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Illustrated News

Vol. XXIV.—No. 7.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1881.

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CLARA ZIEGLER AS BRUNHILD.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Aug. 7th, 1881.			Corresponding week, 1880		
Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.. 86°	58°	72°	Mon.. 89°	70°	79°
Tue.. 84°	66°	75°	Tue.. 85°	70°	77°
Wed.. 85°	65°	75°	Wed.. 72°	60°	66°
Thu.. 90°	72°	81°	Thu.. 68°	58°	63°
Fri.. 90°	72°	81°	Fri.. 73°	64°	68°
Sat.. 85°	73°	79°	Sat.. 75°	62°	68°
Sun.. 73°	60°	66°	Sun.. 80°	65°	72°

NOTICE.

THE FORTHCOMING NUMBER OF THE

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

(August 20th.)

will contain the first chapters of

POWDER and GOLD,

a story of the Franco-Prussian War, from the

German of

LEVIN SCHUCKING.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Clara Ziegler as Brunhild—The Syracuse Fire—Canoe Regatta in New York Bay.—The Honey-moon—The Arrest of a Catholic Priest at Mullingar—The Reception of the Marquis at Barrie, Ont.—The old French Fort, Halifax—The Civic Holiday in Toronto—The Luck of Married Life—St. Jean Baptiste Day in Russia—The American Osprey.

THE WEEK.—The Shamrocks again—The Artillery Team at Shoeburyness—Epimenides the Cretan—A Journalistic Gem—Technical Education—Sir Francis Drake.

MISCELLANEOUS.—News of the Week—Our Illustrations—Pins and Needles—"Ouida"—Fate—An Actor's Orphan—A Ride from Tunis to Carthage—Varieties—Baby Mine—Echoes from Paris—Musical and Dramatic—My Dog Blanco—A Cherub's Face—The Lobster—The Warning—Humorous—Echoes from London—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, August 13th, 1881.

THE WEEK.

THE Toronto Lacrosse Club have decided that it is out of the question for them to repeat their challenge to the Shamrocks, and there presumably the matter will rest. At least the Torontos and not their opponents will be the losers by the decision. Meanwhile it is most distressing that our national game should be so disgraced, for there is no other word by which such ill-felling and discourtesy as has been shown over the last match for the championship can be described. We are not disposed here to enter into a discussion as to the merits of the game, which has been told over *ad nauseam* by the daily press. But there can be no question that the Shamrocks were perfectly within their rights in treating the informal challenge, if it can be called a challenge at all, of their adversaries as they did; the Toronts have no right to complain of their refusal to depart from the rules of the Association to which they belong. That it is not impossible for the Shamrocks to play a game, and even to put up with a defeat, with perfect good humour and propriety, seems proved by the recent match with the Montrealers, on which we commented a few weeks since. Meanwhile let those laugh who win.

THE fate of the Canadian Artillery team at Shoeburyness is as yet unknown. The press despatches are not at all encouraging, but according to the *Gazette*, private intelligence has reached the friends of the team reflecting honour and glory on its members. We trust that this may prove to be the correct account of the result. It would indeed be a feather in young

Canada's cap if she were to follow up the success of the Kolapore Cup by a display of her powers at Shoeburyness. In any case, all luck and a safe return to the team, victorious, or the reverse.

"THE human heart," sagely moralizes the *Spectator*, "is essentially the same as when the fair-haired Sophocles led the chorus of youths in the Parthenon." This may be so, and yet we imagine there will be some slight change needed before we are prepared for a special performance of Othello by Mr. IRVING in the choir of Westminster Abbey. Have not you just this once made a trifling error, Mr. *Spectator*? The Parthenon, you know, was not exactly dedicated to the performance of Greek plays, being, in fact, the temple of Minerva on the Acropolis at Athens. "The human heart," as far as inaccuracy of statement and a weakness for the use of strange words, "is essentially the same" now as in the days of Epimenides the Cretan. Of whose dilemma you have doubtless heard.

HERE is another journalistic gem. A country paper, that shall be nameless, after thrilling its readers with the account of a gentleman who was burned to death as an act of retributive justice, adds, "His screams rang out upon the scene with lurid glare." The subject is hardly too good to be lost.

It is with great pleasure that we see the growth of interest in England in trade education. The spread of the movement for superior technical instruction has induced Lord ROSEBURY, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P., Mr. T. BURR, M.P., Mr. ASHTON DILKE, M.P., and other gentlemen to take the initiative in an attempt to reorganize the Trades' Guild of Learning on a larger basis. In a circular inviting attendance at a public meeting which was to be held on August 8, they propose that the Guild shall undertake, as a regular part of its work, to provide lectures on the history of the higher branches of industry, and the principles of art or science underlying them; and they point to the lectures on House Decoration which Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS delivered for the Guild as an example of the kind of information they desire to impart. Although these objects are of a highly useful character, Lord ROSEBURY and his colleagues do not propose to limit the movement to them. They intend to arrange for the delivery of lectures on subjects of more general interest; to form classes for the systematic instruction of working men; and to invite the co-operation of the trades societies in the educational portion of their work. The Guild, although dependent upon the contributions of a very few public-spirited persons, has not been inactive during the last few years; and indeed its lectures in the winter months have been attended by many thousands of the artisan population of London. If the employers of skilled labour come forward, as they are now invited to do, with more substantial aid than they have yet rendered to the association, there is no reason why the sphere of its operations should not be both largely and beneficially extended. The lesson which is taught by this movement is one which should not be lost upon us upon this side. The demands for special technical instruction in the mechanical trades are taking distinct form, and before long will call for a movement in the direction of the English one.

THERE is a movement on foot in England for the erection of a monument to Sir FRANCIS DRAKE. It wants but seven years to the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and it has been thought that the monument, if undertaken in the interval, might appropriately be unveiled on the three hundredth anniversary of the greatest achievement of the hero. Few nations owe as much to the respectable and civilized reformers of compar-

tively modern date, as they do to those individuals of questionable morals and queer lives with whom their early history is bound up. DRAKE was a man of his time, a time that resembles ours but little. He was one of the men who are essential in the building up of a nation's greatness, but whose ways are scarcely in accord with the more respectable customs of to-day. May England never become so respectable as to be ashamed of Sir FRANCIS DRAKE. A privateer of privateers, he only acted upon the principles with which the England of that day entirely coincided. To hate every Spaniard, as in later times NELSON's seamen hated every Frenchman, was the creed of the day, and if to the hanging of "those dogs of Seville" was added the equally pleasant occupation of depleting their money chests, the game became doubly worth the candle. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that DRAKE's early occupations, before he became the defender of his country, bore a striking similarity to those recorded of the famous Captain KIDD. DRAKE had a personal grudge apparently against the Spaniards, as his early venture under Captain HAWKINS to Mexico, resulted in the loss of all that he had. He was sanguine enough to expect restitution at the hands of the Spanish, and, failing in this he vowed to recoup himself at the expense of that ungrateful nation, a vow as well kept as that of Hannibal. Obtaining some kind of commission from the Virgin Queen, who was not at all particular in these matters, he entered upon a course of what Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan describe as "pirace," and before many years was a rich man. Of his voyage round the world, a feat, indeed, of remarkable audacity at the time, the tale has been often told, but his crowning exploit, of course, was the defeat of the Armada. When the invasion was attempted, DRAKE was appointed vice-admiral. The famous legend says that he was playing bowls when the news of the approach of the fleet was brought to him, and that he insisted on finishing his game. He had previously qualified himself for his post by sailing into Cadiz Harbour during the preparation of the Armada, and burning 10,000 tons of shipping, and now his courage and audacity scattered the enemy to the winds. "The monument of Drake," says the *Daily News*, "is a monument to the old fighting spirit which is certainly not extinct in the English people, and which on fitting occasion would burst forth in all its old fire and strength. Nothing could be more alien to it than the theatrical mock heroics of our Jingoes and Elizabethan revivalists."

PINS AND NEEDLES.

Hildanus related an instance of a woman who swallowed several pins and passed them six years afterward; but a more remarkable instance of prolonged detention was recorded by Dr. Stephenson, of Detroit. It is that of a lady of 75, who last year passed, after some months vesical irritation, a pin which she had swallowed while picking her teeth with it in the year 1835—forty-two years previously. M. Silvy recorded some years ago the case of a woman who had a penchant for pins and needles so strong that she made them, in effect, part of her daily diet, and after her death fourteen or fifteen hundred were removed from various parts of her body. Another case almost as striking is recorded by Dr. Gillette—that of a girl in whom, from time to time, needles were found beneath the skin, which they perforated, and were removed by the fingers or forceps. Concerning the way in which they had got into her system no information could be extracted from her. She was carefully watched, and in the course of eighteen months no less than three hundred and eighteen needles were extracted, all being of the same size. The largest number which escaped in a single day was sixty. A curious phenomenon preceded the escape of each of them. For some hours the pain was severe, and there was considerable fever. She then felt a sharp pain, like lightning in the tissues, and on looking at the place at which this pain had been felt, the head of the needle was generally found projecting. The needles invariably came out head foremost. No bleeding was occasioned, and not the least trace of inflammation followed. The doctor in attendance extracted three hundred and eighteen. That little weight is to be attached to the place at which needles escape as proof of their mode of introduction is evident from a case recorded by Villars of a girl who swallowed

a large number of pins and needles and two years afterwards, during a period of nine months, two hundred passed out of the hand, arm, axilla, side of throat, abdomen, and thigh, all on the left side. The pins curiously escaped more rapidly and with less pain than the needles. Many years ago a case was recorded by Dr. Otto, of Copenhagen, in which four hundred and ninety-three needles passed through the skin of a hysterical girl, who had probably swallowed them during a hysterical paroxysm; but these all emerged in the regions below the level of the diaphragm and were collected in groups, which gave rise to inflammatory swellings of some size. One of these contained one hundred needles. Quite recently Dr. Brigger described before the society of surgery of Dublin a case in which more than three hundred needles were removed from the body of a woman who died in consequence of their presence. It is very remarkable in how few cases the needles were the cause of death, and how slight an interference with function their presence and movement cause.—*London Lancet*.

"OUIDA" AT HOME.

Letters from Florence report that the most famous inhabitant of the foreign colony in that city, namely, "Ouida," is beginning to look her age, which must by this time be somewhere on the shady side of forty. She has cut her hair short—that "amber hair" of which she was once so proud, and which she used to wear falling in a loose mane down her back, though elaborately coiffed in front. Its amber is alloyed with silver now, I hear. The famous novelist drives about Florence in a lofty drag, holding the reins herself, and driving with such recklessness and lack of due precaution that she lately ran her steeds straight into a hay waggon. In olden times she used to go about Florence on foot, accompanied by a train of fourteen dogs of various dimensions, that kept their mistress fully employed in settling their quarrels and in keeping them out of mischief. The canine train is now diminished to some two or three individuals; but, as may be seen in her recent novels, "Ouida" is still very fond of dogs. Imperator, in "Friendship," and Loris, in "Moths," were drawn from two of her recent canine favourites. Her weekly receptions are always enlivened by the presence of two or three of her dogs, which, like spoiled children, absorb far more than their share of notice, both from the hostess and her visitors. One of "Ouida's" countrymen recently called on her, by permission, being quite proud of being allowed to pay his respects in person to so famous a literary woman. He returned to the hotel at which he was staying, not altogether charmed with his visit.

"Well, what did you do at 'Ouida's'?" queried one of his lady friends.

"I fed her dog with buns."

"And what did she say? What did she do?"

"Nothing; she fed the dog too." So the interview seemed to have worn a wholly canine and bunny aspect. Despite "Ouida's" reiterated and atrocious attacks on American womanhood in her later novels, there are still to be found American ladies who are willing to visit her.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE O'Donoghue has become bankrupt.

MR. HUDSON has been appointed British Resident in the Transvaal.

BAKER PASHA has been given command of the Turkish forces at Tripoli.

SPANISH wine-growers expect a good crop this year for quality.

GEO. BORROW, well known as the author of "The Bible in Spain," is dead.

WM. G. FARGO died in Buffalo last week. He is said to have been worth \$20,000,000.

GENEVA Nihilists say no attempt will be made on the Czar's life till after the coronation.

THE meeting between the Czar and the Austrian and German Emperors has been postponed.

THE verdict in the case of the *Britannic* disaster blames the fog signals and exonerates the captain and officers of the vessel.

PROF. WHITNEY has received from the Emperor of Germany the Order of Merit made vacant by Carlyle's death.

ENGLAND and Italy will send additional iron-clads to Tunisian waters for the better protection of their respective subjects.

GEN. BARANOFF, the Russian Chief of Police, has been notified of his death warrant having been made out by the Nihilists.

SMALL-POX has made its appearance in Montreal again. The health officer believes the outbreak not serious.

ACCORDING to the official report 25 persons were killed and 35 wounded by the explosion at Mazatlan, Mexico. Twelve were still missing.

BRADLAUGH on Wednesday made his promised attempt to enter the House of Commons and take his seat. He was forcibly ejected from the precincts of the Palace, and received rough usage. He applied for summonses against the police who ejected him.

THE COT.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

A modest little cot have I,
That just across the mead doth lie;
A little brooklet parteth near,
Whose water floweth crystal clear.

My little cot you scarce may see
For yonder stately bending tree,
Which seems to look with kindly care
Upon the lonely dweller there.

And now a little nightingale
Is sweetly singing in the vale;
So clear his note that one must stay
And hearken to him by the way.

Thou little maid with soft brown hair,
Who long hast been my joy and care,
I go, the storm-wind bloweth free;
Wilt thou not seek the cot with me?

SPRING SONG.

(FROM HEINE.)

Safely thro' my listening soul
Sweetest chimera are sounding;
Little spring-song onward roll,
Far and wide resounding.

Pause not till thou reach the cot
Where the violet's springing;
Whisper to the Rose my heart
Greets her in thy singing.

GOWAN LEA.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE SYRACUSE FIRE.—Early on the morning of July 19 the beautiful city of Syracuse was visited by a destructive fire, which within a couple of hours consumed property of the value of nearly four hundred thousand dollars. The block in which the fire occurred contained the Wisting Opera House—an elegant structure, of which only the picturesque ruins remain. The stage was large, and well appointed with scenery and furniture, and was in great favour with the theatrical profession. The Opera House and the old hall which formerly occupied its site have a history, says the Syracuse Journal, which would be interesting if written. "In one or the other of them have appeared such notables as Charlotte Cushman, Charles Dickens, Estori, Laura Keane, Patti, Forrest, Nilsson, Booth, and later Gerster and Bernhardt. The Governors of fourteen States have been upon their stages, together with cabinet officers, able lecturers, and literary gentlemen in large numbers, also hundreds of prominent politicians. They have been the scene of conventions which shaped the political future, of conventions which discussed educational and social questions; have been the theatre in which political history was made which will never be forgotten. There was where the Democratic party fought some of its hardest battles, and where the Republican party was divided in 1872."

The Toronto civic holiday was celebrated last Monday with the usual demonstrations. Excursions were the order of the day, and Lorne, Victoria and High Parks were largely patronized by pleasure seekers. The balloon ascension advertised to take place at the first of these places did not come off, but the lacrosse match between the Torontos and the Independents of Montreal, resulted in a victory for the former by three straight games. The evening was devoted to a display of fireworks in the Horticultural Gardens of which we give an illustration on another page.

The sketches furnished by our special artist of Halifax and its surroundings are supplemented this week by another half-page of the Fort, showing one of the relics of the French occupancy of the place, the ring used to fasten the mighty chain by which the entrance to the harbour was barred.

The reception of the Governor-General and suite on their arrival at Barrie is from a photograph kindly furnished to us by Barrard Bros. of that place. As will be seen there was a large turn out to meet the train, and the loyal people of Barrie did their best to give the Governor-General and party a hearty welcome.

The arrest of a Catholic priest at Mullingar recently caused a great sensation in the neighbourhood, and raised the entire neighbourhood to attempt his rescue, in which they succeeded in spite of the opposition of the police. Our illustration is from the pencil of M. Montbard, the talented correspondent of the *Monde Illustré*.

"The luck of married life" is a charming series of sketches which speak for themselves, and to which the attention of determined old bachelors is called. Before however engaging in matrimony, it may be well for those whose thoughts are turned in that direction to study another half-page on which are depicted the phases of the honeymoon, not to be found in any almanack of the period, but none the less accurately sketched from actual observation.

St. Jean Baptiste Day is celebrated in Russia as a day of even greater importance than is given to it in Canada. Amongst the interesting customs of the day is that known as the "maiden's garland," which prevails in South Russia. The girls of the village seek the banks of a swift running stream towards nightfall and cast each her garland upon the waves. According as the wreath sinks or swims so will her married lot be fair or clouded.

HEARTH AND HOME.

OUR LIFE TIME.—Man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by; he is then healthy and happy—he labours cheerfully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden after burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others, and blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion. The man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

A USEFUL HINT.—When you wish to know what the weather is to be, go out and select the smallest cloud you see. Keep your eyes upon it, and if it decreases and disappears it shows a state of the air which will be sure to be followed by fine weather; but if it increases in size take your great coat with you, if you are going from home, for falling weather is not far off. The reason is this: when the air is becoming charged with electricity you will see every cloud attracting all lesser ones towards it, until it gathers into a shower; and, on the contrary, when the fluid is passing off, or diffusing itself, then a large cloud will be seen breaking into pieces and dissolving.

THE BACHELOR.—Surround a bachelor with every possible comfort; give him the roomiest of bed-chambers, the most refreshing of couches, the largest of sponging-baths; cover his breakfast-table with the whitest of table-cloths; make his tea with the hottest of boiling water; envelope his body in the most comfortable of dressing-gowns, and his feet in the easiest of slippers; feed him amid the luxuries and comforts of the snuggest of clubs; do all these things and more for him, and he will, nevertheless, be unhappy. He mopes, and ponders, and dreams about love and marriage.

ARTIFICIAL GRAVES.—Leave to actresses all artificial contrivances to enhance beauty. Girls will derive no benefit from them—no real advantage in making dark hair golden, in preparations to render the eyes lustrous, in artificial bloom for the cheeks, nor in the abundant use of powder. All these artifices have a rather ghastly effect in the light of day, and should be left to the stage. It is a part of the profession of the actress to understand and avail herself of all such cosmetics as are placed at her disposal; but this does not in any way excuse young ladies for having recourse to them. The best means to preserve the charms of youth are abundant use of the bath; quiet, regular living; plain, wholesome diet; early hours; a proper amount of exercise in the fresh air, and sufficient useful occupation both for the mind and body.

THIS OFTEN HAPPENS.—Who can explain why certain men seem to fascinate women? We knew a man, a fellow with the head and hair of a tramp, and the dress of a doctor with a lean practice, a person who wriggled like a snake when he walked, and had a clammy hand, yet this person was a perfect woman-killer. One girl was betrothed to him for three years, and then he jilted her coldly for a new flame. The new love affair ended with a tragedy, for when in turn he shook the new love off, the restless, grief-stricken girl ended her troubles for ever in a neighbouring river. There were other women who loved the fellow desperately, although they consoled themselves more easily. What they could ever see in the man to fall in love with passeth understanding. Another great lady-killer who seemed to discriminate men to fall below the average, was absolutely fatal to the peace of women. There were five romantic school-girls in love with him at once, if we remember. Female friends and relations, prophesied a future of extraordinary brilliancy for him, and he could have his "pick and steal" of all the young ladies in the country. Well, the man who was to stand upon the topmost pinnacle of intellectual greatness is now a schoolmaster, and a second-rate one at that, with an insignificant wife, who has neither intellect nor beauty to recommend her.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.—To be beautiful in person we must not only conform to the laws of physical health, and by gymnastic arts and artificial appliances develop the elements of physical being in symmetry and completeness, but we must do more—we must cultivate the mind, and develop the affections to the highest possible degree. To be beautiful we must feed the spark of intellectual fire by reading and meditation until it burns in steady flame, irradiating the face by its brilliancy, and suffusing the countenance with a calm and holy light; also, we must fill the brain with sublime thoughts, and live surrounded, as it were, by an atmosphere of ideas. To be beautiful we must put a great organizing and ennobling purpose into the will, and concentrate our thoughts and affections upon the accomplishment of it, until enthusiasm swells up in the heart, suffusing the countenance, and rebuilding the body on its own divine plan. To be beautiful we must cherish every kind impulse and generous disposition, making love the ruling affection of the heart—the ordering principle and inspiring motive of life; the more kindness, the more beauty; the more love, the more loveliness.

CONFIDENCE IN SELF.—Rely on yourself; take it for granted that you can accomplish your plans. Never say "I can't"—they are ignoble words. He who does not feel within

himself the power to conquer fate, is not a man in the true sense of the word. Of course it is a misfortune for him, since he can never be any benefit to himself or anybody else. Heaven help the woman who marries him! Somebody says, "Oh, I don't like these self-conceited folks!" My friend, self-conceit and self-confidence are two qualities as different as light and darkness; and though the self-conceited man may not be the most agreeable of companions, we infinitely prefer him to the creeping, cringing, craven-spirited fellow who is never ready for an emergency, and who, like Uriah Heep, spends his life in trying to be "umble." The man who says, "I will do it!"—who says it from his heart, and means it, too—who bends his whole energy to the work, almost always accomplishes it; and then people call him lucky and successful, and all that sort of thing, when, in fact, his luck has been brought about by his own persevering efforts, and by his confidence in himself. Fortune detests cowardice; and the man who will not be conquered by trifles is her prime favourite.

OLD RELICS.—Thrilling with that curious pleasure which comes to those of us who are romantic when turning over the relics of the past, with what interest we handle old letters yellow with age but still tied with the true love-knot of blue ribbon; volumes of poetry with inscriptions of the enthusiastic sort, now out of date, written in an elegant hand on the fly-leaf, and with the tenderest verses marked with rose-leaves; silken scarf to which time has given mellow tints no dyer wots of; quaint garments that make one smile, yet which may have set off dimpled beauty rarely; a sword on which the rust of a century has gathered; a great watch that still has power to tick, though its maker and he who wore it have been ashes for generations. And suddenly, in the midst of our enjoyment, a thought will creep over us that makes our hearts stand still. The time must come—will surely come, if we leave anything behind us—when gay young folk, whose grandmothers are yet unborn, will some day find a treasure in some queer old things they have discovered just fit for the next masquerade; and those "queer old things" will be our present best clothes—and the bonnet that was thought "a love" in Paris. They will peep into our letters and try to make love-stories out of them, and wonder at our taste in books; and we—well, at least we shall not be here. The earth will be out no more—its pleasant places or its shadows, its griefs or its delights. As the rose we pluck—the odour we inhale—we shall be gone, as those are over whose relics we pore to-day.

MISCELLANY.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Notes and Queries* sends the following extract concerning a Lancashire custom—"A singular case came before the Clithero magistrates yesterday. Once a year the villages of Clipping go through the ceremony of electing an imaginary mayor, the man who has distinguished himself by getting 'most drunk.' He is placed upon a chair, and a procession, headed by two intoxicated cornet players, and carrying mops, firearms, and painted sticks, is formed. The police summoned two men for taking part in the ceremony, as it was likely to create a disturbance. The cases were, however, dismissed, and one of the magistrates remarked that 'the approved of these old customs.'"

THE Duke of Sutherland has brought home a good deal of useful information relative to railway matters, and one capital story which he has some notion of incorporating in a speech on the Land Bill. But as the Land Bill is yet far off from the Lords, as the Duke may not make his speech, and as the story is already being told across the dinner table, there will be no treachery in forestalling its narration. It bears upon the eviction difficulty of the land question, though the hero is a gentleman who, in more prosperous times, was engaged in commercial pursuits. Having a difficulty with his creditors, he fled to a little bit of land called Sandy Island, half of which belongs to Rhode Island, and half to Connecticut. A Rhode Island officer was sent to arrest him, but he punched his head and withdrew to the Connecticut side. A Connecticut officer being despatched, the islander was found sitting on the boundary line of the two States with a cocked pistol in his hand. Retiring to the Rhode Island side, he informed the officer that if he attempted to take him he would shoot him. At the time the Duke sailed the islander was still monarch of all he surveyed.

HEREDITARY TALENT.—It has long been a matter of observation that the descendants of talented men seldom inherit the ability of their ancestors, but the following anecdote illustrates an exception in individuals as well as in animals. Dr. John Brown, the author, among various works of that exquisite story of humble life, "Rab and His Friends," is a son of a late eminent Edinburgh divine of the same name, and a great-grandson of the well-known Rev. John Brown, of Haddington. On its appearance before the public "Rab and His Friends" was eagerly perused by thousands of delighted readers, and among them by a popular master of a pack of ducal fox-hounds in the South of Scotland; and on his meeting with a brother of the author—a medical practitioner, settled within a hundred miles of Abbotsford, and also a man of literary tastes—the huntsman urged him to follow his brother's example and show the world what he could do as an author. The doc-

tor expressed his inferiority to his brother John, but the other depreciated the idea, and strongly urging him to write and publish, concluded with the assurance that he would be certain of success, for, said he, as a clinching argument, with a quiet smile and in his broadest Scotch: "Man, doctor, ye've a' come o' a guid kind, and talented, ye ken, is hereditary, for I've often seen t' in the dowgs!" So much for hereditary talent both in the human and canine races.

WHO STOLE THE PIG.—There lived in the parish of Auldearn in the good old time, when the good old customs flourished, a rather near-going carle, whose sympathy with the custom of the day was of a kind not altogether unknown in the present day, namely, he "liked to tak' but no' to gie." Saunders was about to kill a well-fed pig, which, according to his calculation, would satisfy his own porky desires for a considerable time to come, but if he conformed to the custom of giving this neighbour a nice bit, and that neighbour a better bit, his well-fed pig would soon disappear. Saunders, therefore, thought he would take advice on the matter, and accordingly consulted a clever, or rather a wide-awake neighbour, who advised Saunders to kill the pig forthwith, and let everybody know that he was going to do so, and added his counsellor, "Ye can hing it in the outhouse a' nicht, an' in the morning say somebody ran awa' wi' through the nicht." This sage advice was accordingly adopted. On the following morning Saunders was up and betimes proceeded to the outhouse to remove the pig, when lo! to the utter horror and bewilderment of Saunders, his grumpyship was nowhere to be seen. As his rueful countenance thus broke forth—"It's awa'!" "Ay, Saunders," replied the counsellor, "just say ye that." "But," replied Saunders, "it is really awa', an' I dinna ken whaur it's gane tae." "The very thing, Saunders," said the adviser, "the very thing, stick to that, an' folk will be sure to believe you."

THAT BOY OF GALLAHER'S.—One morning last winter Mr. Gallaher had to take a train that left at six o'clock, and so he arose before daylight to breakfast, and thought he would put on his thick boots instead of the very light shoes he had on over-night. It seems that Gallaher's son had worn the old man's boots while roller-skating, and left the skates on the boots; and in the darkness Gallaher did not notice this fact that as he pulled the boots on, though he thought the boots felt heavy. He then groped his way to the head of the stairs, the skates giving no trouble on the carpet. Then he started to go downstairs. He got there. He got there dreadfully sudden. He was terribly annoyed as he picked himself up, and said very wicked things as he started for the dining-room. Breakfast was laid, but only a dim light was burning. Immediately he set foot on the Gallaher's feet flew into the air and his head came down with terrible force. The wild yell that he gave brought his wife and mother-in-law from the kitchen. He arose to his feet but they immediately started off again in different directions; and, after wrenching his spine and knee-joints terribly in trying to control them, they got away, and he jarred his spinal column the whole length as he went down. "Good Heaven, this floor is oiled!" he roared as he began to make efforts to rise. "Have you apoplexy, or have you been drinking asked his wife, as she strove to assist him to get up. "You hold your tongue, you idiot!" he replied; and then she let go of him suddenly, and down he went bruising himself in six places. Most unparliamentary were the words put into requisition to relieve his mind that time, and he told his mother-in-law, who had fallen laughing into a chair, that he hoped she would meet cows every time she went out. Then he essayed to rise once more and got upon his feet. The skates began to slip; but he struggled like a hero, and clutched the air wildly to keep his balance. No use! As he fell forward he grabbed wildly at the table-cloth, and, as a result, dragged the entire breakfast upon him. The hot tea scalded him, the pepper got into his eyes, the mustard into his mouth, and the eggs all over him. His cries were fearful. His wife and her mother hauled him from the *debris* and started to put him to bed, when they discovered the rollers. Mr. Gallaher was terribly used up, but he proceeded at once to find his son; and the lad's sighing over his great grief was heard half a mile away.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC.

A CAPITAL bust of Mlle. Croizette has just been modelled by Franceschi.

THE receipts at the Paris Salon this season are reported to have reached \$70,000.

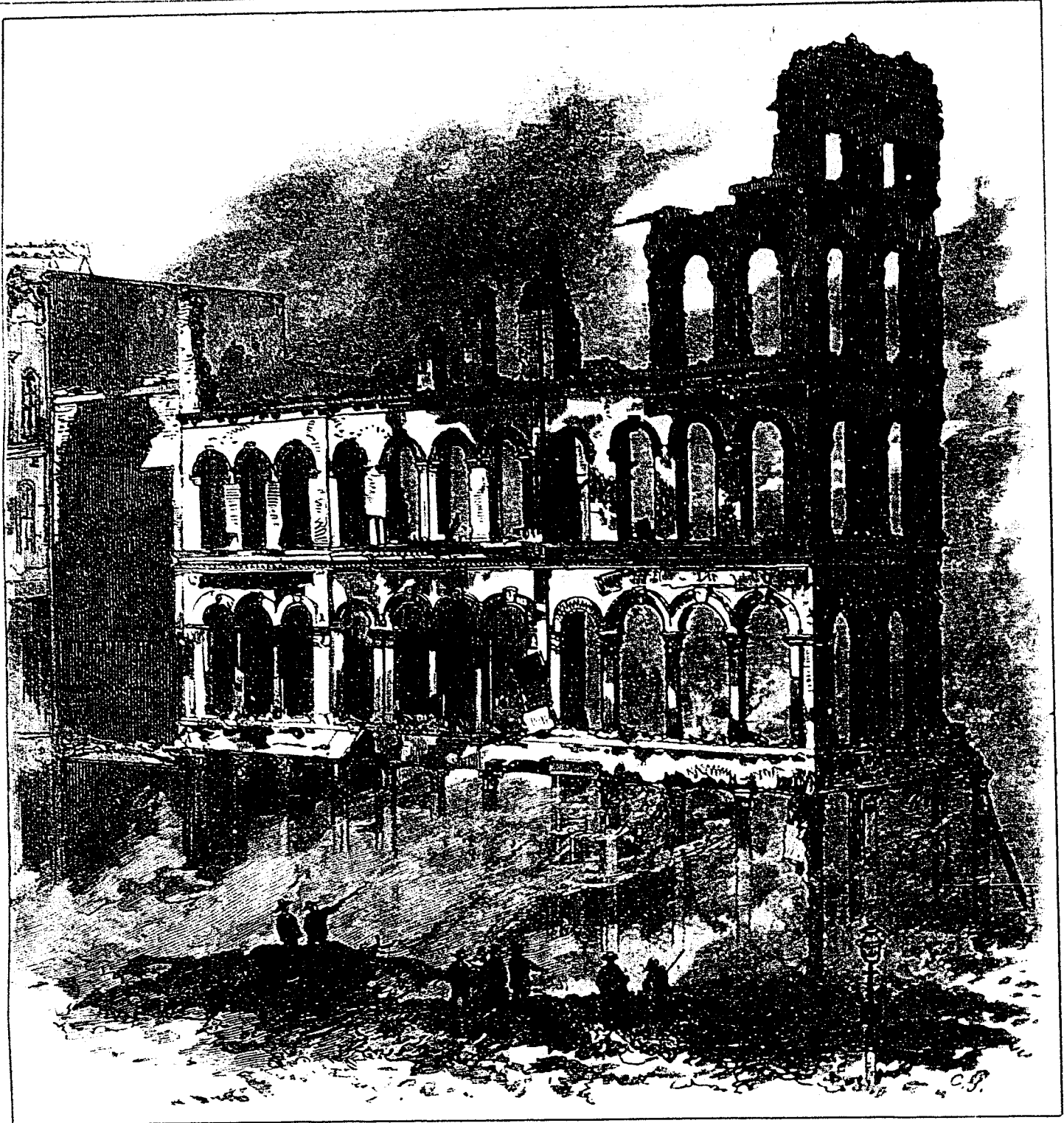
AN Exhibition of paintings by Washington Allston is being held at the Boston Art Museum.

AMONG the newest books in London is a volume of poems by Oscar Wilde, who it is said, will soon visit America to lecture on aesthetic themes.

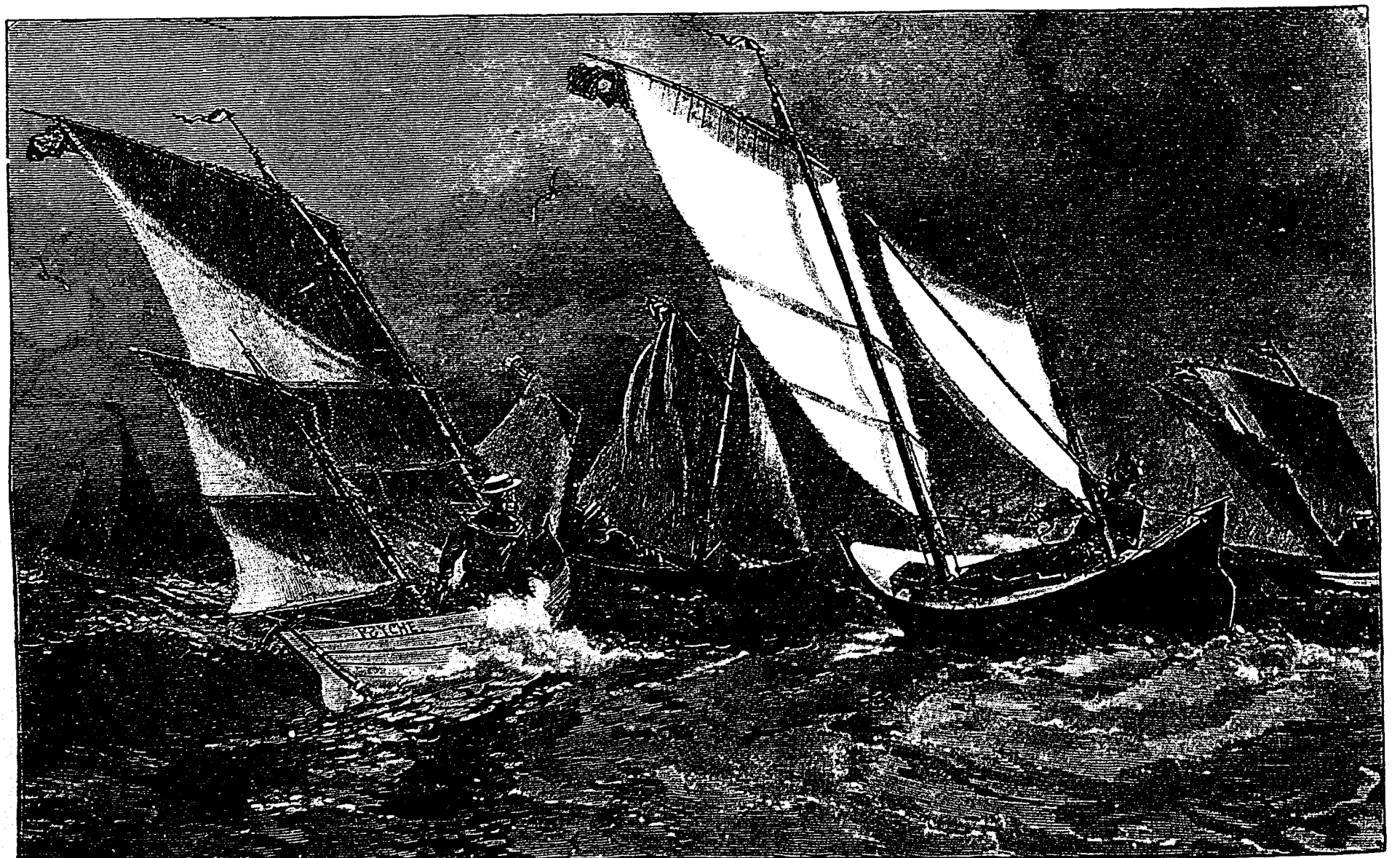
A LETTER from Queen Anne, referring chiefly to politics, was sold in London the other day for \$80; one from Robert Burns for \$70, and another, dated 1789, for \$135.

A COMMUNICATION in the *Academy* is headed "The Evil One of the Revisers." To whom can it refer? Is it to an English or an American member of the learned companies?—a dean, a doctor, or an arch-deacon?

THE *Century* will begin its career without Mr. Schuyler's serial, "Peter the Great," which has been running in *Scribner's* for two years. When we next meet with this work it will be in book form, from the press of Charles Scribner's Sons.



THE GREAT FIRE IN SYRACUSE —RUINS OF THE WEITING OPERA HOUSE —SEE PAGE 99



A CANOE REGATTA IN NEW YORK BAY.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.



THE HONEYMOON, IN SIX PHASES.—By E. GRIMM.



TROUBLES IN IRELAND.—A CATHOLIC PRIEST ARRESTED BY THE POLICE AT MULLINGAR AND RESCUED BY THE PEOPLE.

FATE.

BY LILLIAN ROZELL MESSENGER.

We sat together in the grand old park,
'Neath the olden Norway pine;
In the tender eyes of the twilight dark
Dreamt the evening's pale sunshine.

Its warm heart thrilled with the pulse of spring,
The soft day its shadow leaves
In the glorious stars, where the blue takes wing
As the golden crimson weaves.

For Hesperus' feet a glowing way;
While music of wind and bird,
In the soft green dome of the trees at play
Our soul's vague music stirred.

Not much to say; so much to feel
Such marvel of beauty to see!
And overhead the low notes steal
Of the birdling ecstasy.

And there in the olden Norway pine
Is the tiny nest, well built;
With perfume and song and warm sunshine
And the shadows about it spilt.

The murmur of joy's in the young old tree,
And echoes in two hearts below,
Who dream in love's felicity
Which only the loving e'er know.

But winter had dropped like a snowy bloom
Just between the golden and red
Of the rose spring and summer noon,
And the year and the birds were fled.

Yet again spring twined her fairy wreaths
Of beauty o'er waning day;
But the tiny nest where the old pine weaves
Its sweet, solemn roundelay.

Was torn away and the branches torn,
And the voice of love was still,
Above and below; one bird was gone
And one love lost, that never will.

Return springtime to the soul which sees
O'er the evening crimson main
Of time where its white sail far off flies,
Which will never come back again.

AN ACTOR'S ORPHANS.

BY A WANDERING MUSICIAN.

The father of the orphans—a strong, big jolly fellow of thirty-six, named Neville—was playing "Rob Roy" on a Saturday night in full strength and vigour, and was dead on the Tuesday morning after.

It was said that he got a chill in undressing after the exertion of this heavy part, and that little whiff of cold air at which a little man might have laughed, carried off this hale and hearty giant, and left his two children, Nelly and Johnny, without a relation in the world to look after them, and almost without a penny to support them. No stock actor, however steady or successful, can save money. A pound or two he may indeed accumulate during a good engagement, but it generally goes in some long journey, or week or two of enforced idleness; and so, when he passes over into an unknown country, his survivors are not generally troubled with the paying of legacy duty. Nelly and Johnny were just eleven and thirteen respectively, and had lost their mother when mere infants, but they were old enough to realize bitterly the loss they had sustained. The startled company held a consultation at once in the room where the massive form of Neville yet lay, with the orphans crying quietly all the while, fast locked in each other's arms.

"The orphans must be thought on first," said the "old man" of the company, who had only two children of his own. "I'll tak' the lass if she has no objection. She's full of acting, and may happen she'll turn out a star some day."

"And I shouldn't mind taking the lad and making something of him," said another promptly. "But perhaps it would be cruel to part 'em."

"Then I'll take the boy too," volunteered the "old man," after a nudge from his wife, but then the boy put in a word for himself.

"I don't want to be an actor, and I just hate the stage," he said, very decidedly; "but I mean to work for Nelly, and look after her, and always watch over her and see she wants nothing."

"Then what would you like to work at, Johnny, lay?" kindly asked one of the company.

"I'm to be a sailor, and nothing but a sailor," said Johnny, with great determination. "Father knew that all along, and always said he'd see about it. If you try to make me an actor I'll run away. I don't mind being a midshipman or a captain, if you wish it," he modestly added, "but I'm resolved to be a sailor."

"And how can you look after Nelly and protect her if you're away as a sailor?" demurringly observed Nelly's new guardian.

"Oh, you'll look after her while I'm away," said the boy, with a charming simplicity, "and I'll come home every now and then to see how she's getting on."

The company could not teach him to be a sailor, but they did the next best thing in their power. One of them had a brother in the shipping office at Glasgow, and through him Johnny Neville was apprenticed on board ship, all the company subscribing equally to provide him with an outfit. And so the orphans were provided for by these simple-minded mummies. While ordinary people would have been pitying and condoling, and wondering what the children would do without their father and only friend, these promptly put out their hands and took burden and responsibility upon themselves, without a single thought that they were doing anything wonderful or uncommon.

So much for the prompt, practical Christianity of the despised "mountebanks." But as there is nothing so uncommon in that as to constitute a romance of real life—and ought not to be—I will go on to the after events in the history of the orphans, which I think do fairly come under that title.

If this were a story the boy would become at least a middy at once, and then rise by rapid strides to be a captain or an admiral; but it isn't; and the truth may as well be told that Johnny was only a common apprentice, and only rose to be a common sailor. The rough life at sea did not tend to refine him either in character or mind, but he never forgot his sister Nelly, and though he seldom saw her, did not fail to remind her of his love by an occasional present when he knew where to send one to, so that it should reach her. Those who looked closely into these things said that Jack Neville, as he was now called, was a roving blade, and that he had gone through some strange experiences of wild life abroad; but in all his ups and downs he had retained too much honesty to grow rich by questionable means. He had not been at sea all the years between the death of his father and the time when I met him. He had spent nearly two years in Peru, one in Australia, and one in California; but always gone back to the "life on the ocean wave," as that best suited to his nature.

Meantime, Nelly, under her new guardian, Mr. Seaham, had been trained with a steady persistence which would have made an actress of an idiot, but which, in a girl of her smartness and ability, slowly produced what Seaham had prophesied—a star. The Seahams drilled her in deportment, dancing, and all the subtle action of arms, fingers, and facial expression; and where their rigid rules ended her bright talent took up the task.

When Nelly was barely seventeen she was playing the lead in a good stock company; and in two years more was starring with a piece specially written for her by a London dramatist. During all these years the Seahams had guarded her as sedulously as if she had been their own daughter, and Nelly had neither time nor opportunity to think of sweethearts. But just as she was beginning to make a name, and the Seahams to get a tangible return for all their care and kindness, a poor actor, named Lagraffe, managed to secure her affections beyond remedy. By "poor" I mean poor in talent as well as in coin; Lagraffe, indeed, had never been intended by Nature for the stage, and could never have earned more than a decent super's salary single handed. He was tolerably good looking, however, and had a plausible, dashing style which carried all before it with the artless and simple-minded Nelly. Then the ruptures with her faithful guardians, the Seahams began. Nelly's ideas of the world were mostly of the romantic kind, and derived principally from the stage plays in which she had taken part, and she saw nothing but the most noble qualities in her lover, while the Seahams, with the practical acuteness of old pros., denounced him at once as a mercenary designer, who would never have looked at her had she been only an obscure super or ballet girl.

"It's thy bress he wants, not thee," said old Seaham, bluntly. "Tak' an old pro's advice, Nelly, lass, and ha' nowt to do wi' him."

Nelly looked upon Seaham as a kind father, but she only shed tears and shook her head when he spoke thus.

"I must marry him now, father," she whispered, with a wheedling cuddle and kiss, "for I've promised."

"Then unpromise it as soon as you can," cried Seaham, in great anger and excitement, "for thou's never have him wi' my will."

"Why, what has he done? What is his fault?" cried Nelly, in amazement.

"His fault is spending more bress than he can earn," said the old actor, snappishly. "He'd make thy winnings fly if thou wert fool enough to marry him."

"Must I never speak to any one—never marry at all?" said Nelly, a little petulantly, for your love-stricken ones are always unreasonable, and sometimes cruel.

"God forbid! my lass," fervently answered the old man; "but bide thy time, and thou'st get the pick of the land—a star like thysen, or may happen, a gentleman. Yo' never know what fortune's in store for a pure, good lass like thee; an' thou'st fit for the best on 'em—a real lady, as ever walked the stage."

Nelly had no doubt of the sincerity of the old man, but his words did not convince her. Her heart was lost on Lagraffe, and him she would have or no one. And her lover, when he was told of the objections in the way, loudly declared that it was selfish interest, and not affection or love, which prompted the refusal of her guardians. He only half convinced Nelly that such was the case; but at last the Seahams, weary of his insinuations, reluctantly gave their consent, that they might be cleared of such a charge.

"We're more than paid for aught we ever did for thee, Nelly," said the old man, with tears, "and would do the same over a hundred times for thy good. But when he's thy husband see that thou keep a tight hand on thy winnings, or it'll all run through his fingers like water through a sieve."

In the height of her joy Nelly promised implicit obedience to her guardian's wishes, and astonished both her intended husband and the Seahams by settling on these old friends a liberal pension, to be paid as a first charge out of her earnings. Moreover, the Seahams were still to travel with her and manage the company

organized to play her special pieces. To all this Lagraffe made no objection, and everything went off smoothly and agreeably. After the winter season was over Nelly and he were married, and a great part of her savings was used in furnishing a grand house in which she had resolved to take at least three months' rest every summer. Lagraffe never went on the stage after the marriage, or sought to do anything but smoke cigars and haunt billiard rooms. He was not a drunken man, nor was he cruel in the sense of lifting his hand to his wife, but he was thoroughly selfish, and in the end all but eaten up with one consuming passion.

During the first year or two of Nelly's married life few could understand how in the face of her great success she always spoke of being poor, and appeared so eager for the most exorbitant terms she could screw out of any manager. Managers, of course, called her a miser, and said she was piling up a fortune faster than any one who had ever gone on the stage, but managers saw only one side of her life. The constant drain on her resources was her husband. He thought himself clever in one particular way, and had grown to have a perfect passion for gambling. Sometimes he was lucky and won money by it, but on the whole it was a losing business, whether on the race-course, in the billiard room, or at the card table, and his constant cry to poor Nelly was "Money! give me more money."

Nelly knew the cause of her poverty, and had intelligence enough to see that the passion would grow stronger and more disastrous, and she pleaded with him, and extracted promise after promise that he would give up the practice; but she might as well have asked a drunkard to reform with a glass to his lips.

Nelly had now two children to provide for, and although at that time married women had not their earnings secured to them by law, she took her old guardian's advice, and invested such of her earnings as she could hide from the clutch of her husband without his knowledge, and kept the securities safe under lock and key when at home, and always took them with her when travelling.

That was the position of her affairs when I first saw her in the theatre at Liverpool, which I had just joined. Her house was in Liverpool, and she was filling up a holiday by playing in that place instead of resting as she had resolved to do when she married.

One night during this engagement, when she had just finished playing *Marguerite*, in "Love's Sacrifice," for which she had dressed exquisitely in a pale pink satin, a rough-looking sailor presented himself at the orchestra door, and passed resolutely in behind the scenes, saying as he went:—

"I want to see that beautiful lady in the pink dress! I must see the pretty lady in the pink dress! Bless me, but I think it's my sister Nelly!"

He reached the stage at last, and would have been promptly expelled had he not repeated his words, with the addition—

"I'm Jack Neville, and I have not seen her since she was a little lass. Let's see my sister, and get a hug at her!"

Nelly came out of the dressing-room in sheer astonishment, and was instantly grabbed hard and tight in the strong arms of the hard-swearing, tobacco-chewing sailor. There was no money shown to the fine pink satin, or starch, or fine lace—it was a real bear's hug, which none but the huggers could be expected to enjoy.

Nelly nearly screamed, and when she at last recognized her brother Johnny she snorted angrily, and examined her dress and ruffles to estimate the damage done, and even rubbed her cheek dubiously at the spot his lips had pressed and smacked so heartily.

"What a swell! what a beautiful lady you've grown!" said Jack, in open-eyed admiration, as he held her out at arm's length. "Tell you, Nell, I could scarce believe it was you when I see'd you going into hysterics in that piece just now. And what a stunning actor! You lick everybody I've seen anywheres."

All this was hearty and brimming with affection and genuine love, yet Nelly did not like it, or her brother, or his words or manners.

"What a fright you are," she said, critically, "and how coarse your talk has grown. I thought you would have risen to something—a mate, at least."

"Everybody can't be mates," said Jack, very logically; "some must horder, and some obey, and I'm one of them as puts to their hand and does the work. Nothing very wicked in that, I should hope. Surely, Nell, you ain't ashamed on me?" he added, with eyes grown wondrously soft and glistening.

"No, not exactly ashamed of you," she hastily added, with an effort, and something like one of her old fond nestles into his arms; "but I'd like you to be different, Jack—better dressed and more refined."

And baser hearted under it all—eh, Nell!" added Jack. "That's about what it might come to—a fine gent, smoking a cigar, and swallowing nothing cheaper'n champagne, and at the same time robbing all around."

Nelly thought of her husband, and blushed, not sure but this was a hidden sneer at some of his failings.

"There, you're blushing. I know'd you was ashamed of me," said Jack, trying to disengage himself.

"No, no," said Nelly, seeing now the perfect innocence of his remark, and clinging closer to him. "I only wish I had you always by me to help me and advise. You're rough, Jack, but you're true."

"Soft, soft now!" hastily exclaimed her brother, "don't you begin to pipe your eye, or I'll think there's someat wrong. You're married, they tell me. Let's look on the bloke you're tied to, so's I may guess if he's quite good to you."

"He's not here," said Nelly, with a shade of hesitation in her tones.

"Doesn't act! what does he do then?" pursued Jack, opening his eyes.

"Nothing particularly—he doesn't need, now that I'm so far up in the profession," said Nelly, a little proudly.

"Kind to you?" inquiringly continued Jack.

"Yes," answered Nelly, with a dubious hesitancy.

"Goes about drinking your money, and then come home and wallops you, I s'pose!" said Jack, sententially.

"No, no; he never lifts his hand to me—he's too much of a gentleman for that," cried Nelly, with great energy. "Indeed, Jack, he's very good—very—but he has one fault."

"And what's that?"

Nelly would not tell; every one had faults of some kind and she could not expect her husband to be perfect. So she lightly put the subject aside, and talked of Jack's adventures, and pressed him to come and see her and her children in her grand house, and stay there while his ship was in port.

But Jack declined most resolutely.

"I'd only disgrace you afore your grand friends, and mebbe make some on 'em faint by eatin' wi' my knife, when I should use a fork or something of that kind."

He promised, however, to see her again before he left Liverpool, and so with another hug and crush at her fine dress and laces, which she did not think nearly so damaging as the first, he left her.

It was about this time that Mr. Lagraffe, Nelly's husband, made the acquaintance of a mysterious character—a kind of sailor-like wanderer with plenty of money and time on his hands—at a foot-race in Pomona Gardens, in Manchester. The man looked anything but knowing, yet when he staked a pound on the three-card trick, which a man produced among the crowd during an interval of the races, and on which Lagraffe lost three half sovereigns in succession, he spotted the right card three times in succession, lifting a pound the first two times, and getting his hat knocked over his eyes by a confederate of the welsher the third—that is, when he had cleaned the swindlers out. Lagraffe conceived an instinctive liking for the stranger, and, in the height of his delight at seeing the swindlers done, invited the man to drink with him. In the same way, when Lagraffe had bet heavily on one of the pedestrians, the stranger standing close by, he was suddenly staggered by being ordered in a quick whisper to "hedge heavily."

"Why? why?" he asked.

"Because your taker, the man in the fur cap, signalled to the ped just now as he passed—it will pay him to lose. Hedge if you mean to save your money," and Lagraffe did hedge and saved his money accordingly. The two returned to Liverpool in the same carriage, and the stranger, who gave his name as Jack Robinson, rewarded Lagraffe for his confidence by telling him as they parted that he (Lagraffe) was only a sucking baby in gambling, who was bound to lose, and certain never to win.

A few nights later Lagraffe was busy at cards in a house which professed to be an innocent establishment for refreshments and billiards, but which was really a gambling hell of the worst description, when he again noticed the simple-looking sailor man, Jack Robinson, lounging near him and his opponent, and watching their game with evident interest. Lagraffe remembered the parting sneer of his queer acquaintance, and strove hard to demonstrate its injustice by winning, and for a time appeared to be successful, for his pile of money began to increase in size. By-and-by there came a change, and the winning was all the other way. Pound after pound went from Lagraffe to the other, till nearly fifty lay beside him, and then, to the evident surprise of the winner, the simple-looking Jack Robinson announced his intention of "having a hand" at it.

"I'm cleaned out," said Lagraffe, "but I'll go home and bring a fresh supply. I won't be half an hour."

"Then I'll clean out you while he's gone," said Jack Robinson to the winner, but that gentleman, probably scenting danger, politely declined.

"You must!" said the simple-looking stranger, feeling in his pocket with one hand, and pointing with the other to the sleeve of the winner's coat near the wrist. "You must, or I'll shoot you—right through the wrist—there."

The man scowled, but gave in, and the cards were dealt, each watching the other with all the eagerness and keenness of "Satan playing for a soul." Lagraffe found them playing when he returned, and by that time the pile of money had steadily changed hands—all the winning being on the sailor's side. Lagraffe had not been able to get more money, but he had broken open a little iron-bound trunk which his wife always took with her on her travels, and so got what was quite as good.

The professional gambler was soon cleaned out, when the simple-looking stranger rewarded him with the same sneer he had already bestowed on Lagraffe—that he was a sucking baby who knew nothing.

"I'll have a hand with you," said Lagraffe,

with the utmost eagerness, and with the gaming fever strong upon him. "You won't say that of me when we're done."

"I will, if you're fool enough to try," said the stranger, with quiet assurance and a contemptuous look which brought a flush of anger to Lagraffe's face.

"Then I'm fool enough, and I'll clean you out though I have to sit all night to do it," was the hot-headed reply of Lagraffe; and the cards were dealt, and in a minute more they were hard at it, the cleaned out gambler and many more of his kind crowding round the players and watching their movements with the most searching strictness, eager to detect the slightest attempt at cheating or unfair practices. The winning began from the first and continued steadily in favour of the sailor. They played for pounds first, then five, then twenties, then fifties; but it made no difference to Jack Robinson. The surrounding circle of blacklegs drew long breaths, and rubbed their distended eyes, and pronounced it marvellous. Lagraffe was deathly pale, and so excited that he could scarcely deal the cards. The stranger alone was cool and smiling.

At the end of an hour and a half Lagraffe, who had brought with him scrip and securities for upwards of a thousand pounds—the entire savings of his wife—was "cleaned out," and sat back with his brain reeling, and a demoniac wish in his heart that the cool winner would drop dead in his chair.

"Are you done? Got enough of it?" coolly asked the winner. "You've a good watch there. I'll stake a twenty pound note against that if you like."

Lagraffe, still hoping to retrieve, obeyed and lost his watch.

"You've got a houseful of furniture, I suppose, somewhere?" suggested the cool winner. "You can stake that, if you like, and I'll allow full value—that is, if you want a chance of winning back what you've lost."

Lagraffe jumped at the offer. The furniture of his house had cost £400, and the stranger agreed to stake that sum against it "in four goes of £100 each," but the result was the same as before.

"Nothing more to stake?" inquiringly pursued the winner.

"Nothing—nothing," blankly answered Lagraffe in hollow tones. "I can never face my wife now. I'm a lost man."

"What's that? A wife you say?" said the winner, with more interest than usual. "Well, I don't mind playing for her too—anything'll do for a stake, and I desay she'll be of as much use to me as you. Come along; it'll always give you a chance of winning back your own."

Horrible as it may seem, Lagraffe again assented, and staked his wife and her earnings against all he had lost. The cards were turned, and played and he lost! Then he rose from the table and groped his way out of the circle. He saw nothing of the grinning faces around him, and even the cool stranger, as he gathered up his winnings, excited neither interest nor raucour in his breast.

"You will ruin yourself and me too," his wife had once said to him while remonstrating with him, and now he heard nothing but those words. He got out of the hot rooms, down into the cool street, and stood under a street lamp and scribbled a line in pencil, which he folded up and inscribed in a firm hand with his wife's theatrical name. All the paper contained was, "I have ruined you, but I shall never trouble you more. Forgive me." Nelly received the note just as she was leaving the stage for the night, and, guessing the worst, fell insensible on the spot.

And the very worst was just then happening; for Lagraffe slung away down to a dark spot on Princess Parade, muttered a few words under his breath, threw off his hat, and jumped into the river—that is, he made the spring, intending to land in the river, but a grasp of iron held him back, and looking round in surprise he found his late gambling companion, Jack Robinson, shaking him violently by the collar, much as a schoolmaster might shake a truant scholar.

"Let me go!" furiously exclaimed the would-be suicide. "You have ruined me—let me go!"

"Saved you, I hope," said the bawny sailor, coolly dragging him back from the river. "Twas only a lesson to show you what a baby you are in the hands of swindlers. Come up the lane and I'll give you all you've lost back again, and then we'll go and save Nelly from being frustrated with that line you wrote her under the lamp-post."

"You will not?" incredulously exclaimed Lagraffe; then noticing a peculiar smile on the other's face he suddenly suspected the truth, and cried, "Why—who are you?"

"Jack Neville, Nelly's brother," was the laughing reply. "Here's your losings—but first promise never to gamble any more."

Lagraffe promised—almost going down on his knees to worship his deliverer; and they went home together. And when Nelly saw Jack bring in her husband safe and sound, she didn't consider her dress, but hugged him madly. Lagraffe isn't a perfect husband even yet, but he never gambles.

In the *Figaro* of July 4th, in describing a shrimping party, Emile Zola says:—"Then they all three began to fish. With their narrow nets they explored the holes. Estelle brought all her woman's passion to the work. It was she who caught the first shrimps, three little rose-coloured shrimps (*trois petites crevettes roses*)!"

A RIDE FROM TUNIS TO CARTHAGE.

One bright bracing morning in January we set out from Tunis on an excursion to the ruins of Carthage. The sun was just rising in a canopy of glory over the sharp-edged rocky range which bounds the horizon, and turning into a mountain of gold the rugged surface of Jabel Rasas, or the "mountain of lead," as the Arabs call the huge Gibraltar-shaped rock which stands out so boldly in the Tunisian landscape. The native nomenclature is not wholly hyperbolic, for the mountain does contain a vast lead-mine, which was worked by the Carthaginians, and, after them, by the Romans, and was, at the period of my visit, being picked and scraped at, in a perfunctory but profitable way, by one of the Bey's officials—not, as was the general opinion, to the profit of the Bey's own needy exchequer. We were all mounted, for Tunis is not, as many people imagine, built on the site of ancient Carthage, but is at least two hours' ride distant from the place on which once stood the proud city that dared to rival Rome, and was so ruthlessly effaced by its conqueror. Our cavalcade was of the usual Arab type: a set of weak-necked, high-quartered, long-tailed animals, high in bone and low in flesh, equipped with harness and saddlery of a very mixed order, in which string and rope predominated. These desert steeds were no doubt descended from the purest Arab sires; but in the course of their descent which must have been a long one, they had dropped most of the noble characteristics of their equine ancestry, and retained only those prominent features which were so conspicuous in the frame of the famous Rosinante. Mine was the only animal in the collection which would have been admitted to a London cab-rank on the score of quality. They were a sorry lot; but they did their work, and carried us to Carthage and back, if not in stately dignity, at least in safety.

Our departure from the somewhat incongruous establishment which is called an hotel in Tunis was assisted by a number of brats and curs, "street Arabs" both, who yelped and shouted in gratified excitement, and accompanied us to the gates of the city. Here we passed, without challenge, the mangy group of dirty loafing fellows who constitute the Bey's soldiers, and mount guard for his Highness with rusty matchlocks, and uniforms which appear to be compiled according to the exigencies and opportunities of the individual, and are uniform only in dirt. Outside the gates we were at once in open country; for the peculiarity of the roads about Tunis is that there are no roads, except one to the Bey's palace of the Barde, about three miles distant; the rest speedily merge into mere tracks and rough paths of trodden clay, innocent of macadam and guiltless of paving-stones. These primitive roads lead through what are called olive-groves. The olive, in North America at least, is one of the rustiest and most dingy shrubs,—for they are hardly ever big enough to deserve the name of trees,—and an "olive-grove," than which nothing can be more poetical in sound, is a most prosaic affair in substance—nothing but a lot of scrubby, gnarled, and stunted bushes growing here and there in a soil which is as rough as a half-ploughed turnip-field. Through these olive-groves we made our way, generally in single file, noting the huge aloe plants which now and then fenced in a semi-cultivated plot of ground, surrounding an Arab house, and called by the owner a "garden"—an effort of hyperbole rivalling that which gave the name of groves to the olive-grounds.

Only one of our party had ever visited Carthage, and to him we naturally turned every now and then to ask when the ruins of the famous and unfortunate city would come in sight. There was something rather provoking in the assumption of mysterious superiority with which he invariably enjoined on us to be patient, and we should be at Carthage presently. When we had completed nearly two hours' ride, during a part of which we had skirted the seacoast, we came upon a dreary tract of rough uncultivated ground, and our experienced companion condescended to inform us that we were nearing our destination. I, for one, looked out eagerly for the ruined columns, the mouldering walls, the broken arches, and the fragments of the ancient temples of the ill-fated city. I had seen Paestum with its three solitary and stately temples in the wilderness, and Pompeii with its streets and squares, and all its ruined resurrection, and I expected to find similar remains of the once haughty rival of Rome. Suddenly our experienced comrade reined up his Arab steed, and said, "Here you are!" There we were certainly; but where was Carthage? There was no Carthage. Not a column, fallen or standing; not an arch, broken or perfect; not a ruined wall or aqueduct—simply nothing. The rough ground lay here and there in hillocks, and we could see depressions like marl-pits in many directions; but whatever there might be left of Carthage subterranean, our eyes could catch nothing of the least magnitude or importance above the ground. Naturally enough we were a good deal disappointed. We were rapidly surrounded by a squalid set of ragged Arabs—miserable hungry-looking creatures—who clamorously contended for leave to hold our horses, whilst we, conducted by one of the lot, descended to "see Carthage." We were shown numerous lumps of mouldering brickwork projecting a little from the soil, and we were taken down into some huge substructions with vaulted roofs, which we were told were the remains of the ancient water-storing tanks of Carthage; but we really saw nothing of any importance; and, paradoxical as it may appear to say so, the deepest interest

excited by a visit to Carthage is in the fact that there is no Carthage left. *Delenda est Carthago!* and destroyed it was, with a vengeance. Scipio did his work well in that year one hundred and forty-six; so well that it might almost be said that no stone was left upon another to tell where old Carthage stood.

We bought a few coins from the miserable Arabs who burrow among the soil where once stood the fair city of Dido. I purchased my portion with a full belief in the capacity of the antiquity-manufacturers, to whom so many collectors are indebted for precious relics. But on my return to London I took them to the British Museum, and was informed that they were all genuine, though not rare. One was a copper coin of the Emperor Julian "the Apostate," which is somewhat curious, as being of his pagan period.

Our ride to Carthage was therefore a disappointment, regarded from an antiquarian and archaeological point of view; but it was very pleasant, and by no means devoid of all interest. After we had duly seen the place where Carthage was not, we went to inspect the chapel of St. Louis. That kingly and saintly personage died on or about this spot so long ago as the 25th of August 1270. Nothing appears to have been done to mark so interesting a locality until the time of Charles X., when in 1530 a treaty was concluded between France and the Regent of Tunis, containing a special article, by which a site for a monument to St. Louis was ceded for ever to the King of France. But troubles came in France, and it was not until 1841, in the reign of Louis Philippe, that the present chapel was erected. It is not magnificent; it is simply ugly and mean, and unworthy of the man whom it commemorates, the site which it occupies, and the nation by which it was raised.

We were shown a number of places where great temples and amphitheatres and forums "had been," but these structures have passed away and left no wreck behind, at least none that we could see. The most really interesting sights we saw were the old ports and harbours, where the proud Carthaginian fleets lay anchored, and the view from the hill-top whence unhappy Dido (who never existed) beheld the departure of that mean scamp Æneas, who, it is some consolation to know, never had any existence either, save in the fertile imagination of Virgil. But where we stood, Marius, and Cato, and Scipio must often have stood, to say nothing of Hannibal and older heroes of history, and that was something. That we were on the ground where once stood the great rival of Rome was beyond question; and perhaps it was quite as impressive to find that such grandeur and such glory had so utterly vanished from off the face of the earth as it would have been if we had found acres of ruined walls, and tons of mouldering masonry. We rode home very quietly under the moonlight, and after all we felt that we had not quite wasted our day in our ride to Carthage.—*The World.*

VARIETIES.

THE *National Zeitung* of Berlin gives a little anecdote of Uhlard and his wife, whose death was recently recorded. The narrator says that thirty years ago he was in the poet's garden at Tübingen when Uhlard propounded with great gravity and emphasis the opinion that there was nothing in the world that had not two sides. "Yes," said his wife laughing, "there is one thing that has only one side." "What is it?" asked the poet. "Your letters have never more than one side," was the mischievous reply, which completely conquered Uhlard.

ONE evening last week, writes a correspondent, I met an old man and a boy returning from their day's work, the man aged 86, great-grandfather to the boy aged 14. I could not let them pass without reminding the old man that few people live to see their great-grandchildren—fewer still live to see them old enough to go to work for their living—but rarely indeed are they spared in strength to go to work beside them. In further conversation my old friend told me that he well remembered his great-grandmother, who was buried in 1802, at the age of 93, when he followed her to the grave, the funeral being impressed on his recollection by the fact that the service was read by the light of a lantern on a dark winter's afternoon. This hale old workman has thus seen seven generations.

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.—So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness, for health and comfort; one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister does much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general; but when he enters the cosy sitting-room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as the balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating with the stern realities of life. The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on its mother's breast; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

BABY MINE.

BY F. L.

Baby mine, with the grave, grave face,
Where did you get that royal calm,
Too staid for joy, too still for grace?
I bend as I kiss your pink, soft palm:
Are you the first of a nobler race?
Baby mine!

You come from the region of long ago,
And gazing awhile where the seraphs dwell,
Has given your face a glory and glow—
Of that brighter land have you aught to tell?
I seem to have known it—I more would know,
Baby mine.

Your calm, blue eyes have a far-off reach,
Look at me now with those wondrous eyes—
Why are we doomed to the gift of speech
While you are silent, and sweet, and wise?
You have much to learn—you have more to teach.
Baby mine.

FOOT NOTES.

MR. BERNÉ JONES, the pre-Raphaelite, was made a D.C.L. of Oxford the other day, being greeted by the under-graduates with an uproarious chorus of

"A most intense young man,
A soulful-eyed young man,
An ultra-poetical super-esthetical
Out-of-the-way young man."

SPARE MOMENTS.—A boy, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, one morning, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen. "I should like to see Mr. —," said he. "You want a breakfast, more like?" "Can I see Mr. —?" asked the boy. "Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bade him follow. After talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume that he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked the boy was answered readily, "Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "You do well. Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?" "In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. What account can you give of your spare moments?

A TASTE FOR READING.—Time should be devoted by every young man and woman entering life, were it only half an hour a day, to the development of their mind, to the gaining of useful information, to the cultivation of some ennobling taste. A taste for reading is worth more than any sum we can name. A rich man without this or some similar taste does not know how to enjoy money; his only resource is to keep on making, hoarding money, unless he prefer to spend it, and a mind that is not well developed does not know how to spend wisely. A well-known millionaire used to say that he would gladly give all his money if he could only have himself the education which his lazy stupid boy refused to acquire. Be advised, make it a rule never to be broken to devote at least half an hour a day to the reading of some useful and instructive book. Every man needs a knowledge of history, the elements of science, and other useful subjects, and, if only half an hour a day is given to reading, he will find the advantage of it. Be hungry and thirsty after knowledge of all kinds, and you will be none the worse, but all the better, as business men and women. Beware of novels; they are ensnaring and pernicious.

HUMOROUS.

HERE is another attempt to deprive woman of her rights. A male wretch has got up an invention to prevent the slamming of doors.

NITRO-GLYCERINE is recommended by a medical journal for certain affections of the chest. Particularly those in which the chest resists the drill or the jenny.

"MEN of en jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. We saw a dog jump at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly-closed door, and it made more disturbance than a church scandal.

"Do you think Jones' judgment is biased?" asked Smith. "Oh, no," replied Robinson, "I never heard that he had any."

"Did he teach you to lie?" they asked the boy concerning his employer. And the lad drew himself up proudly and said: "No, sir. He couldn't do it. I'm the son of a Congressman."

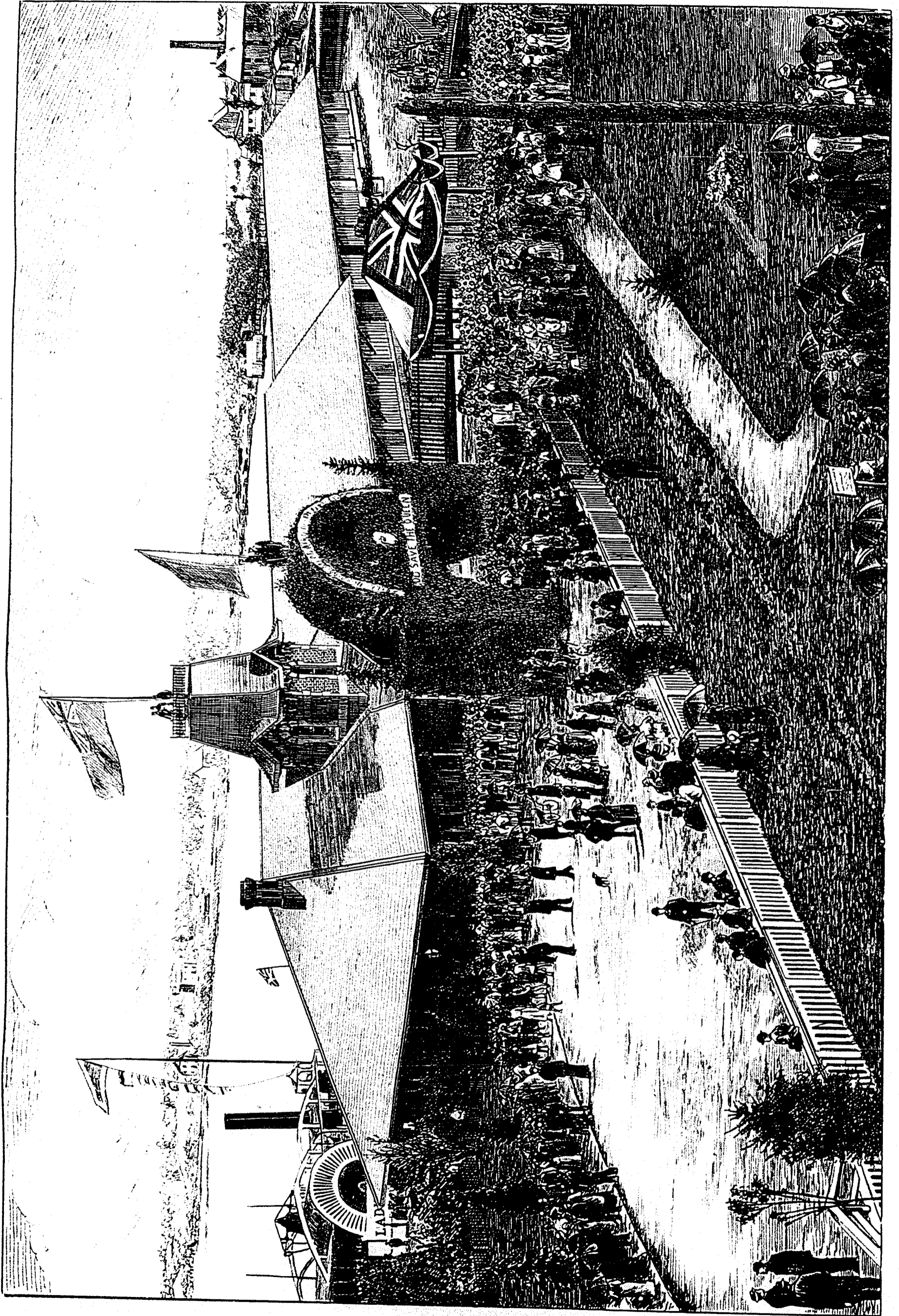
"Ma," exclaimed the boy, gazing into the back-yard, where the young lady next door was talking to his sister, "come and look at the bonfire." She came and looked, and then exclaimed: "My son, that isn't a bonfire; that's a spring bonnet."

"No, Mr. Editor," said he, "I don't object to your politics, and you haven't slandered me, but you're always publishing descriptions of new styles of bonnets, and I want to know if that's the sort of reading matter for a wife and six grown-up daughters."

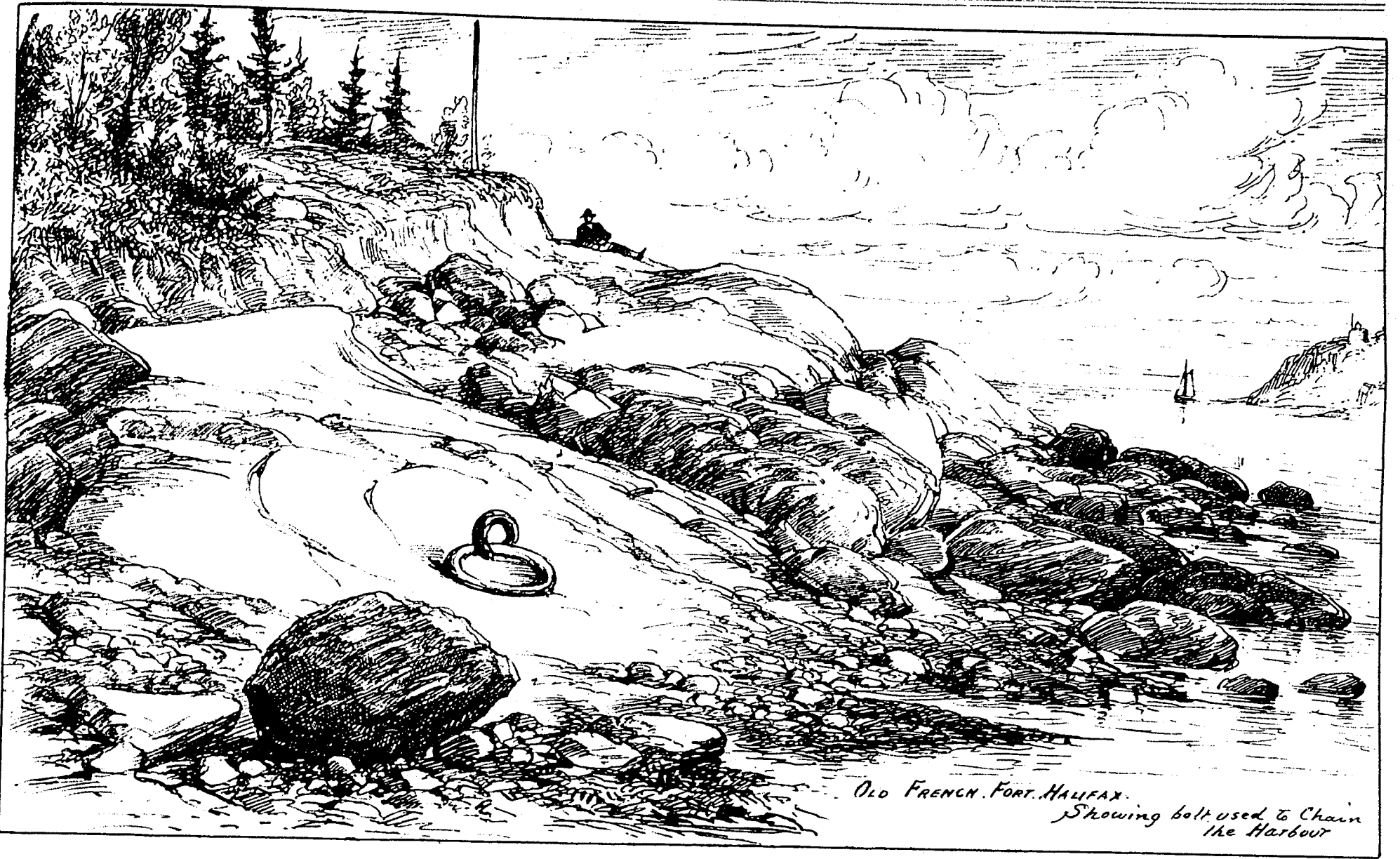
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S false teeth were held in by spiral springs. That firm expression of the mouth seen in his portraits, which has been attributed to decision of character, was probably due in a measure to his efforts to keep his teeth from jumping out.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

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

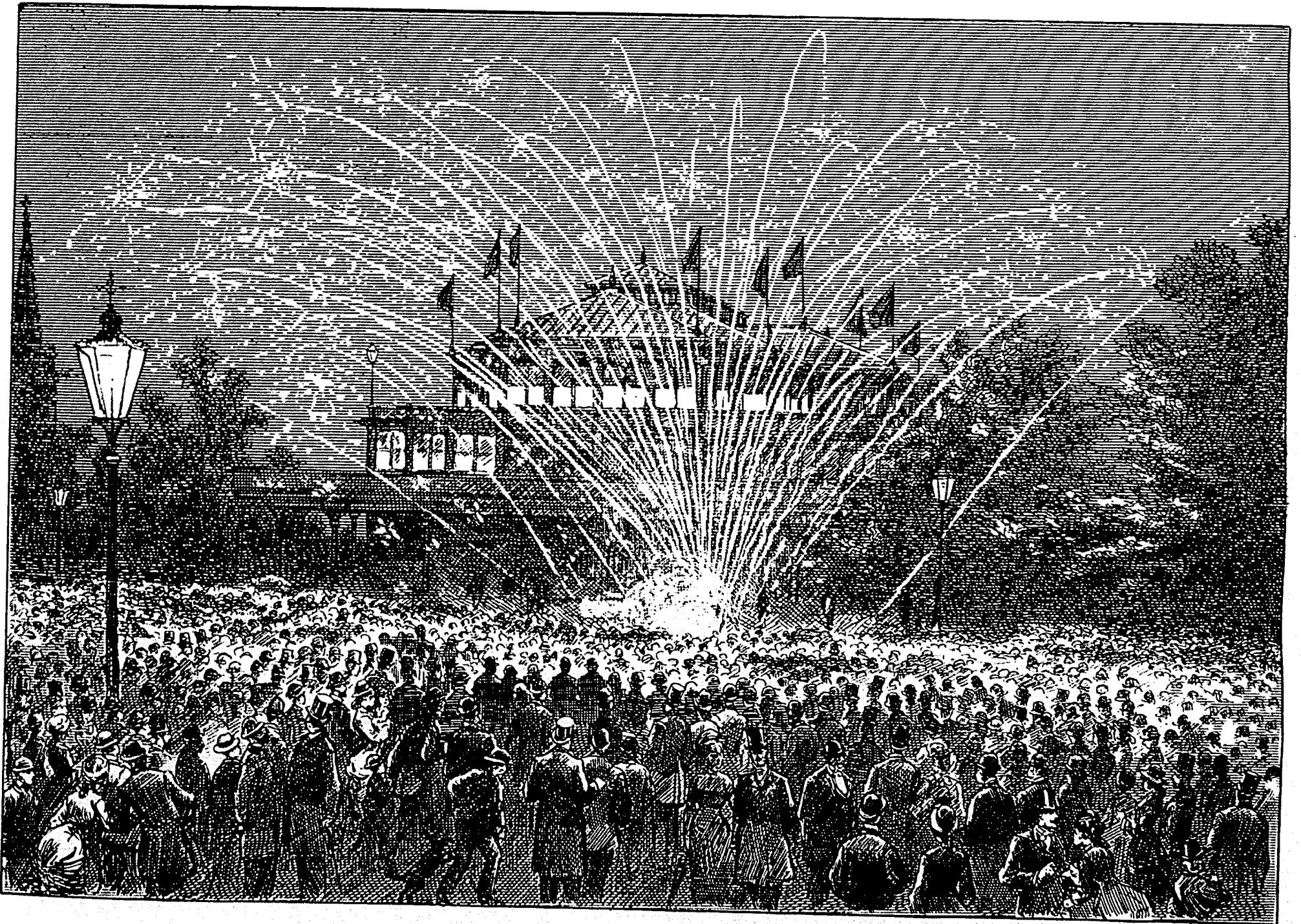


RECEPTION OF THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND SUITE AT BARRIE, ONT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BARAUD BROS



Old French Fort, Halifax.
Showing bolt used to Chain
the Harbour

HALIFAX SKETCH — BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE CIVIC HOLIDAY IN TORONTO.—FIREWORKS IN THE HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

TO MY DOG "BLANCO."

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

My dear, dumb friend, low lying there,
A willing vessel at my feet,
Glad partner of my home and fare,
My shadow in the street.

I look into your great brown eyes,
Where love and loyal homage shine,
And wonder where the difference lies
Between your soul and mine!

For all of good that I have found
Within myself or human kind,
Hath royally informed and crowned
Your gentle heart and mind.

I scan the whole broad earth around
For that one heart which, leal and true,
Bears friendship without end or bound,
And find the prize in you.

I trust you as I trust the stars;
Nor cruel loss, nor scoff of pride,
Nor beggary, nor dungeon-bars,
Can move you from my side!

As patient under injury
As any Christian saint of old,
As gentle as a lamb with me,
But with your brothers bold;

More playful than a frolic boy,
More watchful than a sentinel,
By day and night your constant joy
To guard and please me well.

I leap your head upon my breast—
The while you whine and lick my hand—
And thus our friendship is confessed,
And thus we understand!

Ah, Blanco! did I worship God
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod
With your humility.

Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine!

—Scribner.

A CHERUB'S FACE UNDER A FORAGE-CAP.

It was just a cherub's face under a forage-cap, which met Colonel Cotherstone's angry gaze, as he sat bolt upright in his chair one Saturday afternoon. A cherub's face, smooth and fair, which had as yet not the faintest sign of a moustache; a face with languishing azure eyes that went straight to Colonel Cotherstone's heart, in spite of his anger and the popular belief that he was in the fortunate possession of a lump of adamant instead of that too frequently inconvenient organ. The scene was the Colonel's quarters in the cavalry barracks at York; the time, between three and four in the afternoon; *dramatis persona*, Colonel Edward le Gendre Cotherstone, Sergeant-Major McAllister, and Private Edward Jones, F-troop. It was Private Edward Jones who owned the cherub's face, the languishing blue eyes, the long lithe limbs, and, alas, also a bad character. The description would not have applied at all to the chief, who was largely-made and stalwart, with a sunburnt ragged face, and hair plentifully besprinkled with gray. Nor would it have done for the Sergeant-Major, who, while owning the most irrefragable character, was fat and bald, and moreover did not possess a good feature on his broad red countenance.

"Sergeant-Major, you can go," said Colonel Cotherstone curtly; whereupon that personage, having saluted, departed, feeling pretty sure that Private Jones was coming in for a severe wiggling, or, as he put it, "the Colonel's going to give it 'im proper."

But Colonel Cotherstone did not immediately set about the task which he had imposed upon himself. An obstacle, not very often coming between commanding officers and their troopers, presented itself in the shape of that dainty cherub face, with the fair waving hair and the languishing azure eyes, so like another face that he had known long ago and loved! At last, however, he forced himself to speak.

"And how long is this state of things to continue?" he demanded sternly.

Private Jones maintained a discreet silence, but he shifted his long legs nervously, and lowered his eyes until the Colonel could no longer see them. Once their gaze withdrawn from him he was able to speak fluently enough. Usually, Colonel Cotherstone did not find himself at a loss for words.

"Now, look here, Jones," he said kindly, yet with sufficient firmness to make his words impressive, "we must have a change. Almost every day I hear of some fresh misdemeanour, idleness, insubordination, work half done or left undone altogether, infringement of rules, absence without leave. What is the end to be?"

Private Jones shot one swift glance at his chief's keen angry face, opened his mouth as if to speak, but ended by remaining silent; the Colonel, however, continued:

"By what chain of circumstances you came to enlist, I don't know; but if you imagined for an instant that your birth would permit you to ride rough-shod over everything, why, you make a mistake. Because you are a gentleman, because you can speak half a dozen languages, because you have got through your fortune and made an utter fool of yourself, you cannot be excused your duties or have your misdoings passed over without punishment. I daresay it's hard for you to be restricted, to obey the non-commissioned officers, to turn out of your bed

at five o'clock, to live with men of a different rank from your own; but you should have considered all that before you brought yourself down to your present position. With your advantages of education, you might get your commission in the course of a few years, and win back the position you have lost; but whilst your present bad conduct continues, I can do nothing for you. I cannot pass you over the heads of men who do their duty conscientiously, men whom I can trust. If you do not choose to alter your present ways, you must make up your mind to remain a private always; there is no favouritism in the army. You have now been five months in the regiment, and those five months you have utterly wasted, always shielding yourself behind the fact that by birth you are a gentleman, by birth and by education. I tell you, sir, these two facts are a disgrace to you, simply a disgrace, instead of a blessing and an honour. As yet I have kept you out of the degradation of the cells; but I find that punishment by fines is of no avail—the punishment of a fine simply falls upon your mother."

Private Jones lifted his face all crimsoned by shamed blushes, and repeated Colonel Cotherstone's concluding words,

"My mother, sir!"

"Your mother, sir," returned the chief sternly. If you have no consideration for your family, for yourself, for the honour of your old name; no shame at the contempt of your officers, no dread of what the end of all this will be, does the thought of the mother who bore you never cross your mind?"

The lad turned away in confused silence.

"Answer me!" thundered the chief.

He spoke then for the first time, spoke in such a soft drawing voice, that Colonel Cotherstone absolutely shivered, it was so like that other voice.

"Yes, sir, I do; only it is so hard," with a great sigh.

"What is so hard—your work?"

"No, sir; I don't know that I find the work so bad. I could always groom a horse well, and the stable-work I soon got used to. And I don't mind the men—they're rough, but they're good-natured most of them; but it's the non-commissioned officers—I can't stand them, sir."

"Why not?"

"I can do with old McAllister, sir," said the lad eagerly, almost forgetting his drawl; "but the sergeants in F-troop—O Lord!" with another sigh. "If I please one, I displease another. It's having so many masters, and each thinks he has a right to bully me as hard as he likes. Because they've got a few shillings' worth of gold lace on their jackets, I suppose."

"Which they have won by their own good conduct," rejoined the Colonel. "I'll tell you what it is, Hamilton: you're a young fool, with only a little further to go in the direction you're in now, to find yourself at the devil."

"You know me, sir!" the lad gasped.

"I knew you—people," answered the Colonel curtly. He had almost said "your mother," but changed the word in time to "people;" "and for your name's sake—not for your own, mind—I will give you one more chance. If I move you out of F-troop into Sergeant-Major McAllister's, will you give me your word to try and reform?"

The crimson tide flushed anew over the lad's fair face, a rush of feeling (could that darkness be tears?) flooded into his azure eyes. He forgot that he was only Private Jones, and that the tall man with the stern bronzed face before him was that awe-inspiring being "the commanding officer," Colonel Cotherstone, one of the strictest martinetts in the service—he forgot it all. He only remembered that he was Hamilton of Glenbarry, and that this was the first real kindness, except old McAllister's, that he had met with for months. In the impulse of the moment he held out his hand, and said heartily, "I'll try, sir."

Colonel Cotherstone just laid his fingers in the outstretched hand for a moment.

"Very well, Hamilton, I'll take your word," he replied gravely. "Now you can go."

When the door had closed behind the lad, Colonel Cotherstone sat down again in his arm-chair and tried to think. But think he could not. A vision of a cherub's face under a forage-cap came persistently between him and his thoughts. How many years was it ago that just such a head and face had lingered in his memory; just such a cherub's face, and under a forage-cap! And yet there was a difference. The mother's sweet blue eyes had looked straight into his, with never a shade of the shame he had seen in those of the son that very day, and the forage-cap from under which the mother's golden curls had strayed bore the gold band of an officer, instead of the simple yellow of the dragoon.

He was not altogether easy in his mind, that big bronzed soldier. He knew that, in spite of his stern words, he had treated Private Jones a great deal too easily, else he would not have sent the Sergeant-Major away. It is not altogether usual for commanding officers to talk to refractory soldiers as he had talked to Private Jones, and yet

"No," he muttered, "I couldn't be hard on Mary's boy, who came and looked at me with Mary's eyes, and talked to me with Mary's soft tongue. Poor little Mary!" and straightway his thoughts flew back to the little scene enacted ever so many years ago, and which had been recalled so vividly to his memory that afternoon, a scene of which the principal incident was a cherub's face under a forage-cap.

Naturally, before Edward le Gendre Cother-

stone had obtained his regiment, he had held the respective position of Major, Captain, Lieutenant, and Cornet. Well, it was when he was only Cornet Cotherstone, and but two-and-twenty, that he was foolish enough to fall in love.

At that time the Cuirassiers were quartered at Edinburgh, and it was in the modern Athens that he and his Fate met. That was one-and-twenty years before the opening of this story, when Colonel Cotherstone was forty-three, a first-rate soldier, and, considering all things, fairly popular, though his officers, especially the sub-alterns, quite believed in a theory, now of many years' standing, which declared him to be *minus* several important internal arrangements, one of which was a heart, the other being the bowels of compassion. He certainly was very hard. They all vowed he had not a single soft spot in his whole composition, but they were wrong. A soft place he had, and the unruly lad with the cherub's face had been lucky enough to find it out.

As I said before, Edward le Gendre Cotherstone was two-and-twenty when he fell in love for the first, indeed the only, time. He was driving along Prince's street one afternoon, when a small Skye terrier managed to get itself under the horse's heels, and, in addition to that, one of the wheels passed over it. At every period of his life Edward Cotherstone had been as keen as a hawk is popularly supposed to be, and a vision of a golden-haired girl dressed in black, who uttered a piteous cry, and put two little black-gloved hands out to rescue the little animal who was howling frightfully, caused him to pull up the trap with a jerk, and jump down.

"O, I am sorry," he said, bending over the little creature, now whining piteously in its young mistress's arms. "I am so grieved. I hope it's not much hurt."

The girl's blue eyes, half drowned as they were in tears, flashed an indignant glance at him.

"Wouldn't you be hurt," she asked bluntly, pointing to the wheel as she spoke, if that had gone right over your body?"

"What can I do to help you?" he asked, wisely ignoring the question. "Can I drive you home?"

"I live at Portobello," she answered helplessly.

"Please let me drive you there," he urged. "Let me hold him whilst you get in, and then I'll lay him ever so carefully on your lap."

And so he had his own way; that was a little peculiarity of Edward Cotherstone's. He took the dog from her with the utmost tenderness and without eliciting a single cry; and when she had mounted into the high trap, he restored it to her gentle keeping. On the way down to Portobello he gathered that the young lady's name was Stewart, Mary Stewart, and that she lived with her grandmother, who did not often go out. She told him, too, that she was seventeen; and that Fluff, the injured Skye, had been given to her by her cousin Hamilton of Glenbarry. She also told him that her father had not been dead many months, and that she had been both to London and Paris. In fact, she was so very communicative, that he thought he knew everything there was to know about her; but, notwithstanding her apparent candour, there was one trifling circumstance, which, had she mentioned, would have spared him many a bitter heartache. She did not mention it, however! He took her to her home, and sent his trap away, as she wished him to examine and determine the full extent of the dog's injuries. He was introduced to the aged grandmother, who took quite a fancy to him by reason of having been at school—goodness knows how many years previously!—with his great-aunt. She, too, mentioned Hamilton of Glenbarry, and mentioned him, moreover, in a way which did not show that any large amount of love was lost between them.

"He does not always behave very respectfully to grandmamma," Mary confided to him, in an undertone. "He calls her 'old lady,' and she can't bear it."

"Confounded cad!" thought Mr. Cotherstone.

They found, upon examination, that Fluff was not very much the worse for his accident; and little Miss Stewart was comforted beyond measure when the young Cuirassier assured her that when the bruises had passed off he would be all right again.

But of course he called next day to ask after Fluff and ascertain if Miss Stewart had recovered from her fright. He was also remarkably attentive to the old lady, and won her heart as easily as he did that of her granddaughter. For some few months this kind of thing continued.

Edward Cotherstone grew more and more happy; but little Mary faded somewhat, drooped as does a floweret for lack of water and sunshine. Sometimes she frightened him, she looked so pale, so wan and fragile; then again she would brighten when he appeared, and throw him into fresh transports of love and happiness; and so the pretty play went on until it was played out, for one fine morning in June the crash came. He had gone in for half an hour, because he knew Mrs. Stewart would not be visible so early in the day. Mary looked so bright and fresh, that the young soldier was tempted to take her in his arms and kiss her, calling her by every fond endearing name he could think of, telling her over and over again how he loved, how very, very dearly he loved her, his little Scottish lassie, and a good deal more in the same strain. And Mary, what of her? She never drew back, never whispered the faintest hint of that secret

which lay between her and him—the secret which once or twice he had almost stumbled upon. No, she clung to him with an almost despairing passion, which made him feel uneasy in spite of his happiness; she twined her soft arms round his throat, and cried incredulously.

"Do you really love me, Eddie?"

"Really, my darling," he answered.

And then she broke from the clasp of his loving arms almost impatiently, though the love-light still shone in her azure eyes, the dimpling smiles still played about her tender mouth.

"I shall try on your cap," she announced coquettishly; then stuck the golden-bordered little cap on one side of her head, and, turning from the glass, looked at him with passionate love filling her blue eyes, love which she had caught from his. The sound of a carriage stopping without caused her to turn her head, and when she looked at him again the smiles had frozen on her sweet mouth, and a nameless horror had taken the place of the tender light which a moment before was shining in her eyes.

"O my darling, what is it?" the young soldier cried, in sudden affright.

"It is Hamilton of Glenbarry," she answered in a hoarse whisper.

"What is he to you?" Cotherstone cried passionately.

"He is my—"

"Your what? For God's sake, speak, and let me know the worst!" he said fiercely.

"He will be my husband," she answered, in a voice almost inaudible.

With almost brutal roughness Cotherstone thrust her away from him, caught up his cap and gloves, and strode out of the house, where he had spent such blissful hours, and where, alas, he had had such a bitter blow, and he never saw her again.

The following day came a piteous note of explanation—how her father had wished it; how she had given Hamilton the promise to please her father when he was dying; how she had not had courage to tell him earlier, because she had never dreamed he could care for her; how she was very, very unhappy, very—with a great dash under the adverb, and a woeful blister just below—how, though she must keep her promise, she would love her darling Eddie best all her life long.

And that was the end of it. A few weeks later he saw the announcement of her marriage in the papers, and then he tore her letter up and set himself to forget her. On the whole he succeeded fairly well. He threw himself heart and soul into his profession, with what result we have seen. He succeeded in making every one, even himself, believe he was a man of the consistency of stone; and yet when Private Jones, brought in to receive a severe lecture, not for one, but for a dozen misdemeanours, came and looked at him out of Mary's blue eyes, and talked to him in Mary's soft voice, he could not find it in his heart—his adamant heart—to be hard upon Mary's boy.

The vision of the cherub's face under a forage-cap threw him back with painful distinctness to the time, one-and-twenty years before, when he had parted from Mary. He realized, that Saturday afternoon in November, that perhaps he had been very hard upon her, poor little soul! He might, at least, have stayed and said a few kind words to the poor little woman, who was bound to a man she hated; that she hated Hamilton there could be no doubt, for the look of loathing and horror which leapt into her eyes as she realized his presence proclaimed her feelings plainly enough. Ah, poor darling—she had got from "poor little soul" to "poor darling"—but he felt now that he had been cruel to her; he might, at least, have answered that heart-broken despairing letter, and so perhaps have made her lot less hard to bear than it probably was. Well, at all events, he had not been hard upon the boy, that was one consoling point. Boys will go wrong, especially when they have no father to keep them straight. He had suspected all along who Private Jones really was, though until that very afternoon he had not been quite certain. He wondered if a letter to his mother would do any good. She was a widow now, poor soul—Hamilton had been dead ten years, he knew—and naturally she would be glad to know there was some one who took an interest in her only child—that Mrs. Hamilton of Glenbarry had had but one child, Colonel Cotherstone was also aware—and certainly if he wrote a few lines she could not take it amiss, and it might be a comfort to her.

And so Colonel Cotherstone sat down to his writing-table to pen an epistle to his old love, Mary Stewart, the mother of that exceedingly wayward young gentleman, Private Edward Jones, F-troop.

"She called him after me too," murmured the commanding officer of the Cuirassiers, as he selected a pen. "Poor little Mary!"

It was easy enough to write "Nov. 14th" under the printed "Cavalry Barracks, York," which was already stamped on the paper, but he found the next part scarcely so easy. His most natural impulse was to begin, "My dear Mary;" yet when he had written it, he thought it too familiar, so took another sheet. Having put another "November 14th" at the top, he began, "My dear Mrs. Hamilton—"

"What shall I say next?" he said aloud.

It took him a long time to write that letter; but at last he accomplished it. It was not very long, and it was rather stiff.

"My dear Mrs. Hamilton," it ran, "I have only this afternoon discovered that your son has enlisted in the Cuirassiers under the name of Jones. He has been five months in the regi-

ment; and though as yet he is impatient of restraint, I am in hopes that we shall make a good soldier of him, and, in the course of a few years, that he will obtain his commission. Any interest of mine, you may be sure, he will not want. —Believe me, my dear Mrs. Hamilton, most faithfully yours, Edward le Gendre Cotherstone.

That was the letter he wrote and sent. Three days passed, during which he received no reply—a fact which worried him somewhat. On the fourth day, however, he received a note, by hand, from Mrs. Hamilton, asking him to call and see her at the Black Swan Hotel.

He happened to be just going out when the note reached him, so he thrust it into his pocket—not without a certain feeling of tenderness at the sight of the dainty delicate characters—and took his way into the town. He did not go very quickly, though; he called at the florist's half-way, and bought a flower for his button-hole—a white rosebud it was. He met some people that he knew and stayed to chat with them.

But dawdle as he would, he came to the hotel at last. Every one who has been in York knows that it is not very far from the cavalry barracks to the Black Swan. Colonel Cotherstone went into the hall and asked for Mrs. Hamilton. "Was Mrs. Hamilton at home?" "Certainly. Would the gentleman step this way?"

And so they led him up-stairs and ushered him into a room, where, seated by the fire, was a lady—a lady with wavy golden hair, with soft blue eyes, and two little white hands outstretched to greet him—his old love, Mary Stewart.

"How am I to thank you?" she cried. "I have tried for all these five months to find out what my boy was doing. I couldn't persuade him to come home, and I have been so unhappy about him."

"Has he never written to you?" "O yes; every week regularly. But I did not know that he was in York. His letters came from London; and the only address was a London post-office. He said he was not in prison, but he couldn't tell me any more."

"No, he has not been in prison," Colonel Cotherstone answered, smiling, as he thought of the near shaves he had had in that respect.

"I didn't quite understand your letter," said Mrs. Hamilton presently. "Why should he be ashamed of the profession he has taken up—too much ashamed even to tell me what it was? Why should he have any restraint placed upon him? Have the other officers so much restraint?"

"My dear Mrs. Hamilton, your son has enlisted," said the Colonel kindly, wondering at her ignorance.

"How enlisted?" "He is not in my regiment as an officer," he said.

"What! My boy a common soldier?" "A private," corrected Colonel Cotherstone gently. "Yes, that is what he is."

"My boy," cried the little woman brokenly, "my boy, Hamilton of Glenbarry, a soldier! Does he have to groom a horse, pray?"

"Certainly." "And to do stable-work?" "Yes."

"Does he have to salute you?" "Of course." In spite of himself a smile broke over his face. "I hope that is not very hard for him."

"Not to you," she said impatiently. "No one would mind saluting you, of course; but the others! You don't mean to say he is obliged to put his hand up so"—with a ludicrous imitation of a salute—"to all the young subs, to the riding-master even?"

"He certainly has to do so," answered the Colonel.

"Hamilton of Glenbarry salute, touch his hat to a riding-master!" ejaculated Mrs. Hamilton. "I tell you it is absurd, utterly absurd!"

"Whilst he remains in the ranks it must be done," said the Colonel, smiling still at her vehemence.

"Then he shall not remain in the ranks!" she cried. "How soon can I have him released?"

"Will you take my advice?" he asked, "and leave him for a few months, or until I advise you to buy him off?"

"You would do what is best for me?" the widow faltered.

"You know I would," touching her hand for a moment. That was a great advance for Colonel Cotherstone; but the old influences were strongly at work in him.

"I don't know why you should be so good to me," she said rather forbly. "I behaved very badly to you, and yet—"

"Yet what?" drawing nearer and taking her hand.

"I was so unhappy," she said simply. They were both standing on the rug; he, a large, fine, upright figure in gray tweed; she, a dainty thing in purple velvet, looking absurdly young to be the mother of Private Jones.

"Why were you unhappy, and when?" he asked, possessing himself of the other hand.

"When you went away; and—because—"

"Well?" he asked eagerly. "Because you—"

"Because I loved you so," she said, hiding her face upon his breast.

If Colonel Cotherstone's dream of love was rudely interrupted one-and-twenty years before, when, on that June morning, Hamilton of Glenbarry turned up so inopportunistly, he made up

for it when he found his little love in the hotel with the sign of the Black Swan at York. It would be hard to say who was the most surprised at the event which followed, or rather at the announcement of it. I doubt whether the officers, when, the next evening after dinner, their chief announced that he was going to be married, were as thoroughly surprised as was Ned Hamilton, when, a free man again, he entered his mother's room at the Black Swan: and I am perfectly certain that his astonishment did not equal his mother's, when she found how faithfully Edward Cotherstone had loved her all those years. Perhaps the most thoroughly amazed of them all was Colonel Cotherstone himself.

To the intense amusement of the whole regiment, his wife calls him "Eddie." The young ones say that he grew tired of having no heart, so managed to get his brains exchanged for one; but if one of them goes a little wrong in duty or any other respect, he very quickly finds out that the chief's brain is as keen as ever it was in the days when he was popularly believed to be altogether deficient in certain internal arrangements, of which a heart was one.

THE LOBSTER AT HOME.

In the spring, the lobster, who has passed the winter months in deep water, returns again inshore. He has found the deep water both tranquil and warm, while the shallower expanses near land have been troubled to the bottom by furious gales and chilled by the drifting ice. Thirty fathoms is a very fair depth for his winter home, while in summer the trap in which he is generally captured gathers in a goodly number if sunk in a depth of five fathoms, or even less. A few lobsters burrow in the mud and in a manner hibernate, but the ordinary aspect of those taken in winter shows that their habits at this time differ from what they are at any other. The migratory impulse seizes upon all about the same moment, and they come in in regular columns, the stronger members in the front, the weaker in the rear; and though there is hardly a more quarrelsome animal, whether at large or in a state of captivity than the lobster, they postpone, for a time, the manifestation of their habitual temper. A straight line of sea coast furnishes but a limited area of feeding-ground for the lobster, even should it contain the desirable kind of food. The bottom in such a coast gradually shelves for a moderate distance, but presently drops off into deep soundings. An indented coast is much more advantageous. So great a stretch of shoals and shallows as exists along the north-east of New England, from Yarmouth in Maine to Cape Sable, the lower point of Nova Scotia, will hardly be found elsewhere. It presents an endless series of promontories which have barely escaped being islands, and islands which have barely escaped being promontories. With the innumerable resulting bays, coves, sounds, estuaries, and straits, hardly does the water deepen from one shore before it shoals again to another. As a consequence, the Maine coast has become the best lobster-fishing ground in the world, and the industry of taking and introducing the lobster into commerce has extended to great proportions. The awkward crustacean, when snared, is either sent fresh to market in smacks containing wells, or he is boiled at some central establishment, and sent in open crates, or, finally, he is put up in hermetically sealed cans. The first two processes continue all the year round, but a law of the State of Maine prohibits the canning of lobsters except between the first of March and the first of August. There are various theories about their unsuitableness for this purpose after August first. It does not seem to be quite clear whether the law is for the protection of the purchaser, to whom the flesh is said to be at times poisonous, or of the lobster, to prevent its too rapid destruction by indefatigable pursuit. —Scribner's Monthly.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

It has been proposed to have waggons of water at various parts of the city, naturally with taps and cups; equally naturally, perhaps, with chained-up cups. The idea is a very good one.

It is said that an entire edition of a London newspaper had to be destroyed in consequence of its being discovered, just as the papers were published, that, by some accident, for the portrait of Lefroy, the printers had substituted that of an earnest Radical politician. Not a bad idea.

SOME time ago the Postmaster-General intended as an experiment to employ a number of deaf and dumb persons as sorters in the General Post Office. The experiment has been successful, and the desirability of extending it is under the consideration of Mr. Fawcett.

A CURIOUS, but seemingly a well authenticated report, is to the effect that Mr. Gladstone's Government has come to an understanding with the Vatican, by which the Pope will send an envoy to our Court, and the latter is to return the compliment.

THERE is little doubt foreign singers well understand that the combination of Messrs. Gye and Mapleson means the annihilation of competition for song, and, as a consequence, that the prices artists ask for their articles must, in future, be moderated, that is, within the bounds of fairness.

THE death of Lord Hatherley leaves Lord Cairns the only ex-Lord Chancellor in receipt of a pension, a state of things which is almost unprecedented in recent times, and which presents a remarkable contrast to the condition of the House of Lords in the year 1873, when no fewer than five such pensions were payable.

THEY overdress upon the stage. It is all dress—dress—dress, and the worst of it is that society takes sometimes its fashion from the stage. Even when they underdress there. The newest material for summer ball dresses is a transparent white silk gauze striped with flat strips of silver tinsel, very effective, of course transparent almost visionary, but it is stuff you can only wear once, and you must not wear it too long then, in fact very short.

IT is said that Lord Derby intends very shortly to publish all the correspondence which Lord Beaconsfield had with himself and his father, and that the work may be looked for in the autumn. Some of the letters date back to the earliest days of Disraeli's political career, and must throw immense light, not only on the doings of those days, but "many things" that, to use the earl's famous phrase, "have happened since then." There cannot be a doubt that Lord Derby will be discreet and also tender to the fame of his great father and dear friend. Should a doubt cross his mind he will know that his duty is to let the doubt prevail.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"Mr. Gladstone never seems to trouble his tailor to take back misfits. I met him in Parliament street recently going down to the House in a wonderfully light butterfly suit, which hung upon him like a sack. The tailors, in fact, always seem to treat Mr. Gladstone badly. If there is one coat which fits him worse than another it is his black 'claw hammer,' which sits about as gracefully upon his shoulders as a horse-collar. To add to the grotesqueness of the Premier's get-up lately, he carried a huge umbrella, which, if delightfully cool, was certainly not elegant."

AMERICA has bought the famous Franklin collection of books and manuscripts which was to have been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge. The lot was withdrawn from the sale, and inquiry revealed the fact that the United States Government has given £7,000 for it—the upset price. But the Franklin collection was only a portion of the famous Stevens collection, which has been recently sold. The very catalogue is almost in itself a history of America, and the prices being given for small tracts is enormous. When the Americans do determine to spend money they are not particular to a £5 note; and they are evidently in the mind to get as much as they can of the present collection.

THE father of the late Lord Chancellor Hatherley began life when a boy of eleven as one of the small hands in the factory of his father, the serge manufacturer at Tiverton, in Devonshire. Apprenticed at fourteen to a chemist and druggist of Exeter named Newton, he was engaged for a while at the end of his seven years' probation as a traveller in the drug trade. Coming up to London he there established himself, first of all as a chemist, and afterwards as a hop merchant. Acquiring a considerable fortune he rose to be successively Alderman, Sheriff, and Lord Mayor of London. Twice, indeed, he occupied the civic chair as Chief Magistrate.

THE latest American discovery is a new hat for ladies. It is called the "obelisk." Apparently if the portrait of this hat is at all like the original, the streets of the American cities must presently appear full of Machebian witches, for the obelisk, it seems, is exactly like the weird and sinister headgear worn by those crones who sing evil songs upon the blasted heath. It may be characterized as a peaked sugar loaf. The height varies. Sometimes it reaches no higher than six inches. But this appears the minimum. It is hardly a hat to encourage. It might suit an organ-grinder.

THE strangest sign of the times visible in the London parks is the re-appearance, after many years of eclipse, of white duck trousers. Some five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, when summers were not composed of three hot days and a thunder-storm, such articles of attire were common enough, and many pictures and caricatures represent leading men of the day so attired. Of late such things have never been seen in Rotten Row or along the drive. This year they are evidently the distinguishing mark of the very best dressed men, and must have caused their wearers infinite thought and anxiety.

ON the Princess of Wales and her children reaching the seal pond at the Brighton Aquarium on Thursday, they stayed several minutes to see them fed, and one of the older seals, a well-trained brute named Charley, was indeed to come forward and offer one of its flappers for the Princess to shake. This the Princess did, but the honour seemed to be too great for the usually very docile brute to bear with calmness, for after the royal party had quitted the conservatory where the seal pond is a great splashing was heard, and Charley was found sprawling in the corridor, making great efforts to follow the

Princess and the children in their walk through the building. It was speedily secured and placed in the pond.

THE most blood-thirsty sentiments were expressed at the Revolutionary Congress which has been sitting in London this week. Mlle. Louise Michel, the French Communist, and a Russian Nihilist, have been among the speakers. The meeting resolved, among other things, that the time had passed for agitation by speaking or writing; agitation by violence was the motto for the future. Mlle. Michel looked forward to the storm which would destroy the last throne and the last altar, and a certain Mr. Kitts predicted that in sixteen months (why sixteen?) the aristocracy of England would have to beg the mercy of the working men. The Socialist and Revolutionary Congress is also sitting in London, but "in secrecy."

THE police arrangements for the reception of Mr. Bradlaugh have already been described in general. There is one item, however, which has not been noticed. Among the picked force of the A division of police who have charge of the precincts of Westminster is a man who, when some years younger, was a renowned wrestler in Cumberland. He will be on special duty on the 3rd of August, or on whatever day Mr. Bradlaugh decides to appear. Mr. Bradlaugh is a big, heavy man, and really means business. When on former occasions he appeared in the House, and was assailed by the Sergeant-at-Arms and half a dozen attendants, he dragged them about up and down the floor of the House as easily as the comet drags its tail through the heavens. It will be interesting to observe the representative of the people in the grip of the Cumberland wrestler.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. BOUCHICULT has obtained a divorce from her husband with an allowance of \$3,000 a year.

SIGNOR CAMPANINI has been singing Faust in Bolto's "Mefistofele," in London, with his usual success.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is expected to sail from England for this country at an early date, and return to the operatic stage the coming season.

ARRANGEMENTS are now pending between Mr. Carr Rosa and the lessees of Covent Garden Theatre for a three months' season of English opera.

MR. IRVING'S lease of the Lyceum will soon expire, and the *Critic* understands that it is his intention to buy up the freehold of the theatre.

MR. SIMS is turning out his theatrical work with more rapidity than Mr. H. J. Byron in his busiest day. Another new piece from his pen, entitled *Flats*, is in active rehearsal at the Criterion.

A POPULAR Opera is to be established in Paris, with a subvention of \$50,000. The company which will consist of not less than thirty artists, sixty musicians, and sixty supernumeraries, will be required to perform every day for 42 weeks of the year.

THE touching tribute sent by the Queen to the tomb of Madame la Baronne de Caters-Lablache brings back memories of great opera times, when Grisi, Mario, Alboni, Lablache, &c. reigned supreme. Signor Lablache, father of Madame de Caters, whose death was so recently lamented, was Her Majesty's instructor in Italian singing.

MISS ARMA HARKNESS, of Boston, has this year won the first prize for violin playing at the Paris Conservatoire. Her father is a well-known paper-carrier at the South End, Boston, and in very moderate circumstances. His devotion to his daughter's education has absorbed his entire earnings for the last twelve years.

THE agent of Mme. Adelina Patti has arrived in New York to make arrangements for her appearance in this country during the fall and winter. Mme. Patti will sail from England in October and will be heard here in some thirty concerts during a visit of four months. She will be accompanied by the inevitable Nicolini, though his attractions as a tenor are on the wane. Mme. Patti comes as her own manager, and not with any impresario.

The WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

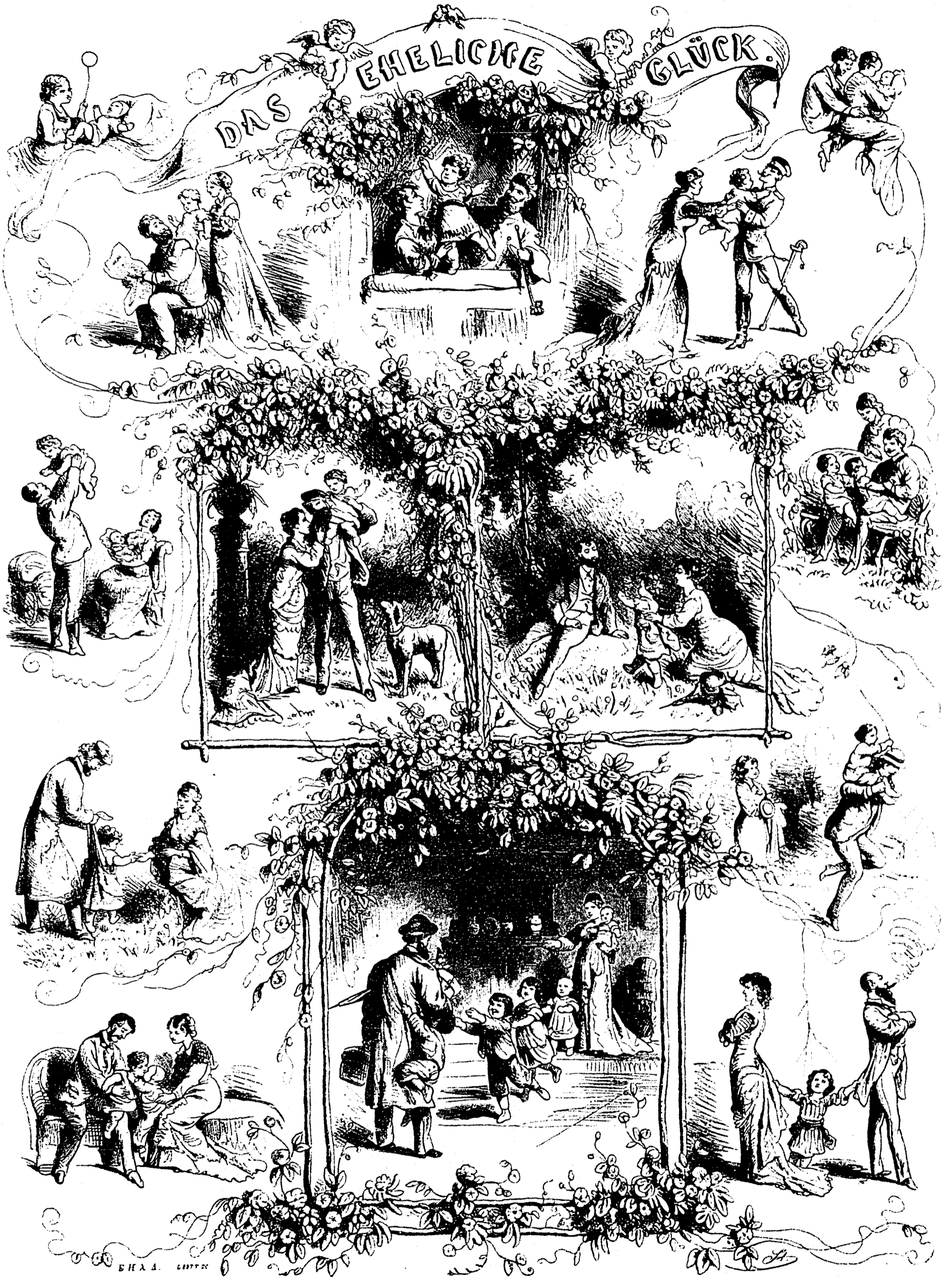
This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

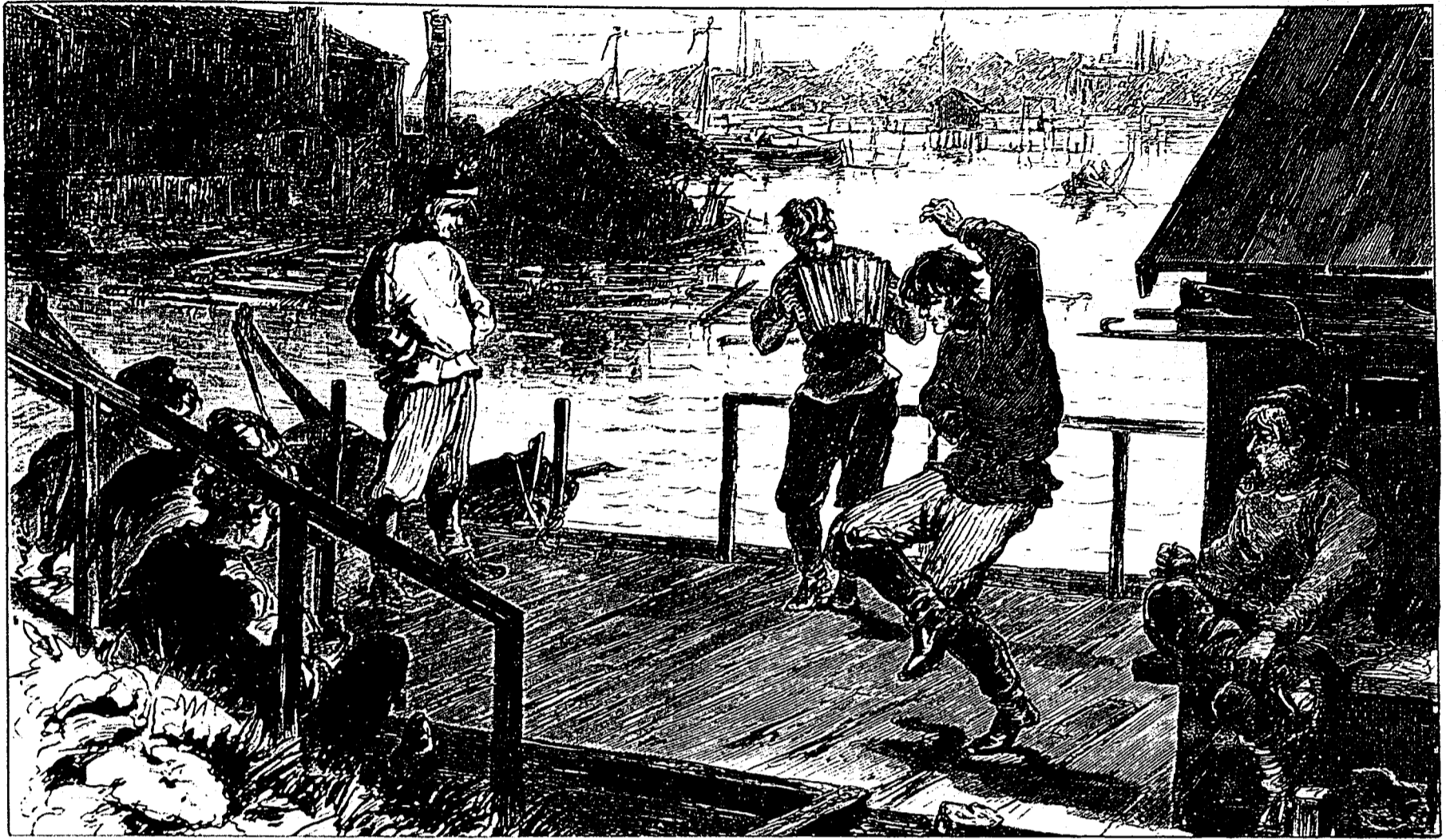
The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.

ADVICES from all quarters assure us that a successful warfare against lung and throat disease is being waged with Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. By this renovant of strength and pulmonary health, premature lung decay is arrested, asthmatic breathing is rendered clear and deep, bronchial irritation is subdued and the blood enriched and freed from a scrofulous taint. Rarely have the people had more reason to congratulate themselves on the development of a remedy for that class of diseases which in a rigorous climate are peculiarly rife, and never has a medicine more clearly vindicated its claims to be considered a genuine specific than this sterling preparation. To escape imposition purchasers should be careful to notice that the wrappers and glass of the bottles bear the firm's name. Sold by all druggists. Prepared only by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto.



THE LUCK OF MARRIED LIFE.



ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE DAY IN ST. PETERSBURG.—FISHERMEN DANCING ON THE QUAYS.



ST. JEAN-BAPTISTE DAY IN SOUTH RUSSIA. THE MAIDEN'S GARLAND.—(SEE PAGE 99.)

THE WARNING.

BY A. MACFIE.

Thus said Dame Shipton long ago, (And who can doubt it will be so) "The world unto an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one. Why then do legislators prate So much about the Syndicate?"

Old Zadkiel then and others too, Said Mother Shipton's words are true— Her other prophecies en masse Have to the letter come to pass; This very year the dame contended Our earthly troubles should be ended.

Yet pious shepherds day by day, Forsake their flocks for better pay, And slyly leave to wolves the fold Wherever there's a lack of gold; Such hypocrites have need to mend If time is coming to an end.

The Esculapian modern school Adopt the quack's pernicious rule, And advertise a wondrous pill That cureth every human ill; There's ample room for them to mend If time is coming to an end.

And lawyers too, who make the law, As they profess, without a flaw, Construe each clause so very pliant As to bamboozle every client, They need their crooked ways to mend, If time is coming to an end.

The usurer with money lent At nothing less than ten per cent, With thoughts too greedy to be pure, Aye ready to oppress the poor; His evil ways he needs to mend If time is coming to an end.

And he who would aspire to fame, And gain in politics a name, Who cried free trade or cried protection Simply to gain a re-election, He needeth very much to mend If time is coming to an end.

The pawky grocer who so bland Commends the sugar mixed with sand, And who can ever find a plea To sell a spurious kind of tea, Should change his ways and quickly mend If time is coming to an end.

And they who sell the softer ware, And praise each article with care; Who talk of wool to sell the shoddy, And live by cheating everybody; The shoddy men had better mend If time is coming to an end.

But Editors and they who rhyme, As free as babies are from crime; Nay—ever lean to virtue's side As on through life in peace they glide; They're perfect and have naught to mend If time is coming to an end.

The end of time no doubt is near, I'm not a prophet nor a seer—I simply guess the end will come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one; To guess is all a man can do— Guessers are legion—prophets few.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

NEW experiments with wood pavements in the streets of Paris are soon to be made.

PARABOLS made to resemble a large sunflower have broken out into fashion in Paris.

IT is hinted that Paris intends to hold an International Exhibition in 1889, when the centenary of the "great and terrible year" will be celebrated all over France with great enthusiasm.

FELIX PYAT sees in the French national flag a fragment of a blouse sewn on to a blood-stained shirt. Others have seen in the tricolor the triple symbol of the French character; generous and brave like the red colour boldly hoisted; honest and pure as the white snow; ideal, like the corner of blue sky that completes the French standard.

A CURIOUS monopoly will be offered for tender on the 23rd. It is the right of selling rolls at the principal entrance to the dividend offices of the Treasury in Paris, where the delay is at times so great that the public require to purchase refreshments. This privilege will be put up at the price of 50fr., and the bids must not be less than 10fr.

THE Paris tribunal has annulled the marriage, by a London registrar, of Musurus Bey, son of the Turkish Ambassador at London, and himself now Ambassador at Rome, to Mlle. d'Imecourt. On her mother disapproving the attachment she escaped to England, but shortly after the ceremony was induced to return home, and has since been in a convent, Musurus Bey being refused all communication with her. The marriage was declared void on account of her being only sixteen years old, and of the absence of the mother's consent.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 3.6.

It appears from a statement made recently in the Field that the challenge from the Philadelphia players to play a chess match by the Atlantic cable has been received by the St. George's Club, London, that no formal decision has yet been come to, but that there is every reason to believe that the offer will be accepted, and the contest commenced at an early date after the conclusion of the match between Dr. Zukertort and Mr. Blackburne.

It appears, also, from other sources that the Philadelphia Chess Club will soon have another contest of a similar character on hand, as a challenge has been received from the Union Club of Havana. Contests of this nature, likely to take place shortly among amateurs, lead us to enquire as to the condition of the International Correspondence Tourney which has now been so long in obscurity that it is almost forgotten. We hope to be able to revert to this in a future Column.

TWO MOVE PROBLEMS.

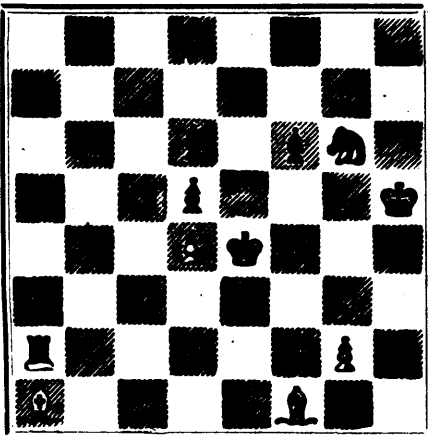
"Two-move problems occupy a ground of their own not because of their comparative simplicity, but, if we may so speak, on account of their being necessarily more homogenous than problems in three, four, or a higher number of moves. One charm of a problem is certainly concealment of idea, and, of course, this concealment in a two-mover is not possible to the same extent as in others; but this is compensated for by the way in which Black's defences are made to tell against himself, so that there is a rapid sparkle in a good two-mover not to be found elsewhere. It contrasts with a heavy five-mover as a sonnet does with an epic. Hence the charm which collection such as this will have, so long as the same ideas are not repeated too often."

J. PIERCE, M.A.

PROBLEM No. 341.

By G. Grimshaw.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 469TH.

(From the Field.)

CHESS IN LONDON.

The second game in the match between Messrs. Zukertort and Blackburne.

(Scotch Gambit.)

White.—(Mr. Z.)

- 1. P to K4
2. K Kt to B3
3. P to Q4
4. Kt takes P
5. Kt takes Kt
6. B to Q3 (a)
7. Q to K2 (c)
8. B takes P
9. Q takes Kt (ch)
10. Q takes Q (ch)
11. Castles (d)
12. R to K sq
13. P to Q B3
14. K to Q R3 (e)
15. Kt to B2
16. Kt to K3
17. P to K B4 (g)
18. K to B2
19. P to Q R3 (i)
20. R to K2
21. P to K Kt4
22. P to K B5
23. P to Q B4
24. Kt to Q5
25. K to Kt3
26. B to K B4 (i)
27. P takes P
28. B takes Q B P
29. B to K Kt3
30. K takes B (m)
31. P takes B
32. Q to R K sq
33. R to K8 (ch)
34. R takes R (ch)
35. R to Q R8
36. R takes Q R P
37. K to Kt4
38. R to Q B4
39. R takes P
40. P to Q R4
41. R to Q B4
42. R to Q4
43. K to B4
44. K to Kt3
45. K to B4
46. K to Kt3
47. P to R5 (q)
48. K to B4
49. R to Q6 (ch)
50. R to Q Kt6 (r)

Black.—(Mr. B.)

- 1. P to K4
2. Q to Kt B
3. P takes P
4. Kt to B3
5. Kt P takes Kt
6. P to Q4 (b)
7. P takes P
8. Kt takes B
9. Q to K2
10. B takes Q
11. Castles
12. B to K B3
13. R to Q Kt sq
14. B to K3
15. P to Q B4
16. K to R K sq (f)
17. P to Q R4
18. P to R5 (A)
19. P to K Kt3
20. R to R Q sq
21. P to K R3
22. B to Q B sq
23. R to Q6 (j)
24. B to R5 (ch) (k)
25. P takes P
26. B to Q Kt2
27. R to Q5
28. R to Q B sq
29. B takes B (m)
30. B takes Kt
31. R takes P
32. R takes P
33. R takes R
34. K to Kt2
35. R to Q4
36. Q to Q6 (ch)
37. R to Q Kt6
38. R takes P
39. R takes K R P
40. K to Kt3
41. R to K R8
42. P to K B4 (ch)
43. R to K B8 (ch)
44. R to Q B8 (o)
45. R to K B8 (ch)
46. K to B3 (p)
47. R to Q R8
48. R takes P
49. K to Kt2
Drawn game.

NOTES.—(Condensed.)

- (a) P to K seems preferable.
(b) The best answer.
(c) If the K P advanced, the Kt would retreat to Q2 without minding the attack by P K6.
(d) Mr. Steel afterwards proposed here the strong-looking B to B4, followed by B to Kt3 should Black oppose the B at Q3. We think this leads to an even game.
(e) An ill-favoured post for the Kt, which might have been better employed from Q2.
(f) Black has contested his game excellently up to this, but here R to Q sq at once appears preferable.
(g) Kt to Q sq, with the view of bringing out the B to B4, was sounder play.
(h) Premature, for it gives the opponent an opportunity of releasing himself. He should have first advanced the P to K Kt3.
(i) He could have safely advanced P to B5, and the reply P to R6, which he apparently feared, could not harm.
(j) This throws victory away, which could have been secured by limiting the action of the Kt on the K side, where it was of little use.
(k) In reply to B to Q5 (ch), White could have interposed the B.
(l) A very ingenious resource. In case Black should take the Kt P, White would obtain a strong attack by R to K8 (ch), followed by B to K5.
(m) If he withdrew the B to K4, White might answer P to R4.

- (n) Best, as he wants to release his Kt from the pinning action of the adverse B, and compel its exchange.
(o) If K to Kt4, White would move the R B8, threatening a series of checks in the rear.
(p) Apparently with the object of assisting the advance of the B P from the centre.
(q) He gives up his last P gratuitously, which caused much excitement among the spectators.
(r) It is a curious and rather amusing position. The White R cannot be displaced from the sixth row now, and whenever Black's K R P advances, White will enter at Kt5, securing an easy draw.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 339

- 1. Kt to Q6
2. Mates accordingly
1. Anything.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 337.

WHITE. BLACK.

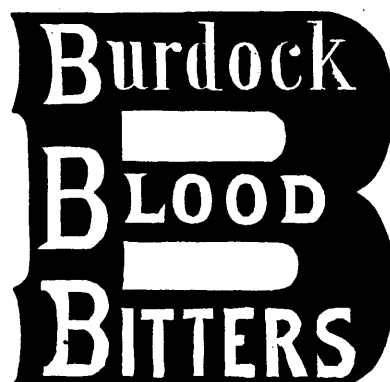
- 1. Kt to Q6
2. Mates acc.
1. Any.

PROBLEM FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 338.

White. Black.

- K at K B7
R at K R4
Kt at Q4
Pawns at K2 and Kt3
K at K Kt4
Kt at K8
Pawns at K Kt3 and 5

White to play and mate in two moves.



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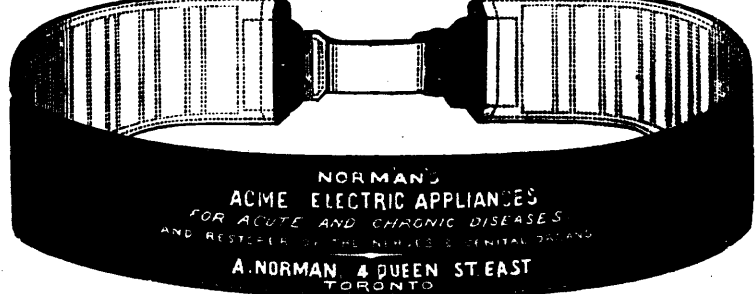
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Dominion Lands Regulations.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OTTAWA, 25th May, 1881.

WHEREAS circumstances have rendered it expedient to effect certain changes in the policy of the Government respecting the administration of Dominion Lands, PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given:—

1. The Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, are hereby rescinded, and the following Regulations for the disposal of agricultural lands are substituted therefor:

2. The even-numbered sections within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt—that is to say, lying within 24 miles on each side of the line of the said Railway, excepting those which may be required for wood-lots in connection with settlers on prairie lands within the said belt, or which may be otherwise specially dealt with by the Governor in Council—shall be held exclusively for homesteads and pre-emptions. The odd-numbered sections within the said Belt are Canadian Pacific Railway Lands, and can only be acquired from the Company.

3. The pre-emptions entered within the said Belt of 24 miles on each side of the Canadian Pacific Railway, up to and including the 31st day of December next, shall be disposed of at the rate of \$2.50 per acre; four-tenths of the purchase money, with interest on the latter at the rate of six per cent. per annum, to be paid at the end of three years from the date of entry, the remainder to be paid in six equal instalments annually from and after the said date, with interest at the rate above mentioned on such portions of the purchase money as may from time to time remain unpaid, to be paid with each instalment.

4. From and after the 31st day of December next, the price shall remain the same—that is, \$2.50 per acre—for pre-emptions within the said Belt, or within the corresponding Belt of any branch line of the said Railway, but shall be paid in one sum at the end of three years, or at such earlier period as the claimant may have acquired a title to his homestead quarter-section.

5. Dominion Lands, the property of the Government, within 24 miles of any projected line of Railway, recognized by the Minister of Railways, and of which he has given notice in the "Official Gazette" as being a projected line of railway, shall be dealt with, as to price and terms, as follows:—The pre-emptions shall be sold at the same price and on the same terms as fixed in the next preceding paragraph, and the odd-numbered sections shall be sold at \$2.50 per acre, payable in cash.

6. In all Townships open for sale and settlement within Manitoba or the North-West Territories, outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the even-numbered sections, except in the cases provided for in clause two of these Regulations, shall be held exclusively for homestead and pre-emption, and the odd-numbered sections for sale as public lands.

7. The lands described as public lands shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, cash, excepting in special cases where the Minister of the Interior, under the provisions of section 4 of the amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last Session of Parliament, may deem it expedient to withdraw certain farming lands from ordinary sale and settlement, and put them up for sale at public auction to the highest bidder, in which event such lands shall be put up at an upset price of \$2 per acre.

8. Pre-emptions outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway belt shall be sold at the uniform price of \$2 per acre, to be paid in one sum at the end of three years from the date of entry, or at such earlier period as the claimant may acquire a title to his homestead quarter-section.

9. Exceptions shall be made to the provisions of clause 7, in so far as relates to lands in the Province of Manitoba or the North-West Territories, lying to the north of the Belt containing the Pacific Railway lands, wherein a person being an actual settler on an odd-numbered section shall have the privilege of purchasing to the extent of 320 acres of such section, but no more, at the price of \$1.25 per acre, cash; but no patent shall issue for such land until after three years of actual residence upon the same.

10. The price and terms of payment of odd-numbered sections and pre-emptions, above set forth, shall not apply to persons who have settled in any one of the several Belts described in the said Regulations of the 14th October, 1879, hereby rescinded, but who have not obtained entries for their lands, and who may establish a right to purchase such odd-numbered sections or pre-emptions, as the case may be, at the price and on the terms respectively fixed for the same by the said Regulations.

TIMBER FOR SETTLERS.

11. The system of wood lots in prairie townships shall be continued—that is to say, homestead settlers having no timber on their own lands, shall be permitted to purchase wood lots in area not exceeding 20 acres each, at a uniform rate of \$5 per acre, to be paid in cash.

12. The provision in the next preceding paragraph shall apply also to settlers on prairie sections bought from the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, in cases where the only wood lands available have been laid out on even-numbered sections, provided the Railway Company agree to reciprocate where the only timber in the locality may be found on their lands.

13. With a view to encouraging settlement by cheapening the cost of building material, the Government reserves the right to grant licenses from time to time, under and in accordance with the provisions of the "Dominion Lands Act," to cut merchantable timber on any lands owned by it within surveyed townships; and settlement upon, or sale of any lands covered by such license, shall, for the time being, be subject to the operation of the same.

SALES OF LANDS TO INDIVIDUALS OR CORPORATIONS FOR COLONIZATION.

14. In any case where a company or individual applies for lands to colonize, and is willing to expend capital to contribute towards the construction of facilities for communication between such lands and existing settlements, and the Government is satisfied of the good faith and ability of such company or individual to carry out such undertaking, the odd-numbered sections in the case of lands outside of the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, or of the Belt of any branch line or lines of the same, may be sold to such company or individual at half-price, or \$1 per acre, in cash. In case the land applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the same principle shall apply so far as one-half of each even-numbered section is concerned—that is to say, the one-half of each even-numbered section may be sold to the company or individual at the price of \$1.25 per acre to be paid in cash. The company or individual will further be protected up to the extent of \$500, with six per cent. interest thereon till paid, in the case of advances made to place families on homesteads, under the provisions of section 10 of the amendments to the Dominion Lands Act hereinbefore mentioned.

15. In every such transaction, it shall be absolutely conditional:—
[a] That the company or individual, as the case may be, shall, in the case of lands outside of the said Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, within three years of the date of the agreement with the Government, place two settlers on each of the odd-numbered sections, and also two on homesteads on each of the even-numbered sections embraced in the scheme of colonization.

[b] That should the land applied for be situated within the Canadian Pacific Railway Belt, the company or individual shall, within three years of the date of agreement with the Government, place two settlers on the half of each even-numbered section purchased under the provision contained in paragraph 14, above, and also one settler upon each of the two quarter sections remaining available for homesteads in such section.

[c] That on the promoters failing within the period fixed, to place the prescribed number of settlers, the Governor in Council may cancel the sale and the privilege of colonization, and resume possession of the lands not settled, or charge the full price of \$2 per acre, or \$2.50 per acre, as the case may be, for such lands, as may be deemed expedient.

[d] That it be distinctly understood that this policy shall only apply to schemes for colonization of the public lands by emigrants from Great Britain or the European Continent.

PASTURAGE LANDS.

16. The policy set forth as follows shall govern applications for lands for grazing purposes, and previous to entertaining any application, the Minister of the Interior shall satisfy himself of the good faith and ability of the applicant to carry out the undertaking involved in such application.

17. From time to time, as may be deemed expedient, leases of such Townships, or portions of Townships, as may be available for grazing purposes, shall be put up at auction at an upset price to be fixed by the Minister of the Interior, and sold to the highest bidder—the premium for such leases to be paid in cash at the time of the sale.

18. Such leases shall be for a period of twenty-one years, and in accordance otherwise with the provisions of section eight of the Amendment to the Dominion Lands Act passed at the last Session of Parliament, hereinbefore mentioned.

19. In all cases, the area included in a lease shall be in proportion to the quantity of live stock kept thereon, at the rate of ten acres of land to one head of stock; and the failure in any case of the lessee to place the requisite stock upon the land within three years from the granting of the lease, or in subsequently maintaining the proper ratio of stock to the area of the leasehold, shall justify the Governor in Council in cancelling such lease, or in diminishing proportionally the area contained therein.

20. On placing the required proportion of stock within the limits of the leasehold, the lessee shall have the privilege of purchasing, and receiving a patent for a quantity of land covered by such lease, on which to construct the buildings necessary in connection therewith, not to exceed five per cent. of the leasehold, which latter shall in no single case exceed 100,000 acres.

21. The rental for a leasehold shall in all cases be at the rate of \$10 per annum for each thousand acres included therein, and the price of the land which may be purchased for the cattle station referred to in the next preceding paragraph, shall be \$1.25 per acre, payable in cash.

PAYMENTS FOR LANDS.

22. Payments for public lands and also for pre-emptions may be in cash, or in scrip, or in police or military bounty warrants, at the option of the purchaser.

23. The above provisions shall not apply to lands valuable for town plots, or to coal or other mineral lands, or to stone or marble quarries, or lands having water power thereon; and further shall not, of course, affect sections 11 and 29 in each Township, which are public school lands, or sections 8 and 26, which are Hudson's Bay Company's lands.

J. S. DENNIS,
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DAY EXPRESS running through to Boston at 8:30 a.m., with Parlor Car.

LOCAL TRAINS to Knowlton and All Way Stations this side at 5:00 p.m., on Saturdays at 2:00 p.m., instead of 5:00 p.m., and arrive on Mondays at 8:25 a.m. instead of 9:15 a.m.

NIGHT EXPRESS, with Pullman Sleeper, through to Boston at 6:30 p.m., will stop only at Chambly, Canton, West Farnham, and Cowansville, between St. Lambert and Milton Junction, except on Saturdays, when this train will stop at all stations.

ARRIVE AT MONTREAL

NIGHT EXPRESS from Boston at 8:25 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS from Knowlton and Way Stations at 9:15 a.m., on Mondays at 8:25 a.m., instead of 9:15 a.m.

DAY EXPRESS from Boston at 8:45 p.m.

Express Train arriving at 8:25 a.m. will stop daily at Richelieu, Chambly, Canton and Chambly Basin.

The most comfortable and elaborate Sleeping Cars run on the night trains that enter Bonaventure Station. ALL CARS AND TRAINS run between Bonaventure Station, Montreal, and Boston WITHOUT CHANGE. Baggage checked through to all principal points in NEW ENGLAND.

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