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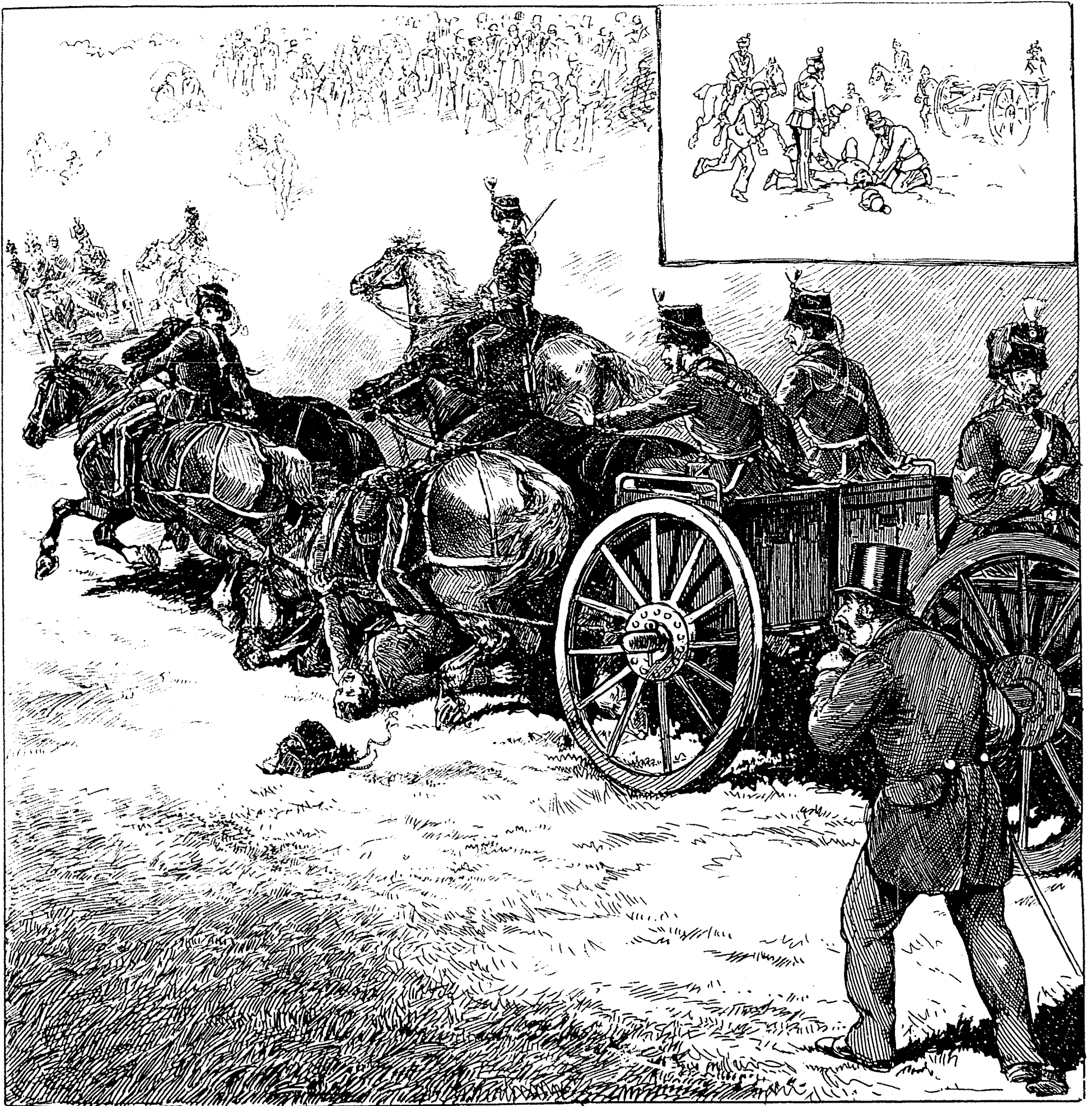
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Illustrated News

Vol. XXV.—No. 23.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
{ \$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE REVIEW AT KINGSTON ON THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.—ACCIDENT TO AN ARTILLERYMAN OF GANANOQUE BATTERY.

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

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING

Table with columns for dates (June 5th, 1882) and corresponding week (1881), showing Max, Min, and Mean temperatures for each day of the week.

CONTENTS.

- ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Kingston Review—Commemoration at Berne—The late Dr. Campbell—The Queen's Birthday Accident at Kingston—June—The Brooklyn Sunday-School Children's Pic-Nic—The Ice Jam in the Gulf—A Lisbon Fisher Girl—Arithmetical. THE WEEK.—Garibaldi—Magisterial Innocence—A Maine Reformer—What are you going to do about it! MISCELLANEOUS.—Entertaining Angels Unawares—Our Illustrations—Musical Bonny Kate (concluded)—News of the Week—Tea Table Talk—Perils of Ocean Travel—Old Irish Customs—An Unpublished Poem by Longfellow—Jesse James—Echoes from Paris—Musical and Dramatic—A Jacqueminot—How I Got Married—An Elephant's Portrait—Sitting on a Button—Echoes from London—On the Beach—Varieties—The Voyage of the Jeannette—Paint and Powder—Hunted by the Lion—How to Win a Wife—The Seven Ages of Woman—A Thrilling Incident—Humorous—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 10, 1882.

THE WEEK.

LAST week's death record contains the name of one of the most memorable characters upon the stage of this century. On Friday there died at his little farm house on the island of Caprera, GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI, the liberator of his country. GARIBALDI'S character in truth has few parallels in history. In beautiful simplicity of nature, in unselfish singleness of purpose, in the personal magnetism which binds the hearts of thousands in unswerving love and loyalty to one, in the kindly social qualities and virtues which beget enthusiastic private friendships, and in the strength of will and the stern sense of justice and duty which can enforce discipline upon the most irregular masses of adventurers, he stands almost alone. The simple facts of his life are such as may well help us to believe that such men as a Cincinnatus and a Regulus were real existences in the earlier history of the race from which he sprung. Neither wealth, fame, nor love of power could ever tempt him for a moment either from the path of duty when duty called, or from his chosen vale of obscurity when the voice of duty was no longer heard. His sturdy love of independence amounted almost to a fault. The bread of others was bitter to his taste. In the intervals between his various campaigns he earned his living by honest labour of brain and hand. In New York he supported himself by working in a candle factory. At home he farmed his own land; elsewhere he was by turns tutor, cattle-drover or sailor. His utter self abnegation is best shown by his persistent rejection of the honors which his countrymen were ready to heap upon him as the well deserved reward of his faithful labors on their behalf. The man whose name had rung through every country in Europe like a trumpet call, left his army when the cause was safe, to go back, like Scipio, to his plough. In his old age he was with difficulty persuaded to accept a small donation from the country he had served so well, to enable him to pass his last days in rest. Next week we shall give a portrait of GARIBALDI, and reserve also until then the sketch of his life which more properly should accompany it.

THE innocence of police magistrates is proverbial, and when one of them lately showed his ignorance of the meaning of the slang word "tight," he only proved, once more, that the minds of magistrates

are like those of babes for ignorance of the world. A wordling would have known that to be "tight" is the natural consequence of "going on the loose." By a similar apparent contradiction in terms, people often express a hope that things "will come round and be all square," a mathematical but not a social impossibility. There is another slang sense in which the word "tight" is familiar to artists, but this has nothing to do with the consequences of going "on the loose." The slang synonyms for being intoxicated are numerous and various, probably because the inventors of slang are also people who do not care to express in plain words a condition with which they are frequently familiar. To be "tight" originally meant no more than to be replete, like the Scotch "fu," or full. "We're no that 'fu,'" says the Scotch poet, implying that there are degrees in intoxication, and going on to distinguish his own precise shade by observing, "We've just a wee 'drap in oor 'ee.'" "Fu" must therefore not be confounded with the French *fou*, though the meanings are often almost identical. Why a drunken man should be spoken of as "screwed" it is less easy to ascertain. "Mops and brooms" doubtless express a sense of confusion. To be "groggy" is intelligible, but when an intoxicated man is said to be "cut" the term seems less expressive of his physical condition than of the social consequences which should ensue.

BUT for *naïveté* of the most charming kind, commend us to the Marine papers. The *Mercury*, commenting on the recent resolution of the Maine Methodist Conference on the subject of the divorce laws, gives its own opinion on the matter with a charming frankness which admits of no contradiction. "These silly parsons," says our oracle, "would have a woman tied to a drunken brute for life with no sort of redress. *Marriage is a purely civil matter, and the clergy have nothing to do with it.* Let them attend to their spiritual affairs, and leave civil contracts alone." In spite of which, however, we hardly venture to hope that the parsons will entirely give up their right at all events to have an opinion on the subject. The *Mercury's* theory is no doubt charmingly convenient and all the rest of it, but it will always have its opponents amongst those misguided persons who consider marriage as one of the great institutions of the Christian Church. But of course their ideas are out of date.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

The school question in Montreal has now reached a crisis, and the representative meeting of the teachers held last Saturday has placed the whole matter clearly before the public. Dr. DAWSON on behalf of the Board explained the wholesale dismissal of the staff as a measure which had become necessary in order that the Board should be enabled to go to the Council with their hands free and ask that something should be done *ab initio*. What that something is to be seems now the only question in debate.

That the financial difficulty cannot be met by a simple reduction of salaries is certain. The school teachers in Montreal as a body are underpaid, and are largely compelled to devote themselves to other occupations in their holidays and leisure hours to make up a sufficient salary for their needs. Any further reduction of salary must mean a still further discouragement to good men, and a necessary opening of the doors to incompetent teachers.

A suggestion, sensible enough in itself, was made on Saturday, and the resolution which was adopted in consequence prays the Board, if compelled to reduce the salaries, to make a corresponding reduction in the hours of work.

This plan may of course be adopted *faute de mieux*, but its principle is a bad

one. It is simply a recognition of the secondary nature of a teacher's duties. It is simply saying to him, "We can't pay you for your day's work, but if you can get work elsewhere, we'll give you a few hours a day to help you along." That this is not the spirit in which our teachers should be engaged is unquestionable. If we are content to let our children be taught by a man whose heart is in other things, and whose attention is distracted by outside work, we are wilfully degrading the office of the teacher, and sacrificing the interests of our children. To teach thoroughly and conscientiously (experto crede) a man's whole soul must be in it. He must have the welfare of his pupils really at heart, and he must look forward to his holidays as a time when he can relax his mind to prepare for fresh labor. To teach thoroughly is harder work than one who has never tried it can well imagine, and needs periods of rest, and as far as possible an absence of distracting influences.

How far either are attainable by a teacher on a starvation salary who is overworked in his endeavors to pay his butcher's bill, a little consideration will shew.

If we are prepared to admit that our system of Popular Education is a failure, and to confess that Montreal as a city, is too poor or too niggardly to pay for the training of her children, by all means let it be so.

But if we want, as surely the bulk of us do, to secure our children those advantages which good schools and able teachers alone can give them, surely we can help the Protestant Commissioners out of their hobble.

If you want a good thing you must pay for it, is a somewhat elementary proposition in domestic, if not in political economy. And when the good thing is not only good, but necessary to the very lives and welfare of those dearest to us, surely the price is a small matter, so only we get the best for our money.

Let us see then what the City Council will do in the matter, and if the result of the appeal to them is unsatisfactory let the citizens speak and act for themselves! Above all, remember that it is not the cause of the teachers we are pleading, but the cause of your own flesh and blood. The welfare of a few individuals is a small matter compared with the prospects of a whole generation.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AT HOME.

A fine portrait of this famous English Cardinal, who left the Anglican church for the Romish faith, forms the frontispiece of the *June Century*, and is accompanied by a biographical paper from the pen of the English publisher, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, which contains the following sketch of the Cardinal's home life:

By the present Pope, Dr. Newman's long services have been rewarded by the highest dignity in his power to bestow. And he added to his gift by dispensing Dr. Newman from all those duties and services which might have been burdensome to him at his great age, and to one who for so long had lived apart from the stir of the world in his peaceful home at Edgbaston.

It will not be to trespass unduly on his privacy if we give those who have not seen it some glimpse of what that home is, and what is the life within it. Above the dingy streets of Birmingham, and within short distance of the open, still wild and beautiful country, spread the broad roads of Edgbaston, with their wide gardens and villas, their shrubberies which sift the smoke, and in spring, at least, are bright with lilac and laburnum. The Oratory fronting one of these roads, within sight of thickets and sound of singing birds, is an imposing brick building, with spacious corridors and well-proportioned rooms within. Each father has his own comfortable room, library and bedroom in one, the bed within a screen, the crucifix above, and the prized personal little fittings on the walls. The library is full of valuable books, many of them once the private property of Dr. Newman, now forming the nucleus of a stately collection for the use of the community. The quiet men who share this home come and go about their several businesses—the care of the school, whose buildings join but are separate from the Oratory proper, the work in the church, in hearing confessions, saying masses, and preaching. In the house the long *soutane* and *biretta* are worn; to go abroad they wear the usual dress of the clergy in England. Perhaps it is the dinner hour, and the silent figures pass along the galleries to the refectory, a lofty room with many small tables, and a pulpit at one end opposite the tables. At one of these sits the superior alone, clad like the

rest save the red lines of his *biretta*, which mark his cardinal's rank. But among his children, and in his home, he is still more the superior and the father than a prince of the church. At a table near him may perhaps be a guest, and at others the members of the community, two and two. The meal is served by two of the fathers who take this office in turn, and it is only of late that Dr. Newman has himself ceased to take his part in this brotherly service, owing to his advanced years. During the meal a novice reads from the pulpit a chapter of the Bible, then a short passage from the life of St. Philip Neri, and then from some book, religious or secular, of general interest. The silence is otherwise unbroken save for the words needful in serving the meal. Toward the end, one of the fathers proposes two questions for discussion, or rather for utterance of opinion. On one day there was a point of Biblical criticism proposed, and one of ecclesiastical etiquette (if the word may be allowed), whether, if a priest called in haste to administer Extreme Unction did so inadvertently with the sacred oil set apart for another purpose, instead of that for Unction, the act were gravely irregular. Each gave his opinion on one or other of these questions, the Cardinal on the first, gravely, and in well-chosen words. Yet it seemed to the observer that, while he, no doubt, recognized that such a point must be decided and might have its importance, there was a certain impatience in the manner in which he passed by the ritual question and fastened on that proposed from Scripture. After this short religious exercise, the company passed into another room for a frugal dessert and glass of wine, since the day chanced to be a feast, and there was much to remind an Oxford man of an Oxford common room, the excellent talk sometimes to be heard there, and the dignified un-bending for a while from serious thought.

As might be inferred from the passage on music quoted above, which none but a musician could have written, Dr. Newman once took great delight in the violin, which he played with considerable skill. Even now the fathers hear occasionally the tones awakened by the old man's hand ring down the long gallery near his room, and know that he has not lost the art he loved, while he calms a mind excited from without, or rests from strenuous labor, in the creation of sweet sound. He is still a very early riser, punctual as the sun, still preaches often with what may be best described in words he has applied to St. Philip, "thy deep simplicity."

The Cardinal has of late been engaged on a careful revision, in the light of modern researches, of his translation of St. Athanasius, with notes of some treatises of St. Athanasius against the Arians. He regards this as the end of his life's work—a life which is now appreciated and honored not only by his spiritual sons, but by all fair-minded men of English speech.

ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES.

In the early years of this century, when America was known rather for other things than culture, Sydney Smith ventured in the *Edinburgh Review* to write somewhat contemptuously of the literary attainments of the young Republic. Like Yorick, he raised a storm of wasps about his ears; and lucky perhaps it was for the imprudent wit that from New York to Combe Florey was so far a cry. One particular champion was lashed into a perfect frenzy of eloquence: "Has this writer ever heard," he asked, flinging a whole encyclopaedia at the Englishman's head, "of Jared Sparks or Timothy Dwight? Has he never heard of Buckminster, Griscom, Ames, Wist, Brawn, Fitch, Flint, Friskie, and Silliman?"

Whatever may have been the case, our Brawns and Sillimans cannot certainly complain that no one hears of them to-day; no one, at least, can any longer plead ignorance of their existence, without at the same time confessing to the most culpable ignorance of contemporary literature. "The slow sad hours that bring us all things ill" bring sometimes, too, the sweetness of revenge in their train. In the current number of *Harper's Magazine* a whole shovelful of burning coals is heaped upon the countrymen of the ungracious Canon; and for America it has been reserved to open our purblind eyes to our own too long-neglected Flints and Fitches.

Mr. Edmund C. Stedman is the author at once of our glory and our shame. Led by "ancestral instinct" to England, he has found "the domain of letters a republic, and this through the instant and impartial brotherhood accorded him by those who now, in the glow and vigour of their prime, stand for English literature and song." And they accorded him yet more substantial gifts; they shared with him that "beat of English meals, with its joint and salad, cheese and beer"—a good honest form of meal, which, if partaken copiously of at mid-day, would certainly add much to the glow and vigour of a football player, but might, one would think, be apt to prove a little confusing to a writer, even in the Civil Service (though, by the qualifying adverb, it would seem that there was something distinctive about the peptics of the civil servant), and which, assisted by the sight of Pool's shop from the windows of the "cozy and characteristic institution" where the banquet was spread, seems to have moved Mr. Stedman to declare, in a transport of generous enthusiasm, that nine tailors could not attain the "easy workaday grace" of the garb of the "gentleman" who poured out his beer and the "scholar" who carved his joint.

And who, then, are these glowing and vi-

gorous representatives of English literature and song! "Sing, muse," &c., one feels inclined to begin, discarding the poor pedestrian shuffle of the vulgar tongue for the epic strains of a Homer, or of one of these young demigods. There is Mr. Edmund W. Goss, the "refined and flawless" writer of "exquisite lyrics" and "thoughtful criticisms," but whose portrait, which, with many others, adorns Mr. Stedman's page, hardly conveys the idea of a "magnetic vehemence"—rather, to speak truth, of memories of that "public immersion," when (unlike that awful scene commemorated by the poet, when no ear but the murderers' was by to hear "young Edmond's drowning scream") "people came from all parts of Devonshire" to hear this other young Edmund "confess the Lord." There, too, is Mr. Austin Dobson, of the "dark hair," the "rapid eye," and the "gentle tendency to roundness." Like Mr. Goss, a servant of the Government, he sits not, however, like him, proudly "at the head of Whitehall," but rather "diagonally in the rear"—an uncomfortable way of sitting, one would think; but it has this advantage, at least: that it brings him so near to Mr. Goss that their panegyrist is enabled, with a candour of confession that does him infinite credit, to liken them to "a brace of singing-birds which a smooth bore brings down at one aim." Sometimes at a "crisis of office-labour" (rather an inopportune time, one might think) this singing-bird will arise from his diagonal position in the rear of Mr. Goss, and take flight to the rural home of another London "essayist and poet," W. Cosmo Monkhouse, whose pieces, though unhappily unpublished, are "charged with melody and feeling"—and he will read them, too, "under solicitation," without any charge! There, too, is Mr. Andrew Lang, of "a dainty and learned habit," addicted to a "quaint depreciation of his own metrical exploits" (which, with an unwonted un-felicity of phrase, Mr. Stedman characterises as "minute experiments in life and art"), yet, withal, "clinging zealously to work." There, too, is Théophile Mazials, the "tawny-haired," the "boyish-looking," wanting only "a troubadour's costume and a lute to pass for a minstrel-page of feudal times," and there are W. M. W. Coll, and J. A. Blaikie, and P. B. Marston, *fortissime Gyas, fortissime Cloanthus*.

Nor is it only into the society of the ruder sex—these Homeric feasters on joints and cheese and beer—that this fortunate American has been admitted. He has been received—though not, one would suppose, within the walls of the same "cosy institution" in Savile-row—by the "British sisterhood of song," which, if less numerous than the American sisterhood, is yet allowed to possess "a few contralto voices of a rare order." Prominent among these is Mrs. Augusta Webster, who is, speaking only of course in a poetic or Pickwickian sense, "thinner than Browning; but less rugged." As various also must she be, for now Mr. Stedman finds her translating Greek poetry, and now, like Munden, discussing "a leg of mutton in its quiddity." Another of these "gentle palm-bearers" is Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, of whom Mr. Stedman—lucky dog!—is privileged to speak as a "winning and picturesque girl," and whose "poetical genius is sustained by her learned and critical achievements." Miss Veley, too, has recently inscribed a fresh name "upon a spray of drifting verse," and so become numbered among those precious souls for whom "love and fame are waiting hand-in-hand beyond the hedgerows."

One cannot but wonder, as one struggles through this mess of rank and vulgar flatte-y, whether Mr. Stedman is likely to revisit England; and, should he do so, what manner of reception will be accorded him by these "representatives of English literature and song," whom he has succeeded in making so eminently ridiculous. They cannot surely be blind to the fact that such nauseous stuff really does them about the very worst service in the world; for one naturally feels that men who will put up with such an ignoble trumpeter as this must be in a very bad way indeed. And this is by no means so. No one would deny that many of the writers satirised by Mr. Stedman are possessed of very considerable talents and industry. Mr. Lang, for example, is well known to be a fine scholar, and in many ways a neat and ready writer; Mr. Dobson has published a volume of very graceful verse; and the others, they too, are no doubt, each in his own way, like Brutus and his fellows, "all honourable men." But this is really too impudent a jest. We have quite enough of this sort of thing among us without having to import the article from abroad. The righteous soul of Macaulay was moved with its wonted vehemence to declare many years ago its contempt for the "faddists of blue-stock-ing literature, for the mutual flatteries of coteries, the handing about of *vers de société*, the albums, the conversations, and all the other nauseous trieries of the Swards, the Hayleys, and the Sothebys." The race flourishes still; nay, is livelier, perhaps, than ever, now when the spread of so-called culture naturally both requires and finds larger and more frequent opportunities for the gratification of aspiring mediocrity. There is reason to believe that too many of so-called English literary organs exist only as strictly preserved rubbing-posts for the relief of that cutaneous irritation which is the chronic state of the literary cuticle. That belief will certainly not be lessened if the "representatives of English literature and song" are found to suffer with complacent ears the intolerable screamings of this American night-jar.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Last week we spoke of the sad accident which marred the rejoicings at Kingston on the Queen's Birthday. This week we give two illustrations of the unhappy man's fall, and of the removal of his body to the boat which was to take it to Gananoque. The accident occurred as the Gananoque battery were galloping at full speed and were near the end of the run. One of the horses drawing the rear gun plunged into a hole, stumbled and fell, his rider, John Dempster, being thrown violently to the ground. The mis-step and fall of the horse caused the heavy cannon to be pulled to one side, and before the dismounted driver could get clear the wheel passed over his head. The wound was fatal. In a few minutes the young man was dead. An ambulance from the Queen's Own was procured and the body removed to the city, coffined, and sent home. The battery to which he belonged retired from the grounds, unnerved and disconsolate.

GRAND HISTORIC COMMEMORATION AT BERNE.

Last month the city of Berne, in Switzerland, was enlivened by a grand national festival—Berne has a very ancient national history, antecedent to the Swiss Confederation—with a procession designed to illustrate not only the historic, but the romantic and pre-historic, incidents of its olden time. The zeal of patriotic antiquarianism went back to the aboriginal dwellers in huts built on piles, a thousand years before the Christian era, and through the successive periods of stone implements, of bronze, and of iron, to that of the Helvetic tribes who contended with the Roman legions; and there were figures in strange costumes, meant to represent those wild warriors, herdsmen, and horsemen, of primitive ages, including that of "Diviko," followed by a triumphal bullock-wagon, and a party of captive Romans, with their hands tied behind their backs. Then came, on horseback, in modern Swiss militia uniforms, the members of the Berne Commemoration Committee, with their Marshals and adjutants; but in the next division of the procession, which was intended to illustrate the mediæval history of Berne, there was much proof of learned research and of artistic taste. Berchtold von Zahringen and Kuno von Bubenberg, feudal Dukes or Lords of the twelfth century, who founded or protected this city on the banks of the Aar, rode past in all the pomp of chivalry, but in peaceful guise and mood, with their ladies, attendant knights, pages, huntsmen and hounds, and armed peasantry of their train. The founding of Berne, in A.D. 1191, was of course made very conspicuous, with figures of the Duke of Zahringen and some Archbishop or Bishop, carried along upon a moving platform, superintending the architects and masons who began to build the walls of the city. Battles for its early liberties, the fight of the Schlosshalde, in 1288, that of Donnerbulh, in 1298, and that of Laupen, in 1399, with the men of most renowned valour upon those occasions, notably Rudolf von Erlach, filled up a considerable space. Then came, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, the progress of arts, industry, and commerce, examples of which were shown by the different trade-guilds, with their banners and symbolical devices, and the implements of their craft. The bears (Baren), which have always been held in peculiar honour by the citizens of Berne, as guardian beasts of the civic community, were followed by a queer collection of other animals, the lions walking erect arm-in-arm, the stag or hart, the bull, the ape, the eagle, and the dragon, which were supposed to represent various local interests. The foundation, in 1421, of the fine Gothic Cathedral, known to most English tourists, was one of the subjects commemorated in the procession, which also included many notable events and personages of the Swiss War of Independence, the Protestant Reformation, the Peasant War of the seventeenth century, the French Revolutionary War and those of Napoleon I. The civil institutions, and social customs, manners, and diversions of the Bernese population, in town and country, were brought fully before the spectators. This long pageant ended with a set of figures meant to give some idea of the Future, or "Berne as it will be"; in which the possibilities of scientific improvement, in the twentieth century, were boldly displayed to view: the steam-engine, the electric telegraph, and the telephone were seen in wonderful action. There was a flying-machine, worked by steam, which seemed just about to rise into the air; but the steam soldier, wearing a boiler for his helmet, with a huge pair of iron shields, like a bird's wings, readily shifted to protect any part of his body, would be more than a match for Achilles. The proceeds of the entertainment were bestowed on local charities. Our Illustrations are copied from the cleverly-drawn "Album" of this procession, by Karl Jauslin, sold by R. F. Haller, at Berne.

PROFESSOR LIONEL BEALE F.R.S., ON MODERN SCIENTIFIC THOUGHT.

A crowded meeting of the members of the Victoria (Philosophical) Institute, — a Society founded to investigate all scientific questions, including any said to militate against Religious Belief—took place at No. 7, Adelphi Terrace, London, on the 15th of May, when Professor Lionel Beale, F.R.S., President (1881) of the Microscopical Society, read a paper. He com-

menced by alluding to the varied opinions that existed among scientific men, as to whether the hypotheses upon which modern scientific opinion in favour of some form of the physical doctrine of life were based are worthy of acceptance. He himself confessed that he was among those who held "that no form of the hypothesis which attributes the phenomena of the living world to mere matter and its properties has been, or can be, justified by reason." He added,—"I would draw attention to the declaration again and again repeated, and now taught even to children, that the living and the non-living differ only in degree, that the living has been evolved by degrees from the non-living, and that the latter passes by gradations towards the former state. No one has adduced any evidence in proof of these conclusions, which are, in fact, dictatorial assertions only, and no specimen of any kind of matter which is actually passing from the non-living to the living state, or which can be shown to establish any connexion between these absolutely different conditions of matter, has been, or can be at this time, brought forward. Between purely vital and purely physical actions not the faintest analogy has been shown to exist. The living world is absolutely distinct from the non-living world, and, instead of being a necessary outcome of it, is compared with the antiquity of matter, probably a very recent addition to it,—not, of course, an addition of mere transformed or modified matter and energy, but of transcendent power conferred on matter which controls, regulates, and manages both matter and its forces according, it may be, to laws, but not the laws of inert matter. It is not only one or two of the positions assumed by the materialist that are open to doubt or objection. Facts completely controvert all materialistic views which have been put forward. To be condemned as untenable is the doctrine that there is a relationship between non-living and living matter, or that the term molecular mechanism can be applied to the former. The simple truth is, that the essential phenomena of all living beings cannot be explained without recourse to some hypothesis of power totally different from any of the known forms or modes of energy. Any one who allows his reason to be influenced by the facts of nature as at present discovered will feel obliged to admit the existence of vital power as distinct from and capable of controlling the ordinary forces of non-living matter. It has been conclusively shown that the laws of vital force or power are essentially different from those by which ordinary matter and its forces are governed." The author then referred to Nature as explained by the Materialist: "A Nature which was really a blind, insatiable, irresistible fate, falsely called law, destitute of intelligence and reason, devoid of mercy and justice, is the Nature held up for our admiration, with the consoling assurance of dictatorial authority that it sprang from chaos in obedience to everlasting self-originating (!) law, and that it will return to chaos, in obedience to the same,—all life, work, and thought being but the undulations of cosmic nebulousity, and dependent upon the never-ceasing gyrations of infinite, everlasting atoms, as they bound through the ages from void to void. This, the dullest, the narrowest, the most superficial of all creeds,—materialism, which includes some mixture of antitheism and atheism of various forms and hues,—has been half-accepted by hundreds of persons during the last few years. I believe all materialistic doctrines, vary as they may in detail, will be found to agree in accepting as a truth,—if, indeed, they are not actually based on it,—the monstrous assumption that the living and the non-living are one, and that every living thing is just as much a machine as a watch, a windmill, or a hydraulic apparatus. According to the material contention, everything owes its existence to the properties of the material particles out of which it is constructed. But is it not strange that it never seems to have occurred to the materialistic devotee that neither the watch, nor the steam-engine, nor the windmill, nor the hydraulic apparatus, nor any other machine known to, or made by, any individual in this world, is dependent for its construction upon the properties of the material particles of the matter out of which its several parts have been constructed!" Several new Australian and American subscribers were announced, making the total strength of the Institute 950.

MUSICAL.

The Philharmonic Society gave, last Tuesday, a repetition of their first concert, comprising Mendelssohn's "42nd Psalm," and Saint Saens' "Oratorio de Noel." On the whole, the rendering of both was, we should say, better than on the previous occasion. The orchestra in particular has shown a marked improvement during the season, though on Tuesday the reeds were unsteady, and the oboe player nearly spoilt the beautiful aria, "For my soul thirsteth for God" in the first part. The chorus were hardly up to the mark of their previous work in one or two places, notably the last chorus of the Psalm. I have before pointed out the bad effects of trying to rush this as Mr. Couture will persist in doing, and the result on this occasion was very evident. The conductor fairly ran away from his chorus, who followed him at a gradually increasing distance and finished away behind. With this exception, the choruses went very well. Mrs. Rockwood and Miss Crompton shared the honors of the evening in the solos, the latter's rendering of

"Expectans Expectavi," from the "Noel," being especially fine.

Between the parts Mr. Couture was presented with a baton by Rev. Canon Norman, who accompanied the presentation with a suitable address, to which Mr. Couture replied.

I ought to mention a new feature of this concert—namely, the introduction of two purely orchestral numbers, the Overture to Don Giovanni, and the Andante from Beethoven's D Symphony, both of which were creditably, though in no way remarkably, played.

Madame Camille Urso, accompanied by M. Sauret (pianist), Miss Marguerite Hall (vocalist) and Miss Helen Potter, *pour la partie littéraire*, as the French put it, gave a series of concerts this week at the Queen's Hall, which were, I am sorry to say, poorly attended. Madame Urso's playing is too well known in the musical world to need criticism. Her perfect purity of tone is probably her chief characteristic as a violinist, and if she lacks the power of Remenyi, she charms by a lightness and accuracy of touch in which she probably has no rival. Miss Marguerite Hall sang several most ambitious songs in a most artistic manner, and won a real success, albeit from a limited audience, who, however poor in numbers, made up for it in enthusiasm.

On Saturday, Mrs. Otis Rockwood's little pupils gave a most charming performance at the Academy of Music. Besides the usual songs and choruses we were treated to selections from Patience by a full company of miniature dragoons and rapturous maidens. No expense or pains had evidently been spared to contribute to the success which was undoubtedly obtained. Apart from the charming costumes and graceful poses of the little ones, their singing reflected great credit upon their instructress, and one young lady in particular, Miss Nellie Craig, showed that she was not only possessed of an unusually fine voice, but that she had already made much real progress in learning how to use it. The exercises were closed by the presentation of the prizes for the past term by Rev. Canon Ellegood.

MUSICUS.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

It is reported that the false prophet has captured Khartoum.

It is rumoured that Mr. John O'Donohoe and Mr. John Riordon will be called to the Senate.

It is said that at a recent Fenian meeting in London the hope was expressed that Gladstone would be the next to be assassinated.

In the Guiteau case, Mr. Reed has applied for a rehearing in the Supreme Court.

The Italian patriot, General Garibaldi, died at Caprera, his island home, last Friday.

BRENNAN, the Secretary of the Irish Land League, has been released from prison.

PROPERTY to the value, it is estimated, of upwards of \$300,000, was destroyed by fire at Quebec on Friday.

The propeller *St. Magnus* has been chartered to carry a grain cargo from Chicago for Europe as an experiment.

The Indians in the interior of Chili have revolted against the Chilean forces, and much slaughter on both sides has resulted.

The Spanish Cabinet favors the enforcement of the law for the emancipation of all the negroes illegally kept in slavery in Cuba.

The strikes among the iron workers in the United States have assumed huge proportions, but an early settlement of the troubles is looked for.

The *Globe's* London (Eng.) correspondent cables that the new North-West Land Company's shares are not being so eagerly sought for as anticipated.

The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway coupons, which fall due this month, will not, it is said, be met at maturity, owing to the deficits in 1881.

BARON FITZGERALD, of the Irish Exchequer, has resigned in consequence of repugnance to the duties imposed upon him by the Repression Bill.

HUMOROUS.

A CARELESS talking acquaintance used to define swearing as the unnecessary use of profane language.

A SOCIABLE man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers somebody who hasn't.

A GERMAN seriously states that thieves are so scarce in America that a reward is offered for their discovery.

AN old lady in Scotland hearing somebody say the mails were irregular, said: "It was so in my young days—no trusting any of 'em."

CHICAGO girls have discovered, it is said, that by keeping five or six beans in the mouth the voice is given an "aristocratic family accent."

A PHILADELPHIA coal-dealer recently received from a prominent shoddyite, who had been in Europe, an order for 5 tons of coal delivered *a la carte*.

The dairymaid pensively milked the goat, And pouting she paused to mutter—"I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk," And the animal turned to butt her!



1. Ancient Helvetian Triumph, with Roman Prisoners of War. 2. Celebration of the Founding of the City A.D. 1191, with Duke and Archbishop, Architects and Masons. 3. Grotesque Figures of Bears, followed by Stag and Lion, leading Trade Guilds. 4. Peasant Women accompanying Lunsturm (Militia Reserve). 5. The Steam Soldier—a Vision of the Future.

GRAND HISTORIC PROCESSION AT BERNE, SWITZERLAND.--(SEE PAGE 355.)

THE LATE DR. CAMPBELL.

On Wednesday evening the friends and admirers of Dr. G. W. Campbell, and few men had more, were shocked at the news of his sudden and unexpected death in Edinburgh. Although advanced in years he had not shown any sign of decreasing vitality, and it was confidently expected that he would be with us for many years yet. Probably no man in Montreal was more universally known and respected in the city.

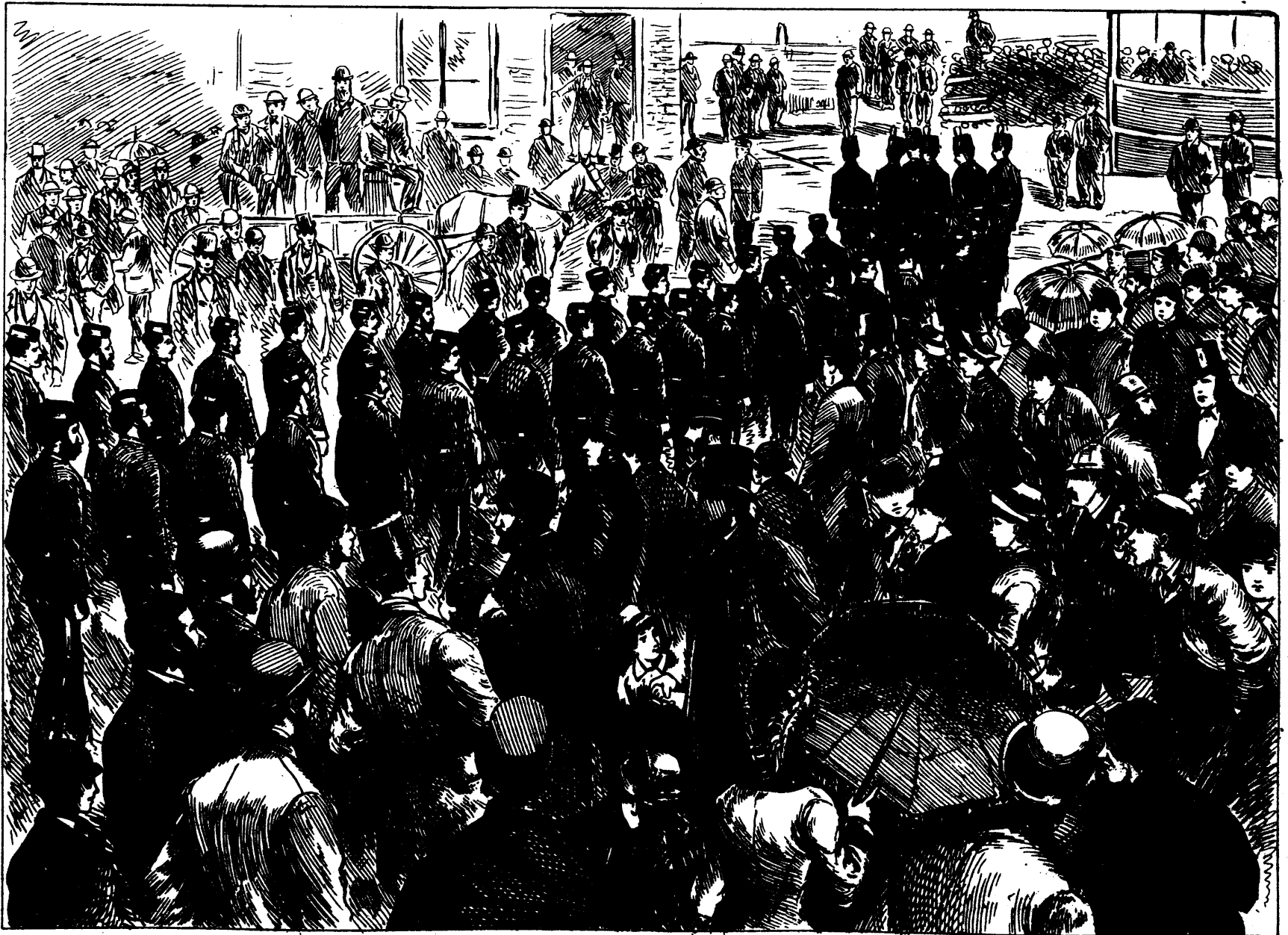
Born at Roseneath, Dumbartonshire, Dr. Campbell came to Canada in 1833 and settled in Montreal, where he ever afterwards resided. He pursued his medical studies partly at Dublin and partly at Glasgow, taking his degree at the famous medical school of the latter city. As he continued in active practice until within the last few years, his career as a physician and surgeon almost covered the long period of half a century. He early won a reputation for skill and trustworthiness in all branches of his profession—a reputation which constantly increased as years went on. For a long time he has been a final court of appeal in all cases of difficulty and doubt, and his presence at consultations always gave them the note of authority. Since the death of Dr. Holmes, he had been Dean of the Faculty of Medicine of McGill College and was universally esteemed by his fellow professors. He had also been for many years a Governor of the Montreal General Hospital, and both in this and all other capacities which brought him in contact with the community at large, he displayed a generous public spirit which was most commendable and won for him general confidence and respect. In the course of a practice of deserved and rare success, Dr. Campbell amassed a large fortune. He was



THE LATE DR. G. W. CAMPBELL.

connected with some of the leading enterprises of the city, including the Bank of Montreal, of which he was a director, as well as of the Montreal Telegraph Company, the City Gas Company and the Canada Shipping Company. He was also a prominent member of other financial and commercial institutions. His high social rank joined to his fame as a physician gave him a position of great influence, which he always used to the best interests of the community to which he belonged. His circle of friends was exceedingly extended, and his name was known far and wide over this continent as well as in Great Britain. One of his oldest, most intimate and most cherished friends was the late Dr. Matheson, of St. Andrew's Church, who had been instrumental in inducing him to come to Canada. But Dr. Matheson was only one of a host of honored citizens of Montreal who had in Dr. Campbell a warm-hearted and valued friend, and to-day he will be mourned by hundreds who loved, admired and esteemed him. In him McGill College, especially the Medical Faculty, will lose one of its first and most faithful supporters, and whose services to medical science contributed much to give it the renown in that respect which it to-day enjoys. By the Church, of which he was a consistent member, Dr. Campbell's loss will also be deplored, and in the circles which he was wont to frequent, whether for business or social intercourse, his form will long be sadly missed. Dr. Campbell has left behind him a widow, one son and several daughters, who, in the bereavement which has overtaken them, will have the sincere sympathy of very many friends both in this city and elsewhere.

Our illustration is from a photograph by Messrs. Notman & Sandham, Montreal.



THE ACCIDENT AT THE KINGSTON REVIEW—CARRYING THE BODY TO THE BOAT.

"BONNY KATE."

A TALE OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY

CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XLV.—(Continued.)

Only two days elapse before Janet's letter brings Mr. Proctor riding up to the door of Fairfields—but never have two days seemed so long before to that impatient spirit. She is so restless and so absent-minded that every one notices her state, and Will remarks that he thinks Janet must be falling in love at last. To his brotherly raillery, as to all else that can be said, Janet is deaf. It does not matter to her what they think, while the slow hours pass, and she is unable to do anything but haunt the windows like the Sister Anne of Bluebeard's story, watching for a cloud of dust afar off.

At last it comes, and out of it emerges the horseman whom she longs to see. Down-stairs she rushes like a tornado, and meets him at the door.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" she cries, drawing him into the dusk, cool, unoccupied drawing-room. "I never was so glad to see anybody in all my life before! There!—never mind about a kiss. We have no time for nonsense now. Do you know, can you imagine, why I sent for you?"

"Haven't the faintest idea," replies Mr. Proctor; "but your note was so urgent that it really alarmed me—so I dropped everything and came at once."

"And you must drop everything and go still farther," she says, eagerly. "O my dear, are you like most men—do you make protestations without meaning them, and offers of service which are only idle compliments, or are you what I think you—a sure rock on which one may depend?"

"I hope I am a rock in cases of emergency," replies Mr. Proctor, somewhat surprised by this unexpected demand for him to classify himself. "At least, I have never made a protestation that I did not desire to be taken according to the strictest letter of its meaning."

"I know it!—I know it!" she says, "and so I am going to ask you to go to the end of the world, as you once said you would, to serve Kate. I want you to start, without an hour's delay, for Egypt."

"For Egypt!" repeats Mr. Proctor, staggered more than he would like to own by this request. "Are you in earnest? Do you really mean it?"

"Would I jest on such a subject?" she cries, impatiently. "Of course I mean it. I have found out all the mystery about Kate, and I will tell it to you presently; but, first, I want you to say that you will start to Egypt at once."

"If I can serve her by going, I will certainly go, there or elsewhere," he answers with a promptitude which speaks volumes for his being a man of his word, since it is doubtful whether the man lives, short of a prince or a millionaire, to whom it would be entirely convenient to cut loose from his moorings, and go to the other side of the world at an hour's notice, in this fashion.

"I want you to go for Frank Tarleton," says Janet. "I am going to trust you with a story which you must tell to him, if you find that he still cares for Kate. If he has ceased to care, you will have had your journey for nothing. But you do not mind taking the risk, do you? Even if you do not fancy it now"—for Mr. Proctor certainly looks doubtful—"you will not hesitate when you hear the story, so let me tell it to you."

After the story has been told, told with a vivid enthusiasm which puts it forcibly before the listener—Janet has no further reason to fear hesitation on his part with regard to the task she has appointed him.

"I will go to Egypt at once," he says, rising as if a train bound to the land of the Pharaohs was waiting for him at the foot of the lawn. "If Tarleton hesitates for an instant to come, after hearing this, he will be made of poorer stuff than I take him to be."

"But remember you are not to tell him unless you are quite sure that he still cares for Kate," says Janet, warningly. "You are simply a tourist going to see the Pyramids, the Nile, the Khedive—anything you please. For Heaven's sake, be sure of your ground before you speak. Don't let Frank Tarleton suspect that Kate has suffered for him if he has forgotten her."

"You may trust me, I think," says Mr. Proctor. "If he could forget her he was never worthy of her, and I should be the last man on earth to desire to bring him back to her."

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Love shall be purified by pain.
And pain be soothed by love again:
So let us now take heart and go
Cheerfully on, through joy and woe:
No change the summer sun can bring,
Or the inconstant skies of spring,
Or the bleak winter's stormy weather,
For we shall meet them, love, together."

A knowledge of the motive and objective point of Mr. Proctor's journey being confined to Janet, Randal, and himself, the surprise of all his friends and acquaintances is very great when they learn that he is going on a tour to foreign lands. "What on earth is taking him abroad?"

people say to one another. "It must be that Janet Lawrence has broken the engagement, and he is going for distraction of mind." In the Lawrence family, however, this is known to be an erroneous opinion, and their surprise, if possible, mounts still higher.

"Going to Europe—going alone!" says Sophy, with amazement. "Why do you not go with him, Janet?" It would be as easy to be married now as in October; or else, why do you not make him wait until you are married?"

"I don't care at all to go abroad," replies Janet. "It is much more of a distinction in these days to stay at home. Mr. Proctor has not been very well lately, he thinks an ocean voyage may do him good, and, since I don't want an invalid husband on my hands, I am perfectly willing for him to try it."

"Well, if ever I saw a man in my life who looked less like an invalid, it is George Proctor!" says Sophy. "Kate, does he appear to you as if threatened with a decline of health?"

"Very far from it," answers Kate, with a laugh; "but if he wants to see the world, and Janet is willing to part with him, why should he not go! A voyage across the Atlantic is nothing at all now."

"He will probably go farther than merely across the Atlantic," says Janet, calmly. "He thinks of making the tour of the world in eighty days, like Mr. Phineas Fogg, and returning by way of China."

"I should not be surprised if he never returned at all," says Sophy. "A man who could go away in this incomprehensible manner deserves nothing better than to be shipwrecked and cast on a desert island—if there are any desert islands left—for the rest of his life."

"Then Janet could charter a steamer and go in search of him, and that would be a romance!" says Kate, looking at Janet, who smiles with what Sophy feels to be a provoking air of satisfaction, and answers nothing.

Comment upon, and curiosity with regard to, Mr. Proctor's eccentric conduct wear themselves out at last, however. He sails away "in search of the Treasure Islands," Janet says, laughingly; Randal takes his departure, Miss Brooke has been gone some time, and so life settles down into its accustomed groove at Fairfields.

How familiar it all seems to Kate! Yet how much she feels like a poor ghost who, having returned to the scene of its former joys, can only look on wistfully, unable to mingle in the sports which were once its delight. Time, which dulls all sensations, has blunted the keen sharpness of association which all things had for her on her return; but still the violet hills, the glancing river, the sunset sky, and the starry dome of night, are written for her with Tarleton's name. Oh wonderful mystery and power of love, which can thus empty the whole world of delight when one presence has gone from it! Few are the souls who climb this supreme height of passion, and it is well that they are few; for, once drinking deeply of the bitter-sweet waters which flow thence, the most sparkling cup which existence can hold to the lips is ever after flat and stale.

How anxiously Janet watches Kate, and how eagerly she looks for news from Mr. Proctor during these days, it is difficult to say. When at last his letters begin to arrive, her conduct with regard to them is held by the family to be extremely unsatisfactory. They are naturally interested in knowing where the traveller is, what he has seen, and what done; and Janet is uncommunicative on all these points. In fact so little can be drawn from her that Will does not hesitate to declare that in his opinion Proctor has not gone abroad at all, but for some mysterious reason has betaken himself to places nearer home.

As it chanced, however, Mr. Proctor has made his journey with little delay; and one day—one never to be forgotten day—Janet meets the post-boy at the foot of the avenue, and receives a letter which she sits down at once on the spreading roots of a large oak to read. It is dated in Cairo, and is very hurriedly written; but when she has read it she utters a cry which startles the birds in the boughs over her head. "Oh, thank God—thank God!" she cries aloud, with that passionate joy, which, almost unconsciously to itself, flows into gratitude. On an impulse, she springs to her feet. "I will tell her—I will tell her," she says. "There is no reason now why she should not know." Then she stops as if an unseen hand held her back. "No," she says, still speaking aloud, "it will only make her restless and excited, and it is better to leave him to tell all. Oh, it will be hard to keep silence, but I can do it—I think I can do it—a little longer."

She does it heroically, though every one sees that some new influence is at work in her. "Janet, I really think you are bewitched," her mother says. "What is the matter with you?" But, to all such questions, Janet gives no answer save a laugh. "A little longer, only a little longer," she thinks, "and they will know and understand all!" Even Kate wonders what has come over Janet, and why she should watch her with such eager, shining eyes. If she could read

those eyes they would tell her to take courage, to renew hope, for Tarleton is coming; but she cannot read them, and so the sumptuous summer days pass in golden splendor, until at last there comes a telegram which makes Janet fly through the house and burst into her cousin's room like one possessed.

"O Kate," she cries, "I am so glad, so thankful, so happy! Mr. Proctor has landed in New York."

"Has he?" says Kate, with astonishment. "He did not remain abroad very long—it is not two months since he left, is it? But why did you let him go, Janet, if you are so transported with delight at his return?"

"It was worth while letting him go, to be so glad of his return, was it not?" asks Janet, with a laugh that is half a sob. Then she falls on her knees by Kate's chair, and puts her arms round the slender, wasted figure. "O my dear, my dear," she says, "don't you think you can look a little better for—for him? Is there nothing that can bring back the happy light to your eyes, and the sweet roses to your face? My Kate, my bonny Kate, how sorry he will be to see you!"

"Am I looking so much worse than when he went away, then?" asks Kate, who begins to think that Janet is a little daft. "I hardly think so. But it does not matter, for it is of your looks, not of mine, he will be thinking."

Again it is only by a heroic effort of self-restraint that Janet refrains from crying: "Ah, you must know the truth. There is one coming to whom your face is the only face in all the world!"—but she does refrain, and so entirely has Kate bidden farewell to hope that no faint instinct warns her of the approach of her lover. Had she even dimly guessed, she might have said, like Onorain "The Lay of the Brown Rosary":

"I know by the hills," she resumed, calm and clear.
"By the beauty upon them, that he is near."
"Did they ever look so since he bade me adieu!
Oh, love in the waking, sweet brother, is true
As St. Agnes is sleeping."

But if the hills know the secret, they tell it not to the eyes that turn so often to their azure loveliness, and the river gives no whisper of it, as she lies, far in the silver night, listening to the song which it is ever chanting to the silent forests and the listening heights.

Surely the sun never took so long to travel from east to west before, Janet thinks often in the course of the next two days; but even suspense which appears interminable must end at last. On Thursday Mr. Proctor is to arrive, and on that afternoon, by Janet's request, Will goes to Arlington to meet him. Having seen the latter off, she retires to her chamber, makes a toilet with hurried inattention, then goes to the garden, and presently, with her hands full of flowers, enters Kate's room.

"Will you let me be your maid this evening," she asks. "I want to dress you to suit myself, because—because, you know, Mr. Proctor is coming."

"As if I could have forgotten!" says Kate, with a smile. "As if anybody could forget while you wear the aspect of an ecstatic cherub! O Janet, I am so glad that you are so much in love with him!"

"In love with him"—Oh, with Mr. Proctor, you mean!" says Janet. "Yes, I am very fond of him, and so grateful to him that I mean to do everything in the world I can to make him happy. Now, Kate, remember that you are in my hands, and I am going to dress you according to my taste, so you must not say a word."

"I shall only say that you are very foolish if you waste any time or attention on me, for, as I told you the other day, it will be of you Mr. Proctor will think."

"Yes, I suppose so," says Janet, demurely. "but still I want him to think that you have improved since he went away. Let me see—what dress shall I put on you? White suits all looks and all occasions, and this weather particularly, so I shall dress you in white."

Since the matter is of utter indifference to Kate, she does not demur; and from the depths of the wardrobe, Janet draws forth one of the most fine and fleecy of white muslins—a dress made in Paris, and trimmed with soft lace and delicate needlework.

"Surely not that dress, Janet," says Kate. "It will be absurd."

"This dress and no other," says Janet, with decision. "Do not I know of how much importance a lovely toilet is in the eyes of a man? If he has taste—and Mr. Proctor has very good taste—he will overlook anything in a woman sooner than being ill-dressed. Do you remember what Owen Meredith says of the manner in which Lucile estranged Lord Alfred's love—not that I think his love was ever worth keeping!—by neglecting herself! It is as true as possible. Men are like children in some things—you must please their eyes and their palates, and never bore them, if you want them to adore you."

"But I don't want Mr. Proctor to adore me," says Kate, in a last protest against the dress which Janet brings to her.

"He adores you already, my dear," says Mr. Proctor's bride elect. "I don't believe that he cares for me, even now, half as much as he does for you; but I don't mind it—not a bit! If it were anybody but you, no doubt I should be jealous; but I can't be jealous of you. The only parallel case of which I ever heard is that of Toots and Susan Nipper, who joined hands in a mutual adoration of Florence Dombay."

"Janet, I really do not know what to make of you!" says Kate. "Have you been taking champagne?"

"I am intoxicated with happiness—pure, un-

adulterated happiness," replies Janet. "Take this chair in front of the mirror, and let me do up your hair. It has not changed, at any rate."

She coils the hair in shining braids around the delicate head, clusters the pretty rings and tendrils about the brow, then from the flowers lying on the toilet-table selects one glowing rose, which she proceeds to place among the braids—but, before she can do so, Kate draws back.

"Don't, Janet!" she says, in a low, pained voice. "I would rather you did not. I have worn ornaments in my hair when I went out with Florida Ashton abroad, but—never natural flowers, since one night."

"But that is no reason why you should not wear them this evening for me—just for me!" says Janet, imploringly. "Please, Kate, please! I beg it of you as a great favor. Mr. Proctor does not come back from Europe every day—perhaps he may never come back again! Pray let me put this rose in your hair."

"If you like, then—it does not matter," says Kate, with a sigh. The impression grows upon her that Janet is distraught; but she cannot be obstinate about what seems a trifle, so she yields, and the rose goes in.

Everything else about the toilet Janet arranges to suit herself, without any further opposition. Kate is altogether passive in her hands, and she robes the slight figure in the filmy dress which brings out so clearly the transparent ivory tint of the skin, and places at the slender throat a rose like that in the hair.

"Ah, you are bonny Kate, yet!" she cries, when the last touch has been given. "You look like a picture—a fair, sweet shadow of your former self."

"Shadowy enough, beyond doubt," says Kate, regarding herself in the mirror. "I don't think that anybody who knew me once, coming upon me suddenly, would know me now."

"Anybody who knew you once, meeting you in Mesopotamia, would know you now!" says Janet. "Do you think you were merely a pretty, rosy-cheeked girl? Ah, the soul that looks through your eyes is one never to be forgotten. But come, let us go down. I want to arrange you in a picturesque attitude in the back drawing-room, and bring Mr. Proctor in to adore you when he comes."

"I think it is a most excellent thing that Mr. Proctor does not go abroad often, if his return would always have this completely overpowering effect on you," says Kate, preparing with reluctance to follow.

She has given up any attempt to resist Janet, however, so she permits herself to be placed in the back drawing-room, framed like a picture, indeed, in a bay window filled with a flood of sunset light. She sinks resignedly on the cushions of the couch arranged for her, while Janet draws an easy-chair also behind the sweeping lace-curtains.

"This is for your adorer," she says, laughing at the half-puzzled, half-worried expression of Kate's face. "Adorers like to be made comfortable in these days—they don't go on their knees as they used to do. Perhaps it argues bad taste and a want of self-appreciation, but I don't think I should care for a lover who went on his knees—should you?"

"Not if he went on them habitually," answers Kate, trying to smile, though she thinks the all very strange and hardly excusable in Janet. But happiness makes people selfish, she considers, and it is natural, no doubt, that Janet, whose own lover is coming, should forget the desolate aching of the heart she addresses.

Janet reads this in the pathetic eyes, and, stooping, kisses her with sudden tenderness. "Don't think me selfish, dear," she whispers. "My heart is full of you, of you, of you only. There! I hear the carriage. Don't stir till I send him to you."

She darts away as she speaks, and Kate, obedient to her last injunction, does not stir—why should she! What is George Proctor to her that she should hasten to greet him? Instead, she turns her face and looks out of the window toward the far, gold-tinged heights, behind which the sun is sinking. Tears rise into her eyes and mist the outline of the scene; for, though hers is too sweet and too generous a nature to know one throb of envy, the sight of Janet's happiness has waked the old, sickening pang of regret, and she is yearning as passionately for "the touch of a vanished hand" as if she had clasped that hand but yesterday. "O my love," she whispers, "I would not forget if I could; but God grant that you have forgotten, and that the pain is all mine!"

Thus thinking, she does not heed the sounds at the door, nor catch the ringing echo of the step which crosses the hall and enters the drawing-room. But when she turns her sunset-dazzled eyes into the room, hearing the tread as it comes nearer, she sees a man advancing, and is this George Proctor, or has her wild longing brought back into her life the presence which passed so utterly out of it eighteen long, dreary months ago!

She does not speak, she does not stir; some constricting power seems to hold her heart so that she can scarcely breathe, and to Tarleton she looks, in the radiance which surrounds her, more like a glorified spirit than a woman. But no spirit had ever such passionate, tender, human eyes as those which meet his own, when, opening his arms, he cries:

"My Kate, my Kate, will you come to me now?"

"And it was all right as soon as you saw him, was it?" says Janet to Mr. Proctor. "And he

had not forgotten her? And he wanted to start off at an hour's notice? Yes, I know you have written it all, but I want to hear it over again—everything."

So Mr. Proctor tells it obediently; how he went to the land of the Khedive, how he found Frank Tarleton, and how, in a very little while, he discovered that the latter was altogether unchanged in heart. "She is not like an ordinary woman, you see," says Mr. Proctor. "No man to whom she had revealed herself, as a woman is only revealed to the man she loves, could possibly forget her. Tarleton owned that he tried to do so, and failed completely. He had been inconstant often before, but he could not be inconstant in his love for Kate. And you can hardly imagine what a great change the influence of this love has made in him. It has caused him to put aside frivolity, and rise to heights of action of which few people thought him capable. He is doing as well as possible in Egypt, is marked out for promotion and lives on his pay, so that all the income from his estate can go to clear off the incumbrances on Southdale. Some day, he tells me, he hopes to come back there—a free man."

"What a happy day that will be!" says Janet. "But I suppose he must go back to Egypt now?"

"Yes, very soon, for he could only obtain a short leave of absence, and he means to take Kate back with him."

"So I suppose—and I should be a wretch to be sorry; but oh, how pain and pleasure are mingled in life! If I were a doctor, I should not mind risking my reputation, if I hazarded the opinion that Egypt will suit her better than Europe did."

"Then, when her health is restored, and Tarleton's affairs are made straight, they will come back to live at Southdale, and we shall all be happy together," says Mr. Proctor, complacently.

"Yes," says Janet, "if all goes well—and God grant it!—we shall be happy, even though we must give up our bonny Kate for a time. She knows now why I would persist in making her wear roses—my heroine's my princess, she should be crowned with roses all her life if I could order it for her!"

"She will be crowned with them if Tarleton can order it," says Mr. Proctor. "I almost think he is a prince worthy of your princess."

"And it is to you that they owe their happiness," says Janet. "I am so glad of that—and they will be glad too. It will be a golden link to bind us together, when they have gone so far away. O my Kate, my bonny Kate, how thankful I am that she is happy at last! I wonder if Frank did not think, when he found her in the drawing room, that she looked like the sleeping princess who was waked to life and love by a kiss!"

And on her lover's arm she leant,
And round her waist she felt a fold,
And far across the hills they went
In that new world which is the old.
Across the hills and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him.

THE END.

TEA-TABLE TALK.

LONDON, May 20.

The weather has been delightfully fine this week, and every one has come out to welcome it. Tuesday and Thursday were the last two Drawing-rooms of the year. It was an uncommonly pretty sight seeing the people going to Buckingham Palace. The Mall was crowded with spectators, and the sun was shining under a cloudless sky. Gazing into the carriages, peeping from under flowers, were seen many lovely women. One could almost imagine oneself brought back to the days of Madame de Pompadour, with the paniers, trains, furbelows, and feathers. Evening gowns differ little from these Court dresses, with the exception of the train, which is easily curtailed. It is pleasant to have the companionship of flowers during the tedious drive to the palace. Bouquets then are easily carried, are in nobody's way, and are a great accession to the toilet. Not so at balls (except for the chaperons). Fruitless have been the remonstrances and complaints made against these cumbersome weapons, which ladies take to their own personal risk and that of their partners' eyes.

Daughters have many privileges, but it is essentially the mothers' to wear those beautiful brocades and velvets which set them off so well, and in many cases take the eye from the daughter to the mother. A gown was of two different shades of terra-cotta; the train and paniers of richly-embossed grenadine. The petticoat had the wide ruche round, and was trimmed with carnations differing in tint only, but the same style of coloring as the dress, and looked very new.

I cannot impress too much on my readers that the minor details of the toilette are in reality the essentials. A gorgeous gown thrown on anyhow, with ill-fitting gloves and shoes, a tumbled handkerchief, and broken fan, is to advertise oneself to the world as a slattern, and who would willingly allow this? Ostrich-feather fans, to match feathers worn on gowns, look well. I saw, for a pale-yellow tulle gown, an ostrich-feather fan to match with tortoiseshell sticks. Also a white and a grey one, made in the same manner. All these were tied with ribbon to match the gowns. There were, among others, lace fans,

pointed fans, fans with the owner's Christian name in full, either done in flowers or in large letters, from her own handwriting.

The plainer the parasol the better the taste. Those made of plain or moiré silk to match the trimming on the gown, in shape like a small umbrella, are the neatest. A dark green fabric, with large plaits of moiré silk, had a plain green moiré silk *en tout cas*. A pretty cotton dress of blue and white plaid had a plain parasol of the same. A black one I saw with satin stripes surrounded by little tabs of ribbon. Another black one had a large ruche to match the ruching round the pretty black lace jacket, which was made well draped over the skirt at the back, and in front a mass of jet beads, and short.

For those who, unlike myself, prefer eccentricity, plenty is to be found in parasols. One I saw, of very wide black and white stripes, and as a beacon highly to be commended, as it was seen from the Serpentine parading Rotten Row. Another in the Park was grey, with fish and one solitary crab painted on it. If a gust of wind could have carried it into the water perhaps the fish would have felt more at their ease than in the broiling sun. A third, down at Hurlingham, was of straw, small, flat, round. It looked as if it had been bewitched from its quiet nook on the chimney-piece, had a stick run through its pancake body, and in this form was forced to give protection from the sun as well as from the fire. Others I saw shaped like Chinese pagodas.

I noticed that in feminine attire stripes have ousted plaids and checks. The stripes may either be simple or composite; of one colour, or of many colors. In this matter of colors it is further to be remarked that the ladies now display a perfect craze for yellow, in spite of the symbolical significance attached to that hue in France. At Longchamps the ladies' hats and dresses display every imaginable shade of yellow—gold, saffron, wallflower, buttercup, canary, crocus, harvest moon. If I were a husband, I think my *amour propre* would cause me to interfere.

PERILS OF OCEAN TRAVEL.

The perils of navigation along the Northern coast have been unusually great during the present season. The severe winter was followed by a very late spring, and icebergs in large numbers have been encountered further south than they were ever known before. The dangers to vessels have culminated at the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, through which must pass all the commerce of Quebec and Montreal. The stretch of water between the northern extremity of Cape Breton Island and the south-western coast of Newfoundland is about fifty-five miles across, and for several weeks a large portion of this water has been covered by fields of floating ice. A number of steamers and scores of sailing vessels were imprisoned in the pack, and some of them were destroyed, while others only escaped after great difficulty and much suffering to those on board. At one time as many as a hundred vessels were reported fast in the ice around the Magdalen Islands.

The ocean steamer *Deveria*, of the Allan Line, bound for Quebec with a large cargo and over one thousand souls on board, became imprisoned in the ice and drifted for miles in the pack, threatened with constant danger of being crushed by the bergs or driven on the rocky shores of Meat Cove, a very ugly part of Cape Breton, or St. Paul Island, with its precipitous shores, a dozen miles northward. Her propeller was broken, and for some days she was helpless. The greatest anxiety prevailed in Quebec, and a number of steam tugs were sent to her relief. The glad news at last came that one of the rescuers, the *Acadian*, had reached the imprisoned vessel and taken her in tow, and the passengers were safely landed in Quebec after their perilous voyage.

Some vessels only escaped after long battles with the ice. One such steamship stuck fast in the ice between St. Paul's Island and Cow Bay, the south-western extremity of Newfoundland, and there was no help for her but to attempt cutting a passage through. So the crew set at work to clear a path through the ice, and their efforts were seconded by scores of passengers, who worked as only men can do who know that their comfort and even their lives hang upon their exertions. Even the women and children lent a hand in the work of assistance. Provisions were running short, and there was no hope of replenishing stores from the lockers of vessels that were to be seen on all sides of them, locked up in the ice pack. As the hard work increased, short allowance was resorted to, but the passengers and crew toiled on. Fortunately, the steamship's machinery stood her in good stead, and her propeller-blades withstood all the shocks. After having toiled for nine days and nights, the passengers and crew had the satisfaction of making open water. In some places the channel they had cut was twenty feet high above the water-line. When the ice was found sufficiently weak, the steamer would back a little in the lane of water and then forge ahead, scattering the soft ice and making way until stopped by the solid floe or berg, the latter sometimes with twenty or thirty feet head above the surface.

All the imprisoned vessels were not so fortunate. The most serious disaster reported is the loss of the ship *Western Belle* in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, off Newfoundland, on May 1st, with her captain and twelve of the crew. The *Western Belle* sailed from Greenock on the 11th of April for Quebec, and all went well until she encountered large fields of ice. On the 1st of May, about eight o'clock in the evening, while going

at moderate speed, with the weather very thick, a huge iceberg suddenly rose out of the fog and smashed in her bow. The vessel immediately began to fill with water, and orders were given to cut away the boats. The first mate and eight of the crew got off safely in one of the boats, but the captain and the rest of the men were carried down with the sinking ship before they could launch the other boat. The survivors were in a pitiable plight. They were in an open boat with no provisions. They had saved no clothing, and the carpenter was in his shirt and drawers without shoes. The sea was running high, and all that could be done was to keep the boat's head to the sea, bail her out when she was swamping, and wait for morning. At length, after fifteen hours' exposure, they were picked up, almost dead with cold and exposure, by a Norwegian vessel.

OLD IRISH CUSTOMS.

There were curious customs in Ireland a hundred years ago. Duelling was at its height, all controversies being settled rather by force of arms than that of law. There were even duelling clubs, but stranger even than these was the Abduction Club, an association which was formed in the south of Ireland, the members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist each other in carrying off young girls. When a girl was thought worthy of being carried off, the members drew lots or tossed up for her. The members of the club were mostly the younger sons or connections of respectable families, having little or no fortune and greatly desiring wealth.

They were called "squireens" and attired in red waistcoats, lined with narrow lace or fur, tight leather breeches and top boots. They distinguished themselves in fairs and markets, races and assizes. Their agreeable manners made young men of this class popular with the peasantry, who were always ready and delighted to assist them in their perilous enterprises. The forcible abduction of a woman was certainly an outrage, but an outrage so agreeable to the spirit of the time and so congenial to the ardent and romantic character of the people that it was considered an achievement creditable to the man and a matter of exultation to the woman. From the time the King of Leinster abducted Deroogh and royalty set the example it was a constant practice. Obdurate parents who interposed their authority to prevent the course of true love running smooth found themselves minus their daughter some dark night, thanks to the vigilance and promptitude of the Abduction Club, for not only heiresses were the objects of its attention, but all couples who wanted to marry and were hindered by something or somebody. It was generally the wildest and most devil-may-care fellow who undertook to head the enterprise, and such a man was always found to have most attraction for a young and romantic girl.

As early as 1634 a statute was passed for punishing such as "carried away maidens that he inheritous," but this proving ineffectual, in 1707 forcible abduction was made a capital crime. The law proved inoperative from a belief which prevailed that the offender was not liable to punishment if the woman abducted him, so that the girl in most cases mounted the horse first, and assisted the young fellow to mount behind her. She then galloped off with her lover, stopping at the nearest church to be married. Nearly always the girl would manage to get word to her sweetheart as to the most convenient time and place for forcibly abducting her; frequently, when a young lady was carried off really against her consent, by the time the dashing ride was over she was found to be completely reconciled to her abductor, like the Sabine women, so that prosecutions bore a very small proportion to the number of offences.

A memorable case occurred in the Edgeworth family—a name Maria Edgeworth has made of literary celebrity. Captain Edgeworth, a widower with one son, married a widow with one daughter. They formed an attachment for each other and entreated their respective parents to give their consent, which both refused. The young girl was an heiress, and the penalty for abducting her was death; so the spirited lass procured the fleetest steed she could find, seized the young fellow, dragged him up behind her on the horse and galloped off with him to the priest. The abducted youth made such a show of resistance by kicks and cries that there were plenty to testify to the fact of his forcible abduction.

Another case is thus given: Catherine and Anne Kennedy were the daughters of a widow living in the county of Waterford. Catherine was fifteen and Anne fourteen years old. Both were bewitchingly lovely and accomplished girls, and each had been left a fortune of two thousand pounds—a large sum at that time in Ireland, and gossip greatly exaggerated it. Garret Byrne was a handsome, dashing, careless, good-tempered young fellow, and a great favorite with the fair sex.

James Strange was also a young man of fine personal appearance, rollicking, jovial but dissipated and irritable. These two friends had often met the Kennedy girls, and they had fallen in love—Strange with Annie and Byrne with Catherine. The girls returned the love so entirely that they invited them to abduct them, as there was no hope that the Kennedy family would consent to their marrying penniless men like Strange and Byrne. It was arranged that the abduction should take place one night—the fourteenth of April, 1779—at a small town in the county of Kilkenny, where the girls had

gone to the theatre. After the theatre was out, Byrne and Strange with their friends made an attack upon the house in which the Kennedys had gone for the night. Down into the streets the girls were taken, where a hundred or more "Whiteboys" were assembled—so called from their wearing a white gown or white domino over their clothes. Two horses were ready saddled—Catherine was placed before Byrne on one, and Annie on the other, before Strange. They rode all night. In the morning a halt was made and a priest summoned, but Anne had now changed her mind and refused to marry Strange, declaring that he had abducted her against her will. This so infuriated Strange that he struck her in the face with a pewter mug which he had just drained. It was some five weeks before she forgave and married him, Catherine having already become Byrne's wife. The girls were then restored to their friends, and the strange part of the matter occurred. Anne had really never forgiven Strange for his brutal blow, and her resentment of the indignity caused her to overcome the reluctance of her elder sister to prosecute the abductors. Catherine was warmly attached to Byrne, nevertheless, Anne, with a vindictiveness unusual in one so young—only fourteen—determined to punish her husband, and the men were brought to trial. Letters were produced in evidence from both the Kennedys containing the most tender expressions of affection, and inviting their respective sweethearts to carry them off; nevertheless Byrne and Strange were found guilty and condemned to death. It was supposed the sentence would never be executed. Their rank in society, their actual marriage with the girls, the commonness of such abductions, seemed to divest the act of criminality, and created a strong feeling in their favor, but the judges were relentless.

On the day of execution, so strong was the excitement among the peasantry that a rescue was feared, and a large force of horse and foot surrounded the scaffold and such was the deep sympathy for the unfortunate men thus cut off in the flower of manhood, that all business was suspended in Kilkenny and the neighboring towns. After the execution, whenever the Kennedy girls appeared on the streets in the surrounding cities, they were assailed by the hissing and hooting of a mob who followed them with execrations. To make the detestation stronger against them, they had accepted pensions from government for their conviction of felons. This was looked upon as blood-money. They both obtained husbands, however; Catherine married one Sullivan, a man who shared the feelings of the populace. He married her for money, but ever after was haunted, as he declared, by the ghost of Byrne and made her life a torture by his abhorrence of her and his superstitious terrors, which amounted almost to madness.

Annie married a gentleman named Kelly, who, like Sullivan, was a fortune-hunter. He led her a fearful existence, ran through all her money and she died in want and degradation.

There were none to pity her, for all execrated her while living and abhorred her when dead. The fact of a man hazarding his life to carry her off was thought a noble and heroic deed, her prosecution a base return and her misfortunes the just vengeance of heaven upon her.

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

It was in the smoking car on the New York Central. There was one chap who was blustering a great deal and telling of how many duels he had fought, and behind him sat a small man reading a magazine.

"Sir!" said the big man as he wheeled around, "what would you do if challenged?"

"Refuse," was the quiet reply.

"Ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! What if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or public horsewhipping—then what?"

"I'd take the whipping."

"Ah—I thought so—thought so from the looks of you. Suppose, sir, you had touly slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, sir, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you: what would you do?"

"I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, and reach over like this and take him by the nose as I take you, and give it a three-quarter twist—just so!"

When the little man let go of the big man's nose, the man with the white hat on began to crouch down to get away from bullets, but there was no shooting. The big man turned red—then pale—then looked the little man over and remarked:

"Certainly—of course—that's it exactly!"

And then the conversation turned on the general prosperity of the country.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A HARDSHELL PARABLE.—There are other kinds of liquors than those drunk at bars as an old Hardshell minister once alluded to in this manner: "There's the likker of malis that many of you drinks to the drugs, but you're sure to sweeten it with the sugar of self-justification. There's the likker of avris that some keeps behind the curtain for constant use, but they always has it well mixt with the sweeten' uv prudence and economy. There's the likker of self-luv that some men drink by the gallon, but they always put in lots of the sugar of take-keer-of-number-one. An' lastly, there's the likker uv extorsion, which man sweetens according to circumstances."





THE BROOKLYN SUNDAY SCHOOL CHILDREN'S PARADE.—(SEE PAGE 355.)

The great day of the year for the young people of Brooklyn, and a good many of their elders as well, is "Children's Day," as the annual parade of the Sunday-School Union in the City of Churches has come to be designated. The custom was established fifty-three years ago, and has been observed ever since. Wednesday, May 25th, was the day fixed for this year's festival, and it proved, fortunately, one of the most beautiful which the Spring has brought. The public schools were closed, according to custom, and there was but little business trans-

acted in the public offices, courts or stores. The flags were floating gayly from the City Hall, Court House, new Municipal Buildings, United States Court, Post Office, the theatres, and from a thousand private residences in every part of the city. The children assembled at their respective church edifices at two o'clock, and half an hour later the indoor exercises were begun. After brief addresses, singing, prayer, Scriptural reading and benediction, the youngsters were formed in two ranks and marched to their respective stations, where they were reviewed by pastors

and people, and toddled along with bright faces and pretty dresses. There were 51,500 children and teachers on parade. This immense army, which carried the bright, silken and tinsel banners and guidons of 126 Sunday-schools was divided into seven divisions. The kaleidoscopic effect of the thousands of children, with their variegated attire and many-colored ribbons floating in the refreshing breeze, under the radiant sunlight, formed a scene of rare beauty. Bands of music accompanied the schools. It is estimated that not less than 50,000 people

viewed the parade in Prospect Park. After the parade many of the schools sought the picnic grounds, where upon snowy cloths were spread tempting luncheons to the juvenile appetite. The greater number of the children, however, repaired to their respective church class-rooms, where the weary ones were welcomed by loving relations and friends, who had the feast ready for them. The festival passed off without mishap of any kind, and is pronounced the most successful ever known.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY LONGFELLOW.

The *N. B. Mail* says:—Since Mr. Longfellow's death nothing has been published relating to him of so much interest as a poem bearing the title of "Via Solitaria," which was written by him not for the public eye, but simply to give utterance to his heart-crushing sorrow after the death of his wife in 1861. It will be read by many with tearful eyes when they remember how long and patiently, with what brave and uncomplaining heart, he has waited at the "station," till now at last, "the parted" are made "one":—

Alone I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoice,
Though moved by loving airs of June;
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlight day.

In vain your beauty, summer dewers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifed from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—death!

Yet well I know the voice of Duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving,
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station,
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another meeting,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come.

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh, vision of delight!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,
Stealing the treasure one by one,
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest
The parted—one.

September 18th, 1863.

JESSE JAMES.

X.

NEW COMPLICATIONS.

After tracing Jesse James and his band of followers through as many States and Territories as their years of crime numbered, Wardell, the detective, had at last found the lost trail only to be confronted at the moment of success with a startling denouement.

Not for a moment had he suspected that the quiet, ordinary-looking woman in the boat possessed a keen intuition of peril, and that a careless movement on his part had involved him in new complications, placing him at the mercy of a woman whose relentless eye now held him a captive under the startling menace of a leveled revolver.

He comprehended the situation at a glance. No avoidance of the direct issue would be granted him. She had discovered in him a foe, an enemy to her husband. That was enough. Chagrin at the ruse he had almost successfully played upon her, and that keen hatred of the detective which the hunted outlaw and his friends ever experience, spoke in her determined face as she whistled twice, and the echoes of the signal broke far and wide on the still night air.

Wardell saw no chance of escape. The steady nerve of the woman was evidenced in her resolute manner, the cool, calculating glitter of her eye. In a few moments friends from the little coterie of huts near the bank of the river would doubtless come to her assistance, and he would be delivered into the hands of the dreaded bandit he had sought to outwit by strategy, he himself outwitted by a shrewd, intrepid woman.

He shrugged his shoulders with a forced laugh as he saw that resistance or attempted escape would only precipitate his fate. "I am a prisoner, I see," he said. "And a close one. Your little game was a failure, my friend."

Wardell bit his lip at the cold disdain in the voice of the outlaw's wife.

"What do you propose to do with me?" he asked.

"I will first introduce you to my husband. He has a strong liking for detectives," replied Mrs. James, significantly.

At that moment several forms in response to the woman's signal came from the direction of the settlement.

"Now or never," muttered Wardell, as he

gathered his energies for a final effort at escape.

He determined to take advantage of a simple ruse, and as the foremost of the advancing men came towards the boat he said to his captor: "That man is Jesse James, I apprehend."

The woman, momentarily thrown off her guard, turned her head to glance at the river bank. It afforded the detective the wished-for opportunity. With a quick spring he dived rather than clambered over the edge of the boat and struck out for the opposite shore of the stream before the startled woman could recover herself.

Two shots struck the water in perilous proximity to the head of the fugitive detective, yet he kept on boldly, bravely, knowing that the thicket opposite once gained he was secure from pursuit or recapture.

But the allies of Jesse James at the settlement were shrewd men, and the foremost of the party advancing from the huts to the boat of Mrs. James saw at a glance that something of a startling nature had transpired.

"An escape!" he cried. "Yes!" replied the woman excitedly. "Who is he?" "A detective."

The man uttered an ejaculation of alarm, and with a quick movement released a coiled lasso from his belt.

Even in the gloom of the night his practised eye and poise of hand were not at fault. The unerring rope flew like a knife from his grasp, described a circle and over the water and just as Wardell, breathless with suspense, was nearing the opposite bank, the strong noose settled over his head and shoulders.

There was a jerk, the rope tightened, and the next moment the detective was dragged back to the opposite shore nearly strangled.

"What do you want to do with him?" inquired the hunter, as he released the lasso from Wardell's neck and secured his arms by pinioning them to his side.

"To the band."

"To-night?"

"Yes. You see, Barrows, this man has a regular posse of police with him down the river. I wish to carry the provisions in the boat to the boys and warn them. Will you help me?" "Of course."

Half an hour later the traps in the skiffs were transferred to the shoulders of the woman and her ally. Wardell was ordered to precede them down the road, and it was some time later when they reached a lonely cabin located in a swamp and accessible only by a narrow foot-path or by boats.

A peculiar knock at the door of the old hut rought a man to reply to the summons, who recognizing the outlaw's wife, admitted her and her companion.

"Where is my husband?" she asked, looking around the cabin.

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"On an expedition."

"Which way?"

"North."

"Into Minnesota?"

"Yes."

Mrs. James seemed to understand.

"When will he return?"

"I expect him early to-morrow morning."

"All right. I've brought some provisions and a prisoner. When Jesse comes deliver this man to him as a detective. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"And watch the outside of the cabin, for I think he has friends lurking in the vicinity."

When they had retired the man led Wardell to a rough bench, used as a bed, in one corner of the apartment, and secured his feet as well as his hands. Then he resumed his occupation at the table of playing solitaire with a greasy old pack of cards and drinking from a bottle.

Despite his anxiety for his friends and himself, the detective soon lapsed into a deep slumber when he had ascertained that he could not break the bonds which held him a close captive.

When at last he awoke he became dimly conscious that the room was filled with men, and that they were engaged in warm discussion of some new plan of robbery.

Neither Jesse nor Frank James nor Cole Younger were among the throng, one of whom was saying:

"It's a dead sure sweep of a clear fortune."

"But the risk!" suggested another.

"Haven't we reconnoitred the ground. No, boys, before a week the Northfield bank scheme must be operated. Hello, there! the boys."

There was a commotion at the door and a new party entered the hut. Wardell, anxious to hear all that might be said, strained his hearing, but from his being bound could not see who had entered the place.

He recognized the voice of Jesse James, however, and heard the man who had tied him telling the outlaw of his capture.

"We've done a double piece of business to-night, boys," he heard the outlaw say.

"The Northfield scout and Cole Younger's pet scheme. He's got the gal, and the information we want. We'll run the bank and then cut for Texas. Who are you?"

These last words were addressed to Wardell whom the renegade had approached. James ripped the bonds securing the feet of the captive.

"Get up and let me have a look at you," he commanded.

Wardell obeyed.

As the light fell upon his face James started back with a fierce oath.

"You!" he cried, in evident amazement. "You're worse than a jack-in-the-box. You turn up at every stage of the game."

But Wardell exhibited neither fear or excitement at the bandit's words. His lips parted, his eyes startled, his face white as marble, he stood gazing at Cole Younger, who had lifted from the saddle of his horse at the door a female form.

Could his eyes outline the truth, or were his disordered senses playing him false?

But it could be no delusion. The inanimate figure which Younger had placed in a chair was plainly revealed in the candle-light, and his heart froze in his bosom, and with an awful sense of peril and anguish at his soul, he murmured the single word—

"Lillian!"

XI.

RESCUED.

A malignant gleam flashed from the eyes of Jesse James, and his swarthy face was wreathed with a triumphant smile as he noted the amazement and anguish on the face of his captive.

"You seem surprised," he said. "You're just in time to see your gal married off, Mr. Wardell, spy and detective. Cole Younger swore he'd have her, and as we will shortly return to Texas we just dropped around at Forrester and picked up old Bucher's adopted daughter. Afore another day she marries Younger, and as to you—the rope won't be cut so fast this time, I'll warrant you."

Wardell did not reply to the bandit's taunts. His mind was overwhelmed with the complications his case had assumed. Lillian in Younger's power, himself a captive, he saw that so far as his own personal interests were concerned the game was a lost one.

If he could only get word to the men down the river—if he could only escape with Lillian! He saw Younger remove the insensible girl to an adjoining apartment, and locking the door, return to his companions, and then after directing a glance at himself, hold a brief consultation with Jesse James.

Their confab evidently decided his fate, for the latter approaching him dragged him unceremoniously towards the middle of the room, and then lifting a trap in the floor pushed him roughly through it.

The fall was a severe one, and almost stunned the detective. They had thrown him for safe keeping into the basement of the old hut, and his rough usage and fall had loosened the bands on his hands. He experienced a sense of exultation as he freed his wrists from the galling fetters and began to wonder if his chances for escape were so bad after all.

He heard the tramp of feet and the noise of talk overhead. From what few confused remarks he gleaned he learned that several of the party were going to the tavern at the settlement, and half an hour later he discerned that those remaining were indulging in a noisy, boisterous spree.

Feeling in his vest pocket Wardell obtained a match and glanced around the damp, shallow basement. The logs forming the foundation of the cabin and the hard clay floor alone met his view, except a few rusty tools lying in one corner of the place.

A wild idea flashed through Wardell's mind as his eyes fell upon these—an idea soon put into execution. He could locate the room into which Younger had locked Lillian. While the outlaws were carousing he would attempt to force a way through the floor and rescue her.

He set at work with a will. Pickaxe and hatchet were employed, first timidly then boldly. Half an hour later he had torn away a section of the flooring, and stood breathless and anxious in the darkened apartment.

There upon a rude couch lay the object of his solicitude, still insensible, the odor of chloroform in the room telling of the cause of her deep slumberous silence.

Cautiously Wardell pried at the sash of the window. Ten minutes later with a wild, exultant sigh of victory he had lifted Lillian through the window and stood on the green sward without the hut.

His course was soon determined. Abandoning the footpath he sprang into a boat with Lillian, and taking up the oars pushed out into the swampy morass surrounding the cabin.

For nearly an hour the little boat threaded the sinuous depths of the swamp, emerging at last into a stream which rolled clear and rapid to the south.

Lillian had revived and all the surprise of peril, the ecstasies of rescue were experienced by the beautiful maiden and her excited lover.

"We had better land," Wardell had said. "This river may lead directly to the settlement and it is flowing very rapidly here. I can scarcely manage the boat."

But he gave utterance to a loud cry of surprise and alarm as he glanced toward the shore.

For there stood Jesse James and four of his band.

"Discovered!" groaned the detective.

The boat whirled madly down the stream as a shot struck its side.

There was a sharp curve in the stream and the moonlight revealed the falls of the river a few rods distant.

The detective was appalled. The bandits on the one hand, the falls on the other.

But there was no choice, for the boat was whirled down the rapids with incredible speed. "Hold fast to me," cried Wardell, as the bandits fired a second harmless volley at him.

It was a terrible experience—the roaring waters, the crashing of the boat, the blinding spray, and then with Lillian clasped tightly in his arms, the detective floated into the safe channel of the lower stream.

"Safe!" he cried, as he swam to the shore. "They are following us," said Lillian apprehensively.

The outlaws had gained the opposite side of the stream and stood with rifles leveled at the fugitives.

"Surrender!" cried Cole Younger.

At that moment a deafening volley was their reply, and the next moment a friendly hand thrust Wardell and Lillian aside, and the men the detective had left up the river stepped in front of him to cover his retreat.

The detectives and Jesse James were face to face.

(To be continued.)

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

VERDI is in Paris. He has been to hear his *Aida*, and was a whole corps of the *claque* in his own great self, as he applauded M. Maurel so heartily and incessantly that all eyes were turned towards the maestro. Of course Maurel was off his head with delight.

A SOCIETY of young composers has been formed for the production of their works. The subscription to maintain the orchestra and singers is 20 francs, and it is hoped that the public will also give something and come and listen, with the kind idea of nursing youthful talent.

ANDRE GILL, the caricaturist, is again missing, and there is little doubt that he has once more fallen into a state of mental alienation. It will be remembered that M. Gill sent a picture to this year's Salon, entitled "A Madman," being a reminiscence of his own sojourn in a lunatic asylum.

M. VICTORIEN SARDOU has declined to give a rôle to M. Damals, the husband of Sarah Bernhardt, in the forthcoming production of the new piece at the Vaudeville. The salary to be paid by MM. Raymond Deslandes and Bertrand to the celebrated actress is fixed at £40 a day, and £20 during rehearsals.

M. DELAUNAY intends to retire from the stage on the 2nd of April next, having, though but fifty-six years of age, been thirty-five years at the Théâtre Français. His sight is now so much affected that he cannot endure the glare of the footlights. He hopes to be allowed, like Samson, before retiring, to reappear in all his most successful parts.

THE Duchess de Pomar, to whom the apple would be gallantly given by any wise judge who was asked to pronounce in favor of many winning attractions, courts society again, having re-opened her magnificent rooms for their entertainment—that is, if they be of the crème—that crème consisting of lagers—lagers of rank, wealth, wit, wisdom, beauty and well-earned renown.

A NEW idea for the Cotillon puzzles the brains of many a young gentleman with his hair parted amidships. Here is the result of much thought to such an individual, which gained a signal success at a recent ball. A side door was suddenly flung open and two immense dogs entered gaily decorated, drawing a car of great elegance. They were conducted into the middle of the room, and the top of the car was taken off, when the car was found to be full of bonbons, flowers, fans, and little articles of prettiness which were at once distributed.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MR. JOHN CLARKE and daughter have arrived in England.

GILBERT and Sullivan threaten us with another comic opera.

RUBINSTEIN has composed a cantata—introducing the Supreme Deity.

MR. JOSEFFY is expected to play in Montreal on the 7th of next month.

It is rumored that Mary Anderson goes to Europe to take lessons from Ristori.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG is about to be married and retire from the stage.

ALBANI has scored a tremendous success as "Violetta" in the *Traviata*.

M. DUMAS fils has written for the Comédie-Française a new drama for the next season.

It is arranged that Mr. Edwin Booth shall appear at the Adelphi Theatre, London, for six weeks, commencing on the 26th prox.

"THE Widow," the new American comic opera, is said to abound in pretty airs, as a widow ought, and to be quite incomprehensible, as widows are.

THE great bell of St. Paul's will arrive in town about nine o'clock on Monday morning. It will take several days to get it successfully hung.

A JACQUEMINOT.

A rose from my lady's bouquet—
Did she give it to me? Ah, no;
I only gathered it where it lay,
Dropped from my lady's rare bouquet—
Noisettes and les Jacqueminots—
Flushing the air below.

"My lady," mine did I say?
Not even her name I know,
Who carried the rare bouquet;
Yet a rose fell out of it on my way,
Had as a rose can blow,
And met by an equal glow.

What matter to any one, pray,
That I tenderly hold it—so?
Velvety, blushing, bright as the day,
The rose as the lady. Kiss I may,
Through the bloom its petals show,
Her cheek in the Jacqueminot.

Kiss it and dream away,
That a drop from her heart's full flow,
Sought, as it fell from her sweet bouquet,
To mingle its soul with mine for aye—
Forever, wherever I go—
In the breath of a Jacqueminot.

MARY B. DODGE.

HOW I GOT MARRIED WITHOUT POPPING THE QUESTION.

"Perhaps you wrote an offer?"
"No, I did not write an offer."
"Perhaps you got some one else to ask for you?"
"Wrong again."
"Perhaps your wife popped the question to you?"
"Not a bit of it. But if you like I will tell you the whole story. When I was young I was what may be called a mild youth; you may laugh and greatly given to playing the flute, attending lectures on phrenology, and such like dissipations. Phonography, too, had just come up, and for a long time I felt it my duty to fill up note-books with rows of strange-looking figures that would have puzzled Pitman himself to make out. Of course, I had a companion in all this, a perfect counterpart, with only one drawback. He had a sister about seventeen years old. We were constantly visiting at each other's houses, but I was generally the host; for, to tell the truth, I was a little shy, and was afraid of the drawback (the sister, I mean). But Mrs. Brown (my friend's name was Brown) used to press me to visit the house and bring my flute; 'she was so fond of the flute,' and 'would I teach Emily phonography?' it was so useful."

"Well, I did take the flute and play duets with the pianoforte, until a good deal of the shyness wore off, and we got on with our phonography swimmingly. Being fond of knowledge myself, there was naturally a great deal of pleasure in imparting it to another. At first Brown took lessons with Emily, but he soon got tired, and we were left to pore over the lesson-book together."

"As soon as Mrs. Brown learned that we had advanced as far as the corresponding style—'Ah!' said she, 'you and Emily must write to each other some of Byron's or Moore's poems in phonography; how would that do?' We could not try it, but found so many mistakes that it was generally necessary to read the poems over together afterwards."

"Well, this went on for a year or so, until, tired of doing nothing myself—though my father, as everyone knew, was very well off—I suddenly made up my mind to go to Australia. The affair was arranged almost in a moment, the determination arising out of an unexpected meeting with an old and successful colonist then on a visit to England. I at once took a berth in the *Black Ball* clipper to sail in a week, and was of course much busied in preparing the necessary outfit. The first excitement over, I remembered that I had neglected to return Miss Brown a phonographic exercise, and not having time to call, I enclosed it by post, with a few words (also in phonography) accompanying it."

"Two days before the *Black Ball* was to sail, I found time to call on the Browns. I met Brown just outside, who told me to go in, and he would be back presently. I was shown into the drawing-room. It was empty. I amused myself for a few minutes looking over some pictures. Presently there was a rustle at the door, and almost before I could turn to see who it might be, I found myself embraced, I believe even kissed! Of course, there was some mistake, but it suddenly occurred to me that it was a very pleasant one, and just at the moment who should be passing the door but Brown, senior. He seemed to take the scene in at a glance, walked up to me, gave me a hearty slap on the shoulder, and with a laugh said, 'It is just what I expected.' Of course, Mrs. B. entered immediately after, and Brown came double-knocking at the door to make another witness of the little drama. All this time, Emily's head was on my shoulder, and she ejaculating something about 'my dear letter,' 'was I afraid to speak then?' and so on."

"The next half-hour is a blank. I know that a letter was brought me from the agent of the *Black Ball*, regretting that by some mistake a berth had not been secured for me, but that the ticket would be available for any vessel of the Company. And what is somewhat to the point, I remember that it was settled that we were to be married in three months."

"Well, time rolled on. We came to Australia, and soon settled down into a comfortable home."

"One day Mrs. G., putting some boxes straight, made a grand start, and pulling out a piece of paper covered with shorthand, exclaim-

ed, 'Why, Tom, here is that dear letter of yours that brought us so much happiness!' 'Letter,' said I, 'what letter?' 'Perhaps you will be good enough to read it.' 'Certainly,' said Mrs. G., and then she read in cockney sentimental tone:

'I return your exercise corrected. I send it by post, as under the circumstances I cannot see you personally. I admit that I ought to have told you before that I love you, but really I could not. Pray forgive me.'
'Yours truly,
'THOMAS GREEN.'

"I saw the thing at once. As I have already stated, the letter was in phonography and without vowels. I had merely intended to inform her of my departure, and to excuse myself for the neglect of not letting my friends know it earlier. But mademoiselle had read it 'I love you,' instead of 'I leave you.' And that is how I got married without popping the question."

"I took possession of the precious epistle—the 'dear letter'—and whenever Mrs. G. is in a teasing mood I have only to draw it slowly out of my pocket-book, and the tables are at once turned. We still find phonography useful, but are very particular about the vowels."

AN ELEPHANT'S PORTRAIT.

About six weeks ago, dining out at a bachelors' party given by Colonel —, I was asked by my host if I would make a sketch of an elephant's head for him. Of course there was but one answer, "Yes," though I added, feeling uncertain as to the result, "It may be a failure—but I will do my best." So on the first morning that I had time to spare, I set off to the great temple with the intention of sketching one of the elephants. You know that at all important temples there are elephants; they are much prized as possessions, and take part in most of the religious ceremonies and processions. Some of them are employed to carry the water and flowers which are brought in daily for the gods and goddesses, for which purpose they start off early in the morning accompanied by a few of the temple dignitaries, and to music too, if a fearful noise like some half-dozen tin-kettles beaten out of time can be so called. On arriving at the temple I looked to see which would make the best sketch, and decided that the largest, a huge brute (whose tusks had been sawn off because he had once killed a keeper, chained up in a separate court of the temple, would decidedly be the one. Seating myself on a stone which was lying in the shade of the outer wall of the temple, and being further protected from the sun by a cocoanut tree and an umbrella, the last held by one of my servants, and, further, being armed with paper and pencil, I set to work to make my sketch. It always takes me some time to decide upon which view to take, and when that is settled which part of the view shall be commenced first. In this instance I was prepared to begin with a side view of the great brute chained up before me; but in this I reckoned without my host, for, objecting to being looked at, he turned himself round so as to bring one of his little twinkling eyes to bear upon me. I commenced my sketch, taking a good look first, and then trying to produce the result on paper. As I progressed I observed that the eye next me twinkled more and more, and that the elephant was slowly swaying his trunk from side to side. I tried to make the best of it, and went on with my sketch. When looking up to take fresh observations, I was just in time to stoop down and so avoid a brick which flew over my head and was smashed against the wall at the back. The whole thing was so ludicrous that I and my servants laughed heartily. The determined opposition to my presence you can understand, but I cannot describe the merry twinkle in the eye, nor the wonderful accuracy of the aim. From that moment, sticks, stones, and pieces of brick were thrown at me, and would have inevitably made acquaintance with my head had not my servants caught them as they arrived. I could not, however, get on with the sketch. So as the elephant yawned, I did the same; and then I left, much amused by the morning's entertainment. The colonel was disappointed at not having the promised drawing; but then, as I told him, "You see the elephant did not understand the matter, and decidedly objected to my presence."—*Leisure Hour.*

STITCHING ON A BUTTON.

He had never tried it before, but he was naturally a self-reliant man, and felt confident of his ability to do it. Moreover, his wife had gone into the country. Therefore, carefully selecting from that lady's work-basket the thickest needle and stoutest thread, he resolutely set himself to the task. Spitting upon his fingers, he carefully rolled the end of the thread into a point, and then, closing one of his own optics, he attempted to fill up the needle's solitary eye; but the thread either passed by one side or the other of the needle, or worked itself against the glittering steel and refused to be persuaded. However, the thread suddenly bolted through the eye to the extent of an inch, and, fearing to lose this advantage, he quickly drew the ends together and united them with a knot about the size of a buckshot. The button was a trouser one, but he liked the dimensions of its holes, and it was only going on the back of his shirt, anyhow. As he passed the needle gently upwards through the linen, he felt a mingled pity and disdain for men bungling over such

easy jobs; and he let the button gracefully glide down the thread to its appointed place, he said to himself that if ever he married a second time it should be for some nobler reason than a dread of sewing on his own buttons. The first downward thrust had the same happy result, and holding the button down firmly with his thumb, he came up again with all that confidence which uniform success inspires. Perhaps the point of the needle did not enter to the bone, but it seemed to him that it did, and his comment upon the circumstance was emphatic. But he was very ingenious, and next time he would hold the button by one edge and come up through the hole nearest the other. Of course he would. But the needle had an independent way of suiting itself as to holes; and it chose the one where the thumb was. Then the needle got sulky. It didn't care about holes, anyhow, if it was going to be abused for finding them, and the button might have been an unperforated disc for all the apertures which that needle could thenceforward be made to discover, without infinite poking and prodding. It always came through when it was least expected, and never when it was wanted. Still he persevered, and it was not until he finally discovered that he had stitched over the edge of the button and had sewn it on the wrong side of the shirt that he utterly broke down.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MISS BURKE has been awarded by the Queen a pension of £400 per annum.

As a sign of the times it may be mentioned that a paper called the *Protectionist* has appeared.

THE author of "The Truth about the Land League" was always suspected to be Mr. Forster's son. Mr. Arnold Forster's name will appear on the new edition. The book lifts the veil.

A LIMIT is to be placed on Saturday afternoon pigeon shooting at Hurlingham. Perhaps pigeon killing there will be altogether given up, and other "sports," more sensible and equally as pleasant to the ladies, will be introduced.

IT seems that with Irish ideas come Irish idioms. A proposal is on foot for the formation of a Land League in Wales, and the circular sent out informs those who wish to help the scheme on the quiet that they may send their names anonymously.

IT is stated that Mr. Biggar's father, when he purchased a small property in Ireland, raised the rents thirty per cent. Biggar, the son and patriot, inherited this property, and has been receiving the increased rental. Last week the Commissioners knocked off the thirty per cent. and reduced the rentals to their original figure.

IT is expected that we shall have to wait another eighteen months or more for the revised version of the Old Testament. The company of revisers are, however, getting on quickly. They have reached in their second revision the end of the second chapter of Daniel. They are, it is whispered, making changes even greater and more numerous than those which were made in the New Testament by the Jerusalem Chamber Company.

AS we are nearing the race season we may begin to look out for novelties in dress. If one celebrated window in Bond street is to be a criterion of what is in store for us, it looks as if women, amongst their other claims to equality with the less influential sex, were going to become exceedingly horsey in their attire. Last season we had jockey caps, and they certainly made saucy girls look saucier. Now, as well as the caps, we are to have jackets, red cloth, and brass buttons.

THE season of French plays about to open promises fortunately to be more varied and attractive than usual. No fewer than three different companies will occupy the boards of the Gaiety—Madame Sarah Bernhardt-Damala, for so the eccentric tragedienne now styles herself, coming first; M. Coquelin and other members of the Comédie Française following; and Madame Chaumont, with a very naughty Palais Royal company bringing up the rear.

LONDON becomes more musical yearly. Not only have we a brilliant opera season just now, but concerts are more numerous than they have ever been known. Last week there were no fewer than thirty. To foreign musicians, composers, and performers, London is a veritable El Dorado, carrying off annually as they do more gold out of the great metropolis than ever the Spaniards found in Peru. The development of musical taste in our midst which all this betokens augurs well for the success of the new College of Music.

GALLEOTTI, the Italian boy nine years of age, who is creating a great impression in the London drawing-rooms by his remarkable powers as an *improvisatore* at the pianoforte, was at a party a few nights since given by Sir George Wombwell to the Prince of Wales. The first subjects, two bars of melody, given by Mr.

Grossmith and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, were treated with much skill. The Prince then asked Mr. Grossmith to play the ghost melody from *The Corsican Brothers*. This with great success Galleotti treated in turn as march, fugue and waltz.

THE Lord Mayor will shortly give a grand ball, the cost of which will amount to £2,500. It was his intention to have a grand ball in honor of the recent Royal marriage, but the bereavement sustained by the Duchess of Albany has necessitated the abandonment of the idea. The Lord Mayor will also give a banquet to the mayors and provosts at the Mansion House on June 17, at which both the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh will be present, but, for want of room, the entertainment will not include the mayoresses or others. A municipal ball has not been given by the Corporation for nine years, but there have been balls of the kind on a minor scale at the Mansion House since then.

THE loss of her state barge by the *Victoria and Albert* in a heavy sea off Dover, while at the service of Princess Helen and her illustrious parents, is exceedingly unfortunate, as, with its ornate carving, tasteful coloring, and gilt embellishments, it was a perfect specimen of its kind. It has been reported that after the Queen has left the Isle of Wight for Scotland the *Victoria and Albert* will have a complete overhaul, her hull requiring expensive attention before she again makes a Continental trip. It has been many years since this yacht was thoroughly refitted, owing to the exigencies of her Royal service; but her timbers have been repeatedly surveyed, and that some of them need replacing by sound wood is not surprising.

THE coaching season is now in full swing, and a scene of great activity and interest is to be observed at the White Horse Cellars in Piccadilly, at the morning and afternoon hours when the four-in-hand passenger coaches go and come. These coaches now go in all directions, and nothing could be more charming than the drive through the green lanes of England. It is a famous day's outing to go with the coach to its destination, have a light lunch, and get back again to town in time for dinner. The coaches, driven by amateur whips, and well equipped, are in the best style, and it is, indeed a pretty sight to see these coming home in the late afternoons, with the horses tossing their heads, as if proud of the load they drew, and to hear the blast of the guard's horn.

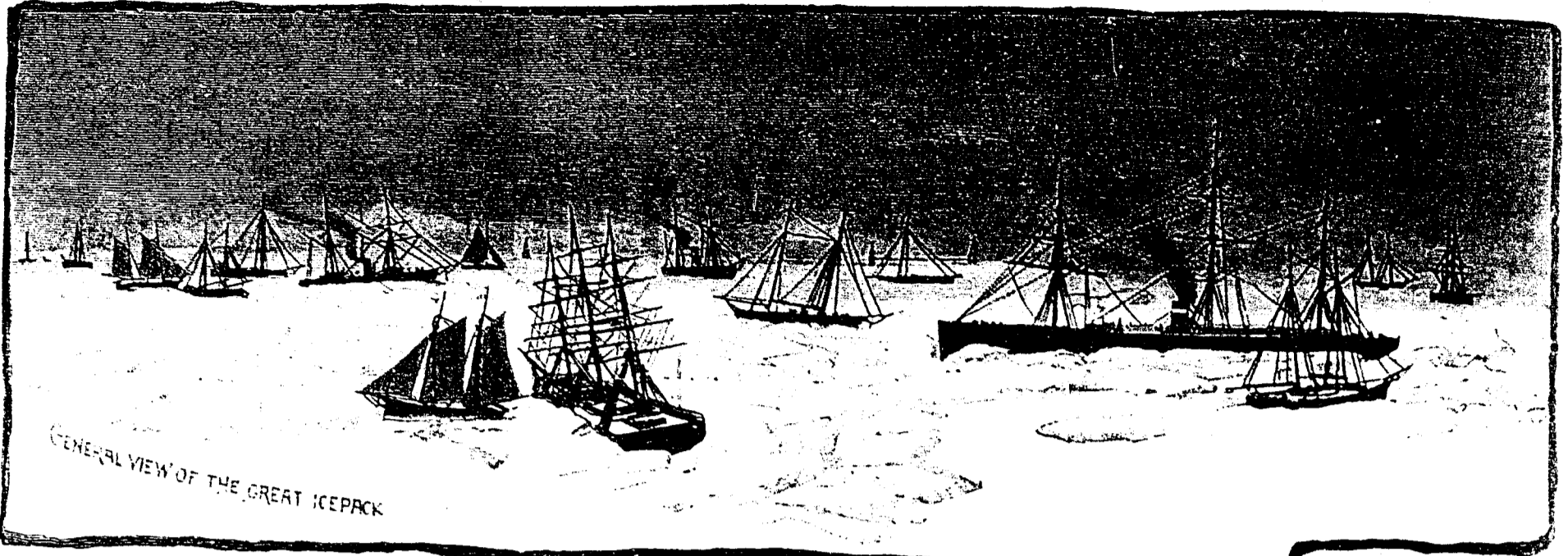
VARIETIES.

AMONGST our industrial and frugal forefathers it was a maxim, that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation they still retain in all law proceedings.

IT will be difficult to revive an interest in any sculling matches for a time, after the signal triumphs of the Canadian; but an attempt will be made in a match between Boyd and Laycock on the 3rd July, on the Tyne, when £400 will change hands. It is singular that the moral to be derived from Hanlan's rowing is not more decisively recognized, namely, that a man must row with his back more than with his arms.

THE world is astounded at the notion of the millions that figure for our national debt; it requires all its financial capacity to comprehend the sum total; but what is to be said of the statement recently issued by Sir John Lubbock in his capacity of Hon. Secretary of the London Bankers! Sir John, in this document, tells us of the sum of £6,352,654,000 which he says was paid at the Banker's clearing house last year! It may be quite correct, we have not gone over it; but how is it there are no odd shillings and halfpence—not an odd pound, not even a hundred? The clearing-house does not apparently do *bi* in such frivolous items.

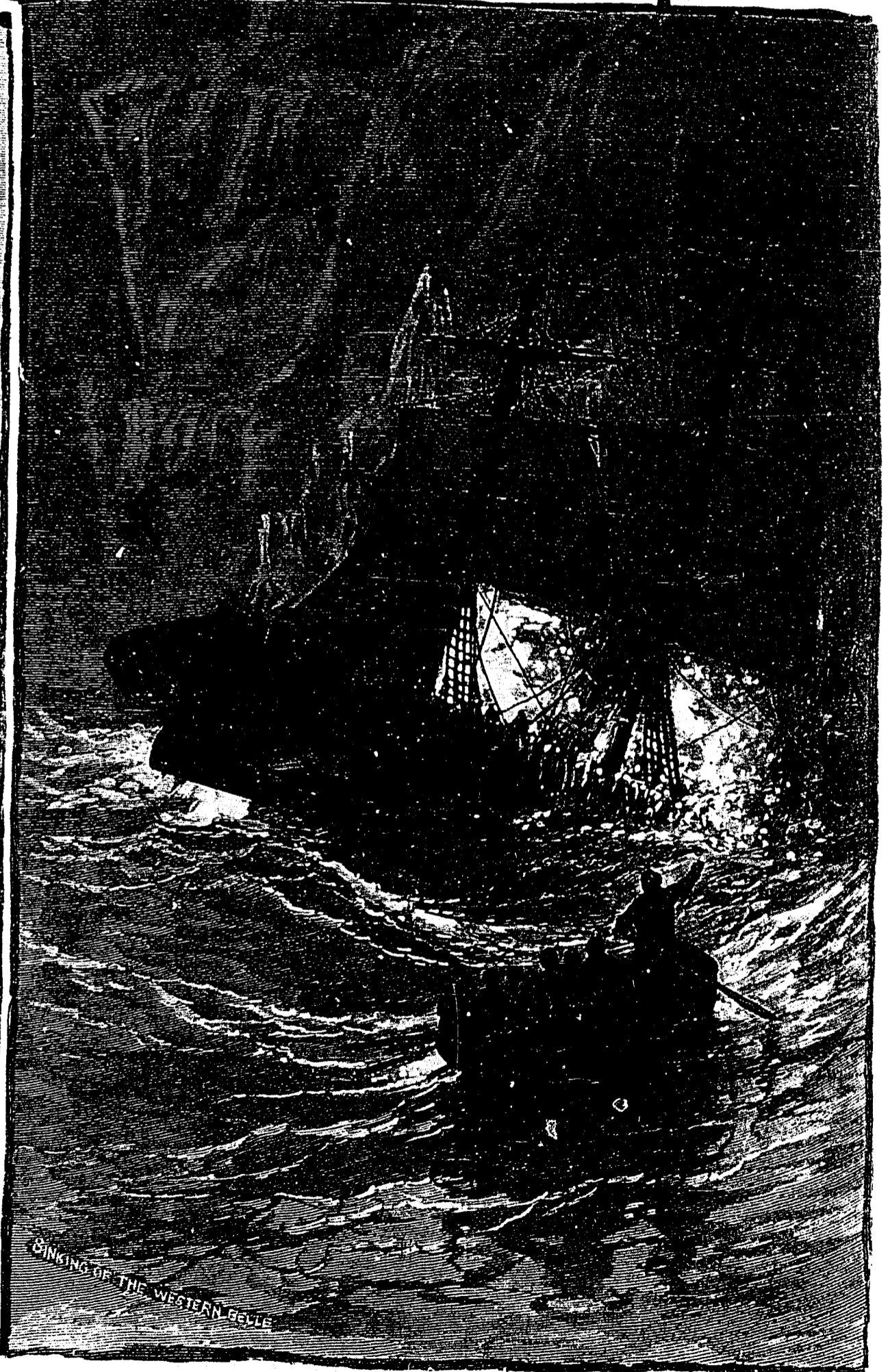
GAYLORD CLARKE, of the *Kaliberbocker* magazine in New York, was quite a humorist in his way. When he was publishing the magazine, Barnum had his museum where the *Herald* building now stands. Clarke and Barnum were great friends, yet each liked to turn the joke on the other. On one occasion Clarke came down to the museum in great haste, and wanted to know of Mr. Barnum if he had the club Captain Cook was killed with, and, if he had, would he allow him to examine it, as he was writing an article for the magazine on the death of Cook, and would like to familiarize himself with the appearance of the weapon that ended his existence. Mr. Barnum said that he was only too happy to be able to gratify his curiosity, as he had the identical club, and that he would go and get it for him. Mr. Barnum, in narrating the incident afterwards, said, "I went and picked out an Indian club that looked as if it might have killed Captain Cook or any one else, and brought it back, and assured Mr. Clarke that that was the identical club. He examined it for a time critically, and then, handing it back, said, 'Mr. Barnum, I thought you must have it; as all the small museums in the country have it, a large one like yours could not afford to do without it.' I told Clarke I owed him one; and then he left, chuckling over how nicely he had turned the point on me."



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GREAT ICEPACK



CUTTING OUT A STEAMER



SINKING OF THE WESTERN BELLE

THE ICE PACK IN THE MOUTH OF THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.—(SEE PAGE 355.)



A LISBON FISHER GIRL.

ON THE BEACH.

(From the Norwegian of Bjorstjerne Bjornson.)

On the beach she loitered, fancy free,
And of one—no thing in the world, thought she.
There came a young painter of great renown
From the town.
He sat him down
Painting her on the beach that was pebbly and brown.

On the beach she sauntered, blythe and free,
And of one—no thing in the world, thought she.
She thought of the picture that he would make,
The sketch he'd take,
Where fern and brake
And herself were mirrored in crystal lake.

On the beach she rambled, far and free,
And of all things in the world, thought she.
Then, far out on the lake as well as near
On the beach just here,
On the painter there,
Oh! how warm the sun shone, and bright and clear!

NED P. MAH.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "JEANNETTE."

On July 8, 1879, a little ship, bearing a hardy crew of thirty-three adventurous men, sailed from the port of San Francisco, on the Pacific Ocean. Their errand was to explore the seas of the Polar region. The history of their sufferings, as narrated by Lieutenant Dannenhauer, reads like a sensational romance. To receive their full effect, however, one must have listened to them as told by the brave spirited officer himself, who, with his eyes blindfolded and resting on a lounge in a darkened room, simply rehearsed the story of thirty-four months of danger and death. It is possible to give his narrative in his own words:—"We sailed on July 8 for the Arctic Seas, equipped with every necessary for our expedition. Our vessel was staunch and seaworthy in every particular, and nothing had been left undone to secure her against all the perils we knew she must encounter. She carried as her crew five commissioned officers of the United States Navy, two scientists, Dr. Raymond L. Newcomb and Mr. Collins, and a ship's crew of twenty-four men. Twenty-four days later we reached Unalaska, near Behring's Straits, where we coaled ship and proceeded to St. Michaels, a fur trading station in Alaska. There we received supplies from a sailing vessel that had gone on before us, and added to our equipment such stores as only that country could furnish, such as fur clothing of the best kind for Arctic service, with forty dogs and two native masters or drivers of them, for our inland or ice-field journeys. This made our complement thirty-three men. On the last day of August we headed our way toward Wrangell Land. On September 6 we found what we judged to be the lead between the Siberian and American ice packs, and Lieutenant De Long taking charge of the ship's course from the crow's nest on the foretop-mast head, piloted us in. We encountered a great deal of ice, most of it of young formation; but through it we fought our way by ramming the ship against it. This was the first real trial we had had with our vessel. She bore the shocks nobly, however; but at last we found she could make no further headway, and gave over our fruitless efforts. That night we were frozen in. A week later we made an effort to reach the island by means of dog sledges. The party, led by Lieutenant Chipp, found open water between them and the shore, and were forced to return. By observations we found that the ship was drifting, and it was deemed prudent not to send out any boats. Sometimes the ship would be heeled over to an angle of twelve or fifteen degrees. To prevent being capsized, we got tackles from the mast heads with heavy blocks fastened to ice anchors, say one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet off, and stayed her as best we could. We unshipped the rudder, triced up our propellers, and tallowed the engines. When the ship began to heel over the local deviation of the compass was in ratio of one and a half degree to one of list of the vessel. This fact was due not only to the great amount of iron work, but to the vast quantity of canned goods that were stowed between decks aft. Early in November the ice began to break up. This agitation was in accordance with our anticipations, for the changes of moon and tidal action had given us previous warnings. The noise was awe-inspiring. The dogs howled and whined dismally, and the crash and roar were sometimes almost deafening. The ice floes tumbled into confusion, and water tracks under the bright star-light shone out like paths of shimmering gold through fields of silver. The broken masses seemed determined to encroach upon us, and threatened the destruction of our vessel from their heaving, towering summits, which flashed and shone with prismatic splendours whose beauty we could not appreciate. On November 23 the floe split away on the port side, leaving our ship cradled upon her starboard bilge. A few days after this break, which left our vessel lying in a sort of shelf, with the water beneath on one side, and a mountain of ice on the other, the floe closed in again. All day we were in the most serious apprehension, and the *Jeannette's* fate hung upon a delicate balance indeed. Pressed in the jaws of a vice such as no power created by human agencies could have made, she creaked and groaned in every timber. Only that she had been strengthened by an immense truss whose introduction into the ship was the latest thought of her builders, she must have gone to fragments then. Once a great tongue of ice pressed her against the port beam, and we gathered on the deck and breathlessly awaited the end, which it

now seemed could not be delayed. No one can tell how heartily we gave thanks when our noble little vessel resisted the pressure, and the great arm of crystal, crumbling into pieces, under-run the ship with a sullen roar that sounded like music to our ears. At such times as these, and they were not rare, the deck planks would start from their beams, and the fastenings would crack like the report of discharging rifles. The doors of our state room would become jammed, so that ingress and egress were impossible. Every man kept his knapsack ready by him, prepared to leave the vessel at a moment's notice. The dogs, too, were kept harnessed, and no precaution that our perilous condition could suggest was neglected. Several gales, some of them of great violence, added their dangers to our condition. Some of them moved at the rate of fifty miles an hour. The long night began on November 10, 1879, and lasted until January 25, 1880. During that time a regular routine was observed. At seven A. M. all hands were called and the galley fires started; at nine, breakfast; from eleven to one, hunting and exercise on the ice; at three P. M., dinner, after which, and for the purpose of saving coal, the galley fires were put out; between seven and eight, tea, made from the Barter condensing boiler, originally intended to run the electric light engine. The light, however, we found too expensive, and soon abandoned its use. Coal was served out in careful quantities, in all 140 lbs. a day. For the most part we lived upon canned meats and vegetables, with bear or seal meat twice a week, and pork and beans or salt beef once a week. Rum was sparingly served out on festive occasions once or twice a year. Thus we spent twenty-one months in the ice-pack, man-of-war discipline being always maintained. For the entire time there was but one punishment, and that for the offence of profanity. Our amusements were theatricals, study, and such games as we could have from time to time on the ice. In January 1880, the great strain on the vessel started a leak. The strain she had borne is almost incredible, but when the great pressure attacked her longitudinally, and in her weakest point, the stern, she had to succumb. Directly that this new danger made itself known we got up steam and set the pumps to work without delay. The temperature was then 42 deg. below zero, the freezing-point of mercury, and it was with great difficulty the donkey pumps could be kept at work. The men worked with their feet in the freezing water, and in our mutual anxiety we struggled on. The pumps were kept going until June, at which time we found the leak was caused by the wrenching away of the forefoot, making a great aperture. We then built a compartment forward, which stayed the water a good deal. Nevertheless, we kept on pumping for eighteen months without cessation. A windmill pump was tried in summer, but the chill sephers were too gentle to lift the freezing water, and keep by its flow the clearing pipes from closing up. The first year we got enough of game for table use, and of seal to clothe the crew from their skins. But this required a great deal of hunting—more, indeed, than you can imagine. Spring found us drifting over the same track again, but the calamity we feared was not to be long delayed. Finally, on July 11, 1881, we forsook the ship. We were not a moment too soon. Dragging our boats to an adjoining ice-flow, we saw the *Jeannette's* last efforts of resistance. Slowly her sides gave way, and a towering mass of ice fell over and buried her from sight for ever. After a terrible struggle, suffering hardships of a nature that no human tongue can tell, we reached open water. Then, for one hundred days we continued our journey, keeping our course in the open boats, to the south and west, sometimes dragging them over ice, sometimes wet, always hungry, but still hopeful of reaching land. We had plenty of bad weather. On the night of September 12, we had a furious gale, and the three boats became separated. Four days later my boat reached the Siberian Coast. The same day Captain De Long reached the shore. It was a barren harbour. We were without food, and our clothing, worn and tattered, afforded scant protection to the inclement winds that blew with blinding force over the desolate steppes of that inhospitable region. For food we chewed the sealskin of our garments. Our landing was made near the mouth of the Lena.—*Daily Telegraph*.

PAINT AND POWDER.

"The Social Purity Alliance" is the name of an association in London with an idea that its workings will purify the tone of British society. Its aims are, of course, excellent, and, however much we may be tempted to smile at a theory of legislating sin out of the world, we have no doubt that it is quite within the bounds of possibility that such a society, not alone in London, but anywhere, in our own city of Philadelphia, for instance, might be made to produce a vast deal of good.

It is with some hesitation that we put the question—not new, for women have been and are talking about it at this day.—Can not something be done, not by law, but by the power of public opinion, to stop the dreadful coating of their faces with paint and powder and cosmetic by women who consider themselves not outside the pale of respectability? First, there is the artistic reason—it is unbecoming. Catch a bepowdered woman in a side light, and her face is hideous in color; the metallic hue makes one shiver. The "pearl powder" is a lie, the "flesh pink" is a lie, and the whole "make

up" is a cheat that deceives nobody—but herself. Unless she has some wonderful, undiscovered trick of color and applies it without detection, she simply makes a target of herself for the brutal or contemptuous or pitying remarks of the unpainted men and women she meets, by night in the drawing-room, or by day in the thoroughfare. Oh, how many times have not been heard such remarks as these shot after the train of some woman:

"Yes, she's quite an artist—in pastel!"

"Neat little filly. I'd like to kiss her, if I didn't fear poisoning," accompanied with winks and grins.

Then there is the suggestion it too often has of evil. If a young girl paints, one asks why? Her youth ought to be accompanied with freshness, and her complexion should be not bad, if not beautiful, if she is cleanly and lives intelligently. If she has not a fresh skin, it is made worse by putting poison on it, and a mask that is the reverse of freshness. She stops the pores of her skin and renders it unhealthy; she proclaims herself not of the guild of the modest, and one does not dare ask her why she does it, for fear a true confession would not be flattering to herself.

If a married woman paints, it is still more suggestive. It is not, certainly, to attract her husband, for husbands detest paint and powder on their wives, and, if not to attract him, then who? Certainly not her children; and once they are old enough to discern the put-on complexion, they receive a lesson in untruth of which we cannot think a mother fully estimates the danger. Nor does the wife and mother paint and powder to attract women—everybody knows that.

With an actress it is different; it is her business—and I believe that even actresses do not "make up" their faces for the street.

This is not to say that innocent women do not paint; they do, there's the misery of it. If it were well known that only the "unfortunates" painted, women would be then estimated with more comfort to themselves, but as it is now, in this present license of chalk and rouge, that it is only when a man knows the painted woman is of respectable reputation that he believes her to be so. When he does not know something of her to her credit, he believes her to be, simply, vicious. And, as she walks along the street, she forms against herself the lowest possible opinion on the part of men, the contempt or pity of women, leaving only a portion of the world, painted like herself, who merely gaze at her, half indifferently, to see if she can give them points for their own "make up."

Again, when we remember that one man's rights end where another's begins, it is a matter of doubt if a respectable woman has really a right to paint. While she may only harm herself if she goes through life unaccompanied, if married she hurts her husband, by giving an opportunity to the heartless and cruel of dragging his honor in the mud. Although here it must be confessed, if a married woman so vulgarizes her face, her husband is not free from blame, for, if she love him, his influence should be sufficient, and, if an appeal to that were in vain, women, we think, if not juries, would pardon him the exercise of a little authority.

Moreover, it is not pleasant for the unpainted woman to be ever defending the painting woman. For argument we will suppose the first to dislike vulgar attention, and, if she dresses as a lady, really a lady, and by that I mean appropriately and quietly on the street, it must be extremely painful to her to have a companion whose painted face attracts the attention of every passer-by; she may know that her friend is foolish, not wicked, but she sees in the wink of the man about town that he thinks something very different. She cannot stop the public motley to say:

"Wait a minute, I know my friend to be a loving wife and a kind mother, and her people are respectable though you do not think so. I know her painted face is horrid, but she is really very nice, once you know her."

But when this goes on, and the painted woman paints, in spite of all appeals, her friend, who tires of having cruel remarks made about herself, is forced, because of her friendship for her, to withdraw from the painter's acquaintance. Even friendship, though it may expect much, has no right to demand the sacrifice of one's fair name. And, indeed, friendship is give and take, and where is the love in the feeling that would demand the sacrifice? I don't think a non-painting woman, however much she may love another, could stand the fire of such adverse criticism that this calls forth for two weeks, for the sake of the most angelic painted woman that ever trod.

A certain young lady in this city, who, ten years ago, had more than average social chances, is to-day ostracised by almost every honorable household in Philadelphia, for this very unfortunate fault. Her old schoolmates are forbidden to call on her, and are charged—"of course, speak kindly to her if you meet, but on no account be seen on the street walking with her, or stopping to talk to her."

The most cruel things are said, possibly, nay probably, with no foundation, simply because she paints conspicuously, and it is a pity that the girl has not some friend to explain to her that her painted face, in the first place, was the real reason that her visits were not returned. It is not enough that a woman is womanly, but she must look womanly; and as she is respectable, why in the name of common sense does she strive to look disreputable?

Paint and cosmetic do not hide her lack of beauty—they emphasize it—and if she could but

hear the one-hundredth part of the nasty things said about her face, she would not only abandon the practice on moral grounds—but on worldly ones—it does not pay.

It is a woman's right and duty to look as beautiful as she can, but she should learn to accept her age gracefully—as the clever French women do. A French woman with wrinkles and white hair, will wear soft grey cashmere and light tulle that, surrounding her face, makes it a pleasure to behold. A good physician can advise a regimen which will aid in the accomplishment of a good complexion, and if this cannot be done—paint and powder can not do it, but only increase ill-health of body and mind.

Lastly, if the non-face painting woman would make up her mind to say to her face-painting friend:

"I will not walk the streets with you until you stop, once for all, painting your face," we should be proud of many of our women, in whose company, at present, it is not safe to be seen.

HUNTED BY THE "LION."

One of those irrepressible American "lady correspondents" in London, who make it their business to hunt up the "lions of the metropolis," i.e., to intrude upon the privacy of people distinguished in literature and the arts, for the purpose of retailing personal gossip to the Yankee newspapers, met, a contemporary tells us, with deserved punishment the other day. An eccentric but famous young author having, by his bachelorhood and the notorious oddity of his habits, repelled her from paying him a visit at his chambers, she in desperation adopted the expedient of inviting him to her own lodgings, to read to her his new work.

He arrived soon after daybreak, and began to read in his wild, gesticulatory style. By breakfast time, she had exhausted her stock of compliments and felt fatigued. He ate the breakfast with avidity, and recommended reading. Wearily did she count the hours until luncheon was brought in. The author, exclaiming, "Capital idea!" devoured the luncheon with ferocity, and once again took his M.S. in hand, and read on. Supine upon the sofa did the unhappy lady writhe in anguish. The poet took no heed, but read on.

Dinner-time came. A gleam of hope inspired the wretched "lady-huntress;" but alas! her very feebly suggested invitation to stay was accepted by the frenzied genius, who, to use the language of provincial reporters, "did ample justice to the assembled viands." "He cannot go on reading," she fondly whispered to herself, "after so heavy a meal." But he did, and with renewed energy.

It was now dead mid-night, and cold fearful drops stood upon the brow of the wretched lady. With a desperate effort, she suggested the propriety of retiring, as she wished to go to bed. "To bed—capital idea!—and we can finish the reading in the morning."

But instead of saying good night, the tormenter deliberately opened the folding doors, saying, "Ah, I thought there would be a bed there—always is in London lodgings," and immediately threw himself on the couch, and was soon snoring peacefully.

His victim took refuge in a neighbor's house. When she returned in the morning, she found the author reclaiming his remaining chapter to himself in the looking glass.

HOW TO WIN A WIFE.

How shall a good wife be won? I know that men naturally shrink from the attempt to obtain companions who are their superiors; but they will find that really intelligent women, who possess the most desirable qualities, are uniformly unassuming, and hold their charms in modest estimation. What such women most admire in men is gallantry. Not the gallantry of fast men and fops, but boldness, courage, devotion, decision, and refined civility. A man's bearing wins ten superior women where boots and brains win one. If a man stands before a woman with respect for himself and fearlessness of her, his suit is half won. The rest may safely be left to the parties most interested. Therefore, never be afraid of a woman. Women are the most harmless and agreeable creatures in the world to a man who shows that he has got a man's soul in him. If you possess not the spirit to come up to a test like this, you have not got that in you which most pleases a high-souled woman, and you will be obliged to content yourself with the simple girl who, in a quiet way, is endeavoring to attract and fasten you.

But in any case don't be in a hurry. Don't get into a feverish longing for marriage. It isn't creditable to you. Especially don't imagine that any disappointment in love which takes place before you are twenty-one years old will be of any material damage to you. The truth is, that before a man is twenty-five years' old he does not know what he wants himself. So don't be in a hurry. The more of a man you become, and the more of manliness you become capable of exhibiting in your association with women, the better wife you will be able to obtain; and one year's possession of the heart and hand of a really noble specimen of her sex is worth nine hundred and ninety-nine years' possession of a sweet creature with only two ideas in her head, and nothing new to say about either of them.

THE International Monetary Conference has been postponed till 1883.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

BY A CANTANKEROUS OLD CURMUDGEON.

All the world's a wardrobe. And all the girls and women merely wearers: They have their fashions and their fantasies...

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

We went winding up the mountains, our massive engine drawing us up the curving grades without any apparent effort. Here and there beautiful valleys stretched out, and through them coursed placid streams pouring from mountain springs.

At the exclamation the engineer sprang from his seat. One glance down the track and his face was pallid. A child—three years old, perhaps—stood midway between the rails and not one hundred yards from the engine.

I opened my eyes, and standing upon the pilot was John Akers, holding in his arms the child—its face wreathed in smiles. The engine was now at a standstill.

The engineer clambered back to his perch, and sounded the whistle. The passengers looked out of the window wondering what had occurred.

"You did an heroic thing, sir—a brave, a noble act."

"'Twas the air brake," he modestly replied, "'twas the air brake that did it."

A CHINESE DRAMA.

A night "In a Chinese Theatre" of San Francisco is quaintly described in the June Century by George H. Fitch, who says of the play:

The drama that was presented on this occasion is known as "The Dragon Disputing Pearls." It is a play of intrigue, in which diplomacy takes the place of love.

In the drama referred to, the scene opens on the household of an Emperor, who is blessed with two wives. Each spouse represents a favored province that has shared in the honors and rewards of the royal choice.

is communicated to the two brothers, and in a quarrel the younger slays his elder brother, throws the body into the river, and gives out the report of an accidental drowning.

The performance of this play—one of the shortest in the theatrical repertory—was begun at six o'clock and ended at midnight.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

We would advise all our friends to read the excellent article on chess, which appears in the Saturday Review of the 6th ult., in which two works on the game, recently published, are very favorably noticed.

We have not space to follow the writer through all his remarks on the first of these works, but we cannot refrain from stating that he does not agree with the latter in all his views, especially with some of those which are found in the following extracts:

The purest enjoyment we consider to be the composition of a problem, for this is produced 'a thing of beauty' which in the words of Keats, is a joy forever.

Some players, when once they had perceived a special art in the problem, gave up the playing of games, and spent their time in composition.

With much of this we can entirely go along. Most true it is what Mr. Meyer says of the artistic beauty of a chess problem. The delicate strokes, those varied and unexpected combinations, of which he has given us such a store in the present volume, are indeed worthy of the highest intellectual admiration.

"You did an heroic thing, sir—a brave, a noble act."

"'Twas the air brake," he modestly replied, "'twas the air brake that did it."

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peculiarity of Mr. Bird's book is said to be the fact that he never gives any form of opening which has not occurred as part of an actual game.

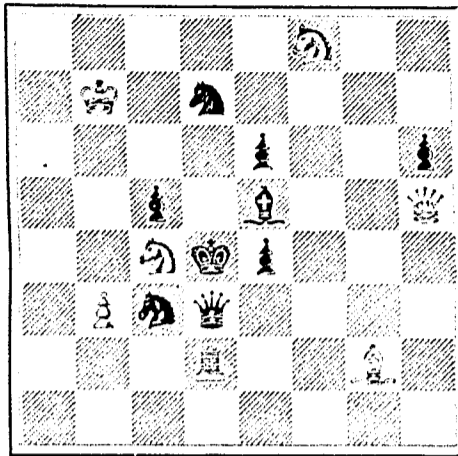
THE CHESS TOURNAMENT.

VIENNA, June 4.—The chess tournament score now stands: Mackenzie 13½, Winawer and Mason, 13, Steinitz and Englisch 12½, Blackburne 12, Zuckertort 11½, Hurby 11 and Ware 6½.—Montreal Gazette.

PROBLEM No. 384.

By B. J. Laws.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 382.

- White. 1. Q to Q Kt; 2. Mate acc. Black. 1. Any

GAME 5111B.

A game played at the Café International between Captain Mackenzie and an amateur, the former giving the odds of Q R and the move (remove Black's Q R).

(Sicilian Defence.)

- White.—(Dr. S.) 1. P to K 4; 2. B to B 4; 3. P to Q 4; 4. Q takes P; 5. Q to Q sq; 6. B to K Kt 5; 7. Q to Q 2; 8. P to Q B 3; 9. P takes B; 10. Q to K B 4; 11. K to Q sq (ch); 12. K to B 2; 13. K to K 3; 14. K to R 3. Black.—(Captain Mackenzie.) 1. P to Q B 4; 2. P to K 3; 3. P takes P; 4. Kt to Q B 3; 5. Kt to R B 3; 6. Q to R 4 ch; 7. B to Q Kt 5; 8. Kt takes K P; 9. Kt takes Q Kt P; 10. Kt to Q 6 (ch); 11. Q to K 5 ch; 12. Kt to K 5 ch; 13. Kt to Q B 4 ch; 14. Kt to B 7 (mate).

NOTES.

- (a) His best move appears to be Q to Q sq (b) Mate is now forced in four moves.



MURRAY CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the MURRAY CANAL," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails on TUESDAY, the twenty-seventh day of June next, for the formation of a Canal to connect the head waters of the Bay of Quinte with Presque Harbor, Lake Ontario.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office and at Brighton, on and after THURSDAY, the eighth day of June next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$4,000 must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the execution of the works at the rates and prices submitted, subject to the conditions and on the terms stated in the specification.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

Dept. of Railways and Canals, (Ottawa, 22nd May, 1882.)

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TRENT NAVIGATION.

Fenelon Falls, Buckhorn Rapids, and Burleigh Canals.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Trent Navigation," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western mails, on WEDNESDAY, the Fifth day of July next, for the construction of two Lift Locks, Bridge Piers and other works at Fenelon Falls, also, for the construction of a Lock at Buckhorn Rapids, and for the construction of three Locks, a Dam and Bridge Piers at Burleigh Falls.

Maps of the respective localities, together with plans and specifications of the works, can be seen at this office on and after WEDNESDAY, the Twenty-first day of June next, where printed forms of Tender can be obtained.

For the Fenelon Falls work \$1,000; Buckhorn Rapids work 500; Burleigh Falls work 1,500.

And that these respective amounts shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and prices submitted, subject to the conditions and terms stated in the specification.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

F. BRAUN,

Secretary.

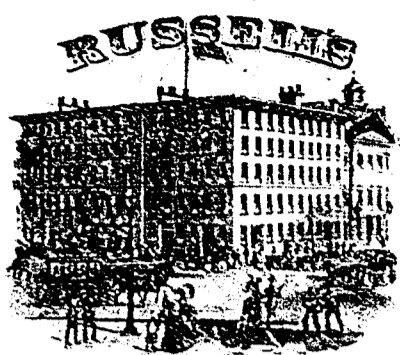
Dept. of Railways and Canals, (Ottawa, 22nd May, 1882.)

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G. B. BURLAND,
 MANAGER.



HOUSEWIFE:—Is it true John, that you are going to be married again already, and your last wife only four months dead?
 JOHN:—Why, don't you see, it's this way—She was eight months sick, and eight and four makes a twelvemonth, don't you see?

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 To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists.
 Sole Agents for Canada and the United States (wholesale only): C. David & Co., 43, Mark Lane, London, England.

CAUTION.—Genuine ONLY with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across Label. This Caution is necessary, owing to various cheap and inferior substitutes being in the Market.

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In consequence of Imitations of THE WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE which are calculated to deceive the Public, Lea and Perrins have to request that Purchasers see that the Label on every bottle bears their Signature thus—



without which no bottle of the original WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE is genuine.

Ask for LEA and PERRINS' Sauce, and see Name on Wrapper, Label, Bottle and Stopper. Wholesale and for Export by the Proprietors, Worcester; Grosse and Blackwell, London, &c., &c.; and by Grocers and Oilmen throughout the World.

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40 CARDS all Chromo, Glass and Metal, in Case none in gold & jet. Wm. & Co., Westville, Ct.

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Has become a HOUSEHOLD WORD in the land, and is a HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

In every family where Economy and Health are studied. It is used for raising all kinds of Bread, Rolls, Pancakes, Griddle Cakes, &c., &c., and a small quantity used in Pie Crust, Puddings, or other Pastry, will save half the usual shortening, and make the food more digestible.

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SAVES TIME. IT SAVES TEMPER. IT SAVES MONEY.
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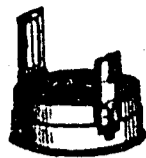
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A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family. 25c. per bottle.

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Montreal Post-Office Time-Table.

June, 1882.

DELIVERY.		MAILS.		CLOSING.	
A. M.	P. M.	ONT. & WESTERN PROVINCES.	A. M.	P. M.	
8 9 00		(A) Ottawa by Railway	8 15	06	
8 8 40		(A) Province of Ontario, Manitoba & B. Columbia Ottawa River Route up to Carleton.	8 10	06	
		QUE. & EASTERN PROVINCES.			
	5 35	Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, Sorel, per steamer Quebec, Three Rivers, Berthier, &c., by Q. M. O. & O. Railway			50
	8 00	(B) Quebec by G. T. Ry.			06
	8 00	(B) Eastern Townships, Three Rivers, Arthabaska & Riviere du Loup R. R.			00
	12 50	Occidental Railway Main Line to Ottawa			00
	9 30	Do St. Jerome and St. Lin Branches			30
	8 00	Do St. Jerome & St. Janvier			00
	10 00	St. Remi, Hemmingford & Laprairie Railway			15
	8 00	St. Hyacinthe, Sherbrooke, Compton, &c.			00
	6 00	Acton and Sorel Railway			00
	10 00	St. John, Stanbridge & St. Armand Station			00
	10 00	St. John, Vermont Junction & Shefford Railway			15
	9 00	South Eastern Railway			45
	8 00	(B) New Brunswick, Nova Scotia & P. E. I., Newfoundland, forwarded daily on Halifax, whence despatched by the Packet leaving Halifax on the 10th and 24th April			00
		LOCAL MAILS.			
	9 45	Valleyfield, Valois & Dorval			00
	11 30	Beauharnois Route			00
	11 30	Boucherville, Contrecoeur, Verchères & Verchères			00
	9 00	5 30 Cote St. Antoine and Notre Dame de Grace			00
	9 00	5 30 Hochelaga			00
	11 30	Huntingdon			00
	10 00	5 30 LaSalle			00
	10 30	3 00 Laprairie			00
	10 30	Longueuil			00
	10 00	New Glasgow, St. Sophie, by Occidental Railway Branch			00
	10 00	Longue Pointe, Pointe-aux-Trem, & Charlemagne			00
	8 30	2 30 Point St. Charles			00
	11 30	St. Onsgoode			00
	10 00	St. Lambert			00
	1 30	St. Laurent, St. Martin & St. Eustache			00
	11 30	5 30 Tanneries West (St. Henri de M.)			00
	10 00	Sault-au-Rouge & Pointe-aux-Trem (also Bougie)			00
	10 00	6 55 St. Jean Baptiste Village, Mile End & Coteau St. Louis			00
		UNITED STATES.			
	8 9 40	Boston & New England States, except Maine			00
	8 8 40	New York and Southern States			00
	10 30	12 30 Island Pond, Portland & Maine			00
	8 8 40	(A) Western & Pacific States			00
		GREAT BRITAIN, &c.			
		By Canadian Line on Thursday			00
		By Canadian Line for Germany on Thursday			00
		By Canada on Monday			00
		Do Supplementary, 11th and 25th December			00
		By Packet from New York for England, on Wednesday			00
		By Hamburg American Packet to Germany, Wednesday			00
		By White Star and Inman Lines 14th and 28th April			00
		(A) Postal Car Bags open till 8 45 a.m., and 9 15 p.m.			00
		(B) Do 9 00 p.m.			00

Mail for St. Thomas, W. I. Brazil, Argentine Republic and Montevideo, will be despatched from Halifax N.S., once a month—date uncertain.

Mails leave New York by Steamer:
 For Bahama Islands, April 12th.
 For Bermuda, April 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.
 For Brazil, April 5th and 11th.
 For Cuba and Porto Rico, April 8th and 22nd.
 For Cuba, Porto Rico & Mexico, April 6th, 20th & 27th.
 For Cuba and W. I. via Havana, April 13th and 27th.
 For Santiago and Cienfuegos, Cuba, April 25th.
 For South Pacific and Central American Ports, April 14th, 20th and 27th.
 For Windward Islands, April 5th and 29th.
 For Venezuela and Curacao, April 15th.

Mails leave San Francisco:
 For Australia and Sandwich Islands, April 8th.
 For China and Japan, April 10th.

70 Choice Chromo Cards, or 50 elegant new Chromo name on, 10c. Crown Printing Co., Northford, Ct.

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