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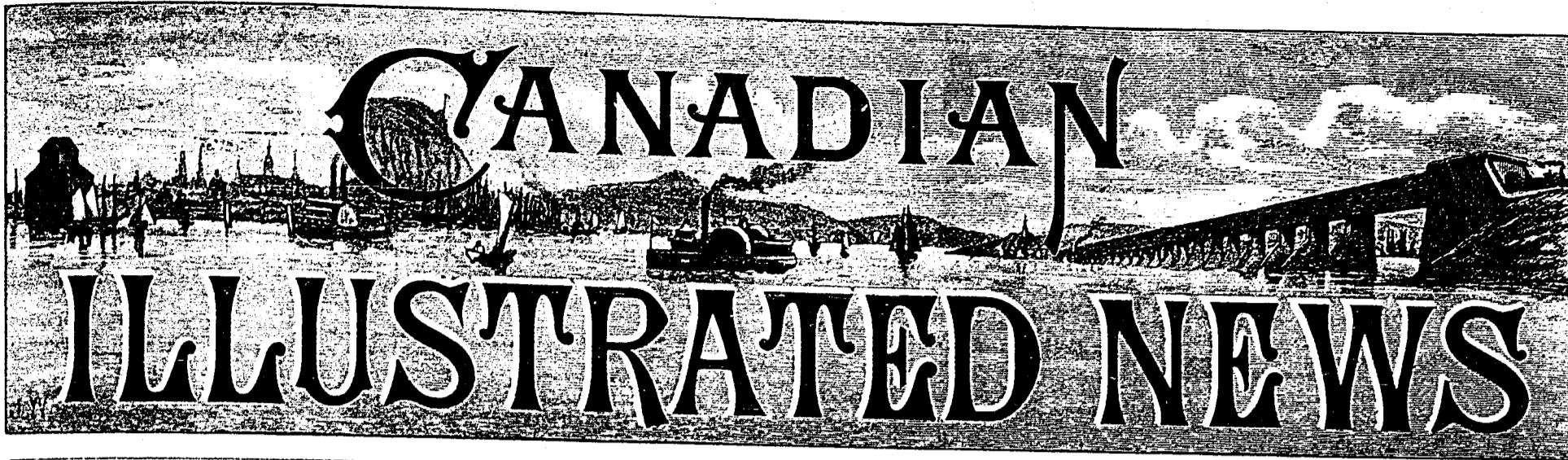
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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVI.—No. 5.

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ENID.

DRAWN BY G. E. HICKS.

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TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

| July 29th, 1882. | | | Corresponding week, 1881 | | |
|------------------|------|--------|--------------------------|------|--------|
| Max. | Min. | Mean. | Max. | Min. | Mean. |
| Mon.. 86° | 67° | 76° 5' | Mon.. 70° | 58° | 64° |
| Tue.. 78° | 67° | 72° 5' | Tue.. 86° | 58° | 72° |
| Wed.. 81° | 68° | 74° 5' | Wed.. 74° | 54° | 64° |
| Thur.. 82° | 61° | 71° 5' | Thur.. 82° | 62° | 72° |
| Fri.. 78° | 59° | 68° 5' | Fri.. 75° | 62° | 68° 5' |
| Sat.. 84° | 60° | 72° | Sat.. 79° | 60° | 69° |
| Sun.. 85° | 63° | 74° | Sun.. 76° | 60° | 68° |

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, July 29, 1882.

THE WEEK.

THERE can be little doubt that the extent of Arabi's power of resistance has been greatly underrated by the Home Government, and the reduction of his army is likely to be a task of some little difficulty. It is but one more illustration of the danger of despising your foe, which has cost England so dearly in blood and money during the last few years. As in Abyssinia, so again on the Gold Coast, so it will be in Egypt. The old story of inadequate and dilatory preparations, insufficient supplies, and inadequate forces. Surely if we are to strike a blow, it should be an effective one. The target practice at Alexandria was all very well in its way, but the advantages which might have ensued from the demolition of the forts were entirely neutralized by the delay in following up the success, and now if a handful of men are to be opposed to Arabi's considerable force, we may hear yet of another Majuba Hill.

THE Women's Right's movement is really coming to something. Already one candidate is in the field for the Presidential election of 1884, and that candidate is—Mrs. Victoria Woodhull. Mrs. Woodhull has entirely recovered to all appearances from the unfortunate association of her name with the principles of so-called Free-Love, a misrepresentation for which she blamed her husband (Mrs. W. is not so very unlike other women after all). We do not know what arrangement was finally arrived at between this pair of unfortunate turtle-doves, since we confess to having lost sight of the fair Victoria for some little time. The interesting question however will now present itself as to what Mr. Woodhull's position is going to be, as husband, or possibly ex-husband, of the President of the United States. The title would look rather well on a visiting card.

MEANWHILE Mrs. Woodhull has secured in advance the services of that literary refuge of all revolutionary cranks, M. Victor Hugo. The great poet expresses himself characteristically on the subject.

"But withal Mrs. Woodhull is a woman, and thus the serious cannot retain their laughter at the thought that a woman could be President of the United States.

"Hold! Is England a Republic? We thought that in England there was a woman at the head of the Government. We imagined

that in England the Ministers were presided over by a woman. We were under the impression that in England a woman did send messages to the Lords and Commons. Certain it is that England is a monarchy, and her monarch is not a man, but a woman. And this queen is called Victoria, just as Mrs. Woodhull. If one Victoria can govern, why could not another preside?"

Why not indeed? Though we are old-fashioned enough ourselves to recognize a slight difference in minor details between our gracious Queen and the ex-apostle of Free Love, or to give her the benefit of the doubt, the editor and proprietor of a journal whose views seemed naturally to culminate in those filthinesses which were only repudiated by her after the public and the press had pretty freely expressed themselves on the subject.

MR. S. E. DAWSON'S pamphlet on the Copyright Laws, to which we alluded last week deserves fuller notice than was accorded to it then. Mr. Dawson is probably possessed of more facts on the subject of Canadian copyright law than any other single man. As a boy in his father's store he was an eye-witness of the violent measures employed by the Government to enforce the Act of '42, which are described in the present essay. Since then he has been an interested observer of every case which has arisen under that Act and the various Canadian ones which were superseded by the Act of '75. Thus his own experience is of the greatest value in the matter, while the deductions which he draws from them are well-weighed and clearly stated. The latest instance in which public attention has been drawn to the matter is of course that of the abortive attempt to obtain a copyright for Mark Twain. In this case Mr. Dawson's own advice was disregarded, the result being the immediate reproduction of this book by a Toronto firm and the refusal of a copyright in terms.

To state the matter briefly, copyright in Canada is governed by two acts, the English Act of '42, and the Canadian Act of '75. The idea of the latter act was that of absolute reciprocity. Hence a citizen of any country having a copyright treaty with the Mother Country, can obtain a copyright here on the same terms as at home. With countries which like the United States refuse implicitly to protect the rights of foreign authors unless actually residing with a *bona fide* intention of remaining in the country, the Canadian Parliament deals in a similar spirit. No American citizen can, by a temporary residence here, obtain a copyright for any work whatever, although under the Imperial Act he may do so in England.

THE exact effect of the English Act may be best described in Mr. Dawson's own words. "It might be asked," he says, "where is the need of a Canadian Act if the Imperial Act is in force in Canada? It is needed because the English Act is drawn solely in the interest of British publishers. If a Canadian author publish his book first in Canada he loses Imperial copyright. Consequently our Act was passed to confer local copyright, conditioned on local publication; and, moreover, it is only under our local law that importation can be prevented. Consequently, if a Canadian author takes the option of publishing under the English Act alone, his book may be set up, say at Rouse's Point, and imported on payment of a duty of 12½ per cent. additional to the regular 15 per cent. on all books." This in fact was actually done in the case of Mark Twain's book which, although protected by the Act of '42, was printed by the Toronto publishers in the United States and imported on payment of the duty.

THIS last is a very important point to notice in connection with the English Act. The framers of it were very careful to demand first publication in Great Britain; but they omitted to mention the word "printing." It consequently follows that an American citizen can procure British copyright by sending his author to Canada and his manufactured books to London; while an English or Canadian author cannot procure copyright in the United States under any condition short of *bona fide* citizenship or domicile. It is just in order to deprive our neighbors of this unfair advantage that the

framers of the Canadian Act substituted "domicile," a word of absolute precision, for "residence," a word admitting of uncertain interpretation, and provided for the printing as well as the publication, in order to ensure absolute reciprocity in the matter. Were England to adopt a similar policy, and refuse copyright to American authors except on condition of similar treatment for her own citizens at the hands of the Washington Government, the end would be near and international copyright would be to the interest of both parties alike.

THERE is rather a curious point, which so far as we know has not been noticed, in connection with Messrs. Besant & Rice's last story, "They were Married," which forms the summer number of the *Illustrated London News*. The whole story turns upon a mistake in law. The catastrophe of the novel is brought about by the discovery of the previous marriage of the heroine's would-be husband with an actress, whose mouth he has in vain endeavored to keep shut. The story ends moreover in the recognition of the real wife and her son by the family of the scapegrace. Unfortunately the circumstances under which according to the authors this marriage was contracted—the bridegroom signing the register under an assumed name—would make marriage invalid by English law, of which little fact Messrs. Besant and Rice should have informed themselves.

Housekeepers beware. Do not dust, but wipe. The duster, that peaceful emblem of domestic labor, may, under certain circumstances, become a dangerous weapon to handle. We are in earnest. An eminent scientist declares it to be a fact. Do you know what you are doing when you brush away dust? You disseminate in the air, and consequently introduce into your own interior, into your tissues and respiratory organs, all sorts of eggs, spores, epidemic germs and murderous vibiones which dust contains. One movement with a feather duster may be enough to poison both you and your neighbors—to inoculate you all with typhus, varioloid, or cholera—strange as it may appear. Instead of a feather duster take a damp cloth; wipe away the dust instead of stirring it up. In short, wipe—never dust.

MAKING PLANS.

Which is the better thing to do? to make plans long beforehand, and so bind your life in self-forged bonds, or to leave yourself free to go with the current of chance and float on the tide of circumstance, unanchored even on the smallest and loosest sandheap of fixed conditions? In the former are many disagreeable contingencies. First there is that of the whole thing falling into confusion by the failure of one part—making a very "Jacob's ladder" of dropped arrangements, a very "pi" of confused dates—because of that one initial failure, so that it is impossible to piece it together again into the harmonious whole of the original arrangement. Then there is the contingency of pleasanter things offered to you which you cannot accept, because you have bound yourself in your own prison of time and place, and are not able to free yourself without worse consequences than ever, a "Jacob's ladder" of arrangement, a "pi" of dates and days. Or you may be prevented from carrying out the plans which you have made with so much care and forethought, and which would give you so much happiness if you could but accomplish them, by "circumstances over which you have no control," as the saying goes—by the moulding hand of that stronger power which some call fate and others luck—but under what name soever they go, circumstances which overpower you and cannot be resisted; such as sickness, death, and the like. And when such interruption comes you may be put to more than even grave inconvenience, and to worse than discomfort. On the other hand, the want of a plan already made, as a kind of chart by which to steer, may leave you in a tumbled waterlogged condition, losing you as much as it leaves you free to obtain, because, not leaving you time enough to arrange for what might

come to you. So that the thing remains an open question at the best, and the answer will be given according to the temperament of the individual. To those who like a life well-organized, thoughtful, orderly and foreseeing, making plans beforehand, arranging times, fixing dates, and completing the whole mosaic according to the best rules of the art of orderly living, will always be the more desirable method; while those who live from day to day, dread possibilities, and have a kind of superstitious fear of interrupted arrangements, will prefer the open order of chance and the present moment, and will reject the self-made bondage of settled plans as a folly and a danger. Instances will occur to the memory of all who read these lines of those times in their history when they had made the most feasible and solid looking plans, which came to nought, like clouds passing into space—by the failure of which so much trouble and confusion were wrought quite unnecessarily, as it turned out. If only they had let things arrange themselves, they would have been spared all the distress that came upon them by reason of their forethought, and love of organizing events! When you planned to spend the winter down South, and, after infinite trouble, coaxed your husband to consent to the idea—when, acting on that plan, you made all your arrangements with the skill of a general, and did everything months before it was needful; when you let your house for the coming winter—you, now in May, giving it up for October—how bitterly you repented your haste to arrange when your husband broke his leg the last week of September, and you were homeless in the midst of your trouble! There was no help for it. The incoming tenants had made their arrangements on the certainty of yours; and you had to clear out of your comfortable home, go into an inconvenient boarding-house, and undertake all the worry of the inventory, packing up and giving up, while your head was torn with anxiety about the poor fellow in splints, whose compound fracture looked ugly in spite of carbolic acid, whose doctors looked grave in spite of all their skill, and for whom absolute quiet and composure and want of worry were vital necessities if he were to be healed of his wound. If it is difficult to make things come right when you plan for yourself, how much more so is it when you try to arrange for others! If you and your own share in chance have a hand-to-hand struggle, wherein you come off second best, how about incorporating into that struggle other forces and other wills, and all the chances which lie round two or three more lives! And yet how we plan for others! How we toil over the mosaic of fortunes which do not belong to us, and where good or evil hap represent only our sympathies, our reflected pleasure, or our sentimental sorrow! The benevolent and mature are much given to this kind of thing. The young are too individual, too full of their own hopes and possibilities to give themselves trouble for others; the old are too supine; but the mature, who have reached the goal for which they set out, and who have no cause to plan or scheme for themselves, often turn their energies into planning and scheming for others, and too often make a mess of it. Parents themselves, to whom making plans for their children's future is a duty, suffer as much from failure as others. How often the boy's temper and character unfit him for the part specially prepared and designed for him! And this brings us to the moot point of a specialized or a good general education, and which is best to give the boys? Is it better to arrange for their settled future, and work steadily to that one point, so that they shall be the best of their class and have the best education of its kind? or to teach them well all round, and let them choose for themselves hereafter? In which case they have more surface and less depth. This is one of those things left undecided by authority; as indeed are so many others in our but half-enlightened life. Unsettled, phantasmagoric, shifting, uncertain, we

leave the question as we gave it, unanswered. Whether to make your plans beforehand and construct your mosaic neatly and completely, or to leave things to the chance of the moment, and the ordering of the day, be the wiser way of living, who shall say? Only the moment justifies the choice of method, and it is just that moment which we cannot command. That things will go on very much as they have done hitherto, it is pretty safe to predict. The orderly and the anxious will arrange beforehand—and often wish they had not; the freer and the more trusting will leave things to chance—to their frequent loss and regret, and these useless self-reproaches for supineness which change no one's nature, and alter no one's course of life.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE illustration on our first page adds we more to the types of Beauty which we have from time to time represented in the NEWS. Few of our readers can fail to be familiar with the beautiful story of Enid as told in the "Idylls of the King," and to those who do not know it we can only recommend the reading of the poem for the better appreciation of the picture.

NEWSBOYS' EXCURSION, WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.—For many years newsboys were left pretty much to their own devices, but of late a growing disposition has been manifested all over the country to pay some attention to these waifs of the street. Newsboys' homes have been established in our larger cities, and even in smaller ones a tendency is observable to give the boys at least an occasional taste of pleasure. An interesting illustration of this most commendable spirit was recently afforded by the enterprising proprietors of the Wilmington (Del.) *Morning News*, which was reorganized a few months ago and came under the control of New York parties. They decided to give the newsboys of Wilmington a midsummer excursion, and the project was carried out with entire success on Saturday, the 8th of July, under the oversight of Mr. E. M. Hooper, the business managers of the *News*. About all the newsboys in town accepted the invitation, and, leaving the city a little after eight o'clock in the morning by the steamer *Suzie McCall*, were transferred at Penn's Grove to the *Thomas Clude*, which carried them down the Delaware to Bombay Hook. At this pleasant resort the day passed only too quickly, and the boys could scarcely believe the hours had gone so swiftly when they found it was time to start for home. Hearty lunches were provided, and everything was done to make the outing thoroughly enjoyable. The youngsters returned in high glee, and are even now smacking their lips over the dinner which the enterprising *News* has already announced that it proposes to give them when Thanksgiving comes around.

The clever painting from which our double page is taken represents the after dinner recreation in a monastery, and is full of quaint character studies to any who will take the pains to look for them. The original of the picture was in the Vienna Exhibition.

We give this week a picture of an Arab cavalry charge from the painting by Adolphe Schreyer which will be interesting to many who are unacquainted with the appearance and methods of Eastern warriors.

THE massacres and outrages executed upon the European residents of Alexandria made it necessary to provide some means of refuge for the unhappy people imprisoned there and in danger of their lives. Consequently the English government chartered several vessels lying in the harbour to serve as refuges for these unfortunates. Our illustration represents the fugitives ascending the side of one of these British ships, thankful to escape with life from the horrors which surrounded them, at the sacrifice of all their worldly possessions.

PERSONAL.

THE activity of M. de Lesseps is phenomenal. The amount of mental and physical exercise that he takes seems altogether out of keeping with his advanced years. He is under medium size, with gray hair clipped *en brosse* and the traditional barbiche of the soldier. His voice in the present Egyptian crisis ought to be potential, and now that he has gone to Suez, it is to be hoped that his mediation may prove efficacious. The Count, when over sixty, married a sweet young woman who was romantically in love with him. The twain are very happy and have a large, interesting family.

COL. BRACKENBURY, who has just resigned his important police functions in Dublin, owing to disagreement with the plans and proceedings of the Lord Lieutenant, is one of the most promising officers in a special department of the British service. He is of those—not usually popular with the army—who wield the pen as easily and dexterously as they do the sword. He has several times been employed as military

correspondent of the London *Times*, and during the late Russo-Turkish war was British military *attaché* on the Russian staff.

MRS. LINCOLN, widow of the martyred President, whose death has been recorded during the week, was more or less eccentric even during her husband's lifetime. She was a Kentucky lady, and rather Southern in her inclination. The scenes at Washington, during the war, were therefore grating on her natural feelings, however loyal she may have been to the land over which her husband was Chief Magistrate. Mrs. Lincoln was short and stout, and in her young days not uncomely. Her eldest son is the present U. S. Secretary of War.

THERE were rumors during the week that Hon. Mr. Chapleau was in a precarious state of health; so feeble, indeed, that he might be obliged to postpone his departure for Europe. A personal interview with the Provincial Premier has led to a knowledge of the real condition of things. Mr. Chapleau is far from well, and absolutely requires not only change of climate, but repose. Even after a three months' vacation it is problematical whether he will be equal to the arduous functions of statecraft. Hence his removal to Ottawa is quite within the probabilities.

MANY of our readers will remember Miss Parnell, the sister of the Irish leader, and herself an enthusiastic advocate of the principles championed by her distinguished brother. While her sudden death, at the end of last week, will be the subject of general regret, the surprise will be less when her high-strung nervous temperament is taken into account.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD has run back to Ottawa for a series of important meetings to be held prior to the opening of the summer recess. He will then return to Rivière-du-Loup. His villa in that beautiful and secluded valley is not, however, a mere pleasure house. He transacts a great deal of business there, keeping his secretaries and clerks very busy. The uninitiated have little conception of the amount of work that passes through the hands of the Federal Prime Minister.

IT is always going and coming, ebb and flow. The law of compensation balances all things aright. A few weeks ago the Diocese of Montreal incurred a great loss in the removal of Dr. Sullivan to Algoma. That loss, however, was promptly repaired by the appointment of Canon Carmichael to the vacant pastorate of St. George's. Now we are called upon to chronicle the probable departure of Rev. Canon J. P. Du Moulin for Toronto, where he has been invited to accept the rectorate of St. James'.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY still remains the favorite. It was supposed for a time that Gen. Roberts would be given the command of the Egyptian expeditionary army, but Sir Garnet has succeeded in securing that honor. The choice is significant in that it proves that the Hero of Comassie is holding his own with the best authorities in the army. He is not dooted upon by the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief, nor perhaps by the Court party, but the time has fortunately gone by when such influences were predominant in shaping the course of the British army. This Egyptian war, however, if it comes to a war, will test Sir Garnet's capacity beyond any of his previous expeditions.

OUR city clergymen are leaving in numbers for the seaside or the country, there to rest and recuperate for six or eight weeks, according to the term of their holiday.

THE Rev. Father Martin, whose memory was recalled by the old alumni of St. Mary's College, in their solemn "reunion" last week, is quite a remarkable man. Not only did he found St. Mary's College in 1848, but devoted much of his time to the composition of works relating to the history of New France. The first building of St. Mary's College was a little brick house, with porch in front, on the right hand side going up either Alexander or Bleury streets.

MICHAEL DAVITT has sailed for Ireland after a brief but fruitful tour in the United States. One may not agree with Davitt, but there is much to respect in his conduct. He is opposed to bloodshed and demands only constitutional agitation. Davitt's talents are otherwise entitled to respect. The two accidents of his life which might have been his ruin, have proved his salvation. The loss of the right arm prevented him working in the factory, and he devoted himself to study. His sojourn in prison, instead of souring his disposition, made him reflect on the wisdom of a peaceful solution for his country.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

BY M. A. HARPAKER.

The advantage of capital over labor is an advantage which has been won and paid for by the intellectual discipline of centuries. Capital has never made a step of solid advance without giving an equivalent. The practical intellect which sees how to supply a want, or even to create a want, as well as to minister to it, certainly deserves to succeed. If all the stages of development are not apparent in the successful business man, the scientific judgment is still certain that all those stages are embodied in him. He stands for the accumulated and in-

herited energy of generations of enterprise and self-denial. His automatically-acting brain is the product of severe and long-sustained processes of refinement. He draws the interest upon ancestral cerebration, and is the physiological "heir of all the ages." Nor can he dare to dispense with ethical capital. He must have courage, tact, power of adaptation, honor, which will insure him commercial standing and credit, decision to act in an emergency, and caution to avoid rashness; he must be able to adjust the clashing of wills, and to act as a frequent arbitrator. Even the capitalist who is simply an investor, and not a manager, represents either inherited industry, personal ability, or high character, supposing the sum invested to be borrowed. It is rare that fortunes result from accident; still less rare that they come by dishonesty. Talent must be on the spot to take advantage of accident; and although a high moral ideal would decide some fortunes to be fruits of dishonor, legal ideals are the ones applied by the fortune-maker; nor is it the usual aim of the money-getter to develop moral idealism. His materialism may not be the highest product of human nature, but, such as it is, it is an expensive and painfully developed faculty. If we could fully realize the immense capital invested in producing a capitalist, we could not begrudge him his gains. Fortunes are sometimes made by instinct, by penetration, by assiduous devotion to one purpose, by such an utter consecration of the whole man that the observer must declare them legitimately earned. But they are rarely accumulated by manual labor, unless in conjunction with good intellectual power. The master-workman learns to coordinate other labor with his own. He gives himself eight or ten pairs of hands instead of a single pair. He strikes a heavy blow instead of a light one, quadruples his product, and appeals to a larger market. This is the embryonic form of industrial capital. It begins when a single man has the courage and intelligence to employ another to carry out his thought.

There is no legal restriction in any country upon a man's becoming a capitalist, but caste and custom in older countries have erected difficulties. Yet difficulties are always relative, and are gauged by the strength or weakness of those who meet them. In this country there is absolutely no reason, except native incapacity, to prevent any man from becoming a capitalist. If this were not so, our institutions would be confessed failures. That it is so, all whole commercial and industrial record is a demonstration. Should any one attempt to count the number of fortunes acquired by personal effort, he would find one for every finger, without going out of a New England neighborhood. The reason why fortunes are so rarely acquired by manual labor is that manual labor is the smallest factor in economic success. Hitherto it has not been able to raise itself above the tyranny of the primitive law of supply and demand; that is, it has been little better able to make terms with capital than the grass is able to make terms with the soil in which it grows. Labor bought at wholesale, to be sold again, as in great factories, is bargained for on the lowest terms possible, and becomes in effect like cotton purchased in the bale, whereby each unit of weight counts very little. There is certainly no agreement, tacit or expressed, on the part of American capitalists to grind labor down to an arbitrary rate of remuneration. On the contrary, there is an indulgent optimism, and a recognition of the natural right of every man to a comfortable living, which is an advance upon the formal concessions of our national charter. The American capitalist is usually a man who would be made uncomfortable by the knowledge of absolute physical privation. But it does not stir his sympathy that some thousands of his workmen are practicing severe lessons of self-denial, foresight, and the adaptation of means to ends. The workman strives to make small means cover large wants. He has graduated from the European povel to the American tenement, but at the same time he has been smitten with American materialism; and there is no road to this material success except that which his employer, or the ancestry of his employer, has trodden with painful steps. Nature takes as long to make a capitalist as to make a philosopher; and, indeed, the capitalist is, in his own way, the most principal of philosophers, for he reasons from cause to effect with persistent zeal; and if he reasons at all upon the speculative aspects of labor and capital, he knows that the development of higher capacity in the workman is the natural and unalterable condition of advancement. The only way in which a wage-laborer who has not sufficient ambition or talent to become an employer can raise himself above his fellows is to produce better work or more of it within a given time; that is, he must obey the universal law of success, which may be thus stated: *Make your demand yourself, not upon others.*—August Atlantic.

BRITISH DRAMATIC ART.

If all art is supposed to be one, and if its different manifestations, to the truly penetrating eye, are supposed to minister a mutual delight, there should be no great violence of transition in passing from the exhibitions to the theatres. The British stage has indeed a considerable analogy to British painting, and the reflections which present themselves at the Lyceum and the Haymarket are not very different from those which illuminate the devious path of the visitor to Burlington House and the eccentric temple in Bond Street. Both at the play-

house and at the exhibition he encounters a good deal of Philistinism. On the other hand, both the art of the painter and that of the actor are said to be improving, and if the training-school for young actors, for which an appeal has just been made to the English public by a group of more or less distinguished *dilettanti*, becomes a working institution, the dramatic profession may spread its wings indeed. It is proposed to establish a dramatic conservatory, modeled upon that of the Conservatoire in Paris, at which the young ladies and gentlemen who aspire to brave the footlights may acquire what may be roughly termed a little ease of manner. The more ease the better; for English acting is for the most part distinguished by a consummate want of study. There is good material, — though not so good, I think, as we sometimes hear affirmed; but it remains undeveloped and ineffective,—it does not see its way. It will take more, however, than even the hottest histrionic forcing-house to make an English school of actors which shall rival the French; it will take a transformation of English life, of the English temperament, of the English tongue. That a place of serious study for young persons proposing to adopt this very difficult profession is much to be desired, I shall, however, not pretend to deny. Such an institution would perhaps be even less valuable for what it might produce than for what it might prevent. There is an immense deal to prevent on the English stage. Would a training school have, for instance, prevented Mr. Henry Irving, who has for some time past been offering us such a Romeo as we never dreamed of? A training-school, assiduously frequented by Mr. Irving in his youth, would not, perhaps, have suppressed some of his extraordinary peculiarities. That these peculiarities should have blossomed and flowered at such a prodigious rate — a most rank and bristling vegetation — is the best possible proof of the absence of taste, of criticism, of knowledge, of a standard, on the part of the public.—August Atlantic.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

JOHN BRIGHT's resignation has been accepted.

THE Notables of Cairo have deposed the Khedive.

THE situation of Europeans in Cairo is very critical.

GERMANY and the Vatican are again at loggerheads.

GEN. ALISON reports Arabi's positions very strong.

FRANCE will send 15,000 men to protect the Suez Canal.

THE English have cut the Cairo Railway near Lake Mareotis.

IT is said Sir Chas. Dilke will probably enter the Imperial Cabinet.

THE Khedive has dismissed Arabi Pasha from the War Ministry.

ENGLAND won the Elcho Shield at Wimbledon yesterday.

THE Duke of Connaught is to command a brigade of the Guards in Egypt.

SEVERAL regiments of Irish militia have volunteered for service in Egypt.

THE situation in Alexandria regarding the city water supply threatens to be very serious.

DERVISH PASHA has been summoned to Constantinople to give his views on the situation.

THE Rajah of Puteala has placed his troops at the disposal of the British Government for service in Egypt.

M. DE LESSEPS says the passage of men-of-war through the Suez Canal constitutes a breach of its neutrality.

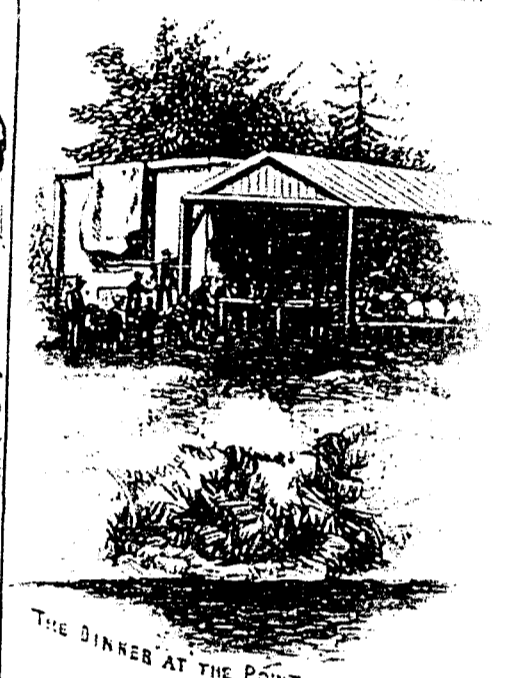
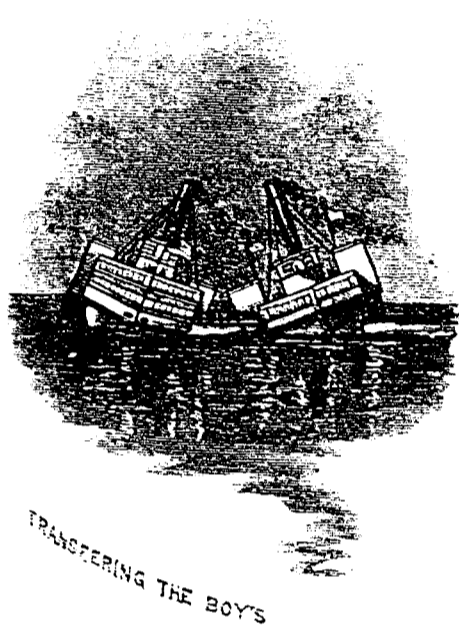
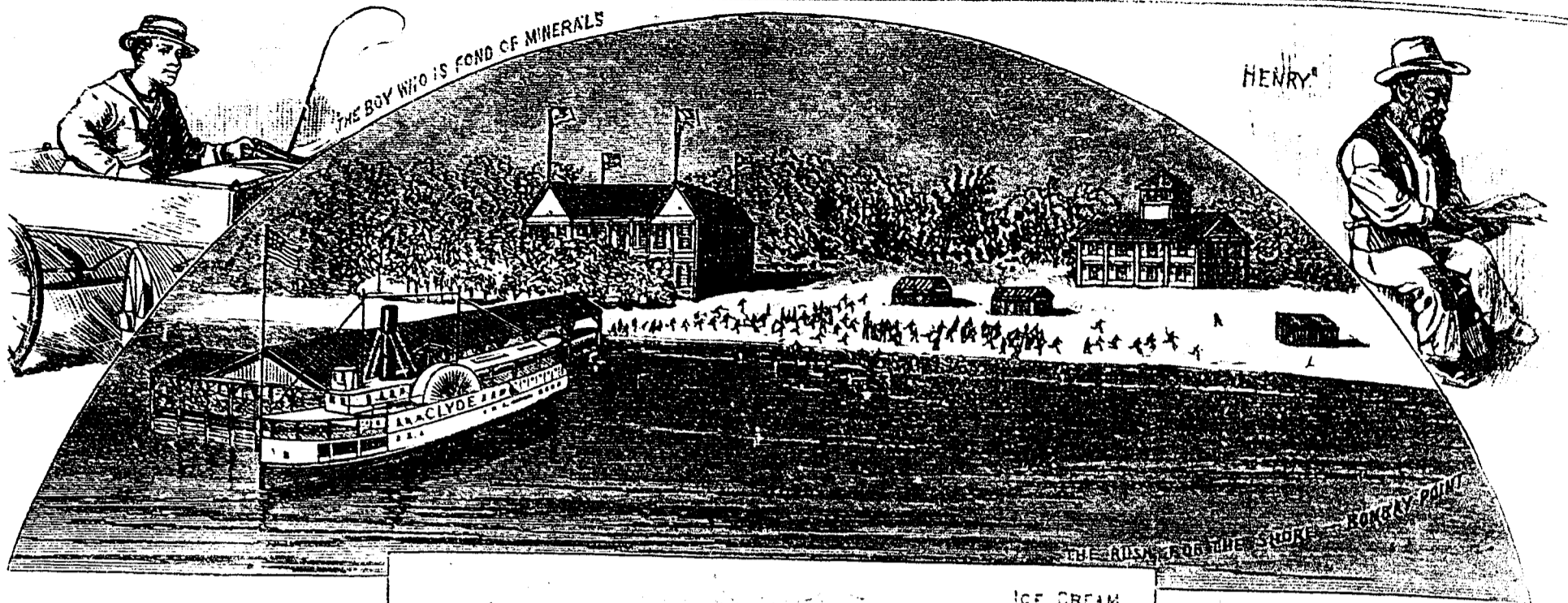
IT is proposed to place the Suez Canal under the joint protection of England and France and another power not yet named.

REFUGEES from Cairo report the proclamation of a holy war, and the massacre of Christians at Nantah, Mansurah and Zaganzig.

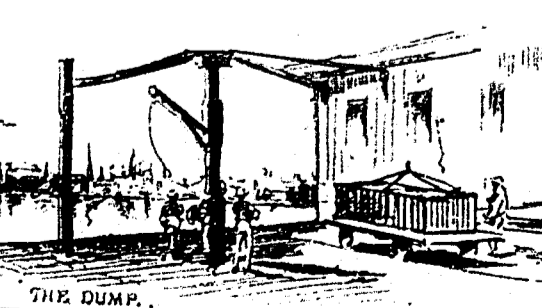
ARABI BEY is concentrating all his available forces at Dafr-El-Dwar, where, it is expected, he means to give battle to the British.

THE Khedive has sent the decree for Arabi's dismissal by messenger to his camp, Arabi having cut the telegraph line to the Palace. It is expected the messenger will be beheaded.

PRINCE PETER, of Oldenburg, is chief of the Imperial Colleges for Girls, and exercises the duties of his office with diligence. Lately he decided to investigate for himself whether there were grounds for the numerous complaints which had reached him of the food at the Smolnig Convent, where eight hundred girls were educated. Going to the institute just before dinner, he walked straight to the kitchen. At the door he met two soldiers carrying a huge steaming cauldron. "Halt!" he cried out; "put that kettle down." The soldiers obeyed. "Bring me a spoon," continued the prince. The spoon was produced, but one of the soldiers ventured to begin a stammering remonstrance. "Hold your tongue," said the prince; "take off the lid; I insist on tasting it." No further objection was raised, and his Highness took a large spoonful. "You call this soup?" he exclaimed; "why, it is dirty water!" "It is, your Highness," replied the soldier; "we have just been cleaning out the laundry."



EXCURSION GIVEN TO THE NEWSBOYS OF WILMINGTON BY THE EVENING NEWS.



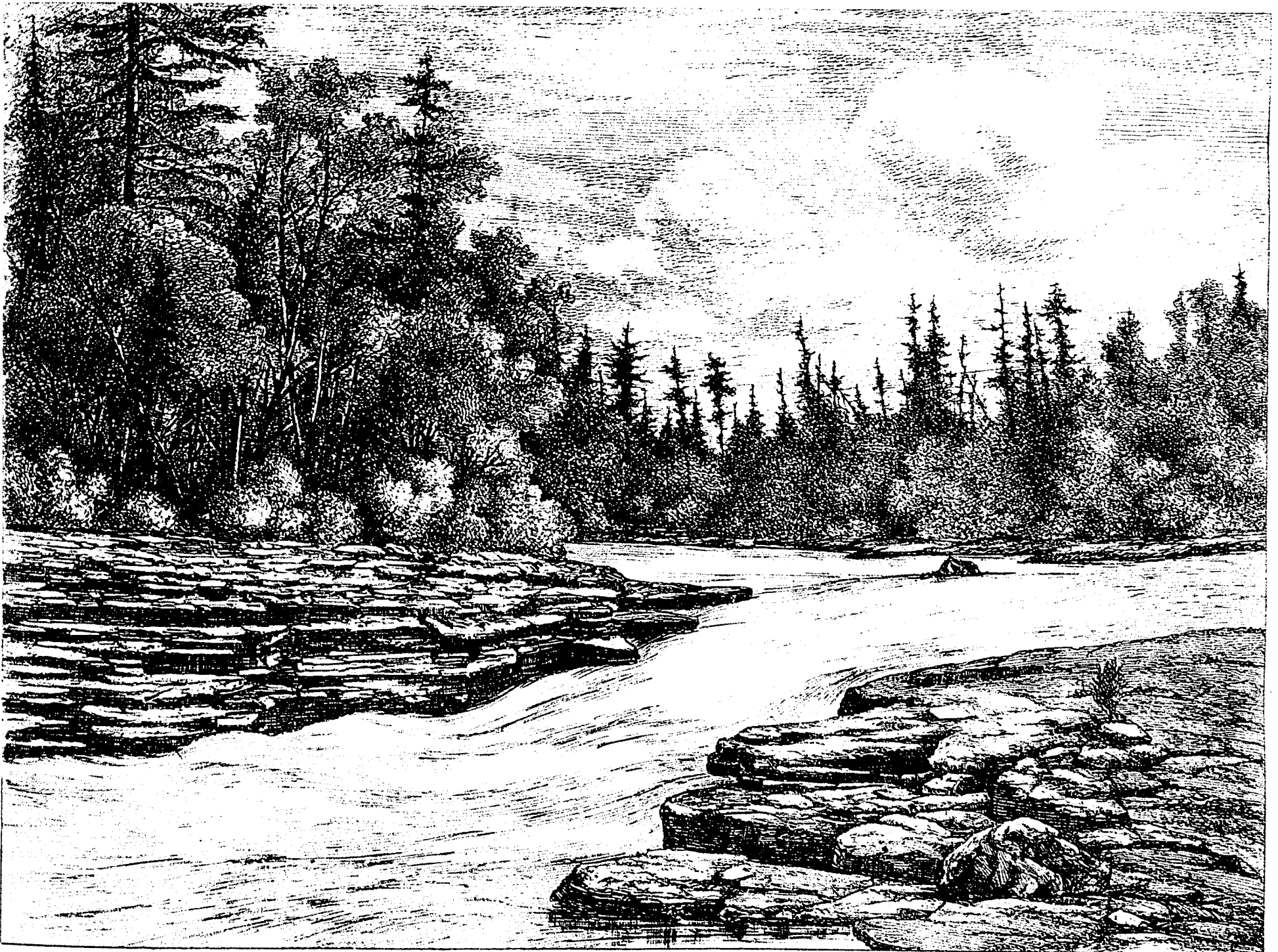
DOG CATCHING IN NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY PAUL FENZENY.



THE CRISIS IN EGYPT — ALEXANDRIAN SOLDIER.



CUIRASSIER OF THE GUARD.



HEAD OF FALLS, JACQUES CARTIER RIVER, P.Q.

DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

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V.

She took care of him conscientiously and skillfully. On his worst day, she even melted and brooded in that gracious, womanly way of hers that he watched for: but as soon as he began to get better again he felt that she distanced him. "You are harder than Heaven, Doctor," he said. "You cannot forgive."

"Forgive what?" She looked up; she was bandaging his ankle. "Oh, that disobedience of yours! Honestly, I have been so hard-worked, I had almost forgotten it."

"Then what is the matter, Doctor Zay?"

She glittered upon him for an instant with her professional look. It was as if she held out a golden sceptre to measure the width at which she would keep him. There was no invitation in her eye. He did not press his question. When the consultation was over she told him that she should not be in again till the next morning.

"You no longer need two calls a day, Mr. Yorke. I will be here as usual, after office hours, before I start off, and will see you safely out upon the piazza. I wish you to keep out, now, from one to three hours a day. I will superintend the experiment, to begin with. But you are perfectly able to dispense with this frequent attendance."

Was she thinking of her—bill, perhaps? The young man had really forgotten, till that moment, that any embarrassing basis of this sort awaited himself and this lady.

"Oh, indeed, I don't think I am well enough, at all," he hastily said. "I—really—I have such troublesome sensations towards evening. I beg you will continue to come as you have, Dr. Lloyd."

That amused look flitted for a moment over her bowed forehead; he could see it in the little movements about the temples. She said,—

"It is impossible for me to call where I am not positively needed, just now. You do not realize how driven I am. You will find one daily call quite sufficient for your case. We will hope to dispense with that, before long."

She was as lad as her word, and he did not see her for twenty-four hours.

When she came again, she looked at him and frowned. He was clearly worse.

"I have found out now what my mother meant by 'aggravations,'" said the patient. "This must be one."

She did not smile, as he had expected. Neither did she express the sympathy which he felt that the physician's heart ought to keep on tap, like cider, and gush to order, at least upon a reasonably interesting invalid like himself. She leaned back in her chair with a look of annoyance, drumming lightly upon the table, with that nervous protest of the finger-tips, which is a more natural expression of irritation among men than women. As she sat there, looking steadily at him, it occurred to him that she was about to say something of novelty and importance. A certain swift illumination of her thoughtful eyes struck him, and fell like a ray of intercepted light. It was somehow made apparent to him, also, perhaps from the fact that she refrained from saying what she purposed, that it would not have been a matter of pleasurable interest to himself.

"I will get you out-of-doors, now," she observed, rising. She had never made him so short a call. He protested that he was too ill to go to-day; and, in fact, he had no heart or health for it. He was full of aches and ills; those, especially in the spine, were not of light importance; he was thoroughly dejected.

She paid no attention whatever to his opinions, but helped him out upon the piazza, overlooking the process carefully; when she had him located to her mind, in the proper hygienic relations to wind, wet, sun, and shade, she gathered her driving-gloves, as if to go. "You have not changed the medicine, Doctor," he said, with difficult carelessness.

"I do not propose to."

"Excuse me. I thought perhaps you had forgotten it."

"A physician cannot always give a patient the remedy he wants, you will understand; only the one he needs. I expect to find you better, when I come to-morrow."

It was hardly possible, he thought, to be mistaken in attributing a significance to these words. Yet so ineffably fine are the intonations by which souls become articulate for each other, and so exceptional was the acoustic position of these two, that the young man experienced a modest and taunting doubt whether he might rate himself even of value enough to his physician to receive a clearly personal rebuff.

There exists, and there must exist, between woman and man an exquisite chromatic scale of relations, variable from the sublimest passions which glorify earth to the most futile movements of the fancy; from the profound and eternal sacrifices to the momentary deification of self; from divine oneness, past conscious separation, all the way down to little intellectual curiosities, and the contented reverences of slight and beautiful approach. Somewhere in this wide resource of harmony, thought Waldo Yorke, we must belong. Then where?

It was apt, he remembered, to be the woman whom nature or fate, God or at least man (the same thing, doubtless, to her), had relegated to the minor note. It occurred to him that in this case he seemed to have struck it himself.

He did not seek to detain her. They parted in silence, and she went to her day's work. Handy was at the gate with the gray pony. Handy always wore hats that were too big for him, and coats that never by any mistake were large enough. The doctor went down the long front walk, drawing on her gauntleted gloves. She had the decisive step which only women of business acquire to whom each moment represents dollars, responsibilities, or projects. Yet he liked to see that she had not lost the grace of movement due to her eminently womanly form. She had preserved the curves of femininity. He had never even seen her put her hand upon her hip, with that masculine angle of the elbow, the first evidence of a mysterious process of natural selection, which goes on in women thrust by fate or choice to the front and the brunt of life; and the last little peculiarity to leave them if, by choice or fate, they suffer a military recall to the civil status. She saluted him lightly with her tree hand, as she gathered the long blue reins into her left, and, turning once, shot over her shoulder a sudden smile. She had, when she liked it, a lovely smile. "He found himself ridiculously better for it. He leaned back in the easy-chair where she had imprisoned him, and watched her drive away. The gray pony exhibited professional responsibility in every clean step that morning, and the consciousness of having made a timely diagnosis in each satisfied movement of her delicate ears. The doctor had on her linen dress and sack, and her figure absorbed the July morning light. Her color was fine. She was the eidolon of glorious health. Every free motion of her happy head and body was superb. She seemed to radiate health, as if she had too much for her own use, and to spare for half the pining world. She had the mysterious odic force of the healer, which is above science, and beyond experience, and behind theory, and which we call magnetism or vitality, tact or inspiration, according to our assimilating power in its presence, and our reverence for its mission.

It seemed to the nervously-strained patient on the piazza that he received a slowly-lessening strength from the doctor's departing figure, as he received warmth from the sun, at that moment threatened by a cloud. It seemed to him a cruel thing that she should not permit him to see her for twenty-four hours more.

It cannot be said that the young man did not chafe under his unprecedented consciousness of dependence. He did. It had struck him yesterday that he was in danger of making a fool of himself. He had devoted the day to this inspiring discovery, and to those select resolves and broad inspirations by which the Columbus in the soul is moved. His present relapse, not to say collapse, was the humiliating result. As he sat there, patient and weak in the strong summer morning, thinking these things sadly over, he recognized the fact that he was still too sick a man to be wise. The grave urgencies of illness intercepted him. He was caught between the fires of a higher and lower species of self-defense. All that a man hath, particularly his good sense, will he give for his life.

"Let me get well, first; I will be prudent afterwards," thought Yorke.

He waited to see her return at noon. He found himself strengthened—such is the hygienic influence of possessing an object in life—and calmed, as the morning wore away. It was a warm morning; would have been hot, outside of Maine. The soft, sudorific glow upon the small leaves of the acacia-trees in the front yard; the opaque color of the dust in the dry, still street; the contented cluck of a brood of yellow chickens, that made futile attempts at acquaintance with him, around the shaded corner of the house; the faint purr of unknown domestic mysteries in Mrs. Isaiah's distant kitchen; and then the sky, of whose intense blueness he was conscious, as if he had been a star gone out in it and become part of the burning day,—these things emphasized the dreamy struggle after strength, in which he seemed to be alternately the victor and the vanquished, and to fight for high costs, and cover large arenas, and to live a long time in the hours of a short July morning. Well people will not understand.

Mr. Butterwell came out and sat with him a while; he tipped his chair back, and rocked on its hind legs, not having felt at liberty to be individual before since his guest was hurt. He talked of his horse, of Uncle Jed and the estate, of the doctor, of her horses, of Handy, of the lumber trade, and Sherman politics.

"I hope you find it comfortable to be sick, Mr. Yorke," he added hospitably. "I hope you don't mind it, being on Sarah's hands. Why, she likes it. The worse you were, the more she'd enjoy it. Sarah is a very uncommon woman. She and I used to argue one spell about profession. Sarah is a professor. Seems at first she couldn't sit down to it that I shouldn't profess alongside of her. But she gave it up

after a while. Women are curious creatures about what they call religion. It looks as if nature gave 'em their meetin's and hymn-tunes much as she gave men a store or a counting-room. They want places to go to,—that's what they want. They ain't like us, Mr. Yorke. There's a monstrous difference. Why, there's the doctor! She's a good girl, Doctor Zay is, if she is cute. There isn't a horse in town, without it's mine, can make the miles that pony can. Look there! The creature wants her dinner. See how she holds her! No blinker nor check-rein on her horses. She drives 'em by lovin' 'em. There's a woman clear through that girl's brains. You should see her in January. There ain't three men in Sherman I'd trust to drive that mare in January without a good life insurance before they set out. Now, Mr. Yorke, may be you don't feel as I do, but to my mind there's no prettier sight under heaven than a brave girl and a fine horse that understand each other. I guess I'll speak to the little doctor."

This was a long speech for Mr. Butterwell, who clearly took advantage of what he thought the first well-bred opportunity to relieve himself of his unwonted conversational responsibility. He was fond of Mr. Yorke, but he adored the doctor, who never wasted good English herself, and had cured the big sorrel of rheumatism. Yorke watched the two standing in the bright, unshaded yard. Mr. Butterwell patted the pony, and it seemed, although she did not touch him, as if the doctor patted the old man. There was a beautiful affectionateness about her,—Yorke had either never noticed or never seen it before,—a certain free, feminine impulse, which it is hard to describe, unless we say that it showed itself chiefly in the motion of her delicate chin. She nodded pleasantly to her patient as she came by, but did not stop.

Presently the dinner-bell rang, and she came through the long hall behind him, and out upon the piazza. He saw then that she had changed her "scarlet-fever dress" for a fresh cambric, before coming near him. She had a vine, whose name he did not know, in her hand. She dropped it lightly over his shoulder, it floated down, and fell slowly; it was a delicate thing. She said,—

"Do you know too much about the spontaneous movements of plants? I have some books you may like, when you are strong enough,—one of Darwin's, especially. It is a subject that interests me greatly. I found this sensitive thing stepping straight over the shrubs and logs for a certain birch-tree it fancied, to climb there; it went as if it were frightened, or starved,—like a creature. It made me feel as if it had a nervous system, and that the lack is in us, not in it; we have not the eyes fine enough to find its ganglia, that is all."

"It seems to shrink from my touch, like a woman," said Yorke.

"It was so delicate," thought you would like it," observed the doctor. "But come! I must send you back to bed. I will have your dinner brought in. You have been here twenty minutes too long."

He went, peaceably enough. He felt ridiculously, vaguely, pitifully happy.

VI.

East Sherman, as Mrs. Butterwell had not untruthfully observed, was a place lacking in "society." The people were miserably poor, and proportionately ignorant—foreigners, largely: French and Irish lumbermen, and householders of the lesser sort, who raised cabbages, aspired to potatoes, and supported a theory, if not their families,—the theory being that they were farmers.

There are advantages in remoteness, solitude, and unlimited opportunity to appreciate nature, but advanced sanitary conditions are not, even in the State of Maine, necessarily among them. East Sherman raged with scarlet fever and diphtheria through that long July, and Doctor Zay had her expressive hands full. She was busy day and night. The exhausting rides of the country physician extended themselves through the neighboring towns, to disheartening lengths. Old Oak relieved the gray pony now regularly every day. The office bell rang to the verge of confusion. Handy, plunged in gloom, rolled out the phaeton at midnight, or waited vainly, deep through the late summer twilights, for the "bleasted, best sound" of low wheels returning down the lonely road. Handy had one spot in the back yard, by the wood-pile, where he stood to exercise what might be called his mind upon the medical and moral subjects connected with his calling. He dug his foot—the right one always, and he took off his shoe for the purpose—spirally into the sawdust, a process not widely under-tooled for its tendency to develop thought, and retired deeper than usual into his hats. He had two. The felt one was the bigger; he wore it altogether during the prevalence of the epidemic. Handy regarded the scarlet fever as a serious infliction, chiefly on horses, not to mention indirectly persons by occupation devoted to equine interests. He made unsuccessful attempts to explain this scientific theory to the doctor; but found her the slave of established medical prejudices, not predisposing one to accept popular discoveries. When Handy was especially aggrieved, he alluded to his injury as "an Ananias 'n' Sapphira shame." No one had ever traced the etymological derivation of this figure.

One evening, as the clock was striking eight, Handy, having reached that depth of spiral action on the sawdust heap which expressed resignation, not as yet hope, expectation, or dis-

appointment, and still as far from the pessimistic as it was from the optimistic view of life, found himself, like many a better and wiser soul that in facing duty wreaths content from the teeth of despair, suddenly plunged into undreamed-of (but plainly deserved) delight.

The doctor was coming home. "Some of 'em's better," observed Handy, wriggling out of the sawdust, and into his shoe, an artistic attitude which joggled his hat an inch or so lower than usual over his nose. "Or some of 'em's dead. Somebody's cured. Or somebody's killed. I don't care which. Well, Doctor!"

"Don't water her for thirty-five minutes," said the doctor, throwing the reins over the dasher. "She's too warm."

"Gointerwanteragin?" asked Handy, in one agonized breath.

"Not to-night. Put her up. Have you fed Old Oak? Very well. That's all."

"Bobailey was after you 'safternoon. The Baileybabywuss. 'Relse it's better. I forget. It's one or t'other. It always is one or t'other," added Handy in an aggrieved tone. "Haint-goterseeitaginaveyer?"

The doctor did not answer Handy. If she had been a man, one would have said she strode by him into the house. As it was, she had a long, nervous, absorbed step, that Handy knew very well. He and the gray pony looked at each other with a confidential air through the twilight of the deserted back yard.

"It's dead," said Handy. "ain't it?" He stroked the pony's chin. The horse returned the boy's gaze with soft, tired eyes, and seemed to nod.

"I thought so," said Handy. "You needn't tell me you ain't glad of it. Got you supper an hour sooner. Accommodatinbabywanntit!"

He leaned his face against the pony's, and whistled, as he led her to her stall, a polka made popular in Maine by the Sherman Brass Band. The horse and boy went gayly into the barn together, cheek by cheek, as if they both belonged there. Suddenly Handy appeared in the barn door, and made a dive (chiefly over the flower beds) after the doctor's retreating figure.

"Oh, I say, Doctor; I forgot! He wants yer, mostpartikler too. I've got too much to do to keep rememberin' 'em," said Handy, with a look of disgust.

"What is the matter, Handy?" The doctor stopped, not without a touch of annoyance.

"Why, the fellar in the house. He's wuss, too. They're all wuss to-day," cried Handy, with professional glee. "It's one of our days. It's pretty much all wussness. We've got our hands full, I tell yer, younmenthehorses."

"But I went to see Mr. Yorke this morning," said Doctor Zay, rather to herself than to Handy. She pushed off her hat, and passed her hand over her forehead wearily. There was an irritable, almost a womanish accent in her voice; as if she would have said, "What shall I do?" or, possibly, would have cried a little, if she had not been ashamed to do. But only Handy heard her, and the gray pony, neighing through the barn door for her supper. Both of them discriminated finely, up to a certain point, in the doctor's tones; but she had passed that point.

"Can't help that," said Handy; "yerego-tergo. He said so."

She bathed, and changed her dress, and took her supper, before she obeyed Mr. Yorke's order; but she obeyed it. He was on the lounge in his room, in the familiar position, and the lamp was in the entry; she came through the half-light, towards him, against the Rembrandt-like background. He watched her in silence.

"Well?" she said, stopping before him. She made no movement to sit down.

"Why, Doctor, you're cross!" said the young man, with an indefinitely masculine touch in his tone; half frolic, half tenderness, as if he sported with her retreat, and put it aside as something not important to the case, or even as a thing which it might be in his power to overcome, if he chose.

"Handy said you were worse, and needed me," replied the doctor, gravely. Plainly, she was not a woman to be meshed by these little nets.

"I did not tell Handy I was worse. But I do need you."

"So do many other people. If there are no new symptoms, Mr. Yorke."

"Symptoms!" breathed the patient, all but inaudibly. "There are new symptoms every day."

She made a nonchalant little gesture with one hand.

"If that is all,"—there was a very fine emphasis, too light to bear italics, too clear to pass unnoticed, upon the "that," "you will excuse me, to-night, I am—tired."

"Bring the light, please," said Yorke, with a change of manner. "No, sit down. I can do it myself. Take the easy-chair. No, take the lounge. I can sit up a few minutes perfectly well. I won't keep you more than a few minutes. Please! Why not? Where's the harm? How tired—how tired you are!"

He had hobbled over, and brought the lamp; it was a little lantern, that he had made to swing upon his arm,—one of the contrivances of convalescence, the offspring of necessity, like all the great inventions of history; it had a Japanese paper shade. He stood leaning upon his crutches, looking down. She had silently taken the empty chair.

Doctor Zay had borne her epidemic superbly. Her bloom had subsided a little, it is true, but

only enough to increase the delicacy rather than detract from the vigor of her strong face. He had all along perceived in her a person practically supported by what we are accustomed to call, with the most imperfect apprehension of the phrase, a scientific passion.

Against the strain of exhausted sympathy she had set the muscle of intellectual conquest. It could not be denied that in a certain sense the doctor enjoyed her terrible work. She gave out of herself, as if she possessed the life everlasting before her time. She had bread to eat that he knew not of. He could not think of her as sinking, dejected, in need, a-hungered. Her splendid health was like a God to her. She leaned against her own physical strength, as another woman might lean upon a man's. She had the repose of her full mental activity. She had her dangerous and sacred feminine nerve under magnificent training. It was her servant, not her tyrant; her wealth, not her poverty; the source of her power, not the opponent of her weakness. She moved on her straight and narrow way between life and death, where one hysteric moment would be fatal, with a glorious poise. The young man acknowledged from the bottom of his heart that she was a balanced and beautiful creature. He had read of such women. He had never seen one.

It was not without a thrill of reverence, amounting almost to awe, that he perceived, when he swung his fantastic little lantern full in her face, that she was undergoing some intense emotion, which, in almost any woman that he knew, would have weakened itself in vehement vocal expression.

"I had a letter from my mother," he began, "and I thought—it was about you—I had told her at last—and it was a pleasant letter. I mean to read it to you. She sends a long message to you. I really am not such a brute as I seem. I thought perhaps it would amuse you. Doctor Zay, I had no more idea you were so overworked than I had that you were!" He broke off.

"I never saw you look so!" he murmured, with rebellious, almost affectionate anxiety. "It's not easy, when you've done so much for him, for a man to look on, like a woman, this way. Isn't there anything I can do? If you would stay a while, I could read to you. We will send for Mrs. Butterwell, if you would. I could do something, I know I could! Just let me try."

"You cannot help me," she said, gently enough. "Nobody can. I have lost a patient."

Yorke was on the point of crying, "Is that all?" but saved himself in time, and only said,—

"Who is it?"

"The little Bailey baby. It was doing so well,—out of danger. The mother took it over to a neighbor's. You cannot conceive the ignorance and recklessness that we have to manage. She took the child out, like an express bundle, rolled in her shawl. Coming home, it got wet in that shower. I had ceased to visit there every day; they did not send at once,—I suppose every doctor makes these excuses for himself: what would become of us if we couldn't?—but when I got there, I could not do anything. The little thing died at half-past seven."

She sat looking straight before her at the Japanese lantern. Yorke felt that the personality of the red and purple paper men on it came as near her at that moment as his. He could not think of anything to say which would not present the edge of an intrusion upon an experience so far without the pale of his own. The young man's imagination was well stocked with comfortable material for the lesser sympathies. If she had lost a steamer to Liverpool, or a ticket for a Christmas oratorio, or a picture bidden for in the last great art craze, he could have comforted her. She had lost only a miserable child out of a beggarly home. What could he say?

"I don't believe every baby in Sherman is worth your looking like that!" he cried, with an impulse whose only virtue lay in its honesty. He really perceived that something more than scientific pride was hurt in Doctor Zay. He felt, with a kind of senseless triumph, which he put aside to analyze by and by, that he had found the woman in the doctor.

"It was a dear little thing," she said, softly, "and fond of me. I had always taken care of it, ever since it was born. It was just beginning to talk. It wasn't a big, noisy baby, like the rest of the family. It is terrible that a child should die,—terrible! It ought never to happen. There is no excuse for it, I can never be reconciled to it!"

She rose impetuously, and left him without another word. The patient looked after her. She had forgotten him. He and the paper men turned and regarded each other. It was not for them to help her in her trouble. She went across the entry, and on into her own rooms, and he heard the door shut. Only one patient rang the bell that night. He was glad she was left to herself. Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell came in. They, too, were much moved by the doctor's grief. They all sat together in the sick-room, and mourned about that baby as if it had been one of the family.

"It's always just so," said Mrs. Butterwell, wiping her eyes. "She hasn't lost but two patients since she came to Sherman,—except old Father Foxy, that nobody counts; for the Lord himself couldn't have saved him,—eighty-seven, and drunk since he was seventeen. The Sherman Temperance Lodge used him for a warning in good and regular standing, till he got to be about fifty, he kept such excellent health; and sixty, then they fought shy of him; and seven-

ty, but he didn't die; and when he came to be eighty they gave him up as a bad argument. But there! It kills Doctor Zay to lose a patient. I never saw anybody mind anything so. She acts as if she'd murdered 'em. You'll see! She'll be all but down sick over this. She'd better take it as a blessing! I would. Those Baileys have got seven now, and as poor as Job's Monday dinners. I tell you, Providence knows what he's about, if folks don't. He will drown the extra kittens, when he can. I say he ought to be thanked to mercy for it. But we never do. We up and blame him, the more fools we!"

"Why, Sur-ah!" said Mr. Butterwell, placidly.

Upon the sill of the open window, during the unwonted domestic excitement of that summer evening, a felt hat with a boy under it had sympathetically and prudently reposed. Nobody minded Handy. He looked in and out unnoticed, with wide-apart, dumb eyes, like the pony. Sometimes Yorke wondered dimly if anybody had fed and watered him; but even that was an intellectual effect disproportionate to the proposition. It was a long time since the doctor had lost a patient. Handy regarded it as an epoch in human history. He felt that the event reflected importance upon himself, who might be said to have had a share in the glory of the circumstance. He felt above the company of the pony and Old Oak that night; and though the bosom of the family, as expressed by the window-sill, was a little hard, there is a compensatory pleasure in finding one's social level. Handy remained there, after Mr. and Mrs. Butterwell had gone. It seemed to him that this lame gentleman encroached somewhat upon his (Handy's) rights in exhibiting so much interest in that dead baby. That was a professional matter mainly between himself and the doctor.

Mr. Yorke, left alone, after a few moments' thought, bent his head upon the top of his crutch, sitting quite still. The red and purple light of the Japanese gentlemen on the little lantern, flashed and defined his profile. Handy vaguely resented its expression. The old felt hat slipped softly from the window-sill, and betook itself confidently to the doctor's side of the house. The office door was open to the warm night. Handy peeped. He peeped without a qualm. He regarded it as one of his privileges to follow the doctor's private career. Who had as good a right?

(To be continued.)

GETTING OVER A BURGLAR.

The Presbyterian pastor in a small town on the Hudson River was a clever and brave man, as the following story proves. The event took place in the autumn of 1860. It was Friday night; the good pastor was sitting in his study, preparing his sermon for Sunday, and so busy was he in his work, that he did not perceive how late it was. Midnight passed away, and still he worked on. Resting for a moment, he looked up, and suddenly perceived the figure of a strongly-built man, who was gazing at the pastor as if he was awaiting a favorable moment to interrupt him.

The minister, although very much astonished, preserved his composure entirely, and asked the intruder to sit down, which he seemed to do mechanically.

"May I ask you to tell me what has brought you here at such a late hour?" said the minister.

"My intention is to rob. At the first movement you make to give an alarm, you are a dead man. You have plate in the house, and some money. I will borrow that, and take this opportunity to receive it," said the stranger.

"You are very open," said the minister, "and I esteem your candor, although I greatly lament your calling."

"Robbery, sir, is not my business; but I am out of work, my family is starving; I am driven to this necessity. Before I see my children starve, I would take the lives of ten such as you are, if by doing so I could procure bread."

"I cannot see your face," said the pastor, "but I should take you for a man of education, and with a human heart."

"Well, well," said the man, impatiently, "you need not think to gain time by a conversation. You know my business," he continued, approaching the good man.

"I pledge you my word as a Christian that I will neither raise an alarm nor keep back anything from you which is in the house. Be so good as to sit down."

The robber sat down again. "Now be candid," said the minister; "is this only an excuse, or is your family really on the point of starvation?"

"My family, sir, is in the state which I have described to you; my wife is ill, and my children drive me wild with their cries for bread."

The minister, convinced of the truth of the man's statement, said,—

"I have a hundred dollars, paid me yesterday for my salary, as I suppose you have heard; I have some silver-plated articles which were given to my wife for a wedding present. If you spare the plate, I will give you the hundred dollars, and twenty more which I have laid by to surprise my wife on the anniversary of our wedding-day."

"Well, do so, but be quick about it, for I must go."

"Just come here," said the pastor; "I must show you a picture."

The man followed, and the minister opened a door, and stood still for a moment.

"In that room, further on, the mother of those children is slumbering," he said, as he pointed to a boy and girl who lay in a low bed in the room before them. "She doubtless feels quite safe, because the sacred calling of her husband should protect her and her children. The money that I shall give you was to supply this family with what you unfortunately so greatly need. Here it is," said the pastor, closing the door and taking a roll of notes out of his desk.

The other seized it, and turned away; stood still, and then round again.

"Sir," said he, addressing the minister, and taking off the half-mask which covered part of his face, "this money burns my hands; I cannot keep it."

"Why not?" said the minister.

"I am thinking of those children," pointing to the door. "Such as those drove me to the deed which I have just carried out; but I fear that bread thus obtained might choke them."

"Well, come," said the pastor, "I think we can arrange the matter. Here are twenty-five dollars, which I will lend you; they will support your little family for the present. The trust you have put in me by uncovering your face shall not injure you. Take this money, and come to me to-morrow: I am sure that I can procure you work."

The man burst into tears, and, seizing the preacher's hand, he said—

"You have saved me, sir. Had I succeeded in the deed which I attempted to-night, robbery might have become my occupation, and my children the children of a murderer!"

THE MAN AT THE JUNCTION.

The other day six railway passengers over a line in one of the States were put down at a junction to wait for a cross-line train. The little depot was the only building in sight, and the man in charge of it was not a telegraph operator. He simply kept the station-house and flagged the trains, and he was no more responsible for the running of trains than the Tycoon of Japan. Every one of the six realized this, and yet it wasn't over two minutes before one of the passengers approached him and asked:

"Is that train on time?"

"I guess so."

"You guess so! Don't you know?"

"No, sir."

"You don't, eh! Then how do you know it isn't an hour late?"

"I don't."

"Don't, eh! Well, if that train's late, you'll—"

Here he was elbowed away by the old woman who made up the six, and who wanted to know:

"Will I git home to-day?"

"I guess so."

"The train stops here, [does it?]"

"Yes'm."

"Stops long enough for me to git on?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, mebbe it does, but if it don't you'll hear from us!"

She gave place to a man who had looked at his watch three times in six minutes, and who sternly asked:

"Did I understand that we were to wait here two hours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is it two hours before that train crosses here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Whereabouts on the line is the train now?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you telegraph?"

"We have no instrument here."

"Haven't, eh! That's a pretty state of affairs! Two long hours, and perhaps four! Now, then, if—"

Here he was called away by the blowing of a saw-mill whistle, and the most peaceful-looking man in the crowd edged up, and inquired:

"Train on time?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does it cross here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Always stop?"

"Always."

"If I should get left here to-night it would cost somebody a good round sum."

In the course of the next ten minutes the other two men approached, and indulged in about the same style of conversation, and after an interval of ten minutes he was asked what time it was, why he was not an operator, why the trains didn't make close connection, and why on earth he didn't have an eating-house in connection with the station. He had a civil answer for every question, and his patience never wavered until just four minutes before train time. Then the old woman said to him for the twentieth time:

"Do you s'pose I'll miss the train?"

"I hope not," he quietly replied, "for if you do I shall take to the woods!"

And at that the six passengers gathered on the end of the platform, went into convention, and it was unanimously

resolved, That the arrogance and impudence of public servants must be and is hereby sternly rebuked."

It is reported in the neighborhood of Hamilton Palace that it is to be turned into a nunnery.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, July 8.

QUIDA's new book has been christened *Bimbi* by her.

MR. JAMES GORDON BENNET has given a princely order to a Liverpool firm of ship-builders. It is for a yacht of 1,100 tons burden. He will soon want an ironclad.

FROM a correspondence in a Yarmouth paper it seems there is a dispute as to which lodge of "The Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffaloes" presented a letter of welcome to the Prince of Wales.

IT has been suggested that the hand instantaneous photographer could be used successfully in case of suspicion at bacarat or écarté. There is no end to the usefulness of this great invention of the age.

MR. MAYALL has introduced the electric light into his Brighton photographic atelier for the purpose of taking portraits. The cost has been between £800 to £1,000. By this process photographs can be taken night and day, and at an expense of time of about four seconds.

It is said that one of the finest art critics of the day is a retired Billingsgate salesman. There must be something in the air of the locality that touches the roe of the native horn artist, for a distinguished literary man on being asked where he acquired his terse English style replied in Billingsgate.

THE idea is being pushed forward of re-establishing a National Liberal Club in London. It is intended to make it a social centre for all Liberal associations in the country; and this will be carried so far that the provincial members will be able to use the club as an hotel. In addition to the usual comforts and luxuries there will be a large hall for meetings and conferences.

THE fiftieth year of Mr. Gladstone's political life is to be celebrated at the Crystal Palace. There is surely no amusement in the idea. The retrospect suggested is, on the contrary, exceedingly saddening. Will there be fireworks? If so, among the fiery devices, Ireland, Egypt, and Africa should not be wanting.

KNOWING ones say that during last week when the public were making haste to get rid of Egyptian bonds at any cost, certain buyers who were known to have access to the best political information were quietly picking up what they could get. What is "the best political information?" Can the best diplomatist out tell what the middle of next week may bring with it?

AN Irish journal has the following highly suggestive and excessively outspoken advertisement in its columns: "Stamp Orator wanted immediately.—Apply personally at Auction Rooms, 14 Billingsgate, London. One from Dublin preferred. Character not so much required as ability." The two points to be observed are "Billingsgate," and "character."

OUR National Anthem is about to be translated into fourteen of the languages spoken in the British possessions in the East Indies. But the question has arisen, is our style of music in accordance with the methods of the Hindoos, whose scale contains smaller intervals than our chromatic scale? In order to obtain an answer to this question correspondence has been opened with Dr. Sourindro Mohun Tagore, of Calcutta, and it is probable that our Asiatic subjects will shortly have a melody which will at once suit Oriental taste and the measure of our "God save the Queen."

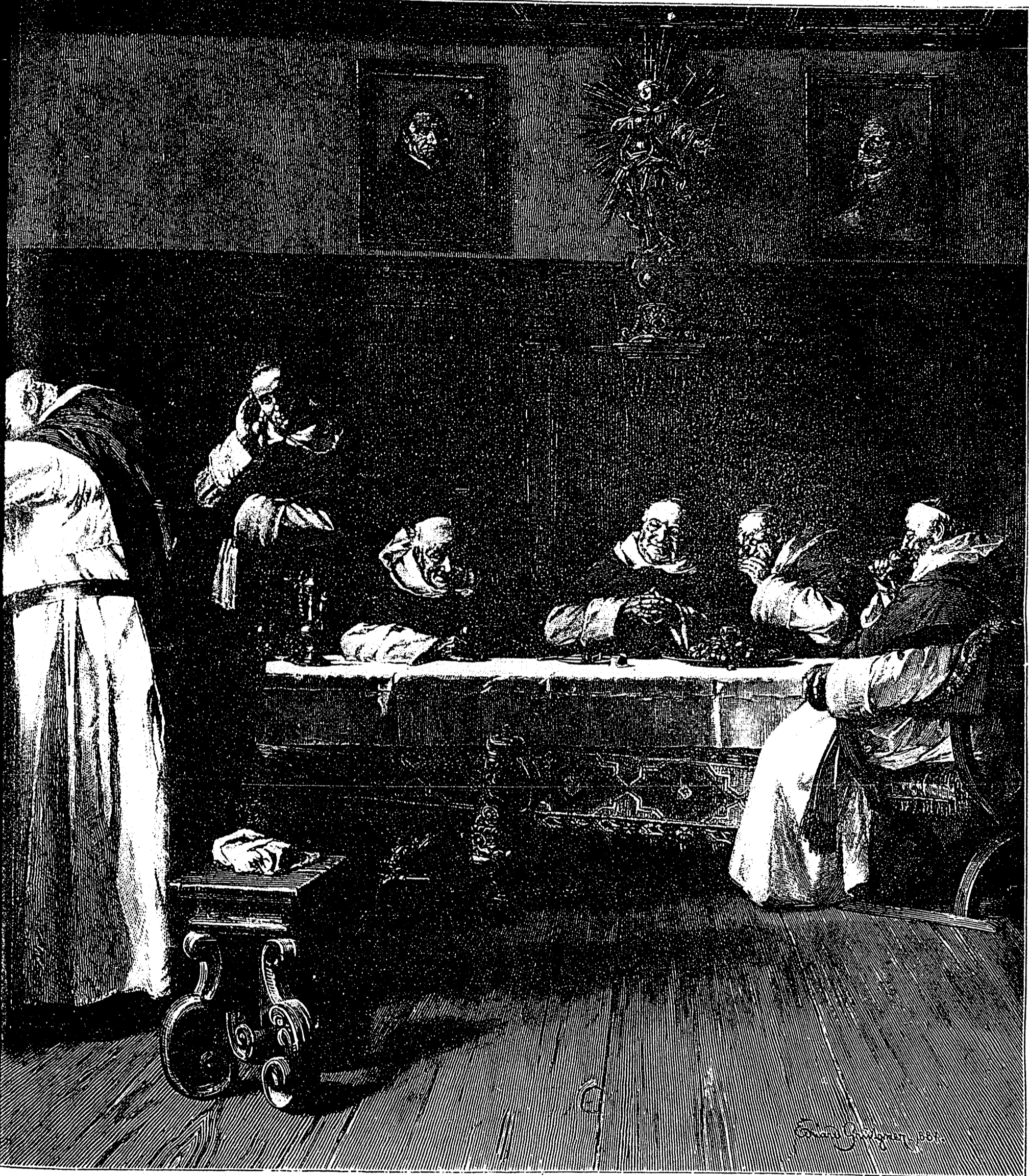
BORN the Coquelius, elder and younger, have had frequent engagements in society during their fortnight's engagement at the Gaiety. The two brothers have achieved great success in this way, with their "monologues," a species of recitation of a semi-dramatic type. The greatest hit of this kind is M. Coquelius the elder's "La Chasse," a recitation of the experience of a too tender-hearted sportsman, which has been heard in not a few Belgravia drawing-rooms during the past week or two. All this is very satisfactory to the comedians themselves, but it is a question whether it adds to the dignity of the great institution with which they are connected—the Comédie Française. All great artists who visit London, notably Sarah Bernhardt, are subject to the same species of temptation. They are made too much of in society. It is the correct thing in grand houses to have the services of a theatrical celebrity. Theatrical managers do not like this arrangement, but they are obliged to accept it.

A NEW and very pretty theatre has been opened at Aix-les-Bains. The charming place is becoming more and more a resort for English people requiring a little setting to rights in their health, and the new attraction will be greatly appreciated, as Britons of late years have become so intensely dramatic in their tastes.



RECREATION TIME IN

FROM THE FUTURE P...



IN THE MONASTERY.
EDWARD GRUTZNER.

THE STRANGER.

(From the French of Madame Emile de Girardin.)

He passed from vision like a cloud,
Or wave that onward sweeps;
My heart, that once was cold and proud,
His image keeps.

One keen, but fascinating glance
Entranced my spell-bound eyes,
And since that moment of romance
Life's breath I prize.

Too daring, and too rapturous
My self-communings seem—
I love him—and to love him thus
Is joy supreme.

And yet, in lonely hours alas!
Mine eyes with tears are dim
To think my youthful years may pass
Apart from him.

His was the soul of which I dreamed,
For which I vainly pine;
The long-sought sister-soul that seemed
The twin of mine.

And I had found it—oh, my heart!
Thy throbbings I must quell;
'Tis hard from all we love to part,
And cry "Farewell."

But still, if pitying Heaven will deign
To aid us from above,
Hereafter, I shall meet again
My only love.

One moment let me hear him sigh,
And feel his fond caress—
E'en were I doomed that hour to die
From joy's excess!

GEO. MURRAY.

BONES.

THE APRIL FOOL OF HARVEY'S SLUICE.

March was drawing to a close in Harvey's Sluice, and the glare and heat of the antipodean summer had toned down into the rich mellow hues of autumn. It was never a lovely place to look upon. There was something hopelessly prosaic in the two bare rugged ridges, seamed and scarred by the hand of man, with iron arms of windlasses, and broken buckets projecting everywhere through the endless little hillocks of red earth. Down the middle ran the deeply rutted road from Buckhurst, winding along and crossing the sluggish tide of Harper's Creek by a crumbling wooden bridge. Beyond the bridge lay the cluster of little huts with the Colonial Bar and the Grocery towering in all the dignity of whitewash among the humble dwellings around. The assayer's verandah-lined house lay above the gulches on the side of the slope nearly opposite the dilapidated specimen of architecture of which our friend Abe was so unreasonably proud.

There was one other building which might have come under the category of what an inhabitant of the Sluice would have described as a "public edifice" with a comprehensive wave of his pipe which conjured up images of an endless vista of colonnades and minarets. This was the Baptist chapel, a modest little shingle-roofed erection on the bend of the river about a mile above the settlement. It was from this that the town looked at its best, when the harsh outlines and crude colors were somewhat softened by distance. On that particular morning the stream looked pretty as it meandered down the valley; pretty, too, was the long rising upland behind, with its luxuriant green covering; and prettiest of all was Miss Carrie Sinclair, as she laid down the basket of ferns which she was carrying, and stopped upon the summit of the rising ground.

Something seemed to be amiss with that young lady. There was a look of anxiety upon her face which contrasted strangely with her usual appearance of piquant insouciance. Some recent annoyance had left its traces upon her. Perhaps it was to walk it off that she had rambled down the valley; certain it is that she inhaled the fresh breezes of the woodlands as if their resinous fragrance bore with them some antidote for human sorrow.

She stood for some time gazing at the view before her. She could see her father's house, like a white dot upon the hillside, though strangely enough it was a blue reek of smoke upon the opposite slope which seemed to attract the greater part of her attention. She lingered there, watching it with a wistful look in her hazel eyes. Then the loneliness of her situation seemed to strike her, and she felt one of those spasmodic fits of unreasoning terror to which the bravest women are subject. Tales of natives and of bushrangers, their daring and their cruelty, flashed across her. She glanced at the great mysterious stretch of silent bushland beside her, and stooped to pick up her basket with the intention of hurrying along the road in the direction of the gulches. She started round, and hardly suppressed a scream as a long red-flannelled arm shot out from behind her and withdrew the basket from her very grasp.

The figure which met her eye would to some have seemed little calculated to allay her fears. The high boots, the rough shirt, and the broad girdle with its weapons of death were, however, too familiar to Miss Carrie to be objects of terror, and when above them all she saw a pair of tender blue eyes looking down upon her, and a half-abashed smile lurking under a thick yellow moustache, she knew that for the remainder of that walk ranger and black would be equally powerless to harm her.

"O Mr. Durton," she said, "how you did startle me!"

"I'm sorry, miss," said Abe, in great trepidation at having caused his idol one moment's uneasiness. "You see," he continued, with simple cunning, "the weather bein' fine and my partner gone prospectin', I thought I'd walk up to Hagley's Hill and round back by the bend, and there I sees you accidental-like and promiscuous a standin' on a hillock." This astounding falsehood was reeled off by the miner with great fluency, and an artificial sincerity which at once stamped it as a fabrication. Bones had concocted and rehearsed it while tracking the little footsteps in the clay, and looked upon it as the very depth of human guile. Miss Carrie did not venture upon a remark, but there was a gleam of amusement in her eyes which puzzled her lover.

Abe was in good spirits this morning. It may have been the sunshine, or it may have been the rapid rise of shares in the Connemara, which lightened his heart. I am inclined to think, however, that it was referable to neither of these causes. Simple as he was, the scene which he had witnessed the night before could only lead to one conclusion. He pictured himself walking as wildly down the valley under similar circumstances, and his heart was touched with pity for his rival. He felt very certain that the ill-omened fact of Mr. Thomas Ferguson of Rochdale Ferry would never more be seen within the walls of Azalea Villa. Then why did she refuse him? He was handsome, he was fairly rich. Could it—no, it couldn't; of course it couldn't; how could it! The idea was ridiculous—so very ridiculous that it had fermented in the young man's brain all night, and that he could do nothing but ponder over it in the morning, and cherish it in his perturbed bosom.

They passed down the red pathway together, and along by the river's bank. Abe had relapsed into his normal condition of taciturnity. He had made one gallant effort to hold forth upon the subject of ferns, stimulated by the basket which he held in his hand, but the theme was not a thrilling one, and after a spasmodic flicker he had abandoned the attempt. While coming along he had been full of racy anecdotes and humorous observations. He had rehearsed innumerable remarks which were to be poured into Miss Sinclair's appreciative ear. But now his brain seemed of a sudden to have become a vacuum, and utterly devoid of any idea save an insane and overpowering impulse to comment upon the heat of the sun. No astronomer who ever reckoned a parallax was so entirely absorbed in the condition of the celestial bodies as honest Bones while he trudged along by the slow-flowing Australian river.

Suddenly his conversation with his partner came back into his mind. What was it Bones had said upon the subject? "Tell her how they live at the mines." He revolved it in his brain. It seemed a curious thing to talk about; but Boss had said it, and Boss was always right. He would take the plunge; so with a premonitory "hem he blurted out,

"They live mostly on bacon and beans in the valley."

He could not see what effect this communication had upon his companion. He was too tall to be able to peer under the little straw bonnet. She did not answer. He would try again.

"Mutton on Sundays," he said. Even this failed to arouse any enthusiasm. In fact she seemed to be laughing. Boss was evidently wrong. The young man was in despair. The sight of a ruined hut beside the pathway conjured up a fresh idea. He grasped at it as a drowning man to a straw.

"Cockney Jack built that," he remarked. "Lived there till he died."

"What did he die of?" asked his companion.

"Three star brandy," said Abe decisively. "I used to come over of a night when he was bad and sit by him. Poor chap! He had a wife and two children in Putney. He'd rave, and call me Polly, by the hour. He was cleaned out, hadn't a red cent; but the boys collected rough gold enough to see him through. He's buried there in that shaft; that was his claim, so we just dropped him down it an' filled it up. Put down his pick too, an' a spade an' a bucket, so's he'd feel kinder perky and at home."

Miss Carrie seemed more interested now. "Do they often die like that?" she asked.

"Well, brandy kills many; but there's more gets dropped—shot, you know."

"I don't mean that. Do many men die alone and miserable down there, with no one to care for them?" and she pointed to the cluster of houses beneath them. "Is there any one dying now? It is awful to think of."

"There's none as I knows on likely to throw up their hand."

"I wish you wouldn't use so much slang, Mr. Durton," said Carrie, looking up at him reprovingly out of her violet eyes. It was strange what an air of proprietorship this young lady was gradually assuming towards her gigantic companion. "You know it isn't polite. You should get a dictionary and learn the proper words."

"Ah, that's it," said Bones apologetically. "It's gettin' your hand on the proper one. When you've not got a steam drill, you've got to put up with a pick."

"Yes, but it's easy if you really try. You could say that a man was 'dying,' or 'moribund,' if you like."

"That's it," said the miner enthusiastically. "Moribund! That's a word. Why, you could lay over Boss Morgan in the matter of words. 'Moribund!' There's some sound about that." Carrie laughed.

"It's not the sound you must think of, but whether it will express your meaning. Seriously, Mr. Durton, if any one should be ill in the camp you must let me know. I can nurse, and I might be of use. You will, won't you?"

Abe readily acquiesced, and relapsed into silence as he pondered over the possibility of inculcating himself with some long and painful disease. There was a mad dog reported from Buckhurst. Perhaps something might be done with that.

"And now I must say good-morning," said Carrie, as they came to the spot where a crooked pathway branched off from the track and wound up to Azalea Villa. "Thank you ever so much for escorting me."

In vain Abe pleaded for the additional hundred yards, and adduced the overwhelming weight of the diminutive basket as a cogent reason. The young lady was inexorable. She had taken him too far out of his way already. She was ashamed of herself; she wouldn't hear of it.

So poor Bones departed in a mixture of many opposite feelings. He had interested her. She had spoken kindly to him. But then she had sent him away before there was any necessity; she couldn't care much about him if he would do that. I think he might have felt a little more cheerful, however, had he seen Miss Carrie Sinclair as she watched his retiring figure from the garden-gate with a loving look upon her saucy face, and a mischievous smile at his bent head and desponding appearance.

The Colonial Bar was the favorite haunt of the inhabitants of Harvey's Sluice in their hours of relaxation. There had been a fierce competition between it and the rival establishment termed the Grocery, which, in spite of its innocent appellation, aspired also to dispense spirituous refreshments. The importation of chairs into the latter had led to the appearance of a settee in the former. Spittoons appeared in the Grocery against a picture in the Bar, and, as the frequenters expressed it, the honors were even. When, however, the Grocery led a window-curtain, and its opponent returned a snuggery and a mirror, the game was declared to be in favor of the latter, and Harvey's Sluice showed its sense of the spirit of the proprietor by withdrawing their custom from his opponent.

Though every man was at liberty to swagger into the Bar itself, and bask in the shimmer of its many colored bottles, there was a general feeling that the snuggery, or special apartment, should be reserved for the use of the more prominent citizens. It was in this room that committees met, that opulent companies were conceived and born, and that inquests were generally held. The latter, I regret to state, was, in 1861, a pretty frequent ceremony at the Sluice; and the findings of the coroner were sometimes characterized by a fine breezy originality. Witness when Bully Burke, a notorious desperado, was shot down by a quiet young medical man, and a sympathetic jury brought in that "the deceased had met his death in an ill-advised attempt to stop a pistol-ball while in motion," a verdict which was looked upon as a triumph of jurisprudence in the camp, as simultaneously exonerating the culprit, and adhering to the rigid and undeniable truth.

On this particular evening there was an assemblage of notabilities in the snuggery, though no such pathological ceremony had called them together. Many changes had occurred of late which merited discussion; and it was in this chamber, gorgeous in all the effete luxury of the mirror and settee, that Harvey's Sluice was wont to exchange ideas. The recent cleansing of the population was still causing some ferment in men's minds. Then there was Miss Sinclair and her movements to be commented on, and the paying lead in the Connemara, and the recent rumors of bushrangers. It was no wonder that the leading men in the township had come together in the Colonial Bar.

The rangers were the present subject of discussion. For some few days rumors of their presence had been flying about, and an uneasy feeling had pervaded the colony. Physical fear was a thing little known in Harvey's Sluice. The miners would have turned out to hunt down the desperadoes with as much zest as if they had been so many kangaroos. It was the presence of a large quantity of gold in the town which caused anxiety. It was felt that the fruits of their labor must be secured at any cost. Messages had been sent over to Buckhurst for as many troopers as could be spared, and in the mean time the main street of the Sluice was paraded at night by volunteer sentinels.

A fresh impetus had been given to the panic by the report brought in to-day by Jim Struggles. Jim was of an ambitious and aspiring turn of mind, and after gazing in silent disgust at last week's clean up, he had metaphorically shaken the clay of Harvey's Sluice from his feet, and had started off into the woods with the intention of prospecting round until he could hit upon some likely piece of ground for himself. Jim's story was that he was sitting upon a fallen trunk eating his mid-day damper and rusty bacon, when his trained ear had caught the clink of horses' hoofs. He had hardly time to take the precaution of rolling off the tree and crouching down behind it, before a troop of men came riding down through the bush, and passed within a stone-throw of him.

"There was Bill Smooton and Murphy Duff," said Struggles, naming two notorious ruffians; "and there was three more that I couldn't rightly see. And they took the trail to the right, and looked like business all over, with their guns in their hands."

Jim was submitted to a searching cross-examination that evening; but nothing could shake his testimony or throw a further light upon what he had seen. He told the story several times and at long intervals; and though there might be a pleasing variety in the minor incidents, the main facts were always identically the same. The matter began to look serious.

There were a few, however, who were loudly sceptical as to the existence of the rangers, and the most prominent of these was a young man who was perched on a barrel in the centre of the room, and was evidently one of the leading spirits in the community. We have already seen that dark curling hair, lack-lustre eye, and thin cruel lip, in the person of Black Tom Ferguson, the rejected suitor of Miss Sinclair. He was easily distinguishable from the rest of the party by a tweed coat, and other symptoms of effeminacy in his dress, which might have brought him into disrepute had he not, like Abe Durton's partner, early established the reputation of being a quietly desperate man. On the present occasion he seemed somewhat under the influence of liquor, a rare occurrence with him, and probably to be ascribed to his recent disappointment. He was almost fierce in his denunciation of Jim Struggles and his story.

"It's always the same," he said; "if a man meets a few travellers in the bush, he's bound to come back raving about rangers. If they'd seen Struggles there, they would have gone off with a long yarn about a ranger crouching behind a tree. As to recognizing people riding fast among tree trunks—it is an impossibility."

Struggles, however, stoutly maintained his original assertion, and all the sarcasms and arguments of his opponent were thrown away upon his stolid complacency. It was noticed that Ferguson seemed unaccountably put out about the whole matter. Something seemed to be on his mind, too; for occasionally he would spring off his perch and pace up and down the room with an abstracted and very forbidding look upon his swarthy face. It was a relief to every one when suddenly catching up his hat, and wishing the company a curt "Good-night," he walked off through the bar, and into the street beyond.

"Seems kinder put out," remarked Long McCoy.

"He can't be afraid of the rangers, surely," said Joe Shamus, another man of consequence, and principal shareholder of the El Dorado.

"No, he's not the man to be afraid," answered another. "There's something queer about him the last day or two. He's been long trips in the woods without any tools. They do say that the assayer's daughter has chucked him over."

"Quite right, too. A darned sight too good for him," remarked several voices.

"It's odds but he has another try," said Shamus. "He's a hard man to beat when he's set his mind on a thing."

"Abe Durton's the horse to win," remarked Honlahan, a little bearded Irishman. "It's sivin to four I'd be willin' to lay on him."

"And you'd be after losing your money, a-vick," said a young man with a laugh. "She'll want more brains than ever Bones had in his skull, you see."

"Who's seen Bones to-day?" asked McCoy.

"I've seen him," said the young miner. "He came round all through the camp asking for a dictionary—wanted to write a letter likely."

"I saw him readin' it," said Shamus. "He came over to me an' told me he'd struck something good at the first show. Showed me a word about as long as your arm—'abdicate,' or something."

"It's a rich man he is now, I suppose," said the Irishman.

"Well, he's about made his pile. He holds a hundred feet of the Connemara, and the shares go up every hour. If he'd sell out he'd be about fit to go home."

"Guess he wants to take somebody home with him," said another. "Old Joshua wouldn't object, seein' that the money is there."

(To be continued.)

HUMOROUS.

WHAT nonsense it is to say it is unhealthy to sleep on feathers—look at the spring chicken, and see how tough he is.

A WIT being asked, on the failure of a bank, "Were you not upset?" replied, "No; I only lost my balance."

A LITTLE Livingston county girl anxiously asked, the other day, "Ma, if a bear should swallow me, would he go to heaven too?"

A FAMILY MATTER.—It is acknowledged that the child never sees the necessity of strict obedience until it becomes apparent.

"WHAT is this man charged with?" asked the magistrate. "With whiskey, your worship," replied the sententious policeman.

A HIGH-CHURCH parson asked a Low-Church parson: "Do you have matins in your church?" The latter replied, "Oh, dear, no—kumtation right up to the communion-table!"

A SMALL boy who was playing truant the other day, when asked if he would not get a whipping when he reached home, replied, "What is five minutes' flogging to five hours of fun?"

A SOLDIER, telling his mother of the terrible fire at a battle, was asked by her why he did not get behind a tree. "Tree!" said he; "there wasn't enough of them for the officers."

SHURE!—A traveller in Galway saw a pig in a peasant's house, and he said, "Why do you have this pig in here?" "Shure," said Pat, "the house has all the conveniences that a reasonable pig requires!"

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

BY NED P. MAH.

O, chain of gold brown hair! whose tresses
Now link the time-toy in your braided bands,
Could ye but tell your story;
Who wove your aiken braids, and when, and how,
What might we learn? For all we know is, now,
That once, 'ere while, of northern maiden's brow
Ye found the glory.

What are ye dead that should survive your owner—
Live in her grave when all who loved bemoan her?
Haply some fever
Caused that the closing of the cruel shears
Deformed her beauty and cut short your years
That now repose upon a breast that wears
A patent lever.

Or, perhaps, of one who lived in deep distress
And owned no gold save in her golden tress
Ye were the treasure;
Who with your value to her mother crept
And from the door, awhile, the wolf still kept,
Though, as she looked upon the coins, she wept
Tears bitter beyond measure.

Haply, entwined with pearls and waxen flowers,
Ye shone beneath the gas at midnight hours,
Crowning some beauty peerless;
Haply some wretch, who in the weary street
Smiled haggard smiles on all she chanced to meet,
Displayed you, as a glittering decoy, to feet
That walked in virtue, fearless.

Or, perhaps, ye drooped in soft caressing curl
On the white neck of some fair peasant girl
In northern village;
Perhaps the suburb of her gleaming tress
Has mingled with dark locks, that stooped to bless
The loving maiden with a chaste caress,
In pause of toil or tillage.

Or, perhaps, some matron owned you, and your silk
Has veiled from vulgar gaze the breast, whose milk
The mother's darling drank;
Perhaps, long ago, ye were the chiefest toy
Of tiny fingers, of the girl or boy
For whom the peasant, as his highest joy,
Kind Heaven would daily thank.

But were ye tightly bound by hands of toil?
Or lay, the wearied wife, in laughing coil
On rich lace collar?
Were ye patrician or plebeian? naught
Can now be known, save that when once I sought
You out in northern town, your gold I bought
For one small silver dollar.

MY FIRST STEP.

Percy Compton relates the following in the *Ent Almanac*:—When I had been a few months on the stage I accepted an offer to play second low comedy and burlesque at the Galaxy Theatre, Clodshire. Up to this time I had been playing what is called "general utility." Shortly after my arrival at the town, which for the purposes of identification I will call Grazely, a new burlesque was put in rehearsal at the Galaxy. It was called "Left Her Home; or, Backing a Stiff'un," and was the result of an irreverent imagination applied to the late Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad*. Helen, Menelaus, Priam, Paris, and all the other familiar figures of Homer's epic appeared and conducted themselves in a most un-Homeric manner. I was Thersites, and was supposed to cherish a hopeless passion for Cassandra. The famous wooden horse had been changed by the author into the "Stiff'un" of the racecourse. There was an amusing scene when the "Stiff'un" was saddled in what was intended to be a representation of the Paddock at Newmarket. The assembled Greek warriors laid and took the odds against him. I put in an appearance and was warned off the (Trojan) Heath on account of my reputation as a welsler. At the first rehearsal the lady engaged for second boys, who played Ascanius, asked me how we should arrange our dance in the scene before the tower of Troy. "I think we may as well go down with the 'rock,' up with the 'shuffle,' down again with the 'crab,' and cast off," said she with the familiarity of an experienced dancer. "Yes," I said, "that will be as good a way as any." Really I knew as much about "crabs" and "rocks" as Thersites himself, but thought I would dissemble, as I was determined to watch her and imitate her movements. The singing I could manage, as my ear is quick and my voice passable. My artful plan came to nothing. When our dance came on Ascanius suggested that we should walk through "as usual," and accordingly we walked through. What was worse, we continued to walk the dances throughout the rehearsal. The day of the production arrived, and I was not a bit nearer witting the British public with graceful movement. My prospects were gloomy. I seemed about to make my dance a real breakdown, and expected the usual notice after the first night. I had even calculated the fare to London and the advisability of returning to the line of utility in which I had made so many brilliant successes. I determined to make a grand final effort. I left the town and struck into the agricultural districts surrounding it, which, like the rest of Clodshire, is of a monotonous beauty. Practise, not suicide, was my intention. I chose a convenient field, put my hat on the ground, hung my coat on a hedge, and proceeded to combine the different "steps" I had seen danced in burlesques. The day was hot, the exercise violent, and I was energetic. At first I made little progress; in fact my feet got in my way, but by dint of repeated exertion I managed to work out something resembling a dance. Panting and perspiring I stopped to wipe my heated brow with a handkerchief I had bought in the morning to use in a character I was to play in the first piece. It was a beautiful warm colour, *sung de bouf* the hosier's young man called it. I placed it on my coat, which hung on the hedge behind me, and got to work again. My progress was very

satisfactory, and I was getting hopeful as to Thersites, when suddenly I heard a sound as of a herd of wild buffaloes behind me. I turned round and saw a large black bull charging me with lowered horns and flaming eyes. Off I started at a wild pace, followed by the bull. The going was heavy, and the field was of that kind of soil called rich meadow land. I tore on, and then, if ever, was settled the vexed question as to whether a hundred yards on grass has been done in ten seconds. It was about that distance to the end of the field, and I seemed to reach it in a moment. It was a very close finish: I only just jumped into the hedge and came out, ragged and scratched, on the other side, when the bull came in a too good second. I left my coat, hat, and warm-coloured handkerchief to the bull. I felt that I did not want them. Hatless and coatless I reached my lodgings, and it was some time before I recovered my ordinary calm demeanour. The opening scenes of "Left Her Home" went gloriously, and the "Stiff'un" was a big favorite. My time had come. Ascanius had "rocked," "shuffled," and "crabbed" to the delight of the audience. The leader looked at me and off I started. I hadn't done three steps before I was in the field again and the bull behind me. I quickened my steps—the music quickened too; faster and faster I danced, gaining on the bull; now I was at the hedge, now in it and safe. I stopped, breathless, to hear the sound of a rapturous encore, and I recollected that I had just danced my first solo. While I was bowing my acknowledgments Ascanius whispered to me, "Where did you get that step from?" "I worked it out with a friend," I replied; but I did not think it necessary to say that it was my friend the bull who had helped me.

ABOUT TELEPHONES.

Our bright little contemporary *Chaff*, of Detroit, thus bewails the drawbacks of our great modern inventions. Among the comforts, conveniences, adornments, inconveniences and afflictions of this office is a telephone. Whether it is Bell's or Edison's best gift to man is an open question, but the marvelous machine is certainly a necessary nuisance—a blessing and a curse. What a world of information, of knowledge, of weal and woe may be had through the mysterious medium with the jingling bell that hangs on the wall! The telephone is all right when you want information yourself, but when somebody else desires to ask questions, things are very different. For instance it appears that on these cool summer evenings when the printers have left the office, and the reporters are dancing on the decks of the moonlight excursion steamers, while that early bird, the business manager, has retired to dream of full page "ads" and big editions, the editor steals into his den silently and alone, and prepares to electrify his readers with the products of his brain and pencil. Half way down the first sheet of a philosophical editorial a brilliant idea strikes him. He is just about to set it down when: "Jing-a-ling-ling-ring-a-ling-a-ting-whirr-r-r-zeet,—zeet," goes the telephone. "Hello! hello!" "Hello! Is that you, *Chaff*?" "Yes; what is it?" "Been up to the Flats with Ben Fletcher and a lot of the railroad boys fishing. Caught a boat-full. I pulled in one fourteen pound bass. Make an item of it, will you?" "Yes; yes! Good-b—"

"Hold on! Don't forget to say that Frank Snow, of the Wabash, and Charley Warren of the Michigan Central didn't get a bite." "All right! (impatiently) Go—"

"And, say, make a note that Robinson, of the Great Western, fell out of the boat and was rescued by Ed. Pierce, of the Grand Trunk, and don't forget the fourteen pounder." "GOOD BYE."

During the evening the editor is called up some seven or eight times to give the base ball score to enthusiasts in Adrian, Mt. Clemens and Wyandotte, and once to announce that Miss Jessica McCartwright, of Twenty-eighth street has gone on a visit to Miss Florence McFillkens, of Kalamazoo.

On the whole, however, these little annoyances are counterbalanced by the great benefits which are derived from the telephone. But there is one thing we shall insist upon, hereafter. The amiable and sweet-voiced young ladies (never having seen them we are unable to say pretty young ladies) who attend to the switching in the central office of the Telephone Exchange must hereafter ascertain when they are called up whether patrons desire to talk with the "*Chaff*" office or the *Gas* office. Here is a veritable conversation, excepting names and numbers, which took place through our telephone only yesterday:

"Hello!"

"Hello! Err-err-r! Will you—(er—zeet-zeet) a—er up to Mrs. Arthur da Livingstone's, No. 789 Cass avenue, at once!"

"A reporter?"

"De Livingstone's, 789 Cass avenue."

"Did I understand you to say a reporter?"

"No, no! We want (zeet—zeet whirr-r-r) the—er, rightoffsee a—er."

"Oh! you want the editor!"

"Yes; the gas pipes are leaking!"

"My dear madam, what can the editor do with your gas pipes?"

"Stop 'em up."

"But the e-d-i-t-o-r doesn't stop up gas pipes."

"Editor! What place is this?"

"*Chaff*'s office."

"Oh! ha, ha! he, he! how funny! I want the *Gas* office."

"Then you should have called for the *Free Press*."

"Ha, ha! well, good bye; I'll try again."

Lizzie, Hattie and all the "telephone girls" are informed that this thing must not occur again. You may not believe it, girls, but there is a great difference between "*Chaff*" and *Gas*, although both give light. Comb your bangs from off your eyes or we will unchain our fierce Numidian lion and let him roar at you through the telephone.

A LITTLE GAME.

While Capt. Foster was swapping lies with Ned Fry, out of the Cliff House, San Francisco, last week, Oscar Wilde drove up with Mr. Lock, and, taking a stained glass attitude on the balcony, was for some minutes lost in the contemplation of the grand old ocean breaking on the cliffs far down below him. "How grand the roar of the ocean," he said, dreamily, to the captain.

The captain was a little taken aback, but agreed that it was.

"Would any price be too great for the glory of watching hour by hour, and day by day, through the placid waveless days of summer and the grand turbulence of the wintry gale?"

"Fifty a month," said the captain, who, while Oscar sighed unheeded, asked Fry what kind of a canary bird it was, anyhow.

After a time they went to the bar, where Oscar ordered "some milk, fresh from nature's odorous laboratory," while the others took a little lemon in theirs. Then Fry and the captain and another gentleman sat down to play "dollar ante."

"What eeze dollar ante?" said Oscar, dreamily, in a mezzo-soprano sigh. They explained. "I, too, will fill in the passing day, if I may."

"Of course," and they gave him a seat and clucked way down in their bronchial tubes. A great sadness was upon him. Sometimes an unutterable melancholy would fill with dark shadows his dreaming eyes, but he said little—only sighed. Capt. Foster did not sigh. Several times he might have been heard to say something about dynamite. Mr. Fry was also a little melancholy, but talked in a different strain, several times saying rapidly, "d—the luck." By-and-by it was Oscar's deal, and he caressed the cards gently and distributed them mournfully. Everybody went in. The captain took two cards. Fry took one and Oscar one.

"I will distribute a five spot," said the captain, locating a five dollar piece in the centre of the green. "It will cost you five more," remarked Mr. Fry, disseminating a ten.

"Beshrew me, but I am oppressed with doubt," murmured Oscar. "Could I but penetrate the dark veil of the future—but, no, nay, then will I risk all," and he doubtfully and sadly put up his portion. "Ten harder," said the captain. "Ten more than you," remarked Fry.

Oscar knitted his brow. "Verily I am in the vortex, and the oershadowing'sky is murky, but I must stay. I will—how do you phrase it—call, call on you."

And the captain joined the merry throng. "Three aces," said he. "Full hand," said Fry, proudly, as he showed his cards and reached for the money.

"Too, too," the poet murmured, as he almost weepingly laid down four deuces.

And when the captain had flung his cards out of the window, and Fry was making the air blue with interjections, Oscar winked his eye audibly, and remarked in his natural frame of mind: "Now that I remember, gentlemen, we used to indulge in this little recreation at Oxford."

JUSTICE CAREY'S COURT ROOM.

A young man came into Justice Carey's court room, at Carson City, Nev., with the rim of his hat drawn down over his eyes, and remarked:

"Do you know me?"

"I think," replied the court meekly, "that you're the chap I sentenced for stealing, about a year ago."

"That's the hairpin I am," replied the other, "and there's \$20 for my fine."

"But you served your term in jail," said the judge, "and owe no fine."

"That's right old boy but, I'm about to commit an assault and battery, and I guess I'll settle now. You're the man I propose to lick."

"Oh! that's it," rejoined the court, pocketing the coin, "then you can start in and we'll call it square."

The young man advanced to the judge and let out his left.

The judge ducked his head, and raising up, lifted the intruder in the eye with a righthander, and sent him over against the wall. In a moment the court was climbing all over the man, and in about three minutes his face was hardly recognizable. The man begged the court to let up, which he finally did. As the fellow was about to go out, Cary went after him with:

"See here, young man, I don't think the fighting you did ought to be assessed at more than \$2.50—here's \$17.50 in change. I ain't charging anything for the fighting, but just for my time. Next time I won't charge you a cent."

The rough took the change and the next train for Virginia City.—*Carson City Appeal*.

WHAT HE HADN'T GOT.

The Indianapolis *Sentinel* tells how one purse-proud son of Plutus had the conceit taken out of him.—A man who had great wealth was very proud of his possessions, and frequently showed his ill-breeding by speaking of his riches in a conceited manner.

One day he had an old Irishman working for him, and he went out to oversee the job. He looked at Pat a minute, hard at work, and said,—

"Well, Pat, it is good to be rich, ain't it?"

"Yes, sur," said Pat, who had the wit of his nation.

"I am rich, very rich, Pat."

"Yis, sur."

"I own lands and houses and bonds and stocks and railroads and—and—and—"

"Yis, sur," said Pat, shoveling away.

"And what is it, Pat, that I haven't got?"

"Not a bit av since, sur," returned Pat, as he picked up his wheelbarrow and trundled it off full of dirt; and the rich man went into the house and sat down behind the door.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 8.

THE ruins of the Tuileries have been finally condemned to disappear. The disgraceful exhibition has remained too long already.

SOME aristocratic ladies have planned an exhibition of fans in Paris for the winter. It ought to be a success, for the history of the fan is the history of the French woman.

A PARISIAN banker, noted for his love of money and the practical turn of his mind, last week had a visit from an ambassador, who presented him with a decoration from his sovereign. The banker thanked the great diplomatist, and then touched the silver medal that was suspended to a ribbon with *aqua fortis*. "It is good silver," he remarked, and put it into a little bowl of silver coins at his side.

MOST of the Paris prints have received the following curious communication:—"You are invited to visit the tomb of Josephine Cartier, medium and inspired writer, who remained faithful to spiritualism to the last moment of her bodily existence. To be born, to die, to be born again and progress without ceasing, such is the law. 13th April, 1861. 21st June, 1831. This inscription will enable you to find her new tomb in the Ivry cemetery."

THE approaching marriage is announced of Mlle. Blanche d'Imécourt with Count de Soims, the son of Madame Ratazzi. It will be remembered that this young lady was wedded to Musurus Bey, and that the marriage was declared to be illegal, even after the honeymoon had been spent in England. The law of France is very stringent in the preliminaries of binding people together; the defect in the French system is not being able to keep them together afterwards.

A GRAND marriage has been celebrated this week between Count Albert de Bouillé with Mlle. Marie d'Avesso de Coulognes, daughter of Count de Coulognes. The families are among the most aristocratic of France, Count de Bouillé being a descendant of Dalmas de Bouillé, who went to the crusades with Saint Louis, also of René de Bouillé, who, as commander of Brittany, energetically resisted the orders of the Court on the memorable massacre of the Protestants.

M. JULES GREVY was on Saturday invested with the Order of the Golden Fleece. The ceremony was somewhat private; the military officers attached to the person of the President were, however, present as witnesses on his behalf. The Spanish Ambassador, the Duke de Fernan-Nunez, his secretaries, and the Duc d'Aumale appeared for his Majesty the King of Spain. The two dukes put on the collar, and the Secretary of the Embassy read the obligations to the recipient knight, and asked him if he accepted them. To which M. Grévy briefly replied, "I accept." He exhibited considerable emotion on receiving the gracious gift of the Spanish monarch.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THEY are talking of producing the "*Sorcerer*" in Brockville.

THE Montreal Philharmonic Society intends to do great things next season.

MR. ABBEY gives Mrs. Langtry more for her United States engagement than he gave Patti or Bernhardt.

THE last idea in musical circles is a great piano competition to take place in Queen's Hall, Montreal, during the Exhibition.

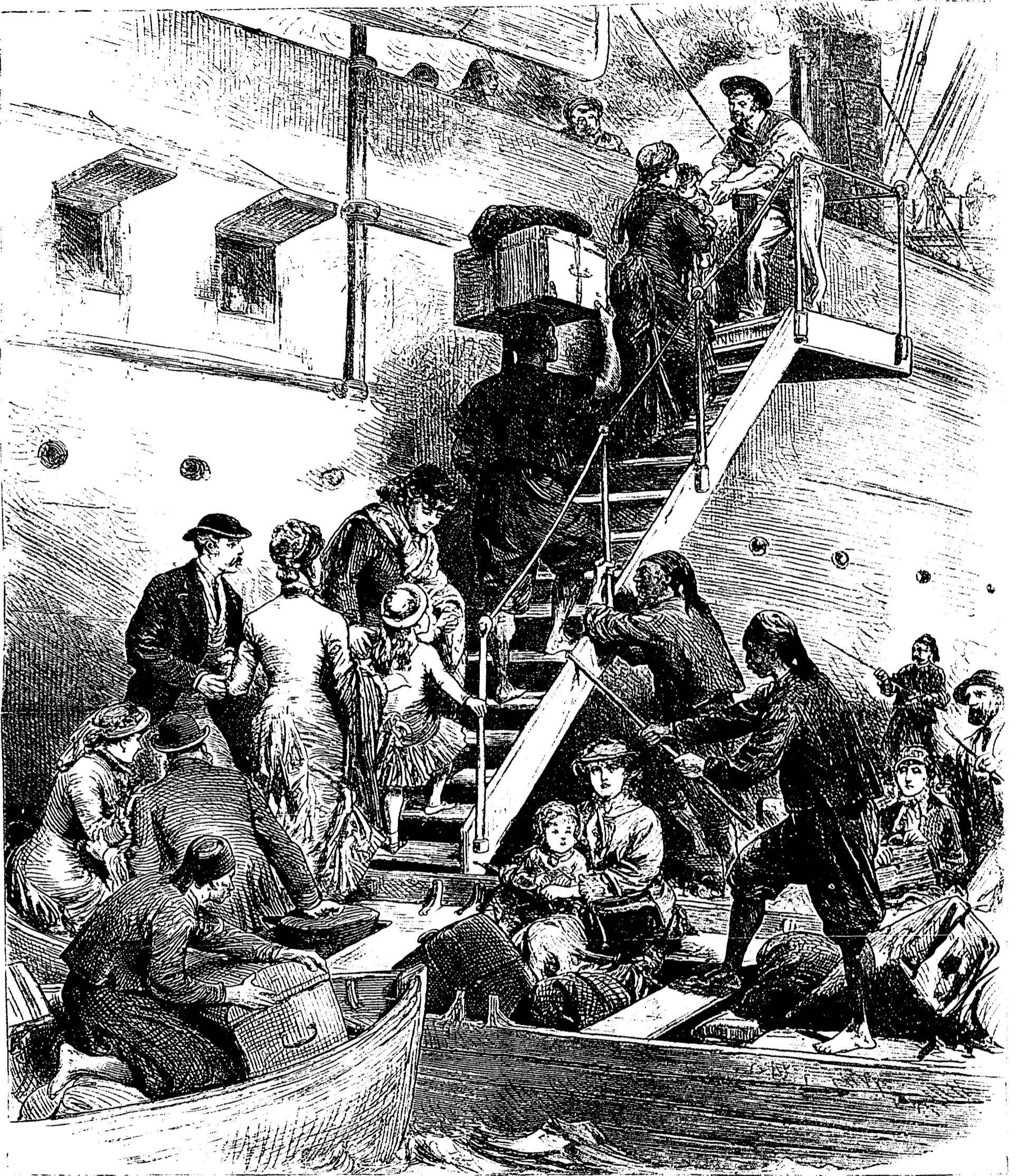
THERE is some talk of a Montreal supplement for *Music and Drama* about the same time.

GOUNOD'S "*Redemption*" is progressing well in Toronto under the able direction of Mr. Torriington.

IN London, Gounod is imparting to Madame Rose-Mapleson his views of how her part in his oratorio of "*The Redemption*" ought to be sung.

IN "*Babil and Bijou*," the great spectacular drama reproduced in London, a giantess nearly eight feet tall heads the army of Amazons.

THE next wonderful thing at Drury Lane which Mr. Augustus Harris will produce will be a seven-act drama, outstanding in sensation anything before seen in London. It sounds "promising."



REFUGEES EMBARKING ON THE BRITISH VESSELS IN ALEXANDRIA HARBOUR.

A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

On my second expedition to Kordofan, one of the soldiers of my escort, rejoicing in the name of Abou-la-nane, came to me on the eve of our departure from Cairo and stated that he had married a wife from a village far up the Nile. Would I permit him to take his wife on the boat and leave her at her village with her relatives? otherwise she would starve from misery in Cairo. This was probably a subterfuge, but I consented. Arriving at the village after several days, Abou-la-nane came and said that all his wife's relations were dead, and if she was left there she would starve more certainly than in Cairo. "Would his Excellency the Bey," (that was myself) "permit him to take her along?" I told him that if he did she would certainly die in the desert from the hard-

ships we would have to encounter, and which none but strong men could hope to resist. But he was a good casuist, this son of Islam, and he argued that she would certainly die of want in her village, but she might survive in the desert. Finally he gained his point. The fact is, she was a useful servant to him, as are all wives of the lower class. She cooked for him, brought fuel and water, kept his clothes in order, as well as the little shelter tent, which he had blarneyed the Arab quartermaster to let him have for their separate establishment. From my observation they got along as well as most couples in their rank of life. When she displeased him he used to administer a gentle correction, but it was done in a paternal way, and not at all in that brutal style of wife-punishing that is too often seen in Christian lands. One night at Dongola, on the Upper

Nile, after retreat, the whole camp were startled by the wails and moanings of Hafizah, the soldier's wife. He had become jealous of the attentions of the sergeant of artillery, and in a fit of rage he pronounced the dread sentence: "*Entee talleekah beetalateh* — thou divorced thrice." She published her woe to the world, and invoked all the curses of Allah and his prophet on her husband's father, and his father's father, and all his forefathers to the remotest generation, according to the retrospective-Arab manner of cursing in the oblique cases, never like the Saxon who blanks your eyes and blanks your soul with the most refreshing directness. "Might the dogs defile his father's grave for bringing her so far from home to divorce her in a strange land and leave her to perish!" By the time morning had come it repented Abou-la-nane the having divorced his

Hafizah. But what was to be done? The sentence was irrevocable. Fortunately, there were no witnesses, and he stoutly denied having used the triple formula, only the simple one. So they went before the Cadi and got married again, and everything was altogether lovely. I may as well state here that my kind treatment of Abou-la-nane and his wife was "bread cast on the waters." When in the heart of Kordofan, soldiers and servants were dying or prostrated by fevers, and I was at the point of death, this little weak, puny woman was never sick a day, and did all the cooking and washing at head-quarters when no one else could be found to do it. When I was transported back to Cairo, Abou-la-nane was detailed as one of my escort, and he returned safely to Cairo with his wife. — *Bulletin of the American Geographical Society.*



A CHARGE OF ARAB CAVALRY.—DRAWN BY ADOLPHE SCHREYER.

TEN YEARS AGO.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
This woman's whole existence."

Less vivid shows the Past to-day
Across the wastes of life;
Thy voice comes dim and far away
Through misty years of strife.
Ten years— and I can scarcely tell
Or went they swift or slow;
I only mind me what befell
Ten weary years ago.

Though Time, with sure and steady pace,
Has dried the tears once shed,
And dimmed the memory of thy face,
The parting words we said—
Though years have dulled grief's sharper sting,
The deeper sinks its woe,
The yearning for the buried Spring
Of ten long years ago.

The Spring of love and hopes and fears,
The sweetest I may see,
The sun and centre of my years—
Nay, life itself to me—
Is only one of many such
That haply he may know;
His heart may dwell with tenderer touch
On one less long ago.

Perchance he may remember still,
Perchance he may forget,
So many changing currents fill
Two lives that once have met!
I cannot vouch for love of men;
One only thing I know,
That still I love as I loved then,
Ten weary years ago.

A. S.

BLUNDERS IN PRINT.

This is a most comprehensive title, and might include every species of mistake which could possibly find its way into type.

In the present case we may group under it a few examples of the more common errors in print, not only of those directly attributed to the printer, but also of the mistakes resulting from a loose style of composition, as well as those which may occasionally creep into the "copy" even of the careful in the hurry of writing for the press. Both writer and printer, no doubt, repudiate them, but the disinterested will probably decide that each is responsible for a share.

In a speech on temperance, not very long ago, Sir Wilfrid Lawson was reported to have alluded to the "spirit of reticence that exalteth a nation," but, of course, the teetotal baronet had used the word "righteousness" where "reticence" did duty. This mistake was doubtless due to the similarity of the consonantal outline for the two words in the system of short-hand most generally employed. In the course of a discourse on the Holy Land recently, a lecturer said that, although improvements in this respect had come into operation in all other parts of the world, the Eastern traveller still retains his sandals, and next morning was horrified to find himself asserting in a local print that the Eastern traveller still "retails his sandals."

An orator, in describing the enthusiasm with which a speech of his had been received, made use of the expression, "At that moment the shouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air." But the picture was presented in a somewhat modified form to the readers of the journal which printed it: "At that moment the snouts of ten thousand democrats rent the air."

It might possibly be difficult to decide whether the writer or printer was in error when a leading London daily made Lord Derby quote the poet thus:

"That climax of all earthly ills,
The inflammation of our weekly bills."

An absurd blunder appeared in the Parliamentary report of the *Daily Telegraph* on the occasion of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions on the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield's government. There a right honorable gentleman was represented as accounting for the action of another member of the House by the statement that he had "sat at the feet of the Gamebird of Birmingham," an allusion to his perception which was not so intelligible as the rendering of other journals, "the Gamaliel of Birmingham."

Perhaps Irish reporters, owing to the recognized tendency of the soil and climate, are privileged in matters of this kind. One of them, in describing the result of a recent conflict between the police and the people in which fire-arms were used, writes: "In the union infirmary lies John Smith with his shattered leg, which was amputated on Tuesday last." Ordinary mortals might have imagined that the surgeon would have caused the shattered member to be removed from the immediate vicinity of the crippled patient. That Ireland has a strict monopoly of this class of composition can hardly be sustained if this be correctly credited to a Glasgow paper's account of a shipping disaster: "The captain swam ashore, as did also the stewardess. She was insured for three thousand pounds, and carried two hundred tons of pig-iron."

Nowhere are more ludicrous blunders to be met with than in the compositions of advertisers, due, no doubt, in some measure, to the restraint imposed by limited space, and it is scarcely possible to look through the columns devoted to these in any of the principal daily papers without meeting numerous instances of the inability of many persons to state exactly what they want, and of very loose use of words and phrases, frequently giving rise to amusing ambiguity. Thus some one advertising in the *London Times* announced that "two sisters want washing," while some one else in the interest of an infant terrible required "a handsome Shetland pony/suit-

able for a child with a long mane and tail." Everybody has heard of the lady whose idea of her own physique is ingeniously conveyed in the intimation that she has for disposal "a splendid lady's gold watch." It is not alone "splendid ladies" who part with their watches in this way, for every day the public are informed, through the same medium, that there is for sale an "excellent lady's gold watch," "a beautiful lady's watch," or "a small gold-faced lady's watch." Women of peculiar personal appearance, too, occasionally engage in barter of this class, for recently a purchaser was wanted for a "black highly ornamented lady's fan."

When the vender is of the other sex we have for sale "a massive gentleman's gold chain," "a most reliable gentleman's gold watch," or "a rich gentleman's gold chain." No doubt some of those who adopt this style of expression are ready to enter into a defense of it by an argument respecting adjectives and their relation to nouns. But what excuse will be advanced by the author of the following, which appeared a few months ago in the *London Times*, showing on the part of the advertiser some extraordinary ideas respecting horseflesh. "For sale, a four-wheeled covered business horse and car." "Wanted, a piano by a lady with modern legs," has before now met the public eye. Can that lady have emigrated? There is a strong suspicion that it is her hand which is seen in the charming composition: "A piano for sale by a lady who is about to proceed on a long voyage in a walnut case," etc.

What is the nationality of the author of this announcement, which was published in a Manchester newspaper? "A foreign gentleman could be received into the house of a gentleman who is desirous to learn English conversationally, and would have all home comforts." here is another: "A vacancy occurs for a little girl in the family of a motherly lady requiring kind but firm treatment." An advertiser in the *London Standard* evidently thinks a beast of burden may entertain an objection to carry a person of indifferent moral character when he writes: "Wanted, a quiet pony for an invalid young gentleman that has no vicious habits." A nice child was described a short time ago in the *Daily Telegraph*: "Wanted, a nurse for an infant between twenty-five and thirty, a member of the Church of England and without followers." An auctioneer, advertising in a Belfast paper, shows the possession of some curious notions of ornithology, when, in describing a property for sale, he states: "the mountain is well stocked with hares, rabbits, and other wild fowl."

That "other" strongly reminds one of the daily newspapers' "tall but respectably dressed man" of the police courts. Such practices as painting and putting the hair in papers are not entirely unknown in this country, but they have scarcely as yet become recognized family duties, except in the household of an advertiser in a London daily, who some time ago required "a house suitable for a small family that has been recently papered and painted, and is in good order." There are some strange sheep to be met with in the British colonies if a New Zealand settler meant what he wrote when he announced that he wanted "an industrious man to take charge of three thousand sheep who can speak Spanish." Were it not that a young lady of linguistic attainments would be unlikely to hide her light under a bushel, one might be disposed to conjecture that the docile animals had been pupils of a colonial governess who lately announced that she "can do all kinds of sewing and embroidery except music." Different commodities, we know, are often inclosed in one case, but it is seldom we see so incongruous a mixture as that contemplated by the person who "wanted an ice chest to hold two hundred pounds of ice and a new harness." A chemist advertises in his window, "artificial eyes," immediately beneath which, on the same placard, are the words, "Open all night."

A RUN THROUGH CHATHAM DOCKYARD.

The visit paid by the Society of Engineers to Chatham Dockyard was, under the existing state of uncertainty in Eastern politics, exceptionally interesting. In all works where Governments are paymasters, business, to the eye of the casual observer, proceeds leisurely. The men cease work to gaze at passing strangers and, unless the foreman happens to be hard by, gaze on until they are out of sight. Hence the term "Government stroke." But Chatham Dockyard, spite of the unhurried bearing of the artisans yesterday, is just now very busy, and indeed long years have passed since so many hands were employed. Over a hundred scientific gentlemen landed at the yard in the afternoon, and were without delay, at the request of Admiral Superintendent Watson, conducted through the works by Mr. E. A. Bernays, the superintendent civil engineer, and Mr. Penny. Upon the first slip visited was being built the armour-plated cruiser, *Warspite*, 315ft. long, 61ft. broad, 23ft. 10in. deep, and of 7,300 tons (displacement). She will carry four 18-ton guns on barbette, six six-inch rifled breech-loaders, and 12 torpedoes. This vessel's thickest armour is ten inches, and she is warranted to make sixteen knots an hour.

Next came the *Calypso*, a single-screw corvette of 2,765 tons, and carrying ten six-inch guns. Like the *Warspite*, she was commenced last year. The *Rodney*, which occupied the next slip, is the biggest vessel in the yard. She was laid down in February last, and is the latest

development of the barbette principle. Her armour is 18 inches thick, one-fourth being steel. The length of this heavy ship is 325ft., breadth 63ft., depth 46ft., tonnage 9,150, and she will carry four 60-ton and six six-inch guns. The *Polyphemus* was no stranger to the visitors, most of them having last year paid her a special visit of inspection. What her future may be remains to be seen; at present she is high and dry in dock, having her brass tubes replaced by others of iron. The sister ships *Agamemnon* and *Ajax* claimed most attention, not only because they have not answered the expectations formed of them, but because they are being made ready for immediate service. They are double-turreted ironclads, carrying four 38-ton guns, two six-inch guns, two seven pounders, four mitrailleuses, 10 Nordenfelta, and 12 torpedoes. They have 18-inch armour plates, are 280ft. long, 66ft. broad, 22ft. 7in. deep, and of 8,490 tons displacement. The *Kover* also is fitting out, and in an advanced state of completion. She is a corvette, carrying 14 six-inch guns, several machine guns, and half a dozen torpedoes. The *Constance* is a trifle lighter in form and equipment, but carries the same number of torpedoes. She also is being fitted up with all speed. A large number of punts for landing horses were pointed out as awaiting shipment, if required, for Egypt. The *Conqueror*, next visited, is pushing on to completion. She is partly barbette and partly turret, and will carry 24 torpedoes, a couple of 43-ton guns, and others of better calibre. Alongside lay the *Jumna*, Indian troopship, under refitment. The *Linnet*, a small vessel, was also found ready. Having inspected the ships and run through the workshops, the Engineer visitors were conveyed by dockyard express train to the extension works, where three new basins have been constructed by convict labour, each basin representing an area of 34 acres. The new works are for the departments of the factory, repairs, and fitting out. The convicts had to turn their backs as we passed, in pursuance of a regulation made after an attack some time since by a marine who had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for striking a naval officer, who swore he would repeat the offence whenever he had the opportunity, and who put his threat into execution upon a passing captain at Chatham. The trip from London in the *Duke of Edinburgh* had occupied five hours, and as the tide was still adverse of the homeward voyage, the visit of the Society of Engineers was not a prolonged one. Before the steamer left Medway, thanks were voted to the Lords of the Admiralty for ready permission to inspect the dockyard, and to the officials who had guided the visitors through it. The Society of Engineers was represented on the occasion by Mr. Jabez Church, president; Messrs. C. Horsley, Bertridge, Spice, Ganson, Walmaley, Rigg, Baldwin Latham, and S. Catler, members of the Council; Mr. A. Williams, hon. secretary and treasurer; and Mr. B. Reed, secretary, to whose able management the success of the excursion was due. "Prosperity to the Society" was proposed by Mr. Glaisher, who recounted the excellent work done by it in all branches of engineering science. During the day Major-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., inspected the 45th Regiment on Chatham Lines. It was rumoured that the battalion is to proceed to the Mediterranean, and that the General left Chatham for London in the afternoon to confer with the military authorities at the War Office and Horse Guards.

BEECHER'S FARM.

Mark Twain has written of Mr. Beecher's old farm on the Hudson river as follows:—

Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He ploughs, and traps, and digs, and sows according to the best authorities, and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, when it seemed morally certain the hay ought to be cut, the hay book could not be found, and before it was found it was too late and the hay was all spoiled. Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavourable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for \$1.50 and feeds him \$40 worth of corn, and then sells him for about \$9. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but makes \$7.50 on the hog. He does not mind this, because he never expects to make anything on corn. And anyway it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water melons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the

ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes out the infernal carrots—though I have never heard him express it just in that way. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason so many farmers failed; they scattered their forces too much; concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. That hen roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks, under the anxious personal supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not "phase" those eggs. Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as "nest eggs." But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was the time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted \$1,500 worth, but never one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand to this day what was the matter with those apples.

Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier on him if he worked it on shares with someone; but he cannot find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many that are able. Still persistence in any cause is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assault upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

HEARTH AND HOME.

SMALL miseries, like small debts, hit us in so many places, and meet us at so many turns and corners, that what they want in weight they make up in number, and render it less hazardous to stand the fire of one cannon-ball than a volley composed of such a shower of bullets.

A PEACEFUL conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events are blessings without end and measure. This consummated state of felicity is only a submission to the dictate of right nature. The foundation of it is wisdom and virtue, the knowledge of what we ought to do, and the conformity of the will to that knowledge.

A WOMAN who would always love would never grow old; and the love of mother and wife would often give or preserve many charms if it were not too frequently combined with parental and conjugal anger. This is worth remembering; for there remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after-spring, and later an after-summer, the reflex of their most beautiful bloom.

THE BETTER WAY.—It is better to tread the path of life cheerfully, skipping lightly over the thorns and briars that obstruct our way, than to sit down under every hedge lamenting our hard fate. The thread of a cheerful man's life spins out much longer than that of a man who is continually sad and desponding. Prudent conduct in the concerns of life is highly necessary; but, if distress succeed, dejection and despair will not afford relief. The best thing to be done when evil comes is not to give way to lamentation, but to seek action—not to sit and suffer, but to rise and search for the remedy.

THE HOUSEHOLD.—It is in the household, more than anywhere else, that personal character receives its early direction and its subsequent shaping. The sublime order of the material universe is the result of law acting upon each particular atom and holding it in its proper place. Equally in the sphere of human life the general good is the product of the special obedience rendered to the spirit of truth by the individuals composing a community. Making due account of the general appliances of education, whether secular or religious, nevertheless we must come back at last to the household as the chief source of right training. Fathers and mothers are—and must be, for good or evil, the main educators of their children.

UNWISE AMBITION.—Intemperance in aims is the source of many of the life-failures which we constantly witness. The unwise ambition of parents frequently induces them to urge their children into careers for which they are wholly unfitted, and where they are soon lost in a crowd or trodden under by superior ability; while, if they had been thoroughly prepared for some humbler sphere, they might have become valuable and respected members of a grateful community. The materials of a good farmer are spoiled in making a petty and insignificant lawyer; a skilful mechanic is lost to the world in making a weak and vapid preacher; an enterprising and successful tradesman is sacrificed for the sake of producing an inferior and useless politician. Sometimes it is the youth himself, against the advice of wise parents and experienced friends, who spoils his life in some futile endeavour. Seeing that every place is open to him, he thinks he can enter into any one that it suits his pleasure to select. The question of his fitness does not occur to him, or, if it does, his self-esteem answers it satisfactorily to himself. He does not hesitate to assume responsibilities and undertake duties from which those far able and wiser than himself would shrink. Other things that he could have done well and honourably he neglects. Forced into an unequal contest with men of superior power, he gradually sinks out of sight and out of mind, and he is fortunate if he be not also out of pocket and out of character.

THE BOOK OF TIME.

Time is an ever ending book Of varied joy and grief, Wherewith all men may read and look Through every year—a leaf.

Bound are its leaves with the thread of life, And pressed with the weight of age, Pictured with pleasure, peace and strife, And change of every stage.

Written in blood of the vallant knights Who fought in the days of old, And the tears of nations, bereft of rights, Their honor and liberty sold.

Countless the ones who have read this book, Pondered o'er honor and fame, Wishing in heart with each sigh and look That here would be written their name.

Then let us strive a name to make With honest honors fraught, A name revered for honor's sake, In golden letters wrought.

Brautford, Ont.

G. M. K.

HOW PEOPLE SNEEZE.

Sneezing, and the manner in which the sneeze is sneezed, is an interesting study in itself. No two persons sneeze exactly alike. A two months' study of this spasmodic practice has fully demonstrated the fact that there is as much individuality in the sneeze of the average man or woman as there is in the laugh, the conversation, the walk, or the handwriting.

The little boarding school miss trips jauntily along the street, and, in turning to note if she is attracting due attention, happens to inadvertently look at the sun; in a moment her nostrils begin to tickle, and, burying her face in the folds of the neatest of cambric handkerchiefs, she contracts her shoulders, and gives utterance to the daintiest "skick-skick-skick" imaginable.

The fat woman, with a basket upon her arms, halts suddenly upon the street, bows her head reverently, remains so for a few moments in wild expectation, and then, straightening up a little, inhales the air until she swells up like a balloon, then "ah-h-h-schooooo! ah-h-h-schooooo! ah-ah-ah-schick-tschoo! oh, my! and wobbles along, wiping her inflamed nose on her apron.

The tall cadaverous man, whose every look indicates the presence of consumption, stops short on the sidewalk, nervously runs his hands into half a dozen pockets before he can find his handkerchief, throws his head backward until his nose points at the City Hall clock, and electrifies all within hearing with a spasmodic "witchoo-witchoo-witchoo-o-o-o-wi-wi-witchoo-o-o-o!" then gives his peaked nasal organ a wipe or two, and moves painfully along.

The nervous man stops, while a look of pain crosses his face, draws two or three long breaths to hurry the thing along, then doubles himself up as if endeavouring to shoulder the heaviest portion of his body, twists his face out of all semblance of a human being, and jerks out his "kroo-whak-kroo-whak-boosh-ah-kroo-whak-oh!" and leaves the spot, wearing a look of the most disconsolate pain.

It does one good to see the jolly fat man sneeze. He throws back his massive shoulders, opens his cavernous mouth to its fullest capacity, shuts both eyes, and fairly raises the dead with his "ah-schooooo! ah-schooooo! ah-ah-schooooo! whoopee! woosh-ah-schooooo-wagh-hoo-physchooooo!"

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

F. P. San Francisco, Cal.—Your letter containing two excellent chess problems received. Many thanks. It is gratifying to receive correspondence from such a distance. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

J. W. Fairfield, Huddersfield, Eng.—Have just sent a post card to your address.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Papers to hand. Thanks.

In order that our readers may rightly comprehend the standing of the prize winners in the Vienna Tourney, we must state that the latest arrangement made was to the effect that only the first two players were required to play off their life, and that two games only should be played, the prize to be divided if the score remained equal. The results of this arrangement are clearly stated in the following extract from the Chessplayer's Chronicle of 28th June, 1882:

On Friday Winawer and Steinitz had to play off the first of two games to decide the tie between them. As may be imagined, the interest of the public was very great. The two games were actually contested for the unusually large sum of £70 a game, and also for the all-round championship of the world. The public naturally expected to witness the fight of giants; their interest was very great, but their surprise was far greater, when they beheld a game of the most irresponsible description played and lost by Steinitz in extra quick time, after 27 moves, owing to his having started with one of his "novelties" in the opening. Winawer won £70 with this game, besides the additional advantage of securing at least an equal position with Steinitz, while in case he might succeed in even only drawing to-morrow's game, he would be first prize-winner.

Seventy pounds is a large sum to win, even though you obtain a draw, accordingly Winawer on Saturday played for a draw. He opened with the Four Knights game, and attempted to liquidate by reduction of forces Steinitz, of whom it is justly said that he never plays better than when in difficulties, now proved himself true to his own style. He conducted the middle with that strength and remarkable judgment for which he has such a peculiar ability. Gradually Winawer's position became embarrassed, and having procured a favorable exchange of Queens, Steinitz won in the end game by Queening a Pawn.

The prizes will therefore be distributed in the following order:— Steinitz and Winawer divide first and second prizes, they have £170 each. Mason receives third prize, £48. Mackenzie and Zukertort divide fourth and fifth, £28.

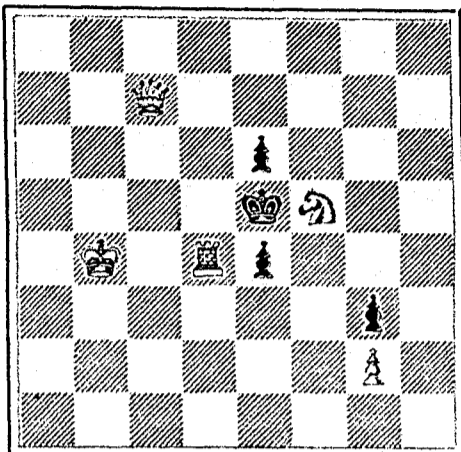
and Blackburne has won sixth prize of £16. The special prize of £32, for the best score against the first three prize winners, fell to Zukertort.

We cannot help feeling sorry that, as at Berlin, none of the native players obtained a place in the prize list, for it must be mortifying that those who inaugurated the Tourney, and provided the funds, should not be thus represented. However, we cannot all be winners, and from the excellence of their play there is no room to doubt that the Austrian competitors will be foremost by and by in some future contest.—British Chess Magazine.

PROBLEM No. 391.

By Dr. S. Gold, Vienna.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTIONS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 389.

White. Black. 1. B to K R 3. 1. Any 2. Mates acc.

GAME 518TH.

VIENNA TOURNEY.

(From Land and Water.)

The following magnificent game illustrates the refined subtlety which particularly characterizes Mr. Mason's play, and is, furthermore, an example of the brilliancy of which he is fully capable when opportunities offer. Mr. Blackburne considers this to be "the finest game of the tourney." It was played in the twenty-seventh round.

(Giulco Piano.)

White.—(Mr. Mason.) Black.—(Herr Winawer.)

- 1. P to K 4 2. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. B to B 4 3. B to B 4 3. B to B 4 4. P to Q 3 4. P to Q 3 5. B to K 3 5. B to Kt 3 6. Q Kt to Q 2 6. P to K R 3 7. Kt to B sq 7. Kt to B 3 8. P to K R 3 8. Kt to K 2 9. Kt to Kt 3 9. P to Q B 3 10. B to Kt 3 10. B takes B (a) 11. P takes B 11. Q to Kt 3 (b) 12. Q to Q 2 12. P to Q R 4 13. P to B 3 13. P to R 5 14. B to Q sq 14. B to K 3 15. Castles 15. Q to B 2 16. Kt to R 4 16. P to Q Kt 4 17. B to B 2 17. P to Q B 4 18. Q Kt to B 5 18. B takes Kt 19. Kt takes B 19. Kt takes Kt 20. R takes Kt (c) 20. Kt to Q 2 (d) 21. Q R to K B sq 21. P to B 3 22. B to Q sq 22. P to R 6 23. B to R 5 ch 23. K to K 2 24. P to Q Kt 3 24. KR to K B sq 25. K R to B 3 25. Kt to Kt 3 26. B to Kt 3 26. K to Q sq 27. B to Kt 4 27. Q to K 2 28. B to K 2 28. K to B 2 29. P to Q 4 (e) 29. P to B 5 30. R to Kt sq (f) 30. P to K Kt 4 (g) 31. P takes B P 31. P takes B P 32. R to Q Kt 4 32. Q to K 3 (h) 33. P to Q 5 33. Q to B sq 34. B takes P 34. Kt to R 5 35. B to Kt 5 35. Kt to B 4 36. Q to K 2 36. P to B 4 37. P takes P 37. P to K 5 (i) 38. B to R 6 38. R to Q Kt sq 39. Q to R 5 39. R to K B 3 40. R takes Kt P (j) 40. P takes R 41. Q to R 7 ch 41. Kt to Q 2 42. B takes Kt 42. Q to K Kt sq (k) 43. R to Kt 7 ch (k) 43. K takes R 44. B to B 8 dis ch 44. K to R sq 45. Q takes Q 45. R takes P 46. Q to Q 8 46. R takes P 47. Q to Q 7 47. R to Kt 8 ch 48. K to R 2 48. R to Q 7 49. Q to B 6 ch 49. K to Kt sq 50. Q takes K P 50. R (Kt 8) to Kt 7 51. B to K 6 51. K to B 2 52. Q to B 4 ch 52. K to Kt 3 53. B to Q 5 53. P to Kt 5 54. P takes P 54. R to K B 7 55. Q to B 6 ch 55. K to R 2 56. Q to B 7 ch 56. Resigns.

NOTES.

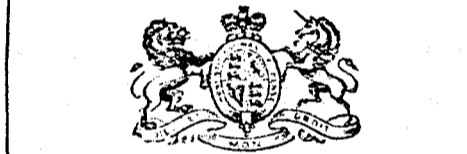
- (a) He rightly considers that now is the time to determine upon what kind of game he will fight with. Without exactly condemning the course adopted, we have a feeling against it. There are three other lines, viz., 10 R to B 2, 10 B to K 3, and 10 Kt to Kt 3. Much may be said both for and against any of these. Our selection is 10 Kt to Kt 3. (b) Too direct according to our notions. We favor 11 Q to B 2. There are also points for consideration in 11 Kt to Kt 3. (c) Notwithstanding the bunged up condition of White's Bishop we like his game. (d) Castling K R is probably the best line. (e) This wedge has a strong edge. (f) Full of meaning, and claiming an advantage not to be denied to him. (g) The position bristles with difficulties, and the more it is examined, so much the more evident does it become that Black has no satisfactory move at disposal. Our choice would probably be 30 P to B 4, though we do not deny that Black would have to fight with an exposed position in that case. (h) Determined to consolidate his position, and, therefore, at once giving up the Pawn. His best chance, however, is by Q to R 2, and being past his thirtieth move he has time to study the complications arising. (i) Speciously played all this, and against a less able opponent, to attempt to "back" according to this fashion would very likely prove successful.

(j) A splendid conception. (k) A truly magnificent continuation. In considering these brilliant strokes it must not be forgotten that they were foreseen and intended. We may also point out that had White played 42 Q to R sq, he would be no better off, as the next move would have just the same effect in that case, which effect, indeed, was a necessary part of White's conception. (l) If capturing the Bishop, he would obviously lose Rook as well as Queen.



Welland Canal Enlargement. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this Office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails on FRIDAY, the 1st DAY OF SEPTEMBER next, for the deepening and completion of that part of the Welland Canal, between Ramey's Bend and Port Colborne, known as Section No. 34, embracing the greater part of what is called the "Rock Cut." Plans showing the position of the work, and specifications for what remains to be done, can be seen at this Office, and at the Resident Engineer's Office, Welland, on and after FRIDAY, the 18th DAY OF AUGUST next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained. Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same; and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of four thousand dollars must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted. The cheque or money thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose Tenders are not accepted. This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.



TRENT NAVIGATION. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal and Charcoal," will be received at this office until THURSDAY the 3rd day of AUGUST, at Noon, for the necessary Fuel required for the Public Buildings, Ottawa. Specifications can be seen, and Forms of Tender obtained on and after SATURDAY, 22nd July instant, at this Office, where all necessary information can be had on application. Not tender will be considered unless accompanied by an accepted Bank Cheque of \$100 to order of Minister of Public Works. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, F. H. ENNIS, Secretary.



TRENT NAVIGATION. NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE letting of the works for the FENELON FALLS, RUCKHOEN and BURLEIGH CANALS, advertised to take place on the second day of August next, is unavoidably further postponed to the following dates:— Tenders will be received until Thursday, the twenty fourth day of August next. Plans specifications, &c., will be ready for examination (at the places previously mentioned) on Thursday, the tenth day of August next. By order, A. P. BRADLEY, Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th July, 1882.

THIS PAPER MAY BE FOUND ON FILE AT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 SPRUCE STREET), WHERE ADVERTISING CONTRACTS may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

JULY, 1882.

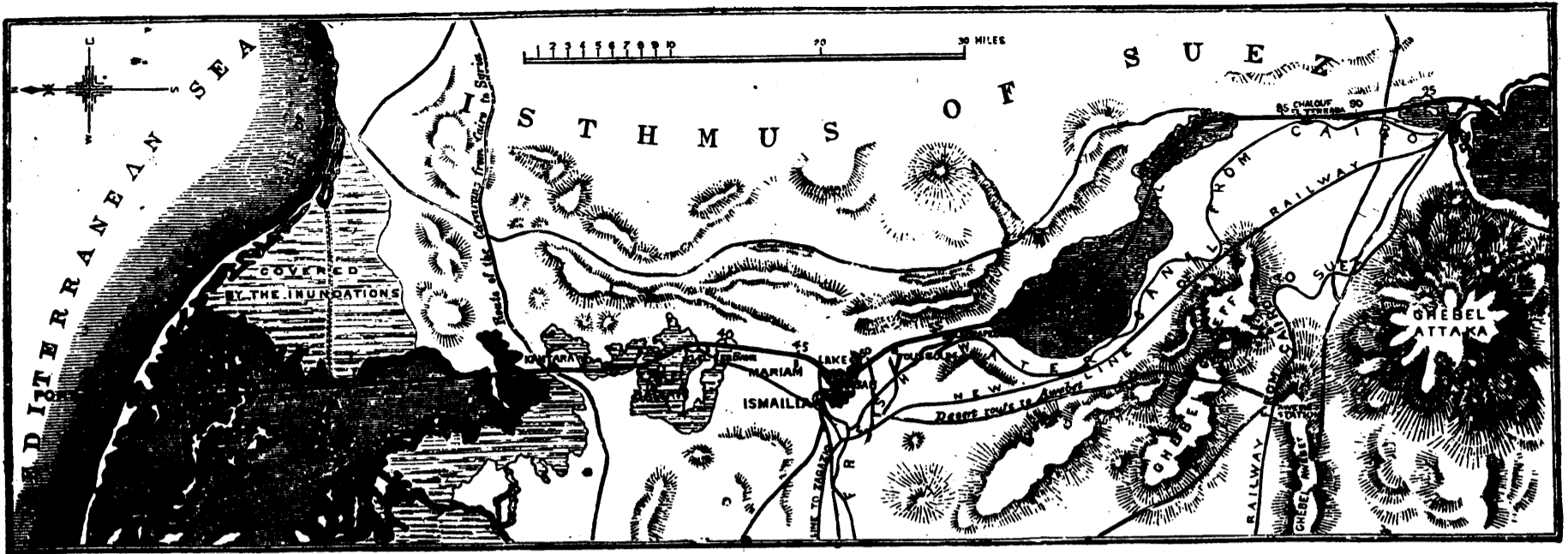
Table with columns: DELIVERY, MAILS, CLOSING. Rows list various routes including ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES, QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES, LOCAL MAILS, UNITED STATES, and GREAT BRITAIN, &c. with specific times for delivery and closing.

Mail for St. Thomas, W.L. Brazil, Argentine Republic, and Montevideo will be despatched from Halifax, N.S., on the 20th of each month.

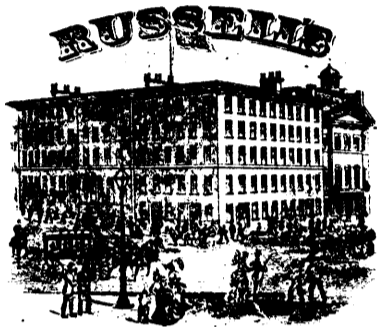
Mails leave New York for the following Countries, as follows:

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