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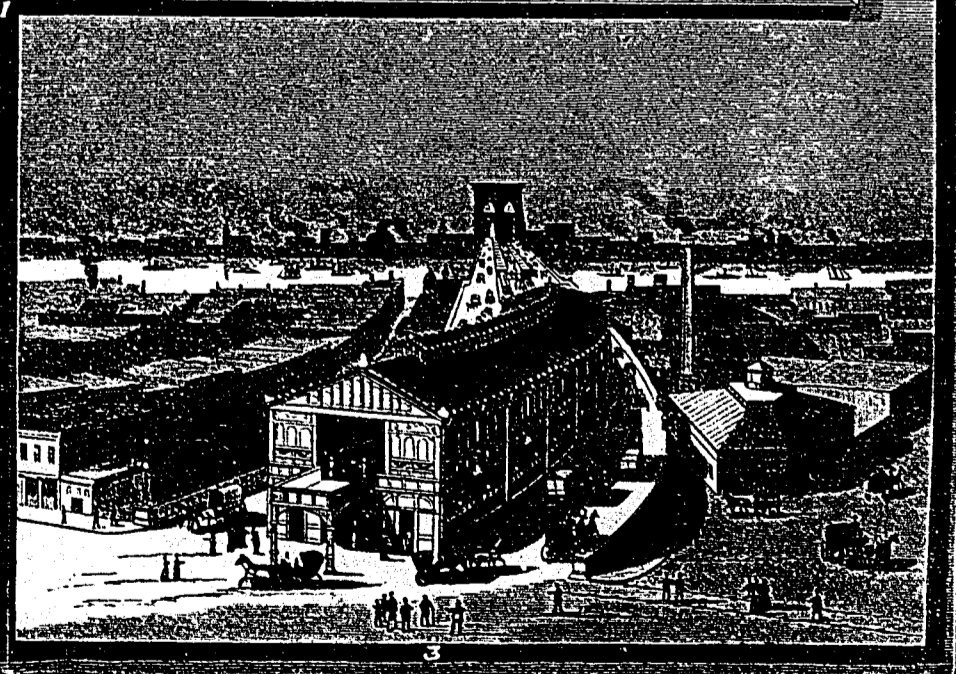
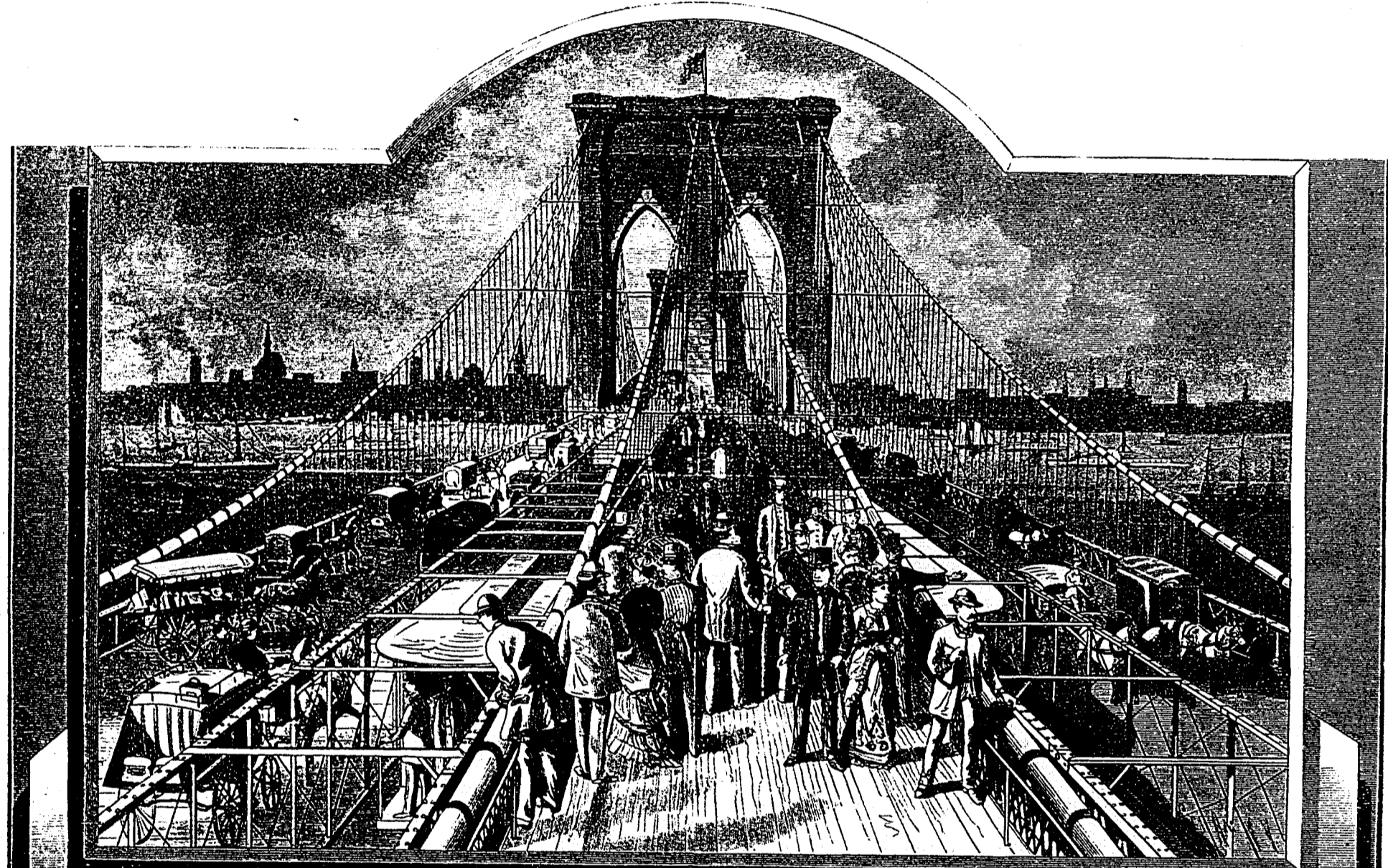
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# CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Vol. XXVII.—No. 22.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1883.

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



1. Brooklyn approach, looking toward New York - 2. Brooklyn entrance, railway station, and boiler house. - 3. New York entrance and railway station.

## OPENING OF THE GREAT BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

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.

TEMPERATURE

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1882.			
May 27th, 1883.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	45	40	42	38	26	32
Tues.	44	38	41	32	21	26
Wed.	52	42	47	40	23	31
Thur.	54	48	51	46	23	37
Fri.	66	46	56	47	23	40
Sat.	80	60	70	54	30	42
Sun.	70	51	60	32	5	18

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**LETTER-PRESS.**—The Royal Society of Canada—The Subjunctive Mood—A Glance at Education in Germany—Prince and Princess of Wales—The Brooklyn Bridge—Destructive Tornadoes South and West—Echoes from Paris—How Can I Wait?—Mr. Hodgson's Experiment—Miscellany—Mozart and Clementi—An Auburn Tress—Death in the Sky—Our Landlady's Daughter—Echoes from London—The Children of the Floss—The girl I was engaged to—Varieties—The World's Second Childhood—Our Chess Column.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 2, 1883.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

The second annual meeting of the Royal Society of Canada took place at Ottawa last week and was well attended. On the first day there were general sessions, followed by conferences in sections, whereat a number of papers were read. On the second day a grand reception took place in the Senate Chamber in presence of His Excellency the Governor-General and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise. The Marquis read a very appropriate address and Principal Dawson gave a full and highly instructive discourse on the aims and functions of the Society. Hon. M. Chauveau, Vice-President of the Society, also delivered a pleasing oration in French. In the course of the afternoon the Marquis visited the several sections, accompanied by Mark Twain. Among the papers read in the section of English literature on that day may be mentioned three extremely valuable philosophical dissertations by Dr. W. Clark Murray, of McGill University; an essay on "Thorau," by Geo. Stewart, junr., of Quebec; a poem on the "Granpian Hills," by Rev. Anas McDonell, of Ottawa, and a study on the "Literature of French Canada," by Mr. John Lesperance. On the third day the members of the Royal Society were entertained at luncheon by His Excellency, and received at a garden party by the Princess in the course of the afternoon. On the fourth day the election of officers took place; Dr. Dawson retiring from the Presidency and being fitly succeeded by Hon. M. Chauveau.

This second meeting of the Royal Society of Canada is so far satisfactory that it ensures the maintenance of the body, while giving fair promise of its usefulness. During the first year the existence of the Society was regarded as experimental, and all its efforts were merely tentative, but now the outlook is better and there are hopeful indications of fruitful growth and expansion. About the two sections of science there never was any doubt, because there is a wide field for these in Canada, and the workers are both numerous and able. Neither was there misgiving about the French section, which enjoys a homogeneity of its own, and represents quite a distinctive literature. The uncertainty lay with the English section of literature, many of the members themselves being dubious of its advisability. At present, however, after a year's trial, the general feeling in that section is that it may be adapted to many general uses, in the furtherance of the cause of literature, the department of historical research being especially available. We are pleased to note the success of our Royal Society, and we trust that it may accomplish all that is expected of it. Anything tending to the promotion of arts, letters and sciences among us, deserves the warmest welcome.

THE SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD.\*

BY WILLIAM LEIGH, FARQUHAR, ONTARIO.

Those of you who have studied "Mason's Grammar" will have found that he points out a number of difficulties encountered by students in the grammatical study of English. Perhaps the most prominent difficulty is that of the "Subjunctive Mood," and from the way in which Mason deals with it, it is evident that he has felt the difficulty himself. In saying this, I do not wish you to think that I consider Mason lacks anything in clearness, or that he does violence to any of the principles of English. Of all the authors I have studied on this subject—Abbott, Mason, Angus, Fleming, and Bain—Mason is the only one, in my opinion, who has interpreted faithfully the teachings of our best grammarians.

The real source of difficulty, it seems to me, however, is the way in which we were taught to distinguish moods. The method was purely mechanical. Now, where Mason wishes us to free ourselves from a tyranny of names, and presents peculiarities, hitherto unnoticed, in a logical manner, we, as teachers, who possess more than ordinary intelligence and a little literary culture, but whose minds have been vitiated by the teaching we received from the old grammars and older teachers, at first do not perceive the distinctions in thought, to express which the English language is so admirably fitted.

It would be presumption on my part to enter into arguments in favour of the new conjugation, for any one who has examined Mason must have found reasons sufficiently cogent to abandon the old method.

It may be well here to observe that in doing away with the Potential Mood there has been recognized that important principle in grammatical science, that all grammatical expedients are to be valued in so far as they explain fully the force and office of those words with which they deal.

The Potential Mood long occupied a conspicuous place in the conjugation of our verbs, but it has by many been discovered to be a useless invention—a deviation from the foregoing rule, not having a solitary circumstance to recommend its retention. It has accordingly been discarded for an arrangement that unfolds the true use of verbs.

It is matter of surprise how such an arbitrary arrangement as the Potential Mood should be accepted by succeeding generations as the best that could be devised.

The only explanation of this is, that, in times past, teachers supposed themselves to be strictly confined to the authorized text book, and did not investigate for themselves. The question was not "What does language teach," "What does use teach," but "What does the authorized text-book teach." The doom of this system has been sealed, fortunately for the studies of our pupils. Research in all the departments of English grammar has been extended, and it may now with truth, and not with irony, be called a science and an art.

But we shall suppose that we are now beginning a school term, and that we have a class that have been promoted to the fourth form, and is perfectly familiar with the Indicative Mood in simple and compound sentences. The Subjunctive Mood comes up for explanation.

Experience confirms me in the belief that the use of the past tense, as explained by Mason, pp. 433 and 434, is the most advantageous, for that contains the best test of the Subjunctive Mood: viz., to determine whether the supposition corresponds with or is contrary to what is the fact; and I think this needs no great power of discrimination.

Mason has made this point so clear that it would be not only useless but presumptuous to attempt any further explanation. Yet the anomalous use of the past tense, in reference to present time, demands some attention.

I think you will agree with me when I say that all present conditions of things were brought about in past times either near or remote. Take then an example: "If Noah were here, I should speak to him." Noah's being present would have to be a fact before the speaker, under the circumstances, could speak to him. Hence, in the hypothetical clause the past tense is properly employed to make a distinction between the real and supposed condition of things. In the consequent clause the use of the past tense secures the same end, showing "the want of congruity between the supposition and the fact."

Experience tells us that a serious difficulty with beginners is the use of the Present Indicative in hypothetical clauses. They fail to comprehend the reason for the supposition or what was in the mind of the speaker -- to denote which is the office of moods.

Hence many who have tried to investigate the matter have experienced a difficulty, and with many investigation has ceased, because they could not tell when to use, and when not to use, the Present Indicative in hypothetical clauses. For this reason I have given this point a somewhat lengthy consideration, and to make the matter perfectly clear we shall take an example in which the present indicative is used in the hypothetical clause. "If the boy is guilty he deserves to be punished." In dealing with this sentence before my class, I was asked by one of my senior pupils, "Why does the speaker put

his opinion in the form of a supposition if there is no doubt on his mind?" It may seem strange that, although students daily meet with this use of the Indicative, they are hopelessly bewildered when they attempt to define what was in the mind of the speaker in such cases; nevertheless this is a fact. In clearing the path of investigation for my pupils, I require them first to recite the two views of suppositions, so fully illustrated in Mason's Advanced Grammar, pp. 429 and 433. Then taking an example like the previous one, we pursue the matter in the following way. We shall suppose that the boy mentioned, while in the playground, was guilty of a misdemeanor, deserving corporal punishment, and another boy witnessed the crime, having informed the teacher of the fact, he sends for the boy, who comes in, and the other boys follow to the ante room to know the result. After a thorough investigation of the matter, the boy acknowledges the fault, and the teacher is in the act of inflicting the punishment, when a stranger enters the ante-room where the boys are assembled, and asks the cause of the boy's being punished; he is informed of the circumstance, and says, "Well, if he is guilty he deserves to be punished."

Of the boy's guilt there is no doubt, and consequently he uses the Indicative Mood. It may appear to you that I have magnified this difficulty, but I have invariably found that, simple as it may seem, it is a point which I had trouble in mastering, and which I have found a stumbling block to students.

With the desire to be practical, I have simply attempted to indicate, in terms as plain as possible, the plan which I have found most successful in getting my pupils to master the Subjunctive Mood.

When the use of the Present Indicative in hypothetical clauses is fully understood, little difficulty will be experienced in determining when to use the Present Subjunctive. A few words on this point may not be entirely thrown away. When there are two things that are liable to be confounded, if we get a clear idea when to use the one, the use of the other will be more easily understood. If we know when to use the Present Subjunctive, it will materially aid us in determining when to use the present indicative in hypothetical clauses.

On listening to a sermon some time ago on Evolution, I heard the minister make use of the following: "If the Mosaic account of the creation be true, Evolutionists are in error." Now, let us consider why did he make use of the expression "Evolutionists are in error." From his sermon and from what was passing in his mind, he was certain that the Mosaic record was true, because only from his belief in the correctness of the account could he make the assertion that "Evolutionists are in error." The speaker misperceived what was passing in his mind by using the Subjunctive in this condition, instead of the Indicative.

Take another example, the one given in our authorized text-book. By pursuing a similar line of argument you shall see that the speaker misrepresents what is passing in his mind when he says, "If it rain we shall not come." What would lead the speaker to make use of the expression? We must think exactly as he did, and he transfers himself forward mentally to the time of starting. Then the only reasoning he could possibly have, would be its raining at that time. Change the expression to, "If it does not rain we shall come," and all becomes perfectly clear. When, then, you will ask, is the Present Subjunctive Mood used? The best answer that I can give is to be found in Mason's Advanced Grammar, pp. 433 and 434, and in his remarks on the Subjunctive Mood in the preface to his Grammar.

There is a point here to be strictly watched, that is, not to confound this use of the Subjunctive with that found in suppositions respecting the future, treated as "a mere conception of the mind," and to express which the past tense is employed. I may here refer to the infallible guide we used to have for the correct use of the Subjunctive Mood, "Where contingency and futurity are both implied, the Subjunctive; when contingency and futurity are not both implied, the Indicative." This is entirely wrong, and should be vigilantly guarded against as a fruitful source of error, since it contains only a part of the truth.

But the most perplexing problem remains to be considered: viz., whether there is a Future Subjunctive or not. If you examine the works of Abbott, Mason, Angus, Bain, and Fleming, you will find that Bain, Fleming, and Angus have a future tense in their paradigms; Mason has none, and Abbott (if I may be permitted to use the expression), is on the fence.

Were we to decide this matter by numbers, Mason's testimony standing alone would go to the wall; but let us appeal to a higher authority than any of these, viz., Language. What does it say in the matter? Take an example: If Mr. Bishop should advocate the N. P., his popularity with the reform party would decline (assumed for the sake of argument). The occurrence of the probability spoken of in the sentence, if it should be brought to the test of reality, would be in the future. The mental position in which the speaker places himself is to regard it as past. Let me reconcile these statements, contradictory as they must seem.

The sentence may be re-constructed as follows, and yet convey the same meaning: If Mr. Bishop were to advocate the N. P., his popularity with the Reform party would decline. I think most of you will agree with me, that the verb in the hypothetical clause is in the past

tense. But the argument fails when applied to the consequent clause. The best way, then, to dispose of the difficulty is to put ourselves mentally in the speaker's place. The supposition is "a mere conception of the mind." Mentally the speaker projects himself forward to a period to which the probability of which he speaks is a past event.

In simpler language, the speaker views Mr. Bishop's advocacy of the N. P. and his consequent fall in the estimation of the Reformers as having occurred. Bearing in mind the fact that mood has reference to the mental attitude of the speaker, any one who regards my statement of the question as correct, must admit that the verbs in the example are in the past tense. Consequently, I think, we must come to the conclusion that Mason is right. What the others call future he calls a past paraphrase.

These are the principal difficulties I have experienced in studying and in teaching this subject, and the method I have taken in overcoming them. If any teacher present has met with the same difficulties and has received the slightest hint that may be of service to him, I shall be grateful. But, in conclusion, let me urge upon you all the necessity of investigating for yourselves, and of accepting nothing unless you are satisfied that it is right.

A GLANCE AT EDUCATION IN GERMANY.

Having recently paid a visit to Leipzig and other parts of Saxony, we propose to lay before our readers a few cursory remarks upon schools and colleges, wishing it to be understood that many, if not most, of our observations will be equally applicable to other parts of Germany, and also to the German cantons of Switzerland. As we have already said, attendance at a school has long been compulsory, and the means employed to enforce attendance are much more severe and summary than have yet been tried in England, or perhaps ever will be. The school age is from six to fourteen years. Before the age of six great numbers of children attend schools connected upon the Kindergarten system of Froebel, who was a native of the little village of Sennece, about twelve miles from Eisenach, on the edge of the Thuringian Forest. In the course of our tour we visited this village, and made a pilgrimage of respect to the grave of Froebel. It seems to have been one of Froebel's principles that very young children should not be prematurely taught to read, but should have their natural powers of observation and intelligence awakened and sharpened by exercises better suited to their tender years and undeveloped capacity. When a boy enters a German school at six years of age he usually learns to read and to write the alphabet simultaneously; his ear, his eye, his tongue; and his little hand all find employment. He hears the school-master utter the sound of a letter, he sees that letter immediately written upon the blackboard; he is then told to imitate with his tongue the sound uttered by his schoolmaster, and, lastly, to imitate with his hand upon a slate the same letter which he has seen written upon the blackboard. The names of letters are not mentioned for a long time. Upon this system of beginning to teach reading and writing to children at six years of age it is surprising to note how rapid is their progress under an able and zealous teacher. By the adoption of this method the time spent in learning to read common words in simple sentences may be reckoned by months instead of years. It is one of the most marked characteristics of German instruction that it is so extremely methodical, slow, and thorough. In arithmetic, for example, it is always a prime object with a German teacher not to be content with obtaining right results; but to insist further on finding out whether his scholars have really grasped the processes and principles involved in attaining the results. Thoroughness and exactness are amongst the most important and valuable marks of the German character. These qualities pervade the barrack-room, the drill-ground, and the battlefield just as much as the school-room. It seems as if the Germans had thoroughly and heartily accepted the maxim—"that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well." Till a scholar has thoroughly mastered one step he is not prematurely urged to take another. With the German teacher this plan is quite natural and easy, because in his country there are not as yet (and, for his sake, we hope there never will be) any fixed "standards" of examination which must be annually passed for every school. Of course there are in Germany School Inspectors and periodical examinations of the scholars, for the purpose of testing amply and thoroughly their proficiency and the progress made from year to year. But these examinations are not conducted by the School Inspectors as ours are now in England, upon the custom system that sprang from the principle of "payment by results." The Germans would ridicule the idea of paying vast sums of public money for mechanical results in the art of instruction. We once had occasion to explain to a school inspector on the continent what was our system of inspection in England. He listened attentively to our account, which roused, first, his amazement, for he could not refrain from laughing at such a mode of testing the real merits of a school or the efficiency of a teacher.

The methodical, systematic, and graduated steps deliberately taken in every German school, in accordance with a carefully considered theory of education, have led the Germans to adopt

\* A paper read before the West Huron Teachers' Association, Feb. 17th, 1883.

three distinct classes of schools, with courses of instruction of a perfectly distinct type in each of them. For children who are not likely to remain at school beyond the statutory age of fourteen there is the elementary school; for children who can remain at school till they attain the age of sixteen, and are likely to be employed in some commercial or manufacturing position of responsibility, there is the "Real-schule," or, as we should call it, the "Commercial" school, where Latin and a modern language are learnt, in addition to other ordinary subjects; and, lastly, for those who are destined to enter one or other of the numerous universities of Germany, there is the "Gymnasium," or, as we should call it, the "Grammar-school," where Greek is taught. In each of these three classes there is a regular systematic curriculum of work to be done, so that the scholars in the lower schools are never allowed to attempt subjects which they will not have time to master during their stay at school. Hence, in German elementary schools no place is found for our "Specific Subjects" and a "Fourth Schedule."

Having seen how methodical the Germans are in defining the work in the three classes of schools above named, we shall be fully prepared to expect that there is an equally systematic course of instruction prescribed for Normal Colleges. There are no pupil-teachers in Germany; and, consequently, the Normal Colleges of Dresden, for example, admit candidates at fourteen years of age, direct from the elementary schools, and retain them for six years, till the age of twenty, when they are appointed to situations by the School Inspectors. A time-table lying near us at this moment shows what are the subjects and hours of instruction during these six years of residence in the Normal College. An examination is held at the end of every year; and if a student fails to satisfy his examiners, he has got to go over the same subjects again for another year; and, as his parents have to pay about £10 a year for his education, it is no slight punishment for a student to be put back for a year. This time-table shows that the students are not confused by a multitude of subjects of study—the principle being here, as elsewhere, to do thoroughly what you undertake to do at all. They devote much time to the theory and practice of music, vocal and instrumental. They learn Latin very thoroughly, but not French, English or Greek. Their native language, of course, is closely studied, and so is the Art of Teaching. They do not attempt half-a-dozen distinct "sciences," but only one—called "Knowledge of Nature"—comprising such an amount of natural philosophy as will enable them to teach children the leading facts and principles of science applied to the wants of everyday life in town and country. It is impossible to avoid the inference that a system of regular class instruction day by day for six years, with only occasional interruptions during attendance in the Practising Schools, must necessarily produce far riper and sounder knowledge than can reasonably be expected from our system of four years' apprenticeship and irregular instruction, followed by two years' spasmodic exertion in a training college. It is a common mistake amongst us to attempt to master too many subjects of study in an inadequately short space of time. Knowledge so acquired is seldom full and accurate, and usually is extremely evanescent.—*The Schoolmaster.*

**PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF GENOA.**

The arrival of the Princess Isabella of Bavaria, the bride of the Prince of Genoa was the occasion of a brilliant series of festivities in Rome. A committee of eighty Roman ladies was appointed to receive her. The princess is described by a correspondent of the American Register as tall and slender—taller than the prince, who is a short, broad-shouldered sailor, with an open, genial face. She was extremely pale when she arrived, and looked very nervous and shy. She bowed timidly, like a schoolgirl, on her first appearance in society. To most persons this timidity gave her an additional charm. You almost pitied her, looked though she was, so beseechingly did she fawn from side to side as she bowed to the cheers that greeted each forward step she took. She is very fair, with auburn hair. She could reply only in monosyllables to the ladies who received her at the station, a fact that caused much comment. But considering the circumstances, and the novelty of hearing a language to which she was not accustomed, I do not think there was much to wonder at if she spoke in monosyllables. She had had a long journey, merely resting at Civitavecchia long enough to change her dress. She was tired, overcome with emotion, and the centre of an ovation in a strange land among strange people, whose language was as yet, unfamiliar to her ear. Who else, I wonder, suddenly put in her place, would have acted differently, or, if differently, better? None. She was dressed in white and blue—her own national colors.—Queen Marguerite and her mother, the Dowager Duchess of Genoa, stood at the palace windows, watching for the approach of the procession. The carriages were full of gaily, as also were the hives, which were magnificent. As soon as the princess alighted the king offered her his arm and led her to the queen, who was waiting for her at the top of the stairs with the Dowager Duchess of Genoa, and the little prince, and all the ladies of honor, etc. The queen, who is all impulse, set aside etiquette, and kissed her new sister-in-law over and over again. All present were then presented to the young bride, till the

clamor of the people without called for the appearance of the royal party on the balcony. At first, the bride came out, then her husband, then the queen and her mother, and finally the king. They had to appear thus three times, coming each time in the same order. As for the queen, every man and woman who saw her was in love with her. She was more than beautiful, she was radiant, and looked like a brilliant meteor by the side of the pale girl, who bowed so timidly that the motion of her head was scarcely seen. As if to give her courage, however, the queen bent over the balcony and waved her hands and her handkerchief to the people, who became wild with delight at this. The excitement was beyond description; people who had never seen each other before shook hands, and seemed to congratulate each other at the happiness of others. The king also waved his hat repeatedly to the people. At last, however, the awning was taken from the royal balcony, which was a sign that for the moment all was over, and every one could go home.

**THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.**

We give to-day an engraving of the great suspension bridge opened for public traffic on Thursday last between the cities of New York and Brooklyn. This undertaking was conceived and matured in the mind of William C. Kingsley, of Brooklyn, as long ago as 1865. A charter was obtained from the Legislature and a company organized, the capital being fixed at \$5,000,000. Mr. John A. Roebling was engaged as engineer, the same who built the first suspension bridge over the Niagara River. This gentleman after the preliminary surveys, estimated the cost at \$10,500,000. He also thought the undertaking would need five years to complete. As a matter of fact it has cost upward of \$15,000,000 and taken nearly sixteen years to finish the structure. At the commencement of the work Roebling was crushed at one of the ferry slips, his injuries resulting in lockjaw, of which he died. His son, Washington A. Roebling, went on with the design, only to become in his turn an invalid, contracting the so-called "caisson fever" from breathing the compressed air in the caissons. The work on the bridge was continued, however, under his direction, and he used to watch its construction from an upper window of his home, propped in an invalid chair. Mrs. Roebling, like a true wife, gave him every assistance; night and day, for many years, the devoted couple's constant thought was the completion of this marvellous piece of engineering skill. The Brooklyn caisson was finally adjusted in March, in 1871, after several accidents, the New York caisson being placed in position the following October. The towers are each 276 2/3 feet high, the roadway being 118 feet above high water mark. At this elevation the towers are divided by two archways 31 1/2 feet wide and 120 feet high, through which will pass the streams of humanity and the current of traffic destined to find the bridge a useful thoroughfare in the coming years. At the top of the towers are large movable iron plates. On these "saddle plates," as they are called, rest the huge cables, nearly sixteen inches thick, which sustain the weight of the central span. These extend back on each side to the enormous anchorages, great masses of masonry in which are imbedded the huge anchor plates and the iron links to which the cables are attached. By this system the tremendous "pull" of the cables does not come upon the towers themselves, but these merely stand as supports or fulcrums, and the cables, adjusting themselves to the tension by the movable saddles, become the means of holding the towers in place, instead of exerting a strain upon them. The anchorages are 930 feet inland, and the distance from anchorage to anchorage is 3,460 feet. Other figures which serve to give an idea of the structure, are as follows: Distance between termini, 5,989 feet; between the towers, 1,595 1/2 feet; height of roadway in the centre, 135 feet; at the towers, 118 feet. The following is a tabulated statement showing the weight of the suspended structure and the transitory load it is estimated as capable of bearing: Weight of bridge between anchorages 14,680 tons; weight of main span, 6,740 tons; main span by cables, 5,760 tons; by trusses, 960; total, 28,140 tons. The transitory load of which the whole structure is capable is estimated at 5,800 tons. The cables weighing in all 6,640 tons, are made simply of bunches of wire, laid parallel; the wire are a little over 3/4 of an inch thick. They number over 5,000 in each cable, and are bound separately in skeins or strands, and afterwards united. Each skein is a continuous wire nearly 200 miles in length, passing from anchorage to anchorage back and forth, 278 times. The approach to the bridge begins at Chatham street in New York and at the corner of Sands and Washington streets in Brooklyn. The bridge is divided into two driveways, one for vehicles going and the other for those coming, these driveways taking up the outer sides. Between these roadways are placed tracks for cars, similarly arranged, and between these again is an elevated pathway for pedestrians, enabling passengers to have a full and unobstructed view of the wonderful view beneath and around them.

GEN. VON MOLTKE has gone to Switzerland on an extended furlough. He is nearly eighty-three years old. The popular portraits of the great strategist have made him appear too thin and somewhat feeble and feeble. He is really a hearty man.

**MR. MEADE'S STATUE.**

A colossal statue of unveined Carrara marble, intended to personify the Mississippi River, is being chiselled in the studio of Mr. Larkin G. Meade, Jun., at Florence, on an order from Mr. Elliott E. Shepard, of this city, who has projected the work in honor of his father, the late Mr. Fitz Shepard, for forty years a resident of New York. In treatment, says the *Roman News*, the statue is not unlike the Nile group in Rome; and it is reported that the artist has endeavored to work it to the features a close resemblance to the elder Shepard without sacrificing any of the artistic effect. The river-god, his head adorned with a wreath of tobacco and cotton, appears in a sitting posture, leaning against some rocks, while beneath him are bass-relief representations of Mississippi River steamboats, of the crocodile, the sugar cane, and the negro. The figure is seventeen feet in length, the pedestal twelve feet long, and the weight of the marble about forty tons. Mr. Shepard proposes to present the work to the city of New York, where it will be "a symbol of a greater stream than that on the banks of which we live, and a reminder of the tribute which the mightiest valley of the New World has paid to the commerce of the metropolis."

**DESTRUCTIVE TORNADOES SOUTH AND WEST.**

A series of remarkable tornadoes, after sweeping over the Iowa on the afternoon of Saturday, April 21st, did immense damage the following day in Mississippi and Georgia, and a little later devastated several points in North and South Carolina. Iowa escaped more easily than a year ago, when terrible loss of life and destruction of property was caused by a similar disaster. The storm was most severe in Danbury and vicinity, in the southeast corner of Woodbury County, but although a number of dwellings were destroyed, the inhabitants had generally fled to the cellars for protection, and escaped without severe injury. The tornado was most destructive in Copiah County, Miss., the adjoining villages of Beauregard and Wesson, about forty miles southwest of Jackson, experiencing its utmost fury. Beauregard, which was an enterprising little place, of about 500 inhabitants, was almost wiped out of existence, every building in the village being swept away. Wesson was a larger place, having about 2,000 inhabitants, and some portions escaped without serious damage; but two streets lay right in its path, and twenty-four dwelling-houses were blown into fragments. The loss of life was terrible, twenty-six persons having been killed at Wesson and thirty-eight at Beauregard, while scores were wounded in each place. Other localities in Mississippi suffered scarcely less. Near Hohenlieden, in Clay County, thirty persons are reported to have been killed, and near Pine Bluff seventeen fatalities are reported. A suburb of Aberdeen, in Monroe County, containing twenty-five or thirty negro families, was absolutely wiped from the face of the earth, three persons being killed outright, while many were fatally injured. Similar reports come from various other places in Mississippi. Governor Lowrey estimates that the death-roll will reach two hundred in Mississippi alone, and that between three and four hundred are wounded. Middle and Southwest Georgia was visited by a storm no less terrible, and from many places come reports of destruction of property and loss of life, the estimates of the killed in this State reaching as high as one hundred. The full fury of the storm did not fall upon the Carolinas, though great damage was done in both those States. Altogether, this must be set down as one of the most terrible tornadoes ever known in the country.

**ECHOES FROM PARIS.**

Paris, May 5.  
The marriage of the Pope's nephew, Count Camille Pecci, to Mdlle. Bueno, will take place in Paris in July.  
The proposal to construct a new Suez Canal, to be under British control, is already telling on the value of the present Canal shares, a drop of 100 francs having taken place in Paris on Friday.  
GRADUALLY the Germans have crept back to Paris, and are trying to live down the asstance looks of dishike they still see. But there is money in it (in Paris), and that has a great attraction for the German colony, which now numbers 110,000.  
THE soirée given by Mme. Bernhardt at the Trocadero produced close upon nineteen hundred pounds; her *piercet* was an experiment she is hardly likely to repeat. The affair was for the benefit of the blind.  
THE mischievous injury to the specimens at the Jardin des Plantes, which we have previously called attention to, still continues, and scarcely a week passes but some piece of cruelty is exercised upon some of the animals. A bear last week had a paw broken, a hyena and a lion had each one eye so seriously injured that the sight of it is lost, and several other valuable animals have had wounds, more or less serious, inflicted upon them.

M. ISARD, a fencing master, was nearly killed the other day in an assault, by the breaking of the foil of his adversary, M. Giobergia. The blade pierced the throat of M. Isard, who had to be removed to the residence of a doctor; his condition is still very serious. It is remarkable that with all the padding, and it seems like putting a man into a tub, the throat is always left unprotected. Almost all the accidents are by piercing the throat.

NOTHING can be said in extenuation of "surprise parties" except that custom sanctions them to some extent in the United States. We say to some extent, because we read that the sudden inbusting of a body of persons determined to have a ball on the premises of a particular individual who has no desire to be festive, has been, not unfrequently, welcomed by sundry discharges of balls from a revolver. As long as this strong joke was confined to the United States, well and good, but it will not do to attempt surprise parties in Paris, even on the part of Americans to Americans, and a case of that kind having happened the other evening, Paris society speaks of the innovation as an impertinence.

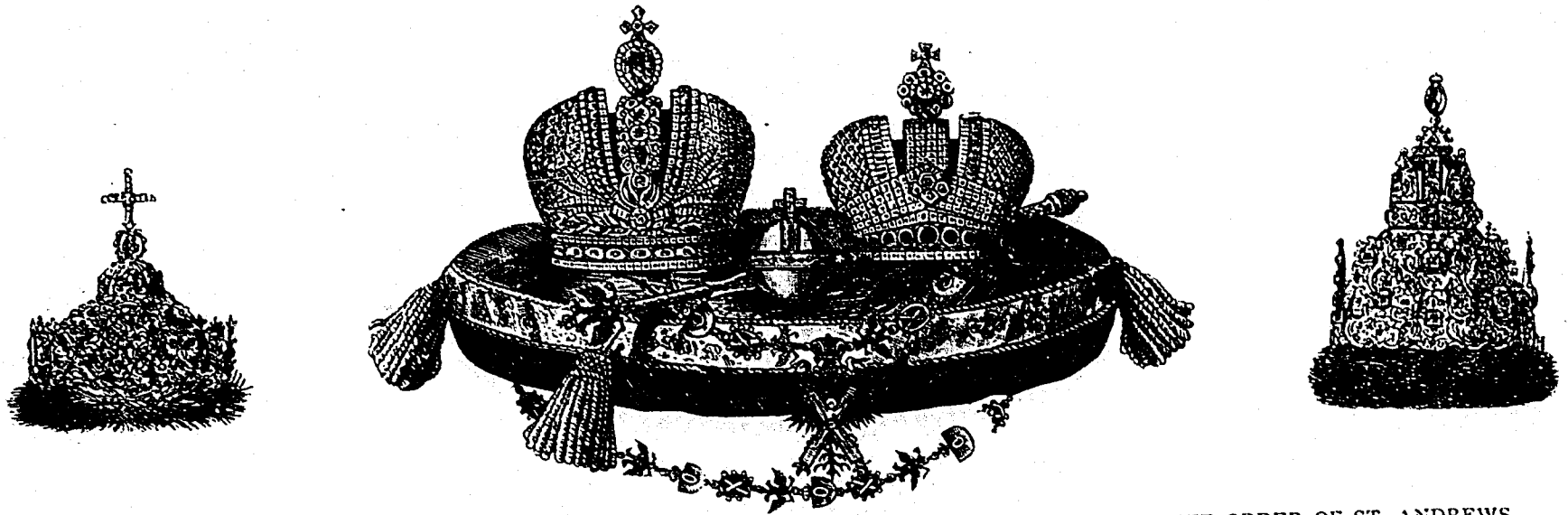
A FRENCH company, with a very large capital, has been formed for the purpose of purchasing landed property at Cannes, with a view to letting it off on lease for villa building. It is quite clear that this winter the Riviera has been in greater favor with the elite of France and England than ever before known, and it is rightly taken as evidence of a growing future of prosperity which must send up the price of land. The Americans are settling on Nice as their fancy spot, and leave the other places to the English and French; but new localities are being prospected, and to the old and favorite names many more will soon be added, which are as lovely and as desirable in every respect, but, most important of all—cheaper.

THE *Gaulois* asserts, very improbably, that Leo XIII. has refused the customary apostolic blessing to Duke Thomas of Genoa on the occasion of his marriage with Princess Isabella of Bavaria, although his Holiness expressly grants it to the bride. The reason assigned is the part played by the House of Savoy in the present situation of the Catholic Church. Apart from this being quite out of harmony with the conciliatory attitude of the present Pope, it is manifestly incorrect. The Pope continues official communications with King Humbert, not as the King of Italy but as the King of Piedmont and Sardinia; and it has happened that the late Archbishop Gastaldi, of Turin, has several times had occasion to be intermediary in affairs of this kind.

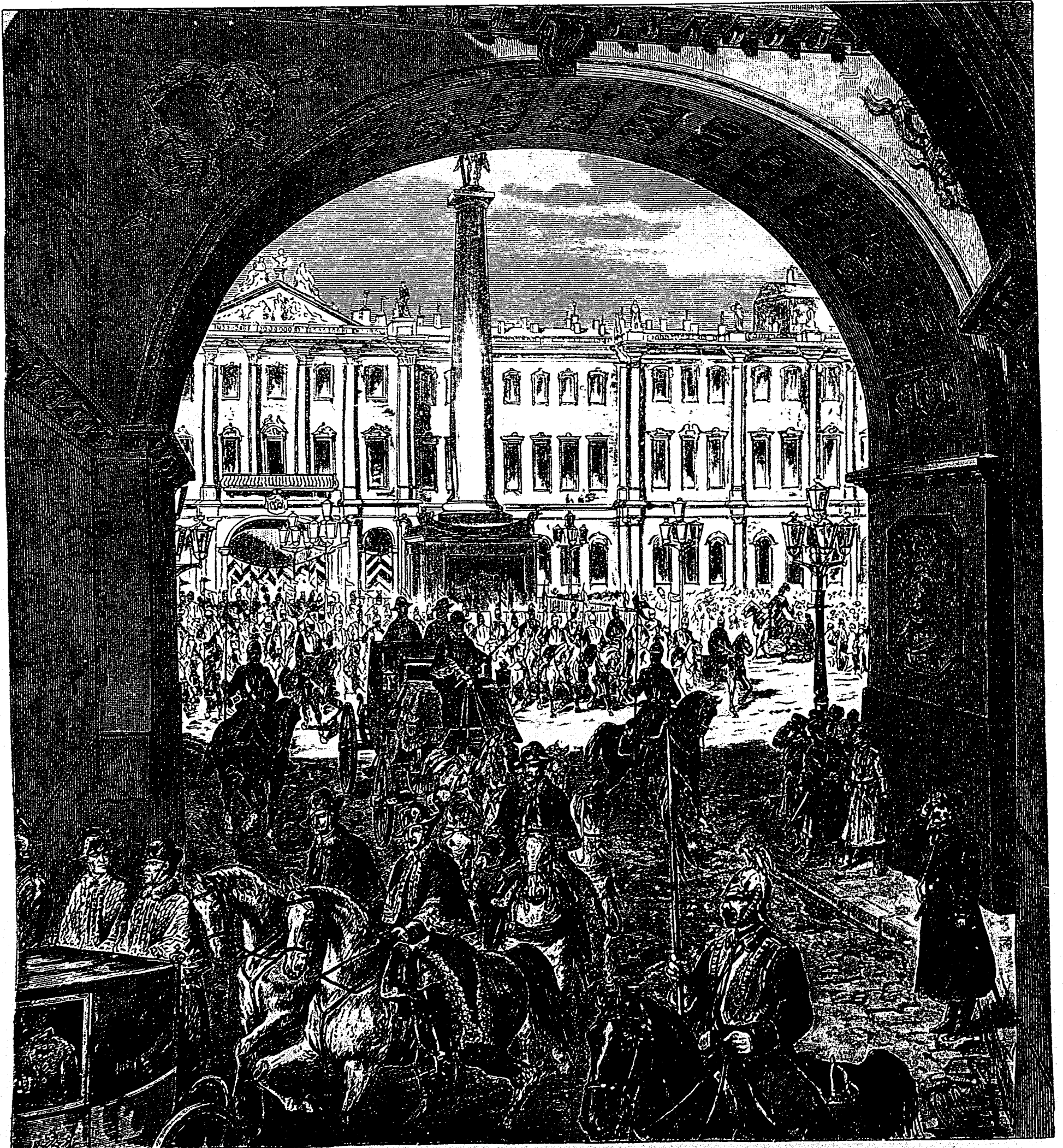
THE Parisian papers have left nothing to say respecting the success of Mlle. Marie Van Zandt in *Lakmé*, so universal has been the enthusiasm of the critics respecting this first creation on European boards of a lyric rôle by an American *prima donna*. The young singer not only has carried all hearts captive, but has forced even the recalcitrant Parisian critics to pardon her one great defect in their eyes, namely, her American origin. Anything more exquisite than her singing of the Hindoo legend in the second act of *Lakmé* can hardly be imagined, the crystal pure notes dying away into "a sound so fine there's nothing lives twice it and silence." No such successful creation has been known on the lyric boards of Paris since Christine Nilsson's first appearance as Ophelia. Unfortunately for the Opéra-Comique, Mlle. Van Zandt's expires on the first of next July. During the following season she purposes making a starring tour through Holland and Belgium, and she will also sing in St. Petersburg should Italian opera be given in that capital next winter. She intends to visit the United States during the season of 1884-5.

**HOP BITTERS ARE THE PUREST AND BEST BITTERS EVER MADE.**

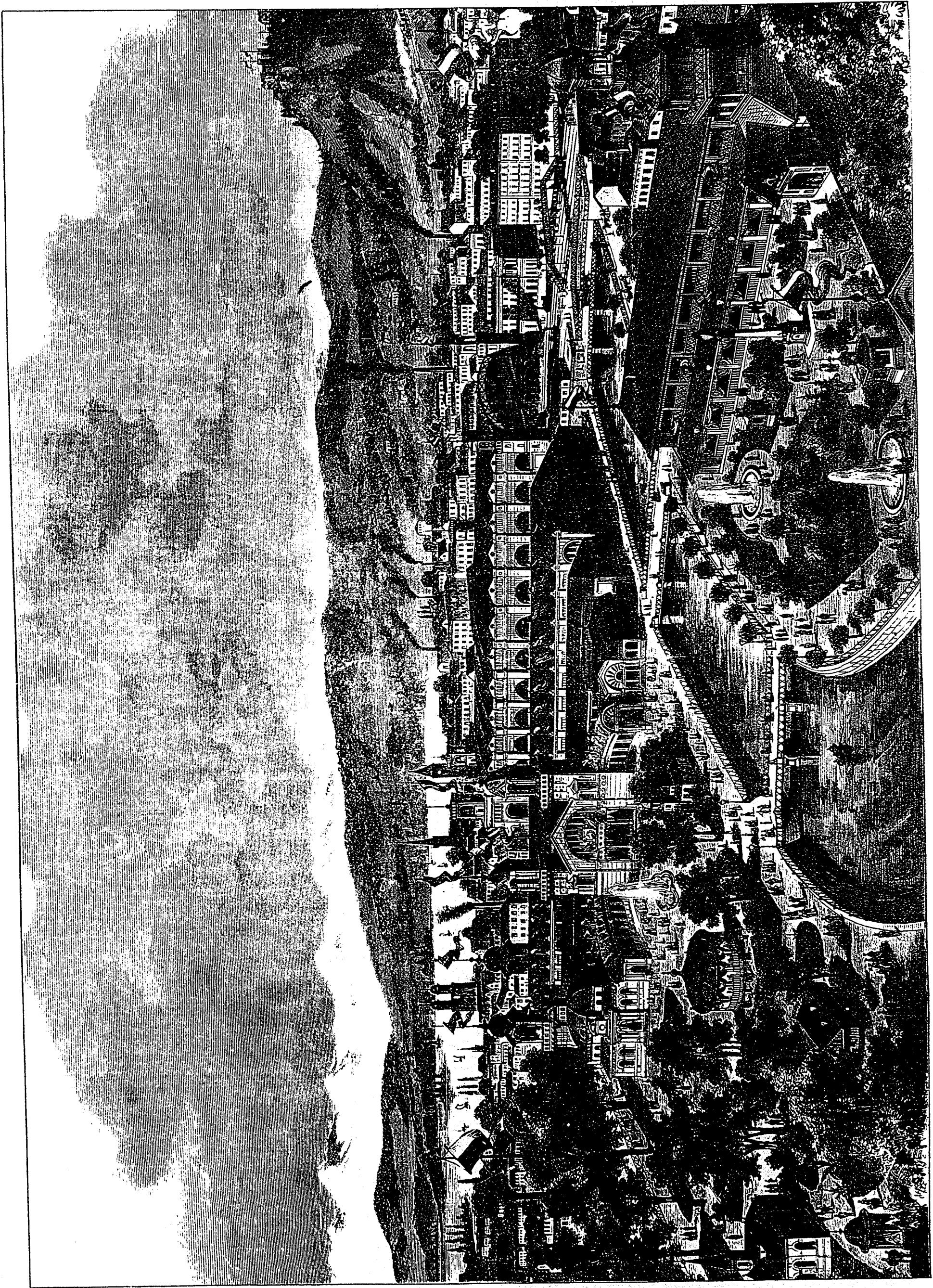
They are compounded from Hops, Malt, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,—the oldest, best, and most valuable medicines in the world and contain all the best and most curative properties of all other remedies, being the greatest Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator, and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth. No disease or ill health can possibly long exist where these Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations. They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm. To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, being highly curative, tonic and stimulating, without intoxicating. No matter what your feelings or symptoms are, what the disease or ailment is, use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick, but if you only feel bad or miserable, use Hop Bitters at once. It may save your life. Hundreds have been saved by so doing. \$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop Bitters. Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged, drunken nostrum, but the purest and best Medicine ever made; the "Invalid's Friend and Hope," and no person or family should be without them. Try the Bitters to-day.



CROWNS OF THE CZAR AND CZARINA, THE SCEPTRE, IMPERIAL GLOBE AND GREAT CHAIN OF THE ORDER OF ST. ANDREWS.



THE CZAR'S CORONATION.—THE PROCESSION OF THE CROWN JEWELS.



THE SWISS NATIONAL EXHIBITION AT ZURICH.

## HOW CAN I WAIT?

How can I wait until you come to me?

The once fleet mornings linger by the way.  
Their sunny smiles touched with malicious glee  
At my unrest, they seem to pause and play,  
Like truant children, while I sigh and say:  
How can I wait?

How can I wait? Of old, the rapid hours

Refused to pause, or loiter with me long.  
But now they idly fill their hands with flowers  
And make no haste, but slowly walk among  
The Summer blooms, not heeding my one song:  
How can I wait?

How can I wait? The night alone are kind.

They reach forth to a future day, and bring  
Sweet dreams of you to people all my mind,  
And Time speeds by on light and airy wing.  
I feast upon your face, and no more sing:  
How can I wait?

How can I wait? The morning breaks the spell

A pitying night has flung upon my soul.  
You are not near me, and I know full well  
My heart has need of patience and control  
Before we meet, hours, days and weeks must roll:  
How can I wait?

How can I wait? Oh, love, how can I wait—

Until the sunlight of your eyes shall shine  
Upon my life that seems so desolate.  
Until your hand-clasp stirs my blood like wine,  
Until you come again, oh, love of mine  
How can I wait?

## MR. RODMINGTON'S EXPERIMENT.

## A ROMANCE OF THE CARNIVAL.

BY W. S. HUMPHREYS.

Robert Rodmington, Esq., sat in one of the cosiest of the many cosy rooms for which the Windsor Hotel is justly noted. He was busily engaged in opening and perusing letters, of which a great number lay on a table before him. Some of the letters are thrown aside as soon as glanced at, while others are more carefully coned over, and laid in a little heap at his right hand. None of the epistles appear to be of any great length, but nearly all of them have either pinned or gummied in a conspicuous place on the sheet a small clipping from a newspaper. A glance shows that this clipping reads as follows:

"PERSONAL.—A young gentleman, comparative stranger in the city, wishes the company of a young lady to the Carnival Ball at the Windsor; satisfactory references as to social standing. Address "D 1513" STAR office."

Robert Rodmington, Esq., is the young gentleman above referred to. He is a young man of some twenty-five years of age, about five feet ten in height, of fair complexion, blue eyes, silken moustache and whiskers, brown hair, athletic build and of fine proportions. Altogether a very fair specimen of manhood.

That he is an Englishman can be seen at a glance. His nationality is stamped upon his countenance in an unmistakable manner. Besides the name appears in the hotel register as "Robert Rodmington, The Grange, Rodmingtonshire, England," which is of itself sufficient guarantee of his nationality, for no American or Canadian would be found guilty of such an atrocious act as to place in a hotel register, open to the vulgar gaze, the name of his residence, no matter how high-standing that name might be. Your true-born American or Canadian would content himself with inscribing plain "John Smith, New York," or "James Brown, Montreal." Of course this may be for the simple reason that the said John Smith or James Brown are not the possessors of such fine residences as "The Grange," being merely owners of brown stone or grey granite mansions in the busy cities in which they reside, with perhaps a little "nest" of a cottage at some of the watering places. Or perhaps we do Mr. Rodmington an injustice. It may be that he never entered his name in such a pretentious manner in the register of the hotel. It is quite possible, indeed, that the entry was made by one of the busy clerks, who by this means escaped the worry and annoyance of reporters for the daily papers who are for ever haunting the different hotels of the city in quest of "prominent arrivals." Be this as it may, the name is there, "Robert Rodmington, The Grange, Rodmingtonshire, England," and Robert Rodmington himself is, as before stated, in one of the cosy rooms of the hotel, diligently going over the different answers he has received to his "Personal" in *The Star*.

The answers are numerous, but very few appear satisfactory to Mr. Rodmington, for one after another is cast aside, while but a couple are added to the little pile at his right hand. At length all are opened, and Mr. Rodmington takes up the selected ones for perusal. There are only five, and for some moments he appears undecided which one to choose. At length, however, he has made up his mind. He stretches himself languidly in his easy-chair, as languidly opens a cigar-case, selects a prime Havana, languidly takes a match from a stand at his side, lights it with a languid effort, languidly raises the match to the cigar in his mouth, and after taking two or three languid "whiffs," languidly mutters:

"Yes, I think this will do. Cursed pretty name, too—Rose. If she is as pretty as her name, there is no reason why we should not have a jolly time together. Let me read it again.

And languidly lifting a little pink missive, from which exhales a delightful perfume, from

the table, where he had placed it during the somewhat laborious operation of lifting his cigar, Mr. Rodmington read as follows:

"If the advertiser will call at No. — Sherbrooke street, at 8 o'clock this (Saturday) evening, and ask for 'Rose,' he may meet a young lady who is very anxious to go to the ball, but has nobody to take her.

ROSE.

"Pretty writing, — pretty paper, — pretty name—sweet perfume!" ejaculated Mr. Rodmington, after he had finished reading, "and surely with all these pretty things in her favor, I ought to meet a pretty little lady. However, I can but try, and if the young lady does not suit me, I shall have to go elsewhere. In the mean time how shall I pass the hours till eight o'clock this evening?"

Throwing himself back in his chair, he remained in thought for some moments, then muttered:

"Ah, yes, I will go and see how they are getting on with the Ice Palace, and then saunter down towards the river to look at the rinks."

A few minutes afterwards Mr. Rodmington emerged from the entrance of the Windsor, and started on his journey to kill time.

Eight o'clock in the evening found him in front of one of the large residences on Sherbrooke street, and after assuring himself that he had found the correct number, he rang the bell, and awaited the opening of the door. He had not long to wait. A trim maid soon appeared.

"Does Miss Rose reside here?" queried Mr. Rodmington.

"Miss Rose—yes, Sir—please, step in, sir. What name shall I say, Sir?"

Mr. Rodmington put his hand in his pocket, drew out a morocco case, found a card, and placed it on a salver presented to him by the maid.

He was then ushered into a parlor, told to "please be seated," and left alone.

"Rather a peculiar adventure," he muttered to himself when left alone; "but I have gone too far now to draw back. And," glancing round the room, "from appearances here, there is every prospect of my adventure being in every way a pleasant one."

He was interrupted in his musings by the entrance of a lady. She came timidly forward, as though half afraid to advance. Mr. Rodmington rose to receive her, and could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise—nay, admiration—at the pretty picture presented to his gaze.

The young lady was not exactly what one could call beautiful, but she presented a truly pleasing appearance. There was something fascinating about her—something that caused any one who might chance to meet her, to gaze upon her a second time. She was not very tall, nor was she short, her stature being a happy medium between the two extremes. A brunette, with that pretty dark skin that some members of the male sex go into raptures over; long, flowing dark brown tresses hung down her back, reaching almost to the waist; a well-chiselled nose; teeth of perfect whiteness; cheeks, glowing with health,—or blushes,—a well-proportioned figure, slightly inclined to plumpness,—tastefully arrayed in becoming garments—such was the apparition that appeared before Mr. Rodmington, and sent from his brain the carefully worded speech he had prepared as some sort of apology for the means he had taken to secure a partner for the Carnival Ball.

It was some moments before either spoke—each stood gazing at the other. But finally the lady overcame her shyness, and said, in a soft, modulated voice:

"You are Mr. Rodmington, I presume?"

"Yes," answered that gentleman, "and I trust you will pardon the means I have taken to secure your acquaintance?" she answered in a matter-of-fact manner. "I thought of all the consequences before I replied to your 'Personal.' But, under the circumstances, I suppose I must introduce myself to you. Permit me, then Mr. Rodmington, to make you acquainted with Miss Rose Sterrington, of Toronto, at present on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Buxton."

"And permit me, Miss Rose Sterrington, to introduce to you Mr. Robert Rodmington, of The Grange, Rodmingtonshire, England, at present on a visit to Montreal, and stopping at the Windsor."

Saying which the gentleman bowed profoundly to the lady, who returned with an equally profound courtesy.

"And now, since we are acquainted with one another, continued the gentleman, "I trust you will not consider me impolite if I enquire how you, a fashionable young lady, could possibly have committed such an indiscretion as to answer a 'Personal' in a newspaper?"

"Oh, that is easily answered," she laughingly exclaimed. "As I told you I wanted to go to the ball, very much indeed; but being a stranger in Montreal, I knew no gentlemen who would take me, with the exception of one, and with that one I did not want to go. Therefore, when I saw your advertisement, I just jumped at the chance, my only fear being that you might decide upon somebody else."

"And will you, then, trust yourself in my keeping, not only for the ball, but for all the festivities of the Carnival week?" queried Mr. Rodmington, eagerly.

"I will, upon one condition."

"You have but to name it," he interrupted.

"It is that you make no enquiries concerning myself, from this date till the end of the Carnival. If you agree to this condition, I will en-

deavor to help you amuse yourself the whole of the coming week."

"Oh, I will pledge my word to that," quickly answered Mr. Rodmington.

"Mind not a word," she playfully impressed upon him. "When you want to see me you will simply ask for Miss Rose—nothing more—and except something very unforeseen transpires, Miss Rose will be ready to receive you."

"I pledge you my word I will not endeavor to lift in the least degree the veil that you wish to enshroud your identity until you give me permission to do so," repeated the young man.

After a short time spent in pleasant conversation, Mr. Rodmington rose to depart. The young lady gracefully held out her hand to the young man, who clasped it with a gentle pressure, then with a promise to call for Miss Rose on Tuesday evening, he left the Sherbrooke street mansion with far more joyous feelings than he had entertained on his arrival a short time previous.

Mr. Rodmington was elated. He walked along Sherbrooke street with a jaunty step. His mission had been far more successful than his brightest anticipations had led him to expect. He had secured what he most ardently desired—a young and beautiful partner to accompany him to all the festivities the coming week.

"What a pretty little thing she is," he muttered as he merrily sauntered along. "And how charming her manners. I wonder who her parents are! But no, I must not think of that. I wish, however, that I had persuaded her to allow me to call upon her to-morrow or Monday, that I might become acquainted with her. I wonder whether she would think me very rude if I were to drop in in a casual way to-morrow evening. No, that is not to be thought of—I must not call upon her till Tuesday evening. Three whole days! What shall I do with myself in the interval? I wish I knew what church she attended; then, perhaps, I might have a chance of meeting her on the morrow. However, I will go to the Cathedral in the morning, St. James' in the afternoon, and St. Paul's in the evening. In one of the three I may perchance catch a glimpse of the charming little lady."

By this time Mr. Rodmington had reached the Windsor, and entering, he proceeded to his room, threw himself on his easy chair, and gave himself up to dreams of the being that filled his thoughts.

Sunday morning he was up betimes, after having made a careful toilet, he followed up the programme he had sketched the evening before—attended the three churches in the order named, discreetly glanced about him in search of a pretty face that he thought he should know anywhere, and after the services, he actually found one of the group of young men who congregated at church doors, and carefully scanned the faces of every young lady that came out of the sacred edifice. But his search was in vain. This young lady who disturbed his peace of mind was not among the number of worshippers, and Mr. Rodmington returned to his lodgings in a very disconsolate frame of mind.

The two succeeding days were most wretchedly passed by Mr. Rodmington. He could not eat—he could not smoke—he could not read—he could not walk—or he fancied he could do none of these things. All he could do was to think of a charming young lady who had taken his heart captive at first sight, and it was a very difficult matter indeed for him to restrain himself sufficiently to prevent him from calling upon her before the appointed time.

But time flies. Tuesday evening at last arrived, and found Mr. Rodmington ready and eager to once more visit the Sherbrooke street mansion. He had ordered a sleigh to be at the Hotel at half past seven, but long before the appointed time, he was striding impatiently up and down the sidewalk in front of the building. Precisely at the half hour, the merry jingle of sleigh-bells are heard, and a handsome sleigh, drawn by a beautiful pair of horses, stops in front of the Hotel.

Mr. Rodmington hurried forward, jumped into the sleigh, gave the driver the necessary directions, and was rapidly whirled to his destination.

His enquiry at the door for "Miss Rose," was speedily answered by the appearance of that young lady herself, equipped ready for the drive. And very charming she looked in her closely fitting seal costume, the color coming and going on the pretty face.

With a somewhat bashful greeting to Mr. Rodmington, she allowed herself to be assisted into the sleigh; the fur robes are nicely adjusted to protect her from the cold. The young gentleman jumps up beside her, the driver cracks his whip, and the horses start off on a sharp trot.

Mr. Rodmington is happy. To be once more seated by the side of the charming Rose is bliss indeed, and it is some moments before he can collect his thoughts sufficiently to address the lady.

Miss Rose, too, is silent, but what her thoughts are it is difficult to surmise. That they are pleasant ones is patent from the smile that ever and anon flits across her expressive countenance, and the merry twinkle that shines in her dark eyes.

Thus they speed along Sherbrooke street, in the direction of Peel street.

The lady was the first to break the silence:

"Are we not going to see the opening of the Ice Palace?" she asked.

"Oh!" ejaculated Mr. Rodmington, arousing from his reverie, "I forgot to tell you that the

opening of the Palace is postponed till to-morrow evening."

"Then, where are we going this evening?"

"If you do not object, Miss Rose, we will go and see the different toboggan hills. I very much desire to see the sport. I have been such a short time in the city, that all your Canadian pastimes are new to me."

"I am quite willing," she answered, and the sleigh went merrily along, the young lady in the meantime giving her companion an insight into the different Canadian sports.

Arrived at Peel street, the party found further progress blocked by a long line of sleighs, who were either waiting for "fares" or who had brought parties to enjoy the exhilarating fun.

At the suggestion of Rose, the couple alighted and proceeded up Peel street to better enjoy the sight. Mr. Rodmington was much amused at the novel spectacle, and watched the rapidly descending toboggans with great interest.

Rose, however, became excited. A thorough Canadian, she was an ardent lover of all Canadian winter sports, and longed to form one of the merry parties rushing gaily past.

"Oh, I wish we had a toboggan!" she said.

"But I could not manage one, Miss Rose," answered her companion.

"I could, though," she spoke up, enthusiastically.

"And do you think you could go down that steep hill alone?" incredulously.

"Yes, I am sure I could, and could take you safely down, too," she returned, with confidence.

"But where can we get one?" questioned Mr. Rodmington.

"Oh, they are easy enough to be got, if you like to pay for them."

"Come, then, and show me where to get one," exclaimed the young man.

"Do you mean it?" she cried jocosely, "Oh, you dear good fellow."

And she gave his arm such a gentle little squeeze that sent a thrill through Mr. Rodmington, and amply repaid him in advance for whatever expense he was about to incur.

The sleigh was soon found, the drive to a fancy store on St. Catherine street quickly made, a toboggan purchased, the return journey completed, and before Mr. Rodmington was fully aware of it, he was being whirled rapidly down the hill, with an admonition from his fair "steerer" to "hold on firmly."

They arrived safely at the bottom of the hill, and were so delighted with their first experience that they made the journey many times, Mr. Rodmington becoming as enthusiastic in his praise of the sport as his charming companion.

And so the evening wore away, and parting time was at hand. Then a quandary arose.

"What am I to do with this, Miss Rose?" queried Mr. Rodmington, pointing to the toboggan.

"Oh, if you don't mind, I will take charge of it till the end of the carnival, then you can make final disposition of it," she answered.

"Will you, though? I shall be so awfully glad if you will accept it altogether."

"We will see about that at the end of the week," she answered, archly.

Once more in their sleigh both appeared very merry.

"Are we not good friends," said Rose. "Who would have thought that we could have become so well acquainted at so short notice?"

"Oh, Miss Rose," he returned, "the evening has not been half long enough for me, and to think I shall have to wait a whole day before I shall see you again."

"Greedy fellow! But I am afraid you will have too much of me before the week is out. However, as we are to be comrades for the week suppose we drop formality. Leave out the 'miss' in addressing me, and call me plain Rose."

"Oh, may I?" he returned eagerly, "sweet Rose! and you will call me—"

"Robert, yes. But here I am at home."

Jumping lightly from the sleigh, Mr. Rodmington assisted his fair companion to alight, then giving her hand a gentle squeeze, he said regretfully:

"Good night, sweet Rose, till to-morrow."

"Good night, Robert."

And the door closed upon her, leaving Mr. Rodmington to pursue his way alone to the Windsor, there to dream away his time till the coming morrow.

His dreams were pleasant ones. He was fascinated, charmed and bewitched by a young lady whom he had met but twice. What were his feelings towards her? Was it possible that he, Robert Rodmington, who had passed unscathed the darts of the lovely maidens and the plots of manoeuvring mammas in England, should fall a victim at first sight to the charms of a pretty little "colonial"?

Mr. Rodmington made an attempt to analyze his thoughts, but went to sleep to dream of the morrow, when he should again have the pleasure of once more meeting and pressing the hand of sweet Rose.

This first night of the carnival was but a prelude of all the other evenings of the week.

Mr. Rodmington was early on hand Wednesday evening, and found his charmer awaiting him. If she was fascinating the night before, she was bewitching this evening, arrayed in blanket snow-shoer's costume, tastefully trimmed with fur, with short dress, from which peeped enticingly a pair of pretty feet, encased in useful moccasins. For she had persuaded Mr. Rodmington to make his first attempt at snow-shoeing, and both were prepared to join in the procession.

Mr. Rodmington was supremely happy with

the young lady clinging to his arm, and paid very little attention to surrounding objects, notwithstanding that the sight of the Ice Palace, beautifully illuminated, called forth expressions of admiration from his companion.

But now the procession starts. Miss Rose will not permit Mr. Rodmington to adjust her snow-shoes, laughingly telling that gentleman he will have quite enough to do to attend to himself and so the result proves.

The procession has left the vicinity of the palace before Mr. Rodmington announces his readiness to depart.

"Mind you don't fall," cautions Rose, and away she starts, her cavalier making frantic efforts to keep up with her. But he is a novice at the art of lifting one shoe carefully over the other, and before he has taken half-a-dozen steps he finds himself tripping. He sets out his arm to save himself, but the arm sinks up to the elbow in the soft snow, and with his legs in the air, he endeavors to rise.

This is a harder job than he anticipated, and he flounders about for some moments unable to regain his feet. His companion, who was somewhat in advance, glances back to see what had become of her chosen knight, and seeing the plight he is in, bursts into merry peals of laughter at the ludicrous figure he presents.

However, she tells him to plant one shoe firmly in the snow, then place his hand upon it, and draw himself up, and in a moment he is on his feet, joining in her merry laughter.

"I am afraid it will take me a long while to learn to walk in these shoes, as you do, Rose," she said.

"O, no, you will soon learn," she replied. "Just look how I walk," and she showed him how to lift one shoe over the other.

Mr. Rodmington started off more carefully this time, and although he had several more falls before the evening was over, he confessed that he thoroughly enjoyed it; but whether it was the snowshoeing or the society of Rose that he enjoyed it would be difficult to say.

But the trip is over and Rose is once more standing before her home, with her hand clasped in Mr. Rodmington's who urges at parting:

"Sweet Rose, will you not come with me to-morrow afternoon and witness the skating races and games?"

"Oh, no, Robert," she replies, "that I cannot do. I promise to go with you to the skating carnival in the evening, but cannot think of going in the afternoon."

Robert urged her, but to no purpose, the young lady remaining in her determination, and the young man was perforce, obliged to rest content with the thought of meeting her in the evening.

And so they part again, Robert to dream of her he loves—for he confesses to himself that he loves her now—and Rose, to what? The sequel will tell.

Thursday evening found Robert punctual. Nor was he kept waiting. The lady that appeared before him with "good evening, Robert," he at first failed to recognize in her carnival costume of a "Dame of Louis the something." But the sound of her voice sent a thrill through him, and helping her into his waiting sleigh, the two were soon driven to the Victoria Park. Here all was bustle and excitement, and everybody was anxious and eager to join the merry-makers on the ice.

Robert, in his cavalier costume, was allowed to adjust the skates of his "fair lady," after which he fastened on his own, and then, hand in hand, they joined the motley throng within.

They were a handsome couple, in their quaint costumes, and many eyes were turned towards them as they swiftly glided over the ice.

Skating was one of the accomplishments in which Mr. Rodmington was proficient, and as his companion was an adept in the art, the evening was a most enjoyable one to both, and when the hour for departure had arrived they were loath to leave the, by this time, somewhat irregular surface of the ice.

On the homeward journey Robert again besought his companion to allow him to call for her on the following afternoon, but Rose was firm in her refusal, telling him that she would be busily engaged in preparing for the ball in the evening.

"And after the ball?" questioned Robert, dolefully. "Will you not allow me to call upon you on Saturday, Sweet Rose?"

"Wait till to-morrow evening, Robert," she answered archly. "We will talk all about that after the ball."

And with that answer Mr. Rodmington was obliged to rest content, but he made an inward reservation that come what might, he would see her on Saturday, and a great number of times after Saturday, too. He loved her too deeply, he confessed to himself, to allow her to slip from his memory in a twinkling, as it were. No, no, he would see her on Saturday, and lay his heart at her feet. That was the decision he had arrived at before the "drowsy god" came to his relief that night.

The night of the ball—the night that had been looked forward to with such keen anticipation by numbers of Montrealers at last arrived.

Mr. Rodmington was on the tip-toe of expectation. What would his Rose wear? Would she give him many dances? Would she allow him to call upon her on the morrow?

These and numerous other questions he asked himself as he was driven to the Sherbrooke Street mansion.

He had to await her a few minutes, but when she did appear he was dazzled and bewildered at

the exquisite picture she presented, and exclaimed with admiration:

"My dear Rose, you will be the most beautiful woman in the room!"

The young lady coloured with evident pleasure at his unfeigned satisfaction. And truly she looked beautiful in her dress of pale blue silk, just the shade to suit her complexion. The pearls around her throat and in her hair, which was most tastefully arranged, added to the charm of her appearance, and it was no wonder that Mr. Rodmington burst into raptures at sight of her.

Carefully adjusting her fur cloak he led her to the sleigh without, and they were driven at once to the Windsor.

Is it necessary to describe that evening? Mr. Rodmington was in the seventh heaven of bliss. With one of the handsomest and best dressed ladies in the room, and one, moreover, who danced with nobody but himself, he certainly had cause to feel happy, and his happiness beamed from his countenance.

But the best of things come to an end. After spending, as each acknowledged, one of the happiest evenings of their lives, Mr. Rodmington and Miss Rose are once more being driven along to Sherbrooke Street. Mr. Rodmington has managed to secure one of the hands of the young lady who allows it to remain passive in his clasp. He is again urging that he be allowed to call upon her on the morrow, when he is interrupted by Rose, saying:

"Don't you think it will be much better for us to say good-bye to-night?"

"Say good-bye to-night!" he ejaculated. "Oh, no, I cannot do that. You surely will not be so unkind as to refuse me this pleasure of again seeing you?"

"Well, if you must, I suppose I shall have to allow you to see me again. But I am afraid you will regret it."

"Regret it, Sweet Rose, never!" he exclaimed, "that could not possibly be."

"Don't be too sure of that, Robert," she saucily replied. "But as you insist upon coming let it be in the afternoon."

"And you will go to the snowshoe races with me?" he eagerly asked.

"I cannot say. We will talk about that when you come. And now, good-night, Robert, and I thank you very much for all your kindness the past few days."

"Do thank, if you please, sweet Rose. Your company has enabled me to pass a most happy week. Good night," and lifting the hand he held to his lips, he pressed a kiss upon it and departed, more in love than ever, and with the settled determination of learning his fate in the course of a very few hours.

Between one and two o'clock, the following afternoon, Mr. Rodmington again knocked at the Sherbrooke street mansion. He had come, with a fixed purpose, but now that the hour had arrived to put that purpose into execution he felt somewhat timid as to the result. However, the door was cast, and he, once more determined to date all.

He was ushered into the same room in which he had first met Rose, but a week before. What a change had come over him in that brief interval! If any body had told him at that time that he was on the brink of matrimony he would have scouted the idea as absurd, and yet here he was waiting impatiently to pour out his love in the ears of a young lady who was quite unknown to him a short week previous!

But his reverie was interrupted by the entrance of the object of his thoughts. He advanced to meet her with outstretched hand, and led her to a seat on a sofa. Taking a seat beside her he inquired solicitously concerning her health after the gaiety of the previous night. The young lady assured him that she never felt better in her life, and her looks confirmed her statement. After talking for some time on matter of subjects, Mr. Rodmington again clasped one of her hands, which she endeavoured to withdraw. But he held it firmly, while he briefly said:

"Dear Rose, I am afraid you will think me premature. I have known you but a few days, but in that time I have learned to love you. Will you be my wife?"

At the first word of this declaration, Rose had struggled to free her imprisoned hand, but he held it fast, and it was not until he had concluded that she managed to extricate it. Then, with a merry peal of laughter, she bounded from his side, and fled from the room.

Mr. Rodmington was thunderstruck. He had never heard of a declaration of marriage being received in such a manner before. Rose might not like him sufficiently well to trust her future with him, especially on so short an acquaintance; but to treat his offer of marriage as a joke! He could not understand it.

What was he to do? Should he leave the house at once, or wait and see whether she returned to him. He walked backwards and forwards once or twice, and was on the point of taking his departure, when a youth entered the room, and accosted him:

"Say, Robert, are you not going to see the races?"

"Who was this that called him Robert?"

Mr. Rodmington gazed at the youth long and earnestly, and the youth coloured guiltily under the gaze. No, it could not be possible, he thought; yet the features were the same, the eyes the same, the voice the same, only more boyish. At last he gasped:

"Tell me, who are you?"

"John Rose Sterrington, at your service. Do you not know me?" with a merry laugh.

"And you—"

"Palmer myself off on you as a lady?" put in the young man. "Yes, and had a jolly time."

"And I was making love to a boy all the time," ejaculated Robert, disgusted. "Tell me, boy, what was your object?"

"Oh, to have a bit of fun, I enjoy it immensely. Did not you enjoy it, Robert?" mockingly.

"No," savagely answered Robert. "But who were your accomplices?"

"Oh, I had no accomplices. My sister, with whom I am stopping, allowed me to make use of her wardrobe, which you admired so much. And I did not make a bad-looking girl, either, Robert, did I? How you admired this little hand, did you not?" Holding up one of his hands with a merry laugh. "But, seriously, I did not think you would fall in love with me."

"On, stop—let me go—I am suffocating!" cried Robert, darting to the door, which he then open, rushed down the steps and into the street, with "Rose's" mocking cry ringing in his ears:

"Won't you take me to the races, Robert?" Robert heeded not, but hastened to his hotel, settled his bill, and took the 3.20 train for New York, and "Rose" saw him no more.

MISCELLANY.

THERE is a growing fashion of late at public dinners to rise only to the toast of the Queen. The Prince of Wales suggested the change. Formerly, John Bull always got on his legs when any member of the royal family, or the army or navy were toasted, but at a Mansion House dinner recently the health of "The Prince of Wales and the rest of the royal family" was drunk sitting, although the Duke of Edinburgh was a conspicuous guest.

ONE hundred and twenty members of the House of Commons, chiefly moderate liberals and radicals, have sent a memorial to Mr. Gladstone, asking the introduction of a bill granting female suffrage in any franchise measure the government may propose. Beside those signing the memorial, many members have pledged themselves to vote for a woman's suffrage bill, if the bill be proposed by some private member, and not introduced as a government measure.

MADNESS has been deplorably frequent of late years among French artists and men of letters. André Gill, the clever draughtsman, is still an inmate of an asylum, and it seems that even the slight gleam of reason he possessed until quite recently, and which his friends hoped to see rekindled entirely, has now died away. Gustave Aymard, who is very well known as the author of innumerable romances of life in America, has recently gone out of his mind, and is also hopelessly insane.

THESE German Professors will never let honest folk alone. One of them has now proved (to his own satisfaction, if not to that of any body else) that the present year of grace 1883 is really 1888. Another savant proves that this "dark terrestrial ball" of ours is cooling off, and that, in process of time, it will become one mass of solid ice; while immediately after this cold comfort another Teuton proves that every year we are getting a few inches nearer the sun, and will eventually fall into it and get burnt up like a moth at a candle.

THE Newham College scholarships, offered by the council for competition in the Cambridge senior local examinations, have been awarded to Miss Henrietta Bishop and to Miss Edith Saunders. During the past year a wing has been added to the south hall, containing rooms for nine students, and it was opened in the Lent term, all the rooms being occupied. On the ground floor of the wing is a new library which will be for the use of the students in both halls. The college has received donations amounting to nearly five hundred pounds for books, and the cost of the wing has been covered by the donations made to the building and endowment funds.

THE Protestant students of the Universities of Berlin, Freiburg, Göttingen, Jena, Leipzig, Marburg, Halle, Heidelberg, Strasburg, and Tübingen are projecting a grand Luther festival for November next, which is to extend over two days. On the first day an historical procession will take place in the old town of Erfurt, which procession is to commemorate the solemn entry of Luther into Erfurt, on April 6, 1521, when on his way to Worms. In the evening a grand garden festival is to come off, the admission fee to which will go to the Luther monument fund. On the second day an excursion will be made to the Wartburg, in which historical spot the students of Germany held a great Luther festival in 1817, and where the festivities will close with a "Fest-Commers."

THE well-known North Pole explorer, Julius Payer, is engaged in preparations for a work of art, which it will take him several years to complete, namely—a series of paintings representing the "Last Days of the Franklin Expedition" from the diaries and relics discovered of that martyr to science. In one of the large saloons of the Munich Academy a number of sketches have already been sufficiently advanced to give a general idea of the great undertaking; foremost among them: "Franklin in the cabin of the frozen-in vessel sending his farewell greetings to his distant home," "Abandoning of the Vessel," the "Last survivor defending the

bodies of his comrades against several polar bears." Payer will go to England for models of sailor types, and after that finish his studies for the final execution in Munkacsy's atelier in Paris.

THE great topic in Berlin at present is a pleasure trip to the United States, for which Messrs. Brasch and Rothenstein, as correspondents of the *Caygills* in London, invite applications. The project evidently seems to meet with great favor on the part of German tourists, who consider the price of two thousand three hundred marks for a round ticket from and to Liverpool, including steamer passages, railroad fares, and a visit to most of the noted cities and sights in America, quite reasonable, but object thus far to the short term of only fifty-six days. It is confidently expected that the time will be extended to eighty or ninety days, in which case the undertaking is sure to become a success, there being no lack in persons in the Fatherland desirous to get a glimpse of the life and natural beauties of the great republic.

COMPARATIVELY few plants were known to the ancients, progress in botanical knowledge having made wonderful additions to the catalogue in recent years. According to a German authority, Hippocrates described two hundred and thirty four species, Theophrastus followed with five hundred, and—as nearly as can be ascertained—Pliny knew eight hundred. Even as recently as the date of Linnæus' death—1778—only seven thousand two hundred and ninety-four had been described, although Tournefort had claimed ten thousand one hundred and forty-six. Early in the present century De Candolle made thirty thousand named species; and Lindley, in 1853, placed the number at ninety-two thousand nine hundred and twenty. At the present time nearly one hundred and fifty thousand species are known, and it is quite possible that twice as many actually exist.

DUCKING a Scold.—Andrews, in his *Punishments of the Olden Time*, says, with regard to the ducking stool:—"The latest recorded example of its use in England occurred in Leominster. In 1809, a woman, Jenny Pipes, alias Jane Curran, was paraded through the town on the ducking stool, and actually ducked in the water near Kenwater Bridge, by order of the magistrates. In 1817 a woman named Sarah Locke was wheeled round the town in the chair, but not ducked, as the water was too low." The following quotation is from "The Book of Days," vol. 1, pp. 208, 209:—"One of the last instances on record in which the ducking stool is mentioned as an instrument of justice is in the *London Evening Post* of April 27, 1745. 'Last week,' says the journal, 'a woman that keeps the Queen's Head alehouse at Kingston, in Surrey, was ordered by the court to be ducked for scolding, and was accordingly placed in the chair, and ducked in the river Thames, under Kingston Bridge, in the presence of two or three thousand people.'

By a private letter from Berlin we are informed that Bismarck's powers of work are still as remarkable as ever. "Time does not exist for him," and it is no uncommon thing for his secretary to leave him at midnight with five or six newspaper articles of his dictating, to be sent to be struck off and submitted to correction by himself before retiring. Bismarck works himself during the interval. He has grown a long, white beard, and become, consequently, much milder, and almost patriarchal-looking. The man of blood and iron of a decade ago has vanished—he always was a stout man—at least, ever since middle age—and this with his immense stature gives an impression of tremendous power. He has the most wonderful, far-seeing eyes, under remarkable eyebrows, a very small nose, and singularly broad forehead. They say, here, that the excessive strain upon his system created by the neuralgia to which he is a martyr, has softened his temper to that degree that he now takes delight in female society, to which he has ever been averse. The three greatest ladies of the Empire—the Empress Augusta, the Crown Princess Victoria, and the Grand Duchess of Baden—sit with the chancellor by turns. Symptoms of this gracious influence may be easily perceived in the change which has taken place of late in the social aspect of Berlin. The Empress Augusta, who has all her life been devoted to charity, has procured the enlargement of the chief hospital and pecuniary aid for the improvement of the buildings of the orphanage at Charlottenburg; the Crown Princess, devoted to literature and the arts, has obtained the encouragement of the artists and literary men, as well as the court patronage of the drama, which had so long been withheld that theatrical amusements has fallen into disrepute in Berlin; and the Grand Duchess of Baden, who is devoted to the amenities of life, has done even more than all this, say the good people of Berlin. Her highness has succeeded in persuading the chancellor to diminish the severity of the military rule imposed upon the officers in service, who are at least actually permitted to lay aside their swords at the five o'clock tea—now grown as popular in Berlin as in London. This throwing down "of swords and daggers" is not looked upon with favor by the military, who regard the order as the first step toward lowering the dignity of the army, but the honest citizens are rejoicing in this proof of the chancellor's tacit acknowledgement of the abuse to which military power in the capital—the crushing of all free social intercourse ever since the Franco-German war—has led.



CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.



SPRING.



SUMMER.



WINTER.

THE FOUR SEASONS.



AUTUMN.

MOZART AND CLEMENTI.

All wondered at them both.
And, nothing loth.
Their wages laid.

All wondered, all admired—
And some conspired—
The gifts of both to rest.

The appointed evening came.
When eagerly
The followers of Clementi

When the composer stayed
His hands each to each
Grew eloquent with praise:

Oh, Christopherson Mozart.
Now, where art thou?
And where thy art?

The lovely genius took his place.
With thoughtful brow.
And pale, illumined face.

Did any there
Wish longer to compare
The two, or feel more need

MARY BARTON.

AN AUBURN TRESS.

I fell half-way in love with her at first sight,
she was so entire y and interestingly different
from all the other girls I had ever met, and I

"I wish I knew of some pleasant farm-
house," said I to my office chum, Lon Fordyce,
"where there would be no other boarders taken;

All the time I had been speaking, Mouse had
been listening attentively (Mouse was a twelve-
year-old boy belonging to our department,

pearance), and as I finished I turned suddenly
upon him and asked:

"What are you standing there for, Mouse?
Have you nothing to do?"

"Plenty, sir," he answered; "but I was a-
thinkin' our folks might take you. They've got
a nice farm, and big trees, and new chickens,

"An accordion!" repeated I, in great aston-
ishment, "What in the world do you mean?"

"Your folks?" said I, and it struck me that I
had never thought of the quiet little chap in

"No, sir. They live at Nutwood. I stay
here with Aunt Hannah, 'cause I'm to be a
business man. Tim—he's mine—he's to be a

"Do you know, Lon, this sounds very prom-
ising!" said I.

"May be as deceptive as the advertisements,
for all that," said Lon. "Not intentionally so,

"Nothing easier than for me to find out all
about it," interrupted I. "I'll take a run down

"Thank you, sir," said Mouse, his bright eyes
sparkling with pleasure; and then he hastily
disappeared, while Lon and I fell to work as

The next afternoon found Mouse and myself
on board of an express train speeding away to
Nutwood. It was after five o'clock when we

"That's our house and our barn: and there's
Phil feedin' the chickens," said Mouse, in the
sprightliest tones I had ever heard from him;

"Yes, sir, Philippa. She's my only sister."
And Philippa, seeing us at this moment, did
not utter a shriek and fly, as many a damsel

"This is Mr. Lovejoy, Phil," said Roderick.
"Come to see if mother'll take him to board for
a month."

"You are very welcome," said she, at the
same time offering me a small brown hand to
which some of the corn flour still clung, and

And no sooner had she ceased speaking than
I began to think that I had found the very place
of all in which to spend my vacation, and I was

"It won't discommode us in the least," said
Mrs. Dayton.

"And by that time you will be better able to
tell whether you like the place or not," added
her husband.

"Like the place!" I made up my mind
about that before I slept that night. It was
heavenly, after the dust and noise and crowding

Sunday passed like a delightful dream, and
early Monday morning I left, with a promise

to return the following Wednesday, that being
the day on which my leave of absence was to
begin.

"Well, how did you like Nutwood?" asked
Lon, as soon as we met.

"It's a very quiet, pretty place," said I.
"And the Mouse's description wasn't as
highly colored as the advertisements?" he con-

"It wasn't highly colored in the least," I re-
plied. "I found there all he promised and"—

"Then what do you say to speaking a word
in my favor when you leave? I might spend
one of my holiday weeks there, anyhow."

"Oh," said I, emphatically, "Nutwood
would never do for you. You'd get the worst
kind of bliss there in no time. It's so exceed-

Wednesday saw me installed in the cozy room,
with the wood on one side and the brook on the
other, and a week or less from that day saw me

Wednesday saw me installed in the cozy room,
with the wood on one side and the brook on the
other, and a week or less from that day saw me

that a crow crossing your path boded ill news;
that the finding of a four-leaved clover brought
good luck; all these, with a hundred other

"You will come to see us," said Mrs. Day-
ton, when I was taking my leave.

"Yes, indeed, if you would like to have me,"
I replied.

"Come as often as you can; the oftener, the
better we will be pleased."
But Philippa said never a word, though a

December and part of January passed away,
and I had heard nothing from Mouse's only
sister, when, one day, looking up from my desk,

"I've got a note for you, sir," he said, "fr m
Phil." My heart began to beat wildly. "It
came in one she sent me, and she told me to put

"Dear Mr. Lovejoy,—I send you a lock of my
hair" (my heart fairly galloped), "and I would
be ever so much obliged to you if you would take

Yours truly,
"PHILIPPA DAYTON."

P.S.—Be sure to come to the wedding.

"What nonsense!" said I to myself (my heart
having gone back to its usual trot), as soon as
I had finished reading it, and for an instant I

BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES.—Beware of
the stuff that pretends to cure these diseases or
other serious Kidney, Urinary or Liver Diseases,

pocket. And while putting it carefully away in
my vest pocket an idea came to me like a flash,
which, justifying myself with the thought that

"What the deuce do you mean?" was the
rather irrelevant reply.

"Just what I say," said I. "Alonzo For-
dyce, can you, and will you, write out, nothing
extenuate, nor set down ought in malice, a full

"Certainly, if you are in earnest, and I be-
gin to see you are. And it isn't to be at all flat-
tered!"

"Not at all. Lean a little to mercy's side, of
course, but do the work so that your conscience
can never reproach you for it."

"Well, here goes," and seizing pen and paper,
Lon began.

"That won't do," said I, looking over his
shoulder.

"What won't do?" asked he.

"No, it isn't," he interrupted "not a bit
'too.' And I shan't alter a word of it."

"Dear Miss Dayton.—I send you the fortune
evoked from your auburn tress. I hope it may
prove a satisfactory one. I will be at the wed-

"I am yours, most faithfully,
"Tom LOVEJOY."

And, true to my word, I assisted at Melinda
Wells's wedding on the 1st of March. It took
place early in the afternoon, and after it was

"I must thank you for the trouble you took
with that lock of hair. I dare say it seemed to
you a very foolish thing to do, but he did tell

"No-o-o—because—that is, he described a
person as my—my—who has for a long time
been somebody else's."

"On, Roderick said—I mean—" And in her
confusion she actually burst out crying, and her
tears told me the happiest story I had ever been

"That you were engaged to a lovely young
girl," she sobbed, "who often came to your
office, and that she went to England last sum-

"Philippa, that lovely young girl is my
cousin, the youngest daughter of my uncle John,

"Then it's all right," said Philippa, clasping
her hands and smiling through her tears. "He
described you EXACTLY."

And I never had the heart to undecieve her.

MARGARET EYNGE.

**DEATH IN THE SKY.**

Who that looks upward to the sky  
In some transparent summer night,  
When mystic stars are burning bright,  
When there is nothing wide and high  
Save what enchants the sight—

Who that looks upward to the life  
We call eternal, and which seems  
Quiescent as the flow of streams,  
Unmarred by bitter death or strife,  
Ethereal as our dreams—

Thinks that within the calmly vast  
World-ature rolling overhead  
Suns circle which are cold and dead,  
And spheres which blazed in ages past  
Are lifeless globes, that shed

No glimmer through the lucent air,  
Yet whirl upon their unseen ways  
Like ghosts of other skies and days,  
Like shadows lingering darkly where  
The ancient splendor stays?

A radiant earth is but the tomb  
Where death awaits behind the bars  
Hearts torn with many wounds and scars.  
The sky is an unfathomed gloom—  
A sepulchre of stars.

Geo. E. Montgomery, in Harper's.

**OUR LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER**

"Come," I said, rising and throwing aside my book—"come, Traverse, we have had work enough for one day. Let us take a sunset walk on the old ramparts, and have our tea at that charming little restaurant under the beeches."

Traverse took a last lingering look at his sketch, then carefully set back the easel against the wall, and we descended the stair from our apartments on the upper floor, where we enjoyed a view of the house-tops of the quaint little town of Neureide, on the banks of the wide and winding Rhine.

"Stop a moment," Traverse said, as we reached the first floor. "We will see if there are any letters. I desired the Frau Hansing not to bring them up hereafter, for, good woman though she is, her talk is rather overpowering."

We had been recommended to Frau Hansing's lodgings by a fair cousin of my own who was visiting some half-English, half-German relatives near Bonn.

"If you stop at Neureide," she wrote, "my relative, Madame Estorf, desires me to say that you will find excellent lodgings with Frau Hansing, an old and faithful servant of hers, who will make you very comfortable."

And, despite Frau Hansing's love of talking, of which Traverse mildly complained, we had found the promise amply fulfilled, and had so far no cause to regret our choice of lodgings.

The old lady opened her door in answer to Traverse's light tap, and her plump, rosy face assumed an expression of commiseration and sympathy.

"Ah, mein Herr, so sorry! No letters to-day—though," she added, cheerfully in her broken English, on which she prided herself. "Likely there will be some letters one day, to-morrow, and then the Herr shall rejoice to his full contentment to hear from his home."

Over her shoulder, I saw that she had decorated her little sitting-room with flowers and evergreens.

"You are expecting company, Frau Hansing?"

"Ah, yes, mein Herr; but it is only my little Bertha—my daughter, who is companion to Madame Estorf. A nice, dear little girl, and my only one."

And the old lady's eyes shone with pride and delight as she thus spoke of her daughter:

"She is with madame, who is now at Rudesheim, on a visit; and, its being so near, madame has kindly consented to her coming to us for one week. She is very clever and pretty, is my little Bertha, though it is I who say it; for, was she not brought up by madame, and in great part with madame's own grand-daughter, the Fraulein Estorf? It was very kind of them to treat my little Bertha so well; but, then, I myself was nurse to the poor little grand daughter when her own mother died. Weil, she is a great heiress now, as the Herr knows."

It was true that my Cousin Julia, in describing the family in which she was now staying, had more than once alluded to this Fraulein Estorf. She was grand-daughter of the old madame of the same name, and was the real owner of the estate on which they resided near Bonn, with the handsome chateau and the valuable vineyards adjoining. Beyond this, I knew nothing of the Fraulein Estorf; though the probability was that I might some time meet her, as in this our summer's holiday-trip Traverse and I were slowly making our way up the Rhine towards Bonn—which was, in fact, the objective point of my travels; for I must let the reader into the secret of my engagement to my fair English cousin, Julia.

That evening, returning rather late from our *al fresco* tea, we observed Frau Hansing's door half open, and the tall, graceful figure of a young girl standing under the hanging-lamp reading a letter.

"That must be Bertha," said Traverse, his artist's eye instantly attracted. "Let us see what she is like."

"Any letters yet, Frau Hansing?" he inquired, peering into the room; and the girl turned around quickly, displaying a lovely, piquant, brunette face, with dark eyes and delicate cherry-red lips.

"Frau Hansing is out," she said, modestly.

"I beg your pardon. You are the Fraulein Bertha!" said Traverse, resolved, as it seemed, to make her acquaintance, and at the same time lifting his hat with graceful courtesy.

"Yes," she answered with some surprise and also a certain reserve.

"Excuse me; but I knew you were expected. And since the Frau Hansing is absent, will the Fraulein be good enough to give me my letters, if there are any?"

I had passed up the stairs, and it was fully five minutes before my friend joined me.

"What a charming little creature is our landlady's daughter?" he said, quite enthusiastically. "Such lovely features, and so much expression! And then one can see that she has been brought up with cultured and refined people. Really, there is something about quite magnetic."

So indeed it appeared, judging from the frequency with which, on the following day, my friend journeyed up and down the stairs, at first anxious to receive letters, and then on some newly-discovered business which necessitated frequent inquiries at the door of Frau Hansing's rooms. More than once, in passing this door, I beheld him seated on our landlady's horsehair sofa engaged in an animated conversation with Bertha.

"Do you know," said he, with the air of one communicating an important discovery, "that the Fraulein is as intelligent and accomplished as she is beautiful? What a pity that she is only our landlady's daughter!"

Thus the week passed. For myself, I only saw Bertha in the evenings. She certainly was a charming girl, refined and ladylike, though dressing in simple *bourgeoise* style, and engaging, as we had opportunity of observing, in occupations not above her station—such as knitting stockings for her mother and assisting the old lady in household duties, even to cooking and cleaning. That she did not do this at the chateau she acknowledged. Her business there was to walk out with, and read to, the old madame, even to sing and play for her; and she played uncommonly well, as we had opportunity for observing.

"It is unfortunate," I remarked, "that the girl has been educated above her station. She is superior to marrying a common *bourgeoise*, and is not yet fitted for a higher rank by reason of her family."

"That is true," said Traverse, slowly. "Now, for instance, if I were to think of marrying Bertha, charming and ladylike though she is, my whole family would be down upon me; and, in fact," he added, hesitatingly, "I don't think I could bring myself to take such a step. I shall require good birth in the woman whom I marry."

"Then hadn't you better break off at once with the Fraulein Bertha? It seems to me that you are carrying this matter too far not to give it a serious ending."

"She is going away in a day or two," he answered, rather dolefully.

And she did go. We saw her into the stage which was to take her back to Rudesheim and Madame Estorf, and, judging from her bright face and laughing adieux, she carried away a heart as whole as she had brought to Neureide. But with my friend it was different, and from the hour of her departure he became restless and dissatisfied. We consequently soon resumed our pilgrimage up the Rhine, stopping here and there wherever we found anything specially picturesque or interesting to afford a subject for our amateur pencils.

It was on the first of September that we reached Bonn. Leaving my friend at a hotel, I lost no time in making my way to the chateau Rotherberg, about two English miles from the town, where I had the great delight of being greeted by Julia, looking fairer and sweeter, I thought, than I had ever before seen her. Madame Estorf also accorded me a most kindly welcome, and on learning that I was accompanied by a friend, insisted upon our both dining with her on the following day.

When I mentioned to Julia our meeting with Madame Estorf's pretty companion at Neureide, she laughed merrily.

"She is the most arrant of little coquettes, that Bertha Hansing," she said. "My cousin has quite spoiled her, and so indeed has the Fraulein Estorf. But she is a good girl, nevertheless, and I don't wonder that her mother is so proud of her."

"Where is this Fraulein Estorf?" I inquired.

"I will introduce you to-morrow. She is not nearly so pretty, in my opinion, as little Bertha," she added, lightly; "but then she is an heiress, and I confess that were I not so certain of your not being of a mercenary nature, I should be afraid to expose you to such a temptation. As it is, I shall insist upon your bringing your friend, since you describe him as so handsome and fascinating. That will deprive you of all chance of making an impression upon the heiress," she concluded, mischievously.

On taking leave, Julia and Madame Estorf's nephew, a youth on a vacation visit, accompanied me on a private path through the grounds. The scenery was lovely and the view from the highest point of the shaded terrace-way fine beyond description, and so I told Traverse on my return to the hotel.

"I will accompany you to-morrow as far as that point," he said, "as it may add a subject to my portfolio; but I must decline the madame's hospitable invitation. To tell you the truth, Elliott, I don't dare expose myself to the possibility of again meeting Bertha Hansing."

I rather approved of the resolution; so on the

following day we left our conveyance at the entrance to the grounds, and proceeded along the terraced pathway towards the chateau. At the point of view already mentioned was a little round, open pavilion, upon, reaching which, imagine our surprise to behold seated there, in a comfortable wheeled chair, old Madame Estorf, and by her side our landlady's daughter, the fair Bertha, reading to the old lady from a French novel.

It was too late to retreat; so we came forward with all possible dignity, and I formally presented my friend to madame, who, in her turn, quietly remarked, "I think you and Bertha have met before."

Bertha blushed to her fair temples, but glanced up with a demure, half-roguish smile. Even to me she looked more charming than ever, being dressed more richly and becomingly than I had yet seen her.

"This is a favorite haunt of ours," explained the old lady. "But the sun is getting uncomfortably warm, and it is high time that Peter should come for me."

Peter did presently appear, and as he leisurely wheeled his mistress homeward, I walked by her side, leaving Traverse and Bertha to follow.

On arriving at the chateau, madame, accompanied by her companion, went away to attend to her toilet, she said, and Traverse and I were for a few moments left alone in the saloon.

"It is all up with me, Elliott," he said, in a low voice, but with singular firmness. "It is an unworthy pride, after all, which would lead a man to sacrifice the woman he loves to aristocratic prejudice. I now know that I do really love Bertha; and if she will have me, I will marry her. She is a perfect lady in all but birth."

It was no time for remonstrance. Julia's step was in the hall, and afterwards Madame Estorf again made her appearance, arrayed *en grande toilette* for dinner.

"Shall we see the Fraulein Hansing again?" I ventured to whisper to Julia, but madame's quick ear had caught the question.

"The Fraulein Hansing will not appear at dinner," she said, quietly; "but I will introduce you to my grand-daughter, Fraulein Estorf. Ah, here she is, in good time."

A graceful, elegant girl, richly dressed in silk and lace, stood in the doorway. Could it be possible? This young lady was certainly our landlady's daughter. There were the same regular features, the same roguish eyes, though her manner was now one of more stately dignity.

Traverse stood as if petrified. But the young lady came forward and offered her hand to both of us, with a charming air of archness and grace.

"You have known me before as your landlady's daughter," she said, "that was your own fault in the first instance, and not mine. I am Bertha Estorf."

It did not take long to explain the mystery.

"The Frau Hansing is my foster-mother," said the young lady, "and when I go to Neureide, as I sometimes do on business for my grandmother, I stay at her house. She was expecting her daughter on the occasion when I met you, but grandmamma concluded to send me and allow Bertha to visit her mother later. I did not know of you gentlemen being at Neureide, and since it pleased you to take me for your landlady's daughter, I thought it best to humour you in the fancy. Isn't that sufficient explanation, grandmamma?" she added, with a charming smile as she turned towards the old lady.

"Quite sufficient for the present. We were all in the secret, my little English cousin included," she said, glancing at Julia, whose eyes were sparkling with delight through the half-deprecating look which she cast at me.

"You will forgive my deceit, won't you?" she whispered, as we proceeded down the long gallery to dinner. "But it seemed such fun! I a real plot, such as we read of in novels. And, do you know," she added, lower still, "I think it will end as novels do, in a marriage!"

"In two marriages," I corrected her. And, as it turned out, my prediction was fulfilled.

I and my wife pay a visit every summer to the Chateau Rotherberg, and drink the Rotherberg wine and admire Mrs. Traverse's embroidery and her husband's pictures. And which is the happiest couple perhaps the reader would find it difficult to decide.

**ECHOES FROM LONDON.**

London, May 5.

THE offer of Mr. Abbey to Patti for an engagement rose to £1,100 a-night.

THERE is a proposal to start a new weekly paper on Church principles—plenty of money.

It is proposed to hold a special Handel Festival next year, the bicentenary of the great composer's birth.

LORD SALISBURY has been elected President of the Constitutional Union, in succession to Sir Stafford Northcote, and will preside at the annual meeting and dinner on the 27th of June.

A Russian paper is coolly arguing that it is the policy of the Czar to support the irritable condition in Ireland and bring about a revolution. We forgive our "Blagardoo" conten-

porary, as he recommends Irishmen to emigrate to Russia.

A RISING young Conservative is credited with this reply to the sarcastic dinner-table query, "Why doesn't the Tory party adopt the Napoleonic maxim and wash its dirty linen in private?"—"Because it's not necessary to erect a washhouse to clean a single soiled pocket-handkerchief."

THE amount which has already been paid by Mr. Newdegate, M.P., on account of the legal proceedings against Mr. Bradlaugh exceeds £3,000, in addition to the £1,300 subscribed some time ago to the Newdegate Fund. The Conservative party talk of finding £3,000.

THE scheme of Messrs. Routledge & Sons to produce a Universal Library is an admirable one, and they could not have placed it in better hands than those of Professor Henry Morley. The demand for "the best books" ought to be great at a shilling a volume.

SEVERAL of the Bishops are said to hold Mr. Gladstone's view on the Affirmation Bill; and it is stated that the most courageous occupant of the bench will speak in favor of the measure when (if ever) it reaches the House of Lords. This statement is not so much the better for the Bill, but so much worse for the Bishops, if true.

ONE amusing incident at the Liberal banquet should not be forgotten. A gentleman of exceedingly ruddy complexion, who had apparently paid for his dinner in order to interrupt Mr. Gladstone, was in the middle of the Premier's address forcibly ejected with a scientific neatness and despatch which reflected the highest credit upon the operators. Chuckers-out had been retained apparently with the view of exigencies such as these.

THE Grosvenor Gallery is, upon the whole less attractive this season than usual, but its walks are more courted sometimes than its walls. Still, the admirers of art will find quite sufficient for their money, even if it be a season-ticket in which they have invested. "The Blind Lion" will dwell in the minds of many who will find so much meaning in it that they will gladly pop in as they pass the door to revivify impressions, and the beauty at the other end will surely not be less attractive—she in the robes of red.

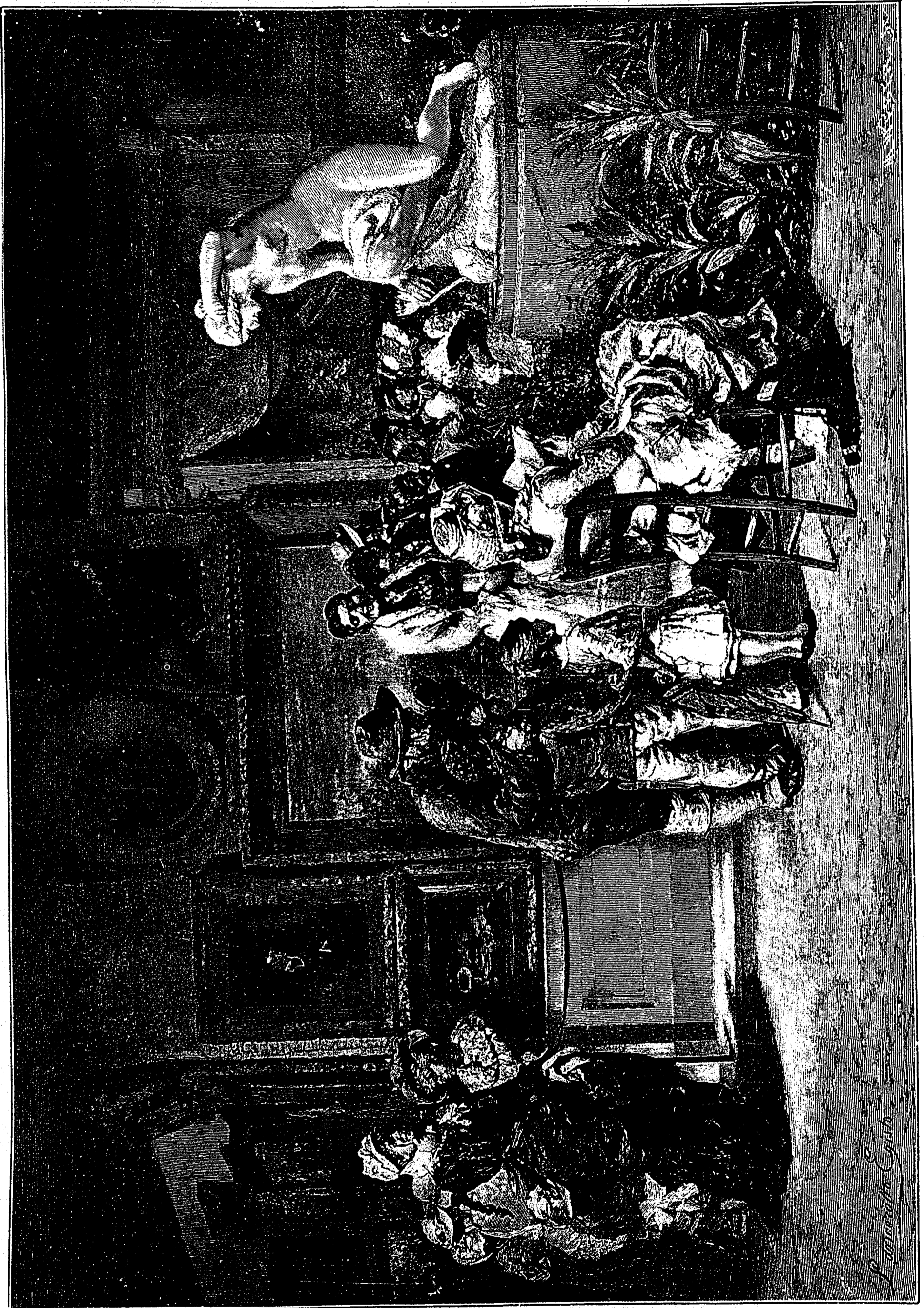
THE Scotch crooks, which ladies are wearing as parasol sticks, are becoming more and more pronounced. One was on view in the park the other day, which could not have been less than five feet long, measuring from the brass tip at the end to the tip of the lady's nose, which it reached, and she was apparently of the true height of Venus. The ring part, or handle, would have gone over a small male head, and caught the wearer; the Scotch shepherds use them to catch sheep.

THE Derby Crown Porcelain Company are at present engaged on a dessert service which is to be presented by the workmen of Derby to the Premier. The service will be of the deep cobalt blue for which the firm is famous. A rich pattern in gold, interspersed with flower pieces by Mr. Rouse, sen., will frame the centre of each plate. The centre will be painted by Count Holtzendorf, one of the company's artists, with choice bits of Derbyshire scenery. The whole is from a design by M. R. Lunn, art director to the company, and late of the Sheffield School of Art.

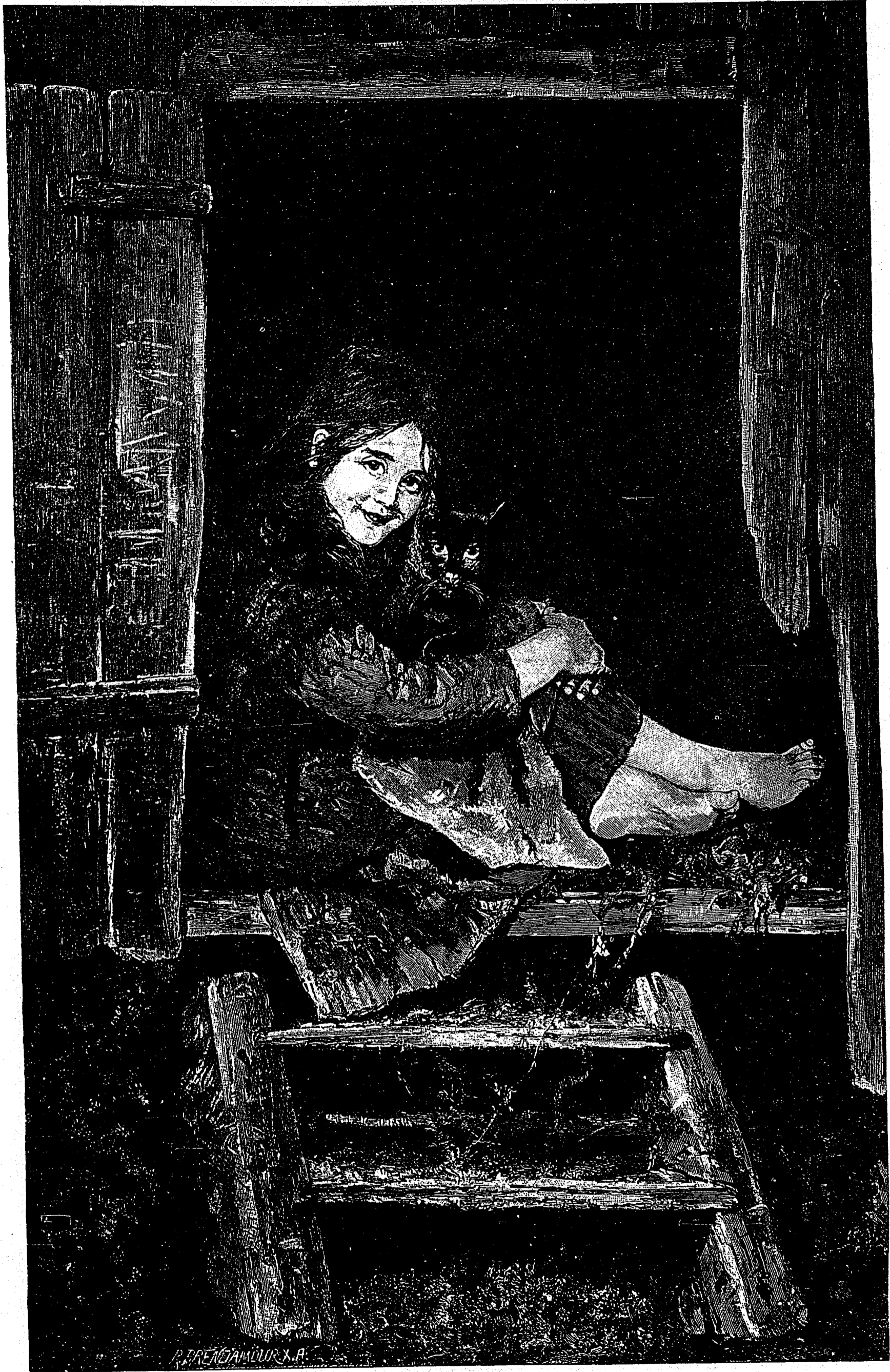
It is said that Messrs. Macmillan's new magazine is to be called the *English Magazine*, and the publishers are determined that it shall not be inferior to the admirable illustrated periodicals which come to us from across the Atlantic. Special artists have already been sent out to divers parts of Europe to make sketches for articles on different places and nationalities. Amongst the artists thus engaged Mr. Harry Furniss has been in Meran sketching the picturesque nooks and corners of this favorite watering place.

THERE is an Irish M.P. about whose age there has long been a mystery, and who was in the House of Commons fifty-three years ago. Mr. Gladstone sometimes talks to him as though he had been grey and reverend in the youth of the Premier. It is generally believed that he is at least one hundred. The other day there was a talk of sending him a memorial illuminated and framed recognizing him (in joke, of course), as a centenarian. But he was born in 1798. He is, therefore, eighty-five. His real birthday is somewhere in June, but he always fixes it for March 17th, which is St. Patrick's Day. When charged once with thus changing his natal anniversary, he replied, "Ah, but my boy, the people like it; and did you ever know me, now, go against the people?"

IF NEARLY DEAD after taking some highly puffed up stuff with long testimonials turn to Hop Bitters, and have no fear of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver Complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth.



A SUNDAY IN THE ART GALLERY.



DON'T LOOK!

THE CHILDREN OF THE FLOSS.

The little ripple meets the floss :
The floss sweeps onward to the sea,
Between low banks of reed and moss.
To greet the great tide, lovingly.

FRANCES ELMS.

THE GIRL I WAS ENGAGED TO

"Yes, I am sure she is everything that is perfect. Beauties of soul and face, and altogether glorify us as the King's daughter, the essence of fairy tales, and the grandeur of a Grecian goddess--"

as possible, along with my visions and dreams. One day had gone further than usual along the banks of the Seine; there were few houses in sight just there, only a long line of poplars that seemed standing sentinels over the tombs of dead gods.

quiet as possible. No one but her father, she and I, were to be present. This did not make much difference to me. In truth, I was anxious to have her to myself entirely.

"Have you seen the improved instrument of M. de Rouen, M. de Marseilles?"
" No; but I hear it is quite a wonder--the most perfect thing of its kind. As you know, M. de Paris asked us here for the purpose of passing on its merits, or suggesting improvements."

VARIETIES.

BARTLEY CAMPBELL is engaged on a new play, to be called "A Brave Man." It is to be ready early in the fall, and will be produced in New York. He has been summoned to Germany, where "The White Slave" is now being performed.

THE WORLD'S SECOND CHILDHOOD.

Some theorists hold that the stages of progress through which mankind has passed, in rising from barbarism to civilization, correspond to periods in the life of the individual: Infancy, boyhood, youth and manhood are a synopsis of history. As races have decayed, the correspondence ought to go on; perhaps, to present a parallel of old age with a tottering civilization. But unhappily, there is a widespread impression that nations decline from moral causes, and that otherwise they would be, if not immortal, at least like the "Wandering Jew," in respect to the lease of life.

On a future of maturer years in the world's history already begins to disclose itself. There are signs that men will recover the thoughts and feelings of the fresh days when the race was young, just as the genuine old man becomes childlike again. This childlikeness consists in repossessing the images and thoughts of early years, with an added power to discern their worth,—not in the faculty, helplessness and querulousness of a senile wreck. Indeed, there is no manner of resemblance between the infirmities of old age and childhood. The real correspondence, when it exists, is beautiful, and usually is reserved for the advancing years of the pure and healthful.

The youthful thoughts of the race were highly imaginative, and therefore poetical. Hence it is that the legends and myths of every race, which belong to their prehistoric times, are the great store-house of its song. Hence it is, also, that the literature of a people begins with the psalmist, the rhapsodist, the minstrel, the bard, and the troubadour.

Before men had created the conventions of an established society, they had no heroes to celebrate and no legends to perpetuate. They had only nature to exercise their imagination upon. The awe with which she inspired them caused them to regard as her sentiment. With them, "Animated Nature" meant a great deal more than Goldsmith's natural history; for nothing was inert. Everything was instinct with conscious soul and purpose. The forms in which this sentiment worked itself out, were as various as the races. But the essential principle was the same, whether the Hebrew conceived of the earthquake as the tread of the Almighty, or the Scandinavian of the thunder as the echo of Thor's hammer; whether the Egyptian typified omniscience by the hawk's head, or the Greek subjected the seas to Poseidon's trident. In proportion as a race was gifted with the talent for animating nature; it was poetic; and, as the Greeks had a genius for personification beyond other races, they have created such a store of themes for song that the poets of all subsequent European nations have perpetuated them in new strains. This gift Macaulay, in his essay on Shelley, declares to be the essential spirit of the poetical faculty.

Now, imagination is the parent of reverence, and religion is contemplation with its awakening. Without imagination, faith is impossible, since it cannot present to itself spiritual objects of association or trust. Hence lies the explanation of the fact that there has never been any age of high art which has not been connected with religion. However much priestcraft may have detained art among runes, trials and hieroglyphs, the singer and the sculptor must have free scope from their imagination, which reached its highest flight when exalted by faith.

"After art comes science." Thus far, science, with its rigid precision, has been accounted destructive of faith. The realm of knowledge has never yet been coincident with that of belief; and for this reason it has been held that science is incapable of art. Its synthesis has not been beauty but machinery. Yet there is no reason why a still higher synthesis shall not make the machine beautiful. There is no real antagonism between utility and art, and science only alters the grouping of things, but does not take from them any of their marvellousness.

There is at present a marked drift towards the recovery of man's early attitude towards nature. Our poets reanimate the landscapes which a century ago were voiceless. The dreary, didactic measures and the conventional themes which comprised a generation of poets who took to philosophy and society for themes, have been displaced by a more romantic spirit. Psychologists now write verse, just as painters study anatomy, the better to draw life figures.

Contemporaneously with new processes of scientific research, there has come an awakening of the primitive awe of nature, and the imagination is fascinated and quickened thereby. The old categories of Aristotle and Kant, with their dreary and lifeless classifications, have given way to inductive methods; and so the stiff, stilted groups of the earlier times begin to flex with motion, and to march in orderly evolutions. The law of their procession is no longer the logic of the human mind, but something outside of us. The doctrine of the correlation of forces has changed the cabinet into a history and the museum into a laboratory. In needs now but the poet's genius to clothe operations of nature with sentient life, and forthwith the human spirit holds communion

with stream and forest, with landscape and skies. What is this but second childhood, when the young spirit converses with the things about it as if they were animate, and sympathized with or obstructed its moods? Take, for example, a very ancient description of a raging storm, and compare it with a recent one of a clearing rain, and observe how rich they are in personification and identical in spirit. The first is from the old Greek, Alceus, as Merivale renders him:

"Joy descends in sleet and snow; Howls the vexed and angry deep; Every stream forgets to flow, Bound in winter's icy sleep; Ocean wags and forest howl To the blast responsive roar."

The companion verses are from one of Longfellow's interludes in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn":

"A sudden wind from out the West Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill; The windows rattled with the blast, The oak-trees shouted as it passed; And straight, as if by fear possessed, The cloud encampment on the hill Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent Vanished into the firmament. And down the valley fled amain The rear of the retreating rain."

How the animation of human sentiment passes into the storm at the hands of both the old and the young magician! And the mind which can enjoy such imaginations half shares the tender and better spirit of that weird, old system, which sought to reconcile the faiths of Persia and India. As the Spanish Jew, Edrehi, renders it, we have little more than the correlation of forces personified, when he half intimates his persuasion:

"That life in all its forms is one; And that its secret conduits run, Unseen, but in unbroken line, From the great fountain-head divine, Through man and beast, through grain and grass, How'er we struggle, strive and cry, From death there can be no escape, And no escape from life, alas! Because we cannot die, but pass From one into another shape. It is but into life we die."

Taine ends his "History of English Literature" by adducing Goethe as the herald of a new epoch, when man shall not be in revolt to the invisible powers, nor beat wild passions out on adverse destiny. "Who," he asks, "will not feel ennobled, when he finds that this pile of laws results in a regular series of forms, that matter has thought for its goal, and that this ideal, from which, through so many errors, all the aspirations of men depend, is also the centre, whereto converge, through so many obstacles, all the forces of the universe? In this employment of science, and in this conception of things, there is a new art, a new morality, a new policy, a new religion; and it is, in the present time, our task to discover them." Now, there may be a vast difference between the science of the nineteenth century and the speculations of Manes, in whom the early awe of Magian and Brahmin revived; but there is a close correspondence of feeling between the Persian legend which incorporated a living soul in the soil, that cried out with pain when the human man turned the sod, and the song of Goethe's "Earth-Spirit." We give Carlyle's version:

"In being's floods, in action's storm, I walk and weave in endless motion, Birth and death, an infinite thread, A seizing and giving the fire of living, 'Twas thus at the roaring loom of time I ply, And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by."

When such conceptions as these rule the human mind, nature will again be to it as she was to the first generations of the race, and reverence and faith will have new scope, while art will minister again to them. Towards such a consummation, a bold hand has just stretched out its grasp. The author of "Ecce Homo" has just published a work on "Natural Religion," the aim of which is to show the sufficiency of modern scientific conceptions to satisfy the imagination and the emotions, and to furnish the basis of a religious cult. The mystery of nature, which research not only still leaves untouched, but enhances, by everywhere bringing us to its boundaries, is the divine abode; and the operation of nature are sacraments of approach thereto. The very skeptics of England are amused at the venture which makes the doubter a theist, in spite of himself. But the book belongs to the times, and serves to mark the drift of modern thought and feeling. It serves to show how the world, in its old age, is making room for the reverence, the imaginative art, and the confidence in unseen powers, which brightened its youth with song and worship.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

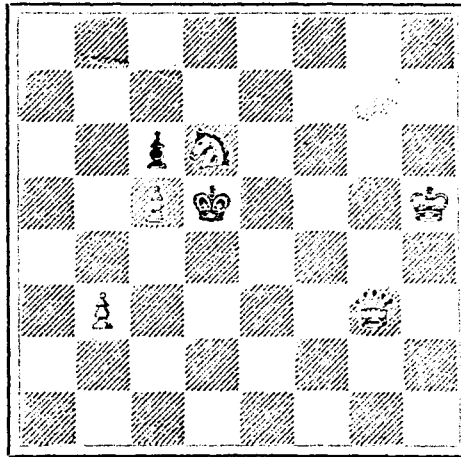
The International Chess Tourney of 1883 is now attracting much more general attention, and is receiving more notice from the public journals of the day, than any previous enterprise of a similar nature. Although the number of contestants in it is small, they are nearly all men of extraordinary skill, and there appears to be a desire on the part of the great body of chessplayers in England and elsewhere to know something more than merely the name and standing of those who are doing their best to attain a high position in one of the most important chess encounters which the world has ever witnessed. Chess columns are filled with remarks on the tourney, and in some

cases especial arrangements have been made in order that interesting particulars may be furnished for the benefit of their readers.

The Glasgow Weekly Herald has the advantage of regular communications from the seat of war dispatched by Mr. Blackburne, than whom no one is better able, from his long intercourse with the chess-giant of the day, and, also, from his wonderful ability as a chessplayer, to furnish reliable information.

The following extracts from a communication of his (dated April 25, 1883, will well repay perusal: "To begin with 'La Grande Nation,' there is M. Rosenthal, who, although not a Frenchman, is the representative of that country, which produced a Philidor a century ago—the first on record who played three games simultaneously sans voir, and who left us his legacy in the 'smothered mate.' Rosenthal has a dark, swarthy appearance, with a quick, lively glance of the eye, a resolute look united to a bland expression, the characteristic of *bon ton*. He was the only player that scored against Blackburne in the Vienna Tournament of 1873. His opponent is Mr. Bird, and the contrast between the two men is very marked—the latter is of large build, a florid complexion, mobile features, and thoroughly English in style and manners. He is one of the two survivors of the tournament of 1851, and has fairly kept abreast of the strongest players these 30 years. Next to them sit Captain Mackenzie and Mr. James Mason, who were drawn for the first encounter together; and here, too, there is a singular diversity of contour and temperament. The Captain has a noble expression of countenance, calm and dignified in his deportment, with a self-possession that never deserts him, and indicates considerable mental power; whilst Mr. Mason is of small stature, a fresh, almost boyish look, with a peculiar rollicking expression, truly *Hibernian*, that never is at rest, and which to some might seem to lack that concentration of thought necessary in a sustained contest. Yet he gave a good account of himself in last year's tournament at Vienna, and he won the first prize in the Philadelphia Tournament a few years ago, whereas his opponent has won in every other that has taken place in the United States since 1862."

PROBLEM No. 43.  
By A. Cyril Pearson.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 43.

White. Black.  
1 Kt to K6. 1 K to B3.  
2 Q to Q B ch. 2 P takes Q.  
3 Kt to Q B7 mate.

GAME 591st.

(From London and Warsaw.)

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

The following curious though interesting game was played in the Major Tourney.

(Scottish Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Rosenthal.) BLACK.—(Mr. Bird.)  
1 P to K4. 1 P to K4.  
2 Kt to QB3. 2 Kt to QB3.  
3 P to Q4. 3 P takes P.  
4 B to QB4. 4 B to B4.  
5 Castles. 5 P to Q2.  
6 P to Q B3. 6 B to K Kt5.  
7 P to Kt3. 7 B takes Kt.  
8 P takes P ch. 8 K to B sq.  
9 P takes P (to). 9 Kt to K B3 (to).  
10 B to Q5. 10 Q to B sq.  
11 B to K6. 11 Q to K sq.  
12 B to B5. 12 B to Kt3.  
13 B to B4. 13 Q to R4.  
14 Kt to Q2. 14 R to K sq.  
15 Q to Q sq. 15 Q to K sq.  
16 K to R sq (to). 16 K to Kt2.  
17 B to R3. 17 P takes P.  
18 P takes P. 18 Kt takes B.  
19 P takes Kt. 19 Q to Q sq.  
20 B to Q7 (to). 20 Q takes Q (to).  
21 Q to Kt4. 21 P to Kt4.  
22 B takes Q. 22 R to Kt3.  
23 B to R3. 23 R to R3.  
24 P to K B4 (to). 24 K to K2.  
25 Kt to B3. 25 Kt to R5 (to).  
26 Kt to Q1. 26 R to B2.  
27 Q R to Kt sq. 27 Q to R B sq.  
28 P to Q R4. 28 P takes Kt.  
29 P to B3. 29 B takes Kt.  
30 P takes B. 30 P to Q Kt5.  
31 P to K4. 31 P to K4.  
32 P takes P. 32 Q R to P2.  
33 R to K Kt sq. 33 Q R to P2.  
34 P to K5. 34 R takes P (to).  
35 B takes R. 35 Kt takes B.  
36 R to K6. 36 Kt to Q7.  
37 P to K6. 37 R to B7.  
38 K to K sq. 38 R to K7.  
39 R takes P ch. 39 K to B3.  
40 R takes R P. 40 K takes P.  
41 R to R6. 41 K to Q1.  
42 R takes Kt P. 42 R to R7.  
43 R to K B sq. 43 P to B7.  
44 R to K R6. 44 P to B6.  
45 R takes P ch. 45 K to B5.  
46 R to R8. 46 P to K7.  
47 R to B8 ch. 47 K to Q7.

Drawn Game.

NOTES.

(a) Doubtless better than B takes Kt, which, however, is not saying much.  
(b) Kt to K4 has claims to consideration. Hazards and hopes spring therefrom. We do not pretend to balance them.

(c) A strong and very promising move.  
(d) He has but this or B to Kt3, and the latter has an unpleasant taste.  
(e) A shrewd device and best resource.

(f) He obviously cannot take the Knight, but query whether he could not obviate further embarrassment by 21 Kt to Kt3, 22 to Q to B5 ch, Q takes Q, 23 B takes Q, Kt to B7, which displays a fairly comfortable end game, and such as ought to win with a Pawn ahead.

(g) The advance of this Pawn rehabilitates White's games. To prevent such advance was the object of the variation given in our last note.

(h) 25 B takes Kt, 27 P takes B, Kt to B sq has not a promising aspect, but it is this or the next move, and the latter we should in our own case most decidedly reject.

(i) Mr. Bird has no doubt intended this sacrifice for some time past. It gave good hopes of a draw, but such a result is not satisfactory after having been a Pawn ahead. An attractive position soon arises, and without pinning absolute approval to the line adopted, we must commend both parties for the skill displayed at various stages.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNEY.

LONDON, May 21.—In the chess tournament to-day Blackburne, Zukertort, and Mason beat Rosenthal, Eastisch and Winawer. Mackenzie beat Mortimer.

LONDON, May 22.—In the chess tournament to-day Mackenzie and English-Noa and Winawer played drawn games; Rosenthal defeated Stenitz.

LONDON, May 23.—In the chess tournament to-day Mason and English played drawn games; Winawer defeated Noa, and Rosenthal beat Mackenzie.



BANK OF MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend of FIVE PER CENT.

upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current half year, and that the same will be payable at its Banking House in this city and at its branches on and after

Friday, the First day of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st May next, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders

Will be held at the Bank on

Monday, the Fourth day of June next.

The chair to be taken at one o'clock.

By order of the Board,

W. J. BUCHANAN,  
General Manager.

Montreal, 20th April, 1883.

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Every effort will be made to render the publication a useful vehicle for the conveying of information respecting the latest progress in Science and the Arts.

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A space will be reserved for Notices and Reviews of New Books, and Resumés will be given of the Transactions of various Engineering and Scientific Societies.

The PATENT OFFICE RECORD will continue to be a special feature of the Magazine; and will be published as an Appendix to each number. The Illustrations, however, will be considerably enlarged, so that each invention being more easy to examine will be made clearer and more intelligible to the general reader. This RECORD gives information of the greatest value to engineers, manufacturers, and to all persons interested in the different trades.

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A plan and specification of the work to be done can be seen at this Office, and at the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal, on and after TUESDAY, the 22nd day of MAY next, at either of which places printed forms of tender can be obtained.  
Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms.  
An accepted Bank cheque for the sum of \$2,000, must accompany each tender, which sum shall be forfeited, if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.  
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By order,  
A. P. BRADLEY,  
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Dept. of Railways and Canals,  
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