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THE CUSTOMS TARIFF OF CANADA.

(CONTINUED.)

In a young country with natural resources under favorable conditions for successful development, or with manufactures that require the trade of its people for nourishment to give employment to its workers, any Government led only by an idea or theory disregarding indigenous circumstances is incompetent to legislate for the people; the welfare of a people so governed will be like to a chip on the ocean, not self-directive, afloat on the surface of circumstances.

The Government is bound to remember that circumstances alter cases, and that the principles that may do for an amateur debating society upon free trade or protection must be subservient to the requirements of the public service, invested interests and trade developments within economical conditions that permit of extension and interchange with foreign countries.

The Government must be to the country what the heart is to the body; the Tariff to the country like the blood sent through the arteries; it must be vitalizing, inspiring every member, not developing one organ at the expense of another, nor levying on one industry to cover the consequences of bad location or mismanagement in another. In practice, if not expressed, the conserving policy was the policy of the Government fifteen years ago; the policy that has governed the Government in the past ten has been the policy of selfishness in men who have influenced the Government to govern as they willed; and it is an open secret that such men have even influenced the Government in legislation outside of Tariff making, lest that legislation for which they cared little should imperil the seats of the men who serve as the instruments of their will.

The appointment of Commissioners for the promotion of trade in the countries of the Pacific is a good thing for the Commissioners, but of hardly any practical value to the exporters and manufacturers of Canada, if they are handicapped by Tariff rates on their raw material and a how-not-to-facilitate trade procedure in the Government.

The ambition of Canada is to be a great producer of iron, and the nation that is not a producer of iron is not much as a nation, but for successful development of this most valuable metal, ore, coal, experience, capital and market for her products are wanted.

The experience and the capital are now available separately, but, except in existing industries, not united in the same persons, therefore development is slow and slow for money reasons. The coal and the ore are in near proximity in Nova Scotia, but far away from the large markets of the Dominion, the distance handicapping the enterprises in the Eastern Provinces. Though ore is in eight where the markets are, in Ontario and Quebec, for lack of coal and the duty imposed thereon when brought from the near-by supplies in the U.S., or the freights, high, by reason of distance from the coal fields of Nova Scotia, the manufacture of iron from the ore in the Provinces affording the largest demand is still in the future; after years of agitation a furnace is now in course of completion in Hamilton, and just recently a proposal has been made to have a furnace at or near Kingston. The Hamilton furnace should be permitted to bring its coal and coke into the country free of duty.

Meantime for nine or ten years the blacksmiths, carriage makers, machinists, foundry men, agricultural implement manufacturers and other manufacturers, in all more than ten thousand in number, have been paying duties ostensibly to develop the iron trade; for this every manufacturer in the country, from the largest implement works to the solitary horse-shoer in a cross-road's blacksmith shop, has been handicapped, and profits in every branch of business have been reduced on the average to less than the interest on the capital invested. Every Bank has its skeletons amongst the accounts that are supported from the savings of the dead and retired, the men who accumulated when in business in the years of good profits and practical economy.

We cannot always live upon one another and prosper; to be a nation our trade connections must be extended, not alone in the exports of the products of the field or the yield of the forests, but in the productions of the shops, factories and mills of the Dominion. To do so the Tariff must not operate as a forced bonus from developed interests to overcome geographical barriers or to help fool enterprise for the ostensibly undeveloped interests that Canada should have in blast.

Under the Tariff of 1879, amended in 1880, 1881, and finally in 1882, the principle of development concerning not one, but all industries, was in view, and the meritorious quality of that principle was manifested by a unification of manufacturing life throughout the manufacturing towns of the Dominion. At first pig iron was free and bar iron was 17½ p.c. Founders prospered and the latter rate was enough to tempt experienced capital from Ohio to start up the long silent rolling mills that belonged to the Great Western Railway.

Manufacturers of ornamental iron work and iron furniture and hollow-ware were vitalized at 25 p.c. on their manufactures, as the first grade above the raw pig and bar iron; Bolts, washers and rivets, the manufacture of which had hardly a place in Canada, became a leading industry on 30 p.c. with bar iron, the raw material at 17½ p.c. Tacks, brads, horse shoes, horse nails, wire nails, skates, builders, cabinetmakers, upholsterers, carriage makers and undertakers' hardware were all originated or vitalized on 30 per cent.

Iron and steel screws, before manufactured in Canada, were made more prominent as a manufacture, at 35 per cent.

Now mark the militant confusion to the industrial interests.

Pig iron, first free, then \$2 per 2000lb, and bar iron 17½ per cent, advanced to \$4 per 2600lb, and bar iron to \$13 per 2000lb, reduced at last session of Parliament to \$10 per 2000lb, and a bonus of \$2 per ton to the manufacturers of pig iron from the ore; exclusive of this \$2. the per centage rating of the \$4 on pig and \$10 on bar iron based on the import values of last year as seen in the Government blue book report was

On pig iron 35.13 p.c. advalorem,
On bar iron 33.7 p.c. advalorem,

and on the manufactured goods therefrom as before specified, according to the rates on the imports for the fiscal year ending June, 1894, as worked out independent of given ratings, were 30 p.c.; 34.45 p.c.; 29.14 p.c.; 22.24 p.c.; 30.43 34.44 p.c.; 27.53 p.c.; 28.61 p.c.; 29.37 p.c.; 34.37 p.c.; 32.50 p.c.; 25.52 p.c.; 34.41 p.c.; 35

p.c.; 34.47 p.c.; 34.95 p.c.; 35 p.c.; 29.30 p.c. Showing no protection to labor nor to the manufacturer who established the works wherein the like goods are manufactured, and, now, not protected; on the contrary, by compulsion, contributors without knowing it to a few undertakings, ostensibly to develop the iron trade of Canada.

Exceptions there are, notably in favor of—the manufacturers of spades and shovels who were protected at the rate of 41.11 p.c.; those manufacturing axles, springs, car springs and other springs, 48.18 p.c.; the manufacturers of cast iron pipe 58.95 p.c.; forgings 38.56 p.c.; iron in slabs, blooms, hoops, puddle bars, all less finished than bar iron, but advanced over pig iron 58.3 p.c.; rivets and bolts 40.58 p.c.; nails and spikes 40.07 p.c.; railway fish plates 43.89 p.c.; skates 52.51 p.c.; with the exceptions excepted, it cannot be pretended that the tariffs now, or at any time in the past nine years, are either protective or conservative; high tariffs may be onerous without being protective, and a critical insight into the tariff as it is should open up the minds of most of the manufacturers, to see that in trying to keep prices as near as possible to bases of values that will hold the trade of the country within the country for the employment of the workers, they are obliged to sacrifice the legitimate profits they should find in their business.

Because of such conditions created in Ottawa, the universal saying is, there is little or no margin in anything, the trade is doing a large business supplying the natural consumption, but profits are insufficient to cover risks and shrinkages, the conditions discourage new enterprises.

Profits are so small that manufacturers cannot systematically compete for foreign trade in manufactured goods.

SELFISHNESS IS THE ROAD TO PERDITION.

Under a protective tariff the manufacturer is presumed to have regard to the fact that his own purposes are best served by a basis of values to the merchants and consumers that will save to his works, orders for goods, that otherwise might be sent to foreign manufacturers; in pursuing this policy he retains the work for his employees and benefits the State by founding homes with contented operatives to help him in the work of industrial development. Unfortunately there are amongst our manufacturers, some one admittedly so, who has said, and became a malignant enemy to a competitor because he would not accept his *ipse dixit*, that the prices to Canada were to be the values in the United States, plus 30 per cent. duty and freight, though manufactured, under the same conditions, with the same kind of machines, at the same prices for labor and material; the 30 per cent. being according to him the capitalist manufacturer's perquisite.

Such manufacturers are always untrue to the Government which protects them; they are enemies to the workmen who suffer from loss of work by the goods of foreign manufacturers, who take advantage of the selfishness of the home product by cutting under in prices and cutting workmen out of work.

Such manufacturers are dishonest to the merchants and consumers; the merchants in that they rob them of their business, and the consumer, in that they charge 30 per cent. more for the goods they manufacture than they would if their cupidity was not stimulated by the Tariff.

THE MALAGASY SOLDIERS' WAR SONG.

We soldiers of the Third volunteers
Go forward with confidence and courage
To serve Queen Ranavalomanjaka,
To obey a sovereign who is wise and good,
To defend the fatherland, which is sweet and
loved,

To hold the independence of this kingdom,
To sing loudly our war song, which says,
"We would rather die than not conquer."

Proving fidelity with might and with life,
Yielding our bodies as a wall of defense,
Presenting our strength as a shield for protec-
tion.

The distant and the difficult our glory shall be,
Wounds in the war our medals to wear,
The uplifted flag our memorial for aye,
We who are here are ready for all that.

We volunteer soldiers have a fixed time,
Are ready and sufficient for what is designed.
If any go astray for what is wrong and unwise,
They can never true soldiers become.
Each pledges his honor to the agreement that's
made

And drinks the "I would far rather die."
We are men and trust what is finished and done
And gladly present our allegiance true.

We are Malagasy born,
What is seen is not feared. What is to come
gives no tremor.

Blood and life split are our charms
And the more set ablaze our courage as fire.
The difficult and bitter make us more manly.
To refuse we can never while breath in us
lasts.

With devotion here we yield ourselves, saying:
"We are soldiers ourselves, and our generals
are honored."

Is it not so, O ye army? —New York Sun.

SABER SLINGERS.

IN FORTY BATTLES THE EIGHTH
NEW YORK PLIED THE SWORD.

The Regiment's First Adventure Was a
Test of Horseflesh—After That It Carved
Its Way Across Virginia Several Times.
"Grimes" Davis' Death.

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DURING the spring and early summer of 1863 a body of men known as the Eighth New York cavalry was hanging around the camps on the Potomac, now at Washington, again at Harper's Ferry and for a brief

time at Winchester, waiting for something to turn up. Not that they could not find employment, but the kind offered was not to their liking. They had enlisted in 1861 for cavalry service, but the government had failed to put them on horseback. It had armed them with sabers, and these they clung to as a badge of distinction and an earnest of the future. During the winter months and between the hours of labor on the fortifications the men practiced handling the savage weapons until they became expert. In that way if in no other they hoped to win the favor of the authorities. Finally, in July, the horses came and with them a leader worthy of a regiment ambitious to carve a name with the sword. An officer of the Fifth United States cavalry, Benjamin F. Davis, was appointed colonel. Davis had served in the roughest cavalry school in the world, on the plains of New Mexico, against the Apaches. He was a southerner by birth and stuck to the flag from principle; hence there would be no child's play about the warfare he would wage upon his old friends. For a man in such a case there is nothing to do but win or die in trying. Davis had good stuff to work on in the Eighth New York. The men were villagers from the agricultural counties of the northwestern part of the state. Bred to life on the farm they had grown weary of the monotonous routine and longed for new worlds to conquer. The war and Davis gave them a chance.

Among the cadets at West Point and in the regular army Davis had been known as "Grimes." For what reason, whether "an old gray coat all buttoned down before" or some other eccentricity of dress or manner tradition does not tell, but the

fact that the change of scene is proof that he was a character. The New Yorkers soon found it out for themselves. "He was a military man clear through," says the regimental historian, "the right man in the right place. He was a strict disciplinarian and brought the regiment down under the regular army regulations. Some of the boys thought he was too severe with them. They said that no man could bring a volunteer regiment under regular army style with success. We will see before we get through how Davis came out."

With their new colonel, their fresh horses, splendid boys and blacks matched in companies, and their sabers bright, the New Yorkers set out again for Harper's Ferry ready for battle. After skirmishing with the enemy on the Virginia shore they were ordered one day to pitch their tents inside the lines of the fort, and the next that they knew the place was surrounded by Stonewall Jackson, and the commandant, Colonel Dixon S. Miles, refused to fight or to evacuate. Fighting mad before, the boys patted their good steeds upon their sleek flanks and murmured, "What are we here for but to strike or gallop away ready to strike some other day?" Davis and a brother officer of the same name, colonel of the Twelfth Illinois, laid their heads together and devised a scheme to put their horseflesh to good use and save their men from the clutches of Stonewall. After a volume of talk, interspersed with hot words, Miles gave the order for the cavalry to move out. It started at dark on the evening of September 14th, about 19 hours before Miles surrendered the place without a blow. The attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry at that hour was a bold one. The Confederates lined the Virginia and Maryland shores north and south. Jackson meant to end the business next day, for he had other work on hand. The way out, if any, would be across Maryland, but the main army of Lee was at that moment stretching its lines parallel with the river from South Mountain to Sharpsburg, really constituting a second line to be passed. No one in Harper's Ferry could tell where the nearest Union troops were to be met with, so it was taking a plunge in the dark. And the darkness it was that made the plunge successful. The column crossed the Potomac



WORK THEY ENLISTED FOR.

on a pontoon bridge, riding in two with the Davises at the head of the leading files. All the order given to the men was to follow the file leaders. It would have amounted to the same thing had each of the colonels said to his followers, "Do as I do."

Once on the Maryland shore the horses were spurred to a gallop, and off went the cavalcade a la Gilpin. Striking the Sharpsburg road, the horsemen dashed ahead in the darkness, riding parallel to the line of Longstreet's Confederate corps, which, pivoted on the river at Harper's Ferry, was shutting to, like a gate. At times the bivouac fires of the enemy glowed by the roadside, and more than once the riders galloped between the pickets and the sleeping camps. At the end of a few miles the head of column struck a barricade in the road, but brushed it away in a twinkling, cutting down some of its guard and carrying others along as prisoners. Farther along a Confederate train of 100 wagons was encountered, moving under a cavalry escort. By assuming a disguise "Grimes" Davis tricked the head teamster into turning off the road and all the others followed

suit. Calling up his own troops, he placed them in charge of the train and started it on the road to Pennsylvania. Meanwhile the Twelfth Illinois amused the train escort until the prize was out of reach, then gulped on after it. The wagons contained ammunition and some stow-away freight in the shape of stragglers who had crawled into them to ride. Davis' orders to his men were to burn every wagon that broke down and lose no time over it. Several broke down and were fired with frightful consequences until the stowaways took alarm. One of the first victims was a New York cavalryman. His determination to get out of the wilderness that night led to experiences that would bring a blush of jealousy to the cheek of Baron Munchausen. They are vouched for by his captain. While climbing up Maryland heights in the darkness Private Louck of Company I lost his horse by a misstep, both steed and rider rolling down an embankment. Louck was badly bruised, and his comrades told him to go to a farmhouse and surrender to the first chance. About an hour later the galloping riders floundered through a mud-hole where many of the horses tripped or fell from exhaustion. Among those who emerged, covered with mud, was Louck. He had found a led horse in the column and rode on after his company. In crossing a creek there was another catastrophe, and several horses took a bath with their riders on their backs. Louck came out of the tangle washed clean, but again minus his horse. The first wagon that was fired contained shells, and speedily a mass of debris was hurled out at the rear end. Louck was picked up shorn of his hair, whiskers and eyebrows, and his comrades took him to a house and left him, as they supposed, on the verge of death. When the column arrived at Greencastle, 30 miles from Harper's Ferry, Louck crawled into the bivouac. "Captain," said he, "I was killed once tonight by being thrown over a mountain, drowned twice, blown up and killed, but here I am."

Davis was promoted to lead a brigade as a reward for his daring exploit. He had as yet never brought his men under fire



DEATH OF COLONEL DAVIS.

or to cross sabers with the enemy, but they continued under his command, and a chance soon came to try their fighting powers. On the march to Fredericksburg in November, 1862, the brigade skirmished all along the gaps of the Blue Ridge with Stuart's best troops. At Barber's Crossroads, on the 5th, Stuart's rear guard, under Rosser and Hampton, deployed lines and planted cannon to dispute the road. Davis kept the Eighth New York around him, and dismounting one squadron behind a stone wall led the rest to within 30 or 40 rods of a battery, drawing its fire and testing the coolness of his men. They stood it well, but confessed that they would rather charge the cannon and be done with it. They might have had their wish but for the First North Carolina cavalry. The Carolinians took the initiative and charged in column of squadrons. Davis led his horsemen back as though retreating and let his dismounted men use their carbines upon the enemy. Taken by surprise, the Carolinians drew back, and at that moment Davis brought the Eighth around a hill on a curve and dashed into the mass of the enemy. Then it was cut and slash on both sides. The columns being under headway, the opposing files closed together like the fingers of hands when interlaced. It was the hour for sabers, and ferociously the boys wielded them. The days for cavalry fighting in the eastern army had not yet arrived, but when they did the Eighth was ready. In

with forty men in the one column so-berly called the first real cavalry battle of the war. It was at Beverly Ford and Brandy Station, June 9, 1863. At dawn that day Davis took the Eighth across the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford. A strong picket of the Sixth Virginia cavalry met the column at a point where one man should equal ten. The narrow road passed through a swamp and was ditched on both sides so that only four horsemen could pass abreast. The picket was driven back to a strip of woods where lay supporting squadrons that rapidly moved down upon the head of Davis' column. Davis rode in front, and the enemy was checked without a close collision.

A lieutenant of the Sixth Virginia lingered behind his retreating comrades, and seeing Davis alone dashed down the road upon him. The lieutenant carried a revolver, but only one barrel was loaded, and he saved his fire until he closed in within reach of Davis' saber. Parrying a blow from that, he shot Davis dead. Virginians and New Yorkers then rushed together and fought like tigers. A Virginian who came to the aid of the lieutenant was killed beside the body of Davis, and their bleeding forms led to a struggle for vengeance. From a handful the enraged combatants increased to squadrons, then to regiments and brigades, both the blue and the gray winning and losing the ground many times. The Eighth lost 17 killed outright and 26 wounded, the heaviest loss of any regiment on that field.

The Eighth rode in Buford's division, and after a battle at every gap of the Blue Ridge with Stuart got into the opening skirmish at Gettysburg. From that time on there was no rest for the strong right arm of the New Yorkers. They fought 15 battles between July and December, 1863. Wilson became their division leader in the campaign of the Wilderness and afterward Custer. That was the year for raids and saber fights. Twenty-one battles are inscribed on the flag for 1864, among them Yellow Tavern, where Stuart was killed, and Haves' Shop, a bloody affair like Beverly Ford. With Wilson the New Yorkers rode 100 miles into the enemy's lines at Petersburg and fought four pitched battles in seven days; then to the valley with Sheridan and Custer; nine battles, including Cedar Creek and Winchester in the valley, and then the raid through to Petersburg. On this raid the Eighth made one of the most marvelous cavalry charges of the war. At Waynesboro it led the column of assailants, and leaping the horses over the works dashed to the enemy's rear and cut off the retreat. Major Compton and General Jubal Early met in personal encounter. Early's horse was shot down by a bullet from Compton's revolver, but his rider managed to escape capture. At Five Forks the New Yorkers made their last grand charge. They put their horses to the broadworks like racers at a hurdle. The color bearer was shot dead, closing the roll of honor of an even 100 killed in battle on 40 bloody fields.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Her Obed.
So fair was she,
As all agree,
The clerks all rushed to serve her.
On her they beamed,
But glances seemed
In some way to unsettle her.
The boldest clerk,
W. bow and smirk,
Then tho' . . . to surely fetch her.
"I want," she said,
Her face deep red—
"I want a trousers stretcher."
—Chicago Post.

Same Shade.
Mrs. Jones—How do you do, Mr. Brown? Flossie, this is Mr. Brown; he thinks everything of little girl.
Flossie—Funny, but there's a man who lives in our street with the same colored name as you.—Boston Transcript.

All In a Summer.
Now landlords of the big hotels
For summer boarders wish.
And strew the ground with oyster shells
And stock the ponds with fish.
In flaming "ada" they make their bow,
Swing wide their painted gates,
And, having raised a lively row,
Whirl in and raise the rates.
—Atlantic Constitution.

GUERRILLA WARFARE.

A Graphic Description of Present Conditions in Cuba.

The following extract from "Juan Martin of Empeñadero," descriptive of guerrilla warfare in Spain in 1811, may perhaps be found a pretty accurate picture of what it is in Cuba today, the fact being borne in mind that Spanish blood—improved—flows in the veins of the defenders of "Cuba Libre," and their methods of combat are those sanctioned by the traditions of their race:

"The acumen of great military captains is wont to be compared to the sight of the eagle, who, soaring in full sunlight to an immense height, sees a thousand secrets hidden from the common gaze. The penetration of great guerrilla chiefs may be compared to the vigilant nocturnal ambuscade of those fierce, carnivorous birds that, from the roofs, the spires, towers, ruins and forests, watch the heedless and tranquil victim in order to fall upon it.

"In guerrilla warfare there are no true battles—that is to say, there are not those duels, foreseen and deliberate, between armies in which each seeks the other in encounter, select their ground and fight together. The combats of the guerrillas are surprises, and in order that there shall be a collision it is necessary that one of the two parties is ignorant of the proximity of the other. The first quality of the guerrillas, even more important than valor, is a good gait, because nearly always they win their victories while running.

"The guerrillas do not retire; they fly, and flight is not shameful for them. The base of their strategy is the art of uniting and dispersing themselves. They condense together to fall like the rain and scatter to escape pursuit in such manner that the efforts of the army which proposes to exterminate them are futile, because they cannot contend with clouds. The principal arm of the guerrilla is not the blunderbuss or the rifle; it is the earth—yes, the earth, because, owing to the facility and marvelous efficiency with which the guerrillas move, it appears to modify itself at each step, lending itself to their maneuvers.

"Figure to yourself that the soil arms itself for self defense against the invasion, that the hills, the rivulets, the rocks, the ditches, the morasses, the caverns, are mortiferous machines that take conscious part in the encounter with the regular troops and erect themselves, sink, roll and fall upon, flatten, submerge, suffocate, separate and destroy them. Those mountains that towered yonder and now appear here; those ravines which multiply their windings, those inaccessible peaks that dis-



GUERRILLA WARFARE IN CUBA.

charge bullets, those thousand little rivers which, their right banks being conquered, turn and reveal upon their left banks innumerable foes; those heights, upon one side of which the guerrillas having been destroyed, then offer the other side, upon which the guerrillas destroy the army marching by—this and solely this is partisan warfare; it is the land in arms, the territory, the geography, moving itself in flight.

"The populace in Spain offers three types—the guerrilla, the smuggler and the highway robber. Their meet is the same; only

in the moral sense is the difference between them. Any of these types can be one of the other two without any external variation, according as a grain of moral sense, more or less, falls in the conscience. The bands of partisans that form so easily in Spain may be consummately good or execrably bad. Should we glorify this special aptitude of Spaniards for constituting themselves armed bodies and opposing efficacious resistance to regular armies? Are the benefits of one day such that they can make us forget the calamities of another day? This I do not say, and least of all in this book where I propose to extol the exploits of a notable guerrilla chief whose conduct was always moved by noble impulses, who was disinterested, generous, loyal and had no moral relationship with the factions or smugglers or ruffians, and whose purpose was very laudable, being the cleaning of Spain from the French.

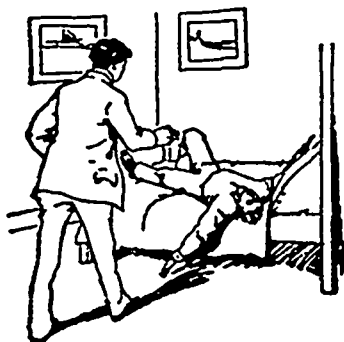
"The war of independence was the great school of the Spanish populace, because in it they were given the highest training in the art, to others incomprehensible, of improvising armies and dominating for more or less time a territory—they learned insurrection as a science, and the wondrous achievements of that time we have since wept with tears of blood. But why so much sensitiveness? The guerrillas constitute our national essence. They are our body and our soul; they are the spirit, the genius, the history of Spain. They are all grandeur and misery, a formless conjunction of contrary qualities, nobleness disposed to heroism, savagery inclined to pillage."

At one time Juan Martin and his guerrilla forces were surrounded by an overwhelming army of French soldiers and supposedly almost exterminated. Many, taken prisoners, were deliberately butchered after the battle was over. Martin was officially reported dead, just as Cuban leaders frequently are, and the invaders congratulated themselves upon having completely "wiped out" their most dreaded foes. But within a few weeks the relentless chief, with a new swarm of guerrillas, suddenly swooped down on a large French detachment and left none of them alive when the engagement was over. Speaking of the formation of that new force, the author says: "The guerrillas do not need, like the armies, a thousand prolix preliminaries in order to organize themselves. They organize as they dissolve, by instinct by the mysterious law of their restless and turbulent nature. They disperse themselves, like the smoke, upon being vanquished, and they condense like the atmospheric vapors in order to pour down upon the enemy when he least expects it."

THE MYSTERIOUS MELCHIOR

A Strange Suicide and a Curious Coincidence That Passeth Understanding.

One cold, wintry night not many years ago Dr. L. T. Potter, now connected with the Chicago health department, and a number of his companions were sitting in the office of the Oakland hotel when a stranger of dilapidated manner entered. His clothes and jewelry marked him as a person of means, but he seemed downhearted and worried, and when he asked permission of the clerk to sit in the office while Dr. Potter and his companions at once sized him up as a man who had been out on a spree, was without ready cash to pay for a bed, and took this means of getting refuge from the winter's blast. The



"THAT'S NOT FATHER."

stranger, who was young and intelligent,

grew uncomfortable under the ill-disguised scrutiny of the crowd and finally said:

"Gentlemen, I would like to explain my presence here, and why I sit up in the office in preference to taking a bed. In the first place, let me assure you it is not a matter of money," drawing out a goodly sized roll of bills. "For some years my father, who is a resident of New York, has had trouble with his family and has been a wanderer. He was at one time worth considerable money, but this has been lost, and a number of letters which I have of late received from him show me he is despondent. This afternoon I got a letter from him dated in Detroit saying he would arrive in Chicago tonight, take a room at this hotel and end his life by turning on the gas. He added that in the event of the gas failing he has a pistol with him with which he would send a bullet through his brain. Father had no idea I would get this letter today, as I have been out of town, and it was only an unexpected case of sickness in my family which brought me back. I am sitting up here to intercept him when he comes in and prevent the suicide which he contemplates. Fortunately I have means enough for both, and can relieve his anxiety in this respect."

Dr. Potter and his friends were at once interested. They congratulated the stranger on his good luck in having received his father's letter in time and tendered their services in any way in which they might be desired. Two or three times an effort was made to find out the man's name, but he parried the questions on the ground that, as his father's plans would be frustrated, he did not care to have his identity disclosed. "You may, however, call me Melchior, as it is awkward to address a man without a name, and Melchior is as good as anything, barring the right one." The evening sped along, and about midnight the stranger, being assured no more trains would arrive before morning, took his departure, saying he thought his father must have been detained or perhaps have happily changed his mind. The occurrence was so much out of the ordinary that Dr. Potter and his friends sat up for an hour or more talking it over.

At 1 o'clock they went to bed, and a few minutes later the night clerk retired, leaving an assistant, who had not heard the story, in charge of the office. About 1:30 in came an old gentleman with a traveling bag in hand, who registered as "George O. Melchior," and was assigned to a room. In the morning the chambermaid reported a strong smell of gas on that floor. The door of the new-comer's room was broken in, and he was found dead with a pistol in his right hand and a bullet wound in his head. He had turned on the gas and then shot himself. By this time everybody in the house had heard the story of the young man's visit the night before, and all were positive that the old gentleman who had killed himself was his father. The afternoon papers had a report of the suicide and before night the young man was back at the house asking to see the body. Dr. Potter consoled with him and went to the desk while he asked some questions before going up to see the body.

"I don't understand how father could have registered as 'Melchior,' for it is not his name, and I only used it last night to conceal our own," the stranger said. "It must have been a case of mental telepathy."

On reaching the room where the body lay a much more peculiar episode occurred. The moment the young man saw the face of the corpse he said:

"That's not father. I never saw this man before. He is not known to me."

Nor was he. A search of the dead man's effects brought out papers proving his identity as George O. Melchior and giving reasons for suicide somewhat similar to those advanced by the young stranger when he was telling his story the night before. Within a week Dr. Potter heard from the young man, who said his father was alive and well, having recovered from his despondency and abandoned his intention of taking his life, but the mystery of how a man giving the same name should appear at the hotel selected by the stranger's father on the same night and commit suicide in the same manner outlined by him has never been explained. The veracious Chicago Tribune vouches for the truth of the above story.

THE TATTLER.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will be 88 years old Aug. 26.

Mary Anderson Navarro will soon have her biography ready and in the hands of the printer.

Mrs. George J. Gould is very fond of sitting for her portrait. Mr. Gould has in his possession 23 different paintings of his wife.

A Boston paper is authority for the statement that Lizzie Borden was a delegate to the Christian Endeavor convention in that city.

Mrs. Hodgson-Burnett not long ago declared that had she known or believed in the penalties of fame she would never have written a line.

Mrs. Bertha Wells of San Francisco has given more than \$100,000 in the last four years to St. Ignatius' church in that city. Her charities outside of the church are numerous.

Miss Powderly, the American secretary of Lady Henry Somerset, is a New England woman. She is a linguist, musician, stenographer and typewriter, besides being a very beautiful penman.

Miss May Duffin was the winner in a voting contest inaugurated by a Chicago newspaper for the most popular public school teacher in that city, the prize being a free trip to Alaska and return.

Mrs. Clovian's great fondness for flowers is well known, and she has an especial fancy for growing flowering plants, but is enthusiastic over all flowers, from the most modest wild flower to the conservatory bred rose and orchid.

Mrs. Kate Chaso says that before the days of telephones her father used to go to the window of his committee room in the senate wing of the capitol and wave a handkerchief to her as a signal that he was not coming home to dinner.

Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, a temperance enthusiast of Boston, is making a unique collection. She is gathering pens. All the pens which have been used by state governors in signing temperance education laws are sought for this collection.

Mrs. Cahill of Arlington, Or., recently rode a big raft down the Columbia river for a hundred miles or more, steering it through the Priest and Umatilla rapids, waters in which many a raft managed by expert loggers has gone to pieces. She is the first woman to take the perilous trip.

Mrs. James R. McKee, the daughter of ex-President Harrison, is much interested in the new patriotic organization, the Children of the American Revolution, of which Mrs. Daniel Lothrop is president. One of her ideas is to get the numbers to memorize and sing correctly America's national hymn.

Kate Field says that while she was in England she was asked in good faith whether the language taught in the public schools of the United States was English or American. "Oh, American," I replied," says Miss Field. "English is a dead language. It is only learned by university men who go in for classes."

THE JEWEL CASKET.

The new jewel boxes are of lustrous white, with borders of pierced work in silver gilt.

Egyptian sphinx wings with a scarabaeus in the center have appeared as silver garter clasps.

A new sloop button of white enamel delicately rimmed with gold has in the center a gold yacht under full sail. It is as pretty as a picture.

A silver heart in the center of a ribbon bow has been christened the "Trilly" fast holder. A long hook depending from the heart secures the fast chain or ribbon.

Charming brooches have appeared in which the foundations are graceful arrangements of thin gold lines punctuated by diamonds of equal and reasonable size.

A curious combination of insignia was sphinx wings with a horseshoe astride the center, and in the center of the horseshoe a star with a diamond in its center. The rest of the ornament was in small pearls. —Jewelers' Circular.

FREAKS OF FASHION.

OLIVE HARPER NOTES A CURIOUS UPEHAVAL OF STYLES.

All of Which Shows That There Is No Accounting For Taste—New Costumes and Wraps—The Rage For Fur Trimming—Swan's Down.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, Aug. 13.—I think I have never seen such a curious upheaval in fashions as I do now. In one place they will show you a gown that might have belonged to some duchess or marquise whose very name is forgotten and tell you that that is the only proper thing, and that in less than two months you shall all be wearing just such things. In another place we may find a superb creation that reminds us of nothing, unless that its richness may force a thought of the queen of Sheba or Solomon in all his glory.

Then you will see a dainty array of sweet simplicity. There was a gown of light taffeta in one place that was a per-



RICH SILK AND BROCADE COSTUME.

fect show, and the importer assured me that it was a model gown and that it would be a great favorite. The under portion of the skirt consisted of two knife plaited ruffles, each four inches deep. Above these there was an overskirt cut with great round tabs, which fell over the ruffles. These tabs had ruffles all around them, and above the ruffles were three milliner's folds of satin to match the silk in shade. Besides these there were three clusters of folds around the skirt, seven, five and three folds in the clusters. The waist was full and gathered into a belt, and on the shoulders there was a stiff and wide collar nearly covered with fine folds, and the whole bordered with a knife plaiting. The sleeves were puffs, ending just below the elbow with stiff upturned cuffs. The whole gown was so stiff that it fairly balanced as the young "trier on" walked slowly up and down the room.

That was one style. In another quite as fashionable a place there was a gown for a young girl for her coming out days. This was of fine white chudda cashmere. The skirt hung from the waist in severe unbroken lines. It was full with out having the appearance of being so. Down the front of the skirt there was one flat band of black gauze insertion over baby blue satin ribbon. The belt was made in the same way. The waist was a "baby" with three lines of the ribbon and insertion. The neck was cut half low and simply piped with the blue. The sleeves were elbow puffs, with three rows of insertion down from the shoulders. There was no finish at the elbows. What a pretty and maiden-

ly dress this was I despair of making any one understand. Chudda cashmere is rather stiff and hairy to the touch, but the folds would delight an artist. It comes in a dull frosty, pale grayish blue, impossible to exactly describe, in melon ivory white and in a faint blush pink.

There will be much heavy velvet and plush brocade for winter wear, and velvet and plain plush will be very popular, the velvet for street and carriage attire and the plush for elegant home costumes. The velvet and plush brocades will show large figures. Indeed



FOR THE YOUNG DAUGHTER.

such material could not be handled in small figures at all. Plush in seal brown and black will be and, in fact, is now being made in long box coats and quaint mantles as well as deep capes. Some of these have stole collars of long fur.

I was informed in the finest fur establishment that we have that there is a greater demand now than there has ever been before for strips of trimming of mink, racoon, skunk and marten. These are to be employed as trimming for every sort of garment and handsome dresses for every possible requirement, some even for dancing dresses. Gray I notice in quite large quantities for muffs and collarettes for young persons, and swan's down is decidedly "in" after having been almost entirely "out" for a generation. That is the way of the world. OLIVE HARPER.

FASHIONABLE NOVELTIES.

Decorative Buttons of Paste and Pearl, Travelling Wraps and Capes.

There is a great deal of truth in what a recent writer says—that for a good many years fashion, its frivolity, its senselessness, its absurdity and its uselessness, has been the subject of sarcasms without number, each critic apparently trying to hold it up to keener ridicule than his predecessor. As a matter of fact, on fashion and its changes rest the foundations of com-



THEATER BODICE.

mercial prosperity. If the old were as

pleasing as the new, many factories would go out of business, importers would not go to the trouble and expense of importing goods for which there was no demand, and one by one industries that employ thousands upon thousands of persons would languish and die.

This thing which we call fashion demands novelty and variety, and to meet its requirements manufacturers and traders are ever kept active. Within reasonable limits, therefore, fashion, as we now use the term, means business prosperity and gainful occupations to the many.

Buttons continue to form an expensive and highly decorative article of dress. They are worn in both large and small sizes. Mother of pearl and silver in combination are much liked, and paste and jeweled buttons adorn evening and full dress bodices.

It is now the fashion at dinner parties in Paris to distribute to each gentleman guest a little before dinner is announced a card bearing the name of the lady to whom he is to offer his arm.

Long wraps for travelling and short capes for general seaside and country wear are made of lightweight plaid cloaking in bright and harmonious tints. These are serviceable and fashionable and one of the most practical styles of the season.

An illustration is given of a most effective theater bodice. It is of Louis Quinze broche silk, flowered with roses and leaves. The body of the bodice is rather full and is covered back and front with embroidered tulle, gathered at the waist and shoulders and framed by bretelles of ribbon that terminate in bows at the shoulders set on a chow of lace. The belt is of ribbon, the collar covered with lace and trimmed with a ribbon bow at the back. The half length sleeves are slightly draped and terminate in a frill of lace. JUDIC CHOLLET.

LINGERIE.

Muslin Bodices Over Various Delicate Colors—Fashionable Underwear.

Muslin bodices are a feature of the season and are an ideal article of attire for young girls. White muslin, lace or chiffon over a tinted silk lining is exceedingly pretty. Yellow is a color of the moment, and white over yellow is considered especially desirable. White over pale pink or leaf green is also much esteemed.

Lingerie in the strict sense of the word is again in great vogue. The term has for a number of years been used to designate



BATISTE GOWN.

the various garments of silk and wool, mainly colored, in which those women fond of new things have clad themselves beneath the visible vesture, but now linen, lawn, muslin and batiste have been restored to their proper kingdom and are the acme of fashion. Old fashioned women always wore them for the sake of their freshness and daintiness, and now every woman wears them, whether it is according to her own taste or not. Collars, vests and yokes of white wash goods are a part of the outer costume and are charming in their delicacy and freshness, for unless they are fresh and immaculate they are intolerable. Col-

lars and cuffs are embroidered, trimmed with lace or inserts, or simply hemstitched, but their cut, especially that of the collars, is often something wonderful. They range from the tiny, turned over band to immense capelike or battlemented garments that fall over the shoulders and nearly to the waist, back and front. White muslin trimmed with white or yellow lace, brownish grass cloth similarly adorned and black batiste set off with butter color or pure white are all seen in great variety of shape.

An illustration is given of a gown of mauve gauze over batiste over mauve silk. The bodice skirt has a puffing of white batiste about the foot. The figure front of the bodice opens over a plastron of white lace. The gigot sleeves have puffed epaulets of white batiste and are finished at the wrist with lace cuffs. The collar is of white gauze, the belt of white faille ribbon with long ends at each side. JUDIC CHOLLET.

TOILET HINTS.

Rest One Day In Ten as a Preservative of Beauty.

A mature English woman of title, whose rose and white complexion time has not operated upon with the disastrous results that usually attend his processes in the human frame, attributes her youthful freshness to the practice of spending one out of every ten days in bed. She sleeps until she awakens naturally, takes a warm bath and goes back to bed again, where she partakes of a light breakfast, remain-



BRUNETTE'S COIFFURE.

ing in bed resting until 6 o'clock in the evening, while her maid reads to her a light novel. At 6 o'clock she puts on her dressing robe and has her dinner served in her room and reclines on her sofa until 10 o'clock.

It is to be supposed that not merely physical beauty, but brain and nerves, would be benefited by this regime, especially among American women, who are apt to live at high pressure, with no relief until they break up and collapse like an overcharged toy balloon. However, there are not many American women who feel themselves able to spend a tenth of their days as well as a moderate portion of their nights in bed, even for beauty's sake, although they would naturally make more sacrifices on that account than for active brains or sound nerves, just as most of us would rather eat lobster salad and omelette than good, wholesome, oatmeal porridge and beef broth. The days in England are fully twice as long as they are here, and the world consequently does not move so fast. There is time for everything, especially for eating and reposing, and the moist air quells all tendencies toward such a feverish state as is our natural condition over here. Those women who can continue to spend one day every six weeks in bed as a regular thing will doubtless do themselves a great good and therefore indirectly benefit their friends.

The illustration shows a coiffure designed for dark hair. The hair is waved, parted in front and drawn loosely to the back of the head, where it is arranged in an elongated knot. The locks at the side fall over the ears and are held in place by small jeweled combs. JUDIC CHOLLET.

Women as Eaters.

It might be an entertaining thing to experiment upon the growth of the feminine

appetite. A century since a woman was not supposed to care for food, and not Byron alone would have been disgusted at any display of hunger on the part of a sex who, like Malvina Fitz-Allen, seemed to exist merely on strawberries and cream. Nor is the complaint, made only a few years ago, that a woman in a restaurant always called for leas and cakes longer a fact. Women have learned the merits or the necessity of proper food, and it is a sight to do the doctor's heart good to watch their sensible selection of nutritious dishes and their enjoyment of them. This is true even of "the silly age." A group of girls does not linger over fancy desserts, but applies itself to soups and chops and salads. Surely this must count for something in the development physically and mentally of the race.—New York Times.

OUT OF DOOR WEAR.

Bicycle Fever—Suitable Dresses—Short Skirts or Bloomers the Thing.

The bicycle fever increases daily in violence, or possibly it is not a fever, but a genuine healthy reaction from sedentary habits, more especially on the part of women. When they could not afford a horse, there has been little inducement for out of door life hitherto, but now the bicycle has changed all that. It does not cut or become fatigued, nor does it cost as much as a good saddle horse in the first place, even



CHILDREN'S DRESSES

at its best. It is not afraid of the car, nor will it bolt unexpectedly. It does not necessitate a masculine escort, either grown or gentleman and is altogether an immense alleviation to the lot of the average woman, who frequently needs to have the cobwebs brushed out of her sky by just such pleasurable breeziness of motion as the wheel makes possible.

Long skirts, short skirts, divided skirts, bloomers and even ordinary knee breeches such as men wear are now adopted by women on the bicycle. So many accidents have occurred through the long skirt catching in the wheel or gearing that this garment is the exception rather than the rule, and little comment is excited by the less conventional costumes except among such callow and vulgar striplings as think it manly and knowing to criticize women and would do so whatever the latter wore. It is to be supposed that these unpromising youths serve some good purpose in the economy of nature, unless as they seem to be, but that purpose is not the guarding of feminine propriety of costume evidently, since, like Benedick, "nobody marks them."

The first figure in the picture wears a plaited skirt of red serge and a blouse of white pique closed on the right side under a fold of red linen trimmed with pearl buttons. The cuffs are also of red linen. The second figure wears a one piece gown skirred at the shoulders to form a yoke. It is of cream mousseline de laine with red stripes. The full sleeves are gathered into a narrow band at the wrist, and a large embroidered collar of nainsook covers the shoulders.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Has It Come to This?

We have boiled the hydrant water;
We have sterilized the milk;
We have strained the prowling microbes
Through the finest kind of silk;
We have bought and we have borrowed
Every patent health device,
And at last the doctors tell us
That we're got to boil the tea.

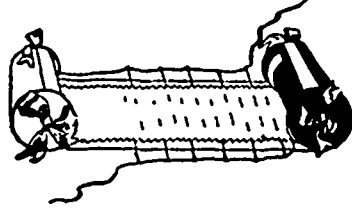
—Chicago Record.

WOMAN AND HOME.

NOVEL SEWING CASE DESIGNED BY AN INGENIOUS WOMAN.

Style Money Can't Buy—To Walk Gracefully—Two Ancient Maids—The Soup Kettle—Bourget Praises Yankee Women. Tight Lacing and Gallstones.

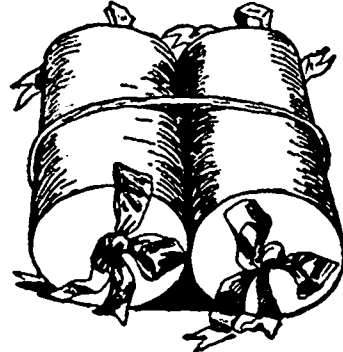
That necessity is the mother of invention is the most trite of sayings, but it was the necessity of an unfortunate bachelor which prompted a clever woman not long ago to devise a most ingenious means for his relief, and incidentally for the comfort of a considerable number of persons who are not bachelors. The man in question was painfully endeavoring to thread a needle and confessed that his occasional



SEWING CASE OPEN.

button sewing was a difficult operation, because of the effort to thread the needle. So his friend put her wits to work, and by the next day she had evolved a most valuable "bachelor's friend," as she called it. The scheme is as simple as it is ingenious. Its designer has bestowed them upon many another than the one for whom her efforts were first undertaken.

The materials required for the "friend" are a little over a half yard of ribbon, 3/4 inches wide, and a yard of half inch ribbon matching or contrasting in color. Half a yard of the wide is not quite enough, though one-sixteenth more will suffice. A bit of collar canvas, a piece of flannel, a paper of No. 7 needles and a spool each of white thread and black silk, with a rubber band, complete the list. Cut a piece of the canvas 10 inches long by 1 1/2 inches wide; cover one side evenly with flannel and on the other haste the broad ribbon, folding the edges over and feather stitching them to the flannel. Cut from a visiting card four circles the size of a spool end and cover from the broad ribbon, working an eyelet hole in the center of each circle. Sew these circles, two in each end, as shown in the illustration. Fit a spool in



SEWING CASE CLOSED.

the little niche thus made in each end, passing the narrow ribbon through the spool and eyelet holes and tying it on the top in a single bow or securing it at either end in a bow that is sewed fast to the spool ribbon.

The needles are placed in the flannel, with eyes and points alternating. Through each row of eyes is passed a continuous thread from one of the spools, and when it is necessary to sew a needle is found threaded and ready.

The second sketch shows the case closed, with a rubber band holding it.

Style That Money Cannot Buy.

"Style is a mysterious quality," said an obscure dame. "It is one of the few desirable things that money cannot buy. A first class dressmaker may dress a woman

artistically, but she cannot give her style.

"Style does not mean variety of apparel. It does not even mean richness of material. These things are welcome additions to it, but not essential. The best dressmaker, though she may do her utmost and greatly improve the contours by toning down a defect here and emphasizing a good point there, cannot make the form, the frame, over. It is in the poise of the head and the shoulders, the habitual way of moving, that the indescribable quality of personal style lies secreted. If the average woman of today were asked what good gift she would choose as a boon from a fairy godmother, provided she could have but one, there is no doubt that she would, on mature consideration select style.

"Style outlives you" and good looks. It gives a woman an im. 250 power of holding her own and carries off awkward predicaments. It makes its possessor in the long run, often outshining a commonplace beauty, no matter however plain she may be individually. Style frequently renders a woman presentable in a shabby gown and is a gift that holds good for rain or shine, in hot or cold weather alike—one that once possessed never deserts its possessor.

"To analyze it completely is impossible. One can only get a hint, a suggestion of its inherent attributes here and there. But one thing is certain, to be well dressed and aware of it is decidedly not 'stylish.' The fundamental principle of style is to wear an old gown with the air of a princess and to wear a new one as if you had forgotten its newness. That is a safe rule to follow."—New York Tribune.

To Walk Gracefully.

To put the foot down prettily is to walk gracefully, to seem to have a pretty foot whether it is really pretty or not, to secure a stylish carriage, to make the skirts hang well and the waist seem long, to—well, to put the foot down well is to secure many of the blessings of life. Don't bellow it when you are told to put the toe down first. The foot should be so lightly poised on the ankle that when the lift from the hip is made in taking a step the foot naturally swings, too down, so that the forward part of the foot touches the ground first. This is very different in effect from stiffly pointing the toe down and trying to walk that way. Put the foot down so that the heels would keep pretty close on an imaginary chalk line, the toes always falling a little outside of the line. The full weight of the body should be on the foot that is on the ground, and one ought to be able to balance prettily at any moment on the single foot that is supposed to be carrying the walker's weight. If this can be done, it is proof that the body is well poised and well carried.

It is of course nice to have a sprightly step. The girls in the books usually have it, and the nice young hero always has it, too. But, no matter how snappy the step is, if the foot is put down properly the head will be carried along a perfectly level line and not go bobbing up and down like a ship in a high sea. If the heels follow a line and the toes fall outside the line a little, then the body will advance without any side swinging of the shoulders. This turning of the body first to the right and then to the left is a general fault of the walking of American women, and if the foot is put down properly this awkwardness will be avoided.—Chicago Post.

Two Ancient Bachelor Maids.

The poet Wordsworth gives us a picture of two bachelor maids who lived on the Dec—the Lady Eleanor and her friend, the Hon. Miss Posenohy. Wordsworth visited them at their "bachelor headquarters" in 1824 and dedicated a poem to them. These "new women" of their time vowed never to marry, devoting their lives and fortunes to the elevation of other women. They took up their headquarters together in the beautiful "bachelor hall" which they built, employed only female labor, adopted a costume with a coat just like a man's and wore this not only in riding, but whenever they went out to a dinner party or received their friends. They cropped their hair close, wore black beaver hats, and when they wore at table it was impossible to know to what sex they belonged, so masculine was their dress. They sought

ed their opinions upon some of their woman friends.

The two women lived 69 years together, working for a "cause," as they termed it. They were both buried side by side in the old churchyard on the Dec. Dean Stanley paid them a visit when he was a little boy of 10, and in after years when asked to give his impressions of that visit laughingly said that it produced in him only a feeling of intense fright. These ladies, we are told, exercised a potent influence in their neighborhood, and many a wife and mother had cause to bless the day which brought these "bachelor maids" to live in that sequestered vale.

The Soup Kettle.

"I spent one summer in a country house," said an observing woman, "where I learned something about soups that I never knew before. The cook was a most accomplished person in her line, and some of her concoctions were worthy of note. Among other things she excelled in soups, and by accident I found out just what the secret of her success was. With a suitable piece of meat and some bones as a foundation, she set to work to build a dish that was reliable in the extreme. The family always had some sort of cereal for breakfast, and whatever was left of this went into the soup kettle. Cold potatoes that were not to be used for warming over, bits of lemon peel, asparagus stalks, leaves of lettuce—indeed every vegetable that came from the table went in that kettle. Anything in the line of left overs that did not have a direct and immediate use made up the soup for dinner.

"After some hours of boiling, during which process everything dissolvable went into pulp, the grease was skimmed off, and the whole contents of the kettle were carefully strained through a fine sieve, then pearl barley, fresh vegetables, macaroni and whatever seasonings were necessary were added. I never knew how easy it was to have good soup and how wasteful the usual process of flinging out little left overs might be until I studied the admirable methods of this accomplished queen of the kitchen."—New York Ledger.

Bourget Praises Yankee Women.

What, then, has M. Bourget to say of the American woman? To begin with, he seems bewildered with her complexity, for he calls her in turn . . . idol, an enigma, an orchid, an exotic, while she typifies in a country as yet without an ideal the Yankee's devotion to sheer force of will. She is not made to be loved. She does not want to be loved. It is neither voluptuousness nor tenderness that she symbolizes. She is a palpitating object d'art, at once sumptuous, alert, intense and audacious, and as such the prince and luxury of a new and somewhat defiant civilization.

In fine, M. Bourget's language on the subject is so magnificent that we should write him down a romanticist pure and simple were it not that, in the course of his analysis, he shows us another side of the picture. The purity of the American girl, the author of "Le Disciple" tells us, is not to be questioned. She is coquettish as well as calculating and as frankly mercenary on occasion as she is naively self centered. Clearly, it is the individualism of the American woman that surprises the critic of Latin race, for northerners have little difficulty in understanding a nature which seeks its interest as much in globe trotting and self culture—or shall we call it self advancement?—as in mere ebullitions of passion or sentiment.—London Englishwoman.

Truthful.

"There were 4,999 eyes fixed on the speaker at the meeting."
"How do you know?"
"Well, I would have said 5,000, only I noticed that a man in the crowd was blind in one eye."—Chicago Record.

A Brief Description.

Her eyes that shine with tender light
Belle her haughty tone—
The sort of girl you love at night
And want to make your own.

Her lips that hint of honeyed bliss
Belle her distant air—
The sort of girl you long to kiss,
But somehow never dare. —L.A.

SWANLEE'S GIRL.

Two men were riding tired horses down an ill defined trail through North Carolina woods. The one was a New Yorker—keen, alert, dark haired and chronically one day behind with his shaving. His companion, who rode with difficulty his rough gaited Kentucky mare, was obtrusively British. Every thing, from his deer stalker cap to his yellow pigskin gaiters, with their buttons down the shin, betrayed him, for a recent importation from the islands beyond the sea. They were not friends—scarcely acquaintances. They had foregathered some few miles back at cross-roads, and finding that they were heading in the same direction had joggled along in company.

For the past hour the multitude of trails had bothered them much, and there had been a good deal of toss up in their choice, and at last neither had any further ideas to offer about the route, and there was no question but that they were most satisfactorily lost. The last blue of the sky was turning to a cooler purple, and a couple of tree toads were already commencing the overture to their nightly opera.

"Say," remarked the American, "have you ever ridden down a strange trail of this sort after nightfall?"

"Can't say that I have."

"Then, sir, you've an experience in store which won't be all molasses. You wait till the trees begin to sneak up and bit you on the kneecap. Then you'll—Great Co-lumbus! See that?"

"What—these green shrubs?"

"Corn, sir. Indian corn, you call it 'way back in the old country. And here we're. A bigger cabin, I guess. 'Tain't good enough for a Tar Heeler's shanty."

They wheeled round the edge of the corn patch, their horses picking a way cautiously over the outshooting roots of the timber, and pulled up before a small frame house. As though their arrival had been expected, the rough door swung open and a man stepped out and faced them. He was an old man and heavily bearded. He stood quite four inches above the fathom in his boots, and in the hollow of his left arm he carried a weapon, single barreled and hammerless.

He pointed to this and introduced it.

"Gentlemen," he said, "this is about the latest—J. Sawinley's ten fire repeating shotgun. The first of you that lifts a hand toward the sly pocket of his pants will get a hole let into him that a yoke of steers could drive through. If you want to stay, you've got to fight it out."

He of the yellow gaiters laughed.

"What quaint people you Americans are," he said. "Why the devil you should threaten war in this unexpected fashion I can't imagine."

"Ho! You're a Britisher?"

"English—quite English."

"And your companion, isn't he an excise man either?"

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders, and the New Yorker answered for himself.

"S. T. Vanrennan, real estate agent, Irving place, New York city. Stick to my own trade, colonel, and shouldn't know what a blockade still was if I was shown one."

For a moment the old man seemed inclined to resent this last remark, but only for a moment. Then southern hospitality asserted itself.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "how can I serve you?"

"By putting us on the road for Asheville."

"I could not do it. Asheville's road

30 miles beyond this, and the trail's far too bad for strangers to follow in the dark. You must bur with me, gentlemen, this night."

There was a little more talk, and then the horses were led round to a barn at the back, unsaddled, rubbed down roughly and presented with six corn-cobs apiece, after which the two adjourned to the cabin, supped off heavy corn bread, strong flavored bacon and raw, biting, smoky corn whisky. After the meal the Yankee, pleading tiredness, retired to the far room and slept. The Briton, who was traveling in the mountains to pick up character, was glad enough to sit up with his host and talk beside the smelly kerosene lamp over granulated tobacco and corn-cob pipes.

Their conversation was, on the whole, desultory. Only twice was it interrupted. On these occasions footsteps made themselves heard on the hard, red ground outside, and then, after a pause, a silver half dollar rolled in under the door. The old man pocketed the coin, lifted the latch, and, reaching a hand out into the darkness, brought in a quart bottle, which he proceeded to fill from a keg that wafted through the lint a strong smell of smoky spirit. Afterward he thrust out the bottle into the night, and the heavy footsteps recommenced and died out in diminuendo.

On the first occasion the old man commented to his guest: "Say, sir, you're what they call in the mountains a tenderfoot; but, from the face of you, you seem straight. Please remember you've seen nothing."

"I'm under the tie of bread and salt," said the Englishman. "You needn't fear me." And he fell to talking about the game in the woods.

When the Englishman awoke next morning, he found that his traveling companion had already departed.

"I didn't press him to stay," said the old man, "but I hope you will honor me with a longer visit. My name is Colonel Swanlee, which you may have seen mentioned in accounts of the war, and once I had a 40 room house here and close on 200 niggers working on a fine estate. The house and the niggers are gone, and the estate has run back for the most part into forest. You know the war ruined most of us southern gentlemen, and our lands were bought up by pork packers and successful drummers and Yankee trash generally. I've been luckier than some. I haven't sold a rod of ground. I've been spared seeing filthy railroads plow through my land, and I've some other mercies to be thankful for. That northerner was right when he hinted at my having a blockade still round here. I do run one. I know it's against the law, but the law—as laid down by Yankees—ruined me. Consequently I've but small respect for it, specially as now it's sized to suit all shades of color. Come, sir. You said last night you were in no hurry to get on. Will you stay awhile and rough it with me?"

The invitation was genuine, and the Englishman remained, and because the life was fresh and interesting to him, and because old man Swanlee was loath to let him go, he staid on till the weeks grew to over a month. There was much to occupy his time. Any one with a taste for scenery may gratify it to the full in the wooded mountains and valleys of the Alleghany country. Sometimes he took his horse and rode along the rough trails far afield—over the great Smokies and looked down on Tennessee. Sometimes he roamed through the second growth forest which had sprung up in tropical luxuriance over the once cleared land, occasionally shooting a wild turkey, or a hawk, or a flying squirrel, or whipping in two a small rattlesnake, but for the most part find-

ing full enjoyment in admiring this gallery of pictures which nature by herself had painted.

Once indeed he visited the distillery in its weird hiding place under the waterfall and glanced curiously over the crude appliances with which the fiery corn whisky was produced. But that was only once, and indeed the still was seldom referred to. In the evening, when they sat together under the wooden piazza, the Englishman and his host either rocked or smoked in silence, looking into the warm southern night and listening to its myriad insect noises, or else the old man would talk and unfold pictures of past southern splendor in the halcyon days "befo' the wa'." They seemed to be living then in an atmosphere of nearly half a century before, and at times the Englishman had hard work to bring himself back to the true realities.

But at last there came a breaking up of the pastoral, and it arrived in barbarous shape. The place was raided by the revenue men.

The visitor was away bee hunting in the woods when they arrived, but hastened back when the sound of heavy firing came down to him over the timber. He gained the hut, perhaps luckily, too late for interference, but the history of what had occurred was written out before him in ruddy lettering. Three officers of the excise lay twisted and dead on the red soil, shot down by that terrible ten fire repeater, which carried its charge like a heavy ball for the short distance. Farther out was Vanrennan, doubled up over a stump like a half filled meal sack. Flitting in and about the trees, still farther down the trail, were four saddled horses leisurely grazing.

There was no sign of old man Swanlee.

Had he run for the woods, or—

The newcomer rushed across the clearing and into the cabin. The Carolina planter, the Confederate colonel, the blockade distiller, the murderer, was stretched out on the floor, with blood oozing into pools around him. The Englishman shuddered and bent down for examination. An ear shredded through by one bullet, temple grazed by another; left elbow shattered by a third. None of these were mortal; none could cause this prostration. Ah, there was a worse wound, in the groin, that meant death!

Under the impromptu surgery the old man woke up.

"That blasted Yankee Vanrennan! Says I shot his father at Seven Pines when I was skirmishing for Lee outside Richmond. Very likely. I know the orders were to take no prisoners. It was all in the way of business. And then, by way of dirty vengeance, he brings the excise about my ears. No southern gentleman would have done that—none but a mongrel Dutch Yankee. However, he's got his gruel, and so have the revenue men, and I'm dying. Hello, who are you?"

Old man Swanlee gripped his gun again and started up full of fight.

"Oh, it's you, sir, is it? I ask your pardon, I'm sure," he said, bowing with old fashioned courtesy, "but this little domestic trouble must be my excuse. Those fellows have pumped lead into me till I've been a trifle thrust off my balance. Thanks! If you would assist me on to the floor again and bring the corner of that box under my head."

He rested a minute to collect his thoughts, and then went on afresh.

"Now, Mr.—I've forgotten your name—circumstances compel me to ask you an intense favor. I've had good comrades, and I've had staunch friends, but some were shot in the war, and some

have died since, and the rest are scattered I know not where. "Here isn't a soul within riding distance, except Tar Heelers, and I'd almost as soon trust my little girl to a nigger as one of them."

"Your daughter is it that you're speaking about?"

"That's so. I haven't mentioned her before. I don't let her have any truck with the lot down here, and didn't intend to until the place was ready to receive her as she should be received—as my mother was received when she came upon the estate. Yes, sir, that's what I've been toiling and slaving for all these years, barely spending \$1 in cash except a few cents an acre for taxes; holding on to the land with a miser's grip, while the forest stamped the snake fences out of sight brewing a vile spirit for the mountaineers around. No, sir, I've not sold moonlight whisky because I liked it, or hugged my balance at the banks merely to put myself back on the ancestral dung-hill. I've done my crowing. But, sir, when my little girl was born in Richmond, during the siege, my wife made me promise before she died that, come what might, I'd see the child mistress of the house we'd been driven from here. My wife was a very proud woman, sir. Her family claimed descent from Pocahontas."

"But," objected the listener, "I don't see how this could be. Since slavery has been abolished—"

"One can't get the lazy brutes of negroes to work? Quite so. But I'd a scheme, sir, to remedy that. It would have been frightful gall to the Yankees, but it would have paid here all the same. I should have imported Chinese labor, and with that and a strong hand things would have been much the same as they were in the old days. But that scheme must be abandoned now. A man without previous experience, such as yourself, would never know how to handle such cattle. Would you kindly reach me that bottle out of the locker? I'm getting very faint. Thanks. I seldom patronize my own brow; but, whatever its demerits, it has strength. However, I haven't got much time left, and I must come to the point. America was no place for a southern girl after the war. With the niggers stirred up as they were, there was no telling what might happen to her. So I sent the child to a convent in Paris, and there she's remained ever since. But she's finished her education, and she's coming home right now—coming home to her inheritance. Yes, sir, the estate will be hers in an hour or so's time, and with it a matter of \$50,000 that has come out of moonlight whisky. Now, sir, will you give a dying man a hand?"

"I will do anything that lies within my power."

"Then find out my daughter," came the astonishing reply, "and marry her."

Horror struck the Englishman started to his feet. Did not this man realize that he was a murderer, still red handed?

"My God," said old man Swanlee, "you are not going to refuse me?"

He stretched out a bony hand and caught at the other's gaiter. "Heavens, man, think what you are saying! Think what this means to me!"

The other turned away his head in despair.

"It is not much I am asking. She's beautiful. I had her photograph sent me only the other day. She's highly educated; she's well born; she's rich. What more can a young man want in a wife?"

"But," broke in the Englishman desperately, "I am not free. I met a girl in Paris awhile back and crossed with her here in the boat from Havre. Before we landed in New York she had

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MANITOBA AND THE NORTHWEST.

On the 14th the Department of Agriculture for the Province of Manitoba issued a Crop Bulletin, and the good news therein was supplemented by confirming tidings from travellers into that part of the Dominion; they were agreeably surprised at the promising outlook.

The news was hailed with felicitation, a strong spirit of gratulation was taking root in commercial circles, a spirit that betokened a seeding of confidence, that quality of confidence upon which Capital founds expectations and by which enterprises are developed.

Like a thief in the night, frost invaded the wheat fields and there was apprehension as to the extent, but no great fear was felt of damage upon a large scale, 10 per cent. being the mental estimate.

The kernel was well filled and in most places matured to the order of frost proof; in places where less matured the worst that could be expected would be wheat touched, that might be called frosted wheat, for which there is a good market at a price under the value of sound wheat.

The Bankers' Association at Winnipeg, through 123 correspondents whose estimates they have averaged, give the following as the estimated crop, which it is hoped will be realized in the granaries:

Wheat,	27.09 bushels to the acre, in all about.....	Bushels 30,890,076
Oats,	49.70 bushels to the acre, in all about.....	24,088,102
Barley,	37.43 bushels to the acre, in all about.....	5,658,224

In the order of cycles there should be a good crop this year of our Lord 1895, and the hope will no doubt be father to the thought, heavy rains may now be feared as frost was feared before the cutting of the grain. Dry weather is wanted while the grain is in the shocks until stocked or threshed.

It is said that this year the yield per acre will rival and excel the yields of 1887, but all estimates, so far seen, fail to do so; in that year many farms gave 50 bushels to the acre, a few over 60, and the average for Manitoba and the Northwest was over 32 bushels, all saved in good condition and the quality excellent, but the prices then, as now, were low.

The farmers of the prairies receive scant sympathy, and are in need of much; their difficulties as settlers in that now country are belittled in comparison with the difficulties that confronted the early settlers of Ontario; frost and the mid-geet are put against the frost and gophers of the prairies, but without belittling the trials of the early settlers in Ontario, there can be no question that the settlers of the prairies of the Northwest have been in need of forbearance from debtors and sympathy by way of encouragement

from the people of the older Provinces to whistle them into courage to keep on trying, as they have indeed done under most disheartening circumstances year after year.

Not a few have left the country, some returning to Ontario, others passing westward to British Columbia and into the United States, because of the disappointments in farming, the debts they incurred and their hopeless insolvency.

Fortunately for that part of the country, fortunately for the Dominion, there is a vivifying influence in the air that makes even a ruined Manitoban feel and say there is no country like it; the very horses are more spirited, horses found to be well nigh used up in Ontario soon become quickened and spirited under the influence of the tonic qualities of the air they breathe on the prairies.

But for the set-backs and disappointments with respect to the crops the Manitobans would be very proud men; they showed their spirit of daring at the time of the boom; those who engaged in the commercial balloons of that time did not however remain to take the hygienic benefits from the oxygen of that rarely pure atmosphere, only those who remained and tilled the land can speak of it as it has been to them, a land of promise and of cloud; a land of hope and hope, hope always hope, with sometimes a crop like to that of 1887, and let us hope, as it will be, of 1895.

Not many of the farmers of Manitoba can speak from experience of the crop in former seasons there. One old farmer says of 1875 that they were afflicted with grasshoppers that year; that in 1876 they suffered from wet; in 1877 they had a good crop; in 1878 they had an open winter and a good crop as far as quality went, in 1879 a fair crop, and in 1880 the same, but he makes no mention of frost and is of the opinion that there were fewer complaints, perhaps because there was less wheat grown.

Comparing seasons of a later date we find that in:—

- 1884 there was a good crop of wheat.
- 1885 the crop was damaged by frost, but the yield was large per acre.
- 1886 the yield was small per acre, the quality good, the season dry.
- 1887 the yield and quality were exceptionally good.
- 1888 the prospect was surpassingly fine until blasted by frost on the morning of the 8th of August. This year may be contrasted with that of 1885; both were most promising of an abundant yield, the seasons favorable and the people joyfully expectant; but frost came in 1885 as early as the 25th of July, and in 1888 at the break of day on the 8th of August, in one half hour the joy of the Prairie farmers was turned into mourning, and in some cases to weeping.
- 1889 the winter was exceptionally mild, drouth followed, gophers in countless numbers, unable to find moisture, cut the plant near the ground to take the moisture from the stem of the wheat, drouth stayed the growth, and that year, the mildest in its opening, was the saddest in the history of Prairie farming, for less than six bushels to the acre was the yield for the husbandman.
- 1890 the crop was damaged by wet weather in the harvesting.
- 1891 the crop was damaged in harvesting by wet weather and snow which fell while in the shocks.
- 1892, 1893 and 1894 had vicissitudes within recollection, the harvesting weather and the prices obtained being chiefly instrumental in keeping down the spirits of the farmers, who will now be jubilant over the fruitful fields and anxious to save the wheat for the threshers.

THE GOPHER.

This little animal elsewhere referred to in connection with the crops of Manitoba and the Northwest is the field pest of the Prairies. It is not much larger than a squirrel, and not unlike one.

They belong to the order of rodents, but are not at all vicious. During the wheat season they are persistent thieves of the grain which they carry away for their winter wants in the holes which they make under the surface of the ground.

The farmers do not grudge what they take in ordinary years, but in the years that have been memorable for drouth these pests have been most destructive; failing moisture from rain or from the melting snow upon the ground in the opening spring, they have in those years cut the plant when a few inches above the ground to suck the moisture from the stems; in 1888, when the drouth was of long duration after a winter that was exceptionally mild, these pests laid waste thousands of acres of wheat when in the immature state.

They cover the Prairie in countless numbers; are seen every few yards in the open road and to the stranger seem most amusing. At the approach of a buggy they stand upon their hind feet as if their fore paws were hands, and like a child playing "hide and seek" they utter their "peep, peep," and at the crack of the whip run into one of the holes with which the ground is burrowed all over the country.

The municipalities pay one cent per tail, the tail being the evidence they require that a gopher has been killed; in this work the Indians and boys derive pleasure and profit shooting the little animals with air guns or capturing them with looped strings, then cutting off their tails for the money they bring.

"Gopher, injun's friend," is the saying of the Indians; the latter more often saving their lives to let the tails grow again.

They are very prolific, giving two to three litters during a season, with from three to nine in each litter, the young of the Spring months being generally matured to attack the crop of that same season when harvesting.

PROPHECY.

Retrospection, when applied to the Press that obtains as worthy of credence in the line of prophesying, is invariably a reverie of disappointment to the speculators who are led by the misled writers. There is a striking resemblance with respect to this in the files of the Press recording the following:—

"BOOM MAY COME AT ANY TIME."

LONDON, Nov. 14th, 1892.—"The Financial News" says it thinks that the long expected boom in American securities may come now at any hour. The American speculators, it declares, have not yet grasped the potential source of traffic expansion that will be afforded by the Chicago Columbian Exposition. There is nothing extravagant in the estimate that \$250,000,000 of foreign money will be left in America as the harvest of the exhibition. Americans will be literally burdened with money seeking investment."

The Financial News erred by about four to five years, during which time there has been a crisis of unprecedented severity.

As surely as night follows day, and extremes meet, so surely will there be a boom, and that of extreme vitality in the commercial and financial world, but the time is not yet, though a steady improvement in trade circles for a year or more may be expected to precede the boom that is sure to come, then all staples will advance in price and labor will be king in the industrial world.

BOUSQUET vs. CARBONNEAU.—CARBONNEAU vs. BOUSQUET.

The actions and cross actions between the President and Manager of the Canadian Trading & Shipping Company are in process of settlement.

The ostensible purpose of the Company, the introduction of pure French wines to Canada may have been intentionally patriotic, but the practices in vogue for the development of the trade were said to be more racy than usual in the conservative commercial circles of Montreal, and not such practices as either of the irascible officers of that Company might care to expose in a police court.

BOHEMIAN CHRONICLES.

Max Nordau will write no more on "Degeneration." He says that one of his reasons for writing the book was that he was tired of being known as the writer of "Conventional Lies of our Civilization." Now every body speaks of him as "The author of 'Degeneration,'" and as he is at present engaged on a novel and a play, no doubt many of those mentioned in the first named book will accord him that title in more than one sense.

He has supported his mother and sister, with whom he lives, since he was sixteen years old. He cares for nothing but his writing, which has well repaid his devotion, as of all contemporary writers he enjoys the widest European celebrity.

Robert Sherard in the August Bookman writing poor Guy de Maupassant says: "As people don't buy De Maupassant's books, and don't read him, why can they not leave his name alone? Those of us who reverence his name are constantly being irritated by the pretensions of this or that scribbler to be his literary heir." No, there is no English Maupassant, there is no Australian Maupassant, no Shropshire, no Canadian, no Channel Islands, no Gibraltar Maupassant. It is not in them. There was only one Maupassant, and that was Guy. He was one of the greatest writers of prose who ever lived and of fiction he was a past master. He knew as few men know the inner workings of the human heart. And he died mad, and now nobody reads his books. Let his name alone.

A broken heart, madness, death, neglect. *Es ist genug.* You must agree that the last three are enough, even if you do not believe in the heart. Dr. Buckland, the Dean of Westminster, evidently believed in two. At the time of the French Revolution, the heart of Louis XIV was purchased from one of the Terrorists, who had been church-wrecking, by Lord Harcourt, who was in Paris. He took it home to Nuneham, where it was carefully kept in a small silver box, it having shrunk to the size of a walnut. One night when it was being passed round the dinner table for inspection, Dean Buckland, in one of his absent fits, before any one could stop him, popped it into his mouth and swallowed it!

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) the authoress of that much talked-about book: "The Gods, some mortals, and Lord Wickenham," has since her divorce been elected President of the Society of Women Journalists of London.

The latest successful writer of short stories is George A. Hibbard, of Buffalo. He writes stories of New York Society. Mr. Hibbard bears a striking resemblance to Richard Harding Davis; so much so that his portraits have been mistaken for that writer, and *vice versa*.

Paul Alfred de Carzon, the French painter who died recently, was a most distinguished ludecapist, though his death was scarcely noticed by the press. He made his debut in the salon of 1843. His paintings bore a resemblance

to Bonouilles, being semi-classic in style. He was a pupil of Drolling and Cabat.

Among the most talked of works at the Champ de Mars salon is a large picture by Eugene Carriere, representing a theatre of the masses, painted analytically and brutally, a la Zola. It is a group of character studies, realistic beyond description. Also "Abandoned," a sensational picture by Couturier; a sea scene, a tempest raging, the ship at its mercy, a sailor drowning, while his agonized comrades helplessly watch his struggles, and the ship's chaplain gives forth the *De Profundis*.

Louis Deschamps, famous for his pictures of children, especially by that of a baby in swaddling clothes hanging to a convenient nail, has a set of studies of children of different ages which are said to equal if not to surpass any of his former works. Eight exquisite dreamy Cazins, and two Dagnan-Boungrets, wonderful in their beautiful simplicity are also on view, and a delightful cartoon for the decoration of a private swimming bath by Bastien Lepage.

What memories of the poor ill-starred genius Marie Bashkirtseff and the closing chapters of her famous journal does that name "Bastien Lepage" recall.

John W. Alexander is among the American artists whose works are regularly exposed at the Parisian exhibitions. He has ten studies this year at the Champ de Mars salon, they are catalogued as the fleeting thoughts and impressions, outlined for reference and development. Few artists are held in higher esteem by their French brothers of the brush and palette than Alexander.

Those who have read that the world is hollow and their doll stuffed with sawdust, at the word "Unavailable" on a returned M.S. will probably wish, on reading the Chinese for it, that our editors and publishers had graduated in Mongolia; here it is:

"Illustrious brother of the sun and moon! behold thy servant prostrate at thy feet. We salaam to thee, and beg that of thy graciousness we may speak and live. Thy honored manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its countenance on us. With rapture we have pursued it. By the bones of our ancestor we have never encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought. With fear and trembling we return the writing. Were we to publish the treasure you sent us, the Emperor would order that it be made the standard, and that none be published except such as equalled it. Knowing literature as we do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, we send your writing back. Ten thousand times we crave your pardon. Behold! our head is at your feet. Do what you will. Your servant's servant, the dirty low despicable editor."

There are two apt sayings going the rounds of the literary world; the first that of Mr. Zangwill, who speaks of certain contemporaneous writers as "falling into the sore and Yellow Book"; the second is by an essayist in Blackwood's who classifies decadent literature as of three kinds, "Erotic, Neurotic, and Tommyrotic." If the originator of the last is a man, he should never marry, as nature has placed insuperable obstacles between him and his kindred spirit, but if of the God bless 'em sex, she should propose to Max Nordau by wire.

Du Maurier's health will not allow of his accepting the offers made him to lecture in America. His share of the profits on the play of Trilby is said to be \$700 per week. The name of the book he is now writing is said to be "The Martians." It will deal with school life in France and the Quartier Latin.

Leon Daudet, whose "Les Morticoles" has made his name known far and wide, and which, looked upon as an attack on the French medical world, brought such a tempest of abuse about his

head, is writing a serial for the *Nouvelle Revue*, dealing with modern Parisian society. It is a satire against the affectations of certain modern French literary schools.

Barrie's new novel, "Sentimental Tommy," will commence in *Scribner's Magazine* next January. It is said to be a study of child life. Barrie finished it a year ago, but would not publish it, as he felt he could improve it, and it is only lately that he could be persuaded to let it go into the publisher's hands.

A certain recent London sensation has apparently had a beneficial effect upon the "Yellow Book." It has lost the faintest shade of the "doubtful," and there are symptoms indicating nothing. Apropos of nothing, I remember in the days of my youth asking my landlady how to spell that last word chronic, and she would not tell me. She said she did not want it in any of my fairy tales, because it was what her father died of,—the Doctor said so.

Edmund Gosse got himself into trouble with the Author's Society by complaining in an after-dinner speech that the "unbridled greed" of authors would probably destroy the publishers. The subject is treated at length by Andrew Lang in the September *Cosmopolitan*. The authors say they are not greedy, and Hall Caine insists that the authors are telling the truth. I think that such a way of behaving at a dinner-party is contrary to the usages of good society, so the Author's Society must be bad. It was not nice of Mr. Gosse to say that their unbridled greed would likely destroy the publishers. It is bad enough to call them gluttons without insinuating that they are cannibals as well. If there was not much at the dinner-party why didn't they divide?

Jose de Heredia, the poet, has just entered the French Academy, which appointed Francois Coppes its orator for the occasion. M. de Heredia is the most talked of man of the day in Paris. It was only recently that he published his beautiful sonnets, having kept them in manuscript for years. Coppes, alluding to the time the author spent upon them, said: "It takes time to cut diamonds." De Heredia is as voluble a talker as Tamas pere, and like him is a creole. He cares for nothing beyond his art, unless it be to argue with Alphonse Daudet in favor of the Academy, whom however he cannot convince. De Heredia has been much annoyed lately by a crank from Marseilles, who asserts that he has an electric battery within him, placed there by the renowned Academician, which compels him to do whatever the poet does. The crank, finding his letters of remonstrance unnoticed, set out for Paris, after warning M. De Heredia that he was coming to have his battery removed. He is now in the infirmary of the Depot Prison.

Zola has got one-third of "Rome" finished, and at the rate of four pages of manuscript a day he expects to have it finished by February of next year. He says it has involved him in more reading of books of reference, histories and theological works than any book he has written. It will be published in *Le Journal* in serial form first, and will probably be the longest of his works. Ferdinand Zau, the proprietor of *Le Journal* before "Lourdes" was begun, offered him \$100,000 money down if he would make over to *Le Journal* all rights of the three projected novels, of which "Rome" is to be the second. Zola refused.

Swinburne is impressive in appearance, though below the medium height; he has a very large head, covered with thick disheveled hair. He is 58 in years and 55 in other things.

A new French poet of eighteen has appeared on the literary horizon, doing the precocious pessimist act, with the famous Joan Richopin for ring-master, (whose new story, "Flamboche," is being published by *Le Journal*.) Richopin has written a preface to the "Chansons Cruelles et Douces" (Sonnets Cruel and Sweet) of the youth-

ful bard for he is a bard, whether he is or not;—a possible case of "The poet is born, not made,"—for his name is Andre Barde.

Four editions of "Gyp's" *Mariage de Chifon* were put on the market by us many publishers the same week. They say it is because it is the only one of her books that will bear translation. They evidently wish to encourage "Gyp" to mend her ways by holding out to her in time the horny hand of toil,—no, I mean the other hand whose title I forget, but of whose want of elasticity we always hear, in the last scene and last act, when the heroine, after screaming at "Mo heart!" and "Mo child" screams at the audience that if a particular kind of hand had been "stretched" out in time she would never have come to"—Click! Bang. Curtain.

B. H. M.

Topics of the Week.

The will of the late Mr. Warden King is not only interesting but instructive, and worthy of example. There are naturally many and handsome legacies to various charities in which Mr. King was interested and to which he gave generously while he lived, but he left some \$6,000 among those employees who had been longest with him. This is the point! How many millionaires recognize that their employees have helped them to build up their fortunes! How many see the justice of giving a bonus—or a dividend—even when they have no further chance of enjoying their wealth? Conduct such as this of the late Mr. King does more to arrest wild socialism and bring together capital and labor than can be readily imagined!

A peaceful invasion has taken place during the week, and our city has been in the hands of the Knights Templars from the great Republic which is credited with the desire to annex the whole Dominion. These semi-military bands have paraded our streets in all the glory of their wonderful uniforms. More than that, they have waved the star-spangled banner aloft as they marched, without arousing any hostile manifestation on the part of John Bull. Let us hope that the visitors will go back and shame their friends into allowing any patriotic Britisher to fly the Union Jack on Queen's Birthday without interference from some zealous American who probably counts his naturalization papers among his treasures.

The right note has been struck in the Council by the suggestion of Ald. McBride that taxes should be levied on religious institutions. Here is the city in a state of insolvency, with merchants ruinously overtaxed and tenants driven out to suburban places, and yet thousands of dollars worth of property is occupying taxation entirely. Where is the justice of it? Why should any religious body derive all the benefits of a city and yet pay nothing towards it? Not only so, but a point remains which has not been noticed: A congregation builds a church; improvements put up the value immensely; they then sell the church at an enhanced price and build elsewhere. And yet they have paid nothing for the improvements which have increased the value of their property! If a church cannot pay its taxes, it deserves to be sold up, for it is too weak to live!

The Medico Chirurgical Society has found a mare's nest, and Mr. J. E. Dore, sanitary engineer, and Dr. Laberge, the city medical health officer, have agreed in the character of the discovery. The wonderful and dreadful thing discovered by these scientific gentlemen is that if the Harbour extension works now in progress are completed, the basin enclosed by the guard pier will become a menace to public health, because part of the sewage system empties into it. Mr. Dore is reported as having presented a detailed report

showing the awful thing that will happen if plan No. 6 is carried out, but it appears strange that this gentleman has apparently overlooked the precautions that are embodied in plan No. 6 for this obnoxious sewer. He appears to be ignorant—or he has ignored—that part of the scheme which provided for the extension of the sewer from the river front where it now empties to the end of one of the proposed new piers, 1,400 feet, or over a quarter of a mile into the river; while, as an alternative, it was proposed to carry the sewage under the wharves and empty it into St. Mary's current. Even if the sewer were only to be continued to the edge of the wharf, as at present, when the wharves are extended it would be about three times as far from the buildings as it is today. Mr. Dore should also have found out that each of the proposed new wharves is designed to have a culvert at the shore end so as to allow of circulation there instead of allowing stagnant pools as at present. Mr. Dore should also have found out that it was never intended to continue the guard pier without any break up to Victoria Bridge, but that sufficient provision was made to admit a current of water even when the river was as low as it is in this exceptional year. But the report would not have been as damaging towards plan No. 6 if these eminent gentlemen had considered it fully and fairly; nor would their reports have, incidentally of course, been so favorable towards abandoning the present Harbor and going down to Hochelaga or Maisonneuve where the speculators and railwaymen want to get rid of the land they have secured. Will the public not recognize the curious fact that this plan No. 6 which was selected after such searching enquiries and deliberation is being attacked in a very suspicious way? After three years of work at the scheme under the sanction of the Government, the Government engineer's report against it; the Minister of Public Works attends the meeting of the Harbor Commissioners; the Commissioners swallow their actions of the past three years in a hurry; the sanitary authorities suddenly waken up and find the public health endangered! What does it all mean? If there is no reason for this sudden change, it means that the Department of Public Works is vacillating; that the Harbor Commissioners are unfit for their positions, and that the Guardians of Public Health have been asleep. But it may mean something else. It is a conundrum will anybody guess it?

CHIT-CHAT.

The first of the Autumn bonnets to appear are those in light felts,—light, not only in color, but in weight. Pearl gray, golden brown and heliotrope are the favorite colors. The latest bonnets "poko" a little, but are very chic, and what head wear looks so dressy as a neat and dainty bonnet. Now, if you want something nice and up to date just call at Miss Kennedy's, St. Lawrence St. I see she has the very latest in bonnets and hats, and will make to order any hat to suit your taste. If you prefer to leave it to her who has the art of finding the shape and color most becoming to any face.

I noticed a very sweet looking face on a tramway the other evening, whose attractiveness was the more striking for the very up to date evening bonnet the owner wore. The small square shape fitted close to the head and was braided with gold beads all over the crown; around the edge was coarse ocre lace stiffened to the desired shape; at each side of the front exactly as roses were two poppies with a few delicate leaves arranged about them quite closely; from out of that on the left side there sprang an aigrette of white heron's feathers; just across the front, between the two poppies and concealing the meeting of the brim and crown, was a band of golden brown velvet thickly studded with Rhinestones; and at the back, just at the centre, was a high bunch of leaves, brown, gold and green, with a few pink rose buds on the side; the ties

were of golden brown ribbon velvet, and near the left ear, where the bow was made, a small poppy fastened the loops. It was rather showy, but not more so than many of the new bonnets, and looked very well.

Large velvet hats will be much worn this fall and early winter, they require so many feathers to trim them that economy is out of the question. Birds can be used instead of feathers, and look just as well.

Artificial flowers are much in vogue on dancing gowns, and a Parisian lady in New York society was seen lately with a gown of violet *glace* silk with the short puffed sleeves made entirely of pink rose buds.

Shoulder capes are still in favor, and to increase the breadth of the shoulders they are entirely lined with fibre chamoir, which the prevailing mode requires for nearly every part of a ladies costume.

Grass linen embroidery will continue popular throughout the fall. It will be much used as a trimming on many of the cloth dresses.

The separate bodices is very much worn; women realize not only its becomingness but its usefulness, and economy as well.

That a skirt will out-wear many bodices is a well known fact. Ribbon lace, velvet and fancy buttons are used as a trimming upon plain material.

The butter colored lace still continues to be used as a trimming, but is shown in a much better quality. A little of it will go a long way in trimming. Combinations of black and white trimmings or black silk or woolen bodies are pretty.

A very pretty bodice for the house, and evening wear is of pearl gray silk, with silver gray and pink trimming, with a black velvet skirt it looks particularly well.

We cannot much longer go out "in our figure" as the French say.

The material most favored for autumn coats is a rather rough surface black, depending for its style and smartness on its cut.

Very pretty indeed are the green cloth coats, made quite long after the Louis Quatorze fashion, with vests of white cloth elaborately braided in gold or silver, and closing with small gold or silver buttons, the cuffs, and reverses faced with white cloth, and braided to harmonize with the vest.

Velvet, satin, and silk in black heavily trimmed with cut jets will much be worn by elderly ladies for winter wraps. The French color plates for fall and winter are out early this season and do not show any startling change. A new shade is Nasturtium "Circé" too, of an orange red cast will be much used in millinery combinations, a very little of such a brilliant color giving a striking effect. Leading colors in dress goods show golden yellow, orange turquoise and blue. Brown is a standing favorite just at present; by midwinter many more sober hues will prevail.

E. H. McN.

FROM SOCIETY QUEEN TO ZINGARA.

ONE OF A NOMADIC GROUP WHO LONG AGO WAS A BELLE IN NEW YORK SOCIETY.

A special correspondent of the New York Press from Binghamton, N. Y., says that in a party of gypsies encamped near that city is a tall, willowy, dark-complexioned woman apparently thirty-four years old who, though attired in gypsy costume and adapting herself to the nomadic life, apparently does not belong to the race. Squatted in one corner of her tent she unfolded to the Press correspondent a tale sounding like a chapter from the latest novel.

During the season of 1873-4 Marcia de Paula was a leader in New York society. Her peculiar

beauty soon won for her a train of admirers, which was nearly doubled during a winter she spent in Washington. As a social function in the latter city she met Signor Marquoeza, a Brazilian gentleman. Both were infatuated. Marquoeza was wealthy, owning a large plantation in Brazil, and exhibited proofs of his descent from an old and respected family. No obstacles were placed in the way of the happy couple, and on December 23, 1874, they were married.

The Brazilian plantation was a long way from any town of importance, and the young bride, shut off from all associates, pined for companionship. Meantime rumors of insurrections injured business on the plantation. Her husband became morose. Then he went to drinking, and as matters went from bad to worse sought consolation with a handsome half-breed girl, the daughter of one of his overseers. Previous to his northern marriage he had paid the girl considerable attention, and she painted in glowing colors herself as mistress of the "great white house." When Marquoeza returned with his wife her jealousy, rage and disappointment were at white heat, but she bided her time. When Marquoeza again returned to her she concocted a scheme for ridding herself of the obnoxious white mistress and taking her place in the mansion.

One night Marcia was awakened by a rustling sound among the vines covering the window of the hudoir. She arose to strike a light, and as the match flickered in her hand there was a scream of mortal agony and her husband bounded from his couch. Dangling from his arm was a viper of the moecasin species, which had fastened its fangs in his flesh. The reptile was speedily killed, but in half an hour the man died in awful agony. Then it came out that the girl, thinking Marquoeza was spending the night at a distant village, had dropped this snake (which she had long cherished in hopes of vengeance) upon the couch Marcia occupied, she hoping to remove her without casting suspicion upon herself.

After Marquoeza's death the estate was found to be hopelessly in debt. Creditors awarded down and claimed everything, turning the unfortunate Marcia out friendless, penniless and alone in a strange country. At this juncture a Spanish gypsy, one of the few human beings that had called at the lonely mansion, and whom she had once befriended when ill, appeared and offered her refuge with his people and their escort toward her former home in the United States. Together they travelled overland for two weary years, always moving north. At last they reached Washington, the scene of her former social triumphs. Now, however, she was without money or social position, and so accustomed had she become to the wandering life that she decided to remain with the camp and journey further northward. She is now the wife of the gypsy who befriended her and seems perfectly content with her nomadic existence.

Social and Personal.

Lieut. A. M. Burns, of the 5th Royal Scots, has returned from Kingston, where he has completed his course.

Miss Edith McColl has returned to Longueuil from Tuck's Landing.

Rev. Canon Thornloe, of Sherbrooke, is at the Elephantis, Georgeville.

Mrs. Alexander Rough and Miss Rough have returned to Montreal from St. Andrew's, Que.

Miss Drinkwater, F. H. Thackott, Esq., Mrs. and Miss Hughes, Duncan Loggett, Miss Lillian Loggett, Miss Tross, Montreal, are at the St. Lawrence Hall, Cacouna.

Mr. Nolan DeLisle and family, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Weir, and Miss Cavillier, Montreal, are at Rimouski.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Weir and family have returned to Montreal from Cacouna.

Miss Rothwell, of Sherbrooke street, has returned to Montreal from Little Metis.

Dr. J. Albert Dickson and Mrs. Dickson, of

Knowlton, Que., and Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Grafton, of Dundas, are staying at the Windsor Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Paton will return to the city from Lakeside next week.

Mr. Chesley Woods, who has been appointed Manager of the firm of John Woods & Son, Newfoundland, left on Friday last per SS. "Bona vista," accompanied by Mrs. Woods, for St. John's, Newfoundland.

Among the passengers on R.M.S. "Vancouver," due in port to-day, are the Rev. G. Osborne Troop, of St. Martin's Church, and family, and Mr. J. J. MacLaren, Q.C., and Mrs. MacLaren, of Toronto.

The Hon. Mr. Chapleau and party started on Wednesday on a trip to the Pacific coast by the Winnipeg express, travelling in the special car, "Barncliffe," which was placed at their disposal. The trip will probably be of six weeks' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. G. Dettmers, Master Robt. and Master Osmond Dettmers, Miss Vivian Dettmers, Master Reginald Dettmers, Miss Edythe Dettmers, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wilder, Misses Kathleen, Louise and Ruth Wilder, Mrs. Joseph Fortier, Misses Aimee, Eren, and Grizella Fortier, Master Robert Fortier, and Miss Kate Reasbeck, are among the Montrealers rusticating at Sandy Beach Farm, Knowlton, Que.

Miss Wheatley has returned from her trip to Lakeside.

Colonel Butler left the city on Wednesday to attend the Dominion Rifle Association now in progress at Ottawa.

Mr. Kleckzowski, French Consul-General, and Hon. Joseph Royal, were of Lieutenant Governor Chapleau's party bound for the West.

The Hon. C. Alexander, of Calodon, Ireland, was at the St. Lawrence Hall this week.

Miss Donzel, of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, was the guest of Mrs. Page-Thrower this week.

Mrs. Captain Bourassa has returned from her trip down the Saguenay.

Rev. M. A. Glassbrook, England, was at the Windsor Hotel this week.

The wedding of Mr. T. Archibald Ward and Miss Bossie Galbraith, daughter of Wm. Galbraith, Esq., of Carter, Galbraith & Co., took place on Wednesday evening at Douglas Church in this city. Mr. H. Galbraith, brother of the bride, was groomsmen, and Miss Violet Hayes, bridesmaid. The pretty bride wore a most becoming gown of *eau de nil* silk, and the bridesmaid looked charming in mauve silk trimmed with Limerick lace. The wedding was very quiet, only a few of the most intimate friends of the contracting parties being invited. Mr. and Mrs. Ward left by Central Vermont train on a tour of the States.

Mr. John J. Griffin, of Washington, D.C., is at the Hall.

Dr. N. A. Smith, of Treleighsburg Quebec, is at the Hall.

Mr. F. O. Lamarche, of Berthor, is at the Riendeau.

Mr. M. B. Lovel of Coaticook, Mr. John D. Miner and family; Mr. J. Vair and family, of Pictou, are at the Balmoral.

Mr. S. Wilmot, of Ottawa, is at the Windsor.

Mr. Peter McRae, of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Parker, of Buffalo, are at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Dr. H. C. Register, of Philadelphia, is registered at the Queen's Hotel.

HOW TO KISS.

PERHAPS YOU THINK YOU KNOW HOW, BUT THE PECTORS CAN GIVE YOU SOME GOOD POINTERS.

Officials of the New York Department of Health think that kissing is a source of danger and a possible means of communicating diseases of the throat and lungs, says the *Herald* of that city. They have no such settled convictions,

though, as the Chicago health officers, who have issued a manifesto warning Chicagoans against indiscriminate kissing.

The conditions are different in Chicago. The people are expansive. The latest order seems to be framed for the benefit of those persons who are apt to act upon impulse. Dr. Reilly, the Chicago Health Officer, says in his last monthly report:

"Do not let others kiss you indiscriminately, and never without first wiping your lips with carbolized rosewater and thoroughly drying them."

An attaché of the New York Board of Health, who declined to permit the use of his name, said that if Dr. Reilly's excellent sanitary advice were followed closely great benefit would accrue to the entire kissable population.

"The matter of kissing," he said, "should be attended with the utmost deliberation. A kiss once given can never be recalled. They should, sir, not be thoughtlessly bestowed. If, for instance, when two women meet upon the street, think how much better it would be for them to bow, smile, then back away a few paces and anoint their lips with carbolized rosewater, which could be carried in a vinaigrette suspended from the belt. Then by the time they had carefully dried their lips they could approach and decorously exchange salutes.

"All helpless infants should, in my opinion, have a bottle of carbolized water hung around their necks, accompanied by several handkerchiefs, so that all necessary precautions could be taken before they were subjected to the promiscuous osculation which it seems impossible for them to escape.

"At the seaside and in the mountains a supply of this carbolized rosewater would, in my opinion, be invaluable. It should be an indispensable adjunct for every summer girl, for it is hard to tell what exigencies might arise. The use of such precautions, sir, might prevent the giving of kisses prompted by a mere caprice, and encourage the transmission of those which are given from feelings of the deepest affection."

Dr. Parker, the pathologist of the Board of Health, said that there was much sound sense in Dr. Reilly's advice.

"It is impossible to tell whether consumption has ever been transmitted by a kiss, as there are other ways in which the germs may get into the system. I do not, however, agree with Dr. Reilly's observation that kissing is vicious, intolerable and barbaric. Perfectly well persons should have their own option about the matter. I think that it is not likely that the Board of Health will issue any official warning.

"There are, it is true, several nations who do not kiss at all; but I think that it will be a long while before a crusader will arise who will be able to suppress a custom which has such general sanction."—*San Francisco Examiner*.

Heroes and Heroines of Canadian History Competition.

To encourage young folks in the study of our history, "SATURDAY NIGHT" offers the following prizes: A Prize of \$10 to the girl or boy under sixteen who writes the best essay of 200 words on some hero or heroine of Canadian History. Another a prize of \$5 to the boy or girl under thirteen who will write the best similar essay.

All essays must be certified, as to age and authorship, by parent or teacher, and accompanied by the following coupon, with blank spaces filled in. To be sent to Competition Department "SATURDAY NIGHT," on or before Oct. 2nd, 1895.

Canadian History Competition.	
Name of _____	_____
By _____	_____
Address _____	_____
Age _____	_____
Certified by _____	_____

WILDE IN PRISON.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION BY A FRENCH CORRESPONDENT WHO SAW HIM IN WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON.

But was not Permitted to have an Interview with Him. Oscar is Fat and Healthy, but has a Bloated Stupid Look.

Patent Transmutation of the Man Who but a short time ago was lionized by English Nobility and Famous the World over, With a Dismal Future.

The London correspondent of the *Edho de la Semaine* contributes to its most recent number the following graphic description of Oscar Wilde, the imprisoned champion of estheticism:

Only twice have I been able to catch a glimpse of Oscar Wilde in the crowded court room of Old Bailey.

Each time I was shocked by the changed appearance of this apostle of the new cult. Just five years before his trial I was present on a festive occasion when the American admirers of Shakespeare inaugurated the monumental fountain in honor of the great poet at Stratford-on-Avon.

There were two conspicuous figures present in that distinguished assembly of poets and literatures—Henry Irving and the subject of my sketch.

What a contrast then between those two men, both lionized by society!

ANTITHETICAL GENIUSES.

The histrionic artist appeared the tragedian in contour and bearing, and his speech was fraught with the grave sentiments and earnest expression of the dramatic poet. Henry Irving was brief, touching, un sentimental and perfectly modest.

On the other hand, Wilde showed throughout his declamatory utterances a certain bravado. He even had the audacity to name two or three of his literary efforts within a few steps of the garden where Shakespeare created his Cordelia, Desdemona and Juliet. But his voice was so seductive, his gestures so captivating, that his was the greater applause.

Society adored him then, and even the more sober-minded philosopher who ridiculed his esthetic theories could not help but like this noble countenance, alight with youth and intelligence, which, though erratic one-sidedness was evident in some of its lineaments, bespoke earnest candor and truth.

A BLOYANT YOUTH.

He was at that time already thirty five years old, but did not look more than twenty-five.

When the hour came for the guests to return to London he did not take the train. An elegant equipage awaited him, already occupied by a young man and two girls, both members of the nobility. On the carriage and on the harness of the horses ancient coat-of-arms were displayed. Oscar Wilde was driven to Warwickshire, where he was to spend the rest of the evening.

This morning I saw Oscar Wilde again in the yard of the prison where he has been condemned to spend two years of his existence.

The rules of the institution forbid the interviewing of prisoners, so I had no opportunity to speak to him.

EXAMINED BY SIGHT ONLY.

For the third time sensational rumors regarding the failing health of Wilde had been circulated, which caused the government to appoint two doctors to study by sight (i. e., only by sight) the condition of the prisoner. A few press representatives, one of whom was designated by

the relatives of Oscar Wilde, were permitted to accompany the physicians provided that no one would betray his presence by sign or sound.

We were invisible to the prisoner; he could not possibly have surmised our presence.

The warden grouped us into an apartment adjoining his office, of which the window gave an excellent view of a large courtyard. Wire trolleys covered the window, so that we could see without being seen. Every Sunday at 10 o'clock, after divine service, we are told, Wilde is conducted here for exercise and contemplation. A large oaken door closes the yard opposite our window.

There were nine of us in the room. Only one of the party was an intimate friend of Wilde. The others had only seen him in the theatre, in the Bow street police court and on similar occasions.

THE IMPRISONED APOSTLE.

It is 10 o'clock. At the first stroke of the bell the heavy oaken door is opened and a large, dimly lighted hall opens to our view. The warden's clerk tells us that Wilde is now on his way from the chapel to the courtyard, where he encounters no one, but is nevertheless under constant and vigilant espionage. As soon as he arrives in the yard the doors seem to close automatically, and a solitary, silent guard is stationed near the door to watch the promenade.

We have a good view of him already as he slowly descends the heavy staircase near the oaken door. He walks in his stocking feet, holds his sabots in his left hand and glides his right over the balustrade. On the threshold of the oaken door he steps into his wooden shoes and descends to the courtyard. A sharp whistle and the door is closed. This is Wilde.

THINKS HIMSELF UNOBSERVED.

In his first movements he draws himself to his full length, stretches his arms, then removes his cap. I can hardly recognize the erstwhile genteel personage. He has not grown thin. To me he appeared even larger and more broad shouldered than in his better days, and I believe that he has gained in *avoids*. Yet the change is awful. That unnatural yellow paleness, the hideously shaven face, the shorn locks, made all the difference. What a contrast—this expressionless, stupid, bloated physiognomy, with its prison tansure and discolored flesh to the buoyant countenance flushed with success and happiness which I beheld five years before in Stratford!

ONE HOUR'S EXERCISE PER WEEK.

The prisoner now begins his exercise, first with a brisk trot with the object of using his time—one hour per week—to the best advantage; then slower, and, finally, it is changed to a languid step.

There is a small shade near the wall, and under it a stone bench. Wilde sits down. His movements are like those of a man who thinks himself alone, unobserved.

A PITIFUL SIGHT.

Finally he seems thoroughly fatigued, his head falls back against the wall and he falls asleep.

At first we doubt it, and think he is only resting, but his regular respiration soon undeceives us.

Poor devil! Has he not suffered enough?

Released or in prison, society has forever discarded him, and in his own body and soul he carries to his dying hour the rewards of his misdeeds.

Let mercy prevent his further degradation and ruin!

AN EDITOR OVERCOME.

Newspaper people (says an exchange) are proverbially temperate as well as virtuous. We believe, however, one of the craft did get "slightly tight" a few days ago, and the following is a specimen of his broadsheet as it appeared the next day: "Yesterday morning, at 4 p.m., a small man named Jones, or Brown, or Smith,

with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. Vindicate to the jury that the deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament his untimely loss.—*Frank Leslie's Budget.*

THE SUMMER YOUTH.

[Written for "Montreal Saturday Night."]

Men seldom go to watering places for their health. Oh, dear, no. In nine cases out of ten it is the flock of bright, bewitching maidens that attract them to the gay resorts—like the magnetized needle to the pole.

It is a relief to them to steal away from heavy cares for a few short weeks and drink to the full the beauties of nature. They are there for pleasure and they mean to have it. The glances of lovely maidens gratify men's vanity. Introductions, if they really desire the acquaintance and are quite proper young men, are easily obtainable.

Then the real business of the summer season is begun. How easy it is to drift into sentimentality while floating about among the water's lilies of the sequestered lake with a bright-eyed girl opposite, or sitting under the blossoming lilac trees that make the air redolent with their dreamy, subtle perfume, while the young man reads to his companion from the book of love-poems she has ingenuously brought with her, obviously to while away the morning's ramble. How natural to look a world of sweet nothings into her responsive eyes and whisper, "How true are the words of the poet."

Summer and sunshine, flowers, a pretty girl in a leafy glen, are attractions which somehow impel a man to drift into love-making almost against his own volition, if the girl is winning and clever.

Ten to one if he had met the girl in her plain, dark, woolen gowns in the street of the city; or had been thrown in contact with her at the house of some mutual friend, he would never have given her a second thought. When he returns to the city he leaves the summer life with its sweet indolence and inaction behind him. For a week, perhaps, he misses the lovely face. He writes a long letter full of admiration and loneliness; then, with a sigh, takes up the tangled thread of dull life again. By the time a second or third week of the old home life has been taken up again he is amazed to find how easy it is to forget his summer idol, as he has called her; the letters grow farther apart, and ere the snow flies they have ceased altogether.

The next season he hides himself away to some other resort, lest at the old place he might meet his quondam sweetheart with her reproachful eyes.

He finds newer beauties. The next girl is just as sweet, just as bewitching, and the same scene is enacted over again, only to meet with the same result when he returns to his cares in the city again. A few more seasons and his heart fails to retain even the lonely impressions of the first week of absence. He has made up his mind that he is not impressive, that his duty at the summer resort is to make love gallantly to every pretty girl he is thrown in contact with, and he reverts the thought that because he talks nonsense and poetry to them that they should regard his intentions in any way seriously. He has done his share toward making the summer days glide away pleasantly and agreeably for his companion as well as for himself, and there is the end of the matter, he tells himself.

People used to have an idea that when a young man singled out a young woman by special attentions at a summer resort, his object was matrimony, but now a days wise girls are beginning to realize that it may mean marriage, but the chances are ten to one against it. To the girl who knows her world and can take care of her-

self, it is all very well, but an unsophisticated girl is sure to think that all these low spoken words mean the deepest of love and he immediately becomes the hero of her day dreams; and when such a girl becomes thoroughly convinced that her companion of those sweet summer days has forgotten her, has ceased to long for those happy times, has gone out of her life for ever, it is a critical period in the girl's life. If she is high spirited, she jests about her recreant admirer and shows a brave face to the world; but beneath it all, her heart has received a cruel wound that time cannot heal without leaving a dry and rugged tear.

It was only a summer flirtation, but such trifles color the whole of a woman's after life.

Men, like the triumph of seeing the sudden vivid blush at sight of them, the shy glance and trembling hand; they never care to think of the woo they inflict by carelessly flirting and riding away. Youth is so inexperienced, a first sorrow of the heart darkens its universe, and many a bright girlish life is clouded forever all through man's vanity and carelessness.

Nothing is more contemptible than a male flirt. Many a man declares if he does flirt that he does so innocently and really does not know just what it is. Let me explain to him:

What is flirtation? Really,
How can I tell you that?
But when she smiles, I see his wiles,
And when he lifts his hat,
Tis walking in the moonlight,
Tis buttoning on a glove,
Tis lips that speak of plays next week
While eyes are talking love.
Tis meeting in the ball-room—
Tis whirling in the dance;
Tis something hid behind the lid,
More than a simple glance.
Tis parting when 'tis over,
And one goes home to sleep;
Best joys must end—tra la my friend,
But one goes home to weep

"CANTIN'S LOUP-GARON."

A TALE OF CANADIAN FOLK-LORE.

(Written for "Saturday Night.")

You ask me for tell it to you one histoire; always de same ting when I show it de face: "Nazairo,—tell it de histoire; Nazairo talk it a few." Well dis time I tell it to you one histoire drôle: one histoire of "Loup Garon": you not understand de word I well, dat's one beast-wolf you call it. Spuse you not gone to confession for seven year,—well, devle come and said to you: "mo frou, you not done your religion for seven year, bon; I turn you in pig!" (Sometime in horse or Cariboo, an' oder tings of beast) an' you turn, an' you stay one pig so long some-body not give it you one kick, for make you blood one drop; but if you blood one drop, you come back one man again,—comprenez? Bon; when I was young, I was love for play it de tours,—not bad heart, but hard face. Well dat time I was make it one promenade at St. David de l'Auberivage, one parish in de Comté de Levis: de Carême was goin' to began to commence, an' we was fêter de jours gras,—fat day! no,—Tuesday of de shrove you call it,—one big feast for de Canadiens.

Bon, near where I was live, was live de old bonhomme Cantin, an' de bonnefemme of him; dey was have one cow of de most very graceful, dat was generally always make it one deluge in de morning, an' one deluge in de night—deluge of mickle, comprenez? an' dat old pair was tink dat sun an' moon was shine joret for light it de cow, an' de cow was begin for come very proud.

One time I was said to my frou Armand Aubert: "Let us play it de tour on de old fool Cantin,—dey et bêta, onderstan' noting, an' de cow come so proud!" He was said to me, "I gone certainement, if you speak to abe; she look so

very devle I 'fraid." I say: "Leave it to me de bonnefemme, an' didn't frightened yourself." Wo was gone in de field of de Cantin, an' dere we was saw de cow of most graceful, an' very proud, tie après one fence. I was decide mo for steal dat very proud, and was sent it me frou wit her to de house of de him. When he was went, I was take it de rope an' put it on my neck, an' put it meself on mo four legs near fence, don I was make many noise not de same, jost like dat very graceful. Byombye dere was come (trot, trot), bonhomme Cantin, for see if very proud was had some pains.

"Oh, no!" he was said, an' he look at me commo-ca; (de head on de one side). "Kh, he!" he was said, an' he look at me commo-ci; (de head on de oder side), an' den he was cry, in one voice of very sad "Where was she went, my cow of v ry beautiful!" I was say: "Dat very beautiful? dat's meself!" "What was you said!" he was scream. "Yes; I was not make it my religion for seven year, an' devle was come turn me in cow." I was said.

"Sapristi! for what you come back in man. I was pay for you sixty bello piastros!"

"Voyons!" I was said, "you tink I was want to stayed in cow all de time, an' den die an' turn devle? Ta, ta, ta: pas si bêta! I was tire of dat; I was see paas one boy, an' I was let one scream of death after him, an' he was trow one piece of rock after my head; I was blood one drop, an' tout a coup, I was turn in man, an' boy was ran away!"

"Ah, ha!" was said de old Cantin, "you was one loup-garon! De first I never see; you must come see de bonnefemme, for sura!"

Wo was went in de house an' he was said: "Bonnefemme! look! look! look! dat was our very beautiful—she was one loup-garon!"

Bonnefemme Cantin was lox at me evrything, wit face of very sorrow; an' den she was said I mus' be hungry for de ragout an' was give big plate for make up for hay for seven year, an' she was look me an' cry, all the time I was eat:

"Hélas! de very beautiful! she make it no more one deluge in de morning, no more one deluge in de night!"

Mo I was burst with de laughs in mo throat; but I not let dem out. De bonhomme was look at me an' scratch his head.

Byembye good idee was come to me. I was said:

"Mo fren's you so very kin' it make me sorry for you; also I make deluge so long dat I 'fraid I die if I not make any more. Spuse you give it to me half de price of de very beautiful for feast de Tuesday of de Shrove an' I was promise after de feast time to turn in de very beautiful again! You know if I not gone to confession in one week devle turns me in Loup-garon again; but I'll told to you one ting; if you not let de peoples paas in de field of de very beautiful, an' if you make abe so proud, devle make her die soon, for loup-garon got no affaire for be proud."

Ah! dey was so glad—dey could eat dem-selves; but after I was digest meself a little dey was say: "Never sure we make proud again de very beautiful, but come an' we show it to you for why we make it her proud before." Dey looked me in de laitorie, an' show me six big pan full of mickle, an' said:

"See dat was your deluge of de morning!" Den dey was to take me in de bangard (what you call one shed) an' was show me one little—hal ha!—one little beast, an' was said:

"See, dat was your calf of de spring!"

Den I was obliged for let de laughs out of my throat. Dey give me thirty dollar,—dey say it was half de price of me, an' I was said: "You so kin' I have neder calf in de spring for you, surc." An' dey was tank me, an' I was went away. One week after dat, de very beautiful come back in de night; but I tell you she not so proud after den. De old Cantin always scold her an' call her "Loup-garon, dirty Loup-garon!" but never beat, for she blood one drop, an'

he be obligo for give noder thirty dollar. Me, I gone home same day dat very beautiful gone back. Long time I not see St. David de l'Auberivage; but mo frou Armand Aubert call me over: "Lo loup-garon de Cantin!"

DASH.

CROPS OF THE WORLD.

HOW THEY COMPARE WITH THOSE OF LAST YEAR.

Buda Pest, August 26.—The Government has issued an amplification of its wheat report issued last week. According to these latest figures the production of importing countries for 1895, as compared with the production in 1894, is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: COUNTRY, 1894, 1895. Rows include Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, The Netherlands, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, Scandinavia, Spain, Portugal, Greece.

The production of the exporting countries for 1895, as compared with that of 1894, is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: COUNTRY, 1894, 1895. Rows include Russia, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Turkey, India, The rest of Asia, The United States, Canada, Argentine Republic, Chili, Australia, Africa.

The aggregate production of the rye importing countries for 1895 is placed at 522,005,000 bushels, against 575,911,000 bushels in 1894. The production of the rye exporting countries for 1895 is estimated at 953,232,000, against 1,052,527,000 bushels in 1894.

RED INDIANS IN THE DARK.

One year an almost total eclipse of the sun took place in America. Educated people know exactly how it all would happen and took a great interest in it, watching through pieces of smoked glass the gradual withdrawal of the sun from sight. Even less well-informed people were curious to learn something of the cause of this strange, depressing darkness of the day-time; but the poor, ignorant North American Indians had room for only one feeling during the eclipse, and that was overwhelming terror. Some throw themselves on their knees and prayed wild prayers to God, others sank face downward on the earth, trembling before this great mystery, others, again, yelled and shrieked in frantic excitement.

Only one old fellow was collected enough to think of an expedient for averting this now and terrible evil of thick darkness. He stepped into his lodge, reappearing shortly with a pistol in his hand, which, after mumbling a few strange words, he pointed towards the hidden sun and fired. Then he threw his arms over his head in wild fashion and disappeared once more into the lodge.

As it happened, the moment he had chosen for this performance was the one when the eclipse had reached its fullest height. A little gleam of light now announced the sun's return into public life. His brother Indians, however, were sure the pistol-shot had done the work, and as each advancing moment restored them to fuller light and confidence they joyfully surrounded the old

warrior, congratulating him on the energy and promptitude with which he had recalled a fugitive sun to its sense of duty. H. A. P.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

"Between the dark and the daylight
When the night begins to show,
Comes a pause in the day's work,
That is known as the children's hour."
—Langfellow.

THE NEW BABY.

A new little baby came down from the sky—
Came down from the sky in the night,
A soft little baby with violet eyes,
Shining and pure and white.

But how did the little new baby get
Down here from the depth of the sky?
She couldn't have come alone, you know,
For she's much too young to fly.

Oh, the angels carried her down in their arms
From the far away, beautiful blue;
Brought her down from the arms of God,
A present to me and to you.

Gently they rocked and kissed her,
For fear that she might cry
When she was left alone in the dark,
And the angels said "Good bye."

So, you see, we must kiss the baby,
And give her a lot of love.

That she may not need the angels
Till she meets them again above.

E. H.

A BOY TRAVELLER.

A great traveller! That was what Adam Farrell wished to be. He was but a little fellow, yet he thought of this all day and every day; thought of it when he ought to have been doing his sums in school; thought of it when he ought to have been listening to his mother directing him on a message; thought of it, in fact, morning, noon and night.

It quite spoilt an otherwise good little boy; his mother openly lamented that he was not half the comfort to her that Jenmie, his younger brother of six, had become, and the complaint coming to Miss Part, his schoolmistress's ears, she resolved to see what she could do to loush this day-dream from the little lad's brain.

A fatherless child! It was a pity he should be allowed to knock his head against a wild fancy.

So she invited Adam to tea, and got out her large picture book for his amusement. A delightful book, full of illustrations of foreign lands, of strange beasts, of shipwrecks, of queer people.

Of course, Adam started directly on what his mother called his "craze."

He wished to be a traveller, to go all over the world—to begin directly—to sail for India, perhaps. Why the day he spent at Portsmouth he saw a big ship going out to India, and many children younger than himself were on board. Why shouldn't he go? It would be a deal better than lessons and running errands, and being scolded when you tore your clothes at home. (This last remark of Adam's was rather unfair, for his mother was very little of a scolder.)

Miss Part, however, was a very good-natured schoolmistress, and when she asked boys out to tea she never found fault with them, and this time she simply said:

"Would you like me to tell you about a real boy traveller, Adam?"

"Oh, yes, please, Miss Part," and the little boy fixed eager eyes upon her. "Was he as little as me?"

"Rather less," said Miss Part; "he was only seven years old; between you and Jemmie."

"And did he really make long voyages, and go through dangers, and see strange sights?" asked Adam, breathlessly.

"He did all that," said Miss Part, "tiny boy that he was; but, Adam, you must not interrupt.

I must tell my tale straight through, and then I will hear what you think of travelling."

"I think —" began Adam.

But Miss Part held up a finger; "Two cannot talk at once, one must listen."

Then she began.

"My boy traveller,"—I must call him 'Boy,' for I do not know his name—was coming home from India when his ship, the *Grasvenor*, was wrecked on the coast of Africa. You always want to be shipwrecked, Adam, so now you will hear all about it. One hundred and thirty-five people, among whom was Boy, the only child, reached shore in safety; only, however, to find themselves in a wild tract of country, with no houses near, no means of subsistence. What was to be done? The wisest of the band held a council and decided that they must try to reach the Dutch settlement at the Cape of Good Hope, the nearest point of civilization. The way will be across trackless deserts they know; wild beasts and cruel savages will be their constant fear; but it is their only chance.

To accomplish this end they think it best to divide into two parties. Boy is to go with the second, he is no one's child, but every one cares for him. Perhaps his father and mother are left behind in India, and think their child is sailing away to a pleasant climate and kind friends in England. Any way, Boy has no relations among the *Grasvenor* people. Still he sees some one in the first band whom he loves, and when he discovers that this person is going away from him, he stretches out his arms to him and cries:

"Poor Boy! he is weary and wet, perhaps, and a little fretful: never mind him. Who said that? None of the shipwrecked band. No. They look kindly on the little traveller, comfort him, dry his tears, and assure him that he shall go in the first division with his friend.

"So they start. Boy is not a baby, though he has cried once; he steadily trots under the burning sun, wearying his small feet in the long grass and deep sand, and only now and then looking pitifully up in some kind face to be carried a little while on some strong shoulder. And one and another does lift him up and carry him for a while, pleased when the small tongue, sent from tiredness, chatters out again old remembrances of India, now hopes of England. Boy is hungry, but there is only a little store of bad fish for him, and his dear friend the carpenter has treasured a few drops of muddy water for him.

"At night he hears wild beasts roar, and he creeps closer to his protector's side, crying silently a little for mother and his own cot in India.

"So they go on, and on, some days hungry and thirsty, other days hot and wearied; others still, terrified by fierce savages, who brandish great clubs, and threaten in some strange tongue these footsore, feeble men.

"When Boy is very tired, however, his carpenter always waits for him; and when great rivers stop their way, he is always borne over them on the broad back of a sailor.

"All a kind to him; but does Boy enjoy his travels? Tired, hungry, thirsty, hot, without proper food, with very little drink, Boy wonders when the journey will be over. He asks the question; but the carpenter shakes his head. "God knows," some one says.

"Yes, indeed, God alone could know that. Now a strange silence falls on the band; it gets smaller, some one sits down by the roadside and never gets up again. First, it is the captain. Then his faithful coxswain motions to the rest to go on, and he returns and sits by the fainting man's side. No one ever sees the two more.

"Another day the carpenter is very hungry, has perhaps given Boy his last bit of food, so he eats some berries by the roadside which happen to be poisonous, and he dies.

"Boy is too weak and ill to miss him much, especially since the steward now takes him in his arms and speaks kind words to him. True, the steward is weak and ill too, and stumbles often,

shaking Boy's sore limbs sadly, still Boy only moans, and lays his tired head on the man's shoulder.

"There is very little food to be had, and what there is Boy would not take, if his now friend did not coax him very tenderly. No one sings songs or tells stories to Boy now, as they did when first they started; every one is too worn and weary. No one even counts how far they may be from the end of their journey; even hope seems to be dead. The few just plod on, on, a half-dead, all-despairing band. Only love is not dead within their hearts, love and mercy to a little suffering child.

"Now another sinks by the way and dies. Boy watches stupidly while a grave is dug for him. Then they go on.

"But a day comes when Boy is very tired; very tired, indeed. He only wishes to go to sleep. So the steward promises to wait by him, and others are glad to wait too; to wait for ever if any one would say the word. A fire is made, for the weak, weary souls are wet by a heavy rain-storm, and they all crouch by it. Hours of silence. Then the steward makes a move. They must press on. The fire is out, he must wake Boy. Poor Boy! sleeping so quietly in the warmest place, it is a pity!

"A gentle touch, the rag moved away that shades his face. A sharp cry. It is not Boy, it is a dead body. The little traveller's journey is over."

"There was a pause. Miss Part's voice had been shaky at the last, and Adam looked very grave; he never cried, but he felt very like doing so now.

"And the steward?" he asked earnestly.

"He only lived a few days longer, and then he died too in the desert. Adam, what do you think now about travelling?"

"I think," said Adam, slowly, that I had better wait awhile. I never thought about the deserts, and being tired and hungry."

"A wise resolution, Adam," said Miss Part. "And now since we have found out that very little boys do not make good travellers, let us try to make something else good of them—oh, Adam? Good scholars, good errand-runners, good brothers and good sons."

"It's eight o'clock," said Adam, getting up. "I'll go home, please, Miss Part, mother will be shutting up shop with no one to help her."

And Adam made his bow and went. Was he trying already to forget idle fancies and be a good son? Miss Part thought so as she put by the picture-book and settled down to her sewing, and she was glad.

HARD SPELLING.

It is said that an inspector, who was examining a school at Ipswich, gave this piece of dog-grel for dictation. It is so hard to read, so difficult to understand, and so full of puzzling words to spell, that most scholars would say, "It wasn't fair!"

"While howling yows Hugh lost his ewe,
And put it in the *Hue and Cry*.
To name his face's dusky hues
Was all the effort he could use.
You brought the ewe back by-and-byo,
And only begged the hower's ower,
Your hands to wash in water pure,
Lost nice-nosed ladies, not a few,
Shrould cry, on coming near you, "Ugh!"

A KIND BOY.

As I was passing down the street one day, I saw an old man who seemed to be blind walking along with no one to lead him. He went very slowly, feeling with his stick.

"He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself, "and it's very high too. I wonder if some one will tell him, and start him in the right direction!"

Just then a boy about twelve years old, who was playing near the corner, left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the blind man's arm, and said, "Let me lead you across the street."

By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped the poor old man over one crossing, but led him over another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play.

Now, this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I know he had made several others feel happy, and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them. The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the example he had set them.—A in *Children's Friend*.

SCANDAL IN "HIGH LIFE."

In the London Divorce Court lately the case of Wentworth vs. Wentworth was heard.

In this suit Mrs. Lucy Annie Wentworth sought a divorce from her husband, Capt. D'Arcy Wentworth, formerly of the 8th Hussars, who was stated to be possessed of considerable means. There was no defense.

Mr. Baroard, who appeared for the petitioner, said that the marriage took place on October 15th, 1872, at the parish church of Bickley, Kent. The petitioner and the respondent afterwards lived together in Dorsetshire, and then in Sloane-street, London; but from the first they lived unhappily, owing to the husband's intemperate habits. In Jan., 1873, he behaved violently towards his wife, and she was so frightened of him that she returned to her mother's house. She did not see him again until the autumn of 1874, he coming to Switzerland for that purpose. The following November they met in London, and there was a talk of a reconciliation. He proposed that she should go out to Australia with him and keep his house, but that she was to pass as his sister. She declined to go out under those circumstances, and they never lived together again. He allowed her £500 a year until last year, when payment ceased. She then consulted her solicitors, who made inquiries, with the result that Capt. Wentworth was found to have been living with another woman at Brighton, who passed as Mrs. Wentworth.

The Petitioner was called, and deposed as to the above, after which testimony was adduced as to Capt. Wentworth living with a Mrs. Gibbs; further, that on April 25th, 1888, there was a divorce case of Gibbs vs. Gibbs and Wentworth, the co-respondent being the respondent in the present case.

Sir Francis Jeune said that the desertion was not made out. There would be a judicial separation, with costs.

ANGLO-CHINESE.

That the public may see what an English paper printed in the land of the Celestials has to put up with from its Chinese employees, we pub-

lish a portion of a familiar piece as "set-up" by a Chinese compositor: "The Burial of Sir John Moon.—Not a drum was heard not a funeral note as his corse to the ramparts. We hired not a soldier discharged his farewell shot o'er the gram when our hero we buried. We buried him doubly at dead of night. The soda with our bayonets turning. By the shuffling moonbeamsa mirty light and the lantern drinly buning. No melen coffin enclosed his breast not in shut net in shorsod we wound qim. But he lay like a wanior taking nis not. Wilt his martial clock around him."

HE WOULD NOT FLIRT.

A YOUNG WOMAN WHO FOLLOWS DURRANT, THE ALLEGED SAN FRANCISCO MURDERER, DAY AFTER DAY.

The young woman with the sweet pea blossoms who has been the object of some interest and comment at the trial of Durrant for the past few days, attracted the attention of the prisoner Thursday when he entered the courtroom. She was sitting on the benches about six feet from the chair which is occupied during the sessions of the court by the defendant. As he was about to sit down he looked in her direction. She smiled and bowed. He returned the salutation. Everybody thought she was a friend of the accused. Durrant thought so himself at first, but as he studied her face, he found he had been mistaken. He thought she was a young lady who had been a former acquaintance of his. There is no doubt but she is the person who sent Durrant the first bouquet he has received since his confinement in the county jail. On Sunday afternoon a young woman answering the description of the girl in court carried a large bunch of pink sweet pea blossoms to the county jail and handed them to the doorkeeper with the instruction that they be given Durrant. She left no name or further message. The flowers were the first Durrant has accepted from an unknown person since his arrest.

"I noticed the young woman was flirting with me," said Durrant, "and I also was well aware that nearly everyone in the courtroom was cognizant of the fact. At first I thought she was a friend that I had not seen for some time. That was why I recognized her. However, I was mistaken. I do not know her. She tried to flirt with me all day but I took no notice of her attentions whatever as soon as I discovered she was a stranger. She tried to attract my attention by bowing and smiling and throwing kisses at me with the blossoms."

SIGNOR RUBINI,
Late Director of the Italian Grand Opera, Paris

Vocal Academy
71 Beaver Hall.

Voice trained from its infancy to the stage of perfection. Repertoire of songs, operas taught. Engagements secured for advanced pupils.

SIASCONSETT-IN-THE-SEA

Mr. Munkittrick Pays His Regular Annual Tribute to the Sandy Shore.
[Special Correspondence.]

SIASCONSETT, Mass., Aug. 13.—Siasconsett is still floating in the sea safely anchored just opposite Spain, but far enough away to keep from being mixed up in the fortnightly West Indian revolution which keeps the manufacturers of arms from going into bankruptcy. After the usual summer swelter in New York I find it very comfortable here in an overcoat, not the leather overcoat with copper lining worn during the summer by the Jerseyman to keep the mosquito's scarfpin from penetrating the epidermis, but the light, airy overcoat which is the brother of the roseate summer drink which wafts one to fairyland. The peacock disports in his feather duster, and all is lovely as an infant's dream. Siasconsett is still Siasconsett, and that is the highest praise one can bestow upon it.

Nothing ever changes down here except the weather and \$5 bills, but the former is the more easily changed, even by one who has never had professional experience in the weather bureau. Yesterday a man found a diamond pin that he lost last summer right on a beaten path. In New York it would have been caught on the fly while descending from the owner's scarf. If you were to stand tacks on their heads down here, the natives would never notice them or pick them up with their feet. As a result of the fine weather whale stories are larger than they were this time last year.

The bluefish are also running and swimming well. I saw an 11 pounder yesterday that was caught by a man who had wired a silver dollar on his hook. This shows that even bluefish are imbued by the spirit of the age in which we live. It is probably due to the fact that when close to shore they hear mercenary people discussing everything from the dollar point of view. One of the great charms of this place is the spirit of Americanism that pervades it from Sumpston lighthouse to Underhill's china shop on the bluff. When you go to be shaved, you don't land on an earl and carom on a dako even in the barber. It is a great blessing, and one for which we should be duly thankful, that there are neither natural nor artificial noblemen here, and it is fortunate that the best markets for coronets and feudal castles are at Newport and Bar Harbor. The only royal personages recognized here are the kings and queens that abound in packs like foxhounds.

A beautiful macadamized road is now being laid from Nantucket to Siasconsett. About two miles of it are now finished, and next year, when it is completed, the bicyclist will be in his element and never know a puncture. This will put the horses into cans for winter use, and the poor equines who have been trudging across the morass through the rats will doubtless feel happier compounded as mock turtle and ox tail soup. This finely ballasted bluestone road frightens the horses in the same way that a large wholesome meal frightens a hungry man, and the drivers are now certain that they wasted the money they spent on their horses in former years for nervous prostration. They are so lively that they don't seem like Siasconsett horses, which will probably make them amenable sooner or later to some tyrannical blue law. About a week ago the stone crusher broke down, and since the date of that accident so anxious are they to push the good work ahead that they have been crushing the stone with lithia water.

The only mosquito I ever saw here

must have come down with me from New Jersey in my boat. After I had gone to bed this Morris-town nightingale began to play a drum solo upon my tin-panum until I thought I was back in my own house, around which the mosquitoes are so plentiful that I throw them in to the summer tenant without extra charge. When I heard the front of this specimen and felt his tail feathers trailing softly along my nose, it made me sad and surcharged my soul with a melancholy about three sizes too large for it. But he didn't attempt to bite me. He seemed to rejoice in the fact that he was with me that knew his ways. And then I know he was from New Jersey, for he perched upon my nose as if he would tenderly embrace me and began to cry in the bitterness of his woe. And as great saline tears dropped lovingly from his eyes into mine he sat on his hind legs like the leader of an orchestra and began intoning the names of the stations on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad.

But the mosquitoes of New Jersey, biting as they do with the sting of a tax collector, are not much greater in numbers than the prairie dogs will shortly be on this ocean island. They are multiplying like Italians just at present, and when the native sees them eating the corn for which he charges the alien from New York 30 cents a dozen he immediately pulls the lobster pot out of the sea and sets it on the farm. A flock of these dogs will attack a fine green team and in a few hours leave nothing intact but the utensils and the mortgage. Foxes and quail have also been put on the island. The former are now extinct here, and the quail were so greatly reduced in numbers last winter by the snow and cold weather that a law has been passed to protect them for three years, during which time the poor native must be thankful while he takes his best straight. The weather is like that of September at the present time, and this is about the regular thing. It is a poor man's paradise, just as a bicycle is a poor man's four-in-hand. Were Siasconsett nearer New York only millionaires could enjoy it, but down here millionaires can't enjoy it because, having all the money they want, they can't take the time to leave their shoes. Therefore the poor man is a rich man down here—so rich that he doesn't know he's poor until he returns to the howling wetropolis and dreams long and fondly of heather robed Siasconsett-in-the-sea.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Tight Lacing and Gallstones.

Professor Marchand of Marburg has called attention to the fact that gallstones and tight lacing are frequent coincidences. The furrow caused by lacing runs directly across the right lobe of the liver, causing a tendency to atrophy of the gall bladder. When tight lacing has been extreme, an artificial fissure is formed in the liver, giving rise to what is termed the "lacing lobe," which carries with it the gall bladder. Stagnation of the bile is well known to be one of the most important causes of the formation of gallstones. A change in the composition of the bile from catarrh resulting from congestion of the mucous membrane and the thickening of the bile due to failure of the gall bladder to completely evacuate itself gives rise to the formation of small masses which serve as nuclei for calculi. Hence anything which obstructs the free outflow of bile through the cystic duct must favor the formation of gallstones. Marchand is also of the opinion that many cases of cancer of the liver should be attributed to tight lacing. It is only a few years since a German surgeon was obliged to open an abdomen to remove a "lacing lobe" of the liver which had been so completely separated from the rest of the organ as to cause its death, rendering its removal necessary.—Modern Medicine.

SOME PARISIAN SENSATIONS.

Our Paris correspondent writes: "The judges of Paris have not had a dull time this year, for on the bench of ignominy there have appeared, almost every week, the loveliest woman of whom Paris can boast. First came Sarah Bernhardt, in a sea-green costume, all ruffles, cascades, and clouds, which wrapped her up to the ears, leaving only to be seen the tip of a clever nose, two eyes full of flames and languor, and bushes of hair, abundant and sparkling like a heap of burnt topazes; she looked at the judge unabashed, and said with her sweet voice: "Juro paye, je lo jure!" and that was all. Her horse-dealer went away, his ears burning with anger, crushed by her withering look, and his pocket lighter. How can a man be so stupid as to try to have the best of a woman, and such a woman?"

"After Sarah, Liane de Pougy rolled in folds of white crepon, and with a pair of sleeves so large that they made her look like a large white butterfly; on her head two long feathers made of tiny flat brilliants, lightly poised on the thick parting of her superb hair. She arrived, smiled, and was told by voices shaking with emotion at the sight of so much beauty, 'Your director is excusable, Madame, to try and keep you with him, and we ourselves should like to do the same, but you are free to do what you please, and you may go when and where you like.' Therefore Liane de Pougy opened her wings, which she had threatened to close for another month, and without minding papers, signatures, and the rest, she started for St. Petersburg, from whence she writes to a friend:

"Petersburg, my dear, is played out; do not come here, there is no chance and no hope, and I have lost my precious time; the place to go to now is Moscow, which I am busy skimming, but I have enough thick milk for you and one or two more. I have in my pocket the hundred thousand and one roubles of my dreams, and I start with Danielle, my clever maid, for Nijni-Novgorod; she plays with me and gives me the repique in the "Tourlourons" so well that the boyards take her for a celebrity—that little cream of the mud, as X calls her; but never mind, we shall reap gold."

"Now, Mlle. Otero again, and for the second time this year, appeared before a trio of dazzled judges after having passed beaming in smiles between two rows of admiring junior counsel—not because she has not paid for her valenciennes chemises this time, but to settle a very interesting and pending Parisian question. Moulded in priceless lace above a bodice of pinkish satin, which gave the illusion that it was her priceless skin which was shining through the fine net, she was got up to win and she won, deserving the thanks of all the occupiers of the apartments of Paris.

"When you take a flat in a house of good appearance, you sign a clause which in fact you never understand well; the place must be occupied in such a manner that you are not al-

lowed to sell anything in it—not even your talents or your art. If you have an industry—a shop, a studio, or an office, it must be somewhere else. Now, M. B., the millionaire banker, have taken a flat in the Rue Pierre Charron, near the Trocadero, in a respectable house, where he pays for a few rooms the respectable rent of £600, has signed this clause, but gallantly he has yielded his rights to the beautiful Malagaiso, who has brought to this lovely retreat her admirable self, her marvellous jewels, her carriages, all her train in a word, and there offers magnificent hospitality to her friends—male ones, in preference.

"This was bad enough, but worse happened, when the bello Otero, who was very hot—who was not?—opened the glass door of her bedroom and scught a breath of fresh air on her balcony in a costume which seemed as if it had been woven by Arachne herself. Unfortunately, on the floor above two worthy people felt the heat also, and opened their window as well; Madame veiled her face, Monsieur did not, and soon Mlle. Otero, to her great delight, heard a ludicrous scene between husband and wife, which made her laugh heartily. The silvery sound brought other respectable couples to their windows, and the scandal became complete. The day after all the residents of the upper flats held an indignation meeting and decided to ask the authorities whether this kind of thing was to be allowed.

"The question was delicate, but Otero settled it with an inimitable grace and an argument which seemed to the enamoured judges to be words of wisdom. 'I have five bedrooms,' she said, 'in which my friend, M. B., could have put five ladies, who all might have wished to breathe the fresh air on their balconies without thinking it necessary to be muffled up to the ears in a virtuous calico. I am alone in the five bedrooms; I never make any noise, I behave beautifully, never taking the lift, which is terribly narrow, avoiding the gallantries of the gentlemen of the house, most of them being very anxious, evidently, to share it with me. What are my crimes?'

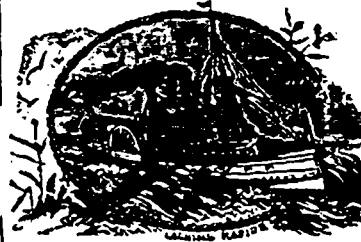
"The judges nodded an approval, and the lease holds good; the proprietor must allow the lady to remain—even at the risk of seeing his house deserted from the first floor up to the top. At this moment, however, there is a trick, for she has gone to Ostend to take a well-deserved rest before going to Berlin, where she is looked for with impatience. She has no need to work hard, though; she has left behind her £30,000 at the Parisian Credit Lyonnaise, while £20,000 are awaiting her at Berlin, for she is a just soul, and always leaves her money to fructify in the town where she has honestly earned it. As for her diamonds, they are, it is said, worth a million francs."—*Modern Society.*

A middle aged man of tall, slender build and earnest cast of countenance stepped into a hatter's shop on Jackson street one morning and removed the wrappings from a soft felt hat he carried in his hand. "How much

will it cost to have this dyed a light gray, to match my hair?" he inquired. "It will cost you at least a dollar," replied the hatter. The caller wrapped it up again. "I won't pay it," he said decidedly; "for 35c I can get my hair dyed to match the hat. Good day, sir."

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