress front." "How would you have the corsage?" "I wouldn't have any at all. You would look much better without one." "Sir!" she exclaimed, rising. "Oh, if you insist, you might have a small one, certainly not over three inches long, for short dresses are the style now." "You—you don't seem to understand—" she commenced. "Oh, don't I?" he retorted. "That's what I'm here for. I think there's nothing so lamentable as to see a young lady dragging her corsage through the mud and dust. Still, if you want one, you should have it so you can take it off when you go on the street and only wear it at home. They are hard to handle, and not one woman in a hundred can kick her corsage gracefully." "I—I am very much obliged to you," she murmured. "You are very good, I'm sure." "Don't mention it," replied the editor politely. "I think when you get it shirred, and revvered, and polonaised, and princessed, you'll like it very much. You might get a sash and some big buttons to put on behind; or if you'd like another style better, you might trim the whole front with bouffants and wear the pannier for a hat." "Oh, thank you, sir!" exclaimed the blushing bud, as she scuttled downstairs.

"Swipes!" roared the managing editor, with a complacent smile and a glance of approval at himself in the glass, "Swipes you may tell the foreman to send me a proof of the fashion notes as soon as they come in. I have observed that a great many errors have crept in lately, and we should be strictly accurate in all our statements, or the public will lose confidence in us.

A COUPLE OF CULPRITS.

It never transpired whether the little old gentleman lived at Churchford, or whether he was only going there for a holiday, but unnoticed by two individuals who were the only other occupants of the carriage, and who were engaged in deep, earnest conversation, he seated himself in the next compartment, and soon became mentally buried in "The Largest Circulation in the World." The train started, and for a time all went well—not even an accident occurred. The suburban panorama of tumble-down tenements, tan-yards, and poverty was passed, and the fresh country air began to find its way in at the window, rudely ruffling the white whiskers of the little old gentleman, who changed his seat, sitting with his back to his fellow-passengers, and within hearing of their conversation. "It can't be done," he heard the stouter of the two exclaim. "Alec wouldn't have pluck enough to commit forgery." "But Bob could present the cheque," the taller one replied. "We'd have him transported, and get rid of a nuisance." The little old gentleman started, turned slightly pale, and then buried his head in the newspaper. "No, no," continued the other thoughtfully; "we'll begin at Churchford with a burglary." "And a murder," added the tall miscreant. The little old gentleman's florid countenance became white as driven snow, and he slipped off his watch and chain, and hid them in his boots. "Yes; and then set the house on fire;" and they both laughed with a diabolical chuckle that curdled the blood of the listener, and compelled him, with feverish eagerness, to transfer his money to the lining of his hat. "Something must be settled to-day," said the stouter man, after a pause, "or somebody." The little old gentleman shuddered, and thought of his wife and children, for his life insurance was overdue; but his heart seemed to sink into his boots and join his watch, when one of the scoundrels sprang to his feet, and exclaimed, "I've got it—we'll kill the old man." With a cry of anguish, the unhappy passenger arose and made a dash at the communicator, but alas! (as usual) it was not in order. Surprised and startled, the two plotters turned, and evidently disconcerted, rose when the train arrived in Churchford Station, and the little old gentleman, in defiance of the by-laws, opened the door and leaped upon the platform. "Here! Hi! Help!" he shouted. "Station-master, guard, porters, police!" They all gathered round with the exception of the police, who maintained their reputation by "absence." "Arrest those murderous villains." "What have they done?" "Come down here to commit a burglary, and to burn a house down." The station-master started—he belonged to a building society, and had just received an allotment. "They were about to kill me; and, oh! what an escape I've had," the accuser exclaimed, as he took off the wrong boot to look for his watch. In the meanwhile the two culprits had alighted from the carriage, and the first, advancing to the station-master, said, with an impudent smile, "I confess to the burglary and admit the arson." "And I'll own to killing the old man," added his companion. "But," continued the first, "it was only a matter of business. We are two dramatists, constructing a new play. We have come down here for a quiet country ramble, and our names are—

GEORGE CONQUEST AND HENRY PETTIT.

THE LATE T. W. RITCHIE, Q.C.

The death of Mr. Ritchie, probably best known outside the city as the solicitor to the Bank of Montreal, which took place last Monday, was as sudden as unexpected.

He was the proprietor of a neat villa at Bolton Cliffs, on the borders of Lake Memphremagog and during the summer months usually left the city on Saturdays to spend a few days with his family. On the preceding Saturday he had left Montreal, and was returning across the Lake on the day of his death with his daughter and a party of friends in order to catch the evening train for the city. Mr. Ritchie appeared in the best of health and spirits, until, as the steamboat was nearing the wharf at Newport, about four o'clock, he was observed to fall to the deck, and before medical assistance could be summoned he was dead.

Mr. Thomas Weston Ritchie was a native of Hattery P. Q., where he was born in 1828. His father was Registrar of the District of Sherbrooke, and deceased was called to the Bar in 1852, being appointed Queen's Counsel in 1867. He commenced practice in Sherbrooke with Mr. Borlase, but afterwards removed to Montreal and entered into partnership with the Hon. (now Sir) John Rose, and Mr. (now the Hon. Justice) Monk, under the firm name of Rose, Monk & Ritchie. After the elevation of Mr. Monk to the Bench, the firm continued under the name of Rose & Ritchie, until Sir John Rose left for England, when his son, Mr. W. Rose and Mr. John L. Morris became partners with Mr. Ritchie, under the name of Ritchie, Morris & Rose. Mr. W. Rose afterwards removed to England, Mr. Morris retired, and Mr. Ritchie again became associated with his former partner, Mr. Borlase, of Sherbrooke. Mr. Borlase also retired about four years ago. Mr. Ritchie was latterly in partnership with his son, Mr. W. F. Ritchie, and Mr. M. S. Lonergan. The deceased held many important positions of public and corporate trust. Being for a number of years a Director of the Bank of Montreal. He was deservedly popular in all his several relations and was considered by all who knew him as an upright man and a staunch friend. During the years he was Crown Protector his gentlemanly bearing and moderation won him many friends. In politics though nominally a Conservative, his views were of the most independent character. Though he made no pretensions to eloquence, Mr. Ritchie always commanded attention in court. He spoke to the point, and was regarded by his *confreres* as a wise counsellor, and an admirable legal tactician. He also possessed a fund of keen wit and humour, which made him rather a formidable opponent in close discussion. For many years he was a member of the Bar Council and his relations with the



THE LATE THOS. W. RITCHIE, Q.C.

members of his profession have been always of the most agreeable kind.

In proof of the feeling towards him at the Bar, a meeting of its members was held on Wednesday in the library at the court house, when the following resolutions were adopted.

Moved by Joseph Doutra, Esq., Q.C., seconded by Edward Carter, Esq., Q.C.,—

That the members of this section of the Bar have learned with the deepest sorrow of the sudden death of their much esteemed *confrere*, T. W. Ritchie Esq., Q.C., and avail themselves of this occasion to give expression publicly to their high appreciation of his eminent qualities, his high legal attainments and the ability which he displayed as a member of the profession, and which secured to him the confidence and respect of the Bar generally.

Moved by Strachan Bethune, Esq., Q.C., seconded by R. Laflamme, Esq., Q.C.,—

That the strict sense of honor, the genial disposition and the courteous and affable manner which characterized his relations with all his *confreres* will endear his memory to the members of the Bar, who all sincerely mourn his loss.

Moved by E. Barnard, Esq., Q.C., seconded by W. H. Kerr, Esq., Q.C.,—

That out of respect to our deceased *confrere* we, the members of the Bar, do attend his funeral in a body and wear mourning for one month.

Moved by C. A. Geoffrion, Esq., Q.C., seconded by Geo. Macrae, Esq., Q.C.,—

That we, members of the Bar, beg to convey our deep sympathy to the widow and family of our deceased brother in their sad bereavement.

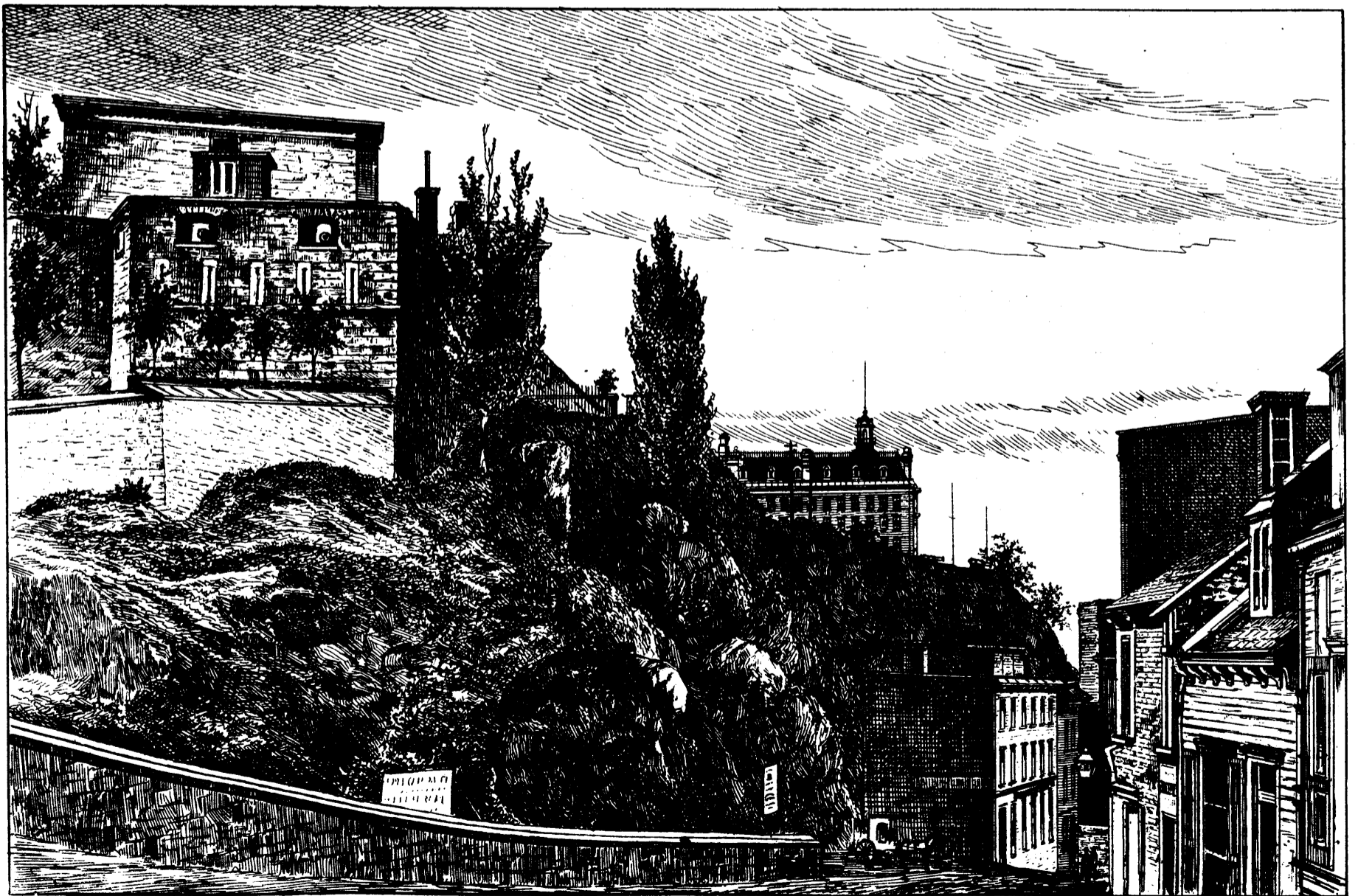
Moved by T. P. Butler, Esq., seconded by Joseph Duhamel, Esq., Q.C.,—

That copies of these resolutions be forwarded to the widow and family of the deceased, and be also published in the city newspapers.

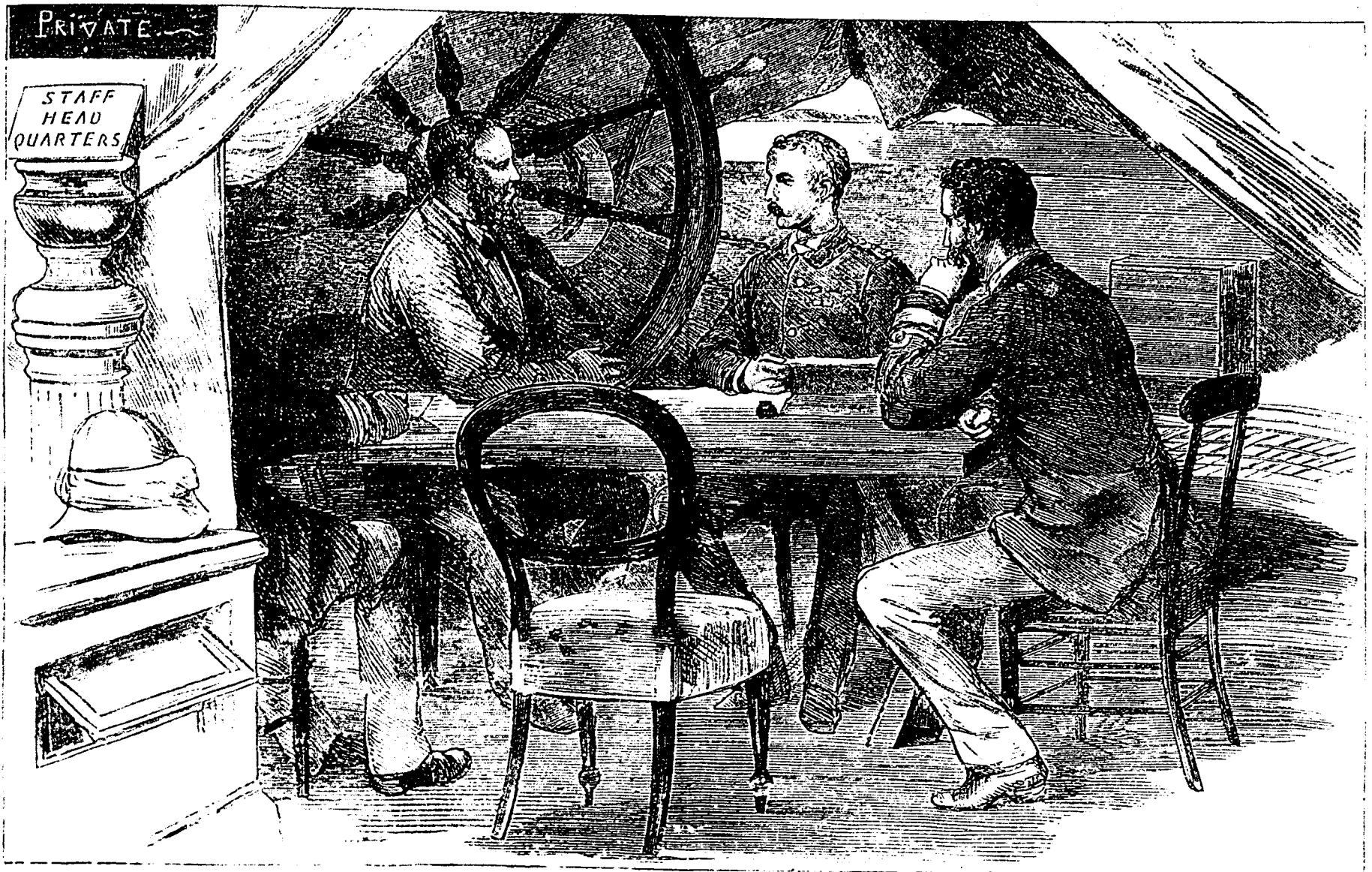
All the above resolutions were carried unanimously.

Mr. Ritchie's remains were brought to Montreal by Great Eastern Railway shortly after noon on Tuesday accompanied by his son, Dr. McDonald and Mrs. Lindsay. The remains were conveyed to his late residence No. 660 Sherbrooke street. The flag over the City and District Savings Bank buildings flying at half mast during the day out of respect to his memory.

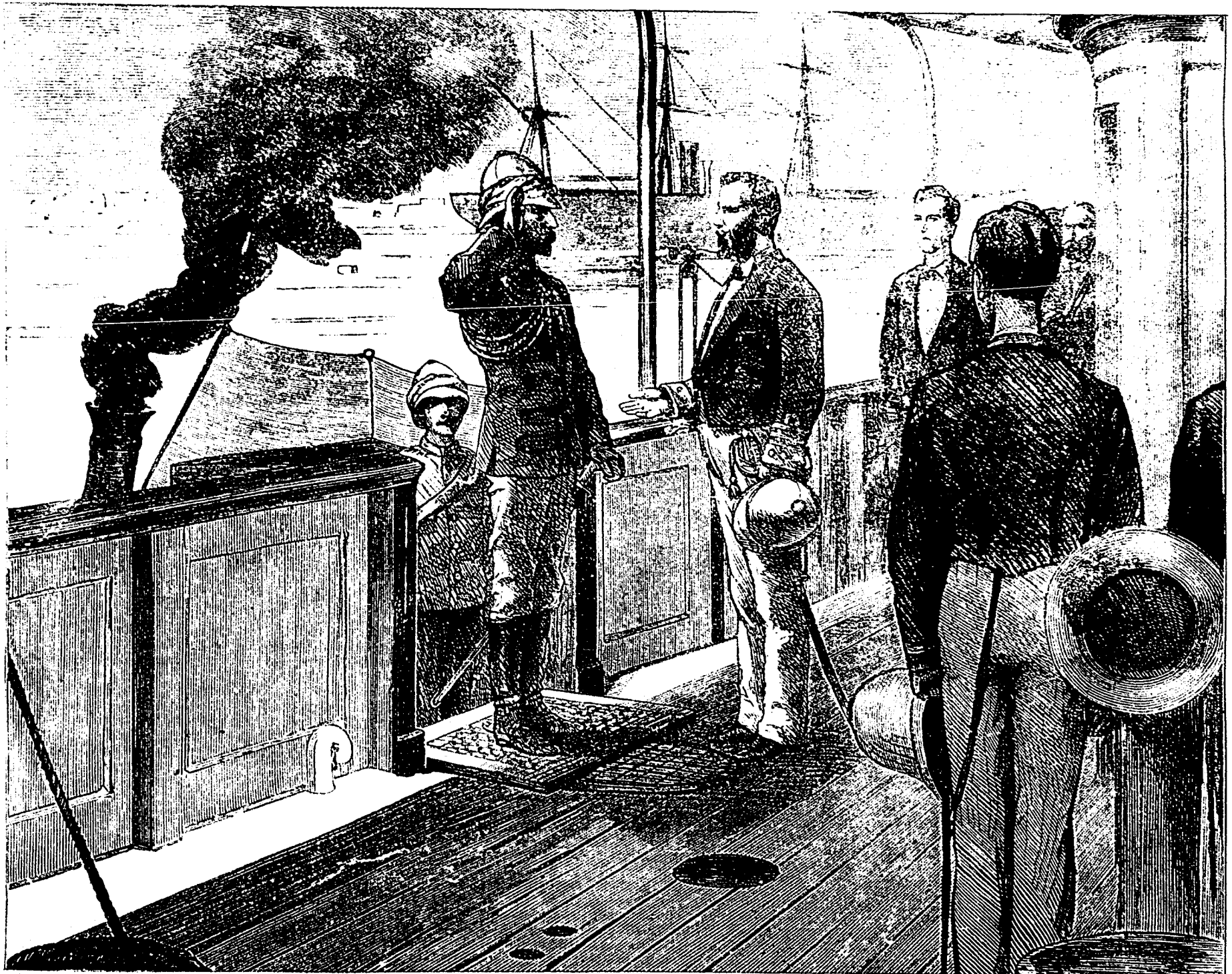
The funeral took place on Saturday afternoon from the family residence on Sherbrooke street to Mount Royal Cemetery, a very large number of the members of the Bar and other friends being in attendance. The following were the pall-bearers:—Judge Johnson, Mr. Smithers, Hon. D. A. Smith, Hon. R. Laflamme, Q.C., Mr. W. W. Robertson, John Lewis, and Henry Judah.



QUEBEC.—VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN HILL.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. HENDERSON.



A COUNCIL OF WAR ON BOARD H. M. S. HELICON.



THE WAR IN EGYPT.—ARRIVAL OF THE SCOTS GUARDS AT ALEXANDRIA.—MAJOR-GENERAL H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT REPORTING HIMSELF TO ADMIRAL SIR BEAUCHAMP SEYMOUR.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE."

Honor to the ancient maxim,
Gospel of a far-off day,
Mid whose conflict and confusion
Stubborn spirits owned its sway—
Owned it on the crimsoned scaffold,
Owned it on the stricken field,
As, defying pain and peril,
With their blood their faith they sealed.

Brave old words, ye taught your scholars,
Knight and noble, fierce of mood,
Lofty deeds should grace high lineage,
Gentle manners, gentle blood:
Thus your wild controlling influence,
Mid vicissitudes and strife,
Cherished in a barren present
Seeds with future promise rife.

Now that Prejudice has yielded
Place to Reason's temp'rate rule,
Teach the maxim in the cottage,
Teach it in the village school—
Watchword this in every station,
Of the wise, the pure, the strong
(Heaven's own chivalry), contending
Evermore with guilt and wrong.

Thus the wealthy learn that riches
For some useful end are lent,
Thus the lore the student gathers
Is for man's advancement spent;
And the light that for our fathers
Fetful gleamed, with steeper ray
Gilds the upward path we follow,
Wishful of the perfect day.

As from toil of buried ages
Thus we gather precious fruit
(Deep within the Past the wisdom
Of the Present strikes its root),
Shining through the fine old motto
The Great Master's words we see,
"He who will be chief among you,
Let him, serving, follow Me!"

VERBA.

THE MARQUIS JEANNE HYACINTH DE ST. PALAYE.

BY A. HENRY BORTHOUSE.

IV.

A few days after these events the Count removed his family to Paris, travelling in several large carriages, and accompanied by numerous servants on horseback. The Marquis accompanied them, and, by what might appear a curious coincidence, on the very morning upon which they set out on their journey, the Chevalier received, at the little *Auberge* on the farther side of the forest, where he lodged, an imperative order to join his regiment without delay. Furious at the success of what he conceived to be the interference of the Marquis and the Count, he obeyed the order, resolved to return to Paris at the earliest opportunity.

The winter passed in Paris as winters in great cities usually do. The Chevalier stole up from the frontier more than once, and at court balls, at the theatre, and at the private assemblies he succeeded in seeing Mademoiselle de Frontenac more often than he perhaps had expected, but though his opportunities exceeded his hopes, the result was not proportionally favourable. Whether Mademoiselle had succumbed to the paternal influence, or whether the Marquis had succeeded in substituting his own attractions for those of the Chevalier, it was evident that her manner became colder and more reserved at each interview.

The winter at last was over, and one evening in summer, after a royal concert at Versailles, when the king's violins had performed such delicate and yet pathetic music of Monsieur Rousseau's that the court was ravished by it, the Chevalier met his mistress by appointment in one of the pavilions of the orangery. He had secret means of obtaining admission to the precincts of the palaces which were well understood by the courtiers of those days.

Mademoiselle de Frontenac was perfectly pale as she came into the pavilion, and she seemed to walk with difficulty; she stopped immediately when within the door, and spoke at once, as though she were repeating a lesson.

"Do not come any nearer, Monsieur le Chevalier," she said; "I am the wife of another."

He stopped, therefore, where he was, on the other side of the small pavilion, and across the summer evening light that mingled with the shimmer of the candelabras, he saw her for the last time.

Neither spoke for a moment or two, and then she said, still as though conning a part—

"I have promised, Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, to be the wife of the Marquis de St. Palaye, and I will keep my word."

"You are not speaking your own words, Madeleine," he said, eagerly; "let your own heart speak!" and coming forward across the pavilion, he was on the point of taking her hand.

Then the door by which she had entered opened again, and the Count de Frontenac, with a quiet and firm step, glided in, and stood by his daughter's side.

At this sight, which revealed to him, as it seemed, the faithfulness of his mistress, and the plot which was woven around him on every side, the Chevalier lost his self-control.

"I was aware, Monsieur le Comte," he burst forth, "that in this *pays du diable* the privileges of parents were numerous and inalienable, but till this moment I did not know that eavesdropping was one of them."

The Count made no reply, except by raising his hat; and his daughter, bowing with a mechanical grace that was pitiful to see, said—

"I wish you farewell, Monsieur le Chevalier."

"Madeleine," said the young man, "I wish you farewell for ever; and I pray God, with each sincerity will be known when we stand, each of us, before His judgment bar, that you may not bitterly regret your words this night."

Then, perfectly pale, but more composed than before he had spoken, he too raised his hat courteously, and left the room.

That evening there were enacted within a stone's throw of each other, two very different scenes.

When the Marquis de St. Palaye returned to his hotel he was told that the family lawyer, Monsieur Cacotte, was waiting to see him, having at the first possible moment brought him some deeds which Monsieur le Marquis was very anxious should be completed.

The Marquis would see him at once, and, after a few minutes' delay, he entered the room in which the lawyer was seated at a table which was covered with parchments. The room was one in which the Marquis usually sat when the festivities of the day, whether at home or abroad, were over; it was richly furnished as a library, and upon the wide hearth there burned a fire of wood, though it was summer. Greeting the lawyer with great friendliness of manner, St. Palaye threw himself somewhat wearily into a chair, and gazed at the blazing wood-ashes.

A servant entered the room with wine. "I am sorry, Monsieur le Marquis," said the lawyer, "to come to you at so unseasonable an hour; but your instructions were so precise that the moment this first will was ready it should be brought to you to sign, that I did not dare to wait till the morrow."

"You did quite right, Monsieur Cacotte," said the Marquis. "No one can tell what may happen before the morrow."

"I have indeed," continued the lawyer, "prepared both wills, so that Monsieur can satisfy himself that they are both exactly alike. The one will be signed immediately after the marriage; the other at once. They both contain the same clauses, and especially the one upon which Monsieur le Marquis so much insisted; that the sum of fifty thousand louis d'or, charged upon the unsettled estates in Poitou and Auvergne, should be paid within three months of the death of the testator to Monsieur le Chevalier de Grissolles, for a purpose which he will appreciate and understand." Those, I think, were the words Monsieur wished to have used.

"They seem quite correct," said the Marquis.

"I am sorry," continued the lawyer, "that this extra expense, which seems to me unnecessary, should be entailed."

"In that," said the Marquis, politely, "you only show, Monsieur Cacotte, that care and interest in the good of the family which you have always manifested both in the time of my father and of myself. My father, the late Marquis de St. Palaye, always expressed to me the obligation under which he conceived himself to be in this respect, and this obligation is, of course, much increased in my case."

"The obligation, Monsieur le Marquis," said the lawyer, "if such there be, has been too liberally repaid both by your father and yourself."

"To tell the truth, Monsieur Cacotte," said the Marquis, leaning back in his chair, with his feet stretched out towards the fire, and speaking with an appearance of being perfectly at home with his companion, and desirous of confiding in him, "to tell the truth I am even in this age of science and encyclopedias somewhat superstitious, and I have a presentiment—the St. Palayes often had it—that I have not long to live. Do not suppose that I shrink from this prospect, though it is a singular statement for a man to make who is about to marry, and to marry such a bride as mine! Yet I do not mind confiding to you, Monsieur Cacotte, that I am somewhat wearied of life. The world grows very old, and it does not seem to mend."

"Monsieur le Marquis has been too long unmarried," said the lawyer. "I am not surprised that he should be wearied of the enjoyments which he has had the opportunity of tasting to such repletion. He will speak differently when he has a lovely woman by his side, and knows the felicity of wife and child."

"Ah, Monsieur Cacotte!" said the Marquis, smiling, "you speak, as they all do, of felicity. There is such a thing, believe me, as the intolerable weariness of a too constant felicity. When I hear even of the joy of the future, and of the bliss of heaven, it seems to me sometimes that the most blissful heaven is to cease to exist. Let me sign the deed."

A servant was called in as a witness, and the Marquis signed the first will. Then he said to Monsieur Cacotte—

"The marriage will take place in six weeks in Auvergne; I hope that Monsieur Cacotte will honour the ceremony with his presence. I can assure you from my own experience that you will have nothing to complain of in the hospitality of Monsieur le Comte."

The Chevalier returned to his lodging about the same time that the Marquis entered his hotel. His valet awaited him that he might change his dress as usual before going into the town to spend the remainder of the evening. The man perceived at once that his master was excited and unhappy. He was an Italian by birth, and had accompanied the Chevalier in his campaigns, and in his secret visits to the Château de Frontenac. He saw that the crisis had arrived.

"Does Monsieur go down into Auvergne this autumn?" he said.

"We go down once more," said the Chevalier, gloomily. He had divested himself of his court dress, and was taking from his valet a suit of dark clothes somewhat resembling a hunting suit. "Yes, we go down once more: this cursed marriage will take place a month hence."

"Monsieur takes this marriage too much to heart," said the Italian—as he spoke he handed the coat, which his master put on—"it may never take place. A month hence in the country they will begin to hunt—to hunt the boar. No doubt the party at the château will divert themselves in this way while the nuptial ceremonies are arranged. It is a dangerous sport. Many accidents take place, many unfortunate shots—quite unintentional. Monsieur le Chevalier is a finished sportsman. He has a steady hand, and a sure eye. *C'est un fait accompli.*"

The Chevalier started: in the large glass before him he saw a terrible figure dressed as for the chase, but pale as a corpse, and trembling in every limb as with the palsy. He shuddered, and turned away.

V.

The *piqueurs* sent up word to the château that a magnificent boar had been lodged in a copse at the foot of the forest road. An answer was sent down accordingly that the Marquis would drive him early in the morning, and that he should be turned if possible towards the château.

In the morning, therefore, very early, the whole household was astir. The ladies were mounted, and divided into parties, entered down the road and along the forest paths to those points where, according to the advice of their several attendant cavaliers, the hunt would most likely be seen to advantage. The Marquis, it was said, had been down at a still earlier hour to rouse the boar. Every now and then a distant horn sounding over the waving autumn forest told that the sport had commenced.

The ladies were gay and delighted, and those of the gentlemen who, like Monsieur Cacotte, were not much accustomed to country life and scenes, shared their enjoyment to the full. And indeed it seemed a morning out of fairyland. From every branch and spray upon which the leaves, tinted with a thousand colours, were trembling already to their fall, hung sparkling festoons of fairy lace, the mysterious gossamer web which in a single night wreathes a whole forest with a magic covering which the first hour of sunlight as soon destroys. Yellows, browns, and purples formed the background of this dazzling network of fairy silver which crossed in all directions the forest rides.

But though the morning was so lovely the ladies grew tired of riding up and down waiting for the hunt. The horns became fainter and more distant, and it became evident that the chase had drifted to the eastward.

"Why do you stay here, Monsieur de Circassonne?" said Mademoiselle de Frontenac, smiling, to a young man, almost a boy, who had with the utmost devotion remained by the side of herself and a very pretty girl, her companion. "Why do you stay here! You are not wont to desert the chase. What can have happened to the Marquis and the rest?"

The boy looked somewhat sheepish, and replied to the latter part of the question only.

"I fancy that the boar has broken out, in spite of the *piqueurs*, and that the Marquis has fallen to turn him. They have probably lost him in the forest."

"But is not that very dangerous!" said the pretty girl. "If they do not know where the boar is, he may burst out upon us at any moment."

The boy looked at her as though much pleased.

"That is quite true," he said. "It was one reason why I stayed."

Monsieur de Circassonne was not far wrong in his opinion. This is what had happened.

When the Marquis arrived at the cover, very soon after sunrise, he found that the boar, ungraciously refusing to wait his opponent's convenience, had broken cover, and wounding one of the *piqueurs*, who attempted to turn him, had gone down the valley. He was described as an unusually fine animal, and the dogs were upon his track.

The course which the boar had taken lay through the thick of the forest. It was rugged and uneven, and he could only be pursued on foot. After some distance had been traversed, the scent was suddenly crossed by a large sow, as frequently happened, apparently with the express purpose of diverting the pursuit from her companion, crossed immediately in front of the dogs and went crashing down through the coppice to the right. Most of the hounds followed her, and the *piqueurs*, with few exceptions, followed the dogs. The Marquis, however, succeeded in calling off some of the oldest hounds, and accompanied by two or three *piqueurs*, followed the original chase. Some distance farther on, however, the boar had taken to the water, and the scent was lost. At the same time the horns sounding in the valley to the right, showed that the deserters had come up with their quarry, and distracted the attention of both *piqueurs* and dogs. The former were of opinion that the boar had simply crossed the river, and taking the dogs across they made a cast on the opposite bank, where the dogs ran backwards and forwards baying disconsolately. The Marquis, however, believing that the boar

had followed the course of the stream for at least some distance, kept on the left bank, and forcing his way round one or two craggy points, found at last the spot where the boar, apparently but a few moments before, had scrambled up the bank. He sounded his horn, but either from the baying of the dogs, or the noise and excitement in the valley below, he was disregarded, and pushing aside the branches before him, the Marquis found himself at the foot of a ravine down which a mountain torrent was rushing to join the river below. The bed of the ravine was composed of turf over-strewn with craggy rock, and on either side rugged cliffs, out of the fissures of which lofty oaks and chestnuts had grown for centuries, towered up towards the sky.

The Marquis waited for a moment, but hearing no reply to his horn, he entered the ravine alone.

As he did so, the strange shapes which the hanging roots and branches of the trees assumed might seem to beckon and warn him back; but, on the other hand, a thousand happy and pleasing objects spoke of life and joy. The sun shone brilliantly through the trembling leaves, birds of many colours flitted from spray to spray, butterflies and bright insects crossed the fretted work of light and shade. The chase was evidently before him—why should he turn back?

Some fifty yards up the valley the rocks retreated on either side, leaving a wide and open grassy space, down which the torrent was rushing and over which fragments of basaltic rock, split from the wooded cliffs above, were strewn. At the summit of this grassy slope, standing beneath a bare escarpment of basalt, the Marquis saw the boar.

Its sides and legs were stained with mud and soil, but the chase had been very short, and the animal seemed to have turned to bay more out of curiosity and interest than from terror or exhaustion. It stood sniffing the air and panting with excitement, its hair bristling with anger, its white and polished tusks shining in the sun.

When the Marquis saw this superb creature standing above him on the turf, a glow of healthy and genuine pleasure passed over his face. He swung his horn round far out of reach behind his back, and drew his long and jewelled knife. The boar and he would try this issue alone.

For some seconds they stood facing each other. Then the posture of the Marquis changed inexplicably. He rose to his full height, his gaze was fixed as if by fascination upon a long range of low rocks above him to the left, and an expression of surprise, which did not amount to anxiety even, came into his face. Then he dropped his knife, threw his arms up suddenly over his head, and falling backwards, rolled once over and lay motionless upon the uneven turf in an uneasy posture, his head lower than the limbs. A puff of white smoke rose from the rocks above, and the reverberating echo of a hunting piece struck the rocks and went on sounding alternately from side to side down the valley.

The boar, startled at the shot, and, still more, probably, by the sudden fall of his adversary, crept into the thicket, and, while a man might count sixty, an awful silence fell upon hill, and rock, and wood. The myriad happy creatures that filled the air with murmur and with life, became invisible and silent, and even the rushing torrent ceased to sound. Then a terrible figure, habited in the costume of the chase, but trembling in every limb as with a palsy, rose from behind the rocks upon the left. With tottering and uneven steps, it staggered down the grassy slope, and stood beside the fallen man. The Marquis opened his eyes, and when he saw this figure he tried to raise himself from the uneasy posture in which he had fallen. When he found it was impossible, a smile of indescribably serene courtesy formed itself gradually upon his face.

"Ah, Chevalier," he said, speaking slowly, and at intervals, "that was scarcely fair! Make my regrets to the Marquis. Monsieur Cacotte—will speak to you—about—my—will."

Then, the smile fading from the lips, his head fell back into the uneasy posture in which it had lain, and the Marquis Jeanne Hyacinth de St. Palaye rested in peace upon the blood-stained grass.

BROWN'S YOUNG MEN.

Brown, it appears from the statements of people who are supposed to know, and who have not hesitated to divulge the secret, invested capital in the purchase of a stock of young men, whom he supplies in quantities to suit all customers about to give parties. They are let out for the evening at reasonable rates, warranted quiet and in good going order. Dancing young men, who are not expected to say more than "May I have the pleasure!" and "Very warm this evening, is it not?" are sent out at the low price of twenty-five dollars per dozen. Talking young men come a little higher, but those that can manage to keep up a sort of conversation—not a universal accomplishment in ballrooms—may be had for as little as thirty dollars. When the aesthetic movement began long hair and a languid look came rather high, and the genuine "greenery gallery, Grosvenor Gallery, foot-in-the-grave young man" was expensive. Now that aestheticism is played out, there is a large stock of the latter on hand, who are having their hair cut, and developing into more of the "common-place type, with a stick and a pipe, and a half-bred black and tan."

CHARMING SIMPLICITY.

(From the French of Chevalier de Bouglers.)

"Love is a baby full of wiles"
 (Thus oft my mother spake)
 "And, though bewitchingly he smiles,
 Will sting you, like a snake."
 Still, I would dearly like to know
 How a blind boy can injure so
 A girl that's wide awake!

To-day, I watched young Lycus greet
 My playmate Laizee;
 He murmured accents, low and sweet,
 That seemed from falsehood free.
 He told her of a charming God,
 The very same—how very odd!
 My mother dreads for me.

But I've a cunning plan to prove
 How groundless her alarm:
 With Damon's help, I'll look for Love,
 Close guarded by his arm.
 Then, should the archer try to sting
 With two to one, the poor blind thing
 Can't do a deal of harm!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

HUFF AND TIFF.

Who were they? They were Mr. and Mrs. Thwaite, and had been so for a few weeks only. They became Huff and Tiff when they married.

Although they were well-to-do citizens of great New Lancaster, they had not been married grandly in church, because they were so young; and if the truth must out, it had been a runaway match. No one could understand why they had run away, as the opposition to their marriage had been more of a postponing character than anything else; but Mr. Thwaite had suggested that the former Miss Featherly had too little money for his son's intended wife. There had been a stormy scene, in which the two vessels, old and young gentleman, had come into collision, amid claps of thunder. Is it necessary to say more? No; surely all persons of twenty will see why young Thwaite married precipitately, and flew with his charming wife into lodgings.

"Huff dear, I'm all ready," said his wife, entering the room.

She was dressed for walking, it being near dinner-time, and she wore her bending string hat and her clinging buff gown. Her teeth glinted, her eyes darkened, as she looked down at her husband, who had been reading a novel of Victor Hugo.

Thwaite glanced up, stretched, sprang to his feet, and bustled about, getting his hat, gloves, cane. Then he clapped his side scientifically.

"You have your purse?"

"Yes," says he. "You have your parasol?"

"Yes," says she.

They went and had their dinner.

Thwaite had been silent all the way home from the hotel restaurant. When they got back to their pretty parlor, he sank into a chair, and stared before him fixedly.

"What's the matter?" asked Tiff, catching sight of something unaccustomed about him.

"Oh, nothing, Tiff. Don't trouble yourself about it. Only—" his lips remained open, but no words followed.

"Dearest, have you fallen ill?"

"No; partly, though. I've fallen into ill luck. I thought I had some money in an inner compartment of my purse, and—it is not there!"

"You've spent it?"

"Certainly not! That is, I suppose I must have."

"And what have you in the outside compartments of your purse?" asked Tiff, lazily fanning herself and putting her two dainty feet on the hassock.

The only answer Thwaite seemed likely to make was to begin feeling of all his pockets.

"Hey!" said Tiff.

"Why, none there now," answered Thwaite, shortly, as if of course he hadn't.

"Good gracious!" said Tiff, snapping her bracelet, "how unusual, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, that's what troubles me; I never was out of cash in all my life before this."

"Aren't there such things as checks?" asked Mrs. Thwaite, turning her eyes upon him lovingly.

Thwaite laughed.

"I should think so! But then I haven't any about me."

"There are so many banks. Where do you cash your checks?"

"When I have them," said Thwaite, going to the mantel-piece to light a cigar, "I cash 'em at the first bank I come to."

"Perhaps if you go to a bank they'll give you a check to cash," said she.

"No, hardly."

"Aren't there such things as accounts at banks?"

"Heavens, Tiff, why not?"

"Well, then, go to the bank where you have one."

Her husband took his cigar from his lips, growing pale.

"What the deuce am I to do? I have no balance."

Mrs. Thwaite shook out a fold of her dress with a gentle wave of the hand. Her husband was again staring fixedly into the desert of his dilemma. She rose, and going to him, laid that graceful hand of hers upon his shoulder.

"What difference can it make?" said she—"about money, I mean! Something will happen. Perhaps you have money in your

trunk. It is quite funny to think of two people who care about each other as we do, talking so much about such a vulgar thing."

"That's all very fine," Thwaite murmured; "but what are we to do for breakfast?"

"Breakfast?—breakfast?"

"Yes; and we shall break on it, according to present indications."

"Pshaw! I'm sure I can do without it just for once," Tiff assured him, almost laughing.

He meditated, convinced that he could not get along without it, even for once; and although he had just heavily dined, he began to feel symptoms of hunger. The imagination is everything.

Thwaite was stunned; but before morning he had realized that he must find work. What did work mean to him? A fine walk, at worst; gloves, cane, refreshments, diplomacy; a governor with the money, a dread of being sent to Europe.

Tiff was as fresh as a rose the next day. She popped her head out of the window, and sniffed the air.

"How perfectly sweet it is this morning!" said she. "I mean to wear my gray linen."

"Where are you going?" asked Huff.

She turned slowly, and gazed at him. "Oh yes, I do remember now. No breakfast!"

"It is too, too cruel, my love," says he, leaning against anything he could find, in despair. "But I shall go to a place or two of business I know of, and get something profitable to do at once. Upon my word I will soon be back, fully equipped for a hearty lunch. As you say, nothing serious can befall two happy beings like you and I."

Off he went into the sunshine, and Tiff sat down demurely, curious to find out what would happen next.

She had to wait till evening for the "next thing," unless a series of strange phases of feeling could be counted as interesting. It was then that Huff Thwaite burst into the room, his face gleaming white in the dim light.

"Tiff! oh, Tiff!"

She did not answer, but in a moment slowly raised herself from the sofa, her hand to her forehead.

"My child, are you famished?" exclaimed her husband, with glistening eyes.

"Only—very—dizzy," whispered Tiff, faintly, winking rapidly, and panting in the greatest trouble. "Where am I? What have we been doing?"

"Oh, my dear, I have been up and down the city all day, finally securing a capital connection with father's rival insurance company, but, by the beard of Moses! I have had nothing but a glass of wine and a biscuit since last evening. As soon as I was fairly launched in business this afternoon, I realized that of course I could not expect to receive any cash the first day, and I became almost wild with anxiety. Yet it was imperative to smile. Do you not know that it is imperative in business to smile?"

"I don't care if it is!" retorted Tiff, with some show of life. "And you should care more that I am very, very ill. I have read Hugo until I am as hungry as a giantess."

"But, Tiff, I have one profound hope in this terrible dilemma, in which it now seems as if we should literally starve unless my hope proves well grounded. Have not you any money?"

Mrs. Thwaite threw her head back daintily, shrugged her shoulders in mockery, her pale lips smiling, her lustrous eyes glancing scornfully over her husband's head.

"Do not keep me waiting for your answer," he cried, kneeling before her.

"Why, certainly I have money," answered she. "How could I have pin-money else? Huff, you are beyond your depth, I think."

"Bravo! we are saved!" exclaimed Thwaite, springing up, and waltzing a few steps with his cane. Then stopping, he asked, "How came you not to mention it at once last evening? Give me your purse without delay, dearest Tiff, and let us start at once for our pretty little table at the restaurant."

Tiff walked over to the encouraging figure in the middle of the room, her hands behind her sloping waist.

"Huff Thwaite," she demanded, "do you mean to say you would use my pin-money to support us?"

"I say we're in a deuced fix, and any money would be rather acceptable. Haven't you pins enough? Or are you in a condition to starve another twenty-four hours?"

"Huff Thwaite, I never could have believed it."

"What?"

"That you could not take care of me." She began to cry, and spent all the tears she had longed to shed during the day, but would not shed them because Huff was taking care of her.

He was wretchedly hungry. His pulse was awfully high, or low, he did not know which; and as for his wife, she might die before morning for want of an oyster patty. Upon the top of these dire facts lay the purse in her pocket or upper drawer. He was deeply angered. Something whirled round in his heart, and sent the blood to his forehead, and he bit his lips before he knew that he was inclined to. He sat down in a bowed position, his thumbs in his pockets.

He heard the light pattering of a spring shower in the gathering darkness, and he also heard his wife feeling about in the next room, turning a key, and coming back to where he sat. She said "Here!" dramatically. He looked up, and saw a pretty purse before his nose. The next instant Tiff Thwaite was looking at her husband in blank dismay. Huff had risen with

a bitter and graceful elegance, and the purse had skimmed through a pane of the window with a tinkling crash.

Tiff turned to the sofa, and threw herself down at full length, gloriously wretched.

Huff vanished. He went out into the drizzling rain to hunt for the purse. He struck matches that sizzled, and was several times on the point of being run over by vehicles, and there is scarcely any doubt that his misfortunes were further augmented by the use of words after which the faithful historian draws an exclamation mark and supplies by a blank. All in a moment, however, he thought he had stepped on a mouse, and then he knew that he had come upon the plush wallet. In the hall he opened it hastily, expecting to find a few gold pieces; but his luck was far better than he had expected. What could Tiff have been thinking of to forget about it or withhold it, dear little goose! How could her charming ghost have profited by her pin-money, supposing they had both starved?

In a couple of hours more Tiff's headache had gone off like mist, and they both looked even gay than before the terrible ordeal of that day had set in.

At nine o'clock there came a knock at the door. The servant stepped over to Mrs. Thwaite, and said something in a low voice. Mrs. Thwaite replied in the same manner. Who could have supposed that there would be a serious sequel to such a slight occurrence? When the servant had withdrawn, says Tiff, "Please, Huff, hand me five dollars."

"Certainly, Tiff. But, on second thoughts, remember how careful we must be for a month."

"I wish you would reflect that the laundress must be paid."

"Oh, we can't spend money in so lavish a way as that at present. She must wait."

"Well," says the blooming wife, unconcerned one way or the other, "I'll go and send her off."

She left the room, and did not return for five minutes. Then, after sitting down again, and reading a few pages of Mrs. Browning, she looked up with a smile as if at some joke, which was inexplicable under the circumstances, "I had to give her the clothes," said she.

"Did you? I thought you always did."

"I mean, of course, the laundered ones she had brought."

"Weren't they just right?"

"Huff, you are getting obtuse. She took them in payment."

"Mercy!"

"I can make my things last just about a month that way."

"But how am I to manage with only twenty-four shirts, and at least seven thrown to the dogs a week?"

"That does seem a problem," mused Tiff, laying down Mrs. Browning's poems temporarily on her knee. "Couldn't you buy a flannel shirt, and wear it ever so long?"

"Couldn't you get a bathing-dress?" demanded Huff, with withering sarcasm.

"Oh!" gasped Tiff, "how fearful you always are!"

Suppose the quarrel over, and for a day or two intense peace. Then came an episode.

"Well, dears, how do you do?" The speaker was a fine girl, joyous with early morning air and unusual excitement.

Huff and Tiff were transfixed. They were just starting out for breakfast.

"I was determined to find you in, and so I came at this hour," went on the visitor. "It has taken us a good while to find you, since papa would hear of it. The detective says you drank Steinberger Cabinet yesterday—"

"How dare you enter the same air we breathe?" thundered Huff, striding up to his sister and taking her round the waist for a stout kiss. "We ignore your existence."

"What a lovely room!" exclaimed Esther, sitting down with Tiff upon the sofa, with a sweep of the eyes, and then bending sideways toward the bride's cheek until cheek and lips met. "You dear!"

"You love!" says Tiff, and they embrace.

"Papa says you must be married over again; go through the form, and all the show and importance," remarked Esther, with the most fascinating, lazy nonchalance. "He said he never saw anything go off so like cotton into flames as you did, brother; just as though any one was more in love with your Bessie Featherly than he was. He don't remember forbidding the marriage at all."

"Please tell my father," said Huff, severely, looking down at his wife, who held her chin in her hand, "that I remember his forbidding it (or as bad as forbidding it) very distinctly. And please add that from this time forth my father, yes, and all the rest of you, is—are—dead to me!"

"Dreadful words those, Will," sighed his sister, glancing up with compressed lips. "Don't you think so, Bessie?"

Mrs. Tiff shook her head and smiled. "Mr. Thwaite is never in the wrong," says she, and feels a little awkward at her own assertion.

Esther thought a moment, and then said she believed she would not stay any longer just now. Huff said he would see her home, and then reflected that he could not very well carry out his intention. Esther upon this explained that she had come in the carriage. When she had bowed herself through the open door, she stopped to throw over her shoulder a roudade of genial laughter.

"By the way," Will," she called, "if we were in the fashionable set, what a terrible no-

toriety you two wild things would have! As it is, it's like a nice play. Adieu!"

"I wish my mother would come now," said Tiff, after the door had closed upon her husband's buoyant sister—who was also a school friend—and after a pause, or something equivalent to one. Huff had not descended to the carriage with Miss Thwaite, for fear of catching sight of the world-dreaded grin on the footman's visage.

"Your mother is a woman, dear," answered Thwaite, as if that meant something unusual, "and it will take a long time for her to come round as my father has done."

"But you are as unrelenting as you can be," suggested Tiff.

Huff would like to have said that as a young husband he could not be otherwise than he was, but as he felt that this might be too brilliant a revelation for Tiff, he remained silent.

In the evening they were sitting, as was customary, in the cheerful blue-tinted room, Huff feeling very cozy and aloof from the world and annoying relatives, and remembering his day's occupation in the rival insurance office as if it were a dream.

The door was opened hastily, and a figure presented itself which dashed their united calm to atoms.

It was Esther, pale and trembling, her ashen face emphasized by a black veil around it, and over her colored dress a heavy black shawl. Thwaite hurried to her, and took her ungloved hands in his.

"My sister! what has happened to you?"

"Let me sit down, or I shall faint," whispered Esther, dropping her head against his arm. Thwaite led her to an easy-chair, and helped her down upon its soft cushions. Tiff was alert in opening the window, and then running to Esther's side, finding her, however, a little less faint, her eyes looking rapidly from one to another, as the two sympathetic young people bent toward her.

"Dear sister," sobbed Tiff, "has something terrible happened?"

"My father," said the white-faced girl, in low tones, shutting her eyes.

"Father! father!" cried Thwaite, deeply agitated, and clutching his sister's hand in a firmer grasp. "What news of him?"

"Dead!"

The young couple sank on either side of Esther, crushed and horrified. Without opening her eyes, Esther spoke on:

"When I told him how you received his loving messages, brother Will, in one moment—"

Thwaite's distress was agonizing. Esther stopped speaking, opened her eyes, and leaned forward eagerly.

"Was it right to be so harsh and unyielding to your own father, Will?"

Her brother had withdrawn to the other side of the room, his face buried in his arms against the wall.

"Oh, Esther, have we no hope!" Tiff sobbed.

"Why, yes, there is hope in this case," Miss Thwaite said, in a different tone. Will Thwaite turned, his face covered with tears. "You said it, brother, and you can undo it. Dead to you!"

Esther had played a dangerous game, but she was a determined girl, and felt equal to the emergency. Her strong presence and sound good cheer buoyed up the two victims of her scheme, and enabled Thwaite to recover from the shock he had undergone.

She drew a letter from her pocket which had been written by Will's elder brother in Chicago to his father upon hearing of the runaway match. He praised Will up to the skies, and declared that any girl he chose must be a priceless jewel, whether she possessed any or not, and he begged his father to do the handsome thing by them both. "And so," concluded Esther, "papa wants to give you a magnificent reception."

She had thrown aside her black drapery, and dusted the powder from her cheeks with a flourish of her scented handkerchief, and now ran to the parlor door, and called, "John!" in a business-like way. In another instant a walking hill of flowers emerged from the shadows of the entry, and John, in dark green cloth and silver buttons, set two huge baskets of flowers upon the carpet. "Papa sent them to you, Bessie, with his love," says Esther. "And I shall soon be here again, shall I not?"

"Oh do!" answered Tiff, hiding her face on Huff's shoulder with a twining of arms.

"Give our love to the governor," roared Huff, flushed, grinning, jubilant.

Esther laughed merrily, caught up her black drapery, and ran down stairs, followed by John, with a contortion about his lips.

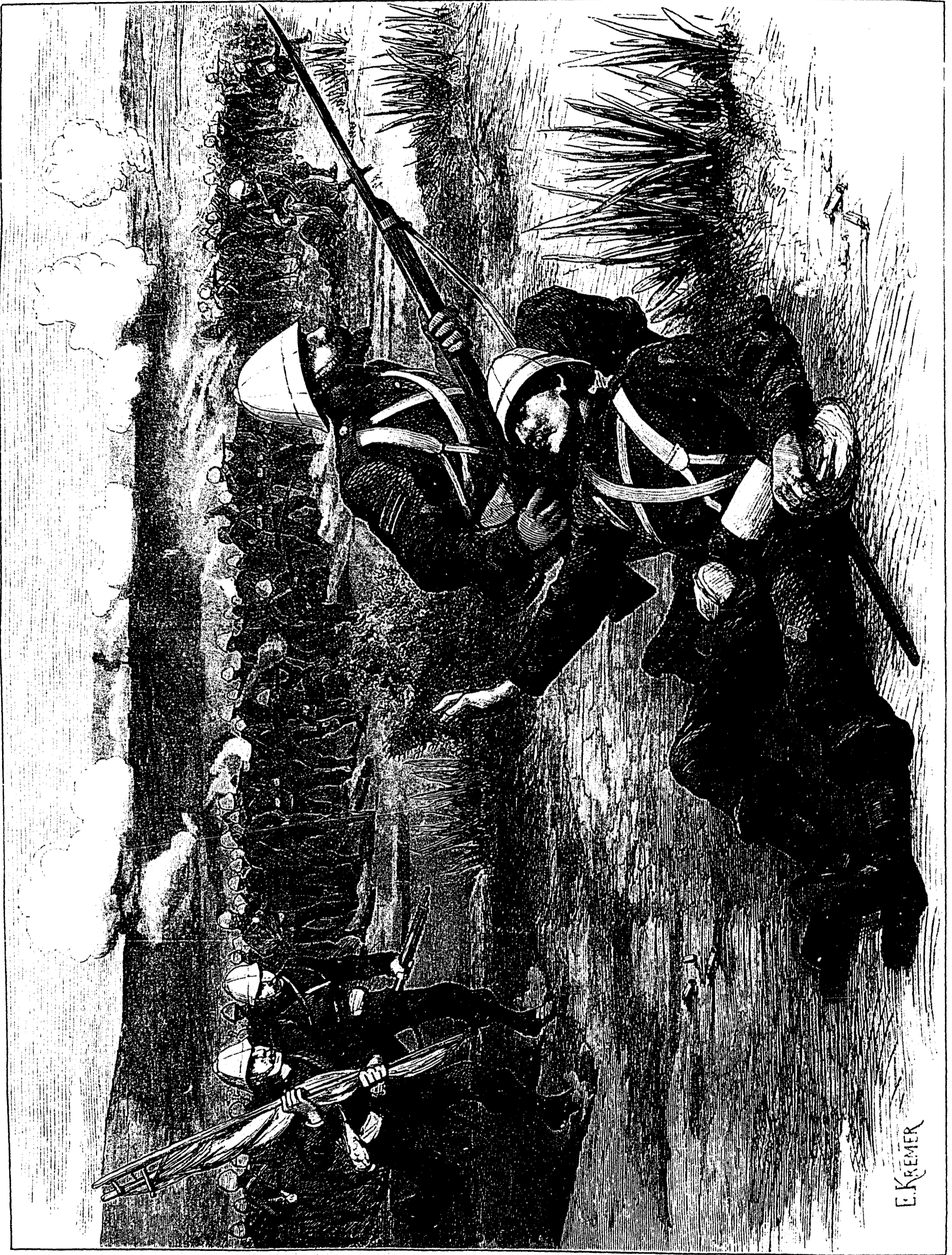
ROSE H. LATHROP.

REACHING out after the unreachable and intangible is when a man sits down where in mistaken confidence he believes a chair to be.

AN editor wrote a head-line—"A Horrible Blunder"—to go over a rail accident, but, though it was the printer's fault that it got over the account of a wedding, the editor was then thrashed all the same.

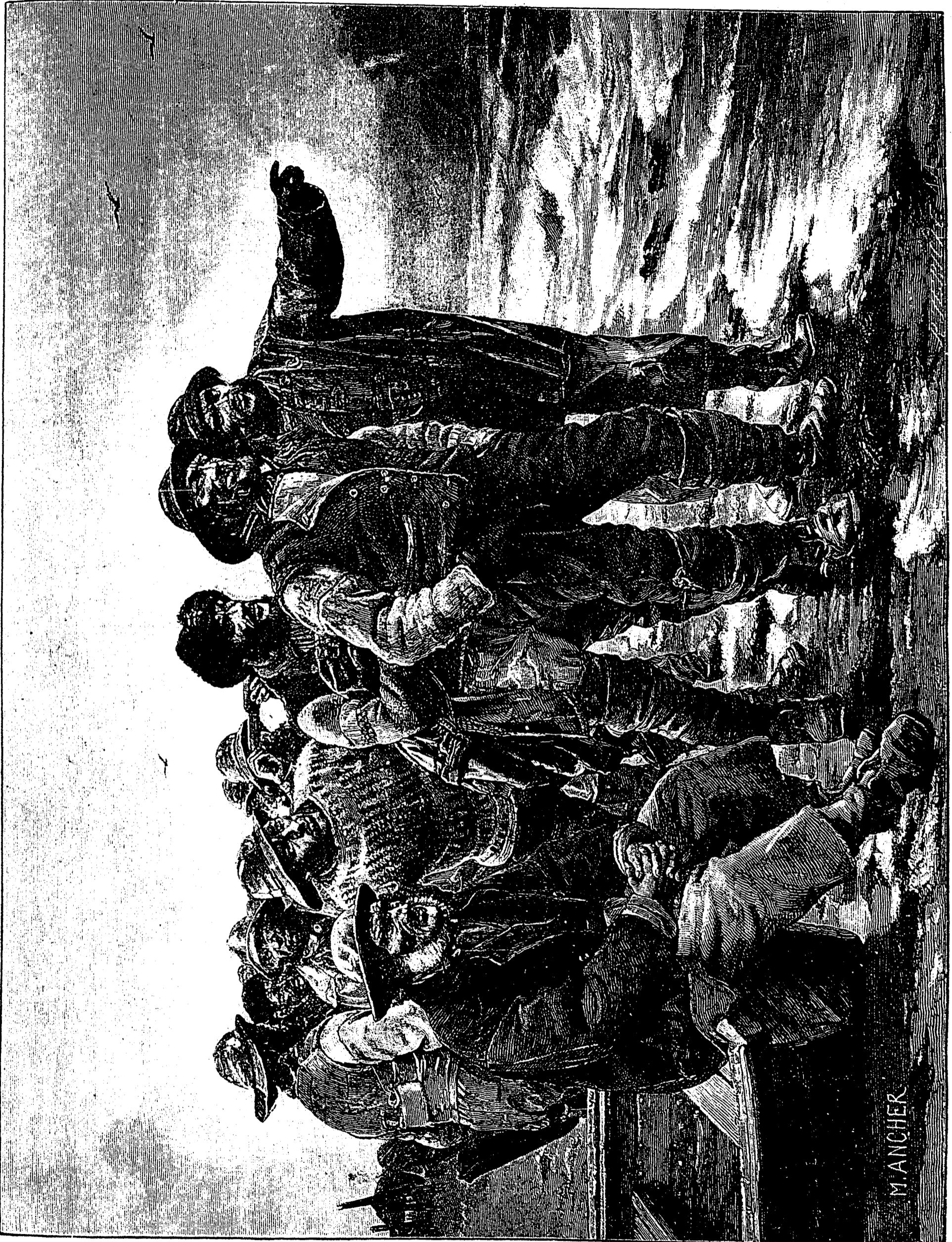
A maid, as by court records doth appear, Whom \$20,000 made so dear, Unto her waiter lover sternly said—"Forego the weed before we go to bed. For smoke takes flame. I'll be that flame's bright fanner"

To have your Anna, give up your Havana. The wretch, when thus she brought him to scratch, Lit his cigar and threw away the match.



THE RECONNAISSANCE IN FORCE, AUGUST 7. ROYAL MOUNTS FALLING BACK AT THE COST OF FIVE HUNDRED MEN.

E. KREMER



... WILL SHE ROUND THE POINT?—PICTURE BY MICHEL ANCHER AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF FINE ARTS IN VIENNA.

THE HUNTER.

(Translated from Théophile Gautier.)

Like the wild eagle, or the goat,
I too am mountain-bred,
And only seek yon plains remote
For powder and for lead.
With these contented, from my home
I watch men crawl below;
The lightning-cloud aloft must roam
To strike me with its blow.

I drink, when weary with the chase,
Some torrent's wave alone;
The pathway that my footsteps trace
To none but me is known.
My lungs are filled with purest air,
No living man hath trod
On the broad breast of earth, I swear,
So near as I to God.

My cradle was an eagle's nest:
I dwell, devoid of awe,
King-like, upon the mountain's crest,
Above all human law.
Die when I may, an avalanche
Shall shroud me in its gloom,
And my uncoffined bones shall blanch
Beneath an icy tomb!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

THE FIRST ARCHITECT SINCE WOLSEY.

BY COMPTON READE.

When an architect dies, he is remembered for the most part only by the churches, institutions, houses he may have erected. Monumentum si quis circumspice is his somewhat defiant motto. Should he adhere with average consistency to one particular style, be it Palladianism, Gothicism, Byzantinism; there has been, however, but one of this order since the Renaissance who may fairly be termed the evangelist of a gospel in stone.

That man was Pugin the elder. Had he spoken to a nation less devoured of religious prejudice, he would at least have been heard. But, as it was, his burning words of truth dispersed to the four winds of heaven. From the hour he joined the Roman Communion he ceased to have an audience beyond that small section of society which has embraced the ancient faith. Worse still for him—and for them—the religionists whom he addressed were not at all prepared to accept his dogmatic teaching. They had been educated in the *vicarrie*, and cared little for the pure. To them doctrine meant much, symbolism little. Or, if they did adopt symbolism, they preferred it on a garishly realistic scale. To their minds a Mediæval Madonna in stone, enshrined beneath a canopy of fret-work, might be all very well, but was, for the practical end in view—viz., that of exciting the devotional feelings of the ignorant—rather inferior to a doll dressed in Honiton lace, resembling the effigy of a cumbrously clad fine lady at an evening party. Hence the great good that Pugin might have effected in the concrete became an impossibility. Indeed, his life would have been wasted, had not he left behind him certain products of his pen, which, although to this day unread by nine hundred and ninety out of every thousand of our educated classes, do exist; and, now that the burly-burly of theological warfare has calmed down, may even yet energize for the good of humanity. We must bear in mind that the great mass of writers on every known subject, for the most part, write for writing's sake. They follow the bubble reputation, or they seek the public ear, as a medium for the attainment of filthy lucre. This man, however, was actuated by the noblest of motives. He had within him grand convictions, gathered not from hasty, imperfect, but from profound, careful generalization. He had gone in blindness of mental vision to the moss-grown stones and lichen-eaten traceries and half-defaced mouldings of the past. In these he had learnt a lesson. Therein he had discovered truth. Discarding at once—nay more, openly and manfully repudiating—the work of his earlier life, ere he had attained to a knowledge of this more excellent way, he proclaimed his gospel. Like every enthusiast under the sun he was more of an advocate than a judge, more of a votary than a critic; perhaps also now and then prone to exagg-rate, and thereby weaken an otherwise impregnable position. For all that, never man spoke stronger and more thorough truth, and it has been nothing short of a national misfortune that prejudice interposed a wet blanket between so honest a mouth and the ears of a dull, but not although stupid, public.

It may be objected to the above remarks that Pugin was more of a religionist than an architect; to more the instrument of a creed than of an art.

To this we reply, that it is a grave question whether Pugin ever was a religious man at all. He was by nature a poet, and it requires very little poetical feeling to carry an artist in the direction of high mass embellished by the transcendent genius of Beethoven, or the voluptuous inagery of Mozart, Weber, Hady. Sentimentalism is not religion. It may be admitted that he drew much of his architectural doctrine from an ecclesiastical source. That, however, was unavoidable in his case. For his major premise was, that architectural art reached its climax in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and at that period of history, as everybody knows, the clergy were the builders and designers of the civilized world. They left their mark all over Europe, nor can an impartial mind omit to accord to them the honour so indisputa-

bly due to genius and perseverance. The grand art principles laid down by Pugin may be briefly stated as follows:

1. That the Pointed style of architecture is best, both in respect of beauty and convenience for every item of building, from cathedral to railway bridge, from palace to hovel. Further, that it is in the long run cheapest, because least artificial.

2. That a deviation, however slight, from the principles of this style produces error; but that the style has the widest adaptability for all purposes.

3. That a mixture of styles is abominable.

4. That mendacity in art is unpardonable. He was the first to denounce stucco and plaster imitations of stone; sham vaulted roofs, where vaulting would, from the nature of construction, be utterly impossible; and, in short, every lie.

5. That colour, transparent and opaque, is essential to perfection.

6. That all work should be thorough, wrought, for art's sake, artistically, even though it should be hidden from view by distance.

7. That ornament should be auxiliary and subordinate to construction, instead of the reverse.

8. That work should aim to be lasting, not ephemeral.

9. That utility should determine form—a canon which knocks regularity and spic-and-span uniformity on the head, and thereby ensures the picturesque.

There is a city in the centre of the Continent which, as one may say, has been created during our own lifetime at a fabulous cost. King Ludwig of Bavaria indisputably had many of Pugin's notions in his head. He was a Gothicismist, but of the purblind school who could perceive the rare worth of the style, but were unable to discover its principles. Hence Munich is a farrago of blunders. It is grandiose. Nothing more. Perhaps his architectural absurdities paved the way for the great Gothic revival, just as the school of Overbeck—a very Munichian artist—led up to pre-Raphaelitism. Now, if only King Ludwig had had the luck to meet with such a master of architectural art as Pugin, it is not too much to say, that Munich would have been the glory of the world. The King and Pugin would have agreed heartily as to principles 1, 2, 3. The great architect would have beaten 4, 6, 7, 9, into the royal skull; whilst, to do Lola Montes' æsthetic lover full justice, he was in advance of his age in respect of 5, as witness his gorgeous church in the Ludwigstrasse; and, from the substantial character of his material employed, may be credited with principle No. 8.

It was reserved, however, for the practical English to acquire principles, which somehow the theoretical German mind could not fathom. The Quaker Rickman had done much by an honest antiquarian study towards collating facts. The poems of Sir Walter Scott, not less than his novels, had interested the public mind in everything Mediæval; architectural and antiquarian societies were forming both north and south of the Tweed; and a body of learned men in our chief centre of thought were reverting to the teaching of the middle ages. The time was ripe, and the teacher came. It would be false to say that we have not profited by his precepts. Certain quidnuncs chose the least meritorious design for our new Parliament House, but it is Pointed, although debased, and perhaps Pugin may be credited with some few of its merits. The Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, is the most exquisite art gem created during the last four centuries. Manchester, Oxford, Doncaster, Bristol, Cambridge, and half a hundred other towns, contain new edifices of an artistic character; and if the nation succumbed to the drivelling decision of a dotard dictator in the matter of the Foreign Office, there is some hope as regards the new Law Courts.

So far so good. Yet the nation has not listened to its prophet, nor obeyed his voice.

Pugin was thorough. He cared not merely for the whole, but for the pettiest detail. A "Brummagen universal" door handle on one of his buildings would have "gared him grev." Not less assuredly would his feelings have been hurt to perceive how men have persisted in their belief that the style he taught to be adapted, fit, and appropriate for everything, is suited only for churches, museums, colleges, and other buildings of a purely public character. It is true that here and there, as, for instance, in the City, architects have been bold enough to Gothicise a patch of street frontage; villas, also, and parsonage houses, have begun to display symptoms of a Pointed character; and at Oxford an entire suburb has been built on principles more or less Puginesque. Nevertheless, the heaven has not leavened the whole lump. Thousands of houses have been built, hundreds of streets formed, and yet the reproach remains that whereas four centuries back our architects were poets, scholars, men of refinement and art-sympathy, to-day we employ, for all ordinary purposes of domestic architecture, not the man of genius, learned, at all events, in his art, but an illiterate trader called by the brutal name of "builder." "Piler" would be a better term, or "muddler," inasmuch as his sense of fitness is such that he delights to jumble together Mediæval and Etruscan detail. He will commingle Palladian with Decorated outline in his crass mental incongruity; then, having perpetrated enormities which ought to suffice his conscience—if he had one—with eternal blushes, he coolly advertises his hodge-podge as "neat, commodious, and elegant." Happily, the dense public who patronise the comic medley style of architecture, have not seldom to suffer. For the rogue, who presumes to build,

being ignorant of the very grammar of building-art, is tolerably safe to put in green wood, honey-combed gas pipes, and window sashes of inadequate size, to say nothing of certain drain arrangements calculated to ensure typhoid fever.

We are far from assuming it proved that the Pointed style is best for houses. We have our opinion, which may be right or wrong. It must, however, be admitted that a heterogenous mixture of styles in one building is alike bad in itself and offensive to the sensibilities of artists. Further, the Pointed style, in its simpler and less ornate form, has never had a fair trial. Our "Belvedere Roads" and "Montpelier Terraces," which high-sounding titles often designate lines of one-storied houses, would not be so degradingly ugly if it were not for those hideous square windows, too large for proportion, those patches of dirty stucco, those detestable depressed slate roofs. Variety in a flat frontage, a high-pitched roof, an arching of the windows and doors, would "save" the street, for brick is not an ugly material, tiles are ornamental, and simplicity without pretence has its own beauty. Leave but half a foot between the pavement and the wall for ivy, westeria, and virginia creeper, and what a different London you would have. No need of tracery, or pilasters, or capitals and shafts; Nature would provide all that, in spite of the smoke. Allow room for a protecting flower-box, then you would have colours, in the summer, at all events. Best of all, make the dwelling of the toiler more tolerable, and you would diminish the spurious charms of the gin-palace.

Nor is there any reason why the same true principle should not be applied to shop-fronts. Messrs. Deane and Woodward, as far back as 1856, proved to demonstration, in the Oxford University Museum, the adaptability of iron and glass to Pointed architecture. If only these two national materials could be used in lieu of shafts of polished granite, surmounted by a Decorated capital, the whole supporting a Romanesque arch! O dura illa of these wonderful builders! Do they never suffer from nausea!

Perhaps the finest satire Pugin ever wrote—and he is nothing from end to end if not satirical—was his volume of architectural "Lieder Ohne Worte," or, as he entitled them, "Contrasts." There you have specimens, selected fairly enough, of the English buildings of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, with those of modern days. For instance, there is King's College, Cambridge, and King's College in the Strand; Ely Palace, Dover Street, and the ancient Ely Palace which stood formerly in Holborn; a mural tablet to a Bishop and his two wives in Salisbury Cathedral, to erect which abomination some exquisite Early English work has been ruthlessly hacked away, and the recumbent figure of a Bishop of the pre-Reformation period. In this last, the anti-Protestant spirit of the man crops out; but he is totally impartial, for he elsewhere contrasts, in a spirit of, at all events, equal acerbity, an ancient altar, enhanced in splendour by a reresos, of exquisite ornamentation and perfect ritual propriety, with the modern Roman altar, whereupon *Autel Privilegié* is superscribed in letters a yard deep, very much as if the designer were an employe of Messrs. Smith or Willing.

These "contrasts" were intended as a direct attack on the Pharisees, the Pecksniffs of the architectural profession; those iconoclastic ruffians who, under the flimsy pretence of "beautifying," had hacked and hewn our cathedrals more mischievously than old Noll Crowwell and his Paritan fanatics; those impudent impostors who have been heavily subsidised for their wanton annihilation of monuments. Sir W. Hamilton rightly wrote "that England was the only country in the civilized world where a man would presume to write a treatise on a science the very grammar whereof he was ignorant." He was referring to Archbishop Whately's logic; a work which raised its writer, owing to popular ignorance and readiness to accept assertion, to the highest rank in the Church. Like the great Balliol philosopher, Pugin lived too late for his criticism to prevent sciolism from being handsomely rewarded, yet not too late to create an interest in the science whose principles he expounded. For, he could not only emphatically expose the false, he was able also to enunciate accurately the true; and if his successors—*g.*, Sir G. Scott, Messrs. Butterfield, Street, and others—have advanced beyond Pugin's standpoint, we are convinced that to his analysis they are indebted for the majority of the principles on which they design, as well as the detail which renders their designs harmonious and effective.

Before we conclude our notice of this great thinker, it would be but fair to acknowledge a fault of his, which, had he flourished later, he might possibly have avoided. In an age of the grandest engineering achievements we need not wonder that an ambitious architect filled with profound convictions, should have been led to trench on the province of the engineer, and, as a not unnatural result, share the fate of all *subores* who go beyond their last. Possibly from a belief in the identity or equality of beauty and strength, Pugin advocated for railway bridges the pointed, in preference to the semi-circular arch. Pragmatical opponents snapped at the blunder, and denounced its author as unpractical, his system as delusive. For ourselves, we regard the error as most pardonable, inasmuch as for ordinary viaducts, not exposed to extraordinary pressure, the pointed arch is æsthetically superior to its rival; nor can we cease to regret that Westminster Bridge was not permitted to harmonize with the noble pile which

towers above it; professional prejudice, it was whispered, proving strong enough, to outweigh the artistic accuracy of the Prince Consort, the good taste of Royalty itself! Nor must it be forgotten that the engineers of Pugin's day had taken upon themselves architectural functions beyond their province and capacity, the results being public monstrosities of varying ugliness, bespattered over every line of rail in the kingdom. We lay bare, however, this flaw in Pugin's system, nor shall we seek to offer an excuse for him further than that it would have been little short of a miracle if one fresh from the instruction of some such a master as James Wyatt, the destructive, or Blore, could have acquired by his own patient mental research the whole truth, untarnished by one single item of falsity. That he escaped so thoroughly from the amazing sciolism of three centuries, after but a few years of laborious heartwhole investigation is surely enough. He needs no further monument to his genius than the volumes he has bequeathed to all right-minded architects of all time. The stones from which he drew his inferences will have crumbled into dust, the few buildings he erected be forgotten, before that his influence shall have perished. Visionaries may prate of a new style of architecture; but the newest style will be but the more perfect development of principles culled from the truths of ancient art. By the neglect of those principles the art of architecture became first debased, eventually all but extinct. The modern revival of both is due to the transcendent genius of a man, who in himself, proved the old truth that, "artists perish, art dies never."

LONDON SOLITUDE.

In London anything may be had for money; and one thing may be had there in perfection without it—that one thing is solitude. Take up your abode in the deepest glen, or on the wildest heath, in the remotest province of the kingdom, where the din of commerce is not heard, and where the wheels of pleasure make no trace, even there humanity will find you, and sympathy, under some of its varied aspects, will creep beneath the humble roof. Travellers' curiosity will be excited to gaze upon the recluse, or the village pastor will come to offer his religious consolations to the heart-chilled solitary, or some kind spinster, who is good to the poor, will offer her kindly aid in medicine for sickness, or in some shape of relief for poverty. But in the mighty metropolis, where myriads of human hearts are throbbing—where all that is busy in commerce, all that is elegant in manners, all that is mighty in power, all that is dazzling in splendor, all that is brilliant in genius, all that is benevolent in feeling, is congregated together—there the penniless solitary may feel the depth of his solitude. From morn to night he may pensive pace the streets, envying every equipage that sweeps by him in its pride, and coveting the crusts of the unwashed artificer. And there shall pass him in his walks poets that musically sing of human feeling, priests that preach the religion of mercy, the wealthy who pity the sorrows of the poor, the sentimental whose hearts are touched by the tale of woe—and none of these shall heed him; and he may retire at night to his bedless garret, and sit cold and hungry by his empty grate; the world may be busy and cheerful, and noisy around him, but no sympathy shall reach him; his heart shall be dry as Gideon's fleece, while the softening dew of humanity are falling around him.

HUMOROUS.

ADAPTABILITY.—A man never looks so like a red-handed villain as when he is told by the photographer to "look pleasant."

"WHAT is this man charged with?" asked the judge. "With whisky, yer honor," replied the sententious policeman.

A NEW legal work is now in the press which, it is anticipated, will meet an immense sale. It is entitled "Smith on the Evasion of Debts."

A LAWYER proposed to a client to undertake a case on the following terms: "If I lose," said he, "I get nothing." "If I win, you get nothing."

USE of the toasts drunk at a celebration was: "Woman! she requires no eulogy—she speaks for herself."

A PUBLISHER'S announcement reads: "Sir John Lubbock on Ants, Bees and Wasps." A rather painful position, we should say.

THE acme of politeness was reached by a mining superintendent who posted a placard reading: "Please do not tumble down the shaft."

"MY luck," explained a Bohemian, "is so atrociously bad, that I believe if I were to invest in some soap, washing would go out of fashion to-morrow."

SYDNEY SMITH said: "According to my computation, I have eaten and drunk between my tenth and seventieth year forty-four horse-wagon loads more than was good for me."

"WHAT will I do with my hens if they do not lay?" Let them get into your neighbor's garden among the vegetables. If they do not lay, the neighbor will probably lay for them.

STRAWBERRY short cake?" remarked Fogg, inquiringly, as he gazed at the meagre array of fruit between the thick crusts; "yes, I should say—a good many strawberries short."

CAR stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at the other end. "Oh, don't rise," says the lovely girl; "I can just as well stand!" "You can please yourself about that, miss," says the old man, "but I'm going to get out."

THE agitation amongst the Irish Constabulary has reached a crisis. The demoralization among the men is extreme. It is rumored that the Government intends to stop the interchange of telegrams between members of the force.

THE BLACK POINT.

(From Gerard de Norval.)

When to the run a man hath raised his eye Too long, thenceforth he sees persistently A floating, livid spot: I for one moment madly bent my gaze, With youth's audacity, on Glory's blaze— The blaze became a blot.

Since then, on all things, melancholy, dark, I trace despairingly the spectral mark I strive in vain to shun; Must it forever on my life intrude? Alas! none other than the eagle's brood, Unblinded face the sun!

COURTING.

Whenever a man goes courting, everybody seems to know all about it. His demeanour tells the observant spectator the business he is intent upon. He might just as well placard himself with the legend, "I go a-courting." Every one is cognisant of it, and looks knowing, and asks him if the "northern lights were bright last night, about one o'clock" and a score of other questions equally out of place. "We have in our family at present," says a contemporary, "a young man who is deeply—we trust successfully—engaging in courting; and our warmest sympathies have been aroused for him. When Sunday afternoon arrives it is plain to see that something is about to happen. Our young man is fidgety and non-communicative, and cannot sit in one place half a minute at a time. He is continually interviewing his watch, and comparing it with the old eight-day, coffin-shaped clock in the corner. He looks in the glass frequently, and draws his forehead back first and then forward, and combs them up and pats them down, and is unsatisfied with the effort throughout. The smell of bay-rum and bergamot is painfully apparent. When he shakes out his handkerchief musk is perceptible. His boots shine like mirrors. There is a faint odour of cardamon seeds in his breath when he yawns. He smooths his budding moustache with affectionate little pats, and feels his invisible whiskers continually, to make sure they are still there—a fact which is not established to outside observers by the sense of sight. He tries on all his stock of neckties without finding what is just the thing, and he has spasms of brushing his coat that commence with violence, and last till one grows nervous for fear the broadcloth will never be able to stand it. He declines soup that day at dinner. He says it's because he doesn't feel hungry, but we know it is because there are onions in it, onions, as everyone knows, do not sweeten one's breath to any great extent. If spoken to on a sudden he starts and blushes, and looks as guilty as if he had been caught stealing something; and directly one does not speak to him he goes back to the delightful occupation of staring at nothing, and waiting for the hour-hand to creep round to seven. And at seven he sets forth, clean and tidy from tip to toe, looking precisely as if he just stepped out of a bandbox."

WON AND WIDOWED.

In a village in Switzerland a young guide, on his way back from his wedding, met a party of tourists who were looking for a guide to explore a glacier. The young bridegroom left his bride at the chalet doors as they returned from church, and went, as he was, in his gay peasant wedding clothes, the bride promising to keep a light in his window until he should return. The guide fell through a ravine upon a glacier-bed, and was lost. The widowed wife, true to her vows, having learned that in the course of fifty years the glacier would emerge from the ravine, waited all these years, and, after watching at the mouth of the ravine, at last discovered her lost husband, frozen in the ice, fifty years after his wedding day. She, an old woman, looked once again on the marble face of her youthful husband, and conducted his body to the village church, where the funeral service was held fifty years after the wedding day.

In the chalet window each night, Waiting in vain for a step Never again to be heard; Looking in vain for a face Never again to be seen Until now. Oh, the strife of these years! He so young and so fair, Had in his gay Tyrolean, Silent and cold on his bed: I, so hungry and old, Wrecked and thwarted, and cursed, In the throes of my chance for life, Maddened and torn from my love, Ere the breath of his kiss was cold, As he touched my trembling lips At the chalet rail, while the priest, Hid by the incense-smoke, Knelt at the altar-step, Have met at the jaws of this cave— Spanning a widowed life, Hiding a buried love, One more kiss on that marble face, One more look at the darling boy, He is mine! Rob me not of my right, For this moment my heart has beat on, The goal of my living is this— While others have hated and loved, Have squandered, and striven, and toiled, Have forgotten, have buried, have wed, Noiselessly I have lived on: With the slowness of fate have I moved Toward this day, while the glacier-bed Has slowly moved onward to me.

PRIDE often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men. Seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him to appear equally little to others.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

All communications intended for this Column should be addressed to the Chess Editor, CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

J. W. Fairfield, Huddersfield, Eng.—Post card received. Thanks. J.W.S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. F. P., San Francisco, U.S.—Problems received. Thanks.

We learn from Loud and Water that Mr. Blackburne gave a simultaneous performance lately at the City of London Chess Club, in which, out of twenty opponents, he defeated eighteen, and drew with the other two. A large number of spectators witnessed the contest, among whom were Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Mason. Captain Mackenzie, it appears, had consented to give in a few days a similar exhibition at the same place.

The gentleman who under the name of "Mars" has now for a long time been contributing to the Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News some highly interesting letters on chess and chess celebrities, has just published selections from them, comprising those articles which are likely to be of permanent interest. The work is illustrated and published at five shillings sterling a copy.

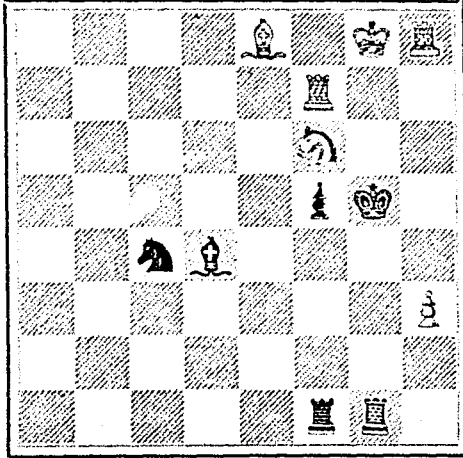
Having derived much pleasure from the perusal of the remarks of "Mars" on some of the most noticeable events in the chess world occurring during the last two or three years, we can strongly recommend his work to the attention of our readers.

We have seen it stated that Mr. Steinitz has given up his editorship of the chess department of the Field. We trust that it is not his intention to retire permanently from the position he has occupied so ably as a chess critic and annotator.

PROBLEM No. 38.

By JOHN BARRY, Lachine.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 38.

- White. 1. B to K R 6. 2. R takes P ch. 3. Q mates. Black. 1. Q to Q 3. 2. K takes R.

GAME 527th.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Played in the Class I Tourney of the Counties Chess Association, at Manchester, August, 1882.

(French Defence.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Thorold): 1 P to K 4, 2 Kt to Q B 3 (a), 3 Kt to B 3 (b), 4 P to Q 4, 5 B to Q 3, 6 P takes B, 7 Q to K 2, 8 Castles, 9 R to Q Kt sq, 10 Q P takes P, 11 R to K 3, 12 P to K Kt 3, 13 B takes P, 14 Q takes B, 15 Q to Q 3, 16 B to R 3, 17 R to Q sq, 18 P to B 4, 19 Kt to Q 4, 20 Q takes Q, 21 Kt takes P, 22 P to K B 4, 23 R to Q 8 ch, 24 Kt takes Kt, 25 R to Q 7, 26 R takes R P, 27 R to Kt 4, 28 P to K B 5, 29 P to K 4, 30 P to K R 3, 31 P takes P, 32 R takes Kt ch, 33 B takes R, 34 R takes P, 35 R to Kt 7 ch, 36 R to R 7, 37 K to Kt 2, 38 R to R 6 ch, 39 R to R 4, 40 K to B 3, 41 R takes P, 42 K to B 4, 43 K takes P, 44 R to K 4, 45 K to Kt 6 and wins (b). BLACK.—(Mr. Fisher.): 1 P to K 3, 2 P to Q Kt 3, 3 B to Kt 2, 4 B to Kt 3 (c), 5 B takes Kt ch, 6 P to B 4 (d), 7 Q to B 2, 8 Kt to K 2, 9 P to Q 4, 10 Q takes P, 11 Q to Q 3, 12 P takes P (e), 13 B takes B, 14 Q to B 3, 15 Kt to Q 2 (f), 16 R to Q sq (g), 17 R to Q B sq, 18 P to B 3, 19 Q takes P, 20 R takes Q, 21 R to Kt sq, 22 Kt to K B sq, 23 K to B 2, 24 R takes Kt, 25 R to K sq, 26 R takes P, 27 R to B 3, 28 P to Kt 3, 29 R to B 5, 30 P takes P, 31 R to K B 3, 32 R takes R, 33 K takes B, 34 R takes P, 35 K to K 3, 36 P to R 4, 37 P to R 5 (h), 38 K to Q 2 (i), 39 R to Q 4 (j), 40 P to B 4 (k), 41 R to Q 6 ch, 42 R to R 6, 43 R takes P, 44 R to B 7 ch.

NOTES.

(a) There is, of course, not much difference between this and P to Q 4, yet we prefer the latter move, because then we know what we are about, and reach, by a direct line of play, a position known to us, which is always preferable, in close openings, to uncertain play.

(b) Some players favor P to K Kt 3.

(c) Black does not gain much by the subsequent exchange of this Bishop against the Q Kt; it prevents his Castling K side, as that wing becomes weakened. We should prefer P to K Kt 3 and B to Kt 2.

(d) Kt to K 2 first, would have been of some assistance.

(e) Kt to Q 2 seems a stronger move.

(f) Black now is hampered, in consequence of having prematurely developed his centre, before bringing his pieces well into play. Castling would involve him in some difficulties, still he ought to have risked it, i.e.—

15 Castles, 16 R to K sq (Better than Q to Kt 2)

White might now proceed different ways, either by 17 Kt to K 5, 17 Q to Kt 2, 18 Kt to B 4, 18 Q to Q 2, 19 Kt to Q 6; or 17 R to K R 5, 17 to R 3, 18 Kt to Kt 5, 18 P to B 4; but we think Black will be able to defend himself with an equal game.

(g) We prefer Kt to Kt 3.

(h) Black ought not to have moved this Pawn, but played R to B 5; he would then have had a good chance of drawing.

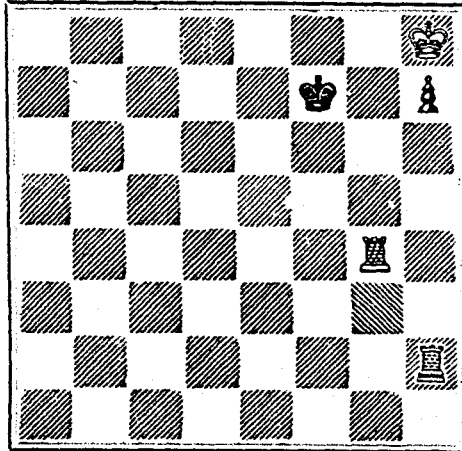
(i) This again is wrong. K to B 2 is more judicious, as it keeps the King near his Pawns.

(j) R to K R 4 looks better for a draw.

(k) This also facilitates White's proceedings; it enables him to win the game.

(l) We should have liked to have seen the ending, as in even simple positions of this kind chances for obtaining a draw present themselves, thus, for instance, in the following position, which is not difficult to obtain, Black will succeed in drawing:—

BLACK.



WHITE.

—Chessplayer's Chronicle.



Sainte Anne, Ottawa River.

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